Mrs. Harry Weir Harrison

Mrs. Charles Randolph Grimmer

Miss Muriel Williams

Society in great numbers attended the second day meeting of the Pennsylvania Horse Breeding and Racing Association at Belmont Driving Park. One of the best features of the racing was the water jump which is in front of the grand stand. Every horse cleared the jump without a fault, but one of the spectators absent-mindedly walked through it.

GIRL KIDNAPPED AT MONCTON LAST NIGHT

Stolen From House Where She Was Hiding and Driven Away by Two Men—Recaptured Later.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 26—Kidnapping is rather an uncommon occurrence in Moncton, but last night between the hours of seven and eight, Susie Kelly, the daughter of Harvey Kelly, was taken from the house of a family named Ramsay, at which place she has been hiding since Friday night, and was driven to Hopewell Cape by two well known Moncton parties. On Friday night the girl either left or was taken from her home and went to the Ramsay house, where she remained until last night, when a team drove up to the house and after securing the girl drove away in the direction of Hillsboro. Telephone messages were immediately sent to Hillsboro and Hopewell Cape and at the latter place the trio were captured. The girl was found hiding underneath the seat. Kelly then drove to Hopewell Cape and brought his daughter back to Moncton. Kelly is divorced from his first wife, who lives at Riverside, Albert County.

There is every indication of a record vote being polled in the city and parish; there is splendid weather.

FOG AND SMOKE ARE DETAINING OCEAN LINERS

MONTREAL, Oct. 25.— Fog and smoke have securely tied up navigation for the past four days and there are now thirteen ocean liners waiting here for a clearance. Four of these are passenger vessels, and as a result 1200 passengers are detained. The Virginian and the Marina, which should have sailed last Thursday, are still here and the outlook tonight does not promise much change for the better. This is the third time within the past six weeks that ships have been held up by the smoke and the loss to the steamship companies has amounted into the thousands of dollars.

WATER FAMINE IN LISBON.

Prevailing Drought Causes Most Serious State of Affairs.

LISBON, Oct. 24.—Lisbon is suffering from a partial water famine, which will be complete within a fortnight unless the prevailing drought is ended.

According to the newspapers yesterday the water company has informed the government that all the sources of supply have completely failed, owing to the drought which has lasted for many months.

Already the supply contained in the reservoirs is half exhausted, and no water is procurable at the street taps or for any purpose excepting drinking. Small barrels are already being sold in the streets at high prices.

An official note published in the Secolo and Diarc de Noticias warns the inhabitants of the gravity of the situation, if rain does not come within the next two weeks Lisbon will be in a terrible plight.

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Here is one of the finest Magic Lanterns you have ever seen. You can get it all complete, including one dozen slides of colored views, good lamp and magnifying lenses. GIVEN for selling only $2.70 worth of the loveliest picture postcards ever seen in Canada. They just go like hot cakes; no trouble to sell them. Send us your name and address and we'll mail you the postcards to sell at 6 cards for only 10 cents. Write at once—a postcard will do.

THE RELIABLE PREMIUM CO. Dept. D WATERLOO, ONT. (Reference, Molsons Bank.)

STRONG TEMPERANCE SERMON BY DR. C. R. FLANDERS

He Says the Christian Voters are Directly Responsible for the Evil, But Perhaps Do Not Fully Realize the Extent of the Traffic

Before a large congregation in Centenary Church, last evening, Rev. Dr. Flanders preached a sermon on temperance. He adopted the attitude of one who, a stranger here, does not pretend to know the city but who cannot help being impressed with what is most apparent. And he feels that those evils which most strongly impress a strangers are perhaps neglected by citizens to whom by familiarity they do not appeal. Dr. Flanders took his text from Habakuk, 2-15. The subject he said, had been thrust upon him by an occurrence last evening, "when returning home, I saw, within a few yards of the parosnage door and almost under the shadow of Centenary Church the bruised and broken form of a fellow citizen being placed in the ambulance. I have been told that a poor drunken fellow who had been lying on the side of the street attempted to cross but was struck by a car, fearfully injured and that he died in the hospital today. In the thick fog the lights shone but dimly and it was apparently impossible for the motorman to do anything. There is today a ghostly spot on that street around which the boys and girls have gathered and shuddered; a spot where a brother's blood cries out for vengeance not against the street railway, for the employes of that comepany are too kindly and careful to endanger anyone, but against the curse of liquor.

That was a lively half hour they had in the market yesterday when a great lusty fellow crazed with drink, rushed in among buyers and sellers, striking right and left, and was finally after a hard struggle, overcome by brute strength and carted away. One would think the human form was created for something more ennobling than this.

"How many women, wives and mothers, sat alone at home last evening, waiting patiently and tearfully for loved ones who did not come, or who came like beasts?

"I must tell you what is on my mind that rarely has such an exhibition of intoxication been seen as last evening on our streets—and most of those whom I saw were young men. If you could close your sixty-seven saloons, the business before your police magistrate would be very small indeed.

"The sale and use of liquor is the greatest curse of St. John. Who is responsible for putting the bottle to the lips of the weaker ones? You St. John people, as I have been impressed, pride yourselves on your city. You love it, and justly so. It is worthy of your love. It has many excellent qualities and magnificient institutions. But what it its reputation regarding the use of liquor? Do you want St. John to be known throughout the country as a drunken city? This is what it is coming to unless a change takes place. Elsewhere employers are realizing that it is to their advantage not to engage anyone addicted to strong drink. Is the same knowledge prevalent here?

"It is important to us to consider who is responsible for the awful examples seen by our boys and girls on the streets every day and at every hour. It is almost impossible to go out for a five minutes' stroll without seeing men staggering along the pavements or lying drunk in the streets, you should realize where the responsibility lies.

"No doubt you think that it rests upon the consumer, that those who drink are to blame. But our attitude in this respect is not now what it was some years ago. We understand that this practice is a disease and we look upon its victims with less harshness and greater kindness than formerly. In some cases heredity is responsible, and allowances are made for those who are cursed with appetites against which they are at times unable to struggle. Others foolishly contract the habit in their early years and carelessly let it grow on them. But our inebriates homes and other institutions now existing prove that we realize the true nature of this affliction. We hear much of the white plague, and we do much to guard against it, but we lose more by the red plague than by the white and we do not fight the one as we do the other. Our attitude towards the victims should be one of commiseration and compassion. Thus if the consumers are not altogether to blame a large measure of responsibility must rest on the vendors and manufacturers and this is true. How can men go into this soul-destroying business for the lust of gain unless the curse of their traffic has already deadened every noble impulse? But you forget that these men are, in the eyes of the law, in just as respectable a business as any, that their business is permitted by law and is therefore just as honest legally, as any. The wife who has been beaten by a drunken husband may go to the saloon keeper and remonstrate with him, but he will calmly flaunt his license in her face and tell her that he is permitted to make men drunk for the government accepts from him payment for this privilege. I often wonder why our legislators who have such great powers do not make use of their positions when they go to Ottawa or Fredericton. So many of them seem to become chilled, and fail to act. For the past few weeks we have been hearing that the representatives of the people are the servants of the people. I believe this is the truth and if the people said to these representatives, 'We must have a prohibitory law,' we would get it. A stream will not rise higher than its source and if we want our legislators to act we must ourselves fix the standard. So you see the real responsibility comes home to the citizens themselves, to the electors who control the legislators who make our laws. And the voters—the Christian voters who are tonight worshipping in St. John churches—in Centenary Church—are directly responsible for the death of that poor fellow last evening. If every man in this church and other churches would demand on his ballot a prohibitory law, it would very speedily be given. Individually no man is responsible if by example and precept he has done his utmost to stamp this evil out of our land. I know most of us deprecate this evil and some of us may perhaps pray against it. But do we do anything that is actually helping our fellow man to avoid the pitfalls?

"By and by when we are asked what we have done to fight this liquor traffic it will not do for us to say what we believed or thought or felt, but what we have really done. Perhaps by coming right into the city from the countryside the prevalence of liquor has appeared more awful to me than it otherwise might, but I have been most strongly impressed with the seeming indifference manifested in St. John towards this traffic—it seems to me that in view of the extent of it little real work is being done by the mass of citizens in comparison with what might be accomplished. And I feel that we do not fully realize the awful menace of those sixty-seven saloons right in the shadow of our churches, pouring out their liquid death every day and every hour."

Taking the Water Jump

Briscom and Golf Players

PANIC IN SYNAGOGUE LEAVES MANY VICTIMS

False Alarm of Fire Causes Wild Stampede In Which Eight are Killed.

BUDAPEST, Oct. 24.—A terrible catastrophe is reported from Maramaros Sziget, in Hungary. In the Jewish synagogue there over 3000 persons were assembled for the celebration of a festival yesterday evening.

During the singing of the sacred Kol Nidrei a woman suddenly shrieked "Fire." Indescribable panic ensued. Women, men and children, endeavored to escape by the only door, trampling upon each other in wild frenzy. The rabbi tred to calm the maddened crowd by shouting that the alarm was unfounded. The desperate throng would not listen and the struggles lasted over an hour. Many jumped through the closed windows.

The environs of the synagogue were strewn with the wounded. Eight persons were killed outright and forty fatally injured. The local hospital was overcrowded. The doctors worked for hours restoring self-suffocated victims.

The Jews attribute the catastrophe to the act of the ribbi, who removed the Ten Commandments from the facade of the synagogue.

INDISPENSIBLE TO MOTHERS

"I am satisfied that Baby's Own Tablets are indispensible to mothers," says Mrs. Abraham Boucher, Pierreville Mills, Que., and she adds: "Before using the Tablets my baby was cross, peevish and not thriving well; but the Tablets have worked a great change and my little one is well and happy." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these Tablets. And better still, mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe—that they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BELGIANS OUSTED.

British and French to Control Hankow-Pekin Railroad.

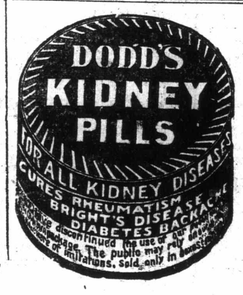
BRUSSELS, Oct. 24—The Antwerp paper Metropole states that the Franco-Belgian group of financiers, which until now has controlled the Hankow-Pekin Railway, will be replaced by an Anglo-French group.

According to the Metropole, long negotiations took place between the London and Paris cabinets, as an outcome of which the Chinese government was asked to propose to Belgium the reimbursement of Belgian money invested in the railway, thus throwing Belgians out from an enterprise they had wellnigh created. This reimbursement China has proceeded to propose, and the Belgians will thus sever their connection with the concern.

FRANK CONFESSION.

Mrs. Buttinski.—Did you ever catch your husband flirting?

Mrs. DeSwift.—Sure thing! That's how I did catch him.—Detroit Tribune.



HIDDEN ROOM FOUND IN DUBLIN CASTLE

Its Miscellaneous Contents Include Smoking Pipes of the Reign of Charles II.

DUBLIN, Oct. 26—An interesting discovery has been made during the progress of some operations in connection with the Bermingham tower, Dublin Castle. An ice-house, which had stood at the angle of the tower and the lower castle yard, has been removed, and the workmen were proceeding to knock down a portion of the wall in the northern part of the tower when they came upon a large chamber, the bottom of which was about four feet from the ground.

At the bottom this chamber was circular in shape, and was about seven feet in diameter. It was of considerable height, but it narrowed toward the top. When the workmen had removed portions of the masonry in the tower wall they reached the mysterious chamber. At first they came upon a quantity of loose earth, and when they had taken out some of this the contents of the chamber rushed out. They included wine bottle, earthenware jugs and pots and smoking pipes, all of old pattern, and also some animal bones. It was only the pipes and wine bottles that were intact.

Captain Wilkinson, Ulster king-at-arms, secured two wine bottles in a fine state of preservation, and he considers that they belong to the eighteenth century. The other articles are supposed to have been in use in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. How they got there seems somewhat of a mystery. But it is considered probable that the chamber was a midden, in which broken ware, cast-off bottles, bones and other rubbish were deposited. Some of the smoking pipes are believed to belong to the reign of Charles II.

ATTEMPT TO KILL BOLD BANDIT CHIEF

Sandansky, the Notorious Macedonian Who Kidnapped Miss Stone, Seriously Wounded.

SOFIA, Oct. 24. — An attempt was made to assassinate Sandansky in Salonika yesterday. The Bulgarian chief was seriously wounded.

This is an act of vengeance on the part of the Saraffof party, who have not forgotten the murder of their leader by Sandansky's agents.

The most famous revolutionary Bulgarian leader in Macedonia, Sandansky's most famous exploit in Europe, was his kidnapping Miss Stone, the American missionary, in 1903, and holding her for ransom.

It was his lieutenant, Panitz, who shot Boris Saraffoff. Sandansky's organization is rightly credited with that assassination; Panitza was merely the agent. Sandansky controlled the Serres district of Macedonia, and his rule was so firmly established that the rival organization could not enter there. He has now adopted the Young Turkey ideal, and is hand in glove with the party.

All along the frontier he has established a complicated network of outposts and points with hundreds of regularly paid agents and adherents. The pay of these agents is by no means nominal, the "deputy chief" at Zedjene for example, receiving $15 a month, a respectable income in a primitive Balkan village. Two districts alone of Sandansky's "realm" have an annual budget over $20,000.

The question naturally arises, Where does all this money come from? The answer is, from the Macedonian peasants themselves, who are quite willing to pay an annual tribute to the revolutionary leader in return for his protection against their enemies, Turkish authorities and bandits alike. Sandansky guarantees the lives and property of the villagers, avenges their wrongs, administers a kind of military justice, and even provides for the education of the children. The peasants, on the their side, yield him the implicit obedience of medieval vassals to their lord.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME.

The mansion house of Abbotsford, long world famous as the home of Sir Walter Scott, is in want of a tenant. The famous library and collection of antiquities are held in trust on condition that the heirs of the builder of Abbotsford find accommodations for them in five out of forty rooms in the house.

Naptho SOAP

WORKS EQUALLY WELL IN EITHER HOT OR COLD WATER

THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N.B.

MYSTERY OF A BOY IN WHITE.

It was in the Liverpool Workhouse that a little boy was born one summer's day in 1864, whose existence was to play a romantic part in a most extraordinary claim to a title and estates.

Some six years later the little boy's mother told his story to a strange audience. She was standing in a great hall with wondrously carved oak panelled walls, and with high up windows through which the light streamed on her, tinted with many shades of color by the stained glass. Before her were seated on a little raised dais the Lord Chancellor of England, with other judges on his right hand and his left. Grave, keen-faced men in wigs and black gowns were questioning that woman, and anxiously noting down her story as the words fell from her lips.

Seating in a chair listening to her words was a lady clad in widow's dress. Her face had once been of peculiar beauty. She was still not more than middle-aged, but in the hair were streaks of grey. The lady in black was a striking figure in that assembly. The eyes of the auditors were often turned to her. She was rendered the more noticeable by the little boy who sat in her lap. The lad was clothed in white and his dress made more sombre and striking with widow's weeds of the lady who fondled him, and whom he called "mother."

Calm and self-possessed, the woman giving evidence told her story.

"It was in August, six years since, that I was in the hospital of the Liverpool Workhouse," she said. "My baby boy was with me in my arms. One day I saw two ladies come into the ward. They were real ladies, nicely dressed — not like most of the folk who used to come there to visit the patients."

Those strangers had attracted her attention. At last they had approached the bed in which she lay, and their eyes had rested on the little boy in her arms.

TAKING A BABY.

One of the ladies seemed specially interested in the little boy. She whispered for some time with her companion, and with the nurse.

"I learnt that the lady wanted to take my little boy, and to adopt him as her own," said the witness. She had parted with her child to the stranger. The lady seemed well off. She seemed to be kind. "I thought she would do better by the child than I ever could," said the witness, "and I let her have him. I was so poor.

"I remember the lady well," said the woman. "I identify her as the lady over there," she pointed to the lady in the widow's dress.

"Three of the nurses at the Workhouse also remembered the visit of the strange ladies, and recognized the widow sitting in court as one of them.

Was that little boy in the white clothes seated on the lap of that lady in black really her son, or was he the baby boy who had disappeared from the workhouse that August day? If then he was the rightful heir to the earldom and estates of Wicklow.

Some seven years previously there had arrived at a house in a street near to Eaton Square, in the west of London, a young fellow with a lady, whom he introduced to the landlady of the house as his wife. The lady was pretty and of charming manners. The gentleman was of aristocratic if somewhat dissipated appearance. The gentleman stated that his name was Howard, and he wanted to take rooms for his wife there. Business, he declared, would not permit of his occupying the same lodging. He would, however, not be far away. He hoped, indeed, to call frequently to see her.

The marriage had been one of somewhat reckless love, Mr. Howard having accidentally met the pretty girl had made her his wife, while not possessing a penny piece in the world he could call his own. He was of the proud family of the Howards — the Earls of Wicklow, and if he lived he might some time come into the title and estates himself. In the meantime, however, his pecuniary affairs were desperate.

STOLEN MEETINGS BY NIGHT.

"It was for that reason, because his creditors were on his track that he took those lodgings for me and lodged himself in the neighborhood in another house where he could lie hidden. But he loved me. Under cover of night he used to steal round to my lodgings, and used to leave them again early, so that no one could meet him. Those stolen, anxious love meetings went on for months. Then Mr. Howard somewhat suddenly went to Ireland, attracted by the news of some possible good fortune awaiting him there."

Such was the story of the lady in black.

Her husband had not meet with such good fortune, and disappointment had, perhaps, been responsible for his having acquired habits of indulgence in drink that did not contribute to his prospects of success. Soon the young wife became a widow.

A few months later she became a mother—the mother of the fair-haired little boy in white.

"We say, my lords," said the Attorney General, who appeared against the little lad in white, "that Mrs. Howard never really had a child at all. We say that the claimant is not her son."

Was the story told to the court by the lady in the widow's dress true? It was confirmed by the people who let her the lodgings in which she had resided.

They remembered how Mrs. Howard had left their house in a cab, with some luggage, to pay a visit to some friends. As the cab was on its way to the railway station the driver was astonished to receive instructions from his fare, to drive back as fast as he could to the house from which he had come. The lady in the cab was unwell. That same night, according to Mrs. Howard, her baby was born.

Only the landlady and a relative of Mrs. Howard's were present when that child was born. Later on the doctor who had been sent for, attended the mother and her child. He had, however, died in the meantime, and so death had deprived that little lad of the benefit of his witness.

Was the evidence of the woman who had parted with her child true? If so how was it that, on her leaving the workhouse, she had proceeded to the village where her relatives lived, in Yorkshire and had arrived there with another baby boy in her arms—a child that she had passed off on them as her own? There was no doubt that she had done so. And when the child died she had it buried in the little grave in the village churchyard and had grieved for it as its mother.

"I felt so lonely when my baby boy was taken away from me," she explained now. "I had not dreamed how it had won me with its little ways. I would have got it back if I could but I did not know what had become of it. But its empty place with with me night and day and its loss broke my heart. There were some people—a couple in the hospital ward—who had a little boy just its age, and they did not seem to care for it. I persuaded them to let me have their child, and when I left the workhouse I took the baby with me."

"We are fortunately not called upon to decide whether the claimant is or is not, the child of the woman of the workhouse," said the Lord Chancellor. "We have only to decide whether the claimant is or is not, the child of Mrs. Howard. As to that we have no doubt. The court decides that he is not."

The verdict had gone against the little boy in white. He left the court hand in hand with the lady in the black dress. Perhaps he little dreamed how fateful to him had been those dreary days he had spent in that place among those grave men, or why the lady he called mother wiped tears from her eyes as she led him away.

MEETS WITH PAINFUL ACCIDENT

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 25.—A lad named Doiron, aged seven years, son of Abel Doiron, employed as a shoemaker with W. T. McAleese in this city, met with an accident at his home is Shediac Saturday afternoon that resulted in the loss of a leg. The boy climbed on the back of a wagon and caught his foot in the wheel, resulting in the leg being badly mangled. The lad was whirled around the wheel several times and may have been seriously injured internally. The doctors found it necessary to amputate the limb above the knee. His condition is precarious.

SUICIDE BY CHOLERA

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 24—A young man named Petroff has committed suicide in St. Petersburg by eating three pounds of fresh fruit in order to contract cholera.

FRANCE'S FOREMOST WOMAN COMPOSER

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—With the arrival of the Savoie, of the French line, from Havre, there appeared here for the first time Mme. Cecile Chaminade, France's foremost woman composer and a noted pianist, who is to make a concert tour in this country. With her were Mlle. Yvonne de St. Andre, a mezzo-soprano, who has sung abroad and who will interpert some of the songs which Mme. Chaminade has composed, and Mr. Ernest Groom, an Englishman singer, who will assist Mme. Chaminade on her tour.

Mme. Chaminade wore on her breast the decorations of Officer of Public Instruction, presented by France; the Victoria Jubilee Order, presented by Queen Victoria, and the Chefikat, a gift of the Sultan of Turkey, all of which she has received as recognitions of her musical achievements. She has been composing since childhood, and among her works are many piano pieces and songs that have achieved popularity.