

HAS GOOD REASON  
TO BE AFRAID OF  
PORTLAND, ME

Portland Press Says Conservatives are Right in Fighting G. T. P. Job.

MEANS MUCH TO THEM  
Says Grand Trunk Interests are All Bound Up in Maine Port, and That Success of the Laurier Government Means More Business for Them.

(Portland, Me. Express).  
After nearly two years of uncertainty, Portland will again breathe easy when the polls in the great Canadian election close tonight. No matter whether the Liberals win or the Conservatives count, it is believed here that the mere fact of knowing what the future has in store for this port will be a relief.

For nearly two years now Portland has hardly known where she has been in regard to her transatlantic business. Ever since the Grand Trunk transcontinental railway scheme was first suggested, she has been, to speak plainly, in hot water. She could not talk out as she would have liked to for fear of saying something that would injure her interests and the Grand Trunk about the port so as not to create too much feeling on the other side of the line against the port and perhaps open their Pacific railway plans.

In Portland the majority of people seem to favor the Conservatives as a party, but approve of the Liberal policy of the Grand Trunk Pacific if the line comes no further east than Montreal. Portland does not approve of the Montreal-Moncton section, and it is the general opinion here that the Grand Trunk itself does not look with very great favor on this branch of its proposed line. There is nothing to create business between Montreal and Moncton, and once at Moncton there is absolutely nothing there, for it is about eighty miles from St. John (N. B.), the nearest resort of any account. And what is more the Grand Trunk will then be paralleling the Canadian government's own line, the Intercolonial railway, running from Moncton to St. John and Halifax. There is every reason for thinking the plan of the Grand Trunk for a railroad from Montreal, west to the Pacific coast and north to the Canadian Pacific, a good one. There is a great grain country up there, which cannot be used to any great extent until a railroad is run through, and the present plan of the Grand Trunk Pacific are to tap all of this territory.

It is believed in this city that this port will always have as much business as she is doing at the present time. It is not thought for an instant that the Grand Trunk will attempt to transfer any of the business of the regular Maine line which is now coming to rest upon the city to any other territory on the new line if it should be decided to extend it to Moncton. It would not be policy to haul this freight over twice the distance just to get it shipped from a Canadian port. Therefore it is felt that Portland will get all of the business she is getting now, and even if she does not obtain any of the Grand Trunk Pacific traffic she will still have a lot of business of her own. The Grand Trunk Pacific scheme has upset every thing. English shippers have not cared to ship by the Grand Trunk until the matter is settled one way or the other, and in Canada the campaign has been such a hot one that business has been at more or less of a standstill.

Portland has never had three dull winters so far as straight freight is concerned, but if the Grand Trunk Pacific bill is either passed or defeated it will probably mean that things will get into much better shape, and the Grand Trunk will endeavor to make its terminals pay. She does not like to see her property in this city lying idle any more than the city itself likes to see it.

What the Grand Trunk favors Portland should approve, and it is believed she does, and for that reason the city seems to be in favor of a Canadian port. Portland is the original form of a line from Montreal west to the Pacific. The election in Canada today is one of the hottest in the history of the Dominion, and Portland is the central figure in the whole fight. For weeks past the port of Portland has been pounded until one would think that there was not a good point about it. But really while the Conservatives and Liberals have both done all they could to pick flaws in it they have found that there are really very few flaws to speak of. His location is superb, his harbor steamship men all like to come here. Canada certainly has good reason to be afraid of Portland and to do all in her power to stay her advancing power and popularity.

A Wise Precaution.  
No matter whether the baby is sick or well, Baby's Own Tablets should always be in the house. They not only cure infantile disorders, but they prevent them, and should be used whenever the little ones show the slightest signs of illness. No other medicine is so enthusiastically spoken of by mothers—no other medicine has done so much to make little ones healthy and good natured. Mrs. Albert Huntington, St. Mary's River, N. S., says: "I do not believe my baby would have been alive today had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets. Since using them he is growing nicely, is good natured and getting fat." Good for the new born baby or growing child—and above all absolutely safe. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Sadie E. Wilson.  
Mrs. Sadie E. Wilson, wife of Samuel E. Wilson, formerly of this city and now of Sydney, died in Sydney Thursday night, after a lingering illness, of consumption. She was thirty-two years of age. The funeral will take place from the station here after the arrival of the Halifax train this morning.

Mrs. S. J. Black.  
The death of Mrs. S. J. Black occurred Thursday at her residence, Westmoorland road. Mrs. Black was forty-three years old, and is survived by her husband and four children. The funeral will be held tomorrow.

Elijah Ayer.  
Elijah Ayer, a lifelong resident of Dorchester (N. B.), died suddenly Thursday afternoon. He was provincial constable, and was widely known throughout Westmoorland county. He leaves a widow, four daughters and three sons.

Capt. James Mitchell.  
Capt. James Mitchell died at his home in Sandy Cove (N. S.), on Oct. 28. He was the owner of the schooner Beulah Benton, and was one of the oldest traders between St. John and Sandy Cove and other points in Digby county. He was much respected by the merchants of St. John. A couple of years ago Capt. Mitchell met with a severe accident, which laid him up for several months. From this accident he never fully recovered. He was sixty years old, and leaves a wife and two daughters.

Mrs. Evan Wilson Evans.  
Mrs. Evans, widow of Evan Evans, formerly of Bowes & Evans, of this city, died on October 30, in Atlanta (Ga.), where she had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. George W. Chapman. Her illness was very short. Her home had been in Baltimore for many years, and she was laid to rest by the side of her husband in Loudon Park, Baltimore. She is survived by one son and four daughters—Mrs. Geo. W. Chapman, of Atlanta; Rev. G. B. Evans, of Macon (N.Y.); Miss Kate A. Evans, and Mrs. E. L. Smith, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Otto Gwinder, of Paterson (N.J.); also five grandsons and two granddaughters.

Edwin Fenwick.  
Apoahqui, Nov. 5.—The many friends of Edwin Fenwick will regret to hear of his death which occurred at his home, Berwick, this morning. Mr. Fenwick has been in failing health for some time, which he patiently and bravely endured. He was the eldest son of Samuel Fenwick, a son of a daughter of Thomas Musgrave. These families being among the earliest and most respected settlers of the parish of St. John. Mr. Fenwick, for years did quite a business as a wheelwright, carriage builder, etc., at the same time he was engaged in farming. He was married twice, his first wife being Mary Melcoid, daughter of Robert Melcoid of Lower Millstream, by whom he had three children, two deceased and one son who has charge of the homestead. His second wife, who survives him, was the eldest daughter of Hon. John Ryan, Mr. Fenwick will be very much missed. He was a man who took a deep interest in all the events of the day, was an obliging neighbor, a kind father and devoted husband. Mr. Fenwick, who has been an invalid for years, will have the sympathy of the whole community.

George Courtneil.  
George Courtneil, a well known attendant at the Provincial Hospital for Nervous Diseases, died Sunday afternoon, after a lingering illness. Mr. Courtneil came to St. John about three years ago from England, where for twenty-five years he had been a printer. He made many friends here, and was respected by all, and they will learn with regret of his death. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

Mrs. Delilah J. Oram.  
Mrs. Delilah Jane Oram, widow of Joan C. Oram, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Ashdod, P. S. 146, Moncton, Saturday morning. She was born on Christmas day, 1815. She lived an active life until two years ago when she fell down stairs and sustained injuries from which she never wholly recovered. She leaves seven children—John C., of Liverpool (Eng.); David J., of Lynn; Daniel of this city; Mrs. J. W. Cronk, New Jersey; Mrs. J. Bettenson, of West End; Mrs. A. A. Mashee, and Mrs. A. A. Pirie, of this city.

Funeral of Elijah Ayer.  
Dorchester, N. B., Nov. 6.—(Special).—The funeral of the late Elijah Ayer will take place today at 2 p. m. It was one of the largest funerals in the history of Dorchester. The entire service was held at his residence, which was densely packed. Rev. B. H. Thomas, of the First Baptist church, had charge of the religious exercises, which were deeply impressive. There is a large family connection. Moncton, Parrsboro, Appleton and Sackville were all represented by mourning relatives. Two sons and three daughters from Massachusetts and Rhode Island were at the funeral. The Dorchester baristers were in attendance. It is stated that the funeral cortege was fully a half mile in length.

Mrs. Kate Prescott Wadsworth.  
After an illness of many months, borne with patient resignation and hopefulness she has finally entered into her rest. She was a woman of rare loveliness, a help to those who needed assistance, a friend to every good cause, a faithful wife and mother and an example of Christian character that will long be remembered by all who knew her. She lived for others, in a sweet forgetfulness of self, and deemed no sacrifice too great that could add to the welfare and happiness of those about her. During her last sickness she said: "I wonder why everybody is so kind to me, not once dreaming that her own kindly nature had opened the way to it all. No murmuring word passed her lips, but through it all the calm assurance that life is a blessed reality, reaching on through time to eternity with God's love over it all was one of the deepest convictions of her soul. A beautiful life is the best ideal of a pure and holy religion, and this is the record she leaves. We are all blessed in her memory, and life for us all becomes more sacred when we can call to mind that such

SLAIN POLED HIGH AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE

A Correspondent's Grim Story of the Great Death Grapple in Manchuria.

(Special Correspondence of N. Y. Evening Post).  
Liao Yang, Sept. 2.—That battle we have been waiting for since March started on August 20 and is still going on. At the very moment, 9 o'clock at night, having just been out to post bedding under the Winner of the Adonis Cup (my faithful pony), I saw "gallopers" ride uncaringly wounded. Just back of us over the fence a troop of cavalry is bivouacked. They are cooking supper. The "gallopers" are quenching at once; and those that must have walls built to shield their light from the north, the direction from which rifle volleys are growing more and more frequent. The natural conclusion is reinforced by a commotion among the cart-drivers. (Some 80 horses, 13 carts and 60 men, are needed to serve the correspondents—quite a convoy).

Immediately we are served each with six army biscuits. "It is an emergency ration," we are told, "but it is not good." However, we are not bad donors; and we have watched a fight for two days in which first one side then the other secured in the matter of advantage. We have already laid out our course of retreat.

Here is Liao Yang as seen through field-glasses: A considerable walled town with forts, and a celebrated tall Chinese pagoda rising against the sky. Between the city and the hills we now occupy there is a three-mile garden, filled with tall pine trees, and beyond a stretch where the vegetation has been stripped close to the ground. The Japanese taken only by a series of engagements. One morning, at 4 o'clock, while still moonlight, we were obliged to catch up with the activities. Leaving Anshan and the Saddle Hill behind us, we came upon a plain such as only those who see in the mind's eye. Far ahead violet, beautiful mountains; here and there midway between the hills and the plain, a few mountains and individual hills. Up one hill we are taken to view the general scene. There are shrapnel hills by a boy's marble, at your feet; also the empty Japanese shells, which discharged them vertically from the air. Small rubber balloons are "first aid to the injured" bags are picked up. You step, without knowing it, into a pool of human blood scarcely dried. The servants gather up the shrapnel. The Japanese are making their breakfast without regard for the stark, twisted bodies of dead followers. One British and one Italian correspondent attempt to photograph them; they are called back by the rest of the correspondents so angrily and sharply that there is no time for a fight. Photographing these dead! It seems an unresponsible sacrilege to perpetuate these horrid violences to human beings. It is not done at that spot. The British and American photographers the dead in the trenches.

Dead Three Deep in Trenches.  
The dead in the trenches of the lone hill, the left of the pass by that morning three deep. Russian and Japanese were one upon another, short, ginger-haired white man upon short, black-haired Chinese, and they fell they died; they lay face up; many clutched at their wound, mouth open to catch one more breath, teeth shining under the sun. The hillside, which had been so fiercely fought, was as steep as a sand bank and so covered with loose stones that a horse could hardly pick his steps along sideways without stumbling. For infantry ascending the hill, the Russian were taking two steps in the trenches greatly outnumbered the Russians. They had been killed, were turning back. The Russian were cut from their heads; arms and shoulders were torn till the muscles hung in shreds, blackened, and exposing the bone. Little Japanese feet, containing from three to five nails, were scattered about the Russian necks. On the floor of the trenches there were a few Japanese, who were a few Japanese, and Japanese soldiers fell past continuously, and the bodies fell, and the bodies fell, and the bodies fell. The thought of this exhibition of what the next morning would have covered those men so pitifully torn. But idle soldiers marched by to look. My pony refused to pass near the distance there was a storm; it made a blacker background, which every now and then cracked with lightning. I was once down to describe it, but now that I have seen what destruction fell from all this strange beauty, it does not interest me. War is a spectacle and a pain's fireworks only till you look into human faces, and bits of shell carried away the chin. The injury was chiefly wrought, on a hilltop, by a Russian battery on a hill to the rear. It usually happens that an attacking force suffers most before it reaches the trenches. Then the slaughter of the defenders begins. Here, on account of the Russian battery in the rear, there was a steady rain of shells, because the men had retreated from the trenches and Russian shells tumbled the oncoming, breathless, exhausted assaulters from the edge of the trenches they had taken. At times speak words that were led to the spot. The men who were in the trenches on the next front hill.

Capture of a Russian.  
The dismemberment of these seven Russians was effected just as the correspondents were led to the spot. The men on guard acted as though they had been pin-

like far-away thunder. Far into the night the shudder of their arms continued. Up again at dawn, and again to the little mound. Gen. Oshima has moved forward, but we are not allowed to follow. All day the shrapnel bursts in front, often on the side of our backs. A valley, and the road down and not stand up, as when the division staff was with us. Little seems to happen. The sound of shrapnel is like a passing of the hand. Our first glimpse again around a sharp curve; a crying sound; it means uneasy friction in the air, and at last sounds. The number of dead and wounded are not communicated.

A Battlefield After the Fighting.  
In the course of the night there has been a general change. The whole range of hills guarding Liao Yang has been taken. There is at the left a Gibraltar-like rock with a projection on top, the whole the shape of a giant's head. A valley, and the road down and not stand up, as when the division staff was with us. Little seems to happen. The sound of shrapnel is like a passing of the hand. Our first glimpse again around a sharp curve; a crying sound; it means uneasy friction in the air, and at last sounds. The number of dead and wounded are not communicated.

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A Neglected Pattern

A weaver sat one day at his loom Among the colors bright, While the pattern for his copying hung fair and plain in sight. But the weaver's thoughts were wandering Away on a distant track, As he threw the shuttle in his hand Nearly forward and back. And he turned his dim eyes to the ground, And his tears fell on the wool. For his thoughts, alas! were not with his loom, Nor the wife beneath his roof. When her voice recalled him suddenly To himself, as he sadly said: "Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled, And what will we do for bread?" And then the weaver looked and saw His work was wrong and the colors dimmed. Where the bitter tears had run. "Alack! alack!" said the weaver, "And this had all been right If I had not looked at my work, but kept The pattern in my sight!" Ah! sad it was for the weaver, And sad for his luckless wife, And sad it will be for us if we say, At the end of our task in life: "The colors that we had to weave Were bright in our earlier years; But we wove the tissues wrong, and stained The wool with bitter tears. We wove a web of doubt and fear— Not spun and spun and spun, Because we looked at our work, and not At our Pattern up above." —By Phoebe Cary.