

SIX

THE STAR, ST JOHN N. B. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909

DECLARE TONY IS DEAD CIVILY

Effort Made to Ex- clude Evidence

Arosha Tells the Same Story
as at Preliminary—Murray
Composed

Andover, N. B., April 21.—The first day of importance in the murder case commenced with the reopening of court at 2 p. m., twenty new jurors having been impaneled. After six objections by the defense, Eliza Larlee was sworn as the twelfth juror.

T. J. Carter opened for the crown, outlining the evidence given by the condemned men on the preliminary examination at some length.

The general public is following the case with renewed interest and leave but little standing space in the court room. Sandy Murray is extremely nervous and never for a moment during the proceedings did he remain quiet. His uncle, Mike Murray, and cousin Joseph remained close to his side during the afternoon.

The Hatches are quite composed, possibly because they do not understand what is being said. If perfect order was not maintained it was certainly not the fault of the judge or sheriff.

Dr. G. O. Taylor of Plaster Rock was the first witness called. He told of the nature of Green's wounds and the post-mortem examination. The direct evidence of Truman Dell, the next witness, was short and much the same as given on the preliminary examination. H. A. McKeown spent three-quarters of an hour in cross-examination of this witness, which did not materially affect his testimony.

R. K. Beveridge gave evidence of holding the coroner's examination. The collector asked that Tony Arosha be called as the next witness, and with this petition began the final battle. Mr. McKeown submitted that Arosha was not competent to give evidence in this case, as a condemned man loses his capacity to give evidence in a civil case.

Mr. McKeown's arguments were strong and forcible, but lacked legal references. Judge Jones presented many more additional arguments, but, like Mr. McKeown, the judge held them insufficiently based. The solicitor general and Mr. Carter argued contra, and after an hour of squabbling, Judge McLeod held that the witness should be heard, whereupon Tony was heard.

His evidence on the whole tallies in every detail with the evidence given on the examination. He sticks to the statement that he sold his gun to Sandy Murray. He seems to be bearing his confinement and sentence well. As the two Hatches do not understand star English it was decided to use the interpreter, Joseph L. Leavy. At one point in the evidence Mr. Carter rose and said that a certain gentleman in court who spoke Italian had informed him that one of the answers had not been translated correctly, but when the incident was unraveled it was found that the gentleman had misunderstood the answer and no mistake had been made.

One of the jurors evinced unusual interest in the identification of the knife, and at last became engaged in an argument with the witness. He was reminded by his honor that the juror was not to argue with a witness or counsel.

Mr. Carvell and Mr. Carter had numerous sarcastic tilts. Murray grew more and more nervous as the day wore on. Tomorrow will undoubtedly prove a lively day when Arosha is cross-examined.

THE NIAGARA JAM.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 21.—With the approval of the War Department at Washington and Governor Hughes, efforts will be made early tomorrow by state employees to dislodge the ice jam in the Niagara River by the use of dynamite. Announcement to this effect was made tonight by F. C. Stevens, state superintendent of public works.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is without an Equal for
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
and all Affections
of the THROAT AND LUNGS.

All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are in the beginning, but colds or coughs. Too much stress cannot be laid on this fact, and neglect to cure the cold very often causes years of suffering and in the end some "Consumption." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines all the long healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other expectorant, and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pence tins for 25 cents.

HOT-HOUSES WRECKED BY BOILER EXPLOSION

Entire Plant of Miller & Son Wrecked—Employees Cut.

TORONTO, April 21.—With a tremendous explosion one of the big boilers in the conservatory of Miller and Son, Bracendale, florists, blew up this afternoon and razed to the ground four acres of hot houses and a big chimney which stood eight feet high. Twenty-three men are employed about the conservatory, and in spite of the fact that the glass, bricks, mortar and pieces of machinery were blown high into air, not one was seriously injured, although every one was cut and bruised. The first intimation of the catastrophe was received from the fireman. His ran upstairs with the information that something had gone wrong with one of the boilers. Before the men were out of his mouth the explosion occurred. The tollers, of which there are four, were situated in the west end of the works.

It is not known which of the four exploded, but the force was so great that all of them ascended almost vertically. When the heavy machinery red tumbled to earth it was in fragments.

"We can hardly find trace of them now," said Miller. The great piles of wooden frames, but the debris of debris stamped them out. There were no flames or fire, the flames were "I am afraid we are ruined for the season," said Miller. "The conservatories are a total wreck. Our loss will total \$50,000. The entire plant is gone and unless some one comes to our rescue we will suffer."

The Imperial kitchens, for instance, employ some 240 cooks and 500 scullions. Twice a day they prepare about 2,000 "tablas," or trays, each carrying a dozen courses. Three hundred attendants, bearing the trays on their heads, distribute them throughout the palace. Some to the Sultan's apartments, to the harem, to the "mabatin" (the part of the palace containing the offices and where the Sultan carries on the business of the State), and to a host of sheiks, sheriffs and notables.

During the month of Ramadan poor people collect in thousands toward sunset and can count on obtaining "iftar"—the evening meal when good Mohammedans break the fast for the day, taking their first food, water and cigarette since dawn. The waste, extravagance and profligacy are beyond description. A French cook at the palace is said to have asked for a little beef to prepare some dish the day before. He was told that the beef was not available, but the cook protested that he only wanted a little and he was answered with a girl that he did not require could easily be given away.

The Sultan's stables are another place where the waste is beyond description. Moral decay is rampant among the horses, with an army of coachmen, grooms and attendants, all living on the fat of the land.

The British embassy, and probably every other embassy, has had during the last twenty years many cases before it of claims that have been made upon the property in the country belonging to British subjects. Diplomatic influence after considerable trouble, usually sufficed to defend the possessions of these lands, but the wretched Turkish subject who could bring no influence to bear had to succumb. On these lands, but the wretched Turkish subject who could bring no influence to bear had to succumb.

Mr. Powell stated that Mr. Cutler had consulted the most eminent authorities of the United States and had been informed that it was feasible to construct a successful fishway to a dam forty feet high. If the company were willing to incur the expense, the further consideration of the bill was postponed until next session.

A bill to incorporate the International Power Company, Ltd., was introduced and reported on by the committee. A bill to amend the act to incorporate the Canadian Terminal Railway Company was considered.

Mr. Marle, one of the promoters, explained the bill. It was desired to build and operate a line of railway from Letang in the County of Charlotte, to some point on the St. John River near Fredericton, so as to connect with the New Brunswick Railway. The promoters were interested in the trade between the Canadian west and the West Indies and would secure freight from the Grand Trunk Pacific and Intercolonial railways at Fredericton and let the same at their terminals in Letang. The bill was reported favorably.

A bill to incorporate the Bathurst Ship Canal and Curling Hills Company was reported upon favorably. Committee adjourned to 10 a. m. tomorrow.

What has been done with the millions that the navy has given without stint for its security and its rehabilitation? On what side can Frenchmen turn their eyes without discovering matter for sadness and shame? But the gravest fact is that all nations of justice seem to have disappeared, and that every remnant of independence seems to have vanished. The public is no longer interested in the most revolting acts of oppression. Injustice and tyranny no longer fill any one with indignation. There is no longer any sense in the word "justice," that is serious. There is no longer any generosity in the word "justice," that is serious. There is no longer any generosity in the word "justice," that is serious.

INDIANA MAN PLANS CONSTANT DAYLIGHT

With Big Lenses on 1000-Foot
Towers He'll Beat
the Sun

PETERSBURG, Ind., April 21.—After ten years of persistent effort David R. Nicely, of this city, has perfected an arrangement by which he believes the day can be made twenty-four hours long, and he has applied for patents. He has made convex and concave lenses of enormous size, which he will place in towers 1,000 feet high at a distance of 100 miles apart, and with these he expects to supply daylight. In order to keep the lenses at a proper angle, a clock-work apparatus is to be provided, and with the lenses so focused as to let the light in concentrated rays from one to the other, he expects to give daylight all the time.

An Irish paper there recently appeared this advertisement: "A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Diplomacy is the polite name for international lying.

SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD BILLS.

Extravagance Prevailing in the Harem—Imperial Cigarette Box Holders—Kitchen With 240 Cooks and 500 Scul- lions—Dress and Jewelry Worn by Women.

No department of the State has been fuller of abuses than that of the civil list, writes the Constantinople correspondent of the London Standard. By the term civil list is meant the department which manages the private property of the Sovereign and of certain other members of the Imperial family. During the last thirty years this department in the interest of the Sultan and the palace camilla has been actively engaged in sweeping into its net revenues from every source whence it could steal them. Within the first month after the revolution of July last it was announced that the Sultan had graciously ceded to the State revenues amounting to \$400,000 (Turkish) a year. This sounded very well to those who did not know the country, but on investigation it was proved that the lands and other sources which produced this annual revenue had been improperly taken from the country the palace having no right whatever to the income in question.

Any one who has visited a Turkish palace on even the residence of a wealthy pasha, must have been struck by the enormous number of idle persons. Loafers abound. It is unnecessary to speak of imperial pipelayers, imperial light carriers, imperial cigarette box holders, but when such persons are each provided with an "assistant" and a long list of attendants, and such salaries are multiplied several times over the total cost amounts to a huge figure.

The Imperial kitchens, for instance, employ some 240 cooks and 500 scullions. Twice a day they prepare about 2,000 "tablas," or trays, each carrying a dozen courses. Three hundred attendants, bearing the trays on their heads, distribute them throughout the palace. Some to the Sultan's apartments, to the harem, to the "mabatin" (the part of the palace containing the offices and where the Sultan carries on the business of the State), and to a host of sheiks, sheriffs and notables.

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TO DO HONOR TO VETERANS

Eight Survivors of First Parliament BANQUET GIVEN

Laurier Eloquent Proposes
Toast to Canada's First
Parliament

OTTAWA, April 21.—Eight surviving members of the first parliament of Canada were the guests of the Canadian Club of Ottawa at a dinner given in the parliamentary restaurant to-night, and over 200 were present to do honor to them. The veterans present were Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Gossage, Senators Miller and William Ross, Sir James Grant, Senator Baker, Basil Bennett and Sheriff Hagar of Prescott.

The various speeches were full of interest, being made more poignant by the personal reminiscences of the veterans of the first parliament. The struggle which went on for a union of the province, His Excellency Earl Grey voiced the debt owed the members of the first parliament, for if they were not the fathers of confederation the privilege of those who could call Canada "home."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier eloquently presented the toast of the first parliament of the Dominion, and the eight veterans present all responded. Sir Mackenzie Bowell in his reply declared that he would return to England with vivid recollections of the kindness he had experienced and would in future endeavor to do his best to deserve the privilege of those who could call Canada "home."

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AT A ROUNDUP OF WOLVES

Nebraska's Chief Antidote For Spring Fever—Most of the Male Population Turns Out in the Effort to Clear a Few Square Miles of the Pests.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 21.—About this time of the year in western and northwestern Nebraska the plains brand of spring fever strikes the town business man and the village carpenter and the rancher. This is the antidote as found in almost any country newspaper:

"Come and have a day off—a wolf hunt will be held in Turkey Creek precinct Saturday next. Leave your dogs at home, but bring your shotgun. Round up will be on section 12. Trouble begins at 9 o'clock."

"See they're going to have a wolf hunt on the Taylor ranch," says some man at the general store. "Everybody will be out. You going, Jim?"

Jim hadn't thought about it before, but he guesses he will go. The wolf goes round and 60 per cent. of the town and country males spend Friday evening sitting up their guns and boys in the neighborhood of the Taylor ranch. The Taylor ranch probably occupies a section or two of land. Down in some big meadow on section 12 a pole, with a colored streamer on it, has been planted where it may be seen for a long distance. About noon or perhaps later here is where the hunt comes to a close. The wolves are nearly always slaughtered.

Perhaps Taylor has been having trouble with the wolves on his land. A calf disappears now and then or a steer is found dead and half eaten. Some of his neighbors have been similarly injured. The State offers a bounty on wolf scalps, but the Legislature cheerfully neglects to appropriate money to pay the bounty. Poison and the trap catch fewer than the rifle. Why not have a hunt, invite everybody and let them kill off your wolves at their own expense?

This is the genesis of the Western wolf hunt. Instead of the master of the hounds, there is a captain of the hunt. He must be a man of experience and must have a staff of lieutenants who can and will enforce his orders. Order is a necessary part of the day's sport.

Take 200 or 300 men all armed with shotguns and turn them loose with or without a designated roundup by the nearest way and let them shoot as they will as they hunt. The wolves will be more men than wolves hit.

Half an hour or so before the order to march is given the aides busy themselves lining up the hunters. These are formed in a hollow square. "Mind you, men," he calls out as he gallops from group to group. "Spread out, shoot in front always, never to one side. The first man that discovers orders must drop out and give up his gun. Don't start till you hear the signal."

This is for the benefit of the green hunters. The old timers know the rules and need not be told. Now then, when the hunt is on and the fun is growing fiercer, some excited chap forgets and takes a shot at a running rabbit off to one side. Some watchful aide spots him at once, orders him out of line and says: "You are a fool. The first impulse of the culprit usually is to fight. Then he remembers that if he doesn't come across it will be his last hunt."

These armed men often number 500 or 600, and the territory usually is a strip two miles by three or possibly four. Men are deployed at regular intervals so that the lines are fairly close enough to turn back any wolf that has a hunch that he is being hunted.

After the mounted leaders get busy, they must spur on the lagards and keep back the eager. In the next stage a rabbit or two is routed. Off they go, the big packs in a panic and the little fellows scurrying out of the grass. Then the hunters begin to lumber up and the packs to fall. Misses are many, but what is a hunt for unless it is a little of the chase? The wolves begin to pick up the slain rabbits, but the recollection that off to each side and in front are other hunters all hurrying to be in at the final killing leads to their being tossed aside in rushing the line. Sometimes they escape. Usually they don't. The rush is made when the hunters are close together, but so skilled are they that they get the wolf in the purview of more danger.

About this time panic seizes him, and it is only added to when he sees himself in a pack of his archers, with rabbits plunging and dashing alongside.

The lines have been rapidly converging, the game is within range, and the popping of shotguns is redoubled. Some of the wolves fall, others discover too late that their only chance lay in rushing the line. Sometimes they escape. Usually they don't. The rush is made when the hunters are close together, but so skilled are they that they get the wolf in the purview of more danger.

There is only one place where a man can be a spectator of a wolf hunt, and that is in the immediate vicinity of the roundup hole. It is mighty exciting, especially to the tenderfoot. With several hundred men rushing toward him from all directions with their guns and shotguns, and the remnants of the rabbit army are scattering over the plain. At the roundup poles are wagons and buggies and

HOT WAVE FROM KENTUCKY

Blast of Praise Let Loose at Third Annual Luncheon.

NEW YORK, April 21.—"Each and every one of the forty-seven States may be a jewel in the crown of this thirteenth century, but Kentucky is the Kohinoor among them," said Mrs. John Ward Childs, historian of the Kentucky Club, which held its third annual luncheon yesterday afternoon at the Waldorf Astoria.

Two or three of the fair Kentuckians present murmured that that was certainly going a little bit, but the more who had been invited to eat and speak merely straightened up and smiled as if they didn't care what place was set for the booming of the blue grass State.

John W. Keller said that he had become a New Yorker of the New Yorks, but that Kentucky, where he had spent the first eighteen years of his life, always came to him in his dreams. The people of the North call us barbarians," he said, "and accuse us of placing a very light value on human life. Well, maybe we do kill each other once in a while for what would seem to a Northerner a very small cause. It isn't a small cause to a Kentuckian, though. Let the men of the North be called lions, and sue those who insult them. A Kentuckian, when their homes are broken up, go to the courts for a money compensation. There is a quicker and more effective way of dealing with such affairs in Kentucky. And just because the people of the North know that a man will strike swiftly and surely in the defense of his honor they are more careful what they say and do to offend."

William J. Lampton's turn came next and he read a letter from his muse, beseeching her inability to do any sort of justice to Kentucky women.

Henrietta Crossman, who is a grand-niece of Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River," "Old Black Joe," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," and other Southern ballads, said that she had been so besieged by magazine writers for stories concerning her famous uncle that she had none left to tell the Kentuckians.

John Burns Wilson urged the Kentucky women to give their attention to woman suffrage, which he said was the greatest question before the American people. Some of the Kentuckians applauded when John Temple Graves was introduced. Mr. Graves didn't forget to make a reference to Kentucky horses, the flavor of Kentucky whiskey or the chivalry of Kentucky men, and as for the beauty, charm, virtue and cleverness of Kentucky women, he declared that the orator had not yet been born who could do justice to them.

Mr. Graves went on to say that for some years he had had an abstract belief in woman suffrage, because he hadn't been able to find any reasonable argument against it. Mr. Graves said that he couldn't see, however, why women should want the ballot, because they already ruled without it. The Kentuckians who hadn't applauded Mr. Wilson clapped their hands vigorously at this remark, and Mr. Graves proceeded to explain that already there had been a little lapse in the reverence which men felt for women owing to the fact that some men had been obliged to go out in the world to earn their living.

Mr. Graves turned to an exordium on Southern chivalry and the good old days before the war, which, he said, were the finest days in the whole history of civilization.

Mrs. William Grant Brown, president of the West End End Republican Club, besought the women of Kentucky to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men in the fight for the Union, with their work for the glory of the good old State, as did the New York women.

Mr. Oldboy—Why do you bring so much water, Tommy?" I merely asked for a drink.

Tommy—I thought you'd need more than a glassful, 'cause sister said you was the driest old stick she ever knew. —Illustrated Bits.

A woman's idea of a good man is one who gives a beggar a dime and takes care of the baby when he is asked to do so without any protest.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

of household work is taken away when Sunlight Soap is brought into the home. For thoroughly cleansing floors, metal-work, walls and woodwork, Sunlight is the most economical both in time and money.

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