

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1903.

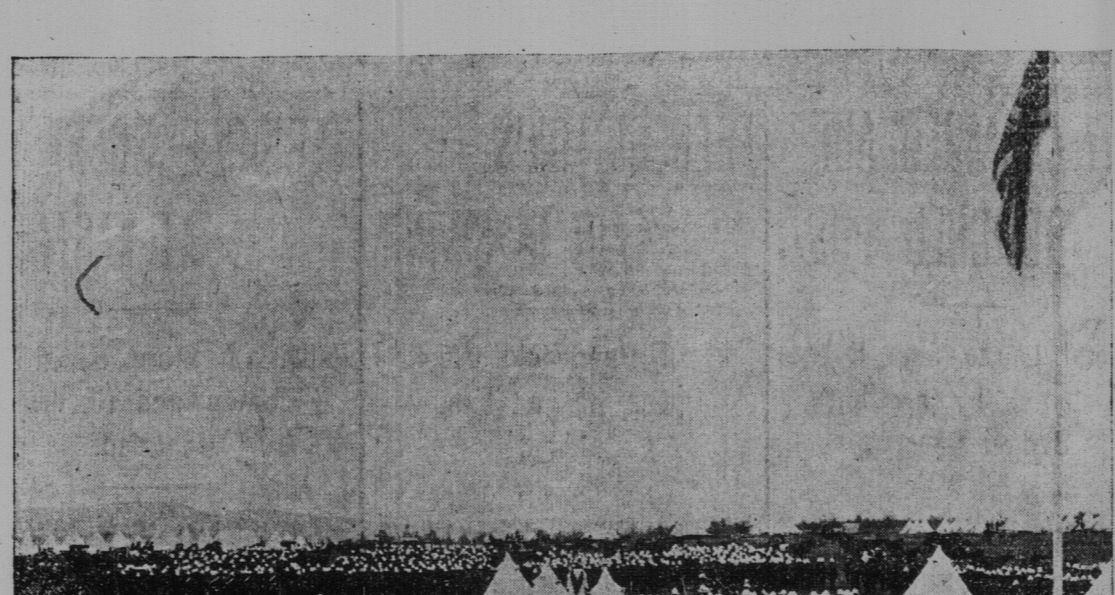
WITH OUR SOLDIER LADS IN CAMP AT SUSSEX.



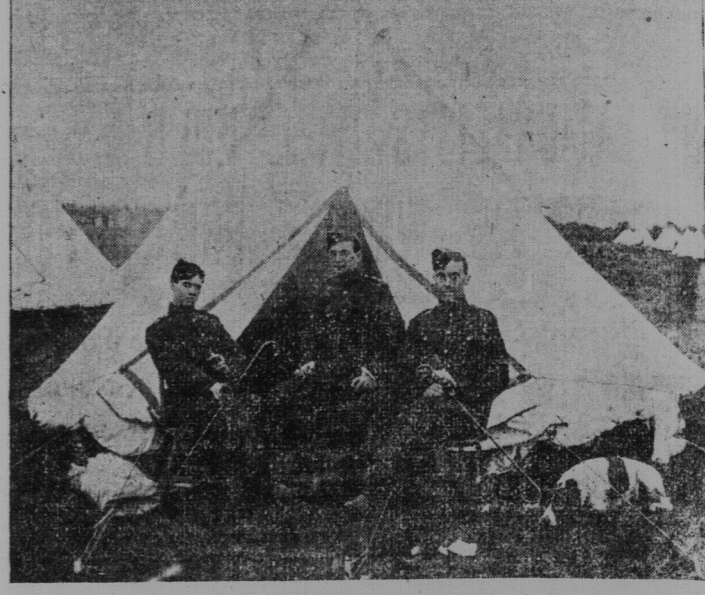
On the Camp Grounds at Sussex.

Who wouldn't be a soldier? Where is the craven spirit base enough to willfully avoid the service? The exact soldier spirit of the other eastern provinces is not ready at hand, but as far as New Brunswick is concerned, here's little to wish, judging from camp Sussex.

pick up the most modern methods of dealing annihilating to the opposing forces. The Hussars—the wily, whip-corded Hussars—are growing in knowledge pertaining to defence of empire. They are being informed, at first hand, by the commander-in-chief, himself a cavalryman of note, and all things considered in the light of sober judgment, the Hussars are a strong aggregation.



Church Parade Scene at Former Sussex Camp.



Before Their Tent, Sussex Camp.

The camp is doing more, though, than developing them physically. They are getting an accurate insight into the wisdom of authority, are growing in manliness and self-reliance, and are becoming aware that cleanliness of mind and body, patriotism and honor, are worth while having a nodding acquaintance with.

In the minds of past campers the year's tenting is not any worse, possibly a good deal superior, to the out-of-door life of years ago. "As far as the field experience is concerned," said one, "we are having it put all over us these latter years, or since the general has been in command.

MR. BLAIR'S STRONG STAND ON REDISTRIBUTION MEASURE.

Kings and Albert Will Have One Member.

Not Practicable to Join St John and Albert, Said Mr. Blair, in Replying to Mr. Fowler -- Former Minister Would Not have This Constituency Disturbed.

Ottawa, Sept. 18.—(Special)—The minister of justice introduced his bill today to give increased representation of two in the senate for the Northwest Territories. A number of petitions were presented by Conservatives asking for delay in connection with the redistribution bill. After the city of Toronto and the province of Manitoba had been disposed of in regard to redistribution in the house today, Nova Scotia was again reached. Nova Scotia was reverted to in order that Mr. Borden might voice his objection to the rearrangement of which Victoria is attached to the northern part of Cape Breton county. He would have preferred to see Cape Breton left as it was and Victoria added to Richmond.

could be made in Cape Breton Island. There was a committee of interest after all between Victoria and Cape Breton. They were adjacent to one another and business interests brought them constantly together. Richmond, on the other hand, was too far away to be combined with Victoria. That proposition had been fully considered and dropped as impracticable. His own party had nothing to gain by the new arrangement.

Mr. Borden quite conceded there was no politics in it. It was a choice of two evils. But what struck him as unfair was that Victoria and Cape Breton counties should have only two members for 70,000 population, while Richmond, alongside, had a member for 14,515 souls.

Mr. Fowler quite conceded there was no politics in it. It was a choice of two evils. But what struck him as unfair was that Victoria and Cape Breton counties should have only two members for 70,000 population, while Richmond, alongside, had a member for 14,515 souls.

Mr. Fowler strongly objected to the feature of the bill which proposed a union of Kings and Albert. The united counties would have a population of 34,000, and now got only one member under the rearrangement, whereas St. John county and county got two members for a population of 40,000. Restigouche was to continue its individuality as an electoral district with a population of 13,000. The fair thing to have done would be to add St. John county with its 10,000 population, to Albert county alongside, leaving St. John county with one member.

Mr. Blair replied. He found Mr. Fowler's language unnecessarily strong. That gentleman could advance no evidence in support of his charge of gerrymandering. He was prepared to take his share of responsibility for the course adopted in this matter, but to his mind the arrangement was the most equitable and just that could be devised, and would give better satisfaction to those concerned than any other suggestion that could be put forward.

In considering the rearrangement of seats, which the census showing rendered necessary, it was desirable, as in the past,

to adhere to county boundaries. There were two possible means of solving the situation. They could combine Restigouche and Gloucester, in the north, or Albert and Kings in the south.

Restigouche had a population of 10,586, and Gloucester of 27,335, making the population of 38,921. Albert and Kings would have a combined population of 6,000 less. There were many reasons why it was undesirable to combine St. John and Albert. The proposal would not be to the taste of either county. There was no demand for this thing alone.

Mr. Fowler interrupted that this plan was favored by the local member for Albert.

Mr. Blair—Yes, but there was no public support behind him. The proposal was not practicable. The counties of Albert and St. John are not in reality contiguous to one another. The settled parts of the two counties do not come in touch with one another, and besides there is no line of communication between them.

He was not prepared to say that the present arrangement in St. John was ideal. But why disturb conditions that have existed so long and given general satisfaction. The city and county of St. John together have a population of 32,000, so that a representation of two members is not excessive. The people interested are pleased with affairs as they are. There was no complaint against existing conditions. Better leave things as they are; leave well enough alone till evidence is forthcoming that a grievance exists.

Finally, said Mr. Blair, it is wholly impracticable to connect St. John county and Albert. The only way course to adopt was the one he proposed.

Mr. H. R. Emmerson said the proposal in the bill was the best he could see for the province. Any other proposal would involve the division of St. John county.

WOODSTOCK FAIR A GREAT SUCCESS.

An Athletic Meet Wound Up the Exhibition Friday. A CLOSE BALL GAME.

Portlands of St. John Lost to the Colts After Having a Long Lead-- Other Events -- Cups for Horse Show Exhibited.

Woodstock, N. B., Sept. 18.—(Special)—The Woodstock agricultural exhibition had ideal weather for the last day of the fair, and the usual large crowd was in attendance. After the parade of all the prize stock, the exhibits were removed from the ground and the most successful exhibition ever held in the town was over.

The success of the affair was in large measure due to the energetic work of the president, C. L. Smith, and the secretary, J. Rankin Brown.

The athletic meet was attended by a large gathering. The officials were: J. A. Lindsay, referee; J. T. A. Dibblee, James A. Gibson, timekeeper; Mayor Belyea, George E. Dalman, K. K. Council, judges; Frank Sullivan, clerk of the course; G. Hugh Harrison, scorer; W. L. Aigar, N. P. Thomas, Dr. G. H. Manser, umpires; W. C. Lindow, announcer.

There were thirty competitors, including members of the Trojan A. C. and Century Racing Club, Fredericton; Thistle A. C. St. Stephen; Woodstock A. C., and athletes from St. John, Sydney, Bath and Upper Woodstock. The medals were presented by the secretary of the Woodstock club, Robert Oxbelt.

The following are the different events and winners: 100 yard dash was a dead heat between Arthur Finnamore, Fredericton, and F. B. Sweeney, St. John, and in the run off the former won; time, 11 seconds. Pole vault—1, C. Squire, Bath, 8 feet, 10 inches; 2, H. Blair, Fredericton, 8 feet.

Running high jump—1, Squires, 5 feet 4 inches; 2, H. E. McBride, St. Stephen, 5 feet 2 inches. Quarter mile run—1, Finnamore; 2, C. W. Robinson, Woodstock; 3, Arthur Glidden, Woodstock; time, 59 seconds. Hop, step and jump—1, Blair, 39 feet 11 inches; 2, Squires, 39 feet.

1 Bicycle races, mile novice—1, Eddie Inchi; 2, Enoch Vandine; 3, A. E. Graham, all of Fredericton; time, 2:56. Half mile, boy—1, Joseph Dever, Fredericton; 2, Arthur Fisher, Woodstock; time, 1:47. Mile open—Not finished in the time limit.

Quarter mile open—1, F. E. Libbey, Sydney; 2, S. L. C. Coleman, Fredericton; time, 39 seconds. Mile open—1, Libbey; 2, Inch; 3, Coleman; time, 1:13. The Woodstock Colts and St. John Portlands played two games of ball in the park, and the local team won both games. The score in the morning was 15 to 4. The local battery was Long and Milmore; Arthur Finnamore, Fredericton. The afternoon game created great excitement. The Portlands' battery of the morning changed places, McLeod doing the pitching and Tins taking the receiving end. Milmore did the twirling for the Colts, and was ably held by Mercer. Harrison Saunders, Houlton, acted as umpire. At the early part of the game the visitors secured a lead of five scores, but as the game progressed the lead was gradually lessened. In the last half of the ninth the hosts were one score behind with one man out, two on base, when a hit was made by McRae which brought in both runs, and the game was over, 8 to 7, in favor of the Colts.

Eight of the expensive cups for the St. John horse show arrived here in Cape

A NEEDED TRADE LEAGUE.

Convention of All English-Speaking Peoples.

How These Business Men Whose Interests Are So Common Could Unify Their Plans and Conquer the World--The Folly of the Present Course of Opposition and Retaliation.

London, Sept. 19.—The idea of a Pan-Anglo American convention of chambers of commerce arises from the business situation as naturally as does any Boston merchant's plan for getting better acquainted with his principal customers and suppliers. He knows that he can safely buy more and safely sell more in proportion to the success of his trade with those who buy from him and those who buy most from him. He knows that trade is always more likely to flow in greater volume through improvement of its customary channels than by experiments in digging new ones. If he is in a small way of business, he himself obtains as much personal acquaintance as he can get with those to whom he pays and with those who pay him. If in a big way of trade he keeps a small army of drummers and correspondents to post his house in respect of the wants and schemes of those with whom it mainly deals. Intimacy is the life of trade. To establish a degree of it between those who speak different languages, profess unlike creeds, and are ruled by diverse codes of custom and law, is so difficult that commerce between them is ever hazardous. There is often good business excuse for not tackling the hard task of trying to beat up trade with those whom traders know that they can never know well. But what good business excuse can there be for neglecting to do everything possible to improve acquaintance with those whom we can comprehend "down to the soles of their boots" through our own familiarity with their tongue, religion, institutions, laws, social schemes, and favorite frauds? The delegates at a Pan-Anglo-American convention of chambers of commerce could talk together, mutually explain things, hatch up projects, arrange various bilateral deals, schemes, and favorite frauds? The delegates at a Pan-Anglo-American convention of chambers of commerce could talk together, mutually explain things, hatch up projects, arrange various bilateral deals, schemes, and favorite frauds?

It is astonishing to what an extent the passion for acquiring wealth quickly and easily has spread within the last few years. Recent developments, in connection with the Post Office investigation now in progress, have revealed the fact that the mails have been used by a very large number of bogus syndicates and get-rich-quick concerns, without the slightest effort being made to check their criminal schemes for fleeing the country. In this way, and by means of advertising, the plunderers who prey upon the credulity of the ignorant, the covetous, and the simple, have reaped a harvest. They have numbered their victims by the tens of thousands. Now, however, it would seem that tardy justice is at last thoroughly aroused and on their track. Let us hope, for the sake of public morality, no less than for the protection of the innocent and unsuspecting, who are the victims of these plunderers, that the riddance will be sweeping and permanent.

The Get-Rich-Quick Mania

It is undeniable that the secret desire to accumulate riches is almost universal, and it is true, moreover, that a very great majority are not especially scrupulous concerning the source from which the wished-for wealth may come. This get-rich-quick swindler knows he is a good judge of human nature, and knows how to bait his trap to take advantage of its weakness. From his den in New York, or some other busy center, he sends out broadcast, by letter and newspaper advertisement, his dazzling propositions, showing how the farmer, the artisan, the country minister, the physician, the struggling shopkeeper, the clerk, the widow with a small pitance left by her dead husband, may double, triple, quadruple their little capital in a twinkling, "by our absolutely safe method and without risk."

Mr. Chamberlain is now engaged in a campaign designed to increase the exchanges between the British members of the Pan-Anglo-American family by taxing imports from outsiders. He may be balked for the moment, but what will happen when next hard times come to the empire and his programme before the empire and all the colonies in favor of it, is it not almost certain that some sort of an imperial

guarded, so that the writer [may escape any legal responsibility for the same.

The circulars they send out make a powerful appeal to the avarice of the credulous, and they succeed wonderfully. For a loan of \$10 they will promise to pay in return \$1 a week. For \$50 they will pay \$5. But they only make these payments to induce foolish people to plunge still more heavily. As a result, multitudes of men and women impoverish their homes, while others even steal money from their employers and friends to speculate. The temptation is so great for the time that many persons become money-mad. Thus every get-rich-quick concern is a generator of crime and suicide. In one year one of these "syndicates" pocketed no less than \$2,000,000. When the exposure and the final crash came, hundreds of people—if not thousands—were made penniless. And a number of the victims, when they saw the inevitable ruin they had brought on themselves and their families by their mad speculation, committed suicide.

When the police took possession of the office of the concern, they found letters that had come from poor people all over the country, who had sent in their last dollar. They had expected that their money would be doubled in a few days. Many of the poor made pathetic appeals to have their money returned, but the hard-hearted swindlers had disappeared.

This is a simple case, but, in the main, it applies to all the get-rich-quick swindlers alike. All are dishonest, immoral, and in the last degree ruinous to the poor deluded victims.

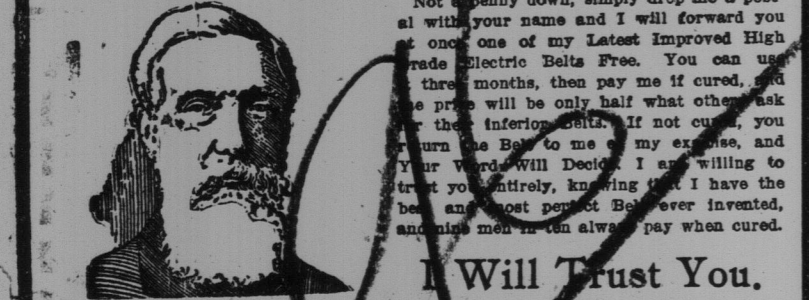
For the great majority of the dupes of the get-rich-quick swindlers, there can hardly be as general or generous a sympathy as might have been extended under other circumstances. They have been caught in their own nets; their credulity has been their undoing. They made haste to get rich, forgetting that "the get-rich and not by right . . . at his end shall be a fool." Had they been wise, they might have detected the sharp, cruel hook under the glittering bait of the get-rich-quick operator, and they would have been content with the reward of honest industry or legitimate trade, instead of grasping greedily at elusive and fabulous profits, the very nature and extent of which should have convinced any thoughtful person that it could not be lawfully and honorably earned, if earned at all.

We frequently receive letters from readers in the country, making inquiry as to the "reliability" of some get-rich-quick scheme, from whose conductors they have received the usual attractive circulars. These circulars read like a fairy tale. They tell how the kind-hearted broker is longing to add to your income, and, if you will simply follow the advice he gives you, wealth will fly to you on wings. We invariably advise the receivers of such letters to give them no attention. A moment's reflection ought to convince any man or woman, no matter how inexperienced in business affairs, that if one's good-natured, persuasive broker, or any other agent, had something that is reliable and that will bear investigation, he could interest all the capital needed without the slightest difficulty. He would not be obliged to hawk his scheme around among strangers, begging them to invest in it.

We repeat the advice to all our readers: Resist the temptation to acquire wealth in any such way. Be assured that every such scheme is simply a blind trap, a bucco game, an out-and-out lying swindle. Thousands are ruined every year by yielding to the unwholesome suggestion. Avoid it as you would avoid a pestilence. —(Christian Herald.)

St. Mary's, York county, letter says: "Reuben Flowers and wife, Miss Louis Hall and Harry Flowers returned on Friday from Flowers' Cove Grand Lake, where they had been invited to attend the wedding last Wednesday of Miss Stella Flowers of Flowers' Cove to J. Melly of St. John.

Free Trial for 90 Days.



Not penny down, simply drop me a post-al with your name and I will forward you one of my Latest Improved High Voltage Electric Belts Free. You can use them three months, then pay me if cured, and the price will be only half what others ask for the inferior belts. If not cured, you return the Belt to me at my expense, and your money will be refunded. I am willing to let you, directly, trying for I have the best and most perfect Belt ever invented, and which men in all ages pay when cured.

I Will Trust You. This modern Belt is the one that generates a powerful therapeutic current of electricity without soaking the battery. It cures all other belts do, and it is guaranteed never to burn. It is a certain cure in all cases of Rheumatism, Yarrow's, Dyspepsia, Loos, (Leak) Back, Nervousness, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles and Weakness resulting from abuse and excess. I Will Give Free To each person writing me, one copy of my beautiful illustrated Medical Book which should be read by all men and women. Drop me a post-al and I will send it to you FREE in sealed wrapper. If you see weak any way no longer, but write today for my splendid Book and Belt Free. Write today. DR. A. M. MACDONALD ELECTRIC CO., 2362 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Que.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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Wm. Somerville, W. A. Ferris.

Subscribers are asked to pay their subscriptions to the agents when they call.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 23, 1903.

THE DISASTER ON THE RIVER

It may be assumed that at the inquest following the burning of the David Weston and the loss of three lives, searching inquiry will be made as to the cause of the fire, the precautions observed to prevent a disaster such as occurred, and concerning the boats, life belts and fire apparatus carried by the steamer.

Two men, by their coolness, courage and decision in the face of awful peril, prevented the loss of many more lives—the captain, who instantly gave the order to run the boat ashore when the fire was discovered and then devoted himself to saving the terrified passengers, and the mate, who stuck to the wheel, in spite of the fire and smoke which enveloped the pilot house, until the boat was beached, and who then became a very giant in the work of rescue.

Terrible as the affair was and imperative as it is the necessity for a complete investigation, it is well to record that the captain and crew appear to have behaved well and that forty passengers all were saved except the unfortunate lad who swung overboard in terror before his relatives could restrain him.

So safe has our river navigation proved in the past, now of the destruction of the Weston with the loss of three lives and the injury of many of the passengers, will be a great shock to the entire province. Who was responsible for it? The general opinion yesterday among passengers and crew appeared to be that a careless smoker had set fire to the cargo of hay which was so stowed that a spark from the pipe of one passing along the lower deck, or a match thrown away carelessly by such a person might have ignited it.

While this is true, a full investigation is nevertheless necessary, as it may disclose facts of value in preventing a similar or greater disaster at some future time. Some time ago an effort was made to save metallic small boats carried by steamers navigating inland waters, but the plan was abandoned. It may now be revived. If a careless smoker is responsible for the fire, it may be well to ascertain whether the usual regulation against smoking on certain parts of the steamer were strictly enforced. Among the stories told yesterday was one to the effect that the fire-apparatus was not in working order when it was required. Here is a point which should be cleared up.

According to the law the inquest must be held by the coroner in whose district the deaths occurred. In this case, then, Coroner Watters, of Westfield, will act, and, no doubt, as the matter is of unusual importance, a representative of the crown will be present.

and crew without delay. It would be within the province of the jury to decide whether or not there was contributory negligence, and beyond that, to make any recommendations which appeared wise, with a view to preventing similar occurrences in the future. It will, no doubt, be deemed proper that the crown shall be represented at the inquiry, the scope of which will of necessity be extensive if the best interests of the public are to be served.

Conflicting stories as to the condition of the steamer's fire apparatus and as to the manner in which her cargo of hay was stowed, must be examined and the truth arrived at. Among river steamboat men yesterday there was much discussion as to whether any passenger steamer should be permitted to carry hay in its hold.

Some maintain that such a cargo is too dangerous to form part of the cargo of steam passenger vessels. Others believe that if it were stowed in compartments where the danger from fire would be reduced to a minimum, it might well continue to be accepted as freight.

This and other questions forced upon public attention by the disaster of Saturday should be inquired into with the utmost care. It may be that new legislation regarding river traffic will follow. The duty before the coroner, then, is one of unusual importance, and the public will observe with interest the manner in which it is discharged.

COMMENT ON CHAMBERLAIN.

Comment cabled from London on Mr. Chamberlain and the British political situation generally has been somewhat fragmentary thus far, and as much of it has been partisan also, Canadian readers have, perhaps scarcely realized how great an impression Mr. Chamberlain's course has made, even upon his natural political enemies. A certain class of newspapers announce that he is beaten for all time; that he has delivered himself bound into the hands of his foes. This is the extreme view of the extremists. His own view, as far as it has been revealed, is that while his proposals may be rejected at the next election, he will stand by them later on.

It is interesting to study at this juncture the opinion of one watching the situation in London for the New York Evening Post. The Post is a free-trade journal and editorially frowns upon Mr. Chamberlain and even more sternly upon Mr. Balfour, as one lacking the former Colonial Secretary's courage. But the Post's London correspondent is far from dismissing Mr. Chamberlain's course as hopeless, so impressed is he with the man's immense power as a campaigner. A summary of this correspondent's views is of timely interest.

Today, he says, the party of Balfour and Chamberlain "consists of four distinct camps. First the reactionaries, under Mr. Balfour; second, the preferentialists, under Mr. Chamberlain; third, the free-traders, under Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Ritchie; fourth, the workmen, under nobody in particular. The reactionaries and preferentialists together make up about three-fourths of the party. Mr. Chamberlain is confident that all but an insignificant section of these will come under his banner. So soon as he makes clear his plans, which involve no increase but merely a readjustment of the present tax rates, so soon will the Chamberlainian candidates in the constituencies up and down the country, prepare to fight every man, of whatever political hue, who does not fly the Chamberlainian colors. Mr. Chamberlain may be all wrong and his policy may be doomed to ignominious collapse, under the cry of the cheap loaf' in danger, but a regard for the facts compels the unbiased recorder to state that the little band of free-trade Unionists and the incoherent mass of leaderless Liberals, whose most aggressive group is more concerned in the police court resistance to the education rate than in fiscal discussions, Mr. Chamberlain has given English Liberalism the chance of its lifetime, but there are no signs yet that Liberalism is alive to the fact."

MORE RESIGNATIONS.

There are now four empty seats in the Balfour cabinet, the resignation of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, having been announced yesterday, together with that of Mr. Elliott, financial secretary to the Treasury, who is not a cabinet officer. Apparently the Duke of Devonshire intends to stand by the Premier, satisfied with the fact that the government can no longer be held responsible for Mr. Chamberlain's policy coupled as it is in the public mind with a food tax. The Secretary for Scotland apparently leaves the government for the same reason which led Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton to resign, that is, the belief that Mr. Balfour has virtually abandoned free trade. Mr. Balfour has gone too far for three of his colleagues, and so let them, and not far enough for the Colonial Secretary, and so let him.

great extent, make common cause with the government, since his fiscal programme includes while it also outruns Mr. Balfour's, the other deserters will add weight to the free trade campaign which the government must meet and overcome if it is to escape defeat.

Fourteen of the eighteen ministers remain, and with the exception of that left by Mr. Chamberlain, the vacancies may, without great difficulty, be filled with stronger men than those who have resigned if the impulse toward defection does not carry off still more of the cabinet ministers. As it stands, the loss of so strong a man as the Duke of Devonshire might weaken the government beyond remedy. If Mr. Balfour succeeds in filling up the gaps in his official family and does not go to the country until the campaign of education planned by the government has lasted some months, he probably will have a fighting chance for victory, though at this time it is not known how far the Liberals will succeed in taking advantage of the opportunity created for them by the fiscal "heresy" of their opponents. If the new issue causes the various factions hostile to the government to unite under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, the government, assailed because of its fiscal policy, its Education Act and the War Office scandals, will be in desperate case. The battle is one which will excite and hold the keen interest of the world, for nearly every country will be affected in no small degree by the result.

AN ESTIMATE OF LAURIE.

Commenting upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the banquet following the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce at Montreal, the Liverpool Post again compares him with Gladstone:

"This journal once ventured on what was felt to be a very daring appreciation of the fact that all living statesmen, the one who had most of the qualities of Mr. Gladstone was Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We are not ashamed to retrace this in reading the speech which the Canadian Prime Minister has delivered at the banquet of the Montreal conference of Chambers of Commerce. The speech which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made appears to us to be the very speech which Mr. Gladstone would have made in the same place and from the same point of view. There is no nonsense in it—no mere phrases—no shibboleths either old or new (the latter usually the worst)—no ignoring of economic or political facts—no slurring over, as if they were words of difficulties which are sure to arise. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not to lay aside compliments for his compliments are not mere compliments. He notes that the Mother Country and the Colonies are both to part with the systems under which they have been prosperous. He sees little that is practical in the new proposals. He marks in the feeling of the present time a slight change in the old view. He does not hesitate to call the heresy 'a perversion. He sees a great obstacle in any common fiscal understanding in the fact that no two colonies have anything like the same tariff. He frankly says that Canada would like a preferential tariff for corn, and would wish that Great Britain should propose it. But he adds with not a word of candor that Canada does not desire this unless there can be mutual concessions. And, says he, the systems under which they have been prosperous, the independence and freedom of the colony. Nothing would be worth having, not even the maintenance of the British Empire, Sir Wilfrid Laurier says, at the expense of any of the political rights which the colonies now enjoy. Such honest and statesmanlike words as these tend to clear up a situation which the Montreal 'trend' has flatteringly obscured."

The London Chronicle spoke of Sir Wilfrid's words as a formal rejection of the Chamberlain proposals by Canada. The Premier did not say that the Canadian Parliament could not or would not make a fiscal agreement with Great Britain for a term of years. Such an arrangement could be made without lessening Canada's autonomy and might be made if it appeared best for Canada and the Empire. Sir Wilfrid's candor will tend to make Mr. Chamberlain more careful to propose no arrangement which the self-governing colonies would feel bound to reject.

DON'T BUY ANY BIRDS.

Surveyor-General Dunn speaks plainly and sensibly about the partridge under the law the killing of these birds is prohibited for two years. The sportsmen will regard the law, but the men who shoot for the market will not stop shooting while that market exists. This year and next any person found with a partridge in his possession will be fined \$10. But the law may be evaded. If it is the persons responsible will be those who tell their butler or groom quietly that they must have a few "birds," and so tempt him to retain their trade by supplying the demand secretly.

The Surveyor-General, therefore, asks all good citizens to practice self-denial and obey the law. It is a request which should not be necessary and it is addressed only to the sportsmen whose taste for partridge overcomes their scruples and causes them to lead others astray.

Two years will soon slip away, and the observance of the law for that period will give the much-hunted ruffed grouse a chance to multiply with the result that after the brief respite they will be so numerous as they were "when we were boys" and the breed-leader was unknown. It is the Surveyor-General's intention to enforce the law rigorously but he relies greatly upon the forbearance and co-operation of the public at large.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Kings and Albert are one for political purposes. Now they may hold that joint convention that was talked about.

Mr. Balfour has lost four of his seven cabinet colleagues and others are said to be on the edge of departure.

Balfour is disturbed over the loss of

trade expected there through the Canadian Pacific's establishment of a St. John-Annapolis steamship service.

The Sultan assures Russia that he will institute the long delayed reforms in Macedonia. Apparently, though, he will first exterminate the Macedonians.

Mate William Wehpiey, of the David Weston is the Jim Blaine of the St. John. Like John Hay's Prairie Belle the Weston was "the oldest boat on the line."

"Will Canada Secede?" is a question discussed editorially by the Boston Post. The secession movement is not exactly keeping people away from work or meals in this part of the country.

Had Mr. Fowler, of Kings, had his way he would have subordinated the interests of this constituency and the province generally to his personal ambition. His sense of proportion is out of gear.

The stories of cowardice on the part of the crew which so frequently follow disasters to steamships in other countries are happily lacking in connection with Saturday's disaster on the river.

Lord Methuen said of the colonial troops, in his testimony before the war commission: "The shrewdest men I have ever had to deal with are the colonials; anything they do not know is not worth knowing. They were quite the Boer's equal in everything but courage, in which quality they excelled him greatly."

Harper's Weekly says, in concluding a review of the Alaska Boundary matter: "We have deemed it important to review the history of the case, in order to show that the Canadians honestly believe themselves to be right in their interpretation of the Treaty of 1825, which defines the Alaska boundary. We hold that our construction of the treaty is the proper one, but we have no intention of imposing unwelcome motives to our opponents. We have no doubt that the case will be tried on its merits, and if the court, being equally divided, shall fail to render a decision, reasonable people will conclude that a great deal can be said on both sides."

Major-General Laurier says Mr. Fielding's budget speech was the match which ignited the Chamberlain powder. It is a fact that the Finance Minister fired a shot which echoed round the world and that it was the cornerstone of the Colonial Secretary's programme. General Laurier speaks wisely when he says this country should not be exploited for the purposes of British politics. Canada has not asked that the British fiscal policy be altered on our account. It is recognized on all sides that Great Britain should solve the fiscal question only with regard to the best interests of the Empire. Laurier gives no advice at this juncture. He simply awaits the issue, but has interest in the great battle begun overseas is of the Empire.

Mr. Alfred Austin, made poet laureate by Lord Salisbury, wrote some graceful verses on the death of the great leader. A nobler note than the laureate's is struck by Mr. Harold Begbie in the London Times. Here are a few characteristic lines:

He was our stubborn heart, our steady brain when faction's rancor was loud, He was the eye of England that could not be blind to eloquence. He was too proud To sweep his crown of state before the crowd, Too proud to stumble with the driven herd, Salient he held his way, the fact behind the word.

His soul was on the mountains while his feet Went where the great peace of Europe trod; Above the throng he saw the Judgment Seat Beyond the frontiers of our star the rod. Faith ordered all his days; untouched by shame He walked with truth, and drew no splendor round his name.

Three Sonnets. EAGLES OF TIBERUS. They say at Capua that Tiberius bound To Spanish scholars, how the fertile land In the abysses, from the rocks that hang, Beating above the sea, were burnt by and by. Let not this shackled boy drag thee down Into that stagnant mire, but stand by and by. The eternal and the clayey both must drown; Bound by a link that neither can untie.

EMPTINESS. There is a startling legend that is known To Spanish scholars, how the fertile land For years was ravaged by a robber-band Led by a knight with visor ever down; And once as Templar and crusader chanced, It shook the earth. 'Tis now, fair'st empty mail And quivered form, a thousand wrinkles Their network o'er her face, while she above His slumber crouched and watched him hither and yon.

There is a tale of Faustus, that one day Lucretia the Venetian, then his love, Had, while he slept, the ruffians to remove His magic ring, when fair as a god he lay; And that a sudden, horrible decay, A shape that made so desperate a stand, It shook the earth. 'Tis now, fair'st empty mail And quivered form, a thousand wrinkles Their network o'er her face, while she above His slumber crouched and watched him hither and yon.

Remove it not, lest straightaway you behold Life's checks fall in, and every living thing Grow, all at once, unutterably old.

The grist mill owned by Chas. Leard, about two miles from Victoria, near Capad corner (P. E. I.), was burned to the ground Friday afternoon. The fire was caused by placing lumber on top of the drying kiln. The loss is estimated at \$1,500 to \$2,000 with no insurance. Mr. Leard has only recently purchased the mill from B. D. Howatt now of Brudenell.

Let's Get Together on the Clothing Question.

What's the use talking?—there isn't anything in or out of St. John to touch the values we are giving. Don't believe it? Go see what other stores are giving. Then come here—that's the way to believe. We want you to buy here only when you have convinced yourself that you can save money by so doing. Yes, we promise you lower prices and a higher standard of tailoring—and we are ready to deliver goods the moment you call for them.

Table listing clothing items and prices: Men's Suits, new fall styles, \$5.00 to \$20.00; Men's Overcoats, new fall styles, 5.00 to 20.00; Men's Reefers, 3.75 to 7.50; Men's Ulsters, 5.00 to 12.00; Boys' Sailor Suits, new styles, ages 3 to 10, 75c to \$12.00; Boys' Reefers, ages 11 to 16, 1.50 to 5.00; Two-Piece Suits, ages 3 to 12, comprising Yoke Norfolk, ages 6 to 12, \$2.50 to 6.00; Sailor Norfolk, ages 3 to 8, 3.00 to 6.00; Double Breasted, ages 6 to 12, 2.00 to 5.00; Russians, ages 3 to 8, 3.50 to 6.50; Three-Piece Suits, ages 3 to 17, 3.00 to 10.00; Young Men's Suits, latest styles, 5.00 to 13.90; Boys' Reefers, ages 11 to 16, 1.50 to 5.00; Boys' Ulsters, ages 3 to 10, 4.00; Boys' Raglanette Overcoats, ages 6 to 10, 3.75 to 6.50; Young Men's Raglanette Overcoats, ages 15 to 18, 5.00 to 15.00.

Ordering by Mail. You are just as safe in shopping with us by mail as if you were buying in person. All orders are promptly and intelligently attended to. Our Fall Sample Book is now ready. Send for one.

GREATER OAK HALL, KING STREET, COR. GERMAIN, ST. JOHN. SCOVIL BROS. & CO.

Mr. Phipps' Hen.

A few days ago my neighbor Mr. Phipps, observed a yellow flail of some kind issuing from the waterspout on the smoke-house. Upon examining it closely he ascertained that it was the yolk of an egg. For several successive days it continued to drip from the spout, and Mr. Phipps was perplexed about it. He hadn't noticed that the weather had been raining comet, or that there was any particular quality in the shingles of the smoke-house roof that would be likely to induce them to indulge in a spontaneous production of oysters. He determined to watch, and on the following day he observed his Shanghai on fly to the roof of the smokehouse, settle down right over the waterspout and lay an egg. Mr. Phipps had not the remotest idea what it was, so he let the hen lay on for several days, while he thought of a plan for discouraging her from operating in that particular spot.

One day, however, when he went out, he found the hen sitting on top of the coupe, manifestly with the impression that an earnest effort would enable her to hatch out the egg. This seemed to Mr. Phipps so wildly unreasonable that he resolved to prevent the hen from engaging in such a delusive undertaking. Accordingly he tried to "shoo" her off of her nest. She looked blandly down at him, winked twice in a knowing way, and refused to budge.

Mr. Phipps' friend Rogers, who lives next door, climbed over the fence and advised him to get a ladder and pull the hen off. Mr. Phipps did so, and then Rogers said that if it was his hen he would simply plug up the hole.

Mr. Phipps drove a plug in the spout and descended. As soon as he reached the ground the hen flew up and began to try to hatch out the plug. Rogers said that he thought she might perhaps be scared off, so he threw a piece of brick at her, but it missed the hen and went straight through Phipps' dining-room window.

Then Rogers said that if he owned a hen like that he would stop her if he had to blow her up with powder. So Phipps got four ounces of gunpowder and packed it into the lower end of the spout, and Rogers touched it off with a match. It merely sizzled out like a young volcano, and set fire to Phipps' trousers-leg.

Rogers then said the powder ought to have been "tamped." So he put another charge in the spout, and then drove a white plug in, leaving a gimlet-hole for the slow-match. The experiment was in a degree successful. There was a fearful bang, and the next minute Phipps' eccentric chicken was sailing out toward the celestial constellations, with a plug in her claws. She came down, down, down, and then she came down upon the spot-hole, expressing by a screech or two, her surprise, but as resolutely disposed as ever to give her attention strictly to business.

Rogers remarked that for a mere Shang hai chicken she had real genius. He said there was only one thing to do now, and

Advertisement for Schofield Bros. featuring a matchbox illustration with the text: ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851. MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS MAKING MATCHES, no wonder he is CANADA'S GREATEST MATCH MAKER. All brands carried in St. John warehouses. SCHOFIELD BROS., Selling Agents.

that was to turn the garden-hose on her. So Phipps got out the hose, and Rogers took the pipe and played a half-inch stream rather to enjoy it, for she cackled a little in displeasure, and Rogers told Phipps to turn the water off while he climbed on the roof to get a better crack at her. So, while Rogers was going up the ladder, holding the pipe against his breast with one arm, Phipps, who must have misunderstood him, suddenly turned the water on again, and the stream struck Rogers in the nostrils, nearly choking him and causing him to let go his hold on the ladder, and fall to the ground. When he got up he said that a man who would own such a hen as that was, in his opinion, no better than a pirate and a pagan, and so he got over the fence and went home.

Phipps went after him and apologized, and then he asked Rogers to lend him a shot-gun so that he could kill the chicken. Rogers agreed, and he climbed back over the fence with the gun in his hand. Phipps took the gun and fired. He missed the chicken and blew the entire copula off of the smoke house. Then Rogers said that there were some men who knew no more about firing a gun than a tom-cat knows about idleness. So Rogers took the weapon, aimed it very carefully, and pulled the trigger.

About one shot hit the hen, and the remainder struck her and causing him to let go his hold on the ladder, and fall to the ground. When he got up he said that a man who would own such a hen as that was, in his opinion, no better than a pirate and a pagan, and so he got over the fence and went home.

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A Terror Tamed.

Dick Deadeye was a bandit bold, a bandit fierce was he, who hid up stages, trains and things, here in the west country. He'd lie in waiting in a place where chaps-as-a rule were required to ransom Ellen Stone. "Hands up!" he yelled one day; the man who drove chewed not the rag; he knew Deadeye would give him ten per centum of the swag.

"Climb down and get in line!" unto the passengers he yelled; they quick obeyed as the train with stiff yet in their boots. From out the stage a female came. Dick Deadeye quaked with fear, as near him drew the ancient dame and seized him by the coat. "You scold-for-nuthin' wretch," she cried, "you're full of the past. I've sought you far, I've sought you near, and here you are at last! "I'm all impudence now to hear what story you'll kin tell." And then she pulled him by the ear into the chapsarral! Again he grew thick, and when the driver stretched his head, "That man be Deadeye's 'lar'!" came "yar" from the States," he said.

The famous Mag Sullivan was arrested for drunkenness on Union street last evening and as usual she put up a fight, and it took four men to drag her to the police station.

"You are lucky, Miss Bossie, in having nothing to worry about in this hot weather." "Haven't I, though? You have no idea what a lot of trouble it is to keep looking cool and comfortable."—Denver Times.

STEAMER DAVID WESTON BURNED; THREE LIVES ARE LOST.

St. John River Catastrophe One of the Worst in the History of Its Navigation—Vessel, All in Flames, Run On to Beach at Craig's Point to Save Lives—Fire Started in Hay.

Three lives were lost and many people were injured in the burning of the Star Line steamer David Weston at Craig's Point, about fifteen miles up river, Saturday afternoon. On her regular down-river trip, fire broke out in some bales of hay on the lower deck. Fanned by the wind and fed by the dry and oily woodwork the flames spread with great rapidity, and in a few minutes the steamer was all ablaze amidships. Captain Day ordered her beached and she was run ashore promptly. Many thrilling incidents marked the catastrophe. The three people who lost their lives were drowned, having jumped overboard from the burning vessel.

THE DEAD. Etta Morrell, of Indiantown, aged about 21, a waitress on the steamer; body recovered. Fred Downey, of Indiantown, aged about 21, a deck hand on the steamer, badly burned, then leaped overboard; body recovered. Stephen Hood-Rowan, of Manchester, (Eng.) aged 11, jumped overboard in fright from his aunt's arms and was drowned; body not yet found.

THE INJURED. Mrs. Spence, of St. Stephen, (N. B.) foot wrenched and back strained. Mr. Eldridge, of Boston, internal injuries. Miss Charters, of New Maryland, (York Co.) ankle hurt. Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of 5 High street, St. John, foot strained. Mrs. Susan Cavanaugh, of Burton, (Sunbury Co.) ankle sprained.

Waldo Putnam, of Tilson Avenue, Boston, foot slightly injured. Wm. Whelpley, of Kennedy street, St. John, mate of the Weston, badly burned about head, shoulders and hand.

Wrapped almost from bow to stern in billows of flame, through which her forty passengers struggled frantically for safety, the David Weston (the oldest boat upon the river) was driven ashore at Craig's Point, near Westfield, about 3.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The disaster has not been without its fatalities, three lives have been sacrificed and the circumstances of each death were pitiful in the extreme. One, a lad of eleven years, became so terrified at the effects of fire and bursts of smoke that he rushed from the arms of his aunt to leap directly overboard.

Another, a deck hand after all but resting on the paddle box, jumped for safety, missed the boat that had come for him, and sank. The other, a waitress, roused from sleep by the onset of fire, rushed to a window, clambered through and dropped. Her body was recovered an hour later floating face downward.

The boy was Stephen Hood-Rowan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hood-Rowan, Manchester (Eng.). He was in company with his aunt, Miss Jennie Rowan, of the local school teaching staff. Accompanying them were Mrs. W. H. Shaw, Mrs. Douglas Austin, and Mrs. Amanda Aitken, all of Cedar street, North End.

TWO BODIES HAVE BEEN RECOVERED. The body of Miss Morrell, after being viewed by Capt. Day, conductor at Day's Landing, was brought to the city Saturday night. The body of Fred Downey was found yesterday and brought to the residence of his people in Douglas avenue. Up to that night young Rowan had not been found.

THE PASSENGERS BROUGHT TO THE CITY. Of the forty odd passengers fully one-third have received injuries of greater or less severity, and none but are suffering from the shock of a tragedy which will rank as one of the most thrilling in the history of the maritime provinces. Mrs. Spence, and Mr. Eldridge, of Boston, two of the burned, remained at Westfield, but the remainder were brought to the city by the tug Champion and taken to their homes or hotels, considerable being called to the landing by the Star Line Co.

Others on board the boat were Thomas Lee, John N. Golding, R. E. Cooper and his son, R. S. Cooley, of St. John; Waldo D. Putnam and wife, of Tilson avenue, Boston; Mrs. Brackett and son, of Rochester (N. Y.); Geo. W. Dean and wife, of Northbridge (Mass.); Miss Mrs. Samuel Fowler, of the same city; Ethel W.

party. A minute or so later, then from down on the main deck came the frightful screams of children, and the hoarse call of a deck hand to the effect that the bay was fire.

Mr. Putnam did not notice anybody loitering in the vicinity of the bay as he passed, but from another source it is claimed that some children were playing hide-and-seek about the tables.

The cry of fire was heard soon by all along the main deck. They had scarcely time to comprehend its import, when the bay bales were blotted out in a shower of smoke. There was a rush for the companion ways and a similar scramble from overhead toward the top of the companionway stairs, for the shouts of fire had been taken up, and already screams and shouts were being hurled up the companionway stairs.

Beach Her, the Captain's Order. Captain Edward Day, from the saloon deck called to the mate, William Whelpley, who was in the wheel house, steering to beach the boat, and shortly afterwards Whelpley called to the mate, Peter Allan, to get out the hose. This was attempted, but before an effective stream could be obtained the flames had eaten through the hose, rendering it useless.

There was nothing to do now but race for the shore. Already the Weston had swept to the right, and with steam at high pressure was driving swiftly toward the beach.

Whelpley Was a Second Jim Bludso. Captain Day called for all passengers to get forward, and as the Weston gradually neared the beach everybody to obtain a grip on whatever offered, as the boat would be likely to list.

In the meantime a man was showing himself in the wheelhouse. The mate, Wm. Whelpley, although he has emerged from the boat, is still in the wheelhouse, the second edition of Jim Bludso. Perhaps he did not employ the language of Secretary Hay's famous creation, but the circumstances attending his escape are strikingly similar.

When he finally left the ship, after clinging to the wheel through a storm of splinters and flame; when he eventually slipped and fell into the water, he was a child and man over the side; when he finally swallowed ashore, his hands and shoulders raw, his hair and mustache matted, and his eyes staring, he was an American, that had not noticed his gallantry, said, and not recollecting "Oh I could just beg him—I could beg him through my teeth."

Just after he gave directions respecting the loss Mr. Whelpley devoted his entire energy to turning her, then with the roar of the engine, with debris of smoke filling the wheel house, with a furnace beneath, and with the engine room below, with the likelihood of the means of escaping to the lower deck, would be destroyed.

Mr. Whelpley, clinging to the wheel, saw the boat was nothing but a floating bonfire. At times the wheel house would almost be hidden by the flames, and the mate, who held the wheel, and the face that looked into the snapping shafts, would be stung with whirling embers.

When the steamer was within a few feet of the beach, Whelpley, whose condition now warranted immediate care, succeeded in making his way below, and hastened to assist in the work of lowering the boats, the women and children.

He climbed over the rail, hung with one hand, and with the other hand he seized the rope of the life line. The rail which his hand gripped became ignited; he shifted the scorched handle, and took a clutch a few feet from the boat. And thus would not get until all were off with the exception of the captain; then he quietly dropped and sank his way ashore.

CAPTAIN STICKS BRAVELY TO WORK. Captain Day had gone quickly to work to get the boats out and then to the labor of rescuing the passengers he applied himself with a will. There were two boats, both commodious and strong, the customary number for inland navigation craft.

Only one was taken of the davits—and she was on the windward side; the other side being such a sheet of boiling red tongues that to lower the boat there was an impossibility. Already on the upper deck terrified women and children were scrambling toward the bow in obedience to the captain's injunction.

The steamer had barely started, when the boat on the windward side was tipped, and instead of being lowered, she was pushed and poled to land, then rucked back for more—all talking place in the blistering heat of the companionway. But all on board were not in the immediate vicinity of where the boat was being lowered.

Some were on the saloon deck, and she was being hurried from saloon and deck with the first call of fire. They could but dimly see what was taking place around them.

The crackle and snapping of the flames; the gusts of smoke, blistering for minutes everything in sight; the cries of terror, soles of women and children, shouts and orders from below; the blazes of candle-lens; the heart-stopping contemplation that the choice was water or fire—made it not strange that there should be a panic.

The Drowning of the English Boy. In the crowd pressing toward the boat was Miss Jean Rowan, and in her arms was her nephew, Master Stephen Hood-Rowan, who three weeks ago arrived with his aunt from Manchester (Eng.), to spend a year here and go to school. His losses were so great that it required Miss Rowan's utmost strength to restrain him.

As he struggled in her arms, a billow of fire swooped upon him. He screamed and sought beyond his grasp. She vainly endeavored to reach him as he wavered on the rail, and in the last recollection she has of him, he was being hurled into the water.

With beyond that of fire. They could but dimly see what was taking place around them. The crackle and snapping of the flames; the gusts of smoke, blistering for minutes everything in sight; the cries of terror, soles of women and children, shouts and orders from below; the blazes of candle-lens; the heart-stopping contemplation that the choice was water or fire—made it not strange that there should be a panic.

Other Boats to the Rescue. By this time the steamer was about surrounded by small boats which had put to ward her from the various farms along the river for miles.

With them was the tug Champion, which was not more than a mile away when the Weston caught fire.

There were boats in abundance but they could not ascend to the deck and bear those who were there. All the rescuers could do was to stand by and watch them as they pole forward and drag them on board.

It was a perilous leap. Those remaining near the stern of the steamer had barely three feet of water, more or less, between the pole forward and drag them on board.

The cases were frequent where a woman voluntarily went overboard. Usually a husband, or brother, or escort picked them up, had them over the rail, and then they went to follow when all had passed over. The drop was about twenty feet, and as the women fell, their skirts floated, something after the fashion of a parachute. This, however, was of no small effect in easing the fall.

Coming down from twenty feet and landing barely three feet of water, meant more or less injury. The majority of those hurt are suffering from strained ankles, caused by landing on rocks.

MISS ETTA MORRELL'S LEAP TO DEATH. When the alarm was first given, Miss Etta Morrell, waitress, was sleeping. The noise awoke her, and starting up, just as the cries of fire were resounding through the boat and as frightened faces dashed past her in the gathering smoke, she ran to the side of the steamer and jumped overboard.

When she was in the water, she was well known, as she has often expressed her timidity of such.

TERRIBLE POSITION OF FRED DOWNEY. A few minutes after the steamer grounded, a boat attempted to draw in close to her paddle box, where a figure was discernible trying to break off the asta covering the crank shaft. The figure was Fred Downey, a deck hand. The men in the boat shouted to him to jump, that they would save him.

Although he had the reputation of being a swimmer, he did not seem to know how to swim and would not jump. With entreaties and jests, they tried to make him jump, but he would not. He was determined to make the leap his position being a desperate one.

When he was in the water, he was well known, as she has often expressed her timidity of such.

Word Sent to the City. Some came to the shore alone, some together. It was painful to hear the inquiries, the tearful searching through the crowd, the questions asked and answered, and again if her boy had been found.

Women, tripping over the drenched deck, and the men, with hanging over their shoulders, stumbled beyond the water's reach, to painfully make their way, with the assistance of the rescuers, to the beach, and into Parker Craig's home.

Men, wet and with body and clothing dripping, came to the shore, and some, amidst what steps should be taken now, presumably, all on the steamer had come ashore.

A message was despatched to a telephone office to communicate with the city. The building in which the telephone was in located, up, so hastening to the railway station, he sent a telegram to Western Union, and from there a telephone message was sent to Robert Orchard, a telegraph operator here, who, securing a tag, went up river.

Body of Miss Morrell Recovered. About 5 o'clock, while the wreck was being floated down river, the bodies of the victims and the rescuers still crowded the shore, a team drove up from the direction of Westfield. It conveyed a body, that of Miss Morrell, who had jumped overboard about a mile below the wreck. Miss Annie McDonald and her two sisters, daughters of the late Mont McDonald, were paddling in a canoe, when they noticed floating near, what they thought was a log. Investigation revealed the body of a woman.

Crossing the river in a row boat was Westfield Day, and observing the McDonald girls' signals, rowed to the body and turned it over. Miss Morrell was floating face downward and had her arms folded tightly against her breast, holding as if it were some object, which was in fact her apron. Mr. Day towed the body ashore, secured a team and drove to the point, where Coroner Day viewed it, and gave directions to have it removed. Later, when the tug Champion came down to the city, the body was placed on board and taken to an undertaking establishment.

Her stoplather is Mr. Flewelling, who lives in the vicinity of Newman's Brook Bridge, Adelaide street. By dark all the survivors, injured and well together, had been taken by the tugs Champion and the tug City, where at the public hospital, Indiantown, doctors were in waiting, ordered by the Star Line authorities.

News first came to the city about 4.30 o'clock. Some were inclined to discredit the report; some believed the boat was burned; but were skeptical regarding death of the passengers. The bodies were swept away; all uncertainty disappeared as the tugs came to the wharf and the injured were lifted or hoisted ashore, and the ghastly details of the three deaths were told over and over again to a crowd that grew as the narrative continued.

In the Parker Craig home, which, with the fields surrounding it, was lighted up by the flickering fire of the Weston, were Mrs. Spence, of St. Stephen; Miss Rowan, Captain Day, Peter Allan and Joseph Thompson and family. Miss Spence was in bed, suffering from injured back and foot.

On the beach, where small knots of people still wandered, all that remained of the Weston was slowly falling apart. The upper woodwork had been destroyed; the smouldering ribs stood gauntly up in the crimson glow, the smoke stack had fallen over and lay pressing against the wreck of the paddle box, under which the body of Fred Downey was supposed to be floating.

CAPTAIN DAY TELLS THE STORY OF THE DISASTER. In the Craig home, Miss Rowan sat by the bedside of Mrs. Spence, and though her own anguish was almost greater than she could bear, endeavored to soothe and quiet the patient.

Nothing was said, he said; "all the baggage, all the freight, all the mail, everything has been destroyed."

"You have no live stock on board?" "No, nothing but a cat, if you care to call the live cat, which has been burned. I've not seen her."

Captain Day told practically what everybody who was on board has to say. He could not tell what was to be done, or what steps would be taken, the following day.

"We've seen the last of the Weston." "The oldest boat on the river, as she was thirty-seven years old Aug. 1."

The Cook's Story. Mrs. Griott, cook on the Weston, was interviewed Sunday in the home of friends in Clarence street. Mrs. Griott will probably never have a more thrilling experience than that of Saturday.

"I was in the kitchen when the alarm was given," she said, "and tried to get out. I ran to the door, but the fire met me. I ran to another door, and saw the flames coming through the door. I went back to the first door and found the fire was through and beginning to catch the kitchen."

"I was in a window, a little one, but I can't tell you how I ever got through it. On the outside I found support in the shape of a wooden girder that went as far as the paddle box. Along this I crawled, and when the paddle box was reached I thought I should have to jump. There were no means that I could see to climb by. It was easier for me to climb it than to explain how I did get over, but over it I jumped at a moment's looking down."

When I was put into a boat and rowed ashore. I've lost all, lost everything. Nothing saved."

Miss Cavanaugh's Experience. Mrs. Susan Cavanaugh, when interviewed at Mrs. Holland's residence, Clarence street, was suffering from a strained ankle. She belongs at Burton, and was coming to the city with country produce. She was coming through the door of the saloon when she heard children screaming and saw the entire lower part of the boat was in flames. She gained the saloon deck, and when the boat grounded she lowered herself as far as possible, then dropped into the water, and floated below the surface. A man and his wife helped her to the shore.

Mrs. Shaw's Rescue. Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of High street, had an experience quite similar. Like Mrs. Cavanaugh, she retreated to the saloon deck. She could not see the water plainly for the smoke, and she was a distance and of the depth of water. With great fortitude she waited until the steamer struck the beach, and then she jumped. I stood for a moment looking down," said Mrs. Shaw, "and thought, my God, have I got to leap down there. I could not see the entire lower part of the boat was in flames. I could see the water, but I did not know how to get up. I was in all positions. One woman's head I could see, one appeared to be up to her neck. Others were floundering."

"Once I almost made up my mind I wouldn't go, but at last I slipped down the side of the boat. I was in the air, whirling through that smoke, for I hate to think of it, although I cannot think of anything that happened to me. I was helped to stand in the water and managed to hobble ashore. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the captain, and the crew, nor can I sufficiently praise the kindness of the people of Craig's Point and Westfield."

The Brava Mate. Wm. Whelpley, the mate and pilot, was seen yesterday at his home. He lay in the lounge and in plain, direct view of the room, and was unable to get up, his back aching, however, to make himself a small consequence.

His head was bandaged, his neck and shoulders were swollen, and his right hand was bound up, his eyebrows sagged, his hair scorched, his moustache was ragged where the sparks had eaten through it.

"Oh," he remarked slowly, "the boat just caught fire, that's all. I was in the wheel house and heard Pete Allan sing 'out here.' Then the captain yelled for me to beach her, and I shouted back for somebody to start the hose going."

"The fire prevented the hose from working, then the flames got hotter. We were out half a mile out in the stream, when I got the order to beach, and all the time it took, I think, to get her ashore was about five minutes."

"Some dropped, some jumped, some fell, some were lowered over. Barrow, Oh, yes. I'm touched a bit, but I guess I'm serious."

A Boston Lady. Mrs. M. W. Rogers, of Boston, was returning to the city from a visit up river. With her was her cousin, Will Kerr, of Sumner Hill (N. B.). Miss Rogers was sitting when the steamer was beached and, assisted by Mr. Kerr, she climbed over the rail and slid down a post to the small boat below. The presence of the officers of the Weston most likely for their brave work. Miss Rogers lost her dress suit coat, which was in the saloon.

Kitchen's Close Call. Robert Friess, the kitchen boy, had a remarkable escape. Tired, he lay down in his bunk after the noon day work and soon was fast asleep. Either no one knew he had gone there or else all forgot him, for he still slept while flames were fast destroying the steamer and a wild scene was being enacted on deck. At last the crackling of the fire

awoke him, and, quickly realizing what was wrong, he ran to mount the stairs to the deck. A wall of flame and smoke met him. There was but one chance and he took it. Returning to his room he climbed through the window and quickly escaped into the sea. He could swim and, as he was not far from shore, he was soon safe.

Tales of Other Passengers. R. E. Cooper and his son, R. S. Cooley, were passengers. They smothered the smoke shortly after hearing the cry, and hastened to see the extent of the outbreak. Mr. Cooley, endeavored to calm those about him, and eventually, in company with his son, reached the shore quite unharmed.

Geo. W. Dean and wife, of Northbridge (Mass.), with Mrs. Samuel Fowler, also of that city, were on the forward end of the boat. All were obliged to jump, but at first Mrs. Dean demurred, but finally took the leap. The women were uninjured.

Waldo D. Putnam and wife, of Tilson avenue, Boston, and Mrs. Brackett and son, of Rochester (N. Y.), were on the saloon deck, all together. The women were reluctant to jump, and Mr. Putnam was obliged to drop them over. Then he followed. They landed in three feet of water and, save the shock, are quite well.

My wife and Mrs. Brackett did not want to jump, but it was a case of absolute necessity. Why, I noticed one woman trying to climb the flag pole. She ascended but a few feet, then dropped, to be picked up and let go over the side. There was nothing else to be done."

The Finding of Fred Downey's Body. Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Austin, who, with Miss Rowan and the late Stephen Hood-Rowan, were spending Saturday at Evandale, were yesterday prostrated from the effect of their experience. The most heartily sympathizing will go out to Miss Rowan, of the bitterness of her bereavement but few can form a correct opinion. All Sunday she remained at the home of Parker Craig, while grappling parties searched for the body of the boy, and the body of Fred Downey.

The latter was found Sunday noon, lying amidst the wreckage of the paddle box. The face was burned slightly. The body was brought to the city on the tug Polymorphian, and placed in charge of an undertaker.

There will be an inquest held over the bodies of Fred Downey and Miss Morrell by Coroner Waters, of Waters' Landing. Sunday the steamer Beatrice Waring took up 230 people to the scene of the disaster. Robert Orchard, manager of the Star Line, was on board. Earlier in the day Hermon Allen, the Weston's engineer, had gone up in the Marguerite to grapple for the bodies.

Crowds were at Indiantown Saturday night when the tug Champion arrived about 10 o'clock with the body of Miss Morrell and the injured passengers. Police Officer Semple and Constable Beckett gave good aid in keeping clear ground for the work of disinterment, which was especially accomplished. Robert Orchard directed matters, giving careful attention to the injured. James Manchester, president of the Star Line Company, was also there, having come from home on learning of the catastrophe.

Among the American passengers there is a feeling that the Star Line could be made responsible for the loss of their baggage. Mr. Orchard says that unless it can be proved there was willful negligence by the ship's company this cannot be. Mr. Orchard says the requisite number of life preservers were aboard. In the excitement, they were not used.

At Indiantown there is comment respecting the conduct of a steamer which they say passed while the Weston was burning and did not offer assistance. It is also said the Weston's fire fighting apparatus did not work when brought into use.

Coroner Berryman was called to Indiantown Sunday to view Fred Downey's body and gave permission for a burial.

Valued About \$25,000 Insurance About \$10,000. The David Weston was built at a cost of \$55,000 at the old fort, Carleton, by John Retalick, for Small & Hatheway, in 1866. Her first captain was David Weston, and she was thirty-seven years old when she was wrecked. For several years Robert Humphreys had charge of her, then Richard Retalick and Captain Ludlow Estabrooks until she became the property of the Star Line. She was built along the lines of the old Rothesay. She raced her once to Fredericton, and the Rothesay was won by four minutes. The Weston was valued at about \$25,000 and insured for \$10,000 or \$11,000.

A FORMER DISASTER IS RECALLED. It is recalled that the last serious accident on New Brunswick waters was on the Miramichi river some six or seven years ago. The steamer Miramichi was going up the river, and the captain had allowed his mate to go ashore at Black Brook. Posing up the river the captain went below, leaving a deck hand at the wheel. The schooner Ossola, owned by J. Willard Smith, of this city, was coming down the river. The man at the wheel of the Miramichi concluded that he knew enough about navigation to cross the bows of the boat below, and the result was the collision of the Weston most likely for their brave work. Miss Rogers lost her dress suit coat, which was in the saloon.

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Scenes of Terror on the Doomed Vessel—Heroism Marked the Officers' Work—Remarkable Escapes of Many, Though Several Sustained Injuries—Official Inquiry.

Hood-Rowan, the third victim of the David Weston tragedy, had been found. Efforts were made all day to recover the body, and at 4 o'clock Edward Leachy, diver, went to the scene of the drowning. Inquiry by telephone was made at Westfield about 9 o'clock and it was learned that the grapplers were busy, but the work was unavailing. Later, though, word came that the body was found. Beyond this there were no particulars.

It had been claimed that the Star line will be used for damages, that the father of Fred Downey, the deck hand who lost his life, intends to bring suit. A meeting of the Star line directors and shareholders was held Monday afternoon and it is understood that legal advice has been given the management respecting their present position. Manager Orchard claims that the captain and crew of the Weston were vigilant and cannot possibly be accused of carelessness.

Several of the passengers, while giving Captain Day and his officers abundant praise for their noble conduct during the fire, are yet of the opinion that carelessness was shown because of the fact that the inflammable bales of hay were piled in such proximity to the furnace. Mrs. Beare, of Northbridge, who, with her husband, was on board the Weston, and lost all her luggage, says her husband will enter a formal complaint against the line. Others will act similarly.

Victoria to Double the Service. The steamer Victoria will for several weeks make the round trip daily between St. John and Fredericton. She will leave here at 7 o'clock sharp, and leave Fredericton at 4 o'clock. This will be a temporary arrangement, but as yet the management cannot say what they have in view.

Concerning the question of carrying half on passenger boats, there is general opinion at Indiantown that no more should come down or go up the river by boat intended for the convenience of passengers, and the men who talked were not those to whom a stringent law forbidding the carrying of half on passenger boats, would benefit.

George Macinnis's deck with Wm. Thomson & Co. was one of the survivors of the burned steamer David Weston, and is now confined to his bed at his home, 55 James street. Mr. Macinnis is suffering from swollen and strained ligaments of the right leg. He was one of the last to leave the steamer, jumping from the forward part, where he had been assisting other passengers to land. It was some time after he reached the shore that he became lame. Mr. Macinnis will probably enter a claim for damages against the Star line company. He will be confined to his bed for some days yet.

Mate Whelpley May Lose Use of His Hand. Wm. Whelpley, of Indiantown, "the man who saw his duty a dead sure thing, and went for it like a man," is recovering. His hand, however, may never be of much use again. His neck and shoulders, head and cheeks are still severely bandaged, and for the remainder of his days he will carry the marks that now stain his forehead, the cotton, marks that are indeed his real badges of courage. Here's what Secretary

WM. WHELPLEY, Mate of the Star David Weston, Who Did "Brave Work" in the Disaster.

Hay's "Jim Bludso" did on the old Prairie Belle on the Mississippi river and there's a good deal of similarity to the action of Mate Whelpley on Saturday last.

The fire burst out as she cleared the bar. And burnt a hole in the night and made the water black as the night. There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled out: "Get out of the boat!"

Over all the infernal roar: "Till the last galoot's ashore!" Through the hot black breath of his burning boat. And they all had trust in his commandment. And sure's you're born, they all got off. Above the muzzles fell. And Bludso's ghost went up alone. In the smoke of the Prairie Belle. He weren't no saint, but at judgment 'Till the last galoot's ashore!"

"I run my chance with Jim. 'Londie's of some pious sentiment. 'That wouldn't shock hands with him. He seen his duty, a dead sure thing. And sure's you're born, they all got off. And Christ ain't a-roan' to be too hard On a man that did for men."

"Said an indignant mother to her little son: 'Why did you strike little Elias, you naughty boy?' 'Picks indignant in his turn, exclaiming: 'what did she want to cheat for, then?' 'How did she cheat?' asked mamma, more mildly. 'Why,' exclaimed Dick, 'we were apples to tempt me with, and she had the apples to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it up herself.'"

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