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LAURIER HAS NO DESIRE FOR TITLE

Declares He Will Live the Rest of His Days at Ottawa

Would Rather Be a Member of City's Improvement Association, if He Were in Private Life, Than Have a Peerage

(Special to The Telegraph.) Ottawa, July 22.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier received a great demonstration from the people of Ottawa, irrespective of party to-night. Thousands turned out to welcome him despite a downpour of rain. The streets leading to his residence were decorated and the crowds cheered at every point. The city council presented the premier with an address and a bouquet of roses was given to Lady Laurier.

Sir Wilfrid had to make three short speeches. The first was in the city hall, which is given below, another on the steps leading from the city hall and the third at his residence where the crowd dispersed. No premier, in fact no man, ever received so enthusiastic a reception at the hands of Ottawa citizens. His statement that his future residence will be Ottawa was not a new one, but the declaration that he would prefer being a member of the Ottawa improvement association to a peer is of decided interest, although those who know Sir Wilfrid well would come to that conclusion.

Will Live His Life in Ottawa. "Mr. Mayor, gentlemen of the city council, ladies and gentlemen," said Sir Wilfrid. "I have now reached my last stake of what I believe in many respects is a most pleasurable trip and the most pleasant part is that I am again home among my fellow citizens. I appreciate as I never did before how sweet home is and the truth of the saying that there is no place like home. (Cheers.) The joy of my return is intensified by the hearty welcome which I have received at your hands. Need I say how proud I am that my fellow countrymen have come to meet me, so many of my friends and neighbors, so many who are politically opposed to me and so many of those that I cannot claim that privilege of their political support. I offer to one and all the gratuity that you will accept the expression which comes from the bottom of my heart of my deepest gratitude.

There have been now a fellow citizen for eleven years and as time rolls on it seems that ties of affection are winding more and more around my heart and it is my intention whatever may be the fortune or misfortune of my future life to live and die in the city of Ottawa. (Cheers.)

No Ambition for a Peerage. "A newspaper of Montreal published an article, inspired with most flattering intentions and couched in still more flattering language, expressed the opinion that I should become lord high commissioner and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. While it was flattering to me I cannot help saying that I have no such ambition (cheers); what I am now I shall remain so long as it pleases God to give me health and so long as the Canadian people repose confidence in me, as they have done during the past few years. If it pleases God to take my health away, or if the people should take away their confidence from me, then I would still be a simple citizen of Ottawa. (Cheers.) I desire no title, all that I want to be is simply a citizen of Ottawa. If I am to have another title, another position, then the one which I would endeavor to become would be a member of the improvement commission of Ottawa, (cheers) so that I would be able to take a share in that good work and continue to take a deep interest in the beautifying of this city.

Sir Wilfrid then referred to the delay in proceeding with the new station and hotel, and said that it would be one of his first acts now that he has returned to see that work was proceeded with. He had visited some of the most favored cities of the world, but there was none of them for which nature had done so much as for the city of Ottawa. The people of Canada and of Ottawa should be proud of it. Sir Wilfrid offered his thanks for the sentiments in the address and said that if his work at the conference met with the approval of his fellow citizens that was all that he desired. He drew a picture of the grandeur of the meeting in London of the daughter nations of the empire, the same as he had done at Quebec, and concluded by again thanking the people of Ottawa on behalf of himself and Lady Laurier for the magnificent welcome they had received.

Important Suit UP AT BATHURST Millowner Claims Damages from Electric Light Co. for Depriving Him of Water

(Special to The Telegraph.) Bathurst, N. B., July 22.—In the equity court here today before Judge Barker the case of Alderman C. Brown versus the Bathurst Electric and Water Power Company, was opened. The points in dispute are of considerable interest to mill owners using water power on the rivers of the province as the plaintiff claims that by the establishment of an electric lighting plant run by turbines some distance above him he is to a great extent deprived of water and unable to continue his business. J. Milton Price, of Stockton, Price & McInerney, St. John, and George Gilbert, of Bathurst, represent the plaintiff, Brown, M. G. Teed, K. C., of St. John, and N. A. Leamy, of Bathurst, are appearing for the defendant company.

Hon. Edward Blake RETIRES FROM POLITICAL LIFE

(Special to The Telegraph.) Montreal, July 22.—A London cable says: Hon. Edward Blake, after representing South Longford for fifteen years, has placed his resignation in the hands of Mr. Redmond and applied for the Children's Hospital. Advancing age and failing health compel him, he says, to say farewell to his constituents.

MAY MAKE SAME DEFENCE AS THAW

It is Said Counsel for Davidd, the Assyrian, Will Plead Brain Storm

EXAMINATION TODAY

Frederick Four Per Cents Being Taken at Ninety-seven—U. N. B. Girl Graduate Gets Good Position in New York School—Other News of the Capital.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Montreal, July 22.—The preliminary examination of Tom Davidd, the Assyrian charged with murdering his wife, will be resumed in the police court tomorrow morning. Five witnesses including Drs. Rankin, Grant and Griffiths, of Woodstock, and two Assyrians have been subpoenaed to give evidence and will arrive here by the western train. It is not likely that any witnesses will be called for the defence. It seems to be the general impression here that Mr. Hazen will admit the shooting and try to show that his client at the time was suffering from a brain storm, brought on by domestic troubles.

City Treasurer holding reports a fair demand for city per cent. debentures, which are now being issued to redeem \$70,000 worth of old debentures, which fell due on Saturday. Several lots have lately been disposed of at ninety-seven, which is a very good price considering the stringency of the money market. In the past, city debentures have generally sold above par.

The body of Private Charles Smith, of the Royal Regiment, who was drowned at Pateway last week, was brought here by the noon train today for interment.

About thirty men are now at work in the antimony mines at Lake George, and are getting out considerable ore, which is being shipped to Swansea, Wales. The mines are being worked by the Canadian Antimony Company.

Miss Martha Mott, formerly of Kingsclear, a graduate of the U. N. B., has received an appointment on the staff of the New York Normal College, at a salary of \$1,200 per year. She is a cousin of Colonel McLean, of St. John.

At the Douglas boom last week 2,673 tons of logs were rafted and the total at the Mitchell boom was 2,122. About 370 men were employed.

Presentation to Capt. Taylor. When Star Line steamer Victoria arrives here tomorrow afternoon it will have a new commander. Capt. Charles Taylor in command of the Victoria, which left the Victoria left here and will be in charge tomorrow when she leaves St. John, but on the river he will leave the boat and return to St. John on board the Majestic. Capt. E. O. Perley, of this city, will then take command of the Victoria and bring her to this city. On Wednesday evening Capt. Taylor leaves for Montreal (B. C.), where he has interests in the Barrabens Bros. Lumber Co. On Saturday evening Capt. Taylor was given a surprise party at the residence of his wife, which was the salon by one of the officers and found eighteen members of the crew in waiting. The popular retiring commander was drunk from beer time and he was dressed in a suit and an address was read by Chief Engineer Barton on behalf of officers and crew. The health of the captain was called upon for a speech. Capt. Taylor was overcome by the expression of such good feeling. Mrs. Taylor and son Don, who accompanied the captain on his last voyage, will join him in the west at a later date.

Certain customers of one of the city's financial institutions have been notified of an increased rate of discount. Whether there will be a general increase is unknown, but bankers are expecting instructions daily from head offices.

T. R. Kent, the artesian well borer, of St. George, has signed the contract for boring test wells in Sunbury and Queens counties, all under the act of legislation of the provincial government. In all about five will be bored. One will be at Mahoney's, at Maugeville; another will be in Sheffield, and the third in Sunbury, at the mouth of the Oronto. One of the Queens county tests will be made at Enoch Currier's place at Upper Goswami, while the other will be made at the mouth of the Jemseg.

STRATHCONA TO VISIT CANADA

Report That All-Red Project is Bringing High Commissioner Over

CURIOUS ATTACKS

Ministers Opposed to the Scheme Allege That the 25-Knotters Would Be Handicapped by Fog and Icebergs—Hopes Now Scheme Will Go Through.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Montreal, July 22.—The Star's London correspondent cables: Lord Strathcona had arranged to leave Liverpool on Wednesday next for New York and Canada. He finds, however, that he cannot leave before Saturday. He will not discuss the object of the visit, but it is not improbably connected with the All-Red project, which he intends shall be the crowning achievement of his career. Many contradictory statements are still current, and though it is obvious a stiff fight is in progress in ministerial circles, I am assured, on the highest authority by those who are most interested in the project, that everything is progressing satisfactorily. The ministers' decision may not be given until after parliament rises.

Ignorance of Ministers. The three members of the ministry who are believed to be throwing cold water on the project are John Burns, Walter Runciman and Lewis Harcourt. They contend the route is subject to fogs, icebergs and dangers of that sort, making a twenty-five-knot service impossible. They are also using the fact that they themselves have seen wrecks in the St. Lawrence, oblivious of the fact that the service to be from Halifax, not Quebec or Montreal. Friends of the project suggest that Halifax would do well to send to London the fullest details to combat the fog and iceberg objections.

It is surmised that the one special objection of Lord Strathcona's visit will be to deal with the attitude of the Canadian commission's office. However, despite the proposed independent syndicate for the new Atlantic service, with Lord Strathcona and Mr. Sifton at its head, may tend to rob their new Empire liners and the Allan turbiners of the cream of Canadian traffic.

Lord Strathcona today received a deputation from the St. Lawrence, oblivious of the fact that the service to be from Halifax, not Quebec or Montreal. Friends of the project suggest that Halifax would do well to send to London the fullest details to combat the fog and iceberg objections.

BRITISH LABOR LEADER, AT TORONTO, TALKS ON SOCIALISM

Keir Hardie Tells Canadian Club Their Platform is Food for Children, Work for the Strong and Comfort for the Poor.

(Special to The Telegraph.) Toronto, July 22.—"Socialism is an intellectual movement which does not appeal to the instincts of the individual or of the nation, but to the instincts of a man who loves his fellow man and desires to see a truer conception of life prevail than obtains at the present moment. Socialism assumes a higher type of humanity. It is the embodiment of the sermon on the mount in every day business life community."

These sentences, spoken with conviction, formed the keynote of an address which J. Keir Hardie, M. P., chairman of the Labor party in the British House of Commons, delivered before the Canadian Club, when an opportunity was taken of his brief stay in the city, to entertain the four hundred members of the club and their friends assembled to hear him. The Socialist programme included, first of all, the provision of meals at the public canteens for starving children. Canada and other lands beyond the seas were destroying the physique and fibre of the people so that they had no longer sufficient strength to work for the nation, and the industrial condition of their town life was destroying the physique and fibre of the people so that they had no longer sufficient strength to work for the nation, and the industrial condition of their town life was destroying the physique and fibre of the people so that they had no longer sufficient strength to work for the nation.

HALIFAX SELLS FOUR PER CENT. BONDS AT 91.45

Council Votes to Accept Offer of Local Brokers for \$430,000 Worth.

CALLS ORCHARD DIME NOVEL HERO

Haywood's Lawyer Declares He Boasted of Crimes He Never Committed

PINKERTONS SCORED

Charges That Detectives Fixed Up the Confession to Discredit the Miners' Association—Does Not Justify Steunenberg's Death—Defendant's Witnesses Held for Perjury.

Boise, Idaho, July 22.—For four hours and a half today E. E. Richardson pleaded with the jury for the life of Wm. D. Haywood. Under order of the court the hours for the day sessions were changed and in place of sitting in the afternoon court met at 8 o'clock this evening. Judge Wood was informed by the jury that the extreme heat of the court room was too trying on some of the jurors and he complied with the request for a late evening session.

Mr. Richardson charged that the state has no corroborative circumstances as to the murder of Governor Steunenberg and for that reason a general conspiracy was charged.

Referring to the Cour d'Alenes troubles, Mr. Richardson declared that most of the mines there were owned by the Standard Oil Company and he proclaimed that wherever conditions were such as to create a Rockefeller at a one end of the line and a man with a gaunt dinner pail at the other, more or less friction or trouble is bound to occur.

"I am not going to explain or apologize for the men who blew up the mill," said the attorney. "It is sufficient for us to say that the Cripple Creek district. He recalled the early crimes to which Orchard was guilty."

"A Dime Novel Hero." Mr. Richardson went on to explain his statement as to the gambling, that Orchard transferred the mine but temporarily to Dan Cardoner, the present owner, and was charged out of the country. He was not to be a part of it and Pettibone was not a part of it.

Mr. Richardson declared that the facts of the case were such as to create a Rockefeller at a one end of the line and a man with a gaunt dinner pail at the other, more or less friction or trouble is bound to occur.

THE BULL PEN CREATED. Mr. Richardson then declared it was Governor Steunenberg's fortune during his administration to stand in the forefront of a labor war in the Cour d'Alenes. Perhaps, he said, the situation demanded all that the governor did. He extended even to the White House. The attorney begged the jurors to lay aside any impression they may have formed from reading the newspapers during the past year.

The preliminary hearing of the case of Dr. McGee, one of the witnesses for the defense, charged with perjury, came up this afternoon and will be continued tomorrow. Orchard was on the stand over an hour and was given a severe grilling in the cross-examination by McGee's counsel. The prisoner's characteristic calm demeanour, his characteristic calm demeanour, he denied that he was in the Cour d'Alenes at the time that McGee was on the stand.

Hiram Donkin Appointed. Halifax, N. S., July 22.—(Special.) Hiram Donkin, C. E., now of the Dominion Coal Company, has been appointed by the Nova Scotia government, deputy minister of public works and inspector of mines.

STEAMER RAMMED AND 100 PERISH

Worst Marine Disaster Ever on the Pacific Coast

The Columbia, Bound from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, With 189 Passengers and Sixty Crew, Run Down During Dense Fog in the Middle of the Night, and Went to the Bottom in Five Minutes—Passing Vessel Rescues Many.

Eureka, Cal., July 22.—Of the 189 persons on the steamer Columbia which was run into and sunk early Sunday morning by the lumber laden schooner San Pedro, 144 were brought here today by the steamer Elder. Of these 107 were passengers and 37 members of the crew of the Columbia.

In addition to these four life boats reported to have been picked up, one containing 13 people, one 18 and one 15. The number on the fourth boat was not given. San Francisco, Cal., July 22.—In one of the worst marine disasters in the history of the California coast, between 100 and 150 lives were lost, as far as has been learned by a midship collision between the steamer Columbia and the steam lumber schooner San Pedro in Shelter Cove, twelve miles southwest of Mendocino-Humboldt County line, between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Only meagre details of the tragedy have been received, though every effort has been made to get the facts. Scores of telegrams to Eureka, the nearest point of importance remain unanswered. The few details known here were brought by the steamer Roanoke and the steam schooner Daisy Mitchell, which arrived in San Francisco this forenoon.

The Columbia, a three hundred foot steel vessel of the San Francisco and Portland S. S. Company, while bound from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, with 189 passengers and a crew of 69, collided with and was rammed by the San Pedro, a 170 foot wooden steamer, southbound for this city. The sea was smooth but the weather was foggy. The San Pedro, loomed out of the mist, a few ship lengths away, bore down on the Columbia at high speed, despite frantic efforts to clear. A grinding crash the San Pedro sank her stern fully ten feet into the Columbia's port bow.

Nearly all of the Columbia's passengers and many of her crew were asleep in their cabins and bunks when the crash came. As the later report announced, away they poured in through the ragged hole in the Columbia's bow above and below the waterline and in five minutes the Columbia sank to the bottom, the deep waters of Shelter Cove covering the tops of the Columbia's masts.

Details Meagre Yet. The story of that five minutes is yet to be told and as it is told by survivors the facts of the tragedy can be best guessed at.

Shortly after the collision the steamers Roanoke and George W. Elder and the steamer-schooner Daisy Mitchell, all southbound, came on the scene and stood by. The Elder took the San Pedro in tow and the later report announces their arrival in Eureka. The stem of the San Pedro was smashed to splinters, one of her masts was snapped off at the deck, she was settling and had a heavy list when taken in tow.

Captain Hensen remained on board. The Daisy Mitchell offered assistance to the Elder but this was declined. She picked up a lifeboat and a raft of the Columbia and brought them to this city. Near the second masts the wreck of the Roanoke picked up a life raft and found underneath the dead body of a passenger, supposed to be Edward Butler, of Portsmouth (N. H.).

The officers of the Merchants' Exchange in this city and of the various newspapers have been besieged since early morning by relatives and friends of the Columbia's passengers, but the insistent and tearful requests for information of the victims and the rescued remained unattended. Beyond the reported facts that Butler was drowned and that Captain Doran went down with his ship no details of casualties have been received.

No effort was made to transfer any of the survivors of the disaster from the decks of the Elder to the Roanoke, perhaps this was due to the fact that the wind was blowing strongly and a heavy sea running at the time.

The Roanoke had a full list of passengers and the dreadful experience witnessed off Shelter Cove unstung the nerves of all of us, many remaining on deck all last night and every morning, waiting their cabins as soon as the vessel entered the fog belt and began sounding the fog signals.

One Body Recovered Under Raft. "When the raft was being raised to the Roanoke's deck, the body of a man floated under it. This was secured and pulled aboard. A life preserver encircled the body, and the horrifying expression on the face indicated that death was not due to drowning, but to fright.

"The body was fully dressed save for the head covering. He had evidently dressed himself hurriedly, for his vest was put on inside out. He was a tall, slender man, and had very dark hair.

"They searched the body for something to identify him, and found a letter in one of his pockets addressed to — Butler, Portland. The initials I have forgotten. The oars and boat hook of the other craft were picked up but the life raft itself, which was in good order apparently, had on deck a keg filled with water, was turned adrift.

"We noticed afterwards that a white hull'd schooner picked up the lifeboat and the raft.

"Everything about the scene of the disaster and the condition of the San Pedro in the later report announced, away they poured in through the ragged hole in the Columbia's bow above and below the waterline and in five minutes the Columbia sank to the bottom, the deep waters of Shelter Cove covering the tops of the Columbia's masts.

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"Everything about the scene of the disaster and the condition of the San Pedro in the later report announced, away they poured in through the ragged hole in the Columbia's bow above and below the waterline and in five minutes the Columbia sank to the bottom, the deep waters of Shelter Cove covering the tops of the Columbia's masts.

FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

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Mrs. Rose, of Charlottetown (P. E. I.), mother of the Rev. George A. Rose, spent a few days here last week on her way west.

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Miss Beatrice Edwards, of Boston, is staying with Miss Alice Beaumont. Mr. J. W. J. Smith left for Kent county on Thursday to enjoy a fishing trip.

Mrs. Thomas Williams was hostess at an informal veranda tea on Wednesday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. Claude Peters, of Chicago; Miss Helen Harris, Miss Mary Willett, Mrs. E. A. Harris, Miss Thorne, of Halifax, and Miss Marion Roach, of St. John.

The Misses McLaughlin, spending a week or two in Hillboro, guests of Mrs. Miner Steves.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wood, of Indiana, (Ind.), are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Peters, Alma street. Mr. and Mrs. Peters, accompanied by their guests and Mrs. H. Arthur Peters, spent Wednesday in Shediac.

Mayor White left Thursday on a trip to his old home in Newfoundland. Mr. George J. Oulton and family have gone to Jolicure to be absent about three weeks.

Mrs. Percy Dickson is in Hillboro, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dickson. Miss Grace Edmonds, of Sackville, is the guest of Miss Minnie Anderson, High street.

Many friends in this city heard with sincere sorrow of the death of Miss Helen Ripper which took place in St. John on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Henniger had been a resident of Moncton for many years and few could count a larger number of friends. She will be much missed in church and social circles and especially by the poor of the city.

Moncton, N. B., July 19.—Russell Maxwell, the twelve-year-old lad who ran away from home in Truro and is being kept here until the police take him back, this morning attempted to jump from the second story window of the boarding house where he is being kept. He had climbed out of the window and was all ready to drop when one of the other boarders saw him and pulled the lad back to safety. He will probably be taken back to Truro today. Maxwell claims he ran away because his stepfather ill-treated him.

In St. Bernard's church Wednesday, an interesting wedding event took place. Miss Ellen Levere, daughter of Mr. Peter Levere, was married to Oscar LeBlanc, son of Peter D. LeBlanc, all of Moncton. Rev. Father Bellevue, of Grand Digue, performed the ceremony.

At the residence of William Budd yesterday his son, Fred Budd, was married to Mrs. Ella May Budd.

Constantine Helou, of Shediac, was here today and served several more Scott act summonses on local dealers, issued out of Shediac courts.

THE BORDER TOWNS.

St. Stephen, N. B., July 17.—Among the many delightful amusements in St. Stephen this summer, there has not been a more charming one than the water polo matches. The first match was between the St. Stephen team and the team from the St. John's team, which was won by the St. Stephen team.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lodge and Mrs. Lodge are fairly installed with their new home in Shediac. Mr. Lodge is in the city on business and Mrs. Lodge is in the city on business.

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ST. ANDREWS.

St. Andrews, July 17.—With the lovely summer weather the picnic season is now in full swing and many parties are being given by the members of the society who have favored resorts.

Last week the Sunday school, with a large number of the congregation of Trinity church, St. Andrews, enjoyed an outing at the Park St. Andrews.

On Monday the Alumni Society of the grammar school entertained the graduating class at a picnic on McMaisters island. The members of the society also invited a number of their friends and the party of about forty enjoyed a delightful day.

A number of parties in the harbor present a very pretty appearance and add greatly to the enjoyment of their owners. The largest is the Sealine, owned by Mr. H. MacKay, of Boston, who has his summer house here.

Mr. Charles W. Young's fine steam yacht Nautica is very often in the harbor. The Nautica is owned by Mr. J. Smith, of Cambridge, and is captained by Mr. W. Young.

Mr. G. M. Young, of St. Stephen, was in St. Andrews on Tuesday. Mr. G. M. Young is a resident of St. Stephen and is a member of the St. Andrews club.

Mr. F. L. Tibbitts, Mrs. Tibbitts and Miss Tibbitts, of St. Andrews, left for St. John on Wednesday. They are on their way to St. John for a short time.

Mr. William Woods, of Wolford, has accepted the position of principal of the grammar school, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. S. A. Worrell.

Mr. J. H. Cunningham, of Boston, registered at the Algonquin last week. Mr. J. H. Cunningham is a resident of Boston and is a member of the St. Andrews club.

Mr. G. Durell Grimmer spent a few days in St. Andrews last week. Mr. G. Durell Grimmer is a resident of St. Andrews and is a member of the St. Andrews club.

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professor has a splendid record for scholarship. The appointment was made recently by the resignation of Prof. E. B. Morse, who goes to Kansas, because of poor health.

A sum of money, sufficient to purchase the last occupied by the house of historic interest at Grand Pier, has been collected and the money is being used for erecting memorials to the Acadian people and to Longfellow's house.

Mr. Frederick Borden, Lady Borden and family, with attendants, arrived at Canoe Point, N. B., on Tuesday. They are on their way to Canoe Point for a short time.

The Kenville board of trade has selected as a subject for discussion by the Maritime Board of Trade at its meeting in St. John's next week, the subject "Is It Time that the Export of Unmanufactured Saw-logs, Pulp, and Pulp-wood from our Forests Cease?"

There is to be a school meeting in Model Farm district next Wednesday. This district has been without a school for two years and those parents anxious to send their children to school have been inquiring for some time.

A new hotel is proposed in Clifton for the summer business. They will be built at the fact that a steamboat will make connections with the steamer has had the effect of bringing applications from people who wish to visit the country and a number of enterprising residents have purchased a lot of land from the paragon grounds very near the river city wharves. Mr. and Mrs. H. Beveridge on Tuesday.

Architect Brodie has been asked to make plans for an addition to the school house which must be enlarged in some way to accommodate the large number of pupils who attend school in the district and if quite a number had not been in attendance at the college and Netherwood the school house would have been in a very bad way.

Warren Reynolds has been appointed baggage man at Rotchesay station. The traffic this summer is even larger than ever before.

Six shore approaches will be built for the use of the new steam ferry boat on the Miramichi river. They will be built at the fact that a steamboat will make connections with the steamer has had the effect of bringing applications from people who wish to visit the country and a number of enterprising residents have purchased a lot of land from the paragon grounds very near the river city wharves. Mr. and Mrs. H. Beveridge on Tuesday.

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side courts and some new recruits the court could be made strong and vigorous. There is a good deal of interest in the Clifton berry crop this season as hardly any of it has arrived yet. The heavy rains and encouraged the berries, growth, but retarded the ripening stage, hence the delay. It is felt that nature was kind to the growers for the season of cheap berries is past, the demand from outside points is sharp and the supply abundant.

A visitor to Clifton Saturday reports the picking just begun and the supply of vegetables as abundant as the fruit crop. There is always a quick local market among the Rotchesay and Northforth summer residents for much of the early market stuff.

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company will pay for all water used from the town reservoir, except that used for fire protection. The company to build a long lumber saw mill, planing mill, pulp mill or rolling mill, shingle mill and dry kilns.

If one can judge by the feeling of the meeting last night the town will confirm the proposition submitted by the mayor. It was also pretty well understood that the Dalhousie Lumber Company decide to rebuild in Dalhousie and ask the town for any reasonable concessions that there would be a disposition to consider their application.

Andover, N. B., July 18.—The Misses Pierce, of Florenceville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Howard.

Mrs. H. Tibbitts returned home on Saturday accompanied by her father, Mr. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat left yesterday for St. Andrews to spend a few weeks.

Misses Jenny and Bessie Curry leave today for St. John where they will visit their friend, Miss Powers.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Bell are in Woodstock to attend the wedding of Mrs. Bell's brother, Mr. Harry Bull.

Mrs. Kenney, of Fort Fairfield, was the guest of her brother, Mr. H. Beveridge, on Tuesday.

Mrs. Jenny Watson left on Tuesday for Woodstock for a short visit with Mrs. Brewer.

Amherst, N. S., July 18.—Mrs. G. D. Hewson and Miss Lou Henon, of Amherst, are visiting in St. John.

Mrs. H. W. J. Corney left Saturday for Charlottetown (P. E. I.).

Mrs. J. A. Simpson and Mrs. H. P. Simpson returned on Friday from a month's visit to friends in London, Lynn and other American cities.

Mr. Charles Langille, of Chicago, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carter.

Miss Sadie Manning, of Moncton, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Rodd, lower Victoria



# The Whites & Thing in the World

By MIRIAM MICHELSON (Author of 'The Bishop's Carriage' etc.)

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"I can write, you know. I have written poems for my own paper. Would you like to read them?" Bowman looked up. She was there still, standing by his desk, a slender, open creature, with a spray of peach blossoms rising and falling on a narrow, childish breast, with a crude perfume of staidity about her and—yes, the enveloping glory of innocence, despite the direct look of her eyes and the persistence with which she had fought her way to him and refused now to be discouraged.

"There's nothing, I tell you—nothing for you," the city editor repeated impatiently.

He twitched his green shade to a pug-nose angle and deliberately turned his back upon her. He was a heavy faced, black mustached hunter of news and driver of men. He hated a weaking when was masculine and, if he could, he would have crucified anything in petticoats rather than weaken his staff and make himself ridiculous by accepting what he called the prevailing contemptible fashion of freak femininity as legitimate journalism.

"I don't see why you won't give me a chance," the girl said, appealingly.

The office boy, peeping in just then, half apprehensive for his own safety since he had permitted this applicant to evade him, yet betraying a malicious delight that so unsuspecting a lamb should make straight for the lion's very jaws, saw Bowman lift his head suddenly. Upon the city editor's face there had come an expression very like that which lighted his own small, impish face.

"A-hem!" Bowman cleared his throat deliberately. "I believe I will, Miss— Since you are so determined, I believe I will give you a chance. There's to be a big funeral to-day, Senator Hollingsworth, you know, millionaire, philanthropist, old family—all that sort of thing. Suppose—be passed his hand over his smiling, bitter mouth—"suppose you get me the names of all who attend, Miss—eh—Peachblossom."

A stifled titter came from the office boy before he rushed to finish his laugh outside. He knew that detail well; it was there were others over which the unit might be made to stumble and fall, but this was Bowman's favorite. He had never yet presented it to a woman, however.

The girl bent clear, childish eyes upon the man at the desk, gravely, gratefully. "Thank you, sir, I will. My name is Pettinelli, though—Theresa Pettinelli," she added distinctly.

She turned and then walked composedly, primly, out of the room.

Bowman's grim mouth did not relax, but above his angry, dark eyes that followed her there came a perplexed frown. No notice had yet received that particular detail in just that way; there was still part of the comedy unacted.

He turned again to his desk and savagely thrust his blue pencil at a proof, as though merely to slide were not sufficient; he wanted to wound, too, the thing he despised. Then the door opened and again she stood before him.

"I forgot to ask you, sir," she said, simply, "how shall I get the names?"

A sneer of satisfaction, which he did not try to hide, bent Bowman's black mustache down at the corners. This was the regulation procedure.

"You will station yourself at the cemetery gate," he said slowly, "and as each carriage comes up jump in, tell the mourners you come from the News and want their full names. That's all."

She looked at him for a moment, and his mocking, tired eyes, like black stars in a pool of leathery, wrinkled skin, met hers sarcastically. But no conception of his attitude could have come to her, for he stood a moment longer, as though considering the means he suggested, then bent her head. "Thank you, sir," she said with provincial politeness, and went out, shutting the door behind her.

Bowman threw down his pencil and roared. The sound of his sardonic laughter brought the office boy in with a pretence of having heard a call, and the two laughed together, the city editor with an open-jawed delight in his joke, the boy discreetly accompanying him.

They laughed again, and the office, with whom the joke had been shared, laughed with them, when the paper went to press that night without the names of those who had attended the funeral of Senator Andrew Hollingsworth. And they laughed even more heartily when, two days later, the office boy piloted the girl through the local room, choosing the most roundabout route to Bowman's office, and giving the staff an indicating wink behind her back that betrayed her identity.

"Miss Peachblossom, eh?" he announced, throwing Bowman's door wide open with a significant glance.

Bowman, who had been sitting listening to his star reporter's confession of utter failure in his attempt to interview the sensational murderer of the day, looked up preoccupied as she entered, his black brows knitted in thought. In his intense concentration he had for the moment completely forgotten the girl.

"I have brought you the names, sir," she said with a stiff little salutation that included Drake, the News' special writer. "Names?" repeated Bowman; "what names?"

"Oh, Moses in Egypt!" he looked from the paper she had lain

on the desk to the girl standing beside it. He was weary of the joke—even her getting the names was not a unique ending to it—and his mind, baffled by difficulties, was ceaselessly searching for a way to get the thing he wanted, a pen study of Manly, the murderer.

"Can't you bully Shaw, his attorney, Drake?" he asked, so absorbed that it required more effort to notice the girl than to ignore her. "Tell him we'll roast purgatory out of him the first chance he gives us. Tell him!"

"Oh, it isn't Shaw," Drake's fine, fastidious voice broke in, irritated by the rare failure, by Bowman's obtuse bludgeoning and by being made witness to an indignity to a woman. "Shaw's all right. He's a blackguard—a burly slyster who's playing the case for all the notoriety he can get out of it. It's the man himself, Manly. The fellow's head is turned by the attention he gets. He actually is so puffed up by being an object of interest that he can't see the nose that's already dangling over his head. But we can talk it over later." He rose, glancing at the girl, who stood patiently waiting, the delicate bloom of her country-bred face coming and going as he listened, open-eyed.

"Eh—what? Oh! What d'ye bring these things to me now for?" the city editor demanded of the girl, with an intonation that was almost a blow.

She looked down on him puzzled. "I thought you wanted them, sir. Didn't you say?"

With an impatient shove Bowman pushed the sheets of paper into the waste basket.

"The worms have begun on Hollingsworth by this time," he growled. "Suppose you get me their names."

Drake, who had just reached the door, stopped. He had often felt like kicking his city editor, but he really thought he was about to interfere this time, when the girl's voice came to him. It was a high, clear, immature voice, pretty and delicate as the fruit blossom she wore at her belt or the soft radiance of her babylike skin, yet subtly lacking the modulation of culture, it seemed to him, as the flower lacked perfume and the face lacked soul.

"You mean it is too late?" she was saying, unperceived by the hard significant of Bowman's tone. "I'm sorry. You see, sir, I could not get them the way you said so."

With an unintelligible mutter that might have been an excuse the city editor got up from his chair, brushed past her and went into the next room. He pulled Drake along with him and closed the door behind them.

After half an hour the office boy went in to her. "Bowman's gone out," he said, saying her with contemptuous curiosity.

"Has he? Well, I'll wait, then," she said gently.

The boy started, opened his mouth, shut it and went out with a long drawn whistle.

An hour later he came in again to say that Mr. Bowman had telephoned that he would not be back for a week; he had gone out of town.

She rose regretfully and followed him out into the local room, remembered that she had taken with her an illustrated magazine that had lain on the city editor's desk, retraced her steps unguided to replace it and found Bowman just sitting down to his work.

"How lucky!" she said, smiling faintly down into his raging eyes.

Her inimitable to atmosphere wrecked the city editor's last atom of self-control. "I think you'd better go straight to—" He stopped suddenly. Her unexpecting, waiting eyes, the innocent fragility of her face, that aura of virginity which she walked as in a protecting cloud, to which even the greatest spirit could not be blind, made him hesitate.

"Oh, go on the Manly case, for all I care!" he cried.

Eustace Manly, making his entrance into the courtroom of a case celebrated throughout the English speaking world, paused before he took his seat between his lawyers to meet, or rather to look down on, the crowd of men and women who were familiar with them all by now—the judge's carefully measured, conscious scrutiny; the prosecuting attorney's unceasing aversion, as though he, who was accustomed to handling reptiles, had found one here that even his professional experience could not make him touch willingly; the crowd of men and women, each with his own shifty light that played behind Tom Shaw's eyes; the piercing keenness of the reporters' gaze, as the vain affected woman drank behind the mask of bored hauteur his face had learned to wear, and the fatigued, complacent light in his mother's eyes, as the vain affected woman drank each morning after the intoxicating draught of notoriety. Manly knew she counted on a verdict of not guilty, but had she felt as sure of an unfavorable verdict, he sometimes wondered, would she have relinquished for assurance of his safety that sense of importance which, since the trial began, had become the breath of her nostrils. And then there was the cynical, good tempered, indifferent glance of the bailiffs, the greedy gaze of the

crowd, the fascinated horror in the women's eyes, the loathing in the men's. Though incapable of analysis in words, Manly was too alert not to feel it all. It was all familiar, yet not altogether unpleasant at this stage, for Manly was his mother's son. The excitement, the pre-eminence of his position, being watched and courted and written about and photographed and sketched; the sense of being the pivot upon which the great drama revolved the whole long day, and day after day and week after week; the shrewd satisfaction in deceit, the impudent defiance of authority, the consciousness of being puffed against the world, which through respect for its own forms of law—the forms by means of which it is intended to go free despite it—elevated him, if only temporarily, to a pinnacle where no man's hand dared touch him, though every man's hand ached to get at him—all this Eustace Manly felt. It is the consciousness of greatness. His was the greatness of infancy, but its manifestations differ from the other sort only in the way one looks at them, and given an oblique vision, the thing looks as delectable to a murderer as to a martyr.

A martyr—there was nothing more alien to Manly's nature than this. And yet in the rare moments when confidence deserted him he had faced the improbable alternative of conviction; at night once or twice, when he had walked in his cell and missed the tense, upholding strength of the crowd, the court and the warring attorneys then he had seen himself sketched, vaguely and with strong distaste by the crowd, and with the same defiance for this other gentler, reproachfully holy one.

And yet even now, as he turned from greeting his mother—their morning caress had become as studied as actors' embraces—and faced the reporter's table he saw himself suddenly, unreasonably, in the unromantic role. And in the same second he became aware of a different glance, a different judgment, a different pair of eyes to meet.

They were lucid, shining gray, crystal pools that had nothing to reflect, for behind them was a soul as clear and shallow as glass, and of all things looked upon by virtue of its innocence they saw nothing blacker than themselves. They were bent upon him, these clear, creature eyes, with such an intensity of personal sympathy, warning, elevating, intoxicating him, that Manly had looked into them for a long moment before they became conscious and wavered. And even then it seemed to be only because the reporter, whose name Manly knew to be Drake, had deliberately thrust his shoulder between, shutting out their view.

"Why do you stare at him so?" Drake asked the girl, irritably. Despite his horror at such an experience for a woman he had helped her to a seat beside his own when he heard her inquire for the reporters' table.

"Why?" she stammered, blinking, as though the suddenness of being called upon for speech had staggered her. "Why was I staring? . . . Isn't it terrible?"

He looked down upon the shell pink of her childish face with its quivering, pointed chin, its thin, sensitive nose and eyes lifted still toward the prisoner, who had moved his chair further to the right and bent forward, watching her curiously. To Drake she looked repugnantly inhuman, yet, like some old-young saint, so detached from the world, so mediocrally ignorant of life, so capable of touching pitch yet miraculously escaping defilement, so adorably trustful and confident in her attitude of faith—and before such an altar!

"Have you read any of the evidence?" Drake asked. A confused sense of helpless disgust came over him.

"Of the awful things they say about him—you don't believe them? Think how terrible to say such things of an innocent man! And he's so young—"

The reporter turned to his work; but in a moment he had put down his pencil again.

"You are also—do you also approve of what you think of his mother?" he demanded.

A burning blush swept in an agony of shame over her face.

Her wordless repudiation of the woman who had become as studied as actors' embraces—and faced the reporter's table he saw himself suddenly, unreasonably, in the unromantic role. And in the same second he became aware of a different glance, a different judgment, a different pair of eyes to meet.

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his own responsibility—the noblesse oblige of superior craftsmanship toward incompetence—prompted him to speak again to her. "What line are you going to take?" he asked kindly. "I write a general sort of a story, you know, covering the whole thing. There's a shorthand report that goes, besides. Don't you think it might be well for you to specialize? You might roast the mother. Show up her vanity, her absurd airs of ladyhood on such a stage, her incredible enjoyment, eh?"

She shuddered. "Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" she gasped.

He looked from her trembling lips to the paper before her. She had not written a line.

Drake gathered up his notes and left the courtroom. An indefinite feeling of discomfort he had been laboring under fell from him as he took a seat at the office, his mind busy with preliminary arrangements of his material. Nor did he think again of the girl Till Bowman, in his shirt sleeves, came into his room late that night with some pages of copy in his hand, a demonic delight in his eye and a voice that was husky with sardonic laughter.

"Let me read it to you, Drake. It's the richest thing I've come across in all my life. Oh, you've just got to listen. I'm a regular ancient mariner since I hopped on to this. No, I don't care whether you get them by twelve or by doomsday. I've read it to every man in the office and I'm not giddy yet. Just listen to this. It is simply you, chastely headed—"

"You will observe," Eustace Manly said innocently of the Murder of His Boy Friend. "What d'ye think of that for a healthy topic for a sane mind?"

Drake did not think. He listened while his chief read the article, with many chuckling interjections, with a workmanlike distaste for its crudeness and clumsiness as well as a sarcastic eye for its effect upon his hearer.

"You see, she sent it in as a lady star should," Bowman said when his laughter had subsided, "with a note saying she would call for the money to-morrow. How'd she guess we were going to run it?"

"Run it!" exclaimed Drake incredulously. "Why, of course, my dear sir. I'll have it rewritten and run as a contribution to the fund for the poor—"

"A girl's view of the case, signed 'Peachblossom.' It'll make a hit, it's so genuine. The only danger is that it's too honest; if it's too honest, it's too honest; or a mob may wreck the office to show what becomes of papers that print profanity. You can't tell what it might lead to. Anyway, it'll attract attention. I promise you." It did.

(To be continued next week.)



### STILL HUNTING FOR HARTLAND FIREBUG

Lorne McNally Under Arrest as Result of Investigation

Several Parties Suspected and They Are Likely to Be Apprehended Soon—Man Declares His Residence Was Soaked With Oil While His Family Were Absent at the Fire.

Hartland, July 21.—Following the investigation into the origin of the fire of a week ago, Lorne McNally, a resident of this town, is in Woodstock jail. He was arrested Saturday by a town constable and examined before Justice Barnett.

The story he told in attempting to exonerate himself did not wholly satisfy the justice, and he was held for further examination.

Several suspects are under surveillance and arrests will probably be made in a few days.

McNally is a laborer. His arrest occurred in a peculiar way. Mrs. G. C. Watson, one of the victims of the fire, said that you should have set this fire." She thought McNally exhibited confusion at her words and her suspicions were aroused. The arrest followed.

Business, demoralized since the fire, is resuming its natural trend, but the peo-

ple's indignation at this plain case of incendiarism is more than passing excitement. The parties suspected of having instigated the conflagration are openly named in ordinary conversation on the street. Opinion is unanimous as to who these people are, but there is a small faction who believe that the incendiary idea is baseless. The large majority are of the opposite opinion.

The first work of fire bugs in Hartland occurred in 1860 when evidence showed that the fire which originated in the building owned by George R. Burt, and occupied by A. Thornton & Sons and others, was the result of a deliberate plan. The next evidence of incendiarism appeared in 1870, when the old school house was burned, a fire having been seen kindled in the woodshed attached thereto. When this blaze had attracted the firemen with their apparatus, another fire was discovered in George Burt's building at the opposite end of the town from the site of the fire of ten years before. A tedious investigation into the origin of this fire resulted in only the chaffing of previously existing factions, but the tenor of opinion brought the parties under the ban of suspicion, who are now believed to be implicated in the present fire. The same unanimity of opinion holds that the fire which destroyed Thornton's hotel ten years ago, was the work of a firebug.

The Burt building, above referred to, was not burned in the late fire, but it was when the firemen were putting up the fight of their lives.

That the same mind that planned the school house fire laid the scheme for the last conflagration is evident in the fact that preparations had been made for the starting of a fire in the premises of a Mr. Carney in a remote part of the village. After the Carney family had gone out in response to the general alarm, some person entered the house and heavily satu-

rated a buffalo robe and some bedding with oil, which Mr. Carney declares could only have been done in his absence.

The fire commissioners have announced a reward of \$100 for evidence that will lead to the conviction of the parties who set the Hartland fire.

The loss by the recent fire is now estimated at about \$50,000 with \$20,000 insurance.

### A Glassville Golden Wedding.

Glassville, N. B., July 19.—On Thursday afternoon, July 18, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Lyon, of this place, was the scene of a very pleasant social gathering, the occasion being a reunion of their family on the semi-centennial of their marriage, with a presentation to the bride and groom of fifty years ago. Assembled under the parental roof were four sons, five daughters, four sons-in-law, three daughters-in-law, and thirty grandchildren, the only absentee of the family circle being the youngest, by one of the sons, having settled in the Orange Free State, on the close of hostilities in the Transvaal, serving under Col. Baden-Powell.

A banquet was provided in the residence, to the assembled relatives and guests, where a presentation followed, of a handsome gold watch and chain to Mr. Lyon, and a massive gold wedding ring to Mrs. Lyon; and as the sun was dipping low in the western horizon, a family group was formed, in crescent shape, and photographed by a special artist for the occasion.

Antiquary Dr. Barrington (Vt.), owns an Antique bureau which was made in England about 1814. The bureau is made of mahogany.

### HONOR FOR DR. BAYARD FROM HIS ALMA MATER

Edinburgh University to Confer Upon Venerable St. John Physician the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

On Friday next the honorary degree of doctor of laws will be conferred upon Dr. William Bayard, of St. John, by Edinburgh University. Yesterday Dr. Bayard received the following telegram from Sir William Turner, vice-chancellor of the university: "Edinburgh University desires to confer upon its distinguished doctor of medicine of 1837 the honorary degree of doctor of laws in absentia on July 28."

Dr. Bayard has replied that he will accept the degree.

The Utica Saturday Globe of July 13 publishes an excellent picture of Dr. Bayard and the following article dated St. John:

William Bayard, M. D., LL. D., of this city, may be fittingly termed the Nestor of the medical profession of Canada. Next month he will celebrate his ninety-fifth year. The St. John Medical Society has appointed a committee to suitably arrange for the commemoration of his seventieth anniversary as a medical man and the event will be celebrated with enthusiasm in this city, where our subject is beloved by all who know him. Dr. Bayard, notwithstanding his advanced years, still continues to visit patients. Our subject is a son of the late Dr. Robert Bayard, of St. John, formerly a

lieutenant in the British army, and is of Huguenot extraction. He was born at Kentville (N. S.) in August, 1813, was educated at Fossilham (N. Y.), and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated an M. D. in 1837. Returning to St. John he practiced his profession in conjunction with his father for many years, and after the latter's death, on his own account.

He has long been recognized as a leader and at the head of the medical profession of New Brunswick and has held every office of honor within the gift of his country, including the chairmanship of the board of commissioners of the General Hospital of St. John, an institution which in a large measure owes its existence to his efforts. He has been chairman of the Provincial Board of Health, president of the Council of Surgeons and Physicians of New Brunswick, delegate from New Brunswick to the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography, held in London in 1881, and was elected president of the Canadian Medical Association in 1891.

His address on the use and abuse of alcoholic drinks delivered in 1887 attracted wide attention from the medical and secular press and his address before various medical bodies and his pamphlets on different diseases and their treatment have been widely read and very favorably received.

In 1886 Dr. Bayard was elected president of the United Empire Loyalist Association of New Brunswick, and for many years he has been a foremost figure in that province in the promotion of every good cause.

F. D. Chapman, of Conway (N. H.), has a curiosity in a pear tree. It has a large number of clusters of blossoms and is well loaded with full grown pears at the same time.

### TO ENLARGE MILITARY STORES BUILDING

Government Architect Here from Ottawa and Will Make Inspection.

The military stores building in the barracks square is to be lengthened forty feet and have another story placed on it to give additional accommodation which is said to be greatly needed. It is expected the work will be done this fall.

T. W. Fuller, architect of the military section of the public works department, Ottawa, arrived in the city on Saturday to look over the building before preparing the necessary specifications. Speaking of the object of his visit Mr. Fuller said he understood the department of militia, after conferring with the local officers, decided in the spring to increase the accommodations in the store building and in consequence a requisition had now been received by his department to undertake the work. Besides enlarging the building instructions had been given that a new electric elevator be installed. He expected that tenders would be called for at an early date.

In reply to a question Mr. Fuller said he had received no information as to the erection of a new drill hall in St. John. The matter would not be referred to his department until a site and other important questions had been decided between the local authorities and the militia department at Ottawa.

While speaking of drill halls Mr. Fuller mentioned that in all new buildings it

had been decided to abandon the old system of placing racks for arms and accoutrements of the infantry and in place to give each man a steel locker and a key where his kit and everything necessary to place him in the field could be kept. The advantage of the change would, he thought, be generally admitted.

Mr. Fuller, who will be accompanied by Lieut. Col. A. J. Armstrong, chief of the ordnance department, will make an inspection of the stores building today and will leave this evening for Ottawa.

### SIX AND A HALF YEARS FOR EDMUNDSTON BURGLAR

Edmundston, N. B., July 19.—The trial of S. R. Forsyth, a Nova Scotian, charged with breaking into J. W. Hall's store here on June 1 last and stealing money and goods, and breaking into the Tennis courts railway station at Clair on the following day and stealing about \$21 there, and for attempting to break jail, was held before Judge Carleton during the present week. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the jail breaking charge and not guilty to the others. The jury found him guilty in both cases. The accused defended himself and showed himself to be a bright young man, whose energies would make him a useful citizen if applied in the right direction, but he failed to convince the jury of his innocence. Judge Carleton this morning sentenced him to six years and six months.

A Willamantic (Conn.) family residing in the more densely populated part of the city, is engaged in the dairying and poultry industries on a small scale. They own two cows and twenty-five hens, and yet do a large business in their neighborhood





