

DOES WAR THREATEN?

England Continues Her Warlike Preparations.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—The St. James Gazette this afternoon says all the shipping companies under charter to the British admiralty for transport purposes have been notified to hold their transports in reserve for the immediate despatch for troops. The steamer Dunera has been ordered to be in readiness Saturday to ship a detachment of horse artillery to South Africa.

BUFFALO, Aug. 10.—A special cable despatch to the Evening News from London says: The one absorbing topic today is the Transvaal situation and the belief is growing daily more firm that nothing but war can settle the question and that this settlement is not far off. It is recognized that the government has a free hand now that parliament is prorogued, and that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain were only waiting for a riddance of parliamentary restraints before launching into a warlike policy. This was foreseen by public men, hence the House of Commons was not surprised at Mr. Chamberlain's frank suggestion yesterday that the government was ready for an appeal to arms if the Transvaal should remain stubborn in its refusal to accept his proposals as to a joint inquiry into the franchise question. In the lobby after the session had closed the balance of opinion was that the Boers were courting a conflict and that Kruger need not be expected to back down at the last moment. This conclusion heightened the spirit of uneasiness and excitement which has since been communicated to the newspapers and the public, so that London is in a flutter with the expectation of war.

What points more than anything else to the impression that the Boers are in deadly earnest is the passage by the Rand of an amendment to the constitution, whereby in the event of the war, the president is empowered to make conscripts of all the inhabitants irrespective of race. This is interpreted as a note of sheer defiance. Telegrams from Johannesburg bring the news that the Uitlanders are fleeing from the Transvaal in such a number that the exodus from Johannesburg was greater than the Railway could cope with. Many families have taken to the plains with waggons and oxen and are tracking towards the frontier of Rhodesia. Others are making to the Orange Free State. They feel that all is ripe for war, and their aim is to escape, the alternative of fighting for the Boers or being shot as traitors for refusing. The fighting force of the Boers is estimated at 17,000 men, mostly infantry, and splendidly-equipped artillery. There are no better soldiers in the world and no better marksmen. At this time a strong force is known to be stationed along the Vaal River and opposite Newcastle on the Natal frontier. There are only 5,000 British troops in Natal, and these are gradually being moved up to Newcastle. It is not thought, however, that the Boers will attempt to invade the Colony. The great capabilities of England's Indian transport service would enable her to pour twenty thousand soldiers into the enemy's country within three weeks. These would be largely drawn from transports now ready at Bombay. For the protection of the Natal frontier there is already a strong garrison at Lady Smith, which is near Majubahill, about six hours by rail from the Transvaal frontier. In addition there are 3,000 available fighting men of the mounted police and the volunteer corps. Mr. Chamberlain has gone to his home at Highbury, where he is in constant telephone communication with rest of the official world.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning, forgive and forget them.

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

Let us wipe our tears, lift our heads, and gird ourselves for brave and cheerful toil. In due time the release will come; rest so sweet after the toil is over; glory so bright after the darkness is past; victory so grand, that we shall not wish the conflicts to have been less fierce, or the perils of the way less numerous or painful.

COOK'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

A little boy, in the course of some conversation of his elders heard a good deal of talk about the progress of civilization, approached his grandfather, who was taking no part in the talk. "Grandpa," said the child, "what is the difference between civilization and barbarism?" "Barbarism, my boy," answered the old man, "is killing your enemy with a hatchet at a distance of a step, and civilization is killing him with a boomshell twelve miles away!"—Youth's Companion.

We Have the Best Roads.

Karl M. Creelman, the Truro young man, who is on a bicycle trip around the world, and visited Woodstock, enroute to Abyssinia and other far away lands where they eat missionaries, if not bicyclists, is doing the act all right. In writing to a friend in Truro, N. S., from North McGregor, Iowa, he says:

"It is some time since I left you at Fredericton, since then I have travelled 2,030 miles, 235 of which I walked. Crossing the river from Windsor I arrived at Detroit, and at once struck west to Chicago, then to Milwaukee, and across here on my way to St. Paul, whence I will go to Winnipeg. The road of Ontario, which I heard were like pavements, were about the same as those of the United States. Then in Michigan I expected to find excellent roads, but found some of the steepest hills, and the sandy roads made travelling very difficult. Then coming through Wisconsin the country was something the same as Michigan, very mountainous and sand. This country is not to be compared with Canada, and one Canadian will use a person better than a whole colony of these Americans. There are no bicycles around here to speak of, so my wheel is quite a curiosity to some of the people. I ride a Brantford 'Red Bird' now. You would be surprised at how little some people know of N. S. Very few know where it is, some ask me if it is in New York or in Canada. Plenty have asked me if there is any summer, or any winter in N. S., and a dozen or more questions of a similar nature. I expect to find better roads, now the prairies are but a few miles distant, but so far I have found no roads equal to those of N. B. The roads of N. S., are about the same as those of Ontario and the American roads as far as I have come are about the same as those of Quebec.

N. S., and N. B. are more mountainous countries than Ontario, but for a bicycle the roads of N. B. are the best yet. Another note stated that Mr. Creelman was leaving for Winnipeg.

That Weak Back.

Can be strengthened and the chronic pain removed by prompt application of one of those old English Remedies, Dr. Cook's Penetrating Porous Plasters. Hundreds of testimonials as to their curative qualities have been forwarded unsolicited to the company by persons who have been wonderfully relieved by their use. 25 cents each. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid for same price by the Cook Chemical Co., Fredericton, N. B.

The Baker's Horse.

Some years ago a baker in London purchased a horse, on which he rode when supplying his customers with hot rolls and cakes. One day he passed the gate at Hyde Park, at the moment the trumpet was sounding for the regiment of Life Guards to fall in. No sooner did the sound assail the ears of the horse than he darted through the park with the bewildered baker on his back, into the midst of the squadron! The poor baker, mortified at being placed in military line, in the front line of the Life Guards, began to whip and scold, but all to no purpose. His old charger was so aroused at the sound of the trumpet that to move him from his station was impossible.

The soldiers were exceedingly amused at the grotesque appearance of the baker and the deportment of his steed, and were expressing their astonishment, when an old comrade recognized the animal, and informed the corps that the horse once belonged to the regiment, but had been sold on account of some infirmity, a few years before.

Several of the officers kindly greeted their old companion; and the colonel, delighted at the circumstance, gave the signal to advance in line, when the baker finding all resistance useless, calmly resigned himself to his situation. The trumpet then sounded the charge, when the rider was instantly carried between his two panniers, with the rapidity of the wind to a great distance. Various evolutions were then performed, in which the animal displayed wonderful skill. At length the sound of retreat was proclaimed—when off went the sagacious creature with his rider. Having enjoyed his exercise in the field, he was content to resign himself to the bakers' bridle.

Klondyke King Fails.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 11.—A special to the Times-Herald from San Francisco says: Alexander McDonald, king of the Klondyke, has failed. His liabilities are about \$6,000,000. His assets are of uncertain value. After knowing for twenty years what it is to be a millionaire many times over, he has shouldered his pick and, without complaining, has started again as a poor miner, leaving his bride in Dawson, with a score of creditors, for whose benefit all his interests, both mining and trading, have been assigned. In his formal declaration of insolvency, filed at Dawson July 29, McDonald states his liabilities to be approximately \$6,000,000, while there is no way of fully computing his assets, as his investments are largely of problematical value. As they will have to be sacrificed, McDonald says there will not be enough to go around, although he believed their ultimate value will prove \$20,000,000 at least. He is not at all dispirited by his sudden change of fortune; indeed, he appears relieved. His bride is an English girl almost twenty years his junior.

ASSASSIN'S WORK.

M. Labori, Counsel for Dreyfus, Waylaid and Shot.

RENNES, France Aug. 14.—Two men ambushed Maitre Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, and one shot was fired hitting Labori in the back. M. Labori fell in the roadside. He is still alive.

Maitre Labori left his home alone for the court at six o'clock this morning. His residence is situated in the suburbs of the town, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the lycee. The route is along a solitary road beside the river. He had reached a point half way on his journey when two men who had evidently been lying in wait for him, rushed out of the narrow lane and one of them fired a single shot from a revolver. The murders were only a couple of yards behind their victim and the bullet struck Labori in the back. The wounded man uttered an agonized cry and fell flat on his face, and the murders fled through the lane from which they emerged, and both escaped.

Only two or three laborers going to work saw the crime committed. The spot was well chosen as the murderers could not be seen by M. Labori until they rushed out upon their victim, the entrance to the lane being hidden by bushes. Moreover, they were afforded an easy means of escape by passing back through the lane, which led to the country. One of the laborers named Patoux who witnessed the shooting said: "As I was passing along the road I saw a tall man walking quickly in the direction of Rennes. He was on the towing path of the Vilaine. He was attired in a dark lounge suit and wore a bowler hat. It was M. Labori. Just as he reached the bridge crossing a stream falling into the Vilaine, two men, medium height, and wearing dark suits and round soft felt hats, emerged from a rural path entering the main road. One of them carried a heavy stick. They approached M. Labori from behind. Suddenly one drew a revolver and fired point blank at Labori. He was so near that it was quite impossible for him to miss. A sharp report was heard and M. Labori threw up his hands and cried: 'Holla!' (a common French exclamation) and fell flat on his face. I and one or two others who saw the deed ran up, but the murderers had vanished down the lane. Help was immediately sent for and the gendarmes quickly arrived, and soon afterwards Madame Labori."

Madame Labori, wife of the wounded lawyer, was promptly notified of the crime and rushed to her husband's side. She found him with his head on the sidewalk and his body on the roadway. She threw herself by his side and took his head in her lap and fanned him with a colored paper fan, which she evidently snatched up as she left the house. M. Labori was perfectly still. Not a groan came from his lips and his head rested in the lap of his wife, who, by the way is an American. As she fanned him with her right hand she caressed him with her left, gazing lovingly on his upturned face. He tried to smile back the tears which glistened in his wife's eyes, and she, mastering her feelings, heroically did everything possible to ease her husband's agony. It is reported that the famous lawyer said as he lay wounded on the ground: "I may die from this, but Dreyfus is saved."

The shooting of M. Labori took all the life out of this morning's session of the court martial, and but for the sympathy the attempt is certain to excite throughout the country for M. Labori and Dreyfus, the deprivation of M. Labori's valuable services to the prisoner would be a severe blow to the latter's prospects. The murderer apparently chose today for the attempt because it was known that M. Labori would crush General Mercier, the former minister of war, with his cross questioning. The news caused an immense sensation in the court room, where the usual audience had assembled waiting the entrance of the judges.

It is hoped that the wound may not prove fatal, but the surgeons cannot yet give an opinion.

M. Labori's wife is a Canadian, a Miss O'Key, whose family resides at Port William, N. S. She has relatives and connections in Fredericton and other parts of New Brunswick.

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1888	1,163,625.21	782,641.91	552,978.64	51,012,286.00
1893	2,133,147.18	1,328,783.25	1,423,140.91	83,101,434.00
1898	2,737,906.24	1,432,012.37	2,850,211.38	92,592,137.00

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