

# The Carleton Sentinel.

VOL. 53.—No. 39.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1901.

WHOLE No. 2904.

## FATAL ACCIDENT.

### Boy Mistaken for a Deer and Shot.

A shocking accident occurred at Terbury Station, on Saturday last, which resulted in the sudden death of a young man. Claude, the son of postmaster Jarvis Law, aged about 14 years, accompanied by another young lad, Jack Donovan, was in the woods hunting for game. Mansfield Grant, who was also on a gaming expedition in the same woods, perceiving the bushes move and supposing the movement to be caused by a deer, fired and shot young Law, the bullet striking him in the stomach. The wounded boy exclaimed "Jack, I am shot" and before his companion could reach him he had breathed his last. Universal sympathy is expressed for his heart broken parents, and Mr. Grant is, naturally, very much affected over his fatal accident.

## VERY PRETTY WEDDING.

### Ryan-McGuire.

St Joseph's Catholic church, Newburg, Tuesday morning, Sept 17, at half past nine o'clock, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Susie Agnes, third daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas McGuire, was joined in wedlock to Mr Francis Leo Ryan, eldest son of Mr and Mrs Thos Ryan. Rev Father Bradley was the officiating clergyman. As it was a very beautiful autumn morning, and a long-looked for event, the church was filled to its utmost capacity to witness the ceremony. The bride, who is a very popular young lady, and a graduate of the Provincial Normal School, N.B., in 1893, looked charming in a costume of white silk crepon with satin and pearl trimmings and bridal veil. The bridesmaid, Miss Rosella McGuire, sister of the bride, looked equally well in a gown of pink muslin over white, with lace trimmings and hat to match. James E Ryan, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The groom is also a popular young man, has been away for several years in the west and returned home a year ago, to take charge of the homestead for a while, but will, later on, settle in Worcester, Mass. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a bountiful wedding dinner and tea was given to a very large gathering; Prof Barry, Woodstock, furnished the music. The popularity of the young couple is again shown by the numerous and costly presents received, among which are:—

Wedding cards, by Mr Watts, editor SENTINEL, Woodstock; parlor lamp, Mr McGuire and Rosella; Mr and Mrs Burt, lamp; Mrs C Culbert and Agnes, lamp; Misses Agnes and Alice McDade, lamp; Michael Gallagher, Jr., lamp; Mr and Mrs P and John Montague, picture; Mrs T Ryan, vases; James Ryan, mirrors; Frank Gallagher, album; Alice Hourihan, bed spread; Alice and Mame Gallagher, bed spread; Mrs Tim Hourihan, sheet and pillow cases; Mrs J Thibodeau, napkins; Alice Bagley, napkins; Miss Priscilla Hourihan, napkins; Mr and Mrs P Gallagher, berry set; Mr and Mrs P Donovan, berry set; Mr and Mrs P Fleming, silver butter cooler; Mr and Mrs P Gallagher, berry set; Mr and Mrs J Gallagher, set dishes; Mr and Mrs C Cunningham, dishes; Chas Hourihan, toilet set; Mr and Mrs M Burke, table; John McGuire, Jr., rocking chair; Rose Burke, china dishes; Mr and Mrs T Crayne, rocking chair; May Burke, cut glass vinegar pitcher; Mr A Tracey, rocking chair; Mrs J Howard and Miss Bella Tracey, plates; Mr and Mrs F A Loftus, Bangor, silver set; Mrs Johnson, tea and coffee canisters; Miss Carrie McGuire, pitcher; Miss Gertrude Crayne, glass pitcher; Miss Mary McGuire, curving set; Nellie Hourihan, toothpick holder; Mr and Mrs A Cummings, glass tea service; Miss Mammie Gallagher, set iron; Miss Maud Allen, Woodstock, a present; Misses Mary and Annie McDade, berry set; Mr and Mrs William Gallagher, glass tea service; Mr P Culbert, silver butter cooler; Mrs J Brown and John G, a teapot; George Gallagher, Jr., cup and saucer; Mr and Mrs John McGuire, china tea set; Mr and Mrs M Gallagher, glass tea service; Mr and Mrs William Cummings, glass plate and cup and saucer; James Gallagher, cake basket; Joe Cunningham and Frank G, vase; Miss Lena Gallagher, water set; Mr and Mrs William Gibbons, fruit dish; Miss N Cunningham, salad dish; Miss Bella Gallagher, china tea service; Mr and Mrs J Colter, table cloth; Mr and Mrs Ball, tumblers; Mrs J Colter, pair towels; Mr and Mrs O McCarty, silver teaspoons; Owen McDade, cheese plate; Louis McGuire, pitcher; James and Murray McGuire, a present; Miss Mammie Johnson, cake plate; Mr Hugh Johnson, shaving set; Mattie McGuire, pickle dish; Carrie A McGuire, vase; Mr and Mrs B Robinson, fruit dish; Mr and Mrs Joe Hourihan, china tea set; Mr Thomas McGuire, bedroom suit; Mr and Mrs Tom Hourihan, glass set; Mr and Mrs George Gallagher, china tea set; Mr Jera Gallagher, tumblers; Dr Manzer, Woodstock, bronze picture frame and jewel case; and many others.

## DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN MINISTER.

The death of Rev. Samuel E. Sprague, after a very brief illness, took place at his residence, Beechwood, on Wednesday evening last. He was a member of the Primitive Baptists, and had been actively engaged in the ministry for over a score of years. He was about 55 years of age and leaves a wife and four children.

## SIR LOUIS DAVIES.

### Appointed to the Supreme Court of Canada—Successor to the Late Justice King.

Ottawa, Sept 22.—The cabinet met last night at 8 o'clock and sat until about 11. Nearly all the ministers were present. It will likely be the last meeting before Sir Wilfrid leaves with the royal party for the Pacific coast, and, consequently, some business was done.

Sir Louis Davies, the minister of marine and fisheries, was appointed to the supreme court of Canada, in place of the late Justice King, of New Brunswick. The order-in-council making the appointment will be approved by the governor general tomorrow, and Sir Louis will be on the bench at the next sitting of the court. It is understood that no appointment of a successor to Sir Louis in the government will be made for the present. It is probable that in the meantime Mr. Sutherland will discharge the duties of one or other of the departments.

## Billy Glew and the Bear.

### JOHN STEWART LAUGHS AT THE FUN—TRAGIC DEATH OF GLEW'S DOG.

(St John Star.)

John Stewart, formerly superintendent of the railway (now the C. P. R.) north of McAdam, and now in the freight department of the great railway at Woodstock, tells with relish a bear story of the days when he was Supt. Stewart. It was twenty years or more ago, and bears were more plentiful in the region between McAdam and Canterbury than they are today. A sportsman who was almost as deaf as a post came down and camped in the woods between the two places named, and set traps for bears. Mr Stewart knew him well, and occasionally visited his camp. One day he paid a visit to the camp and on the following morning he and the trapper made a round of the traps. They found a bear in one of them, and concluded to take him alive. By dint of hard work they got him out to the railway, and took him on a trolley to the house of Billy Glew, a section man, who lived some thirteen miles from McAdam. The bear was in fighting trim, and several times made his captors move around in lively fashion. But they finally arrived at Billy Glew's.

It so happened that Billy had a dog that thought he knew all about bears, and how they should be treated. This confident canine rushed at the bear with an ill-advised zeal and wanted to eat him up. The bear welcomed the visitor. He took the dog to his bosom with one fore paw, and with the claws of his hind feet proceeded to remove the vitals of the now reluctant object of his warm embrace.

It was a critical moment. Billy Glew loved his dog and rushed to the rescue. But he, in turn, got tangled up in the chain which held the bear, and was gathered to the bosom of the foe.

Then apperred Mrs. Glew. She beheld her husband and her husband's dog in a most compromising position, and wicked John Stewart laughing like to split his sides. Her wrath was divided between the bear and John Stewart. At one moment she was apostrophising Bruin, and at the next expressing her profound conviction that warmer quarters than a bear's stomach awaited John Stewart.

The outcome of the affair was that the bear was finally killed and Mr Glew restored to the bosom of his family. But the dog's funeral occurred that day.

Mr Glew is still in the flesh, though living now in another county, and the last time he saw John Stewart he asked him if he remembered the bear.

Mr Stewart had not forgotten. Billy Glew and the bear are among his cherished recollections.

## A Thoroughly Practical Farmer at the Head.

A copy of the *Homestead* before us contains the following complimentary reference to Hon. L. P. Farris, commissioner of agriculture:—

"In Hon. Mr. Farris, the department has a head who is a thoroughly practical farmer with a farm of 700 acres in Queens county and other farms in Sunbury. He cuts a large quantity of hay, and is now going in to stock raising quite extensively. He has a charming home at White's Cove, on the Grand Lake, where he dispenses a generous hospitality to all who call on him there. Mr. Farris is taking a deep interest in the farmers' institute work now being organized and extended in the province, and the scheme of the combination of the institute and agricultural society work has been carried out at his initiation.

## ST. JOHN LETTER.

St. John, Sept 23.

Last Thursday the remains of President McKinley, assassinated by one of the enemies of Great Britain as well as of the United States, were interred in the presence of many high government officials and thousands of loyal citizens. At the same time memorial services were in progress in thousands of churches between the Saint Croix and the Pacific and between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. President McKinley was a good man, and generally it is good men who die as he did. Assassins are rarely at enmity with assassins, and good men are willing that criminals should be punished by due process of law. Hence the murderer of President McKinley, and his accomplices, if they are discovered, have nothing to fear but the punishment which the law prescribes for their crimes. To-day the United States has more anarchists within its borders than any other country in the world. They are the scum of the earth, who have been flocking thither for more than a generation to escape the penalties due for their crimes in other lands. By encouraging their immigration, by giving them the franchise almost immediately after their arrival, the wind has been sown and now the whirlwind is being reaped. With two or three million people of the assassin's character in the country, the end cannot be foretold.

Miss Jessie McLachlan, the famous Scottish vocalist, gives a concert in the Opera House, Oct 2.

Clan MacKenzie will entertain their friends with songs and recitations on the evening of every third Tuesday of the winter months.

It was announced last Wednesday that Merritt Brothers & Co. had suspended payment.

Murray McCutcheon, a student in Currie's Business College, spends six months in Dorchester for forgery.

The Bishop's picnic rioters have been acquitted as was expected.

One thousand live geese from P. E. Island went through the city by train a day or two ago, bound west.

Russel Sage, the great railway magnate of New York, is in the city.

Puddington & Merritt, retail grocers, have been obliged to suspend through their connection with Merritt Bros. & Co.

George S. deForest & Sons' quotations of some leading staples are given below:

Manitoba flours,	\$ 4 65	per bbl
Ontario patents \$4.00 @	4 10	do
Ontario mediums	3 90	do
Corneal	2 90	do
Oatmeal \$4.40 @	4 50	do
Clear Pork	23 00	do
Mess Pork	21 75	do
Ex. Plate Beef	15 50	do
Plate beef	15 00	do
Pot barley	4 10	do
Split peas	4 25	do
Bay herring	2 00	do
H. P. Beans	2 35	per bus.
Rice	3 1/2 @ 3 1/4	per lb.
Cheese	11 @ 11 1/2	do
Lard,	12 1/2 @ 13	do
Butter	19	do
Eggs,	12	per doz.
Shorts	23 00	per ton.
Middlings in bags	24 00	do
Medium cod,	3 50	per cwt.
Large	4 00	do
Pollock	1 90	do
Smoked herring	13	per box.
American oil	17 1/2	per gal.
Canadian oil	16 @ 16 1/2	do
X Vinegar	17	per gal.
X X	19	do
X X X	22	do
Proof	35	do

EDWARD EDWARDS.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Washington, Sept. 19th, 1901.

Although the people of Washington have taken their last view of the face of President McKinley, the hush of awe and grief still seems to hang over the Capital. The public buildings have not been decked with emblems of mourning, this being forbidden, by Act of Congress, but the flags will continue to float at half mast for thirty days, and craps is everywhere on private and business houses. Moreover, business drags, and the two days of mourning, coming in mid-week, seem to have checked the very pulse of the city. Little has been done save what was necessary for daily life. Today, President Roosevelt will return to Washington and enter upon his official duties, but he and Mrs. Roosevelt will for the present reside with the President's sister, Mrs. Cowles, and not in the White House.

The scene which followed the arrival of the President's body on Monday night was in some ways even more impressive than the splendid and sombre pageant of the next day,

for it was the spontaneous tribute of the people. As the casket was borne up Pennsylvania avenue, the sides of that historic thoroughfare were lined with spectators, and after it had passed the crowd quietly disregarded the ropes and filled up the street, following the military guard like an informal procession. It was all silent; there was no music, save that now and then some one would sing a stanza of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the hymn which will be forever associated with President McKinley, and then the voices of those nearest would join in the singing till the air was filled with the plaintive harmony. This happened at intervals all the way from Buffalo to Washington, wherever the train stopped at a station. At Harrisburg the sound, coming through the closed windows of Mrs. McKinley's car, arrested her attention, and she asked, "What is that?" Dr. Rixey, his own eyes filled with tears, replied, "It is the people who are singing for love of your husband. They cannot help it." It is said that then, for the first and only time during the sad journey, Mrs. McKinley shed tears. No more spontaneous and beautiful tribute was ever paid to the leader of a people than the silent, reverent procession which, without arrangement or marshals, followed the body of the dead President to the gates of his home.

The funeral procession the next day was perhaps the most magnificent ever seen in Washington. To the wailing of the Dead March of Chopin, the long line of military and civil organizations moved from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, under the gray skies of a wind-swept autumn day. There was no glamour or glitter except here and there where a uniform with its gilded ornaments caught the light. The colors were draped with black, and knots of crape were worn not only by those in line, but by the majority of the spectators.

There came near being another tragedy on the steps of the Capitol, while the people were waiting to be let into the rotunda where the catafalque was placed. Nobody seems to know quite how it happened, but it is clear that some one blundered. Some say it was a Capitol employe who prematurely announced that the doors were open and the public would be admitted. At any rate, about one o'clock there were thousands of people outside the doors, covering the walks and extending in a line for several blocks beyond the Capitol grounds, when suddenly this packed mass of humanity surged forward and in spite of the efforts of the police and military guards, there was a crush which resulted in the injury of nearly a hundred persons. The only wonder is that nobody was killed, and indeed, two or three may die of their injuries. Women and old men were knocked down and trampled underfoot, and when the steps were finally cleared a mass of debris, pocket-books, umbrellas, hats, shoes, corsets and all sorts of articles of clothing, was found, torn away from the owners by the pressure of the crowd. The state of things was not improved by the action of some mounted policemen who vainly attempted to break the jam by urging their horses into it. They might as well have spurred them against the walls of the Capitol itself. The mob closed upon them and caught them, and the prancing of frightened horses was added to the terrors of the situation. It seems as if, in a city which has had as much experience with crowds as this one, such a thing could have been prevented. The responsibility should be fixed and the guilty person punished if the incident is not to be repeated.

The fakirs who sold mementoes were suppressed by the police when they became too noisy, but it was not so easy to dispose of the camera fiends. One of them tried to take a snap-shot of President Roosevelt just as the casket was lifted out of the hearse, and the light, flashing into the eyes of the hearse horses, made them rear and plunge. There was a growl from the bystanders, and somebody was heard to remark, "That man ought to have a coat of tar and feathers."

Thus far President Roosevelt has done nothing but express, with his usual decision, his intention of carrying out the policy of his predecessor; and has asked all of the members of the Cabinet to retain their places. It is said by many people that the clause "for the present" is tacked on to this request tacitly or otherwise, and this may be so. There is a rumor, which comes by grapevine telegraph, that Hay, Smith, Hitchcock, Long and Wilson will resign; Gage and Knox will stay where they are, and Root will be made Secretary of State.

From the same authority it is learned that friends of Secretary Gage have overcome the President's first intention of asking for the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury; and also that Roosevelt will not be a candidate for the presidency in 1904. It is not known whence all this information comes, however, and if facts are to be trusted the President has thought of very little since his accession to office, save the tragedy of Mr McKinley's assassination and the immediate political problems incident to the change. It is not necessary for him to turn the Cabinet upside down during the first week of his incumbency, or even to form plans for doing so.

That some changes will be made, cannot be doubted. There was said to be an agreement of long standing between Senator Lodge and Roosevelt, that the formers should have the State portfolio should it ever be in the gift of the latter; but Lodge is in Europe and out of the present reach of reporters. There is, however, an interesting little story in this connection. It is by no means certain that Lodge wants to be Secretary of State; in fact he is thought to prefer the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in which case he will of course have the President's backing. But Senator Cullom also wants that place, and is entitled to it by Senatorial etiquette. It belongs by right of seniority to Frye, but he is satisfied with the chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce and does not wish to change. Cullom comes next and is emphatically backed by Senator Hanna. Anybody can see that with matters in this shape there is a very pretty chance for a trial of strength in the near future.

## DEATH OF MRS. TUPPER.

The Rockport, Mass. *Review* contains the following notice of the death of the late Mrs. (Dr.) Tupper: "The sympathy of the community has gone out to Dr. A. M. Tupper this week, who has passed through another great sorrow in the loss of his wife, Frances E. Early Sunday morning she was found peacefully sleeping to all appearance but it was the sleep of death.

For years Mrs. Tupper has been an invalid and her life has been spared only through the skill and most constant care of her physician husband and the kindly ministrations of her daughter Mary.

Mrs. Tupper was born in Woodstock, N.B., a little over 53 years ago but since her marriage has been a resident of Rockport. She has been quiet and retiring in her disposition and much loved by the friends who knew her. Her constant devotion to her family has been a most beautiful example of mother love and duty.

She leaves beside her husband two children, a son, Edgar and a daughter Mary. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to these sorrow stricken ones.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from the house, Rev. Israel Ainsworth officiating. A committal service was also read by him at the grave. The floral tributes testified to the regard in which the community held the deceased.

## The Uses of the 'Hay-Brick.'

### To Tide Over an Emergency.

(London Telegraph.)

For some time past, when Mr. Thomas Atkins walks abroad on business, he has been in the habit of carrying a small tablet, known as the emergency ration, which he is supposed to preserve intact until all other food fails him, and which, if all the tales about it are true, he is not in the least likely to devour before. But the anxiety of a maternal government is not confined to its men, and it is not surprising in these days, when an ox habitually enters a teacup, that means should have been found to turn a truss or so of hay into a brick for the benefit of the cavalry and artillery horses. According to an American paper, mounted men in the Transvaal and the Philippines go about provided with a string of hay lozenges, one of which provides a decent meal for any well regulated horse. Of the Philippines this story may or may not be true, but it is fairly obvious that if the hay lozenge satisfied all equine needs we should not have heard so much about the difficulties of finding forage on the veldt. The truth is, the hay-brick does exist; the hay lozenge may exist—in America. But unless the hay lozenge is more filling than the hay-brick, the horses who live on it in the Philippines have a short and miserable life. This does not mean

that the hay-brick is valueless. It does provide sustenance of a kind, and it was largely used and its utility proved in the Sudan. But a horse has a large stomach, and, as a hay merchant observed, "can't live on pills, however strong they are." Beside the brick of compressed fodder, the animal requires something more bulky. The hay-brick serves well enough to tide over emergencies on a long march, but as the daily bread of a horse on a campaign it is not satisfying or satisfactory. In fact, it is practically in the same case as the emergency ration. If Thomas Atkins were asked to live on emergency rations for six months he would certainly grumble, and very possibly fall sick; but the ration can keep him alive for a day or two very satisfactorily. So it is with the hay-brick.

## SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

### Government's Course Condemned.

London, Sept 21.—While Mr Kruger and Dr Leyds are drawing up petitions to President Roosevelt and the Czar, asking them to intervene, the fighting Boers are helping themselves in South Africa by celebrating the expiration of the period in which Lord Kitchener proclaimed they must surrender, by four notable successes. The situation is singularly like the opening of the war two years ago. The names of the same places are recurring in the despatches. Utrecht, where Major Gough was entrapped, was the scene of a similar ambush eighteen months back. Acton Homes, where the Boers yesterday reappeared, is 18 miles southwest of Ladysmith, prominent in the early hostilities, and the Natal colonials are mustering for the defence of the Tugela as when General Joubert invaded Natal in 1899. In Cape Colony fighting is again going on south of Stormberg, in territory traversed by raiders and their pursuers half a dozen times. The government's publication of these reverses causes an outburst of exasperation against the conduct of the war by the ministry. The great ministerial journals accuse the government of trying to run the war "on the cheap" by not providing Lord Kitchener with men.

The Hague, Sept 21.—Baron Ven Lynden, the minister of foreign affairs, has forwarded to the legations and members of the council of the court of arbitration, a copy of the Boers' appeal for arbitration, with a notification that he intends to bring up the appeal for consideration at the first meeting of the council. The date of the meeting is not fixed.

## A Tremendous Struggle.

### Before the new President.

The *Herald's* Washington correspondent of the 21st inst, says:—"A tremendous struggle is already looming up before the new President. It will arise over the reciprocity question. It is regarded as even more serious than ratification of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty because it is believed that the treaty will be ratified by the Senate. To the adoption of a policy of reciprocity as outlined by the late President, there is already outspoken opposition. High protectionists profess to see in it danger of the country drifting to free trade. Opposition comes first from New England and will be powerfully reinforced from the Western States. President Roosevelt is very much alive to the situation, and will do all in his power to make reciprocity a fact, knowing that if he and the cabinet do not succeed the public will be prone to say in case of failure that things would have been different had McKinley not been taken away.

## SOMETHING OF A RAFT.

### Eight Months in Construction—634 Feet Long; 40 feet in Diameter.

Astoria, Sept 6.—The Robertson log raft will leave in a day or two for San Francisco in charge of the powerful tugs Tatoosh and Richard Hol-yoke. "It was built in the slough near Westport, Ore., and consists of 600,000 lineal feet of piling, procured in the vicinity of that place. The greater part of the timber came from the headwaters of Beaver Creek, from which a flume was especially constructed for the purpose, a distance of ten miles. The raft was about 8 months in course of construction. It is 634 feet in length, of cigar shape, and is about 40 feet in diameter at the largest part. Its draught is about 24 feet, and it is very unwieldy to handle under the most favorable conditions. To tow it to San Francisco from the mouth of the Columbia is expected to take about ten days. The raft is the largest of its kind ever built.