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DUKE OF YORK.

Some Interesting Facts About Our Royal Visitor

WHEN THE DUKE WAS IN HALIFAX.

An English Newspaper's Recollection of Prince George's Stay in the Garrison Town.

George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of Cornwall and York.

Born at Marlborough House, London, June 3, 1865.

Educated at home.

Joined the training ship Britannia as naval cadet, October, 1877.

Made a tour of the world as midshipman on H. M. S. Bacchante, 1880.

Confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1882.

Appointed midshipman on H. M. S. Canada, 1883.

Paid his first visit to Canada, 1883.

Passed as sub-lieutenant, obtaining a first-class for seamanship, 1884.

Promoted lieutenant, 1885.

Served under the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean Squadron, 1885-6-7.

Made commander of H. M. S. Thrush, under Admiral Watson, and again visited Canada, 1890.

Became Heir Presumptive on the death of the Duke of Clarence, January 14, 1892.

Created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney, May 24, 1892.

Married at the Chapel Royal, St. James', the Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, only daughter of the late Princess Mary of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck, July 6, 1893.

Given honorary degree of LL. D. by Cambridge University, 1894.

Given honorary degree of D.C.L. by Oxford University, 1897.

Made Commander of H. M. S. Crescent, June 8, 1898.

Promoted Rear-Admiral and Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marine Forces, January 1, 1901.

Became ipso facto Duke of Cornwall on the death of Queen Victoria, January 22, 1901.

Also inherited the titles of Prince and High Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, January 22, 1901.

Sailed from Portsmouth on his tour of the Empire, March 16, 1901.

He is a Knight of the Garter, of the Thistle, and of St. Patrick. Of the highest European orders of chivalry he possesses the Black Eagle of Prussia, St. Andrew of Russia, the Elephant of Denmark, the Golden Fleece of Spain, and the Annunciate of Italy.

He is honorary Colonel of 1st (Duke of York's) Bengal Lancers; 3rd Battalion Prince of Wales's (West Yorkshire) Militia; Suffolk Yeomanry; 3rd Middlesex Volunteer Artillery; Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Volunteers (in which post he succeeded her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg); Lient-Colonel Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's Dragoon Guards in the German Army.

His children are: Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, born at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, Midsummer Eve, June 23, 1894. (His birth marked the first occasion in English history where three direct heirs to the throne were alive at the same time). Albert Frederick Arthur George, born December 14 1895 Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary, born April 25, 1897. Henry William Frederick Albert, born March 31, 1900.

When the Duke of York arrives at Halifax, he will be on familiar ground (writes a military correspondent to M. A. P.) as he was there in my time in 1890, when commanding H.M.S. Thrush, of the North American Squadron. The Duke is sure of a particularly warm welcome from the "Blue Noses" (the suggestive, if uncomplimentary, term applied to Nova Scotians), for, to use the well-worn phrase, he won golden opinions whilst there as Prince George, by his genuine bonhomie. Then, as now, there was nothing "P. G." as he was known, disliked more than "kowtowing to him in

any shape or form, which reminds me of a story:

During the Prince's stay the officers of the regiment in garrison gave a grand ball, which "P. G." attended. His hostess was a lady, who was quite overcome by the exalted position of her guest, and she kept alternately "sireing" and "sirring" him—being divided in her mind as to which was correct—till any other man but a trained Prince would have shown signs of boredom. Eventually a move was made to the supper-room, the Prince and his hostess leading the way. Canadian oysters are good, and "P. G." expressed a desire for some. A young subaltern happened to be passing by as he did so.

"Hi, Mr. Blank," the lady called out, "bring his Royal Highness some oysters at once—and look sharp."

The subaltern, if young, was of independent character. He turned round to a servant, and said quietly, with a slight but unmistakable emphasis on the first word:

"Waiter, kindly fetch some oysters for His Royal Highness."

No one enjoyed the snub more than "P. G." But the subaltern subsequently found it convenient to go to the Indian Staff Corps.

Ceylon, on account of the substantial allowances to be drawn there, is known in the Service as the "subaltern's paradise," but probably the epithet would be applied more justly to Halifax, where sport is splendid and all-embracing, and where you can get home for a ten pound note. Moreover, the climate is exhilarating, which may have had something to do with the epidemic of harmless practical jokes which prevailed among the officers whilst the Prince was there, and which he delighted to have retailed to him. I am reminded of one which created endless amusements at the time, though to those unacquainted with the principal actor it may lose something in the telling.

There was a certain pompous subaltern, who thought no end of himself, and particularly of his singing, a view which, however, was far from being shared by his brother-officers. In honour of the Prince's visit the local Philharmonic Society determined to give an oratorio—I forget which—and a brilliant idea occurred to the arch-practical-joker of the regiment, who is now one of our most popular dramatists. A note, purporting to come from the conductor of the society, was despatched to the pompous subaltern—whom I may call X—requesting him to undertake the bass solo in the oratorio, and fixing a date for him to attend rehearsal. X was flattered, but not surprised. He wrote a joyful acceptance, which, of course, was intercepted, and for the next few days the barracks resounded with the harrowing strains of "Oh, come, ye shepherds tell me," as sung to a one finger accompaniment.

On the appointed evening X sallied forth to the hall. He had difficulty in getting past the door-keeper, but eventually made his way towards the platform, where the oratorio was in full swing. The rehearsal stopped, and the artists stared at X, wearing a smile of mingled condescension and affability, made his way up the steps. The conductor was a short-tempered man, and he came to the point without circumlocution. There was trouble and even a scuffle, it is said, but eventually the note was produced in explanation. "Waal," said the conductor, after reading it, "some-one's been making a fool of you, Mr. X, and judging by your appearance, I should say it was a moderate easy job." The luckless basso came back to the anteroom perfectly white with rage, and was greeted with a well-rendered chorus of "Oh, come, ye shepherds tell me!" The Prince roared with laughter when he heard the tale, and insisted on having the would-be rival of Foli presented to him.

The Asthmatic's Agony.

Wakeful nights, suffocating sensations, difficult breathing. What can describe it? This disease, partly nervous, partly congestive, partly the result of microbic irritation, it is no longer treated by nauseous stomach destroying drugs, but by Catarrhzone, that destroys the microbe, relieves congestion and relaxes the nervous irritability that renders breathing so difficult. The medication is carried by the air you breathe to the very seat of the disease, and removes at once the cause. The great discovery is known as Catarrhzone. Its influence upon Asthma is simply marvellous. Catarrhzone prevents as well as cures, and is the only remedy guaranteed to cure. Your money back if it fails. Two sizes at all dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

ONTARIO PRESSMAN

Said Some Complimentary Things of Fredericton.

(C. W. Young in the Cornwall, Ontario, Freeholder.)

From St John to Fredericton by water is a day's journey of pure delight. The steamers of the Star line are roomy and comfortable and the scenery is ever changing and ever lovely. Little settlements there are here and there, nestling in leafy groves at the water's edge or stretching themselves up a steep hill side; grass-covered islands that look like farms afloat; dense forests and blue mountains in the distance; slowly-moving lumber schooners or tows of black barges behind a puffing tug; a saw mill once in a while. As we near Fredericton the land becomes flatter, we go through the draw of the railway bridge and are at the dock, where it looks as if the town had got the dates mixed and was expecting Royalty instead of a few newspaper men and women. A drive through the town brought us to the station of the Canada Eastern and a short run on a special train took us to Marysville on the other side of the river where are situated the home and some of the extensive interests of Alexander Gibson, one of New Brunswick's self-made millionaires. We hurriedly run through the large cotton mill, see at a distance the comfortable homes of the thousand or more employees in the various industries, admire the handsome church built and maintained by Mr. Gibson, and enjoy a cup of coffee and a pleasant chat in his own hospitable mansion. A few minutes on the cars again bring us back to Fredericton.

Fredericton is a sociable town as well as a pretty one. For the entertainment of the press party the government buildings were illuminated and thrown open and a reception was held in the rooms of the rowing club, where an opportunity was given as at no other point on the trip, to become acquainted with the people, and the result was mutually agreeable.

The Canada Eastern railway is owned by Alexander Gibson, who placed a special train at our disposal to Chatham Junction, on the Intercolonial, a distance of about 100 miles through a picturesque country following the valley of the Nashwaak for some distance, and after crossing the height of land running in sight of the Miramichi.

Take care of the stomach and the health will take care of itself. If people only realize the soundness of that statement the majority might live to a good old age like Moses, "the eye undimmed, the natural force unabated." It is in the stomach that the blood is made. It is from the stomach that nourishment is dispensed to nerve and muscle. If the stomach is "weak" it can't do its whole work for each part of the body. If it is diseased the disease will taint the nourishment which is distributed, and so spread disease throughout the body. It was the realization of the importance of the stomach as the very centre of health and the common source of disease, which led Dr. Pierce to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery." "Diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach." The soundness of this theory is proved every day by cures of diseased organs, heart, liver, lungs, blood,—by the use of the "Discovery" which is solely and singly a medicine for the blood and organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a temperance medicine containing no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant.

In the high court Monday at Ottawa the petition against the election of Birkett, Conservative, of Ottawa, was called when the petitioner announced no evidence to offer and the case was dismissed. When the petitioner against Belcourt, Liberal, is called Friday the Conservatives will return the compliment, and this saw-off will complete the settlement of protests in Ontario.

EIGHTY YEARS OLD—CATARRH FIFTY YEARS.—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed. Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—3. Sold by W. H. Carter.

IT FITS MCKINLEY.

"In him we find the best representative of the possibilities of American life. Boy and man, he typifies American youth

and manhood, and illustrates the benefits and glory of our free institutions. He did not flash forth as a meteor; he rose with measured and stately step over rough paths and through years of rugged work. He earned his passage to every preferment. He was tried and tested at every step in his pathway of progress. He produced his passport to every gateway to opportunity and glory.....His State sustained him, and at last the nation rewarded his courage and consistency with the highest honors it could bestow." Such was the tribute paid by William McKinley to James Abram Garfield. With scarcely a change of word it may now serve to picture the career and qualities of Garfield's own eulogist and successor in the Presidency.

Experienced Corns and Warts.

Your unsatisfactory experience with other preparations should not influence you against "Putnam's." It was the first, the best, and only painless corn cure. Give it a trial. A corn treated with other remedies wouldn't do so again if it could help it. Give your corn a chance. Druggists who sell only the best always sell Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

The safe of Mrs. M. S. Keith, who keeps a general store at Butternut Ridge, Kings Co., was blown open Sunday night and over \$200 in cash stolen and a cheque for \$150 drawn by F. T. T. in favor of M. S. Keith. The burglars made their way in through the front door of the store, cutting out part of the door. They bored several holes in the safe and did the work well, evidently being professionals. Some tools were found in the store, which they had used. Information has been telephoned to the banks to be on the lookout for the cheque which is endorsed.

Your Nerves are Weak.

You sleep badly, appetite variable. You eat but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish it were night. When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wearies you. You need Ferrozone: it makes blood—red, strong blood. An appetite? You'll eat everything and digest it, too. Strength? That's what plenty of food gives. Ferrozone gives hope, vigor, vim, endurance. Use Ferrozone and get strong. Sold by C. A. Burchill.

The small pox is completely stamped out in Carleton county, thanks to the energetic preventive measures inaugurated and enforced. No new cases have developed for three weeks and on Saturday the last quarantined house was thoroughly fumigated and declared free from danger of infection.

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness, Nausea.

Maladies of this type yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and if you suffer periodically from these complaints, just keep Nerviline at hand. A few drops in sweetened water gives instant relief, and in the course of half an hour the cure is complete. A large 25c. bottle of Nerviline in the house will save doctor bills, and a vast amount of suffering every year.

Solomon Hannant, post master of Milton, Ontario, committed suicide Monday in a back room at the post office by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. Hannant was about 45 years of age and had been in good health and spirits. His financial affairs are apparently in good shape and no motive for suicide can be learned. He leaves a wife and six children.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system, and restores lost appetite.

A well to do farmer and good citizen, Thomas Vail, of Jacksonville Corner, Carleton Co. was found dead in the cow stables adjoining his residence Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. He had probably passed away about two hours previous. The deceased was 55 years of age and unmarried. Heart disease, it is supposed, was the cause of his death. Mr. Vail was in Woodstock Saturday and made preparation to leave home Monday for a hunting trip on the Miramichi.

If you take a Laxa-Liver Pill at night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache.

MRS. MCKINLEY'S ONLY INTERVIEW.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

In the first interview which Mrs. McKinley has ever given to a newspaper reporter, she being then in New Orleans on the trip which ended in her illness, Mrs. McKinley began to talk about the president, whose name was mentioned. "Do you know Major McKinley?" she asked. "Ah, no one can know him, because to appreciate him one must know him as I do. And I am not speaking now of Major McKinley as the president, I am speaking of him as my husband. If any one could know what it is to have a sick wife, complaining, always an invalid for twenty-five years, seldom a day well, and yet never a word of unkindness has ever passed his lips; he is just the same tender, thoughtful, kind gentleman I knew when first he came and sought my hand. I know him because I am his wife, and my proudest pleasure is to say this, not because he is the president, but because he is my husband. He is so kind, so good, so patient. He gives me all the time he can; he never forgets me, no matter how busy he is. But I will be glad when he is out of public life. I did not want him to run a second time. I thought that he had done enough for the country, and now I know that he has done enough and when his term expires he will come home and we will settle down quietly and he will belong to me."

PASSED 15 WORMS. I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and one-half years old; the result was that she passed fifteen round worms in five days. Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmanagh, Ont.

Great excitement prevailed throughout all Northern New York Friday night as the bulletins from the dying President's bed were being received. In Malone, a town of considerable size in Franklin county, after the bulletin announcing President McKinley's death had been read, a cab-man named Jason standing near shouted: "I am d—d glad of it." Immediately he was seized in a hundred hands, and the whole crowd of people was in an uproar. Everybody was keyed up to the highest pitch, and was looking for some one on whom to vent his wrath. For a while it looked as though the victim would be killed, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was rescued by the police and placed behind the prison walls. He is in a very serious condition as the result of the rough handling he received at the hands of the angry crowd.

The water is so extremely low in the St. John river that steamers experience considerable difficulty in passing through what is known as the "dredged track," Grand Lake. The May Queen Monday was forced to come to a dead stop more than once, owing to the shallowness of the river. When a boat passes these shoals it leaves a track of muddy water behind.

Protection is the battle cry, and when you spend money for Tea you should be protected by a trade mark. "UNION BLEND" is a trade mark and if you get that when buying tea you are sure of the best. A key in every pound package.

Rev Alex F. Robb, formerly of Doaktown, was married to Miss Bessie A. Cumming, daughter of Rev Mr. Cummings, of Westville, Pictou, N. S., Tuesday afternoon. The wedding took place at the bride's parents' home, Rev. Mr. Cumming officiating. Miss Cumming's sister was bridesmaid, and Rev. Harold Clark, of Doaktown supported the groom. The bride will accompany her husband on his missionary journey to Korea. They will be farewelled in St. David's church Wednesday evening. Miss Kate McMillan, of Caraquet, a medical missionary, will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Robb.

Grand Duke hats at Lucy's, the latest and best.

Men's suits in single and double breast at Lucy's, in all prices from \$4 to \$16.

Men's fall and winter overcoats at Lucy's, neat new and nobby.

Boys' oxford pants for school at Lucy's, the most serviceable and best.

Men's reefers and ulsters at Lucy's in all styles and patterns.

Men's dress silk hats at Lucy's in the latest and best styles.

Men and boys white dress shirts at Lucy's of the newest and best makes.