

The Daily Herald.

VOL. VIII.

FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1903.

NO. 212

PETE FONTAINE

Famous French Canadian Poacher

STILL ROAMS THE WOODS.

Hunter Who Was Shot by a Warden Returns to Maine.

Portland, Me., September 13.—A party of Maine sportsmen who have just returned from a trip through the northern Maine woods, met near the Canadian border Pete Lafontaine, the famous game poacher, who was shot by Game Warden H. O. Templeton on March 19, 1902. The old hunter is building a camp on the Quebec side of the St. John river, about 15 miles from the border. He takes an occasional trip across to the Maine side, but only for a day or two. He has no ambition to again test the mettle of the Maine wardens.

Warden Templeton, of Greenville Junction, is aware that his old adversary is still in the flesh. "He won't be likely to bother us or our game any more," says the warden, "for he doesn't want a second dose of 'pills' such as I gave him a year ago last March."

The shooting of Pete Lafontaine was the biggest sensation of the Maine woods in 1902. He was known to have done a wholesale killing of game out of season, and when advised to keep over on the Canadian side of the border he replied that he would make it very warm for any Maine warden that dared interfere with him. Pete had five or six camps, located in secluded places along the border, and moved from one to the other with such craftiness that he kept the whole posse of game wardens guessing his main camp was on the St. John head waters, about 50 miles from the head of Moosehead. He was said to have operated all along the border from Baker Lake to St. John Pond.

In March of that year, State Commissioner Carleton conferred with Warden Templeton and suggested that he take a trip up along the border to see if he could locate Pete and discover any evidence of his violation of the game laws. The warden returned with the information that he hadn't found the poacher, but had located one of his camps, and in it found some beaver skins.

Commissioner Carleton, believing that Lafontaine would shortly return for the skins, sent Wardens Templeton, Huston and Forest on a hunt. In some way he got wind that they were coming. When they reached the camp that had been previously located he was gone, but there was evidence that he had been there within a few hours. There was still quite a depth of snow in the woods. He had left on snowshoes, but had dragged some brush behind him to give the tracks the appearance of having been made some days before. The wardens followed him 11 miles. On the way they met a sportsman who had seen him pass, and was able to give them the general direction in which he went.

The tracks led to a camp in the thickest kind of a tangle of small growth. It was about 6 p. m. Unfastening their snowshoes, with the exception of the toe-straps, they noiselessly approached the door of the camp, and arriving there, kicked off their snowshoes and made a combined attack on the door. It gave way. Pete had been taken completely by surprise, but had got down from his bunk and was just seizing his rifle from the pegs above the bunk when Warden Templeton levelled his revolver and fired. Pete dropped, with a mingled groan and curse.

The bullet had entered his side, and it seemed like a mortal wound. He said he was sure he would die, and he asked that he be taken to his aged mother's home across the border. He was taken to the nearest doctor, who said the wound would undoubtedly prove fatal. Warden Huston and an assistant carried the

wounded man to the Quebec side, and left him to die in his old home. His mother's faithful nursing, and his own iron constitution and dogged determination, saved him. He was laid up a long time, but is now as active as before.

CANADIAN APPLES.

Best in the World, so Says Mr. Thomas Russell of Glasgow.

Ottawa, Sept. 12.—Three visitors in the city are Messrs. Thomas Russell, Andrew Clement and Robert Kennedy, all of Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Russell is perhaps the largest importer of apples in Scotland, while Messrs. Clement and Kennedy are interested in dairy products.

Mr. Russell says that he considers Canadian apples the best in the world. "There is absolutely no doubt about it," said Mr. Russell. "We can take all the apples Canada can produce, and more. The Canadian apple has become a household food and is asked for by every one. The man who comes this year for one barrel will come next year for two. This has been the past history of the trade, and this will be the future of the trade. Canadian apples will continue to grow in demand, and all I can say is that the supply cannot grow fast enough to suit us. I have just returned from a trip through Western Ontario, and from what I have seen the crop this year is going to be excellent."

"Do you find any trouble in faulty packing, Mr. Russell?"

"I have found Canadians are the fairest, squarest men I have ever dealt with. I have found them honest, upright and straightforward in every thing I have had to do with them. Your government has made laws which call for inspection of fruit packed for shipment, and while I have not found fault, I must say that since these laws have been introduced there has been a great improvement."

Mr. Clement is a cheese importer in Glasgow, and speaks very highly of the prospects for Canadian cheese in Scotland. The Canadian dealers, he said, run the prices up a great deal too high at times for their market, but they will find out for themselves before long. They must take better care in the packing of the goods also.

For the Skeptical.

My brother went into the death trap at the Colenso River with the Irish Brigade under Fitzroy Hart. He was a Captain in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers—he is no longer. One bright moonlight night in December, 1899, my wife, her mother, and myself were sitting in the drawing-room, talking of the South African war, when suddenly and unexpectedly a gun shot in the immediate vicinity was heard, and simultaneously something fell in the room. Before we were aware of what had actually fallen, my respected mother-in-law, who is Highland, instinctively exclaimed, "Charley's photo!" On rising to look, sure enough, I found that my brother's photo had fallen out of its frame, and was lying face downward on the floor. On the next day we heard of the appalling disaster of Colenso. These absolutely true facts should surely convert the most sceptical of premonitory warnings, yet the explanation might possibly slightly shake their new found faith. My next door neighbor was having a pot shot at a rabbit in his garden, the photo frame was old and of the cheap foreign "dump" order, and my rheumatic but unscarred brother is now in the Army Pay Department.—Gourley W. Todd, in The London Spectator.

Irritating Pimples and Disfiguring Blisters.

They place many young girls at a great disadvantage in life. The only cure is a blood purifier like Ferrozone. It cleanses the crimson blood of poisons and impurities, renews and strengthens it, and makes lots of red corpuscles that manifest their presence by a rosy, healthy glow in the cheeks and lips. Ferrozone quickly masters all skin eruptions, builds up broken down constitutions, and gives to weak, sickly women an abundance of spirits, vitality, energy and beauty. Try Ferrozone, it's all right. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Why is an old man like a window? He is full of pains (panes).

Of Special Interest to Ladies.

Unsightly warts can be removed in a few hours by Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it is liable, safe and sure and costs but 25c. Insist on "Putnam's," it's the best.

NEW SIDE LIGHT

Thrown by General Hart-Synnot on Battle of Colenso.

FLATLY CONTRADICTED GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

In a letter published in The Times of Sept. 2nd, Major General Hart-Synnot, who commanded the 5th (Irish) Brigade, at Colenso, where General Buller met his first defeat in the South African war, says: "I have read today in The Times of the 29th inst., with reference to the battle of Colenso, that Sir Redvers Buller said to the Royal Commission as follows: 'As the guns were getting into position I noticed that the 5th Brigade were advancing beyond the position that I had allotted to them, and sent at once to them. My messenger was delayed by bad ground, and the brigade, continuing to advance, came under fire. Very shortly afterwards they received from me an order by a second messenger to withdraw out of range.'"

Allow me to say, with the full respect due from me to Sir Redvers Buller's military rank, that this statement is incompatible with facts. There was no such position allotted to my brigade, nor was it withdrawn out of range on account of any unauthorized advance. I was given by Sir Redvers Buller a place of departure, a time to start, a route of advance, and a point of attack. The place of departure was my camp, the time to start was 4.30 a. m. The point of attack was marked on a hand-drawn map which he gave me; it was a ford represented near the elbow of a Tugela loop trending towards the enemy; that is to say, the loop was salient as to us, re-entering as to the enemy. For my route I was given, by his Colonial adviser, a Kaffir, who was to lead me to this ford. In reply to my queries, I was emphatically assured that I might pin my faith to this Kaffir, that he lived at the ford, and would take me unerringly to it, and that I should find it fordable. Sir Redvers Buller's orders, given first verbally by himself, were soon after issued in writing and are public. The original sketch map and orders are before me now. The brigade started, and moved according to those orders. On approaching the position of the map indicated ford, I was astonished to learn from the Kaffir that there was no ford at all anywhere there, and that the only ford was at the top of the loop, even as he pointed and averred under searching interrogation. This was the man who was to lead me to the ford by which it was said the Irish Brigade could cross the river that I had received Sir Redvers Buller's unqualified order to force. At this stage the enemy opened with shell, which fell short of us; the brigade was accordingly deployed and advanced in fighting formation into the loop as I directed, heading for the Kaffir's ford. The enemy's fire encountered at the loop was warm; it was cross fire from three directions of invisible intrenchments on the further bank and bombardment from the hills; there was no cover; still the Irishmen forged slowly and surely ahead in short rushes, lying flat between to send back much lead where they thought it came from, and always gaining ground. The leading men had got to 300 yards from the Kaffir's ford when Colonel Stopford rode up to me in the middle of the loop and said Sir Redvers Buller had sent him to say he could see we could not do it—meaning force the passage of the Tugela—so the brigade was to retire, and Sir Redvers would cover its retreat with artillery fire. This was done. There was no question of having advanced beyond any allotted position, no corrective recall out of range.

Since the war I have learnt by personal inspection of the ground that no ford ever existed at the place marked on the sketch map, and I have been told by my antagonist, General Botha, that the water at the Kaffir's ford at the time was up to a man's armpits at least. The Tugela, therefore, was unfordable by infantry in action that day, and the Kaffir was a delusion. Americans are known as a dyspeptic people. The extent of this disease may be inferred from the multitude of so called "medicines" offered as a remedy. They are often in tablet form and have no value except as palliatives of the immediate effects of dyspepsia. The man who used them may feel better but is surely getting worse. They do not touch the real cause of the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine specially prepared to cure diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not made to give temporary relief but to effect permanent cure. In ninety eight cases out of every hundred it cures perfectly and permanently. It has cost Dr. Pierce \$25,000 to give away in the last year the copies of his People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which have been applied for. This book of 1008 pages is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing and customs. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LATE HARRY SULLIVAN.

Further Particulars of His Death—An Account of Funeral.

A correspondent sends further particulars regarding the death of Mr. Harry Sullivan which was reported in the Herald some days ago.

The death occurred at Stillwater, Minn., on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, of Harry, son of Mr. Philip Sullivan, Cross Creek. The deceased young man who was only 20 years of age, was a native of Cross Creek and located in the west about a year ago. He contracted typhoid fever early in August and was thought to be fairly on the road to recovery when complications set in and on the 2nd instant he gave up his young life as above stated.

The deceased was well and favourably known in this city as well as in his native parish, where by his genial and kindly manner he made himself beloved by old and young alike.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning from his late home at Stanley and was one of the largest seen in Stanley for some years, there being 85 carriages in the funeral procession. The remains were taken to the Roman Catholic church at Stanley where high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Ryan, after which the remains were interred in the Stanley cemetery.

Among the many beautiful floral offerings were:

Large cross of sweet peas from the parents of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sullivan.

Crescent of white "daybreak" asters, lilies and maiden hair ferns, with words "Our Darling Brother" in purple flowers, from his sisters Misses Marie, Ida and Dora Sullivan and Miss Gertrude Lynch.

Pillow of tea roses, lilies and asters, with the words "At Rest" in purple flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sullivan and family, of Stillwater, Minn.

Large cross of dahlias and lilies from his uncles John and Thomas and Master Willie Sullivan.

Wreath of roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan and family.

Broken wheel of sweet peas and tea roses from Hersey Lumber Co., Stillwater, Minn.

Large cross white carnations and sweet peas from Milford McNeil.

Asters and roses, Miss Gertrude M. Roy, of Bangor, Me.

Cross of lilies and roses, Mr. and Mrs. James Crotty, Stillwater, Minn.

Crescent of lilies and carnations, Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan, Stillwater, Minn.

Asters and roses, Mr. and Mrs. McMinaman, Portland, Me.

Wreath of Gladiolas, Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan, Stillwater, Minn.

Basket sweet peas and roses, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Brien, Bangor, Me.

Sweet peas, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bell.

Gladiolas and roses, Mrs. G. R. Brown, Stillwater, Minn.

Roses, carnations and lilies, Mr. and Mrs. George McLay and family, Stillwater, Minn.

At Sewing Circle Last Week.

"Yes," said Mrs. McQuarry, in discussing the bread question at sewing circle last week, "it pays to pay more for Ogilvie's flour than for ordinary flours. It pays to pay more for a flour that will make more loaves of bread to the barrel than ordinary flours. It would pay to pay more, even if the bread were just the same as ordinary flours. Ogilvie's flour, I find, not only makes more bread but also makes it of a higher quality."

What bird can lift the heaviest weights? The crane.

SALISBURY STORIES.

Strange Mistakes Made by the Late Statesman.]

The London Daily Graphic, in its issue of August 25, has the following in its long biographical sketch of the late Lord Salisbury: Closely connected with his retiring disposition was a curious mental ailment—to borrow Mr. T. P. O'Connor's apt phrase—which often caused Lord Salisbury to make remarkable mistakes of identity. The Manchester Guardian is responsible for the story that Lord Salisbury, the Bishop of London, and many others, happened to be in a room with the King. The King told the Bishop—who, by the way, had been one of Lord Salisbury's own appointments—that Lord Salisbury had asked in reference to him, "Who is that young looking cleric?" And then, to save embarrassment of the Bishop, his Majesty added, pleasantly: "But you need not mind that. I just showed him the latest photograph of myself, and after looking at it some moments in silence, he said, sympathetically, 'Poor old Buller!'"

Another story of the same character refers to an incident at a garden party at Hatfield the summer before last, while the South African war was still in progress. A certain baronet, who had recently returned from a visit to South Africa, was among the guests. In the course of the afternoon Lord Salisbury took him by the arm, saying, "I want a quiet word with you," and proceeded to inquire about his views on the military situation. The Baronet, astonished and delighted by this mark of honor, freely offered long and detailed criticisms on the war and everything connected with it, to all of which Lord Salisbury listened with profound attention. Later this nephew asked: "What did you find to talk about so long a time with Sir So-and-so?" "I don't know what you mean," was the reply, "I never spoke to him in my life. I have just been having a long and important talk with Lord Roberts—and I certainly found him thoroughly outspoken."

Excursion Rates

For the above the Canadian Pacific Railway will make single fare rates for the round trip from all points in New Brunswick and Aroostook county, Me. Tickets on sale Sept. 18th to 25th, good to return till Sept. 28th, and will make exceptional low rates on special days.

On Tuesday, Sept. 22nd a passenger extra train will leave Houlton at 8 a. m., for Fredericton, via Woodstock and Gibson Branch. On Wednesday Sept. 24th, a passenger extra train will leave Aroostook Junction at 7 a. m. for Fredericton. This train will make all stops as far south as Newburg Junction, but will not stop to pick up business between Newburg and Fredericton.

Returning, passenger extra train will leave Fredericton on the afternoon of Wed. Sept. 23rd, and run through to Woodstock and Houlton stopping at intermediate points to set down passengers.

The single fare and special low rates from principal points are as follows:—

ROUTE—VIA GIBSON BRANCH.

Single Fare	Place	Low Rate Going	Selling Date	Limit Return
\$4.10	Edmundston	\$3.55	Sept. 22nd	25th
3.90	Grand Falls	2.75	do do	do
4.25	Presque Isle	3.05	do do	do
3.90	Carleton Place	2.75	do do	do
3.60	St. Fairfield	2.50	do do	do
4.25	Plaster Rock	2.80	do do	do
3.50	Andover	2.30	do do	do
3.80	Perth	2.25	do do	do
2.55	Florenceville	1.75	do do	do
2.20	Hartland	1.50	do do	do
2.10	Woodstock	1.30	do do	22nd 24th
2.60	Houlton	1.90	do do	do

ROUTE—VIA McADAM JUNCTION.

Single Fare	Place	Low Rate Going	Selling Date	Limit Return
\$3.00	St. Stephen	\$2.15	Sept. 22nd	24th
3.00	St. Andrews	2.30	do do	do
2.00	St. John	1.55	do do	do

Bands of musicians of ten or more in uniform and carrying instruments, to pay one half above rates.

If any further information is required please write to Mr. C. E. Foster, D. P. A., Canadian Pacific Railway, St. John, N. B.

When you do not relish your food and feel dull and stupid after eating, all you need is a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will make you feel like a new man and give you an appetite like a bear. For sale by all druggists.

You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde. He did, but she dyed.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.