

AVOIDED PANIC.

Crowd Walked Leisurely out of Burning Theatre.

TROUBLE WAS AVERTED BY ACTOR TELLING AUDIENCE

That Fire was in the Next Building.

New York, May 9.—Confronted by conditions which might have led to a fire panic, eighteen hundred persons hurried out of Proctor's Theatre Saturday night without loss of life or injury to a single person.

Smoke from the flames which were on the top floor of the theatre building was making its way into the auditorium, when the audience, which crowded orchestra, balcony and gallery to their utmost capacity was brought face to face with peril.

It is to the credit of the big audience, the authorities say, as well as to the presence of mind of theatre employees, firemen and police, that there was not a repetition of the scenes of the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago. A false move and the eighteen hundred persons must have been thrown into a fatal panic. So far as the police could learn two women fainted. They were saved from injury by policemen.

The theatre occupies the rear half of a four-story brick building on the south side of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, between Lexington and Park Avenues. The building was erected twelve years ago by Oscar Hammerstein, and covers three building plots of a total frontage of 100 feet on East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, extending through the blocks to One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street. The top floor is entirely devoted to a scenery and stage room, and the scenery for all of Proctor's seven theatres is manufactured there. It is believed that the flames started in the paint stored in the work-rooms.

Asbestos Curtain Worked Well.

It was shortly after 9 p. m. when the audience was non-plussed by the dropping of the asbestos curtain. The orders had been carried out noiselessly and the entire absence of confusion dispelled any fears the audience might otherwise have felt. The lights were lowered to meet the requirements of the setting of the second act, and Manager Brunnell was not observed as he sped down the side aisle into his private box on the left hand side of the stage. The box is equipped with an electric button for just such an emergency.

Brunnell pressed the button which summoned to fire drill the sixty employees of the theatre. This drill is rehearsed twice a week. The summons last night met with a faithful response from every man. In a twinkling every man was at his station at the fire exits. John Prout doorkeeper of the main entrance, threw wide the doors, and at the same time the doors of all the exits were unfolding.

With the dropping of the asbestos curtain the electrician threw on the switches for the entire theatre, so that the place was brilliantly illuminated. Although these features of the fire drill had been performed with marvellous celerity, the flames had spread rapidly, and when the exit doors were opened clouds of smoke were carried by the drafts into the theatre.

Brunnell had anticipated this crucial moment, and at the first murmur of excitement from the audience he stood on the railing of the private box and with hand uplifted commanded silence. Several women showed a disposition to cause commotion, but Brunnell spoke to them directly and they held their peace.

While the audience was held in check by Brunnell, Paul McAllister, one of the principals in the cast of the comedy,

appeared from behind the asbestos curtain followed by a fireman.

Actor Reassures the Audience.

"There is a slight fire in the building adjoining the theatre," McAllister said, in well modulated tones. "There is no need of losing your head. You can return to the theatre and see the conclusion of the comedy if you desire, but first leave the building in a quiet and orderly manner. You can observe for yourselves that all the exits are opened. Take your choice as to which one," McAllister cried with apparent levity.

Although smoke was by this time pouring into the theatre the audience could not resist the nonchalance of McAllister. Women delayed in some cases to put on wraps and hats.

"Let's have a two-step?" McAllister shouted to Bandmaster F. C. Smythe as a parting shot.

The orchestra struck up a lively march and the audience turned toward the exits. Those first to reach One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street saw the thoroughfare brilliantly lighted by the flames.

The firemen got the flames under control after about \$70,000 damages had been done. Manager Brunnell said that as evidence of the bravery with which the audience faced their peril only one woman's hat was found in the theatre after the building had been vacated.

THOUSANDS ACQUIRING THE DOPE HABIT.

The dope habit is being acquired by thousands of Canadians through using so-called cures for Catarrh containing an excessive amount of alcohol and other dangerous drugs. Doctors claim there is only one safe and certain cure for Catarrh—fragrant healing Catarrhzone which cures by medicated vapor that is breathed direct to the seat of the disease. The balsamic vapor of Catarrhzone kills the germs, heals sore spots, stops dropping in the throat, keeps the nose clear and permanently eradicates every trace of catarrh from the system. Catarrhzone can't fail; it's guaranteed. Two months treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

Burt's Corner.

Special correspondence to the Herald) May 9th.—The lumbermen are having a hard time bringing their lumber out of the brooks. W. H. Allen, who is driving the Scott lumber is having quite a drag of it. Their drive will be at its destination in the course of a week.

Burt and Jones are having a hard time with their lumber. Their logs are in the upper drive. They have to wait until the Scott lumber gets past their mill before they can let theirs out, as they cannot separate them at the mill. They have been running their mill and it works very well with the exception of the edger.

The farmers are beginning to farm. Doctor Morehouse and a number of others are going up to Fish Lake on the Keswick waters, fishing.

Charles Mergan passed through our town yesterday.

Times are a little dull now, as the most of our young men are away.

Take care of the stomach and the health will take care of itself. If people only realized 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.

When is a Scotchman like a donkey? When he stands on his banks and braes.

THE BEST LAXATIVE SOLD

Is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which relieves constipation, headache and liver complaint in a few hours. Very mild, yet certain. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

THE PITY OF IT.

Pathetic Story of a Quebec Youth

WHO DESTROYED HIMSELF IN SOUTH AFRICA

In Fear of Being Tried for Desertion.

(Francis Daor in the Montreal Herald).

The other day as I happened into one of the stores on St. Catherine street, I noticed, hanging on the wall, a framed list of the soldiers who had enlisted for the South African war. I glanced down the names carelessly, noticing here and there a familiar one, and paused at one that read simply: "C. C. Owen." So the list had it, "C. C. Owen," but to me the name read, "Clarence C. Owen, private." I remembered the story of this same Clarence C. Owen, now buried in a South African grave; a story, strange, unique, and interesting, as revealing the pitiful peculiarities of disposition to which we are all subject.

He came from one of those country districts about the Three Villages, Raiter's District, I think it is called. I happened to be in that neighborhood during a certain Christmas season, a number of years ago. At the little country school house a Christmas tree entertainment was being held, and the school children, the teacher and the parents had prided themselves on the result. I can clearly see the little schoolhouse with its Chinese lantern, its five trees, its little organ, brought there for the occasion, its eager-faced children, and the genial-faced farmer who acted as chairman. The seats were filled with neighborhood folk, and at the back on the long benches were seated the youths and boys who vigorously applauded everything. The programme was similar to all such programmes. The children recited their pieces prettily or sang their songs with strong voices, looking longingly at the tree. Suddenly there was a lull in the programme. The chairman looked askant at the youth who came up the aisle, the boys giggled. A few minutes' conversation followed, the chairman shook his head, the teacher looked serious. I caught their words, "Clarence Owen wants to sing."

After a few minutes of discussion the chairman got up and announced a song by Clarence Owen. I waited curiously wondering at the hesitation, and the sudden insertion of an evidently impromptu performer. A young fellow about six feet tall, broad shouldered with a frank, ruddy face, came forward. He had to stoop as he stepped on the little platform, and his big frame made the little schoolhouse seem small. A hush fell on the audience. The big fellow bowed awkwardly, then commenced a rollicking barroom song. The voice was in accord with the great body, and verse after verse of the doggerel was sung to the great happiness of the boys on the back seat and the dismay of the teacher. It was extremely ludicrous.

Old Rodney told me afterward about the lad. "The terror of the neighborhood," said he, "but brave enough. He fears nothing. He goes off to the lake, and spends the night alone on Owl's Head. His reputation for devilry has gone even beyond the district, and yet in some things he is remarkably clever. He knows history, country boy as he is, as well as you know your a, b, c's."

A number of years after, I was reading a report of a lecture given by Chaplain Lane, on his return from South Africa. He told the story of a young private named Clarence Owen, to whom he had taken a great fancy on the way out. One day, after their arrival, as the troops were on the march, young Owen fell out of his column, and in some way did not get back into it until a number of hours later. Some of his comrades, being ready for a lark, told him that he would be arrested, and tried for desertion. One does not grow up with woods and lakes and hills for company, without getting certain crude ideas, and Owen believed

them. After they were sleeping, he thought it out seriously. To him it was very real. He had probably seen the V. C. on his coat already, and now was to come to shame. So real, indeed, was it to him that he sat down and wrote a letter of farewell to his mother, saying he could not die in disgrace, and then shot himself. In the morning his comrades found the letter, and his dead body.

So, with the name of "C. C. Owen," I can see the ruddy-faced youth on the school platform, and the white-faced corpse in South Africa. I can draw no moral save the pity of it. It simply happened.

A TWO MINUTE CRAMP CURE

That isn't equalled the world over is Nerviline, the greatest relief for cramps and stomach pains ever discovered. Nerviline acts promptly and is very pleasant to take. "I think Nerviline is the finest remedy in the world for colic and cramps" writes W. B. Wilton of Toledo. "When I take Nerviline I know it's going to relieve quickly and for that reason I am never without it. I have found Nerviline good for sick headache and stomach troubles and recommend it for strength and sureness." Excellent for inward use, good to rub on. Price 25c.

GAGETOWN CIRCUIT.

Large and Enthusiastic Quarterly Meeting—Resolution of Condolence.

The fourth quarterly meeting in connection with the Gagetown Methodist circuit was held at Pine Grove church, Barton, on the 9th inst, under the presidency of the Rev. James Crisp, chairman of the district, and John E. Harris, acting pastor, also a representation from each of the different churches. It was the largest and most enthusiastic gathering of the board for years. The financial outlook is most satisfactory.

Mr. M. E. A. Barpee of Barton, was elected representative to the forthcoming district meeting, and J. E. Harris, the pastor, received a very hearty and unanimous invitation to labor in the circuit for the ensuing year, subject to the approval of Conference.

The friends in Barton are worthy of the highest praise in contributing so largely to the success and enjoyment of the large party met for the transaction of the circuit business.

The following resolution was passed:

We the members of the quarterly official board of the Gagetown circuit desire to express our heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. James and family in their sore bereavement in the loss of a devoted and loving husband, and father, and pray that the blessing of our Heavenly Father may rest upon them, and that He may give them all needful grace and support in the day of sorrow.

The above resolution was moved by J. L. Cambridge, seconded by A. S. Cory and carried unanimously.

JAMES CRISP, Chairman.

J. P. BULYEA, Secretary.

DROWNED TO SAVE HER BOY.

Virginia Woman Makes Rescuer Take Her Infant Son First.

Norfolk, Va., May 11.—Rather than see her two year old boy drown, Mrs. Kate Dorman sacrificed her life today. Mrs. Dorman, with her sisters, Mrs. Kuhn and Mrs. Landweber and Earl Dorman, two years old, were driving over Lynn Haven River in a carriage drawn by a mule. While on the bridge the animal became unmanageable and backed the vehicle and its occupants into the river.

John Williams, a negro, was fishing in a boat some distance away. He heard the screams of the women and rowed to the scene. After a struggle he saved Mrs. Kuhn and Mrs. Landweber and was in the act of saving Mrs. Dorman, when she begged the negro to save her boy. This was accomplished, but when the boat returned Mrs. Dorman had gone down.

DID YOU GET UP TIRED?

At this season tiredness fastens itself even upon the healthy and strong. If not feeling well you should build up, get more blood into your veins, increase your store of nerve energy. What you need is that builder and tonic, Ferrozone, which contains the strengthening elements your system needs. Ferrozone makes flesh, nerve and muscle; gives you appetite, abundant energy, buoyant spirits—in short Ferrozone assures health and costs 50c. at all druggists. Get Ferrozone today.

Which bird can carry the heaviest weights? The crane.

THEY NEED THE RAILWAY.

Mr. A. S. Jobin on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

London, Ont., May 7.—Mr. A. S. Jobin, who has spent the past four or five years in the northwest as a teacher, and has travelled a good deal in that time in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, is in the city with his companion, Dr. F. X. Renaud of Montreal. These gentlemen were interviewed to-day, both taking strong ground in regard to the need of more railway facilities in the northwest. Mr. Jobin, in speaking of building the Grand Trunk Pacific, said:—"It has got to the point with us in the northwest where it is not a political question at all; it is an imperative necessity. How the people in the east can look upon it as a political question we cannot understand. If they only knew the need for such a railway in the northwest we are sure they would not oppose it for any political reasons." Mr. Jobin further states it as his positive conviction that before the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed there will be talk of a third transcontinental railway, so great is the growth of the northwest and the needs of the country for transportation. Mr. Jobin did not speak disparagingly of the C. P. R. On the contrary, he paid high tribute to this pioneer transcontinental railway, which were doing all in their power to help the people; but their capacity had a limit, and as the country was broadening it was necessary that the C. P. R. should have an assistant railway. The C. P. R. would not lose by having a competitor. It would simply reduce the strain on the road. In fact," said Mr. Jobin, "there is not the slightest doubt but before the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is completed they will be advocating a third railway there. It will have to come, as there will be traffic more than the C. P. R. and G. T. P. can handle within a very few years. The northwest is the coming country." Mr. Jobin said that the west was united on the question of transportation. Only once in a while a traveller would drop in from the east, and if politically opposed to the Grand Trunk Pacific would start an argument. That would settle it for him. The storekeeper or the citizen of the northwest had no use for the man who wanted to keep back the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

WENT A SWIFT PACE.

Young Man Who Got Rid of \$1,000,000 in Five Years.

John Campbell Smith of 29 West Sixty-ninth Street, New York who was formerly a paper merchant at 132 Nassau Street, and who inherited over \$1,000,000 five years ago, filed a petition in bankruptcy Tuesday with liabilities of \$48,316 and assets consisting of 3,150 shares of stock of a paper manufacturing company of no value, a quarter interest in two lots at Hastings, N. Y., value unknown, a possible reversionary interest in the estate of Richard A. Smith, value unknown; and a remainder interest in one-quarter of the residuary estate of John Campbell, value unknown, both dependent on the petitioner's survivorship.

Smith is about thirty-six years old. He was employed as salesman in the paper business by his grand-uncle, Augustine Smith, who died in January, 1897, leaving a large fortune. The petitioner inherited from this granduncle over \$1,000,000. On April 1, 1897 he became a partner in the firm of E. S. Ryder & Co., and on Jan. 1, 1899 partner in the firm of Augustine J. Smith & Co., paper merchant, at 132 Nassau Street, from which firm he retired, it is said, on Feb. 1, 1904.

At the office of the latter firm it is said that Mr. Smith had not been a partner for a long time past, and they did not care to say anything about the cause of his bankruptcy. In the trade it is said Smith lost a large part of his fortune in cotton and copper. Besides the paper business he was interested in many outside enterprises. He was Treasurer of the American Automatic Lubricator Company, President of the Roasted Oats Company, and a Director of the Stuyvesant Company. His residence, 29 West Sixty-ninth Street, is said to belong to his wife.

Smith's debts are principally for jewelry, silverware, furs, dry goods, and clothing.

Promenade Concert.

The Fredericton brass band will hold a festival and promenade concert in the Arctic Rink on the evening of Victoria day, the use of the building having been granted them free of charge by Lessee Hanson.

Why is Athens like the wick of a candle? Because it is in the middle of Greece.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.