

The Daily Herald.

VOL. IX.

FREDERICTON N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1904

NO. 176

RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Piled Itself up on Dock at Owen Sound.

BRAKES REFUSED TO ACT WHEN GOING DOWN GRADE.

Owen Sound, July 26.—A wreck in the Grand Trunk yards at 12.30 yesterday afternoon was the culmination of a most thrilling experience. The excitement commenced at Ben Allen, seven miles out, when Engineer Henry Brown of Palmerston, discovered that the speed of the marl trail which he was hauling was getting greater as they went down grade. He whistled for brakes, but the train kept moving faster and faster. He repeatedly whistled, until finally the signal could be heard from the local yards.

As the train approached the yards at a high rate of speed, he reversed the engine, but the immense weight of the marl train only caused the wheels to skid. The brakes refused absolutely to respond. Like a flash the train passed the depot and Fireman Johnston jumped for his life.

The engine stuck by his train to the end of the rails opposite Agent Dench's residence, when, he, too, jumped. The locomotive ploughed over the roadway across to the dock, and finally half buried herself in the timbers of the wharf and almost touching the bulwarks of the schooner Ida A. Olsen of Bay City. Five cars piled up on each other, and were terribly wrecked, and broken timbers and wheels stuck indiscriminately from the muddy mass of marl with which they were loaded.

The engine is not seriously damaged, and the loss to rolling stock is confined largely to the five wrecked cars and their contents. The wrecking crews will have the greatest difficulty in removing the locomotive.

MONKS UNDER THE HOSE.

Fire Apparatus Subdues the Fathers at Tremontre.

(From the London Express.)

Paris, July 1.—A remarkable scene occurred this evening at Nantes during the expulsion of the Tremontre monks from their monastery.

The town is to a very large extent a Roman Catholic one, and when it was known that the monks were to be expelled feeling ran very high. For several days past carpenters and locksmiths have been busy strengthening the doors and locks of the monastery, which is in the St. Donatien quarter of the town. About a hundred young men, partisans of the monks, took up their residence in the monastery, and barricaded themselves inside.

At sunrise this morning an imposing force of police, gendarmes, and soldiers surrounded the building. Then the official liquidator, accompanied by the Police Magistrate, appeared at the main entrance and knocked at the gate, after which, as a matter of form, the judgment was read out.

The monks were commanded to open the door, but they were in their napel at matins, and the young men within made no response. Having been warned of the approach of the military they were looking on from the upper windows.

Five minutes later a couple of sappers began dealing tremendous blows on the heavy door, and found after an hour's exhausting labor that there were strong barricades within.

In another twenty minutes the inner barricade was sufficiently battered down to leave a breach. The Police Magistrate ordered the soldiers to stand aside, and the local fire brigade, which had taken up its position a few yards off, to pour a stream of water through the opening.

The defenders found it impossible to resist the powerful jet; the planks which the defenders were piling up behind the breach were hastily dropped and the monks and their assistants got out of the line of fire as fast as they could. The attacking party advanced to the inner door, behind which the defenders were gathered, and there a similar scene was enacted.

The hose was played upon the little band unmercifully, until at length, after two hours' seige, the liquidator entered the flooded premises.

The superior, surrounded by his monks, received the liquidator and the Police Magistrate in the refectory.

"Gentlemen," said the former official, "I am sorry to make such an unceremonious entrance, but you

are wrong in resisting the law, and you see it is of no avail."

With dignified mien, the superior, who was drenched to the skin, said: "We protest as free citizens against this invasion and confiscation of our property. We have resisted as a matter of form, and only intended to give way to force."

Then the wet and shivering little band filed out into the street, where a crowd of 3,000 or 4,000 people cheered the monks as they moved off to the adjoining church singing hymns.

TOOK UP DUNDONALD CASE.

Matter Fully Considered by British Army Council.

London July 24.—In the House of Commons today, answering Mr. Markham, M. P., Right Hon. Arnold-Forster, secretary of state for war, said a sessional paper of the Dominion parliament containing the correspondence between the Colonial Government and Lord Dundonald had been received by the War Office on July 9 and considered by the Army Council. The various questions regarding Lord Dundonald's position as a half-pay officer had been examined.

On July 18 the Secretary of State had decided, in view of all the facts, that it was expedient Lord Dundonald should be recalled and asked for an explanation, his attention being called to the paragraph in the King's regulations forbidding officers speaking publicly or attending public meetings. A telegram was despatched on July 19.

Under section 175 of the army act, said Mr. Arnold-Forster, officers on the regular force on the active list, within the meaning of any royal warrant for regulating the pay and promotion of regular forces, are subject of military law, and under the royal warrant for pay in 1900 the active list includes officers who are on temporary half pay. Lord Dundonald, therefore, was subject to the military law.

SAVED BY HIS NERVE.

Goelet Draws Revolver to Stand Off Enraged Peasants.

Vienna, July 26.—While Robert Goelet of New York, and his bride, formerly Miss Elsie Whelan, of Philadelphia, were making the trip from Paris to Vienna in an automobile, and when near Polling, in Upper Austria, the chauffeur put on high speed along a country road and frightened the horses attached to a cornladen cart. The horses dumped the cart by the roadside, burying the driver and his son under the load.

Peasants who had witnessed the accident from the fields rushed to the scene. When the driver, a boy, was extricated and it was seen that he was badly bruised, they surrounded the automobile brandishing forks and scythes and clubs.

Mr. Goelet sought to placate them by offering the boy's father a thousand franc note. The man spurned the money and this action further inflamed the peasants.

One of their number was despatched to inform the gendarmes that the boy had been killed and the rest pressed forward to attack the Americans.

Mr. Goelet, fearing for the lives of his party, drew a revolver and ordered the chauffeur to draw likewise. Then with levelled pistols they backed to the automobile, lumped aboard and turned back toward Mauerkirchen at top speed.

There they told their story to the authorities, an engineer named Wagner acting as interpreter, and Mr. Goelet was fined a small sum.

The peasantry in the neighborhood are so wrought up over the affair that Mr. Wagner has sent a warning to Americans not to use that route for the present, as it would be dangerous.

KRUGER'S GREAT FORTUNE.

Boer Leader Said to Have Left Between \$3,750,000 and \$5,000,000.

New York, July 26.—The Sun prints the following from London:

A despatch to the Daily Mail from Geneva says it is learned from a trustworthy source that the fortune left by Paul Kruger, the late president of the Transvaal, is between \$3,750,000 and \$5,000,000. It consists chiefly of European securities. The bulk of it goes to the Eloffs, who were "Oom Paul's" companions in exile.

Mrs. Eloff, who is the wife of Kruger's grandson, was commandant of a brigade of Boer women who were to have gone to the front with General Botha before the fall of Pretoria. She is twenty-five years old, of a gentle and charming nature that gives no hint of her dashing courage. When the men all left for the front the president called on her to aid him in his office, where it was dangerous to allow a stranger to become familiar with state secrets.

CORDASCO HAS BONANZA

Getting Rich by the Importation of Italians.

From 3.910 he Admitted to Judge Winchester that he Collected \$5,356, and There Were Side Issues.

Montreal July 26.—Antonio Cordasco, Italian labor agent, figured even more prominently than ever at the continuation of the Italian immigration inquiry Saturday. He was placed on the stand and submitted to a severe cross-examination by Judge Winchester. He admitted that 3,910 Italians had applied to him for work, and that from them he had received \$5,356. Besides that, the C. P. R. had paid him \$5 a day, and he had charged \$1 a head for all the men he had supplied to them. An American steamship company had also allowed him a commission of \$7 on each ticket from Naples to Montreal. He had also received a large profit on provisions.

It is said that you got 60 to 65 per cent. profit on these provisions? said the Judge. Mr. Burns shows you got 150 per cent. profit for sardines. Why did you hit sardines so hard?

A.—I don't know. It was fixed so. If they said it was wrong I would stop it.

And last year you were paid by the C. P. R. \$3,800 profits on these provisions?

A.—No money was paid but I have charged the C. P. R.

You got it from the C. P. R.?

A.—Well, we will fix that.

The Judge questioned Cordasco very closely as to whether or not he had notified certain agents that he would need 10,000 men, but all the witness would admit was that he might have intimated as much. He could not remember; his lawyer had advised him not to remember too much. The letters that had been sent out and signed with Cordasco's name per A. Ganna, he declared, saying they had been sent without his authority. Cordasco admitted ownership of the Courier du Canada, which had been circulated in Italy, praising himself and the C. P. R. unstintingly as the great employers of Italian labor.

Count Mazza, Italian Consul, suggested that, as a preventive against excessive Italian immigration, all agencies that charged the men a fee should be closed.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

It was Sent by a Dog to Mr. Rider Haggard.

New York, July 26.—The Sun has the following from London:—Much public attention has been attracted by the remarkable dream story sent to the press by H. Rider Haggard. He says that on July 10 he suffered a painful nightmare, and while still half conscious dreamed that his favorite retriever was dying, that he himself was close to it and that the dog was endeavoring to tell him the facts. The body of the retriever was found in the river three days afterwards, and an investigation seems to prove that it was killed on July 10 by a train about three hours before Haggard's dream.

The only doubt about the facts, as to most of which Haggard produces all corroborative evidence, is as to the time, for if the dog was killed later the incident is reduced to a dream which turned out true, an experience by no means unusual. Mr. Haggard, however, has satisfied himself as to the manner and time of death, and seems convinced that the dog did, either at the moment of its death or after it, succeed in telling his master what happened. If the communication was made at the moment of death, then we have an instance of telepathy between a dog and a human being without precedent while if it was made after death, Mr. Haggard suggests that some non-bodily but surviving part of life or the spirit of the dog reproduced those things in his mind.

The incident has already induced a flood of correspondence on the subject.

FOREST FIRES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Fernie had a Narrow Escape—One Small Town was Destroyed in Part.

Fernie, B. C., July 26.—A forest fire broke out on Saturday morning in the extensive timber lands across the Elk River from Fernie, and, a high wind prevailing, it was carried into the neighbouring slashings of the Elk and Lumbering Manufacturing Company. Hundreds of acres of dry brush, mixed here and there with standing timber, went up with a roar, causing terrific heat. The wind

increased to a gale, which gradually changed from a straight northerly course to an easterly direction, blowing directly towards the town. When the townspeople realized the danger hundreds of them set to work, and, although twice it looked as if the town was doomed, succeeded in keeping the flames at a distance until towards evening the wind went down and the town's danger was over. The Elk Company's stables up the mountain side, the whole season's cut of logs, two million feet, were burned. Loss about \$20,000. A large force of men are now fighting the northern progress of the fire.

Frank, Alberta, July 26.—There was a tremendous forest fire in progress to the east of this place. The little mining town of Bellevue has been almost half destroyed, and twelve cottages are in ruins. Fortunately the mine at that place is still intact, and it is expected that the tipples will escape injury. The flames are being driven forward by a heavy wind from the south. But it is confidently expected that the Old Man's River will offer a sufficient barrier to block its further progress.

A Revised Maple Leaf.

Alexander Muir, who twenty years or more ago, composed the words and music of "The Maple Leaf," which has since gone around the world as Canada's National Anthem, has lately composed a revised version, the text of which is given below. Whether Canadians will regard it as better than the old familiar refrain remains to be seen. The new version is longer and more explicit, and the words are as follows:

In days of yore, the hero Wolfe
Britain's glory did maintain,
And firmly planted Britain's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join in love together
With Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus—
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!
On many hard fought battlefields,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And these dear rights, which they maintain
We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally 'round the Union Jack,
The Maple Leaf forever!

In Autumn time, our emblem dear,
Dons its tint of crimson hue!
Our blood would dye a deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
'Ere sacred rights our fathers won
To foemen we deliver
We'll fighting die, our battle cry,
The Maple Leaf forever!

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign;
Our union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

There's a story of a farmer and his son driving a load to market. Of the team they were driving one was a steady reliable old gray mare, the other a fractious, balky black horse. On the way the wagon was stalled and the black horse balked and refused to pull. "What'll we do, father?" said the younger man. "Well," said the father, "I guess we'll have to lay the gad on the old gray." That homely compliment to women: "The gray mare's the better horse," suggests how often when there's an extra strain to be borne it is laid on the woman's back. How often she breaks down at last under the added weight of some "last straw." Women who are dragging along wearily through life can gain real strength by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts back in concentrated form the strength making material which working women use up more rapidly than it can be restored by Nature in the ordinary processes of nourishment and rest. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are universal favorites with women because they are easy to take and thoroughly effective in curing the consequences of constipation.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

BACKING CHAMBERLAIN.

Twenty-three Thousand Pounds Given at a Dinner.

A SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE STARTED THE BALL ROLLING WITH FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

New York, July 26.—In his cable letter to the Times from London, "Toby, M. P.," says:—We often hear—the stories usually come from New York—of a fantastically expensive dinner given by a millionaire or his son—more frequently the son than the millionaire. A dinner comparatively small in the number of the party, has just taken place in London which beat the record. The sum it cost, divided among the guests, was a trifle over £23,000. The dinner being private, I do not mention names. But I may add that it included some of the heads of the most enterprising commercial and industrial undertakings in Great Britain and South Africa. The avowed object of the gathering was to discuss the progress of Mr. Chamberlain's campaign on behalf of preferential tariffs, and to decide what might be done to further it.

Money is, of course a primary necessity, and after dinner a sheet of paper was passed around on which the guests testified to the extent of their practical sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain. The first result was liberal. But it was far exceeded before the company separated. An active member of the Chamberlain's entourage explained the situation, and the desirability in the personal interest of every man present of liberally financing it.

When the paper went around again a South African millionaire, who had entered his name for £1,000, sat down quickly and made it £5,000. The example was followed according to individual means, with the result that £23,000 was paid into the campaign treasury.

A Wizzard of Horticulture.

I have met recently in a little vine mantled cottage not far from the Pacific, a remarkable man, known to experts throughout the country and beyond, yet one of the least known to the general public. Mr. Luther Burbank has evolved more extraordinary and, indeed, more marvellous plant life than any other man. Without the traiaing of the college or the university, he yet leads in one of the most subtle and illusive, one of the most complex and baffling departments of modern research.

On a wind swept mesa he finds a wild flower of some native beauty, but insignificant in size and, in the main, uncomely. He takes this flower and gives it a new life, increases its size, doubles its vigour, hastens its spring time appearing; or, if it suits him, he transforms it utterly, producing a flower unlike anything which has yet blossomed. He finds two trees, neither one, to his mind, filling its true place in the world; he joins them and produces a tree possessing the best of both. One such tree he has made which is now the most rapidly growing tree known in the temperate zones of the world, and one of the most prolific of all nut producing trees.

He takes a small, unpalatable fruit, inferior in size and lacking in nutrition, and makes it over into another fruit, large, rich, toothsome, beautiful. A little daisy, small and imperfect, appealed to him one day, and he developed the insignificant flower into one several inches in diameter. He takes a flower with a large, showy bloom, a handsome creature among its more delicate companions, but having an offensive odor, and gives to it a delicate fragrant scent. He has changed the hue of a yellow poppy into silver, or amethyst or ruby. He has driven the pit from the plum and filled its place with substances rich, juicy and sweet. He created a walnut with far thinner shells—so thin, indeed, that the hungry birds could perch upon the branches, drive their bills through it and rob the nut of its meat. This would not do, and he reversed the process and bred back until he had a nut of just the right shell thickness. Incidentally, he drove the tannin from the walnut, and has left the meat almost as white as snow.—W. S. Harwood, in Scribner's.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Qualms, nausea, longing for food yet dreading to eat. You may have the real thing, for Ferrozzone will cure you like it did S. D. Huntington of Hamilton, who says: "I frequently was attacked with such acute dyspepsia that I thought it must be heart disease. I used Ferrozzone and got relief. I kept on using Ferrozzone and was cured. My digestion is in perfect order and I can eat anything today." Nothing is as good as Ferrozzone for dyspepsia and those bothered with weak stomachs. Price 50c. at druggists.