

BIG TORY CHIEFS.

Whitney and His Friends
Waiting for Power.

HUMOROUSLY DESCRIBED BY A
TORONTO FRIENDLY NEWS-
PAPER.

Very Much Pleased With Themselves.

Toronto News, Friday:—"When will the Ross government resign?" This momentous query perplexed most of the informal clan-gathering of Conservatives that yesterday put a mysterious touch on three of the down-town hotels. The "big chief" had come from the Dundas camp. The little chiefs came over the trails on the pow-wow. The battle was over. The tribe Whitney had driven out the tribe Ross from the hunting-grounds; and the pow-wow was to determine, first, when the "dead Injuns" would decide to bury themselves; second, who should form the council of the new big chief of all Ontario, J. P. Whitney, whose Indian name signifies "Honest enough to be bold."

THE POW-WOW AT THE QUEEN'S

The head pow-wow was held at the Queen's Hotel. Here most of yesterday a number of warriors grouped in the corridors part of the time, waiting for the big chief, whose name was on the register. In the afternoon a forced march took place with the chief at the head down to the Albany Club. This was a compliment from Little Chief Nesbitt, who signified that it would not be good courtesy to give the go-by to the renegades of so many good Conservative "Injuns."

The party did not stay long here, however, but made tracks swiftly back to the Queen's, where at a few minutes past four a News scribe discovered a party in the next smoking compartment. Present—Little Chief Nesbitt, Mathieson, Willoughby and Preston.

On the sofa sat Nesbitt, leisurely reclining under a canopy of 15 cent cigar smoke. Broad and beaming was his smile, as he talked to a couple of braves about the civil service. Standing near was Dr. Willoughby, dynamic and full of exuberant bustle, earnestly conferring with Col. Mathieson, who, with his soldier-like cap and careful neck-cloth, listened cautiously.

"Well, Colonel," ventured the reporter, "what are the prospects for a new Cabinet?"

The Colonel made gestures which being interpreted meant strictly, "Nothing doing."

"Well, it's really too soon yet to discuss that," he said, with grave persistence. "The government has not resigned yet. When will it resign? Have you heard?"

The reporter could not mention the day nor the hour.

"How about a new government programme, Colonel?"

"Well, I really can say nothing," was the reply. "Until the government resigns there can be no cabinet. Until there is a cabinet it will be premature to discuss a programme."

And the Colonel looked across at comfortable Dr. Nesbitt, over whose beaming countenance through the smoke could be read, on three sides of the wall, this significant legend on the border near the ceiling:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land.'"

This Conservative legend had not been noticed by the genial Dr. Willoughby, who with all his exuberance could add not one jot to the sentiments expressed by the Colonel.

A tall, grayish figure, with pensive blue eyes and croppish beard went past the window and the beaming Nesbitt blew a great shaft of smoke. It was the Hon. E. J. Davis, ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands, and he turned not to the right or to the left, neither looked he in at the window, for he could scent the enemy within.

MEETING OF THE CHIEFS.

Soon the door opened and a somewhat plethoric great-coated figure came in. The new arrival walked determinedly up to the hotel desk, glanced happily across it at the clerk, said a few words and turned away. Dr. Nesbitt pulled his liberal proportions together and got up. The reporter hid him instantly over to the newcomer.

"Well, Mr. Whitney, it was a great victory."

"Well, indeed it was," he replied, heartily, clearing his throat as he took the reporter's hand. "A wonderful turn-over indeed. Wonderful!"

new cabinet all ready selected in your mind, sir?" "New cabinet!" he echoed. "Why my gear boy, I'm not making cabinets. You've come too early for that. The old king is not dead yet"—meaning that Mr. Ross had not yet resigned.

"No, sir, of course not." The reporter was just beginning to realize that he had just grasped the hand of the first Conservative premier-elect in Ontario in a whole generation of time. "But of course you will have noticed, that, according to a recent cartoon in one of the newspapers, you are already busy picking out timber."

"Ha!" the premier-elect nudged the scribe with some familiarity. "My boy, you mustn't believe all you see in the newspaper. Why, hullo, Nesbitt!" he broke off quickly; and at once he was shaking hands and laughing with the member from North Toronto.

The greeting was so cordial that the reporter had not the heart to intrude any further, but left them together in the paroxysm of great joy.

Lower Hainesville.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Feb. 1.—Windy and cold, men and teams are hustling with logs, firewood and cedar.

Burnside corner is a busy mart just now. The storms were not confined to this place, Calais, Harrington and Franklin, Me., experienced the same.

John Billings lost his house by fire Monday morning.

A bouncing boy came to the home of Wesley Tucker and wife last Thursday in that dreadful snow storm none the worse for the weather.

Mrs. Ben Reynolds, and family have been very sick but are some better now.

There was a visiting bee at Miles Elliot's Tuesday.

Boon Jones of Middle Hainesville, drove through here on business, yesterday.

Mrs. Richards is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. N. Reynolds, at Burnside Corner.

Chute & Son have the team for hauling the big load through the snow. Rankin holds the strings.

James Patterson's car of hay is gone, he expects to have more at Burnside soon.

The Whited Bros., are rushing their logs to Burnside, they have got fine teams.

John Elliot, sr., is visiting friends in Upper Hainesville.

We have a meat market, hay market and grocery and dry goods store; not too bad for a small place.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

Trouble in a Family Not Unknown in York County.

Amherst Telegram, Feb. 3.—At the preliminary examination of Frank S. Vickery, held at Oxford day before yesterday, the teller of the Bank of Nova Scotia swore that Vickery had presented to the bank for discount a note for \$40, endorsed by his father, W. E. Vickery, and had received the proceeds, \$39.50. The teller sent an endorser's enquiry to W. E. Vickery, who replied that the note was a forgery, as he had not endorsed any such document.

The prisoner addressed the court and stated (under strong objections from his father that his remarks had no bearing on the case) that the whole affair was a conspiracy to get him out of the country. He had met with a cool reception at his home on his recent visit there.

During the night following his arrival, he came home cold, took a drink of Scotch whiskey, went into his father's office and talked over developments of plaster rock property.

During the night one of the lady inmates of the house was taken violently ill, and the prisoner stated his father insinuated that his son Frank had poisoned the whiskey, and told him to get up and out of his house. He stated that his movements since the alleged forgery were not those of an apparent criminal.

In conclusion the prisoner stated that if the court considered the evidence sufficient to hold him on the charge, he would refer the court to section 60, criminal code.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS IS CAUSED

By a thickening of the lining membrane of the middle ear owing to prolonged inflammation from Catarrhal germs. The only cure is fragrant, healing Catarrhazone one which is carried by the air you breathe to the remotest parts of the throat and ear; it reaches the source of the trouble and cures deafness permanently. Every sufferer from impaired hearing should use Catarrhazone which has effected many wonderful cures. You simply breathe its healing medicated vapor—very easy and pleasant. Do this and your hearing will be restored. Catarrhazone never fails; it is guaranteed. Two months' treatment for \$1.00 at druggists.

CROKER A WRECK.

Former Tammany Boss Visiting Old Home in New York.

FRIENDS SHOCKED AT HIS BROKEN DOWN APPEARANCE.

Sad Errand the Burial of His Son.

His hair and beard whitened, his footsteps faltering, and looking fully fifteen years older than three years ago when he last was in the country Richard Croker reached New York Thursday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse to attend the funeral of his son Frank, who was killed a week ago last Saturday in his automobile at Ormond, Fla.

Quietly and solemnly his closest personal friends met him at quarantine and brought him to Manhattan, where later looking at the body of his son, the old-time leader of Tammany Hall went to the Croker home at 5 East Seventy-fourth Street. This house is occupied by Mrs. Croker, two daughters, and Richard Croker, Jr.

Such old-time friends of Mr. Croker as ex-Senator John Fox and Andrew Freedman, together with young Richard Croker, looked after all the arrangements for the return of the old leader and took every precaution to shield him from annoyance. The three chartered the tug Robert Palmer and went down to meet the liner at Quarantine. With them they had a special customs inspector, so that Mr. Croker was passed to the tug without undergoing the ordeal of baggage inspection at the pier.

Hardly had the tug reached the led up with Patrick McCann, Mr. steamship when a revenue cutter pulled Croker's brother-in-law; his son, C. F. McCann, and Thomas F. Smith, Secretary of Tammany Hall on board. All went to the imperial suite of five rooms which Mr. Croker occupied on the trip over with Mrs. Stella Bowman, his niece. There the meeting between Mr. Croker and his son Richard was affectionate but silent.

To all the aged appearance of the former Tammany leader was a shock. There was little of the old-time sturdiness. To his long black overcoat and black derby hat the snow white beard and hair were in marked contrast. His listless and broken manner indicated plainly the loss he felt in the death of his younger son. Although Mr. Croker protested feebly against leaving the steamship and taking the tug, his friends prevailed upon him to do so, and had his baggage inspected and put on the tug, and then all came to Manhattan.

Mr. Croker and his friends landed at West Thirty-first Street, where carriages waited to take them to St. Leo's Chapel, n East Twenty-eighth Street. Frank Croker's body had lain there since it was brought from Florida. Mr. Croker and his son went in to view the body, and then were driven at once to the Croker home, where Mrs. Croker and her two daughters were waiting.

No one saw the old leader to talk with him, and ex-Senator Fox made the special request that no newspaper men say anything to Mr. Croker at this time. It is understood that the old leader will not see any more of his old friends until after the funeral; that he wishes to be left in seclusion for the rest of the week. Afterwards he will see some of his friends and announce his plans.

At the Democratic Club last night it was said that Mr. Croker probably would not remain in New York more than a fortnight, returning to Ireland.

On board the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, it was said, Mr. Croker kept to himself during the entire voyage, remaining in his stateroom, except in the early morning, when he would walk the deck before the rest of the passengers were stirring. According to the special steward assigned to his suite, Mr. Croker took no interest in anything except the daily run of the steamship.

At Southampton, on the way out, and at Nantucket, coming in, Mr. Croker sent wireless messages to his son Richard. Part of the time during the voyage Mr. Croker played solitaire. In his suite he was constantly attired in a white lounging gown. Two or three Americans on board left cards for him, but no one tried to see him. So changed was his appearance that Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, did not recognize Mr. Croker when he passed him on deck, although he had met the old leader more than once abroad.

On the manifest of the steamship

Mr. Croker gave his age as sixty-five years, and in the blank opposite the question whether he was a citizen or an alien was written "Protracted sojourn."

Famine Faces Troops.

London, Feb. 5.—The Paris correspondent of the Times wires:—Information reaches me of the anxiety that prevails in quarters responsible for the supplies for the Russian army in Manchuria as to the provisioning of troops in April and May. The fact is that the whole of the resources of Manchuria will be exhausted. There will be no harvest this year, and there is none of last year's crop left, neither will there be any cattle.

Three months' stores were burnt at Liaoyang and Mukden, and half a million troops will be dependent on the supplies forwarded by the Manchurian railway. The army is already living from hand to mouth. Some apprehension is felt lest the temptation to cross the river Liao into the fertile regions of China immediately on the other side should prove irresistible to General Kuropatkin's army.

'Now I Know the Joy of Health.'

I am Brimming Over With Vitality—Appetite Is Good—I Sleep Well—I Feel Happy.

FERROZONE

MADE ME FEEL LIKE NEW.

One of the earliest settlers in the town of Turnbull, Man., is Mr. John W. McNichol. Everybody knows him; knows how poor his health was for years.

Thanks to Ferrozone, Mr. McNichol is a hearty, strong man today. Here is his statement:

"Last spring I was terribly run down.

"I was so completely fagged out I couldn't do any hard work.

"In the morning I was tired—my limbs ached all over.

"Appetite?—I simply didn't have any.

"Sleepless?—Yes, nervous and unhappy too.

"I braced up at once after taking Ferrozone. It put new life and vitality into my body. My nerves are strong. I eat heartily. I sleep well. Now I know the joy of health.

JOHN W. MCNICHOL."

Won't you take Ferrozone too? It's really a marvellous tonic, some people say there is almost witchery in the way it builds you up. It's concentrated nourishment—that's what Ferrozone is—just one chocolate coated tablet to take three times a day. No other medicine in the world restores so quickly. Price 50c. per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail, from N. C. Polson & Co. Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

Canadian Butter on Top.

London, Feb. 6.—At the annual dinner of the Bristol District Grocers and Provision Dealers Association Mr. C. H. Slade, the President of the Provision Merchants' Association said he was pleased to say that in Canadian imports of butter they stood third in the United Kingdom. They were third because they cultivated the trade. Up to last year they had to draw their supplies of Australian and New Zealand butter from agents in London. He had written scores of letters pointing out to shippers the disadvantage of sending goods that way, and showing how the Canadians had succeeded in selling their goods on the cost, freight and insurance basis. This year more butter has been sold on the c. i. f. basis than ever before. They must urge that some of these huge shipments of butter and cheese must be shipped to Bristol.

Oldest Man in Canada Dead.

Watford, Ont., Feb. 5.—Probably the oldest man in the Dominion died in Brooke Township Thursday in the person of John Holbrook, aged 109 years. The deceased was born in County Carlow, Ireland, and came to Canada at the age of 20.

WHEN YOUR APPETITE FAILS,

And it makes you dizzy to even think of eating, you need Ferrozone the greatest of appetizing tonics. It builds up the whole body, the taste becomes aware of new flavors in food you never noticed before. A relish and after-satisfaction in eating is another result from Ferrozone which improves the digestion and converts everything eaten into nourishment for the blood, and brain and nerves. Just one Ferrozone tablet after meals, easy to take and pleasant. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

DOG KEEPING WATCH.

Indications of a Tragedy Near Port Hope.

A Black Collie Stationed on the Ice Gazing Into the Lake.

Port Hope, Ont., Feb. 5.—The mysterious behavior of a black collie dog has, convinced many people that a tragedy has taken place, and that the dog's owner, whoever he may be, lies drowned in Lake Ontario, somewhere near the foot of King street. The dog is a black collie with a partly white face. Last Thursday morning the animal was noticed on an iceberg opposite Mrs. Burt's house, but no special attention was paid to it until the evening, when it was seen that the dog had not left the place all day. The curiosity of Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. William Ray was aroused and they took a lantern and went down in the evening to see if the dog was still there. As they approached it was lying on the edge of a big iceberg looking mournfully down into the water, but when they drew near it ran away. When they withdrew it immediately came back and resumed its solitary vigil. Several times it appeared to be about to jump into the water. The dog remained on the ice all night, and on Friday morning, although nearly food was taken to it, but it would not touch it, and when anyone approached, was still in the same spot, proached it invariably ran away. On Friday night Mr. William Ray succeeded in enticing the dog to his house on King street, but on Saturday morning when it was released it ran straight for the lake, and stayed all day around the same spot. The dog has since gone occasionally to Mr. Ray's house when it felt the pangs of hunger, but immediately after being fed it returns to the lake. Many people are convinced that someone has fallen into the lake, but no one has been heard of as being lost. On Sunday many people went to the spot where the dog keeps its vigil, but the animal ran away as the parties approached, as if afraid it would be removed.

To drag the lake at present would be very difficult, as often it is impossible for a boat to go near the icebergs without danger of being smashed to pieces.

No solution other than that the dog's owner has been drowned has been suggested.

CANADIAN AUTHORS POPULAR.

Well Known English Publisher Speaks of Them.

Mr. Hodder Williams, of the great London Publishing house of Williams & Stoughton, at Toronto Friday, said that his present mission to Canada is for the purpose of securing the work of Canadian authors for his house. He has made arrangements with Ralph Connor, Norman Duncan, Marion Keith and Prof. McFadyen, of Knox College, for the production of their forthcoming works.

"The works of Canadian authors take very well in England," said Mr. Williams, "and the wonder to me is that you have not many more of them. 'The Way of the Sea,' Norman Duncan's collection of short stories, received most enthusiastic reviews, and Ralph Connor's 'Prospector' had a remarkable sale.

"There is a vast field for authors of some ability and knowledge of their subject in the untold history of the Hudson Bay and the pioneer days. A great wealth of material can be gathered from the mingling of the Scotch and Irish settlers. There are more Highland Scotch in Canada than there are in Scotland now, and I can assure you that there is room in England for many Canadian books along the lines I have indicated.

"Of course," admitted Mr. Williams, "our ignorance of this country is abysmal. I have talked Canada and preached Canada in The British Weekly until I am afraid I have become a bore. But matters are improving now. Our sales in Canada are increasing enormously, and I believe there are more men travelling Canada from English houses today than ever. Confidence in Canadian credit, rudely shaken some years ago, is being restored.

"As British publishers, we are making a great effort to capture and retain the Canadian market. We are prepared to fight the American publishers to the death. It is a matter of sentiment and business combined, and we won't be beaten easily."

ALMOST EVERY WOMAN

Is inclined to habitual constipation and should use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut which cleanse the system and regulate the stomach and bowels. For mild and sure relief use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.