

THE FREDERICTON DAILY HERALD is published every evening (Sunday excepted) by The HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, (Ltd.), at Fredericton, New Brunswick. Subscription, \$4.00 per annum.

W. K. C. PARLEE,
Manager.

L. C. MACNUTT,
Editor.

DAILY HERALD

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1907

TRUTH COMING OUT.

To use a term with which Mr. Tarte was once credited, our Tory friends in York are "fighting like blazes," among themselves, and it's all over the packed convention that recently nominated a ticket, which the Gleaner, their official organ, once described as "the laughing stock of the city."

A letter from Coun. Grosvenor of Canterbury, published in another column, lets a very strong side-light into the condition of affairs among our Tory friends, and fully confirms the general belief that the recent convention was packed in the interests of the old ticket, and no new aspirant had any chance of obtaining a place on the ticket.

Coun. Grosvenor, who is one of the most worthy and popular members of the Tory party in this constituency, declares that the whole thing was cut and dried before the convention opened, and that it was merely "a ratification meeting," and Mr. Grosvenor incidentally pays his respects to the editor of the local Tory organs who he observes "has been attached to about every party except the Socialists."

We submit Coun. Grosvenor's letter as ample confirmation of what the Herald has said with respect to the character and work of the convention and he is only one of hundreds of respectable and self-respecting Tories who feel just the same way. Some of them have given expression to their views in the same direction to the Herald, and have declared their regret that the party should have fallen into the hands of a few discredited political adventurers.

EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE.

Mr. Foster has broken out at Toronto in an address at a meeting of his friends in which he holds Sir William Laurier entirely responsible for the anti-Asiatic disturbance in British Columbia.

Of course the Premier was at Vancouver, stoned the Japs and set fire to their property, Mr. Foster is quite sure of that—quite as certain as he is that he and his friend Forster made a big-rake off in their speculation in western lands with Forsters funds.

Mr. Foster makes Sir Wilfred responsible for the Canadian parliament's adoption of the British-Japanese trade treaty under which the Japs are permitted entrance to Canada. It was a trade treaty which is establishing an important market in Japan for Canadian goods, and is mutually beneficial to the nations concerned and not a breath of opposition was raised against it in parliament. The record of its passage through the House of Commons fails to reveal anything of that character from Mr. Foster, but it is true that Mr. Borden was heard. The Tory leader inquired of the Premier the value of a yen, a Japanese coin mentioned in the treaty, and with that exception Mr. Borden took no part in the discussion of the treaty. The Tory party in parliament is as much responsible for Canada sharing in the provisions of the treaty as the Government. They gave their assent to it and it is childish in Mr. Foster and Mr. Borden to try to escape their share in the responsibility.

CURRENT COMMENT

"Independent," hey? Why the St. John Telegraph, within a few weeks after its declaration of political independence, has developed into a regular screaming Tory sheet. It was a remarkable somersault.

Ottawa Free Press: There ought to be room in New Brunswick for hundreds of thousands of old country men and women, especially those who have been brought up in the vicinity of the ocean. The rest of Canada will wish all success to Premier Robinson's immigration policy.

The Toronto World, threatened by Hon. Dr. Pugsley with a libel suit, is compelled to sit up and take notice of the charges of corruption which the minister of public works has made against the Tory party. The World declares that such a charge should not remain unanswered a single day, and calls on Mr. Borden to come to the front.

The Ontario government has decided to insert conditions in all future pulpwood concessions, providing that the product must be manufactured into paper in that province.

The local Opposition is wailing because as they allege, Hon. Dr. Pugsley will exert his great influence in this province in behalf of the Liberal local government. Wouldn't they like to have as popular and powerful a friend. Mr. Hazen remembers how Dr. Pugsley used him up in the legislature on many occasions, and fears further encounters with that gentleman.

The Tory organs have been diligent choosing an attorney general for Premier Robinson, and if he called to his council all the gentlemen they have named, the executive chamber would have to be doubled in size. The Premier will make his selection in good time, and the new attorney general will doubtless be a man to command the confidence of the people.

Messrs. Hazen and Fleming, the opposition barnstormers, refreshed and revived by the excellent dinner with which they were served at Speaker Osman's hospitable home, have continued their onslaughts on the government in Albert. But when the votes are counted it will be found that the gentlemen who took them in and fed them, and his colleague in the constituency, will be returned by the same old decisive Liberal majority.

The Sentinel is so absolutely certain that the Hazen party will be decisively beaten that we will, as soon as the writs are issued, stand ready with the coin of the realm in any reasonable amount, to back our assertion, and those who think they know better will find our sign hung out every week day in the same old place—Caeleton Sentinel. (Shocking! Shocking! for the editor of the Sentinel is the son of a clergyman, but a perfectly safe bet.)

The Halifax Herald-Tory organ, in urging a non-partisan reception in Halifax for Hon. W. S. Fielding on his return from Europe, refers to the Liberal Finance Minister as a "statesman," "a distinguished son," "an honest and high-minded man," who possesses the "respect, esteem and personal good-will of his political opponents." Whew! The mile unium must be near the Halifax Herald office. But it's all true what it says of Mr. Fielding, and more too.

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE

Many Big Game Heads Being Brought Out of the Woods.

The big game season is now in full blast, and many fine trophies in the form of moose, caribou and deer heads are being brought to the city. So far Emack Brothers have received fifty moose heads, which is considerably in excess of the number left at their establishment by this time last year. The rutting season is likely to extend for at least ten days yet, and sportsmen now in the woods have a good chance of achieving success.

One of the best moose heads, which of the season came in this morning from the Little River country, being the property of Mr. E. D. Simon, an English sportsman who has been out just a week hunting under the guidance of Mr. Lorenzo Savage of Peniac. The head has large and well formed antlers with a spread of forty-six inches and twenty-two points. Mr. Simon shot the animal two days ago.

Another nice moose head from the same locality was brought to the city this morning by Mr. Moses Allen of Peniac. It had a spread of forty-five inches and twenty points. Dairy Supt. L. C. Daigle of Moncton and Mrs. Daigle have returned home after a very successful and enjoyable hunting trip on the Canaan River. They each shot a nice moose and forwarded the heads to Emack Bros of this city to be set up.

Messrs. A. D. Sapsworth and T. G. Waterer of London, who have been on a hunting trip to W. H. Allen's camps at Little River returned to the city last evening. Mr. Sapsworth shot a small moose, but his companion was less fortunate.

Col W. E. Chess and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Robinson of Louisville, Ky., are in the city today on their way home from a hunting trip to Mr. Thomas Pringle's camps on the Rensselaire. Mr. Robinson shot a moose, but the others failed to see anything large enough to suit them.

Messrs. R. T. Collin, J. I. Blair, William Stackpole and J. M. Waterbury, of New York, are at the Queen today enroute to Little River on a hunting trip with Mr. W. H. Allen as guide. The steamer Hampstead brought a large consignment of black ducks to the city this morning, and express drivers had quite a busy time in distributing them about the city. There were no marks of identification upon the birds, but the impression prevails that they were shipped by Messrs. C. J. B. Simmons, William Walker, Frank Shute and D. E. Crowe, who are now encamped on the Sheffield meadows. Friends who were over-looked today will find it to their advantage to be on hand Monday morning on arrival of the boat.

"I feel," she said, with a solemn sigh, "that we have been drawn together by fate."

"Yes," replied the Count, "that is exactly the case. Your father he told me he was one time thinking he will be the college professor. Zen he called what you call him—fired from the academy and go into the iron business at Peetsburg. 'Eet is fate."

Condensed milk will keep fresh much longer if the top is left open instead of being pressed down tight.

DON'T FORGET SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH

We will sell

Lanterns Complete for 9 Cents Each

The Globe alone is worth 10 cents

Other Specials for Saturday

Dash-Board Lanterns, Sale Price 39c, Reg. price 65c
1 Spring Extension Library Lamp, wrought Iron Frame Complete with Dome Shade and best B & H Burner Sale Price \$3.99, Reg. Price \$6.00.

1 Spring Extension Library Lamp, Old Brass Frame complete, with decorated shadé, Sale price \$5.25, Reg. price \$7.50

1 Library Lamp, wrought iron frame sale price \$4 19, regular price \$6.00.

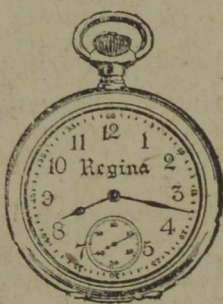
1 Hall Lamp, wrought iron frame, rose globe, sale price \$1 69, regular price \$2.25.

1 Square Hall Lamp, gilt frame, sale price \$3.48, reg. price \$5.00

1 Hall Lamp, wrought iron frame, ruby globe, sale price \$1.69, regular price \$2.25.

A few other Specials at equally reduced prices.

COLWELL & JENNINGS



WATCH US

Wrist Watch and Bracelet for \$5.00, everyone guaranteed at

Fowler's

OPP. POST OFFICE.

Fall Millinery

All the Latest Canadian and American Styles of Fall Millinery to be had at

Miss M. E. Flanagan's

COULTHARD BUILDING - - CARLETON STREET

A LARGE STOCK OF
Kargon Compound,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Compound
Fluid Ext. Dandelion

Just Received at

CENTRAL PHARMACY ARTHUR J. RYAN
NATURE'S REMEDY STORE.

A LONDON MYSTERY SOLVED.

Death of Thomas Wakley Recalls a Dramatic Episode.

The death of Thomas Wakley, joint editor of The London Lancet, recalls a dramatic and almost tragic episode in the life of his father, the founder of the paper, and for many years prominently before the public as Coroner for Middlesex.

The circumstances arose out of the terrible sentence passed on the Cato street conspirators, Thistlewood, Ings, Brunt, Davidson and Tidd, a sentence which prescribed that after being hanged their heads should be cut off and held up to the crowd, the executioner shouting, "This is the head of a traitor!" To carry out this sentence the sheriffs of London were in a considerable difficulty. The ordinary hangman was not equal to the task, and it was doubtful whether anybody could be found to wield an axe for such a purpose.

However, eventually the obstacle was overcome, and the enormous crowd gathered in front of the Old Bailey burst into roars of exclamation when a man, dressed in a sailor's jacket and trousers, and with a black silk handkerchief tied over part of his face to serve as a mask, stepped forward. An axe was brought forward, but he refused to use it, and, drawing out a large knife, he removed the heads in succession, very skillfully and rapidly.

At that time Thomas Wakley had just commenced to practice as a surgeon, and was living in Argyle St., Regent street. Immediately after the execution he received several anonymous letters containing vague threats, but, being a courageous man, he took little notice of them.

About 1.30 in the morning a man knocked at the surgeon's door. The servants were in bed, and the surgeon, being indisposed, was at that moment applying some leeches to his temples. Hastily bandaging his head, he opened the door, and the visitor, in a hurried manner, asked the doctor to go to a patient (whom he named) who was dangerously ill. The messenger said he had come a long distance, and would like something to drink. The doctor went into the cellar, and during his absence other men were admitted. On his return his attention was attracted by a man who

ward him, and at the moment he received a tremendous blow, which knocked him down. Almost at the same moment he was stabbed. He received other injuries, and while lying on the ground was kicked senseless.

He remained thus for three-quarters of an hour, when he was aroused from his stupor by damms, immense volumes rushing down the staircase. The ruffians had set fire to the house. The surgeon, with difficulty, arose and crawled through a skylight into the adjoining house, where he was found. The house was completely destroyed, and no clue was ever found to the perpetrators.

At first it was thought Mr. Wakley could not recover, but his strong constitution saved him. He was, however, not at the end of his misfortunes, for the insurance office refused to pay the insurance money, and he was forced to bring an action to clear his character, for the insinuation was that he had himself set fire to the house.

He won the day, and the truth of the story of the murderous assault was proved; but the mystery as to the cause of the outrage was as great as ever. All that could be found out was that the young surgeon was supposed to be the man in the mask who had executed the Thistlewood gang. There was, of course, not the slightest foundation for such a statement, and a letter from the sheriff of London put an end to the slander.

It would not have been safe at the time to say who the man really was, as it would have cost him his life; but the secret may now be divulged. The masked headman was a man named Tom Parker, the head dissecting room porter at a school of anatomy known as Grainger's.

Her Perversity.

"Come out this evening," said Sub-bubs, "and I'm sure you'll get a good dinner."

"I thought you had no cook now," replied Citman.

"She doesn't leave until tomorrow. She'll do her best this evening just to make us realize how much we'll miss her when she's gone."—Exchange.

To Hide Them.

"Why is Jones growing a beard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."

OCTOBER 2ND, 1907

JOHN J. WEDDALL & SON

Prepare for the cold weather by supplying yourself with

WOOL BLANKETS, in White Grey and Red
DOWN QUILTS, COMFORTABLES

SHAKER BLANKETS, Ask for the "Ibex Brand"

WOOL BLANKETING in White, Grey, Navy, Cardinal Green and Black.

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Boyd Caldwell Fleece - Wool
Blankets

Each Blanket Finished Separately. Our Down Quilts are all Guaranteed Strictly Down Proof.

John J. Weddall & Son

Agent for Standard Patterns. Mail Orders Solicited

"PRANA", SPARKLET SYPHONS

SPARKLET BULBS

HIRE'S ROOT BEER WILSON'S ROOT BEER

BULL'S EXTRACT GINGER BEER

BEST WEST INDIA LIME JUICE

Hunt & MacDonald,
DRUGGISTS. QUEEN STREET



FOR THE LADIES

New Coats, Furs, Skirts, Suits, Shirtwaists, Golf Jackets, Motor Scarfs and Gloves, Shaw's, House-dresses, Underwear, Hosiery etc.