

MELBA'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Gave Husband a Bad Name in "Seeking Divorce" She Told How He Had Chased Her into the Sea—Unhappy Ending to Most Romantic Marriage.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—Mme. Melba's son, Mr. George Nesbitt Armstrong, was divorced in the law courts last week, after his wife had given a remarkable description of his persistent cruelty towards her.

Mr. Armstrong is the grandson of an Irish baronet, the late Sir Andrew Armstrong, of Gallin Priory, King's county, whose son was sugar planter in Australia when he met Mme. Melba—then only a concert hall singer and unknown in European fame—and married her. This marriage was dissolved eight years ago.

Mrs. Armstrong is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jocelyn Otway, of Park lane.

The marriage which took place on December 18, 1906, at St. George's, Hanover square, was a romantic one. Mr. Armstrong had been ranching in Texas, and met Miss Otway at a garden party, while paying a visit to England.

Miss Otway was a school girl at the time, but, despite the objections of her mother, who regarded the young couple as mere children, an engagement was entered into. Opposition was eventually overcome, and the marriage was celebrated, the bridegroom being then twenty-one, and the bride two years younger.

Their married life began under the happiest auspices. The ceremony was one of the events of the year, and there were 400 wedding presents, including a magnificent collection of jewellery and gold and silver plate. Mme. Melba gave her son a castle and estate near Killarney, a large quantity of furniture, and a cheque for £50,000, and the bride had a handsome dowry.

HONEYMOON AT HIGHCLIFFE.

The honeymoon was spent at Highcliffe Castle, where the Kaiser stayed last year, and they afterwards went to their town house in Great Cumberland place.

But dissensions occurred almost at once. According to Mr. Barnard, K. C., who represented Mme. Armstrong, in court, the wife soon found her husband had a most violent temper, and unspuniness was the result.

"Mr. Armstrong treated his wife with great cruelty," Mr. Barnard stated. "In February, 1907, they went to Texas. While there he used bad language to her on one occasion and then asked her to kiss him. She refused, and he dragged her into the house at which they were staying, and locked her in her bedroom for some hours.

"While they were staying at Worthing in 1907 she had further occasion to complain of her husband's language, and he twisted her wrists. There was some slight altercation after dinner, and he dragged her across the sands, shook her violently, and pushed her into the sea up to the ankles.

"They paid a visit to Australia, and when they returned in May, 1908, Mrs. Armstrong went to stay with her parents near Brighton. She returned to London on May 4 and telephoned to her husband.

"He came to see her, and informed her he was going to Paris for two or three days. He returned on May 6, and the next day his wife noticed he looked very ill and upset.

"Her suspicions were aroused and she questioned him. He admitted he had been caught at the Hotel Metropole with a Mrs. Hoffman.

NEWCASTLE FIRE.

Barn containing Valuable Automobile Went up in Smoke.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., Dec. 2.—(Special) Shortly after midnight, Thomas Foley's barn was in flames. The building was destroyed, and an automobile valued at three thousand five hundred dollars, was burned.

Edward Hickey's double tenement, caught in the end occupied by George McCosh, and the latter's family had a narrow escape, as their bed caught fire as they were leaving the room.

The shingles were all stripped off, and flames came through the bedroom window, but little damage was done.

McCosh saved his furniture, and is back in his house. Hickey's was uninsured.

Foley's loss was thirty-eight hundred dollars, insured for twenty-six hundred and fifty. The origin of the fire is unknown.

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CREMATED BEFORE CROWDS.

Two Little Ones Jump to Death and Third Is Burned.

A terrible mistake occurred recently at a fire display in Durban by the Durban fire brigade and seamen of the British warship Hermes.

The display concluded with the destruction by fire of some temporary buildings, at the top of which were three children, aged 9, 8 and 7 years, the two sons of Firemaster Lambeth and a son of a fireman named Scott. It was arranged that the signal for igniting these structures should be given by means of a naval rocket. But some men from the Hermes were giving a display with a field gun, and the firing of this gun was mistaken for the rocket, with the result that the torch was applied to the house fully five minutes before the time fixed.

The result was that before the children could be brought down the escape, as arranged, the whole building, which had been saturated with paraffin, was in flames.

Two of the children, at the call of those below, jumped down from the burning building and sustained such injuries that they died shortly after, and the third fell back into the burning house.

Five firemen were on the roof of the buildings (the children being on an upper floor), but they slid down ropes and then jumped to the ground.

Several thousand people, present to watch the display, were witnesses of the tragedy. The scene was heart-rending, with frantic parents and children screaming, women fainting and the inability of any one to do anything. The buildings were so quickly in the power of the flames that firemen and onlookers were alike helpless.

What had up to that point been the scene of a highly successful display was turned in a few minutes into a camp of mourning. When the incinerated body of the child who had fallen into the flames was brought forth every one was overcome. During the first moments of the accident the spectators thought that only dummies were falling from the building.

ASLEEP IN BATTLE.

Uncontrollable Desire In Situations of Great Tension.

It is not an unknown thing for a soldier to fall asleep even when sensibly taking an active part in an action. A case in point is supplied by an interesting communication from a London surgeon who served in South Africa. He writes:

Any one who has seen men in situations of great tension knows that some of them—in fact, a small minority of them—may be overcome by an uncontrollable desire to sleep. It affects some men more than others.

At Honning spruit, June, 1900, the writer happened to be the only surgeon on the spot when Colonel Bullock was attacked for about nine hours by a Boer force double his own in numbers, better armed and assisted by artillery. We were without this invaluable assistance. The Boers failed to take the post.

During the attack the writer visited a trench in which one man was badly hit and another was lying apparently dead, except that he had not the color of a man killed in action. The writer turned him over to get a better look at him and found the man had been sound asleep, and this was not the only case of sleeping that day.

Colonel Bullock's force was called upon to repel an attack at about 7 a.m. on empty stomachs, were obliged to lie face downward in shallow trenches and endure the shell and rifle fire from all but invisible foes, and in the sun, after a sleepless night of travel in railway trucks, a few of them went to sleep. The main cause, the writer believes, was the tension of the situation in the absence of active physical exertion.

The writer felt the same desire for sleep, but active employment kept him awake. The wounded, except the most severely wounded, soon succumbed to the beautiful action of this natural anaesthetic.—British Medical Journal.

Famous Admiral and Alcoholic.

When I was young and put myself into training as an athlete (said Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who is at present engaged in manoeuvres in the North Sea with the largest fleet ever assembled in the world's history, I never drank any wine, beer, or spirits at all. Now I am an older man and have a position of great responsibility, I often find it difficult to make a decision, and I drink no wine, spirits, or beer, simply because I am more ready for any work imposed upon me day or night; always fresh, always cheery, and in good temper.

I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has or ever will do anyone any good. I am not sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically or mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well, laughing at the "downs" of life equally with the "ups"; and I always feel fit.

If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again. Get some of your splendid young men to try it, and report proceedings after the three months.

Remarkable Mining.

A remarkable performance in mining work is recorded in the South African Mining Journal of May 9, 1908. At the Simmer Deep, a Rand property, two miners carried a drive 294 feet in 61 consecutive shifts of ten hours each. The size of the drive was 5 feet by 7 feet. One white man and six Chinese were employed on each shift, and one round was drilled per shift, each round gaining an average of 4.82 feet. The number of feet broken per case of gelatine consumed was 4.52 and 11.06 pounds of gelatine were used per foot. Of the 61 rounds drilled, 59 had 14 holes each and two had 12 holes each. The ground driven through is not mentioned.

LABRADOR'S DEVIL-DOGS.

FIERCE BRUTES WILL READILY ATTACK HUMAN BEINGS.

Animals Used to Pull Sledges Are Wolf-Like Creatures and Ample Deserve Their Name—Have Been Known to Kill a Man and Children Are Frequent Victims—Whole Family Eaten—Rabies Not Known.

The desolate coast of Labrador, five hundred miles in an air line from Belle Isle to Hudson Strait, peopled by four thousand whites and fifteen hundred Esquimaux, and frequented every summer by twenty-five thousand Newfoundlanders for the cod fishery, is absolutely without roads or any other public utilities; is guileless of charts, lights or beacons; knew neither mission nor medical aid until Dr. Grenfell established himself there sixteen years ago, and even today all communication in summer is by boat across the waters and in winter by dog teams over the snow-clad wastes. These "devil dogs," as they are frequently called, really deserve that name in many instances, for they often attack and sometimes kill and devour human beings. There are numerous cases of this on record, the most notable being Dr. Grenfell's own narrow escape from the fangs of the venomous brutes in the early part of the present year, which was fully told in the daily newspapers at the time. These Esquimaux dogs are half wolf in species and will attack any creature they think they can overcome. So dangerous are they to man and beast that their importation into Newfoundland is now forbidden. Dr. Grenfell says that it is no uncommon occurrence in the northern areas, where wolves are plentiful, for these dogs to have pups by wolves, which hover around the fishing stations, and he himself has often seen the wolfish offspring, though one observes but little difference between them and the ordinary dog.

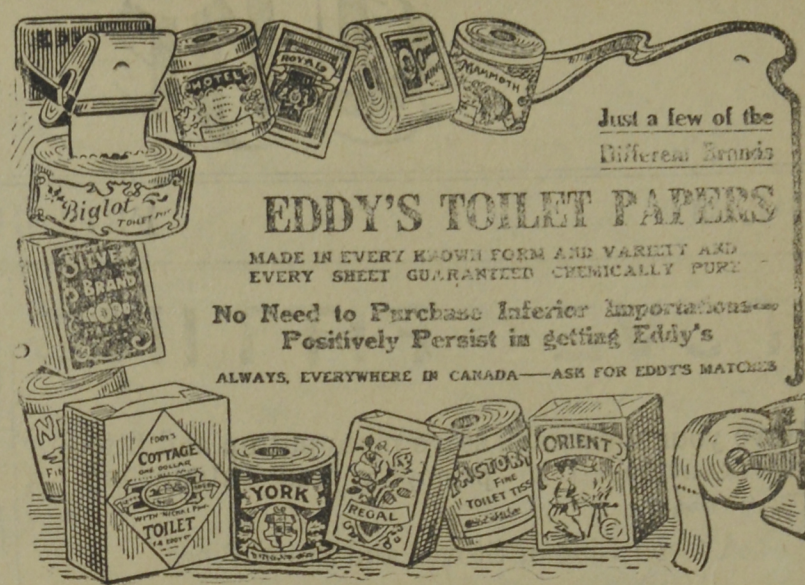
Dillon Wallace, the explorer, describes how, in his winter journey from Ungava to Bradore, a huge gray wolf journeyed with his party for a long stretch, keeping its distance by day, but running in with his pack at night. So savage are these creatures that they have been known to attack and kill a strong, husky man. On April 13, 1906, Robert Cumby, 35 years old, residing near Battle Harbor, started with his dog team, in company with other men, for Lewis Bay to procure firewood. The dogs were vicious, and two men usually went with them.

After crossing the bay on the ice Cumby branched off from the other men, but they had not been separated long when his dogs began fighting. While he was attempting to clear the dogs his feet became entangled among the traces and he fell in the midst of the pack, which turned on him. He fought desperately with an axe, killing two dogs and almost severing the head from another and wounding several, but their number overcame him, and he was literally torn to pieces. A brother of the unfortunate man went to his rescue and narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was only after much time had elapsed and neighbors gathered that the mutilated corpse was rescued. In the same manner the captain of the mail boat brought to St. John's news of the finding of the skeletons of James Lane, his wife and their little boy, who were eaten by dogs the previous December while going from Harrison to the Moravian Mission station at Nain for the Christmas festivities. A severe storm raged, and it is supposed that the man, having pitched his tent unharnessed the dogs which drew his komatik, when they fell upon and tore him to pieces, his wife and boy meeting the same fate. The dogs, after an absence of ten days, returned without their owner, and, being fat and sleek, the people suspected what had occurred and shot them at once.

While virtually every resident of Labrador has been bitten once or more by these "devil dogs," there has never been a case of hydrophobia. This fact is attested by Dr. Grenfell, who in sixteen years on the coast has come in contact with every settler, even in the remotest parts, and has treated all of them. The dogs are excessively quarrelsome and wolf-like, hunt in packs and always attack the weaker among themselves, devouring them as they kill them. All seem anxious to take part in a fray, but peace is usually restored, even if twenty or more are engaged in combat, by the application of the dreaded Esquimaux whip used by the settlers. Only the unceasing application of the lash keeps them in subjection. The dog whip consists of a handle about eighteen inches long and a plaited whip of walrus hide about twenty feet long, and with it an expert driver can hit any part of the leading dog he chooses. In the coves and creeks along the seaboard, where the settlers live, no man ventures abroad without his whip. Every woman carries a stout club. It is death to a child to get among the dogs. In the more isolated settlements no visitor dare land without carrying a revolver.

Medicine Hat Cattle Trade.

Reports from the Medicine Hat district give an excellent account of the conditions of the cattle trade there. The season is described as the best that has ever been experienced. The past winter was so mild that the stock lost little weight, and picked up very rapidly in the ensuing spring. Shipments will in consequence be marketed much earlier than last year, and the beef will present a much better appearance. Prices are high, and great satisfaction prevails among the cattlemen. Few if any cattle will go from the district to Chicago this year. Last season over half the output went to that market. This fact may have had some influence on the increased prices offered by Canadian buyers, and also on the more encouraging treatment now enjoyed by shippers.



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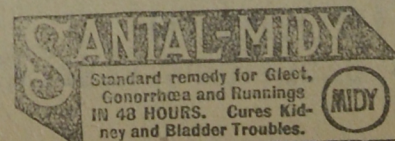
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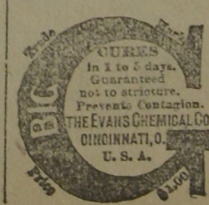
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