

DISAGREEMENT ALMOST CERTAIN

ONE MAN SAVED
OTHER DROWNED

Murray Siddall Picked Off a Floating Ice Cake in the Bay of Fundy Last Night But Frank Fillmore His Companion Was Drowned.

(See also page 2.)

AMHERST, N. S., April 12—(Special)—Murray Siddall, one of the men reported as afloat on the ice in the Bay of Fundy, last night was rescued later between Minville and Barronsfield in an almost exhausted state.

The night was terribly dark and the river filled with large cakes of floating ice so that it was like taking one's life in one's hands to attempt a rescue, but scores of willing men, regardless of personal safety, put forth every effort.

About 8.30 he was heard passing Minville. At once George Symes, Norman McLehman, Walter Allen and Denny McLehman followed. After fighting the ice and tide till 10.30 they succeeded in rescuing him, and being unable to bring their boat back, they carried the almost helpless man along the shore to the home of Benjamin Carter, at Lower Macdonald, where every attention was shown him.

The story of his experience is a most thrilling one. It seems the accident occurred at five o'clock yesterday, at the mouth of the Sackville River. Whether it was the force of the tide or a blow from an ice cake that upset the boat, Siddall does not know. Immediately the boat upset, Frank Fillmore, who was with him, disappeared. It is supposed that having heavy rubber boots on, and probably a quantity of ammunition about his person, the weight carried him down.

THIS BLUFF
DIDN'T WORK

Wife Found Love Letter in Husband's Pocket and He Could Not Explain to Her Satisfaction.

NEW YORK, April 11—Mrs. Bertha K. Hillis, of No. 51 Charlton street, was given a separation from her physician husband, because Supreme Court Justice O'Grady did not believe that a love letter written to the husband by another woman was simply for use in a novel.

Mrs. Hillis alleged cruel treatment, drugery and too much friendliness between the doctor and some of his female patients, notably Eva Godden and Blanche McGinnis. The latter is said to be the author of the following anonymous epistle which Mrs. Hillis said she found in her husband's clothes:

"My Dear Hubby—Now 2 a. m. Where are you and what are you doing? I do hope we can be happy for New Year's. Things have gone so wrong and unpleasant between us that it makes me cross. I try hard not to be cross, but it is so hard to smile and look pleasant. My Dear, how I wish you were near me, so that I could throw my arms around you and tell you how much I love you! Adieu."

Mrs. Hillis said that when she confronted her husband with this letter, he threatened to kill her, and said the servant, Norah Reilly, would swear she wrote the letter. Dr. Hillis and Miss McGinnis said the letter was written just for use in a novel upon which they were collaborating.

The wife told of many beatings received at the hands of the doctor.

"He was so stingy, too," she said. "Even before we were home from our wedding trip to Niagara in 1887 he took back \$30 he had given me. Ever since he has been counting the pennies."

Pending a final award of alimony, Mrs. Hillis is to have \$17.50 a week.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S DARING FEAT
AS A GIRL AT GRAND MANAN

During a visit to Grand Manan Island, in the Bay of Fundy, I heard the following incident of Mrs. Roosevelt's girlhood:

At that time, in company with a cousin and his wife, Mrs. Roosevelt spent some weeks among the fisher folk of Grand Manan. The South Head is a precipitous cliff that drops straight into the sea. When the high tides peculiar to the Bay of Fundy are out a narrow beach is exposed at the base of the cliff, to which visitors are in the habit of descending by means of a narrow, circuitous path. Mrs. Roosevelt and her party made this trip, but when the girl looked up at the face of the cliff it occurred to her that she would much prefer to climb it than to return by the path. Consequently she and her cousin began the ascent of the precipice, a feat that had been accomplished but once or twice before, and then only by the hardest fishermen.

The old South Head lies straight into the air and is almost as difficult of ascent as a polished wall. Their perilous venture once begun, however, they were forced to continue it, for the tide returned

Siddall managed to get back into the boat, which was partly filled with water, but was unable to control it, so that it was immediately carried out with the swiftly running tide. Later, owing to the water in the boat, he had to abandon it and got on to the ice, from which he was rescued. While some had hopes that Fillmore, too, may have been carried out on the ice floor, yet this morning all hope is abandoned.

Mr. Fillmore is the second son of W. Colpitts Fillmore of Westmorland Point, and with his wife and four children lived in the same house with his parents. His wife is a daughter of Charles F. Hill of Amherst. He was a man of exemplary habits, a member of the Sackville, N. B., Baptist church, and was about 40 years of age.

A sad feature in connection with the accident is that today his father was to celebrate his 77th birthday, and deceased was proposing to make some fitting celebration of the event. Besides the father and mother, wife and four children, the following members of the family survive: A. S. Fillmore, of South Hampton, N. S.; Fred S., of the Amherst Motor Co.; Mrs. George O. Siddall (mother of Murray); Westmorland; Mrs. J. H. Bulmer, of Winnipeg; Mrs. Robt. P. Dobson, of Joliette, and Miss Emily at home. Unusual sympathy is felt for all. The scene of the accident is the same as where Richard Carter and the pastor of the Point D'Bele church, lost their lives in a similar manner, some years ago.

"YOUR MONEY
OR YOUR LIFE"

Montreal Man Enters Grocery Store and Terrorizes Woman for Her Money.

MONTREAL, April 12 (Special)—George Etienne, twenty-five years of age, was arrested yesterday charged with attempting to rob a woman at the point of his revolver.

Etienne entered the little grocery store of Miss Cordella Contant, 24 St. Christopher street, and pointing a revolver at her demanded that she hand him over all her money, and threatened if she did not do so in a hurry he would blow off her head. His loud words attracted the attention of the woman's sister, who was in the rear of the store, and when she hurried into the store, Etienne pocketed his revolver and fled into the street, without making any further attempt to obtain the money.

The fair to be held in City Hall, west end, by the Carleton Cornet Band next week, promises to be a great success. For two weeks elaborate preparations have been made for the event. In connection with the fair a voting contest will be held for the most popular foreman. Those entered are John Bond, John McAndrews, Charles Brown and Charles H. Jackson. The ladies' auxiliary of the band will take charge of the booths, and Mayor Sears will open the fair. The City Cornet Band will furnish the music Monday night.

John Rooney, a C. P. R. brakeman, fell between two cars at Sand Point this morning about four o'clock, and had his face injured. He was taken to the hospital, but was discharged this morning about 11 o'clock. He will be unable to work for a couple of days as he got quite a shaking up.

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and the sea cut them off beneath. I never had a more thankful moment in my life," said old Walter McLaughlin, the lighthouse keeper, "than when I reached down and drew the young American girl up over the edge of the cliff."

It had happened that just before the day of my visit to the South Head light Mrs. Roosevelt's cousin, now on his second visit to Grand Manan, had called there.

"Mr. McLaughlin," he said, "do you remember the girl who climbed South Head years ago?"

Of course, Walter McLaughlin remembered it. "Do you know," asked the visitor, "that she is now the wife of the President of the United States?"

"I am going to send her this on the next mail that leaves Grand Manan," said the old lighthouse keeper, his eyes glowing with pleasure. He showed me a photograph on which he had drawn in red ink the course she took in the ascent. "And I am going to ask her if she remembers old Walter McLaughlin who drew her up over the edge of the cliff."

—New York Herald.

THE THAW JURY STILL
WRESTLING WITH THE
QUESTION OF GUILT

Up to Noon Today They Had Not Returned to the Court But It is Thought They Will Report a Disagreement and Ask to be Released.

NEW YORK, April 12—Another long, comfortless night was passed at the criminal courts building by twelve men who are to decide the question of Harry K. Thaw's guilt or innocence, and this morning found them all but worn out by their protracted wrestling with the grim problem. The room in which they were confined is small and contains only a long table and some chairs. This, of course, meant added sleeplessness and fatigue. Now and then the doors were unlocked by the guards to allow one or another of the jurors to take some exercise in the hallway, but this was all the relief from the burden of deciding for or against the prisoner's life. A most hopeful sign is the fact that the jury has not reported a deadlock, of course, certain, but from the fact that the jury has not reported or asked to be discharged on the ground that they cannot agree, is drawn the inference that they have hope of getting together or they have determined to fight it out until physical endurance is exhausted.

Rumors were rife again during the night following the jury's entrance, and as to the probable result of the jury's deliberations, but, as was the case yesterday, all were merely guesses. As for Harry Thaw, his good spirits despite the nerve-racking suspense were considered not far short of marvellous. He sat in the prisoner's pen for many hours, but as the night went on and no word came from the jurors, he did not lose any of the sanguine air which characterized his demeanor almost from the time the jury heard his deliberations. It was he who comforted his wife, and mother, although, ostensibly, it was they who were by his side to help him bear anxiety. They remained with him until midnight, until there was no hope of a verdict. Thaw had suffered a dreary, tumultuous day, as the result of his waiting, and the crowds that thronged in the streets about the court building.

The Thaw family arrived shortly before the courtroom was opened and entered the consulting room adjoining. Again hundreds of persons on the street crowded around the doors in an attempt to get a close view of the woman in the case.

Breakfast Hour Saw
No Sign of Agreement

After being out for 38 hours the jurors went to breakfast shortly after 7 o'clock this morning. Throughout the night their discussions were continued, but still an agreement was not reached. In spite of their long confinement the jurors showed little evidence of the strain they have been under, save for red eyes and unshaven faces. All of them seemed to be in good spirits when they returned to the court building at 9 o'clock and reentered the jury room to resume their deliberations. Juror Pink, who was ill yesterday, seemed much improved this morning. The jurors spent a quiet night, according to the court officers who have them in charge, but continued their arguments and balloting until breakfast time. Still there is no sign of an agreement and the feeling that a verdict will never be reached is growing stronger every hour that the jury remains out.

Disagreement Is Now
Almost a Certainty

Justice Fitzgerald when he arrived at his chambers found no word awaiting him from the jury. At 11 o'clock they had not reached the point where they felt they were justified in asking for a discharge.

In this respect the jury is regarded as a remarkably conscientious set of men. They evidently feel that after such a long trial, and so much expense and inconvenience to all concerned, it is an unshirkable duty to put forth every effort to reach an agreement. Justice Fitzgerald, on his part, determined to take no step looking to a dismissal of the twelve men until they made a formal announcement of their disagreement and requested to be released.

Stanford White's Pictures
Brought Only Fair Prices

NEW YORK, April 12—Stanford White's modern paintings were sold at auction last night, and realized here a few well-known names, such as Innes, Hassam and Curran, brought high prices, but the paintings of other masters sold at low figures. "Correille and Mollie," one of Gerome's gold medal pictures, which sold for \$8,500, went to Edmund Holbrook for \$1,600. This was the record price of the evening's auction. The sale will be concluded tonight with the old masters.

THE EMPRESS
OF IRELAND

HALIFAX, N. S., April 12—(Special)—The C. P. R. liner Empress of Ireland, from Liverpool, with mails, reached here at six o'clock this morning and sailed again at 8.30 for St. John. She loaded here 22 passengers, mostly sailors.

The Allan liner Sicilian arrived from Glasgow today with 1,011 passengers, 24 second cabin and 726 steerage. Included in the number was a "Smear" party of 163, and also 100 "Quarrier Home" boys.

BONILLA HAS
SURRENDERED

NEW ORLEANS, April 12—According to a cablegram received by the officials of the Fruit Despatch Company here, President Manuel Bonilla, of Honduras, has surrendered to the Nicaraguan forces. The cablegram came from Managua, Nicaragua, and was signed by President Jose S. Zelaya.

No details were given other than that Bonilla surrendered yesterday.

Mrs. David Logan
PITCOU April 12—(Special)—The death occurred suddenly last evening of Mrs. Logan, widow of David Logan, prothonotary. The deceased was a native of St. John and had been visiting friends some distance from her home. Her son drove her back and in front of her residence she took ill and expired shortly after.

The sand of Sahara averages 30 feet in depth, but in some places it has been found 300 feet below the surface.

SHREVEPORT, La., April 11—Joe Harris, a negro jockey, well known as Jockey Gans, was shot and killed today by Frank Flowers, another negro. Harris was under contract to ride in the east. Flowers claims he acted in self-defence.

GRAVE APPREHENSION.
NEW YORK, April 12 (Special)—There is some apprehension lest the Thaw trial should end before the material for a similar sensation has been provided by some other agent of Providence with a brain storm and a gun. At the present moment it seems almost probable that the public will be forced to turn its attention to the daily doings of commonplace, decent people. It is true that Mr. Thaw, himself, does not share this view, as he feels that as the agent of Providence his bill-of-fare and the color of his necktie, to say nothing of his views on current topics, will still be, for a considerable period, the means of saving many persons from the listless tedium of a humdrum existence. Perhaps Mr. Thaw is right, but it is nevertheless true that a feeling of apprehension is becoming quite general. The photographers are in despair.

Mr. Hornbeam's views, as those of a practical farmer, are entitled to respectful consideration.

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