

THE BLACKPOOL

THE BLACKPOOL TIMES AND FYLDE OBSERVER, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8 1905

LIFE IN CANADA.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A BIG FIRE, AND THE SHOOTING SEASON.

Mr. J. H. Rhodes, J.P., J.P., brother of Mr. T. Rhodes, of Hornby road, Blackpool, who has been settled in Canada for a number of years, sends a very interesting letter to his relatives in England from Albert, New Brunswick, Canada, from which we give a few extracts below.

"I have been intending to get some maple leaves to send you, but have been so tied to my office that I fear the best of them are already over; the colours this season have been unusually bright, too. When the cold weather sets on the beautiful snow will be with us for six months at least, and it is no doubt difficult for you to realise how beautiful it is. There are, of course, days in which the cold is rather too severe to be enjoyable, but the greater part of our winter is to me simply delightful. It makes me feel like jumping off all fours, like the lambs in spring, one feels so full of life. Such exhilaration can only be felt in cold temperature.

"The cards sent by the last mail will give you some idea of the love we all have of foliage trees in Albert, also of the styles of the buildings. Almost all fences have been for some time abolished, and a cattle law forbids cattle on the street, except in the charge of drivers, so that the gardens are unmolested, and this gives a charming effect to the front of the residences.

NO HOTELS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

SIXTY PEOPLE HOMELESS.

I regret to say that a 40,000d. fire has swept the Lower Corner and rendered some 60 people homeless. The fire was not easily put out. It reached as far as the Baptist Church, only a stone's throw from me on the other side of the street, and only three buildings below me remain standing. So you see I had a very close shave of being scorched. The fire made very rapid progress, and I had some difficulty in getting things out, as all available teams were in employ. I did, however, get everything out, and stuck to it till after midnight, and was back to work, or watch, or wait by four o'clock in the morning.

Of course, it was very exciting. I had many valuable books, papers, and documents belonging to others which I held in trust, and was, of course, much concerned for their safety. But everything I had in charge was safe, and the energy I had displayed in the interest of others brought so many warm thanks to me that I felt another link of attachment was forged between me and Albert.

The fire began in the Carriage Factory, and the flames were about to burst out of the upper storey windows when it was first discovered. Some of the buildings were uninsured and the owners lost all they had. Two of the principal hotels were destroyed and the owner of one ruined. He had been offered 3,500d. for the building only a few days before. He carried no insurance. All our hotels are temperance houses for this is a Scott Act county, and the sale of liquors is prohibited by law. So, of course, funds its way into the county, but most of our people are strictly temperate, if not wholly abstainers. Had not the wind veered to the westward, all Albert would have been wiped out. What effect this might have had on my future I do not know. I certainly should not have returned to England, but to what part of this province I might have moved I could not say. Were I about the age of Ernest I might have gone to Winnipeg or probably further west, as that is the part of Canada which must make the future homes of millions in the not distant future.

SHOOTING BIG GAME.

Tell your father that I have never so much wished him here as this fall. We have had an unprecedented season of shooting big game. Several of my intimate friends have had the fortune to get a bull moose, in two instances. The width between the horns measured 55 inches, and the weight has varied between 500 and 800 pounds when dressed. Teams have been sent out to bring them home, and the flesh has been sent to friends or sold out. It is fine in flavour, and away ahead of beef.

DEATH OF MRS. ELLEN WHITESIDE.

A BLACKPOOL OCTOGENARIAN.

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."

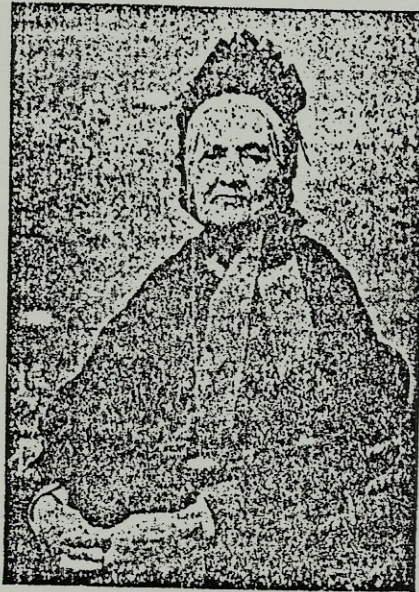
We regret to record the death of Mrs. Ellen Whiteside, aged 87, at her son-in-law's, Mr. Wm. Cardwell, Whitegate Drive, which occurred on Monday, after a short illness, under circumstances recorded below. By her death another of the old links with Blackpool is removed. She was the twin daughter of Mr. Henry and Mrs. Jenny Fisher, of Moss Side, Little Marton, and was a sister of the late Mr. Henry Fisher, J.P., of Hornby road, Blackpool. She is the last of this esteemed and long-lived family. In her young days she lived in Blackpool for a time, and could talk about a barn and fields opposite the Clifton Hotel, and other old landmarks long since removed.

Mrs. Whiteside was a member of the Fisher family—one of the families who

ways converse of things of 70 years ago, and generally enjoyed good health, and was beloved by all her family and friends who knew her. Her many kindnesses shown to the poor during her lifetime, and her kind sympathy to all in distress was one of her many good Christian qualities. Being of a quiet reserved nature she did good in her own quiet unostentatious manner, not wishing any should know, and now at the ripe age of 87 (on the 3rd inst.) has passed peacefully away.

The interment takes place to-morrow (Thursday), she being laid to rest in the grave with her husband at Marton Churchyard. It may be said of her, as can be read on her grandmother's tombstone (almost adjoining her last resting place).

"AN OLD DISCIPLE."



were the pioneers of Nonconformity in the Fylde; in fact, Nonconformity probably owes more to the Fisher family than to any other. In the earlier days, when the severities of a Five Mile Act were so keenly felt by Dissenters, the Fishers journeyed to the Mother Church of Nonconformity at Elswick. It was at Mrs. Whiteside's grandfather's, Mr. Robert Fisher, where Dissenters' meetings were held at Little Marton, notwithstanding the rigorous application of the law upon early Dissenters. This was in 1760, and two years later Mr. R. Fisher succeeded in obtaining a license to use his house as a meeting place for Dissenters. In those days the grandmother of the subject of this sketch, along with the minister, were described as "the only members of the congregation who could sing" at the place of worship at Great Marton.

The deceased lady married her cousin, William Whiteside, of the New House Farm, Little Marton, who was for years the headmaster at Baines' School, Marton, and afterwards the assistant overseer for the Fylde Union. He died in 1850, aged 57, leaving his now deceased widow and four children still living. The deceased came to reside with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Wm. Cardwell. In November of last year she had a slight stroke, which left no ill-effects further than a slight loss of memory for present events. She could al-

INQUEST LAST NIGHT.

Mr. Parker, district coroner, held an inquest last evening on the body of Mrs. Ellen Whiteside, who died at her residence on Sunday, November 5th, after a fall the Wednesday previous.

Janet Cardwell, 94, Whitegate Drive, said the deceased was her mother and was 87 years of age. At nine o'clock on Wednesday evening last the deceased was going upstairs to bed, when witness, who had previously retired, heard her call, and on leaving her room found deceased lying on the landing. She said "Oh, my head." Witness obtained assistance, and helped her to bed. On the following morning a doctor was sent for, and attended her until ten o'clock on Sunday night, when she complained of pains in her side, and died the same evening.

John Brown, who assisted the last witness to get deceased to bed, also gave evidence, and said deceased had fallen, but did not blame anyone.

Sergt. Howarth said he examined the body on the Monday, and found a bruise on the left elbow.

The Coroner read a letter from Dr. Billing, who attended the deceased, stating that she developed bronchial-pneumonia. There was no doubt, said the Coroner, that the old lady died from shock as a result of the fall, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

NO REPULSIVE DETAILS.

REV. W. LEICESTER & COUN. ELLIS.

APPLAUSE IN A CHAPEL.

On Sunday, at the Adelaide street United Methodist Free Church, the Rev. Walter Leicester preached on the subject of "The Ellis Scandal." The church was well filled, and Coun. Ellis himself was present, sitting right at the rear of the building. At one part of the sermon, there was a loud burst of applause in the gallery, which was instantly suppressed by the minister.

The preacher said it was not his intention to enter into the repulsive details of the scandal of the past week, but to call attention to the lessons which were pointed by the recent events. He did not suppose everybody would agree with what he might say, for those for whom he cherished no ordinary respect might be in disagreement with him, but he trusted that they would all agree to differ. He deplored the woeful lack of reverence on the part of many at the present day, and said they would agree with him that those people were not going to improve the social condition of humanity. The worst kind of hypocrisy was that which was hypocrite to itself, and a man came very near to that when he set up a moral standard and talked about it, instead of attaining it himself or attempting to do so. To put it in a homely phrase, "Those who lived in glass houses should be particularly careful about throwing stones," and it belated them to bear in mind that there was nothing more hateful than to condemn a man all his life long for some mistake which he may have made in a bygone year, and to not let him forget a guilt which God had blotted out of the Book of Remembrance. He urged them all to cultivate reverence. Let them always have a self-respect for the sanctities of family life. Were they to suppose that the return of Mr. Ellis to the Council Chamber was due to lack of reverence for what was good, pure, and noble? He told them emphatically that he did not think so. Rightly or wrongly, it was due to what the great bulk of the public conceived to be personal spleen, self-interest, and political jobbery. It was their protest against what they considered a dastardly attack upon a man who in the pursuit of his work had fallen foul of those who in public work had axes of their own to grind. It was a solemn expression of their conviction that the amazing and revolting charges that were sprung upon the electorate at the eleventh hour were the outcome, not of a love for purity, not of a desire for a high standard of morality in public life, but were the outcome of a base and bitter conspiracy. At this point applause was heard in the gallery, which was stopped by the preacher, who put up his hand and said he had suppressed the applause because it struck him that if he permitted it it would be interpreted by some in a way that would be calculated to damage his utterances. But he did not hesitate to say that the applause of those sentiments rang as sweetly in the ears of Almighty God, as much as a solemn intoned "Amen" in any chapel, church or cathedral. Although what he had said had represented the people's thoughts and feelings, he did not say that the judgment of the people was right, nor did he say that it was wrong. He appealed to those who had professed to have brought forward those charges simply and purely on moral grounds, to give them some solid proof of their sincerity. They had undoubtedly lost the confidence of a large number of burgesses. It might be that the day of redemption had come, but he thought that some of them believed that they were wholly beyond redemption—(hear, hear and laughter)—but still that remained to be seen. Time would show, and he appealed to those men as God-fearing men to do their utmost to lift the moral tone of the town. Their insistence on moral character in those who are seeking public positions in vain would be denounced as satire if they did not respond to the appeal that he was then making to them. There were a large number of people who felt that they had not done their best for the morale of their town in the past, and it might be that Rip Van Winkle-like, they were waking up from their sleep, and though in public opinion they were crippled and in tatters if they would only set about for the moral well being of this town as they ought to do, then they would gain the respect of the