

In Quest of a Sensation.

My father was a well-known, highly respected journalist, and had he lived, I should probably have begun my journalistic career as soon as I left school.

My father, however, died when I was nine years old, and my mother who had a horror of journalistic work, ruled that I should be a telegraph clerk. She endeavored upon the hardship and the worries of newspaper work, the troubles, the struggles, and the uncertain hours. She spoke, too, of my father's never-ceasing headache, which culminated in brain fever and caused his death.

Like a dutiful son I faithfully promised that I would never, never be a journalist; and, like many other dutiful sons, I recklessly broke my promise as soon as I had the chance. At the age of nineteen I was a full fledged telegraph clerk earning eighteen shillings a week. The sum of two shillings a week was to be added on to my princely salary every year, but when I had attained my majority I suddenly became disgusted with my work—or rather my pay.

In order to increase my income, I contributed several articles to the paper of which my father was once editor. Almost every item of news which I submitted was accepted and paid for. I was singularly successful, but I happen to know now that had any outsider sent the news, he would not have been so fortunate. My father's reputation stood me in good stead. Because I was the son of my father, my contributions were treated with more respect than they deserved.

My mother strongly objected at first, but after a time she said despairingly, "Well, well; it's no use fighting against Nature. Do as you please!"

From that day onwards, I was continually on the alert for news. I did not neglect my telegraphic duties. I spent my leisure hours in curious, out-of-the-way places, and if I could obtain some important news before the reporters of rival newspapers, I was delighted, partly because I received extra remuneration for such news, but chiefly because I had accomplished a feat which would have pleased my father had he been alive.

Shortly before Christmas, 18—, I was returning from the Post Office at 4 a. m., after a spell of night duty. It was a cold, dark, stormy morning; and, in order to get home to bed as soon as possible, I took a short cut down a narrow street in a low quarter. The rain, which had been falling gently for hours, suddenly came down in torrents.

I took shelter in a doorway, and in five minutes a man, carrying a bag on his back, knocked at the adjoining door.

"What luck, Jack?" asked a woman who opened the door.

"Five hundred pounds' worth or so," whispered Jack, "but I believe Mike 'as killed."

The door was closed, and I heard no more. I began to think Jack was evidently a burglar, and Mike—probably his partner—had perhaps committed murder. Here was news indeed! I was young, enthusiastic, and foolish, and I determined that, instead of going home to bed, I would obtain a scrap of sensational news for my paper. I had not the least intention of acting as a detective in order to bring criminals to justice. That was the business of the police. My one object was "copy."

I tried the door which Jack had entered. It was latched; but, fortunately, my latch key opened it, and I was soon inside the house. I crawled towards the kitchen door and hid behind a long overcoat which hung in the passage. I heard voices in the kitchen.

"Everything went well," said Jack, "until the last minute. We had got all these 'ere jewels nicely packed, and then old Barret hintruded himself. Mike at once cracked 'em over the head with the policeman's staff which he always carries, and old Barret tumbled on the floor, dead as a stone, I don't know which."

"I'm frightened," said the woman. "I will go and bolt the front door."

"No, no; leave it on the latch. Mike'll be 'ere in a minute. We thought it best not to be seen together, so Mike went a long way round."

On hearing this I thought I would disappear before Mike appeared on the scene. I had heard enough, and, besides, I did not want to run the risk of an interview with Mike—the man who had a policeman's staff and knew how to use it. Poor old Barret! I knew him. He was a local Jeweller.

I cautiously made my way to the front door, and just as I was about to open it, Mike—the dreaded Mike himself—stepped inside. He staggered on seeing me, but, quickly recovering himself, he struck me violently on the head with his precious staff, and I fell down, partially stunned. I was carried into the kitchen. I found that I could move, hear, and speak, too, it I liked; but I deemed it advisable to sham unconsciousness.

"He'll be all right for an hour or two," said Mike gruffly. "He might be able to 'ear bits of our chatter, though, so we'd better go in the room and consider what to do with the young cub. I'll polish 'im off, if necessary."

They went into the room, and I immediately 'recovered.' I was locked in, though, and there seemed no way of escape. As a last resource I took out a telegraph-form which I had in my pocket, and wrote the following message:—

"Miss Cowburn, The Hollies, Blankings-on.
'Come home at once; mother dying
W. E. COWBURN"

On the back of the telegraph form, round the edges, I hastily scribbled the telegraphic dots and dashes:—

Just as I had finished I heard footsteps, so I became 'unconscious' again. Jack, Mike, and the woman came into the kitchen, and the woman forced some brandy down my throat. I thought it best to recover, so I opened my eyes, gasped in apparent astonishment, and then asked, "Where am I?"

"You're 'ere," replied Mike, truthfully enough. "and what we wants to know is what you're doin' 'ere."

"Oh! I remember now. I was on my way to the Post Office to send an important telegram, and I took shelter in a doorway. I found the door slightly ajar, so I stepped inside to get out of the rain. Then I began to think that things would look suspicious if anybody found me hiding there, so I opened the door with the object of going out, and—I forget the rest."

"There's a fine cock-an'-bull story," replied Mike. "Anyhow, young gentleman you don't budge from this 'ere house for three clear days at least, so set your mind on that."

"But I must go!" I exclaimed. "My mother is dying, and I must summon my sister to her bedside. See! here is the telegram which I wish to send!"

All three glanced at the bogus telegram I had written a few minutes before, and to my joy, I saw sympathetic tears in the woman's eyes.

"You're not going out o' this 'ouse," said Mike resolutely; "I'll see to that."

"I'm sorry for his mother and sister," said the woman. "Poor things! His sister ought to receive that telegram. I'll take it to the Post office myself; shall I?"

Neither Mike nor Jack raised any objection to this, and the tender-hearted woman went off with the telegram. I breathed freely. The woman volunteered to do the very thing I was going to ask her to do. My bosom friend, Charlie Martin was on duty at the telegraph office and I knew that the telegram would pass through his hands.

Charlie Martin was surprised when he saw the telegram; and no wonder! In the first place he knew of no such place as Blankings-on, and again, he was astounded when he saw my name at the bottom.

Turning the telegram over to see if the name and address of the sender were properly filled in, he saw my dots and dashes. Charlie, of course, had no difficulty in making out the words they represented. My dots and dashes, translated into plain English, read:—

"Charlie Martin—help!—I'm captured by rogues—5, High Street."

Charlie Martin dismissed the woman, and then consulted several other clerks. A messenger was at once sent to the police station. While I was trying to make myself comfortable, in spite of gag and rope, the door of No. 5, High Street, was burst open, and several police officers made their appearance.

Mike and Jack were taken prisoners, though not without a struggle, and I was liberated. It was afterwards learnt that Mike had not actually killed old Barret, but he got a heavy sentence for attempting to do so, and the ferocious brute thoroughly deserved his punishment. Jack also was imprisoned, though not for so long a period, and the woman was let off with a comparatively light sentence.

O, yes; I had a two-column report in my paper before any other paper obtained news of the affair. That was worth a damaged head.

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But Supposing.

The writer finding himself in the company of a well known pugilist recently, determined to profit by the occasion, and raised several knotty points for his advice.

"In the event of being suddenly attacked say, in a street row, what would you advise me to do?" was the initial query put to him.

"First," he replied, "take off your coat. The other chap does the same, and when his arms are behind his back you knock him down. He'll not get up again; he won't want any more."

"But supposing he does get up and does want some more?"

"Then hook it; he's a good un."

BORN.

Digby, Sept. 3, to the wife of Walton Post, a son.
Digby, Sept. 8, to the wife of Jos. Rogers, a son.
Truro, Sept. 12, to the wife of L. L. Sibley, a son.
Digby, Sept. 2, to the wife of Chas. Hersey, a son.
Digby, Sept. 10, to the wife of Dr. Vernet, a son.
Oak Bay, Sept. 4, to the wife of Wm. N. Smith, a son.
Windsor, Sept. 8, to the wife of William Holburn, a son.
Morristown, Sept. 5, to the wife of Charlie D. Fox, a son.
Bridgewater, Sept. 4, to the wife of George Jodrey, a son.
Emerald Isle, Sept. 7, to the wife of A. D. Fox, a son.
Brighton, Sept. 6, to the wife of Edward Harris, a daughter.
Gulliver's Cove, Sept. 31, to the wife of Leslie Haight, a daughter.
Roseway, Sept. 4, to the wife of Jas. Robbins, a daughter.
Alma, Sept. 4, to the wife of Claude Courrier, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 5, to the wife of John Moore, a daughter.
Bristol, Sept. 7, to the wife of William King, a daughter.
Moncton, Sept. 11, to the wife of M. Luryee, a daughter.
Marbleton, Sept. 25, to the wife of Oliver Harvie, a daughter.
New Horton, Albert Co., to the wife of Capt. Geo. Reid, a son.
Alma, Albert Co., Sept. 1, to the wife T. E. Colplitt, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 6, to the wife of Theodore Kennedy, a son.
Moncton, Sept. 17, to the wife of William Steadman, a son.
Granville, Sept. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Rupert G. Hatt, a son.
Parrsboro, Sept. 6, to the wife of Capt. H. Nichols, a daughter.
Hopewell Hill, Aug. 25, to the wife of Joseph Melton, a son.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 17, to the wife of Charles S. Manuel, a son.
Baron, Aug. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lambertson, a daughter.
Round Hill, Sept. 14, to the wife of Herbert Whitman, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Sept. 1, to the wife of John Gillingham, a daughter.
Beaver Brook, Aug. 29, to the wife of Gains Steeves, a daughter.
Granville Ferry, Sept. 4, to the wife of W. W. Pickup, a daughter.
Riverside, Albert Co., Aug. 29, to the wife of Howard Woodworth, a son.
Middle Musquodoboit, Aug. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Chisholm, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, Sept. 12, James Ceeley to Sarah Dorman.
Truro, Sept. 13, Allen Morgan to Anna Belle McMillan.
Portland, Me., by Rev. Asa Dalton, Robert Miller to Sadie Turpe.
Amherst, Sept. 11, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, P. Godes to Mrs. McKay.
Upper Musquodoboit, Sept. 12, Howard Redmond to Christie J. Henry.
Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Jas. E. Power to Geo. Martin.
Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. A. Simmonds, Everett L. Lavers to Emma Solos.
Pictou, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. Cunningham, Daniel Elliott to Jessie A. Grant.
Rockingham, Sept. 14, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Thomas D. Graham to Ida May Lowe.
Moncton, Sept. 13, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, Calvin Woodworth to Belle Goodwin.
Woodville, Sept. 16, by Rev. D. O. Reid, Fred Orlinton to Oressa L. George.
Tidnish, Sept. 12, by Rev. Mr. Howard, Arthur Redden to Lavinia Brundage.
Brooklyn, Sept. 12, by Rev. G. W. Ball, William T. Gold to Charlotte F. Gardner.
Liverpool, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. T. Moody, Joseph Fairbank to Sarah Madeline Kunt.
Musquodoboit, Sept. 11, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Robert Wright to Annie E. Fraser.
Bear River, Sept. 13, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, A. E. Dunlop to Nina Audrey Pinney.
Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, Wm. S. Verdine to Annie Montgomery.
Stella, Sept. 12, by Rev. W. M. Tait, Rev. John D. McKay, to Sophia Stewart.
Charlottetown, Sept. 6, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Sydney D. Kim to Marion McLeod.
Truro, Sept. 13, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Fred Fitch Taylor to Marion Ella Cotnam.
Albi, N. Y., Sept. 6, by Rev. F. S. Dunham, Daniel D. Lutter to Anna May Currie.
Milford, N. B., Sept. 14, by Rev. J. Shenton, Arthur S. Leasley to Mildred Harrington.
Westfield, Sept. 6, by Rev. Henry T. Parlee, Edward W. Lingiey to Ella E. Dupissie.
Osslow, Sept. 13, by Rev. D. McGregor, Peter G. MacSwain to Lily Thomson MacSwain.
Halifax, Sept. 12, by Rev. F. H. W. Archibald, William H. Webber to Emily Angrove.
Halifax, Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Rev. Alex. D. Sterling to Lavinia D. Davidson.
Rowley Mass., Sept. 4, by Rev. W. B. Crowell, Mrs. Cynthia L. Crosby to George Daniels.
Waltham, Mass., Sept. 4, by Rev. F. B. Green, Daniel D. Lutter to Anna May Currie.
St. Peter's Island, P. E. I., Sept. 12, by Rev. J. G. McElroy, Alexander Cameron to Elizabeth Jane Taylor.

DIED.

Westville, Sept. 12, Mrs. Facey.
Halifax, Sept. 14, John Doull 77.
Yarmouth, Mrs. Ruth G. Poole 78.
Northport, Aug. 31, Percy Shelly 6.
Lakeville, Sept. 4, John Corbett 82.
Windsor, Sept. 7, William Smith 88.
New Canada, Sept. 9, S. S. Brown 60.
Westville, Sept. 9, Susanne Dwyer 80.
Emsdale, Sept. 11, James Fisher 79.
Windsor, Sept. 15, John R. Cowan 64.
St. John, Sept. 15, James McLean 63.
Kempt Road, Sept. 9, Jean Ingram 61.
Halifax, Sept. 14, Charles F. Melnik 77.
St. John, Sept. 18, William J. Olive 77.
Antigonish, Sept. 8, Christina Power 74.
West Berlin, Aug. 31, Freeman Darrow.
Burlington, Sept. 10, Sarah A. Allan 76.
Meirose, Mass., Sept. 16, John H. Foster.
Morristown, Sept. 4, Angus McDonald 58.
Port Hastings, Sept. 12, Mary McMillan 69.
Antigonish, Sept. 12, Daniel A. McDonald.
Amherst, Sept. 14, Eldie McNeil 6 months.
Sable River, Sept. 8, Mrs. K. Zah Harlow 86.
Northampton, Sept. 6, Alexander Kearney 86.
Redbank, Sept. 10, Mrs. M. S. Samuel Doane 70.
Enfield, Aug. 21, Mary M. wife of Jas. Horne 26.
Truro, Sept. 10, Horace, infant son of E. Rozze 2.
Grand Falls, Sept. 12, Rev. Joseph Johnston 48.
Pictou, Sept. 4, Angus A. son of A. F. MacKay 3.
Westville, Sept. 12, infant child of Thomas Quigley.
Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 4, Lascelle C. MacDonald.
Simonds, Sept. 17, Freddie, son of Hugh McManus.
Halifax, Sept. 2, Norman P. son of Robert Lorrey 21.
San Francisco, Cal. Aug. 16, William J. Thompson 61.
Upper Musquodoboit, Sept. 1, Mrs. William Miller.
East Somerville, Mass., Sept. 9, Mrs. C. F. Porter 35.
Campbellton, Sept. 11, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson 88.
Westville, Sept. 10, Margaret, wife of James Barbour 71.
Buffalo, N. Y., Thaddeus C. widow of George Scullard 88.
Shelburne, Aug. 29, Charlotte J. widow of George Acker.
St. John, Sept. 18, Jane, widow of the late Thos. McCraely.
Sussex, Sept. 13, Mabel E. daughter of T. H. Brown 6 months.
West Berlin, Sept. 19, Hannah E. wife of William Hemen 66.
Skidmore, Mo., Sept. 3, Martin I. son of Rev. L. M. Wilkins.
Roxbury, Mass., June 19, Ruth A. wife of Frank A. Mahaney 43.
Richfield, Digby Co. Aug. 28, John R. son of Geo. Hackett 11 months.
Tatamagouche, Sept. 4, Margaret G. widow of Jas. Johnson 81.
Campbellton, Sept. 8, George E. infant son of Stephen Brown.
Manchester, N. H. Sept. 11, Louise, daughter of John Legg 25.
Halifax, Sept. 14, John W. infant son of Ewen Morrison 10 months.
Halifax, Sept. 13, Jennie F. infant daughter of Michael F. Ryan.
Halifax, Sept. 12, Eva M. daughter of Reginald L. Hurd 11 months.
North Brookfield, Sept. 3, Raymond E. son of Albert G. Morton 17.
Whitington, Eng., Sept. 17, Emily, widow of the late F. L. Dibblee.
Campbellton, Sept. 9, Margaret C. daughter of Simon Tennier 1 month.
Yarmouth, Sept. 9, Martha, infant daughter of Geo. H. Eldridge 4 months.
North Brookfield, Sept. 3, Elsie J. daughter of Solomon Cruse 6 months.

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On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert,
ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE
(Sunday excepted.)

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 2.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.30 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Edward,"
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Lve. St. John } Mon, 5.30 p. m. } Lve. } Sat. 4 p. m.
St. John } Wed 5.30 p. m. } Boston } Wed 11 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. Digby 12.36 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.28 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.43 a. m., arr. Halifax 6.30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 8.30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUEHOSE
Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m., arr. at Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. at Halifax 3.00 p. m.

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On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....5.30
Express for Campbellton, Eggenash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.50
Express for Moncton.....12.45
Suburban Express for Hampton.....17.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....18.10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton.....7.15
Express from Moncton.....11.35
Accommodation from Moncton.....12.45
Express from Halifax.....17.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....19.10
Suburban Express from Hampton.....21.00
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....21.35
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1899 1899.

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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