

FOUR SOLDIERS AFLOAT ON RAFT IN N. Y. HARBOR

We'nt on a Trip to Governor's Island and Got Lonely, so Started to Return on Raft of Three Logs Tied Together--- Craft Threatened to Drift Out to Sea, but Rescue Finally was Made by Municipal Ferry Boat.

New York, July 4.—The Municipal ferryboat Manhattan, plying between the Battery and St. George, Staten Island, shortly before 8 o'clock last night sighted a strange looking craft floating out into New York Bay. It looked like a raft that had survived some awful shipwreck, and perched on it were four figures, waving their arms frantically and shouting for help.

The captain of the Manhattan steered for the fantastic object and soon overhauled it. Then the captain laughed as he recognized the khaki uniforms of four soldiers.

"Ship ahoy, there!" he shouted. "What are you fellows up to?" "Give us a hand and take us aboard before we float out to sea or capsize," pleaded the men.

"Escaping prisoners?" asked the captain.

"No," was the reply. "Only four of Uncle Sam's regulars."

The passengers on the Manhattan crowded to one side of the boat and saw enacted a scene like a thrilling rescue at sea. The captain of the Manhattan accomplished the feat with out the aid of a small boat. He approached slowly and cautiously while half a dozen deckhands reached over the side of the Manhattan and lifted the soldiers, one at a time on board.

CRAFT MADE OF THREE LOGS.

The craft they abandoned was fashioned of three immense logs tied together with a rope.

"Well, that was a narrow escape for us," said one of the soldiers as he heaved a sigh of relief. The others echoed the sign and agreed with him. "What on earth were you doing floating around New York harbor on those logs?" queried the captain. "Haven't you any better sense than to take your life in your hands in that manner? Don't you know it was getting dark and that in a little while you'd all have been a-goner?"

Yes, they all knew it only too well. They told the captain of the maddest prank that was ever attempted in New York harbor. They had thought to cross from Governors Island where they were stationed, to Brooklyn for a night of fun. They gave their names as Corporal Eggleston and Privates Radford, Burke and Tanner, Egglest-

on, who acted as spokesman for the crowd, said:

"We tried to get passes to come over in the regular legal way and spend a few hours seeing the bright lights of a gay city. You know, it gets monotonous over on Governor's Island day in and day out without the sight of anything but soldiers in brown uniforms. But we couldn't get the passes to come over on the island ferryboat, and we decided to try drifting across the narrows on the logs."

HAD ONLY STICKS FOR OARS.

"These logs had floated up on the shore and they looked pretty substantial. We tied them together and found that they would hold two men with ease. Then we tied three and they held up just as well. Then Burke came aboard and his weight didn't seem to make much difference.



London, June 30.—Another intern er, daughter of John R. Carter, American Minister to Romania, to Viscount of—Miss Mildred Carter, daughter of—unt Acheson, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Gosford. The ceremony was solemnized in St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

WHITE STAR LINER REACHES PORT WITH HOLE IN HER SIDE

New York, July 4.—With a six foot hole in her side, the White Star liner Baltic, docked today, while her passengers hurried ashore and congratulated themselves on their escape from what might have been a mid-sea disaster.

The big Baltic, in the black of night, last Thursday, jammed into the oil tank steamer, Standard, bound from Philadelphia to Copenhagen. The shock of the impact aroused the sleeping passengers, who hurried to the decks in grave apprehension.

As the Baltic lay rolling in a swelling sea, and the water swished into the jagged wound in her bow, Capt. Ranson, and her officers went among the passengers and quieted them.

No help was asked for by the oil tank, which drifted off and disappeared in the mist. Some of the passengers of the Baltic thought the oil tank was making water. Repairs were made and a patch was placed over the hole in the Baltic's bow. After a delay of more than two hours, the Baltic steamed away on her course for New York. A seaman was reported missing after the accident, and it was thought that he was knocked over board by the impact.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

Cornwall, Ont., July 4.—George Vice, who lives at Massena, across the river from here, his wife, three daughters, son Henry and an Indian, who is the hired man, were milking in the barn the other evening, when lightning struck the building, passed down the gable, then followed a steel track through the barn and entered the ground at the other end of the building. The bolt split rafters, tore off boards and shingles and scattered things about.

Mr. Vice, one daughter, and the son were rendered unconscious. Henry Vice had his hair singed and his tongue was burned as though he had swallowed hot tea or water, and it was an hour before he recovered. Three cows were knocked down by the bolt and a heifer had a horn snapped off by a flying timber. Strange to say, the barn was not set on fire.

UNIONISTS OPPOSE BUDGET

London, July 4.—Chancellor Lloyd-George, having retained all the features of the previous budget in the current budget, the Unionists will oppose its progress. The Redmonites are disappointed at the retention of the whiskey tax, but it is not likely that they will seriously obstruct the budget while the fate of the veto power of the House of Lords still is in the balance.

WILL DISAPPEARED UNDER WHICH YOUNG WIFE WAS TO BENEFIT

New York, July 4.—It transpires that the will of the late Robert H. Thompson, the millionaire paper manufacturer, under which \$1,000,000 was said to be bequeathed to his young wife, formerly his stenographer cannot be found. The only will forthcoming so far, was executed two years ago, and it has developed that previous to his marriage to the young woman the millionaire had given away his fortune to his two sons and his adopted daughter. He had even given away the home, No. 232 Washington Avenue, to which he took his bride and where she now is.

"I had every reason to expect that I would receive a portion of my husband's estate," she said yesterday. "He promised before we were married that he would take care of me and provide for me. When the will was produced I admit I was over-

come. It was a terrible shock."

The will was read the early part of the week, following the funeral of Mr. Thompson. The chief beneficiary under it is J. Lincoln Thompson, a son of the testator. He is now ill in bed. "That will," said Mrs. Thompson, "was made two years ago, before there was a thought of our marriage. I am confident that there is a newer will. I searched for it today and from the servants learned that an hour after the death of my husband, while I was prostrated with grief, his papers were removed by a relative."

DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT

Bar Harbor, Maine, July 4.—Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States died today.

HERE FROM THE WEST.

Rev. Horace E. Dibbles a former rector of Oromocto and Mauderville, now located at Fowler, California, arrived here on Saturday, accompanied by his son, on a three months' visit. They are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bliss, of St. Marys. Mrs. Dibbles and another child will join them later in the week. The Rev. gentleman is looking well after his extended sojourn in Sunny California and is receiving a hearty welcome from his many old friends in this locality.

THE WEATHER TODAY MAKES CAMP SUSSEX VERY GLOOMY SPOT

Sussex, N. B., July 4.—(Special.)—Nature's artillery bombarded the military encampment last night and this morning and as it was accompanied by an incessant rain fall until noon, the time passed dimly and drearily for the troops under canvas.

The heavy rainfall prevented inspection and drill this morning, and also put the ground in a very bad condition. With high winds last night, several tents were blown down, and the horses picketed in the open had a hard and disagreeable night. The Red Cross flag pole was also blown down.

A board of inquiry is meeting today to investigate the drowning of Pte. Lovejoy yesterday. His body will be taken this afternoon to the depot and given a military funeral by the company to which he belonged. Interment will take place at his home in Rockland.

The officer of the day tomorrow will be Major Morrison, 74th Regt., while Major Murray, of the 8th Hussars, will be O. M. O. divisional troops.

Staff Sergt. Sullivan, C. O. C., has been authorized to conduct an inspection of the small arms in camp. Many other inspections will be held this week.

DEATHS AT ST. JOHN

St. John, July 4.—(Special.)—Cap. Daniel Mahoney died today, aged 90. One daughter is Mrs. David Lynch of St. John.

Miss Catherine Byrne died today, following a stroke of paralysis. She was a cousin of Father Byrne and Jas. Byrne, M. P. P.

A. O. H. DELEGATES.

Divisions No. 1 and 2 of the A. O. H., met yesterday and elected the following delegates to the Convention, which meets at Sydney on August 24: Fredericton Division.—J. P. Farrell, J. McGinnis, John Toner, William Grannen, E. C. Barry, T. L. Kane, county president.

Substitutes—John Donahue, J. Kane, Patrick O'Donnell, J. J. Cain, Anthony Chapman.

St. Mary's.—John Duffy, J. J. H. Doone, Frank Shortell.

Substitutes.—F. Duffy, J. P. Barry, W. McNulty.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING BOLT

St. John, July 4.—Terrific rain and thunder which was growling almost all night made fearful weather conditions today. It cleared by early afternoon. The cupola of the Albert School in Carleton was struck by lightning but not greatly damaged.

THE FATEFUL DAY HAS NOW ARRIVED

Towards which the Thoughts of Hundreds of Thousands the World Over Have Been Turned for Months Past---Jeffries and His Opponent Profess to be in the Best of Trim for Their Encounter and Each of Them is Confident of Success

Reno, Nev., July 4.—When the sun that today lifted its rays above the sage brush hills enclosing this ordinarily peaceful valley, sets over the Sierras, there will have passed into comparative oblivion one of the two mighty men—Jas. J. Jeffries or John A. Johnson. Its first rays shot into barrack-like places where men of home and family were lying in row after row. It glinted through shutters into strange bedrooms where men were sleeping three in a bed and on the floors. It rent aside curtains of smoke and saw red-eyed men grouped at green tables and standing around spinning wheels. And on each of these tables it met its rival. The gold of earth in heaps.

It saw a great bare structure of pine boards with a white roped ring in the centre, waiting. It saw the streets already stirring with the restless life and automobiles already whirling along the country roads. Out of the southeast came a cool wind, and the clear sky gave promise of a perfect day for what may be the last great heavyweight fight in the United States. Here between the fire of eastern reformers and the deep seat of the Pacific Coast politics, the pugilists are gathered in their last stand. Never before in the history of the ring have so many fighting celebrities and sporting characters met in one street. If Announcer Billy Jordan has to introduce all of these men this afternoon, he will lose his voice long before Jeffries and Johnson make their bows to the public.

The morning of the fight brings no change in the details that will make up the setting of the stage. To down the rumor that he would not act as referee, Tex Rickard offered this morning to bet \$1,000 that he would officiate. The night passed peacefully at both camps and early this morning the trainers and handlers were busy completing their arrangements to appear at the ring side promptly, and get out of town tomorrow. The gong for the first round is scheduled to ring at 1.30 p. m., Pacific Coast time, but what with introductions and the fuss of moving picture game, it probably will be half an hour later before time is called.

It is probable that the arena seating seventeen thousand people, will be comfortably filled. Early this morning a long line of purchasers was in front of the ticket office. There has been no difficulty thus far in the seating arrangements and no scalping has been carried on openly.

The main struggle this morning was to get something to eat before going to the arena. The restaurants last night almost gave up the attempt to feed the hungry multitudes. Many places were sold out of every scrap of eatables before this morning. The doors of the restaurants were guarded by waiters who let a few hungry patrons sit in at intervals. Once inside it was a waiter who told the guests what they could get so eat. Menu cards were mere ornaments. Hundreds of men who came in on the late specials last night until they were weary, hunted a place to eat and sleep. Some gave it up as a bad job and remained up all night. It was a throng that started on its way to the arena as the clock turned towards noon. In the crowd were the pugilists and the sports who followed the pugilists and bet on them, the men who write of the doings of the fighters, more writers than ever reported a fight before; women and boys, thieves and gamblers, beggars and detectives and all the casual riff-raff that follows big sporting events. They were burned by one fever, sped by one desire, led on by a common goal.

During the morning many automobile parties sped out to the two camps on the edge of the city, seeking a last tip from the wise ones.

The pool-rooms were busy taking bets. During the early hours the odds remained the same as last night, Jeffries the favorite at 10 to 6.

They were pushed down to six at one time by a bet of \$10,000 on Jeffries, made by H. H. Fraser of Chicago, who will manage Jeffries' around the world tour if—

George Considine of New York, bet \$5,000 on Jeffries at odds of 10 to 6, and announced that he had more at the same price. The larger betting is looked for at the ringside with a possible change of odds in favor of Johnson.

E. E. Smithers of New York, said he would bet \$20,000 on Jeffries later. The latest news from the camps is that both men will wait until the last minute before motoring to the ringside. They will dress at their camps, even to putting the bandages on their hands.

Both men arose early and went out for short spins on the road to limber up. Johnson had not made his final plans but Jeffries decided to have all his trainers except (Red) Cornell and (Farmer) Burns precede him to his quarters at the arena. Cornell and Burns will remain at the camp to give him the final rub.

On the way to the arena Jeffries will take his wife to a newspaper office where she will wait until the fate of her husband has been decided, getting the returns round by round.

Mrs. Jeffries hates prize fights. She is sure that her "Jim" will win.

When the fight starts it will be more than a battle between two principals. Jeffries' chief second will be James S. Corbett, who was champion until he was whipped by Fitzsimmons.

Johnson's chief second and sole advisor will be Billy Delaney. Delaney trained and fathered both Corbett and Jeffries when they were young fellows.

He is Jeffries' enemy now and Johnson depends upon him to tell him weak points in his opponent and advise him just when to sail in.

To fight experts this is one of the most dramatic touches that could be imagined. It will be a test of the best ring generalship this age has produced. Besides Delaney in Johnson's corner will be Sig. Hart, Al. Kaufman, Doc Furey, Prof. Burns and Stanley Ketchell, middleweight champion of the world, who will act as time-keeper for Johnson.

It is appalling to think of the number of words that will be written about this fight before another sunrise.

Not only every move but almost every thought of the men in the ring will be chronicled. In the cold figures of the Telegraph Companies estimates 750,000 words of press matter will go over the wires if Johnson wins. If Jeffries wins, it will be much less. They estimate about 200,000 words. A force of 100 typewriters has been gathered in this little desert city. They have been brought from as far east as Chicago. A carload of modern equipment was sent on from the east and set up. Tourist sleepers were packed for the accommodation of these. Extra precautions have been taken along the line to safeguard the wires and the company has increased its roster in all principal offices and repeater stations from coast to coast. One wire official said that outside of the San Francisco disaster of 1906, no greater volume of matter has been handled for a single event in the history of telegraphy. And yet the half has not been told. There are incidents that go to make up the real life of a gathering of this sort that no eye can see and no pen can tell.

On the eve of the biggest thing in his life, Jack Johnson sat with a party of friends yesterday afternoon and talked jokingly of his career. "Tonight I am thinking of the hard road I have travelled since I left home, when I was twelve years old. I ran away as a kid, stowed away on a cotton steamer and landed in New York."

"I didn't have a nickel. As the ship docked, I went on deck and standing in the centre of a crowd of passengers with my longest face and my saddest eyes, I announced that I was a worthless colored boy, without friends, family or money was about to jump overboard."

"I walked to the rail and told everybody to keep away from me."

"My old cap I had allowed to fall on the deck. As I turned around about to try my bluff at the fatal

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