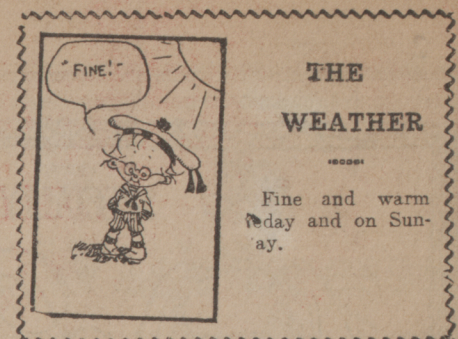




# The Evening Times



VOL. V. No. 234

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1909

TWELVE PAGES—ONE CENT

## WHAT A NEW RECRUIT SEES ON HIS FIRST DAY IN CAMP

Graphic Pen Picture of a Day From "Reveille" to "Lights Out" With the Citizen Soldiers Under Canvas—The Enormous Amount of Work Done in Two Short Weeks.

It is just about two weeks ago today, since by a seemingly magic transformation the peaceful quiet and pretty little town of Sussex was suddenly changed into a bustling military encampment. Everything with life, bustle and animation, its streets and rustic lanes alive with redcoats, its otherwise slumbering air awake and ringing with gruff shouts of commands, its peaceful townspeople beholding in wonder the mysterious ease and promptness with which the work was accomplished and its whole appearance presenting to the eye in a picturesque manner a very realistic idea of what a soldier's life is like when on active service. And it seems incredible that such an amount of work could really be performed in the remarkably short time available for the purpose.

Arriving on the grounds as one of an advance party the impression one receives is usually not very favorable as far as one's expectations are concerned, but after the tents have been taken from stores and set up and as each recruit and trainee brings more soldiers into view the feeling of loneliness at first acquired, gradually wears off until when all the troops are in and hovering about, the lonely feeling is replaced by one of rejoicing because one is part and parcel—actually a factor—in this great throng of human beings and the busy scenes they are enacting.

Today the camp is almost deserted, the men are enroute to their homes in various parts of the province and one no longer sees the familiar rows of tents, nor hears the oft-repeated marches of the bands, nor waits patiently for the call to mess. In fact there is no sign to remind one that this large field has been the encampment of over thirteen hundred men save where the tents have stood and the grass has been trampled down in the mud and is seen in circular patches around the grounds.

During the past two weeks a wonderful amount of work has been accomplished by the men under canvas, and a considerable improvement is seen in the appearance of the men and their equipment. Their drill also has changed for the better along all branches. But still an improvement should be visible considering that the men have drilled incessantly for five hours a day for two weeks under competent instruction. Owing to the small size of the camp this year it seemed that more was expected of each man individually than was formerly the case in order to reflect more credit on the company as a whole.

Last year twenty-six hundred men were accommodated under the canvas, while this year only thirteen hundred and eighty odd men were looked after—just about half as many. This decrease in the number of men made work in camp easier for some of the units, such as the Army Service and Armory Medical Corps, but it seemed to make life slower for the soldier as a whole.

So far as the weather man was concerned it might be said that that individual had a strong dislike for military men and their manoeuvres. Out of the twelve days in camp only two were what might be styled "fine days," that is, there was no rain beyond a slight shower. Between rain, hail, thunder and lightning the weather in general was very unpleasant and though a day might be warm, the nights were raw and chilly, and frost was felt at times.

For a recruit in camp, however, the time must have passed very enjoyably, and all too quickly. There was something about all the time, and as a rule something out of the ordinary.

First of all he is rudely awakened at a seemingly unearthly hour by the heavy boom of a gun pealing forth on the still morning air like a clap of thunder, the echo of which has barely resounded ere the "cocky" is again surprised at hearing so many bugles heralding the approach of dawn in a melodious manner from different corners of the field and the squeaking of the pipes from the hospital

## CITY CLERGYMEN PLANNING FOR THEIR SUMMER VACATION

Not only are the summer months the vacation time of the school children, the clerks, the policeman and firemen, but the city clergy are also planning for their vacation. As a rule they take their holidays during this season of the year. At some time or other during the months of June, July, August and September, practically all the St. John churches are without their regular pastors for a few weeks. Some of the clergy men seek rest in the quiet country districts while others go abroad to larger cities to visit friends or in some manner get relaxation from the cares of church work. A number of the reverend gentlemen have had their vacations, some are now away and others have the holiday time to look forward to.

Several of the churches have arranged to amalgamate their services while the pastors are away. Queen Square Methodist and German street Baptist churches will unite for four Sundays of the month of August to enable the pastors of both churches to have a month's holidays at the same time. The services will be held alternately in the two churches, on alternate Sundays. Rev. Dr. G. O. Gates, former pastor of German street church will conduct the services on two of the Sundays.

St. Stephens and St. Andrews Presbyterian churches are uniting for their summer months. Rev. David Lang is now away on his vacation and in his absence Rev. Dickie is conducting the united services. Rev. Mr. Dickie will leave early in August and Rev. Mr. Lang will then assume charge. Rev. Mr. Dickie will spend his vacation in Nova Scotia.

Rev. A. A. Graham of St. David's was away last month and in his absence Rev. Dr. Campbell of Mosa, Ont., supplied. Rev. H. R. Read, of the Carleton Pres-

## HOW ST. JOHN INVESTORS LOST MILLIONS IN CASH IN UNLISTED SECURITIES

Golden Nugget, Little Ellen and Olive, a Trio of Mines Which Never Paid—The Story of a Thrilling Trip to the Klondike Taken by Two St. John Men.

Despite the fact that, in every article in this series, the writer has stated as plainly as his knowledge of the English language will permit, that the publication is not actuated by any desire to prejudice investors against mining investments generally, considerable objection has been made to them on that very ground. An anonymous writer in a communication to an evening contemporary makes an attempt to plead the cause of the men who have mining stock to sell. He quotes various persons, including a clergyman, in favor of mining investments and one of the arguments he uses eulogizes "the miner's gold," because it is the product of clean honest labor. In this the writer of the Times articles agrees and he is also prepared to admit the value of mining investments. Millions of money have been made in mines, and millions more will be made, but there are mines and mines, and the wild cat schemes with which the Times is dealing hardly come under the same classification as those to which the anonymous critic refers so eloquently as producers of clean honest gold.

There was little or no gold of any kind in the mines referred to in these articles. Some of them which might have paid if properly administered, were practically wrecked by over capitalization and injudicious management. In spite of all criticism the facts remain as the Times stated them—with one exception these unlisted shares sold to hungry hunters for riches never paid a profit and could not be sold today to realise the cost of printing the certificates. If the publication of these articles has the effect of preventing St. John men and women from pouring more money into holes in the ground then legitimate mining propositions which will bear calm, calculating inspection of competent authorities there will always be a field among the safe and sane investments, criticism cannot injure them, if they have the foundation of merit, neither can the spite of a regiment of anonymous critics add to the value of any of the propositions which have been or will be considered here.

**The Olive Mine**  
This week the story of three of the smaller propositions will be told—the Olive mine, the Little Ellen and the Golden Nugget. The first of these to claim attention is the Olive proposition, which was located in the province of Ontario, and which, though not on the same scale as some of the larger mines, proved an expensive proposition for many of those who were taken in by it.

This mine was first introduced in St. John about 1901. A prominent member of the Conservative party, an ex-cabinet minister and a man who was generally regarded as one of the ablest financiers in Canada was the president of the company, which exploited that mine. He had a relative in St. John, a man well known and highly esteemed in this community, who at that time held a lucrative and important position in the government service, but which he has since relinquished. He it was who was entrusted with the work of placing the stock on the market. The first shares were offered at 80 cents per share and at that figure were quite readily disposed of, particularly as the people thought highly of mining ventures in general—a condition which again can be ascribed to the apparent success of the Gold King venture. Almost from the start the Olive mine paid dividends at the rate of one per cent and as may be imagined the stock rose in value with the payment of each dividend until after eight months after its first appearance it was selling at 90 cents per share. Then, suddenly and unaccountably the dividends stopped, the shares depreciated in value and the unfortunate stockholders were unable to dispose of their holdings at any figure. Gradually and unostentatiously the Olive mine drifted out of existence with scarce a ripple to mark its passing. Some of those who got in at 80 got out at 80 and made money, but the majority who thought they were fortunate in getting in "on the ground floor" brought up in the cellar.

**The Little Ellen**  
The Little Ellen mine was a most romantic proposition and will go down to history as the gold mine which was bought by St. John business men and, as far as known, never paid. This mine was said to be located in Nevada or Colorado. It was launched at the time when the mining craze was at its height, the shares being sold as low as five cents each. Before the stock had a chance to advance the mine was abandoned. The first man he went west to find the elusive mine. It was unsuccessful in his search, and another lot of handsome green and gold certificates of no possible value was added to the rapidly growing collection in the hands of some of the business men, generally regarded as models of business sagacity and acumen.

In connection with this exploit a story once popular in St. John will bear retelling here. One of the men interested in the search for the coy and elusive Little Ellen mine was a man named Mr. Happy Hunting ground. The first man he met inside the party gates asked for news of St. John. According to the Celestial by-laws newly arrived spirits could answer only one question, so when the questioner was told on a nervous corner and which would most ease his mind, he asked:

**CHASED BY A BIG BEAR**  
Henry Braithwaite, Veteran Guide Has a Thrilling Experience

Fredericton, N. B., July 10—(Special)—Henry Braithwaite, the veteran guide, who returned yesterday from the Miramichi woods, tells of a thrilling experience he had with a bear a few days ago. He had caught the animal in a trap, and was noting that the attached chain was closely wrapped around the stump, he boldly advanced, intending to dispatch it with an axe. As he was about to strike the bear it gave a spring backwards, and to Braithwaite's great surprise the stump which was an old and rotten one, gave way, thus releasing the chain. Mr. Braithwaite turned on his heels and made a run for it to a nearby grist pile, with the infuriated bear right at his heels. Fortunately a dog attached to the chain caught against the root of the tree, checking the bear and giving the veteran guide a chance to get out of reach.

He hastened to his camp, a mile distant, and returning with a rifle dispatched the bear. Mr. Braithwaite, during his long career as a woodsman, has had many narrow escapes, but he declares that last week's experience was the worst ever. Wild strawberries sold in the market this morning for \$1.25 a crate, cultivated berries brought \$1.00 per crate of one dozen boxes.

**FELIX TOOK THE CAKES**  
Yesterday afternoon Felix Holland, an old stager in police annals entered the grocery store of Capt. David Tufts on King street, west end, and ordering two pounds of fancy biscuits thrust his hands through his pockets and snatched the biscuits where-withal to pay for the cakes. The parcel containing the cakes was passed to him and with the store-keeper in close pursuit he decamped. Sergeant Jacob Ross on corner into King street, espied Holland fleeing toward him, and was following him for some distance in the rear, but nevertheless in the running. The sergeant detained Holland and at the store-keeper's request, for the purpose of confining him in a cell, he was taken to the police station. However as the trio approached the lock-up Holland returned the parcel to Tufts who thereupon said he was unable to appear in court today and would refuse to prosecute. Holland walked moodily to the door of his room and corner and the disappointed trio vanished.

Eleven deaths were reported at the office of the board of health this week, as follows:—From intemperance, two; senility, debility, eclampsia, one; myocardiitis, hydrocephalus, heart failure, arterio sclerosis and fracture of skull, one each.

**THE TIMES NEW REPORTER**  
SILE JONES'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.

There is a competition between Mr. Hiram Hornbeam and Mr. Silas Jones. The latter is a popular favorite with Hiram, and Silas has decided to offer special inducements. Hiram explained the matter to the Times new reporter this morning.

"Silas," said Hiram, "keeps summer boarders, but he don't feed 'em well. Lots of 'em has come to my place 'n' stay with us, because they couldn't stand Mary Jane's cooking." They said there was generally enough to eat, such as it was, but they didn't hanker after the flies 'n' things that went with it—even when it was pooty well cooked. So they kep' comin' to my place. Well, sir, that made Silas mad clean through. Now he's took to advertising. He says in the ad. that he keeps more boarders than anybody else. But he don't that there was a government at Fredericton working for the benefit of the people. Up to 11 a. m. the search had proved unsuccessful. There isn't a thing in St. Martins to show for it.

**DEADLY ARTILLERY.**  
A faint squeak irritated the inmates of the Telegraph building last evening. They were unable to locate it. The mystery was solved this morning when the Standard announced that in the course of his address at St. Martins last evening "Dr. MacRae delivered several shots at the Telegraph and Times."

**WOULDN'T SIT DOWN.**  
Speaking confidentially to the Times new reporter this morning, a member of the government, who stood painfully but declined to take a chair, said that while he believed the Hazen highway act was the best ever, yet he would privately recommend that a clause be added providing large soft cushions for all who use the highways.

**CAN'T FIND THE EVIDENCE.**  
St. Martins, July 10—(Special)—The people rose this morning expecting that they would be able to discover some evidence

ed "Have they found the Little Ellen yet?"

### The Golden Nugget

Golden Nugget was another mine which for a time had quite a vogue in this city. This wealthy producer was located in the heart of the Klondike—one of those "hard to get at, but great when you get there" propositions like the best fishing holes in the trout brooks of boyhood days. Golden Nugget had them all beaten when it came to sheer unadulterated inaccessibility.

Two Hebrew gentlemen with the usual supply of nuggets, stock certificates and prospectuses, blew into St. John one day with stories of the vast possibilities of the Klondike in general and of Golden Nugget in particular. Gold was there in sufficient quantities to make all the investors rich, but money was required for development purposes and it had been decided to sell a few, just a very few shares in the East. It seemed too good to be true. The prospects were good, the story was good, and the visitors were of most agreeable manners and impressive personality. It was too good to miss. So some of the hardheaded business men got together and bought up all the stock. They were sorry there was no more, as they wanted to make a close corporation of it. It was decided that two of the St. John investors should accompany the visitors back to the Klondike and take a hand in the development of the property. A grocer and a coal dealer were selected, and off they started. Their trip was a thrilling one, and if told of in detail would add an interesting chapter to the history of mining operations in the Klondike. Transportation facilities in the new country were not the best, and most of the journey had to be accomplished on horse back. To add to their troubles, their horses were drowned and the whole outfit was snowed up. A steam shovel, valued at \$3,000, which was being taken to the mine, never reached there. One report said it had been sunk in one of the rivers in the Northland, and another that it had been seized for debt. At any rate it never materialized. Finally the funds of the two local men became exhausted and they wired home for more. An emergency convocation of the stock holders was held, and it was decided to issue \$5,000 of preferred stock and send the proceeds forward. This was done, but soon after the Hebrew gentlemen disappeared and have never been seen or heard from since.

After the two St. John men returned they demanded a settlement from the company, and as the money was not forthcoming quickly enough they sued for it. The case was fought through the courts and finally settled by the stock holders paying up. This was the last heard of the Golden Nugget—a most unprofitable venture in which it was estimated more than \$30,000 had been sunk. Next week several of the other smaller mines will be told of.

**WHERE THEY MADE "COBALT RED EYE"**  
Illicit Still Found in Fire Ruins in Cobalt—A Village in Flames.

Cobalt, July 12—(Special)—Police discovered the remains of an illicit still in the fire ruins yesterday. The still was located on the Hailybury road and was completely equipped with vats, worms, etc. There was a very tall chimney to carry the fumes high in the air. From the stuff found there, it is supposed whiskey was made of spruce boughs and supplied in quantities to owners of "blind pigs" in the vicinity, who were numerous. That kind of spirit is most villainous and poisonous in its effects.

The village of Ahmic Harbor, on banks of Magnattawan River, is in flames. A big hotel and about half the dwellings are burned. The men are fighting hard to save Graves, Bigwood and Company's big warehouse.

**TURKISH WRESTLER BEATEN**  
Portland, Ore., July 10—John Berg last night defeated Yusif, a Turkish wrestler, taking the first and third falls in 59.15 seconds and one minute. Yusif took the second fall in one minute and 35 seconds on a trip and half Nelson. The bout was stopped twice by the police because of rough tactics by both men.

## ST. JOHN MAN'S FRIENDS MURDERED IN IRELAND

David Hill, Guest of Policeman John Collins, Hears of Slaughter of Couple Whom He Knew Well—Mr. and Mrs. Holt, Old Age Pensioners Killed in Their Cottage

A copy of "The Mid-Ulster Mail," published in Cookstown, County Tyrone, on June 19, was received a few days ago by David Hill, who is stopping with I. C. R. Policeman John Collins, on Paradise Row. The paper contains a lengthy account of a terrible tragedy that took place in the townland of High Cross, on the Sunday previous, when two old age pensioners, William Holt and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Holt, were brutally murdered and their cottage burned.

Mr. Hill, whose home is in County Tyrone, knew the aged couple very well, and they were among the last people to bid him good-by when he came here from Ireland a few months ago. Needless to say the account of their tragic death came as a great shock to Mr. Hill, who could scarcely credit the story. The account of the murder, the finding of the bodies in the burned cottage and the details of the affair as brought out at the coroner's inquest, occupy almost an entire page of the paper, and several cuts of the ruins and photos of the victims are published.

Briefly told, the story is as follows:—About a quarter to four o'clock in the morning James McGrath, a lime burner, working nearby, noticed smoke issuing from the cottage where the Hols were living. He tried to rouse the inmates, but was unsuccessful in doing so, and summoning the assistance of several neighbors an attempt was made to put out the fire. The cottage was a thatched one, single storey, consisting of three apartments and was burning at both ends. One of the neighbors, John Forrest, succeeded in fighting his way into the house, and brought out the body of Mrs. Holt, but no trace of Mr. Holt's body could be found until the fire had been quenched. It was then discovered, but so charred as to be scarcely recognizable. An examination of the woman's body revealed the fact that her skull had been fractured, apparently from a blow with a blunt instrument. A pair of iron tongs found in the ruins bore evidence of having been used by the murderer, as particles of flesh

and hair and marks of blood had adhered to them. Both bodies were found in the woman's bedroom, and the theory is that the murderer carried the tongs in there from the kitchen and struck down the old woman, and when the man came to her assistance, he also was struck down. The coroner in referring to the sad tragedy said it was one of the most horrible and sensational that had darkened the annals of Tyrone in his memory. He spoke of evidence having been given that tramps had been in the neighborhood and had stolen hens and other things from the Hols and their neighbors, and the police had not taken proper precautions to protect the people. He warmly praised Mr. Forrest for his bravery in going into the burning house to bring out the woman's body, as in this way it had been learned that a murder had been committed. The jury brought in a verdict of murder by a person or persons unknown.

Rev. James Gray, minister of the Congregational church at Donaghry, spoke very highly of the deceased couple, who were members of his congregation. He told of the old woman showing him a cross of his visits, two sovereigns which she said she had kept since her husband's death, and which were to be used for her funeral when she died. A few days before the murder Mrs. Holt had consulted him with reference to putting a headstone over her husband's grave and asked what it would probably cost. He had told her about \$8, but she had told him she only had about \$6 or \$7 at that time, but she would have more in a few weeks, as she and her brother-in-law received 8 shillings a week from the old age pension. This income with the raising of some fowl was their only means of support. It is thought that it was this money saved for purchasing a tombstone that excited the cupidity of some persons.

Two tramps were arrested on suspicion of having had a hand in the murder, but as they were nothing to connect them with the case, they were allowed to go. So far as known the murderer is still at large.

## MONDAY'S PARADE WILL BE ONE OF LARGEST FOR YEARS

**WHERE TO SEE THE PARADE ON MONDAY**

Monday's big Orange parade will start from the Barrack Square as near 1.30 p. m. as possible and march through the following streets: Carthagen, Broad, Charlotte, King, Dock, Mill, Main, Durham, Victoria, and Adelaide, Paradise Row, Wall, City Road to Victoria Rink where a mammoth meeting will be held.

With fine weather there is no doubt that Monday's big Orange demonstration will be the greatest thing of the kind ever seen in St. John. It is now estimated that fully 3,000 men with bands, banners and brilliant uniforms will be in line to celebrate what is to members of this order the greatest day in the year.

As is generally known the celebration is under the auspices of the grand lodge of New Brunswick, and almost every one of the 150 subordinate lodges in the province will be represented, to say nothing of the many members of the unaffiliated department, the Royal Sarslet, and with their gorgeous scarlet trappings, the Royal Black Knights of Ireland, resplendent in their black and gold, with plumed hats and uniform swords, and the members of the Protestant Association of Prentice Boys who will, in the Orange men on this occasion to make the celebration one long to be remembered.

Already the advance guard of visiting brethren is in the city. A party of Orangemen from Eastport arrived yesterday afternoon and will participate in the procession.

Monday morning will be given up to the arrival of outside lodges. Headed by their bands they will proceed from the station to the Barrack Square. The Lorneville representatives will arrive in a flotilla of motor boats about 10.30 and at noon the May Queen will arrive with the Grand Lake and Queens county contingent. Members of the reception committee will meet all trains and boats while at 12.30 the local Orangemen will assemble at Orange Hall, German street, and proceed to the Barrack Square. It is planned to have the procession start on the march at 1.30, but it may be doubted if the visitors can arrive, get their lunches, which will be served in the Exhibition building, and be ready to start at that hour. It will probably be 2 o'clock and after before the procession gets on its way.

The formation of the big parade will not be definitely settled until the brethren arrive on Monday morning. As far as possible, however, it will be as follows:—

- Police detachment.
- Grand Master of Ceremonies.
- Band.
- Grand Master MacRae.
- (Mounted on a white horse.)
- Deputy Grand Master N. J. Smith.
- (Mounted.)
- Mounted Black Knights.
- Trinity Preceptory, R. B. K. of Ireland, of St. John, with banner.
- Queen's Preceptory, R. B. K. of Ireland, of St. John, with banner.
- Fredericton Band.
- York County Lodge, with County Master mounted.
- York County Sarslet Chapter.
- Graham Lodge, No. 20, Fredericton, with banner.
- Walker Lodge, No. 35, Fredericton.
- Pickard Lodge, No. 40, Marysville.
- Rossmore Lodge, No. 21, St. Marys.
- Anderson Lodge, No. 23, Keswick.
- Citizens' Brass Band, St. Stephen.
- Charlotte County Lodge.
- Charlotte County Sarslet Chapter.
- St. Stephen Lodge, No. 61, St. Stephen.
- Queen's Own Lodge, No. 17, St. Stephen.
- Baillie Lodge, No. 19, Baillie.
- Barouche.
- Queen's County Lodge.
- Queen's Sarslet Chapter.
- No Surrender Lodge, Gagetown.
- Lawfield Heroes Lodge, No. 8, Gagetown.
- Clones Lodge, No. 99, Clones.
- Nerepis Heroes Lodge, No. 4, Petersville.
- South Clones, No. 146, South Clones.
- Sunbury County Lodge.
- King William Lodge, No. 114, Oranmore.
- Sunbury Lodge, No. 145, Fredericton Junction.
- Star of Boyne Lodge, No. 36, Blissville.
- Barouche.
- Carleton and Victoria Delegation.
- Woodstock Lodge, No. 38, Woodstock.
- Wellington Lodge, No. 15, Whitehead.
- Benton Lodge, No. 66, Benton.
- Sussex Band.
- Kings County Lodge.
- Kings County Sarslet Chapter.
- Admiral Nelson Lodge, 124, Sussex.
- Boys' Brigade, No. 15, Whitehead.
- Londonderry Heroes, No. 91, Markhamville.
- Beaconsfield Lodge, No. 78, Waterford.
- Fowler Lodge, Butternut Ridge.
- Wellington Lodge, No. 9, Mechanic Settlement.
- Prentice Boys' Lodge, No. 37, Sea Do.
- Moncton Band.
- Westmorland County Lodge.
- Westmorland Sarslet Chapter.
- Moncton Lodge, No. 64, Moncton.
- Phoenix Lodge, No. 67, Pettediac.
- Armstrong Lodge, No. 31, Kirkland.
- Morning Star Lodge, No. 135, Victoria Mills.
- Prince William Lodge, No. 23, Maccan Band.
- St. John Co. Lodge, West.
- Coronation Lodge, Lorneville.
- Mount Purple Lodge, No. 29, Lorneville.
- Guardian Lodge, No. 5, Musquash.
- Band.
- Immanuel Lodge, No. 60, South Bay.
- Willis Lodge, No. 70, Fairville.
- Band.
- St. John County Lodge.
- St. John Sarslet Knights.
- St. John District Lodge.
- St. John County Sarslet Chapter.
- Band.
- Dominion Lodge, No. 141, St. John.
- Havlock Lodge, No. 27, St. John.
- Gideon Lodge, No. 7, St. John.
- York Lodge, No. 3, St. John.
- Band.
- No Surrender Lodge, No. 47, Newcastle.
- Invincible Lodge, No. 16, St. Martins.
- Kinnear Lodge, No. 44, Upham.
- Victoria Lodge, No. 6, Golden Grove.
- Band.
- True Blue Lodge, No. 17, St. John West.
- Johnston Lodge, No. 24, St. John.
- Eldon Lodge, No. 2, St. John.
- The C. P. R. royal mail steamer Empress of Ireland, arrived at Liverpool at 1 a. m. today.
- Patrolman Marshall ejected William Guthro from Agnes McDonald's quarters on North street last evening. Guthro's presence was not desired.