

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B. FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1907.

# DANIEL O'CONNELL MOLONEY, ALLY

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

(Copyright, 1907, by M. J. Phillips.)

Attired for the opera, Morgan Tremaine stepped into the elevator at the twelfth floor of the Alameda, where he had his apartments.

"Good evening, Daniel O'Connell Moloney," he said gravely to the knickerbockered and freckled elevator boy. Daniel O'Connell grinned cheerfully and whistled through a gap in his front teeth by way of reply. They were sworn friends, the two.

At the tenth floor the car stopped and the door slid back. Tremaine removed his hat ceremoniously. Mrs. Alderton Ten Eyke, also theatre-going, large and determined in appearance, marched in. At sight of the young attorney she sniffed; a slight lady-like, wellbred sniff, but nevertheless a sniff. Miss Marjorie Ten Eyke, young and slender, dark-eyed and lovable, followed her mother. Daniel O'Connell, crossing a heavily-stuffed sofa, looked at Tremaine, but the faintest hint of added color appeared for a moment in her smooth cheeks. Arthur Benecor, crossing a heavily-stuffed sofa, looked at Tremaine, but the faintest hint of added color appeared for a moment in her smooth cheeks.

So did Tremaine, with a hungry glance at his lovely former fiancée. When one is a struggling lawyer, just beginning to see light ahead after a two years' battle with calous New York, one gives due consideration to a half-dozen millions—especially when the other fellow has them.

"Two months of it," mused Tremaine, merrily, despite his jaunty bearing, when he had reached the street. "Two months without a look, or a nod, or a smile—because I danced too much with that little Rivers girl. I was a fool to do it, and a fool to quarrel over it, with Mrs. Ten, on the lookout for Mammon every minute. Her eyes I am a witless barrister, as the English novels say. And little Benecor isn't a man; he's just a haughty and a mustache. Marjorie can't like a fellow. Still, constant pressure will have its effect sooner or later. If only—something—break the ice," and Tremaine got so interested in imagining perilous situations for the fair Marjorie, that he forgot as the evening here, that he walked three squares beyond his theatre.

The next morning he overslept and rushed to the elevator with an important engagement almost due.

"In a hurry, D. O. C. Moloney," he admonished the youth at the controller, "I'm so late now I haven't time to speak your full name."

Daniel O'Connell grinned, and imitated a steam call by whistling shrilly through the gap in his teeth. With apparent carelessness he consulted the indicator-board. There was no one waiting to descend. Stealthily he rumbled with the levers—swish!

The car dropped fifty feet like a dead weight before Tremaine could move a muscle. Gasping for breath, he pictured the awful death when the car should strike the bottom of the shaft. But the mad rush was checked as suddenly as it had begun, and the elevator finished its journey to the ground floor at a pace approved by all sensible and well-regulated lifts.

A glimpse of Daniel O'Connell's grinning face in the mirror made him clear. "You young rascal!" ejaculated the lawyer, as he nestled more closely to his shoulder. "I just love that boy. You don't know how much he thinks of you, Morgan. I'm so glad he's to be—"

"—our office boy. It would hardly seem natural if he wasn't there."

Morgan winked at a particularly knowing look in the grate. "Darling," he said, impressively, "I wouldn't be a wedding without him."

Attitude of the head of their household. On two occasions Mrs. Poole was obliged to ask the police to keep her husband under surveillance, as she feared possible physical violence.

Finally Mrs. Poole considered it wise to have her husband placed under restraint. With this end in view she visited the district court about a week ago relative to the possible commitment of her husband on the ground of insanity.

Her husband learned of this step and said to have made no mention of it until dinner tonight. He then broached the subject to his wife and when she admitted her visits to the court, Poole reached across the table and shook her violently, according to other members of the family.

About 8.30 p. m., Mr. Poole again attacked his wife. The woman ran from the library to the front hallway in an endeavor to escape her husband. Poole, however, followed her quickly and grasped her by the throat. Then he pinioned her against the wall. Mrs. Poole screamed repeatedly and cried out that her husband was killing her. Howard rushed into the hallway and as soon as he had observed the situation quickly drew the revolver from his pocket and fired one shot. His father fell to the floor at once, unconscious and bleeding. The bullet passed through his right ear into the head. The boy notified the police and gave himself up.

ANOTHER JUDGEMENT IN CASTELLANE CASE

PARIS, Jan. 17.—Another judgment has been delivered in the Castellane case which drags its slow length along. But this time an important part of the decision is in favor of the creditors.

One of these, a jeweler of the Rue de la Paix, who claimed \$120,000, is allowed to present his bill, but it is to be paid only after three experts have given an opinion. The jewels he furnished consist of four rows of the finest pearls estimated at \$55,000, two rows of smaller pearls estimated at \$35,000, and a rivière of thirty-eight diamonds, said to be worth \$25,000.

Madame Nomidoff, the singer, who claims \$34,000 for jewels sold also won her case and Madame Gould as well as her former husband, Count de Castellane, are held jointly responsible for the bill. M. Sieglor, on the other hand, who claimed the sum of \$180,000 lost his case.

# GIRL FISHERS IN LAKE ERIE

## DREW FIRE OF CANADIANS

Make Their Living on the Treacherous Waters of Inland Sea and Love the Life For its Dangers and Independence—An Encounter with the Petrel.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 16.—For three years past perhaps no more exciting or adventurous life has been lived by any women in America than by two brave fisher maids, who have come to Lake Erie's shores, near Conneaut, in the northwest corner of Ohio.

They are in the fishing business for gain, says a local correspondent of the Boston Post, and during the three years have saved nearly \$5,000 from their earnings. Many thrilling experiences have been their portion in that time.

Caught in fierce storms, they have battled for life time after time. Their fishing vessel, which they call themselves, has been wrecked, and they have been cast like modern female Robinson Crusoes upon an uninhabited island.

They have even been fired upon by the Canadian revenue cutter Petrel, which, until a short time ago, guarded the Canadian fishing waters around Pelee Islands. Miss Kate Matthews, one of these courageous girls, has been compelled to swim for her life three different times, and Miss Bertha Miggs, the other, once came so near drowning that she lost consciousness.

Almost three years ago these girls began fishing, but only during the last two years have they had a boat of their own, of which they are both crew and masters.

The only other member of the crew—an occasional member—is an old man, John Huelman, an uncle of Miss Matthews, who lives in Huron, from which point the girls carry on their hazardous occupation during the fishing season.

Huelman accompanies the girls only half the time, and the other half ashore mending nets and transacting other business which he is capable of doing.

Miss Matthews is a strong, well-set up young woman of twenty-two years. She possesses a powerful voice, a strong eye, a ready wit and plenty of assurance.

Her partner, Miss Miggs, is a slender girl and exceedingly pretty. She possesses an abundance of bright, brown hair, laughing blue eyes, and is three years younger than her companion.

Both girls come naturally by their love for the sea. Thirty years ago Captain Albert Matthews was a well known navigator of the lakes. Henry Miggs, father of Bertha and mate of a freighter, lost his life in a collision off Point Pelee, leaving his daughter and wife in rather poor circumstances.

When they were still young the girls took many sailing excursions together, and each became adept in the management of small sailing craft. As they grew older the necessity of making a living in some way impressed them.

"Why not engage in fishing?" one asked the other. "Why not?" was the reply. Many men of the lake have been successful for years as fishers; why should not girls succeed?

Accordingly, the two girls engaged in fishing. On the Canadian side, where they live, as well as the sloop in which they sail the lake, and each has some money in the bank.

American fishermen in Lake Erie sometimes cross over into the protected grounds on the Canadian side. When they do this intentionally they are called poachers, and the Canadian revenue cutter promptly puts out after them, if it is in the neighborhood.

HAVE A REAL ADVENTURE.

While not intending to become poachers, Miss Matthews and Miss Miggs have occasionally drifted over the forbidden line while busy in the pursuit of fish.

Upon one of these occasions they were chased by the Canadian revenue cutter Petrel, commanded by Captain Dunn.

It was a chilling October day, with a white mist in the air that would conceal a full rigged ship at a distance of a mile. On this day Miss Matthews and Miss Miggs were out without the company of Huelman and had fished with some success, having about eight hundred pounds of herring in their boat.

For several hours they had been busy, and when Miss Matthews devoted herself entirely to the nets, her companion kept a sharp watch for the revenue cutter.

The former had just begun to pull in one of the nets when Miss Miggs gave a cry of alarm and pointed toward Pelee, from which direction a boat, which could be no other than the revenue cutter, was bearing down upon them.

In an instant Miss Matthews had abandoned the net, and in a few minutes the sails of the boat were filled with a wind that carried them, slowly at first, toward the American line.

"They're shooting at us!" shrieked Miss Miggs.

"Let them shoot!" was the other's reply. Those seven words were all that were said during the thrilling experience.

One, two minutes passed and each seemed like an age. Then there came the boom of another gun, but that was all. The girls closed their eyes, expecting to be cut to pieces at each report, but the little sloop kept on toward the American line, and the revenue cutter was seen to be the last. The cutter changed its course and the pursuit was given up.

There was a very interesting sequel to this adventure. Some time later Captain Dunn visited the City of Erie. When the Petrel anchored in the harbor the fishermen of the city planned to give the Canadian captain a big entertainment.

Captain Dunn accepted the invitation, and it was soon advertised far and wide that he was to be entertained by the men with whom he had been at times, fighting. The fishing season was at an end, and from Conneaut the two fisher girls came down to Erie.

A CHIVALROUS CAPTAIN.

They met the captain, and Miss Matthews asked him if he remembered a certain episode, which she described.

Captain Dunn is said to have the best memory of any man on the lakes. "I remember the incident well," he exclaimed. "You knew I seldom shoot to hurt, ladies, and for the life of me I could not bring myself to injure that little craft."

"You would never have forgiven yourself if you had killed us, captain," said Miss Miggs, smiling at the old seadog.

"What?" cried the captain. "You don't mean?"

"Yes, we do," interrupted Miss Matthews. Then she related their story to him.

"Well, ladies," said the chivalrous captain, after he had recovered from his astonishment, "if you had surrendered I would have given you a good supper, filled your boat with Canadian fish, and would then have escorted you to your port."

To those accustomed to life on the lakes it seems almost impossible that two young women could stand the hardships of a fishing life, yet both of these Conneaut girls are highly pleased with it.

Their boat is easily handled; their nets are only about a third as large and heavy as ordinary nets, and they have to divide profits with no one but themselves, and with Huelman when he accompanies them.

While the price ordinarily paid for herring is seldom above 4 cents a pound, the books of these fisher girls show that they have never sold fish under 4½ cents a pound, and frequently they have obtained 5 cents.

Most of their fish goes to Detroit. But occasionally these plucky girls have had luck as well as other fishermen. Such a streak came last autumn in an adventure to which over a thousand pounds of fish were taken, and in which Miss Miggs came within an ace of drowning.

The girls had made one of the largest catches of the season and were well under way for Huron, when a storm broke upon them. For an hour they were buffeted about by the wind and waves, until the storm grew in strength, until it seemed that the boat would be hurled under the sea.

During the next hour Miss Miggs threw out 1,000 pounds of fish, while her stronger companion attended to the management of the boat. As the storm reached its height, the entrance of the Huron was reached, when a boom flew around, and striking Miss Miggs on the shoulders, flung her into the water.

The girl was a splendid swimmer, but, weighted by her clothes and exhausted by the exertions of the last few hours, she was in no condition to battle for her life, and after a struggle of two or three minutes, she disappeared under the waves.

In vain Miss Matthews had tried to bring the boat around to her unfortunate companion. While doing so she had divested herself of her outer garments, and now seeing the hopelessness of effecting a rescue from the shore, she plunged into the river and reached her friend in time to save her life.

The swim to the drifting boat was a fearful struggle, but Miss Matthews reached it with her unconscious burden, and a few moments later succeeded in getting help from the shore.

It is said that the fishermen of Huron and Vermilion that the two daring girls are the most fortunate of all those who drag nets for a living, no matter how good or how bad the season may be, they will lay up a good sum of money.

Many times when the young women are particularly skilful fishermen, but because half of the men and boys who leave those ports have their own hearts set on more than once the incoming fleets of tugs and sloops have contributed to the catch of Miss Matthews and her partner.

At first the girls objected to this, but it did no good. On one occasion last year they had very bad luck, and were running to port with almost no fish.

A friendly tug ran alongside, "got wind" of the girls' situation, and despite their angry protestations, allowed her to shovel herring aboard the sloop for several minutes.

Then the tug broke away and informed other incoming boats with the result that by the time the fisher girls reached port they carried a ton of fish, worth \$50.

Many times when signs of approaching storm hurried the fishing fleet into port tugs have thrown a line to the girls and their boat and have towed them to safety.

Once, however, there came a storm when no tug was near, and when the girls themselves were unable to handle their craft. Around Pelee are a number of small uninhabited islands, occasionally used during the summer as camping grounds, and full upon one of these the girls were running, the girls ventured out and reached home in safety.

AGREED WITH HIM.

"I have many beautiful thoughts," said the long-haired person, who imagines he is a born poet. "That I propose soon to give to the public."

"That's a good idea, young man," growled the cynical old man. "It's certain you could never induce the public to buy them."—Cassell's Journal.

# Stock Taking Sale Continued

We have about completed taking stock and have Bargains in all lines. Last Saturday we advertised a sale of Odd Dishes. We cleared them all out. TOMORROW we have another lot which we are going to sell at a price never heard of before. So be here early and take these goods at the following prices:

- 48 Butter Dishes, mismatched. Regular price 15c to 25c. Saturday, 5c. each.
- 1,000 Odd Saucers, all kinds, Saturday, 1c each.
- 500 " Cups, some as high as \$1.00 dozen, but all mismatched. Out they go for 2 1/2c.
- 20 Dozen White Stone Soup Plates, 3c each.
- 30 " " Tea Plates, 3c "
- 20 " " Bread and Butter Plates, 3 for 10c.
- 12 " " Dinner Plates, 5 1-2c.
- 100 " " Cups and Saucers, 6 for 25c.
- 19 only Meat Dishes, decorated, 25c, for 10c.
- 32 Quart Milk Pitchers, 25c value, 15c.
- Large Platters, worth 40c for 19c.
- Breakfast Platters, with covers, 19c.
- \$1.00 Covered vegetable Dishes, 50c.
- 1.25 Soup Tureens for 50c.
- Decorated Tea Plates, 3c each.
- Glass Tumblers, slightly chipped; 1c each perfect, 3 for 10c.
- Large Decorated Lemonade Jugs, worth 60c, on sale for 35c.

Another sale of Crockery Tea Pots. Regular price 15c, 17c to 25c. All at 11 Cents.

Over 100 Bargains we cannot mention in Dishes. We must get clear of them during the month of January, so out they go Tomorrow.

Stationery at Almost Half Price.

During our search we came across some STATIONERY we must dispose of: Fine Blue Writing Paper, worth 8c quire, TOMORROW, 3c, sold in 5 quires only 15c. for a 40c lot.

30,000 Square Envelopes—2 for 4c.

3 Toilet Sets, worth \$1.50 each, Tomorrow, 98c.

5 Parlor Lamps, " " " 99c.

11 Ladies' Black Satin Underskirts, 29c.

16 " " " \$1.25 quality, 99c.

Try and secure these bargains in the morning, as we only have a few of each line.

A Sale of School Scribblers—Atlas, ruled and unruled, Tomorrow, 3c. All 3c Scribblers, 3 for 5c.

Hosiery at Reduced Prices. Guaranteed pure Wool Stockings, all sizes, worth 80c pair, Tomorrow, 23c.

Come Tomorrow and Get Your Share of These Snaps.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 Mill Street.

# YOUNG SON SHOT FATHER

Tragic Death of Prominent Taunton, Mass. Man.

Mentally Deranged He Attacked His Wife and His 17 Year Old Son Killed Him

TAUNTON, Mass., Jan. 17.—A tragedy took place tonight at the home of George Poole, one of the city's prominent merchants, when Mr. Poole was shot and mortally wounded by his 17 year old son, Howard M. Poole, who fired at his father to save his mother from harm. Poole had quarrelled with his wife and finally had seized her by the throat to punish her for her attempt to secure his commitment to an asylum on the ground of insanity.

The son, responding to the screams of his mother, rushed to her assistance and defended her by sending a bullet into his father's brain.

The older Poole died about two hours after the shooting. The son, who was arrested, justified his act by claiming his mother's life was in danger and that it was necessary for him to shoot his father in order to save her.

It appears that for the last eighteen months, according to the police, that Poole had been mentally ill, ever since an accident caused by a runaway horse which he was driving, and which resulted in his being thrown from his carriage. His skull was fractured, but although physically he seemed to have regained his health, his mental condition was found to be irresponsible.

However, Mr. Poole was able to continue his business, which was that of the principal member of the silversware manufacturing firm of Poole and Roscoe.

Mr. Poole's mental incapacity was demonstrated principally in his home life, as appeared when his wife and other members of his family were led to complain to the police as to the at-

# EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION WINTER REDUCED RATES

Effective to May 1, 1907. St. John to Portland \$2.00. St. John to Boston \$2.50.

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, steamers leave St. John Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 p. m. for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING From Boston at 9 a. m. Mondays and Thursdays, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Scotch Coal, and Broad Cove Soft.

C. E. COLWELL has on hand a stock of Scotch Coal, and is expecting, daily, some Broad Cove Soft. Telephone West End, No 17, C. E. COLWELL, Old Port, West End.

# RAILROADS.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, JAN. 15th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN. No. 2.—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point du Chene, ... 7.00

No. 25.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, ... 12.25

No. 8.—Express for Sussex, ... 17.10

No. 13.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene, ... 19.00

No. 10.—Express for Montreal, the Sydney and Halifax, ... 22.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. No. 9.—From Halifax and Pictou, ... 6.20

No. 7.—Express from Sussex, ... 9.00

No. 25.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton, ... 17.40

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXPRESS

TRAINS

Each Way Every Day

FROM

MONTREAL

NO MYSTERY ABOUT IT.

Henry—I consulted a fortune teller last night, and after I had crossed her palm with a sovereign, she predicted that I would marry you.

Marjory—What a waste of money! I could have told you that for nothing three months ago.—Smiles.