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WHAT A NEW RECRUIT SEES 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 of a pretty little town of Sussex was suddenly changed into a bustling military encampment overflowing with life, bustle and animation, its streets and public lanes alive with recruits, its otherwise slumbering air awake and tingling with the sound of marching, its peaceful townpeople in wonder of the mysterious ease and promptness with which the work was accomplished.

At 7 o'clock he scrambles out in time for breakfast and with his plate and cup in hand makes for the mess tent and receives his rations of bacon and coffee. He is summoned to breakfast by the bugle and in fact this call is the first one he learns—the "cook-house" call, and once he has mastered it never forgets it.

Just a line about the sergeant's mess of the "police-slingers" might not be out of place here. Through the efforts of a few of the sergeants this mess was made about the best non-com's on the grounds, the victuals were always served promptly and cleanly by a staff of competent waiters and the meals cooked in the most up-to-date fashion "just as good as mother used to make."

After breakfast the recruit has a couple of hours to while away and wanders about the encampment taking in the sights. Everything is so interesting to him that he wanders down to the Service Corps lines and sees the men at work baking the bread for the thousands and thousands of men who are in camp waiting for it. Five men work on one oven and each has his own distinctive duty to perform.

During the past two weeks a wonderful amount of work has been accomplished by the men under canvas, and a considerable improvement in the appearance of the men and their equipment. Their drill also has changed for the better.

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 two weeks in camp only two were what might be styled "fine days," that is, there was no rain, hail, thunder and lightning.

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

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 city and people everywhere will be life as a rule 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 their work.

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.

St. Stephens and St. Andrews Presbyterian churches are uniting for the summer months. Rev. David Long is now away on his vacation and Rev. Gordon 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.

HOW ST. JOHN INVESTORS LOSE MILLIONS IN UNPAID 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.

This mine was first introduced in St. John about 1891. 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.

The Golden Nugget was another mine which for a time had quite a vogue in this city. This wealth 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 on the trout brook of boyhood days.

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 of the stock.

The Little Ellen mine was a most romantic proposition and will go down to credit as having been the most successful of St. John business men, as far as known, never found. This mine was said to be located in Nevada or Colorado.

Henry Braithwaite, veteran Guide has a Thrilling Experience. Frederick, 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.

Chased by a Big Bear. Henry Braithwaite, veteran Guide has a Thrilling Experience. Frederick, 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.

Felix Took the Cakes. Yesterday afternoon Felix Hollan, an old stager in police annals entered the grocery store of Capt. David Tufts on King street, went inside, and ordering two pounds of fancy bread thrust his hands into his pocket and obtained the whole wherewithal to pay for the cakes.

Where They Made "Cobalt Red Eye". Cobalt, July 12.—(Special)—Police discovered the remains of an illicit still in the fire ruins yesterday. The still was located on the Halseyville road and was completely equipped with vats, worms, etc.

Turkish Wrestler Beaten. Portland, Ore., July 10.—John Berg last night defeated Yusuff, a Turkish wrestler, taking the first and third falls in 59:15 seconds and one minute. Yusuff took the second fall in one minute and 33 seconds on a trip and half Nelson. The bout was stopped twice by the police because of rough tactics by both men.

The Times New Reporter. He only keeps them about a day. Then he offers free automobile rides to a lot of other experiences called to get up an appetite for the right there. He offers a stimulant. I hope that's why the so many empty dyspepsia cure bottles are kicking. He says the advertiser's I do the business. Here, what?

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 Acquaintances Killed in Their Cottage

A copy of "The Mid-Ulster Mail," published in Cookstown, County Tyrone, Ireland, June 18, 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 had it not been so well attested.

Rev. James Gray, minister of the Congregational church at Donaghly, spoke very highly of the deceased couple, who were members of his congregation. He said of the old woman showing him a copy 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.

Monday's Parade Will Be One of Largest for Years. 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: Carleton, 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.

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: Carleton, 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.

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All Want Some of It. The news that Mr. Hazen has handed out \$500 to be spent for political road work in each parish has spread through the county and excited the faithful to frenzy. They all want some of it, and also more of it, and the time is short.

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 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 squawk 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 the day at St. Martins last evening "Dr. MacRae delivered several shots at the Telegraph and Times."

Wouldn't Sit Down. Speaking confidentially to the Times newspaper this morning, a member of the government, who stood painfully but determined to take a chair, said that while he believed the Hazen highway act was the best yet, he would privately recommend that a clause be added providing large, soft cushions for all who use the highways.

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