

# THE GAMECOCK

BY ALBERT DORRINGTON

(Copyright, 1908, by the New York Herald (Co. All Rights Reserved.)

HE was thickset and cheerful, with a fresh-faced and kindly eye—his right one was concealed under a feathered shield. He joined us as we tramped along the wind-swept Australian road, his swag dangling gnomish fashion from his left shoulder.

It was the Sydney-Newcastle route, much frequented by runaway sailors and occasional deserters from the war ships stationed at Farm Cove. Newcastle is the port where the Valparaiso-bound ships depend upon the efforts of the crimp house to whip a crew together at a moment's notice.

The man who joined us was evidently a sailor suffering from a long spell ashore, as his ragged clothes and lacerated boots testified. My mate and I did not yearn for his society, but in Australia the tracks between port and port are lonely, and the long dry space between drinks salts even the comradeship of the deep sea bathers.

"Australia's a red hot hole to a chap that's used to king's highway and a pot of four 'arf every two miles," he began. "There's isn't enough water in the country to wash a little dog's face."

We admitted regretfully that our legislators were denuding the country of the old grog lazzarets, where the stately bushman was wont to poison the atmosphere with his eloquence. We made other references to the dismal state of the country, which fell dead on the ears of the red faced sailor man.

We pushed on, hugging the railway, until the sun stared ahead of us down the long white road. It stayed in our eyes until each man tasted the brine from his own sweat-soaked skin. We called a halt and flung ourselves at the foot of the Waitara railway embankment.

The one-eyed man took out his pipe and watched us fill ours, while speech hung dead between us. He waited fifty seconds until our tobacco returned to our pockets. Then, with a sigh, he drew out his plug reluctantly.

We had met his kind before on the outside tracks, where the mean man with the silver tongue preys upon your tobacco plug with the rapacity of a Shylack.

He laughed good-humoredly as the smoke wreaths marbled the air above. We decided in a flash that we had misjudged him, for no true seaman can ever learn the tricks of the Australian hunger track.

"Never been so hard up since I left the navy," he said huskily. "I ran away from the old Karamatta because the bunkers space wasn't big enough to let you sneeze without barking your shins. I hid myself on the rocks for a month, but the navy's a hot place for shybers, but the habits of the Sydney larrikins are hot enough to melt a six inch gun!" he added.

"My boarding house was back of the Argyle Club. At the table where I used to eat was a cargo thief and a government rat catcher, a bottle 'o' oil, and a landscape artist—on of those chaps that draws waterfalls on the foopth."

"There was fightin' every evenin' among the larnies." I don't like fightin', but I'd sooner put in ten minutes with a burglar than stew in the stokehole of a gunboat. Talk about heat! Why, when a stoker dies, an' wakes up in — he goes on with his graft just the same.

"A woman named Mary Kennedy kept the boarding house. We used to throw playing stones at the boarders who got got to pay up. I asked her not to throw kerb ornaments at me when she felt husky. When Jack's ashore he doesn't want to crack blue metal with his self. So I gave her the office to cease frin'."

"Mary was a good sort though. She conducted the chicken fights in the backyard on Sundays, and when there was money in the cockpit. The bird fightin' is a pretty game among you Colonials; an' I must say that some of your game roosters use their steels like a sergeant at arms."

"Sandy Thompson, one of the boarders at Kennedy's had a little red bird that beat everything from Botany Bay to the Cut. The bird's name was Kitcho—after Herbert Kitchener. Kitcho was the gamest chick that ever wore steels. There wasn't a bird in Australia could live with him."

"One mornin' a woman came round to Kennedy's and told Sandy Thompson about the yardful of roosters next door that was crownin' her sick husband to death. You know what that means. A chap lies sick in bed in a room overlook-

in a back yard full of poultry and roosters that bugle the top of his head off every ten minutes or so. Hundreds of sick men are crowded to death in the back yards of Sydney."

"Well, Sandy Thompson walked round to the yard where the regiments of cheap roosters were crownin', a dozen at a time. Sandy said there was nearly twenty of 'em, the size of ostriches, stridin' up an' down making noises under the sick man's window."

"Sandy took Kitcho from under his coat and dropped him with his steels on the fence. I wasn't there to see the fight, but they say that Kitcho killed the ostrich farm in seven minutes, while Sandy was round at the front door yarin' with the man who kept the yard."

"The yard, after Sandy got Kitcho out, was strewn with disabled Dorkins and roosters that were killed. Sandy said he stopped laying for three months after that. The fowl yard owner told the police that a burglar with a scythe had destroyed his flock of roosters. Anyways, the few birds that was left used to crow in a hushed voice for fear that Kitcho might hear 'em."

"Kitcho was kept in a shed under my winder. Sandy told me that the little bird was worth ten pounds for up country matches. Y'see, some of the old cabbage tree squatters was partial to a bit of chicken fightin' when things were quiet."

"Sandy trained and fed his bird regularly, an' Kitcho was always fit to put the muffers on with a heavier bird than himself. I've trained torpedoes to hit a battleship in the mummies in me day, but I never saw anything to come near the little red rooster when he was in the ring."

"One mornin' I started early for the Australian back blocks with Kitcho covered up in an old parrot cage. It seemed

really not too many. The whole trouble lay in imperfect distribution. If every municipality had sent to Winnipeg a list of the men wanted, parties could have been re-districted there and sent forward and there would have been no trouble. This was not done, however, and the result was that the men gathered in the towns and cities where the labor market was overstocked while other districts could secure no help at all. Of course there were a number of men on all these excursions who did not go to work but simply for the excursion. There was an element of rowdiness among some of the men, and they were not infrequently in the dining car of a train eating breakfast one morning when some one threw a large piece of meat at them. Fortunately no one was sitting near the window.

Several more political picnics in Sunbury and Queens Counties have been arranged by Colonel H. H. McLean, Liberal candidate in Queens-Sunbury. He will speak at all and will also be other speakers as announced. The 7th Regiment Band of Fredericton will play at all the dates, and the speakers in addition to Colonel McLean as far as arranged, are:

Thursday at Waasie, E. H. McAlpine; Friday at Sheffield, Taylor's Wharf, Senator Ellis and Hon. H. A. McKown; Saturday at Glory, Hon. H. A. McKown; Monday, Labor Day, at Fredericton Junction, Sir F. W. Borden and F. B. Carroll, M. P.; Thursday at Hoyt, E. H. McAlpine; Wednesday at Armstrong's Corner; Friday at Gagetown, Hon. Wm. J. By and Hon. C. W. Robinson; Saturday at Hamstead, Hon. William J. By and Hon. C. W. Robinson. All the picnics will be in the afternoon.

The list of killed and wounded on the railroads in the United States for the year 1907 is appalling. The statistics show a total of 11,229 killed, of whom 610 were passengers, and 11,019 injured, of whom 1,241 were passengers. Many of the injured afterwards died.



in from my bag, gave him a bit of corn, and lay down. The heat woke me an' the blamed silence got on my nerves, so without stoppin' to boil my billy I started off with the cage under my arm for Grogan's Station, and the harder I walked the hotter it grew. And somehow the trees wouldn't let me out into the open. Up an' down the bush I hunted, but there wasn't a sign of his red feathers anywhere. The heat fairly poured down through the trees till my tongue grew hard as a stick. I walked back to where I left the cage and water bag, an' I blamed it if I could find 'em!"

"You're hushed, Joseph," I says to myself, 'an' the Lord help you! Off I started again, and I must have walked ten miles before I found myself back at the old spot. The sun was pretty low, an' my head seemed to be hittin' the sides of my hard felt hat. Palpitation of the brain,

I heard a bugle call in the scrub at my elbow; then something red flew over my body an' hit the king-crow with a pair of shinin' steels. Joseph," says I. "Take care your bloomin' hat don't melt!"

"I must have slept a bit, but I woke pretty sudden an' began walkin' about until I started on the run. It was all up then. I felt that my clothes were made of fire. I tore 'em off an' began runnin' round and round an' old gum tree that looked like a devil with a broken neck."

"I lay down an' the sun woke me again. I tried to crawl on my knees, but the ground heaved and rolled like a ship in a beam sea. So down I lay, laughin' and cryin', thinkin' it was all a joke. There didn't seem to be any sense in movin', so I lay until I thought I could hear the sound of water under the ship's keel an' the quartermaster's voice callin' from below."

"Steady, Joe," I says. "Steady, my lad, you're wanderin' in your head! Then I heard the whoop, whoop of heavy wings an' 'cal' ca!' in the old tree overhead as I fell into doze No. 2.

## MAY MEAN ANOTHER NEW INDUSTRY

Dr. Ellis, Geologist, Brings Favorable Report on Albert County Shale

BACK FROM SCOTLAND AND TOOK 45 TONS TO OLD COUNTRY FOR TEST AND HEARS IT WORKS OUT IN OIL AND BY-PRODUCTS AS WELL AS DOES THE SCOTCH ARTICLE.

As a result of a visit of Dr. R. W. Ellis, of Ottawa, to Scotland, a new industry may be started in this province to extract oil from the Albert County shales. At the request of the Dominion government Dr. Ellis, who had been engaged in geological survey work in New Brunswick, for the government, went to Scotland some months ago taking about forty tons of shale from the Beltmore district of Albert County to be tested.

This, said Dr. Ellis, in conversation yesterday, was submitted to a process of distillation identical with that to which the Lomagshaw shale is submitted. The process, which is comparatively new, extracts not only the oil but several valuable by-products as well. It has been found to pay in the case of the Scottish shale.

Dr. Ellis said he had not yet received full reports of the distillations. Judging from what had been learned, however, he said the Albert County shale compared most favorably with the Scottish shale, not only in oil producing qualities, but in the value of the by-products. From the results he was inclined to think it possible a new industry may be started in the province to handle the shale. It is understood that Dr. Ellis had a conference yesterday with Hon. Mr. Pugsley, minister of public works, over the results of the tests. The minister afterwards expressed his gratification at the nature of Dr. Ellis' report and said that in his opinion it meant a possible new industry for New Brunswick.

Dr. Ellis has not yet made a report to the government. He left last night for Ottawa.

## HOPE TO HAVE ROAD COMPLETED BY WINTER

Thos. Malcolm Talks of the International Railroad Progress—Still After Strike Leaders.

Thomas Malcolm, the contractor for the building of the International Railway, was in the city yesterday. He said last evening that the railroad would be about completed this fall. Work was now being rushed after the recent strike and if the season did not close too early, the rails would likely be laid before snow came.

On the Campbellton end of the road about sixty miles have been graded and rails laid for fifty miles. On the St. Leonard's end the work was approaching the fifty mile mark and the two crews would soon meet.

Sparring of the strike Mr. Malcolm said 1,200 men had been implicated. The twenty-five ring leaders were the cause of all the trouble and an effort had been made to arrest them. Four had been captured and sentenced and the others were being traced, some as far as Montreal and would be brought to justice if possible.

The workmen were now hard at work again on their old contract which they sought to break, and the prospects for an early completion of the road were bright.

Supply trains, he said, were now being run along the completed sections and considerable freight and passengers were carried. Lumbermen were finding the road a great convenience. The lumber business in Hestigouche, he said, was in good condition. Mills had been running full blast and large shipments were being made. There was no doubt, he said, that the railroad would have all the business it could handle.

## COL. McLEAN HAS MORE PICNICS PLANNED

Dates for Several During This and Next Week in Sunbury and Queens.

Several more political picnics in Sunbury and Queens Counties have been arranged by Colonel H. H. McLean, Liberal candidate in Queens-Sunbury. He will speak at all and will also be other speakers as announced. The 7th Regiment Band of Fredericton will play at all the dates, and the speakers in addition to Colonel McLean as far as arranged, are:

## STORY OF CABINET SPLIT RIDICULED AT OTTAWA

Labor Department Appoints Conciliation Board to Deal With Dismissal of C. P. R. Engineers.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 31.—The Toronto Sunday World's story of Sir Richard Cartwright's dismissal from the cabinet and his conference with Goldwin Smith with the object of forming a new wing of the Liberal party is the subject of general ridicule here. It is known for instance that so far from having received notice to attend the council Sir Richard was present at every meeting held last week. Other elements of the World's Sunday fable are equally at variance with fact or probability.

S. T. Bastedo of Toronto who has recently appointed superintendent of Canadian government annuities has arrived here and will at once proceed with the organization of his office. For the present Mr. Bastedo will be confined to the out-post of conducting a campaign of publicity for the annuities act in order that its provisions may be made general, known. Numerous enquiries already received attend the general interest in the scheme.

The minister of labor has appointed W. D. Lighthall, K.C., Montreal counsel to represent the department of labor in connection with the hearing of the appeal of the G. E. R. Company against the Lord's Day Act. The appeal comes up for hearing on Tuesday. The board is expected to decide what constitutes a work of necessity and mercy.

The labor department will appoint a board of conciliation to deal with the differences between the Canadian Pacific Ry. Company and its engineers and firemen, issuing out of the dismissal of certain employees. Wallace Nesbitt K.C., will represent the company and J. K. O'Donnell the men. A chairman has not been named but it is thought Prof. Shortt of Kingston will probably act.

The workmen engaged in preparing the ground in the rear of the old police station, Chipman's Hill, for an enlargement of M. R. A.'s premises, yesterday came upon an old well, seventy feet deep.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Baird and T. D. Pollard Lewin has been announced.

## LEAPS INTO HARBOR; LAUNCH IS SUNK

Wm. Spears Throws Life Belt Around Him and Jumps In COLLIDES WITH STEAMER

Towing Behind the Pontiac in Gasoline Launch to Take Off Pilot Below the Island—Short Tow-line and Chippy Sea Causes Launch to Strike Steamer and Sink.

Pilot William Spears had a very narrow escape from being drowned Tuesday night when the launch he was in, while towing behind the launch and the steamer, in charge of Pilot Wm. Murray, upset the motor boat belonging to the steamer, Young Spears, who was in the motor, seeing his danger, jumped into harbor with a life buoy.

In leaping overboard Spears' leg was severely bruised between the launch and the steamer, and he was not in time to prevent a collision which, resulted disastrously for the little craft. The seams were opened and it began to fill. Facing the double danger of drowning or being killed by a blow from the blades of the propeller, he cut the line and while the launch was dropping astern, put on a life belt and jumped overboard. Almost immediately afterwards the launch sank.

Unaware of the accident, the steamer proceeded on her way to sea. The accident, however, had been seen by Mr. Greig on the Bacon light, and jumping into his boat, he picked up Spears and roused him sideways back to the wharf except for a bruised leg, little was heard of his adventure.

On the Pontiac arriving below the Island the coasting schooner Reporter, in ward bound was halted. A boat was sent across to take off Pilot Murray and in the schooner he returned to the City. The Pontiac was bound for Brown Head with a cargo of deals, for orders.

## MAKE THE SPOUT AS LARGE AS POSSIBLE

Dominion's Chief Warehouse Commissioner Talks on Grain Handling Here

SHOULD PLAN FOR GROWTH

Looks to Time Five Years Hence When West Will Produce Two Hundred Million Bushels of Wheat—Will Be Twelve to Fourteen Million Bushels Here This Winter.

If St. John wants to capture the grain trade of the west to the fullest possible extent the loading and unloading capacities of the elevators here must be doubled or tripled is the opinion of Charles C. Castle, of Winnipeg, chief warehouse commissioner for the Dominion. Mr. Castle has full oversight of the grain transportation facilities of the country. He arrived here from Halifax and is at the Royal.

In an interview Tuesday Mr. Castle said he had inspected the elevators here and found that in point of capacity there is nothing much to be desired at the present time. In his opinion, however, the conveyors are not high enough to avoid the effect of the rise of the tides. This meant considerable delay in loading vessels at high tide, and if the people of St. John did not wake up to what this meant to transportation companies some other port would and St. John would have to suffer in consequence.

Mr. Castle gave some interesting figures in support of his contention that this is a most important subject. Last winter, he said, St. John handled in the elevators between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 bushels of grain. This year this port would be asked to handle anywhere from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 bushels. This year's crop had all been saved and is estimated at 110,000,000 to 115,000,000 bushels of wheat; 130,000,000 to 135,000,000 bushels of oats; and 30,000,000 bushels of barley. The tremendous expansion of the west is indicated by the fact that the acreage of arable land was increasing at the rate of 12 to 15 per cent. annually.

Mr. Castle estimates that five years from now the west will produce 200,000,000 bushels of wheat every year. It must help one to understand these figures better, Mr. Castle continued, when it is known that in 1900 only 14,000,000 bushels of wheat were inspected while this year there would be more than 100,000,000 bushels. All this meant tremendous business for the east, as it was the belief in the west that Canadian produce could be handled cheaper through Canadian channels than American. In order that this might be realized, however, it was necessary that boards of trade, port authorities and civic bodies everywhere should grapple with the situation at once. Mr. Castle urged that when facilities were planned to be erected allowance should be made for the needs, not of this year or next year, but of twenty-five years hence. Twenty years ago, he said, the authorities of Liverpool (Eng.) built docks for steamers 1000 feet long. At that time there were no such boats afloat, but there would soon be because they were actually on the stocks now. It must be made an easy matter for steamers to dock as well as load and unload and the general aids to navigation must be of such a character that risk would be reduced to a minimum.