

GREAT FREEZEOUT GAME

\$28,000 WON BY THE HOLDER OF A BOBTAIL FLUSH.

Cashier of a New Orleans Bank Supposed to Have Only \$30,000, After Betting That, When Traded by Gamblers, Produced \$90,000 More.

They had all been discussing the fine points of the great national game of poker in the office of the Hotel Dunkle the other day, and some very fair stories of games of freeze-out, stacked cards and monumental bluffs had been related by the drummers who were in the town over night, but it remained for Charles C. Campbell, a retired capitalist, who is known all over the East in lumbering circles, to relate the bonafide story of one of the greatest freezeouts in the history of the American game.

'It was back in 1845,' said he, 'that I saw one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve and incidentally of properly making use of the time-honored freeze-out game, in all my experience. At the time I was engaged in lumbering operations in the Atchafalaya Bayou, 250 miles north of New Orleans. Business called me to the Crescent City, and, arrived there, I found that it was necessary for me to proceed at once to Cedar Falls, a place on the Ohio nearly 100 miles west of Pittsburgh. In those days the great river steamboats were in the zenith of their glory, and the Mississippi boasted of some of the fastest boats of their kind in the world. The Great Republic had left for up the river the day before, so that I found that I would have to wait until evening and go up on the Eliza, then one of the crack boats plying between Cincinnati and New Orleans. I had engaged a stateroom, and boarding the boat an hour before it started, I went down into the saloon and there met, through a mutual friend, the cashier of a big New Or-

leans banking house, who, I later learned, was going to Cincinnati with \$30,000 in cash as the agent of his house to commission merchants in the City of Pork. He seemed an exceedingly pleasant fellow of about 32 years of age, was an excellent raconteur, and moreover, had a reputation as a nerry poker player. Time passed quickly in conversation with him, and we were both standing on the deck as the gong rang for the landing boards to be taken in preparatory to our immediate departure.

'Just before the gangplanks were hauled in a hack drove up to the wharf and three well-dressed, big-mustached men jumped from the vehicle, one of them stopping to place a bill in the hands of the jehu, made for the plank and walked aboard just before the gong rang to 'go ahead.' We both had an opportunity to examine the men as they stood together near the rail. My new-found friend, whom, for reasons this story will disclose, I will not name, closely scrutinized the trio and then said: 'I know these chaps. They are professional gamblers, and they are evidently after some lamb to pluck on this boat. I wonder if I am supposed to be their game. If so they may be disagreeably surprised, for there is something in a satchel in my stateroom which may cause them the loss of a few dollars.'

'With this enigmatical remark the cashier slowly sauntered into the saloon, and it wasn't ten minutes before I saw the gamblers engaged in earnest conversation with him. It afterward came out that they had heard that the bank was sending \$30,000 up the river with him, and, knowing that he was a dyed-in-the-wool pokerite, they had determined to inveigle him into a little game and thoroughly pluck him. Unfortunately, for them, they reckoned without a big bundle of notes which was

in the possession of the cashier, but concerning which he wasn't telling anybody.

'There was a jolly crowd of sporting men on the boat that night, and after dinner some ten or fifteen repaired to the smoking room, where stories, quip, and jest passed quickly amid the clink of glasses and the glow of fragrant Havanas. At about 11 o'clock, I remember—we had just left Natchez—one of the gamblers suggested a little game, and the cashier consented, although he had strict orders from his house not to play with money in his possession, to play a few hands with them. It was suggested that the game be played in the saloon, and thither eight of us repaired. While going there the cashier whispered to me:

'Watch out for something that will open your eyes. This game won't last more than one hand, and there are going to be three of the biggest surprised men who ever stacked up against a Tartar on a Mississippi boat.'

'This communication certainly aroused my curiosity and gave me a slight inkling of what proved to be the stiffest game of pure and unadulterated bluff that I have ever seen in a poker game. It was evident that the stakes were not going to be a few piayunes, as both the cashier and the trio laid out big rolls of bills on the table. There was a tense movement and an expression of excitement as one of the gamblers produced a new pack of cards, shuffled them and handed them to the cashier, who sat to the right, to cut. The latter made the cut, and the deal commenced. I was watching the game closely, and I saw a look of great satisfaction come upon the cashier's face as he picked up his cards. The ante was \$10, and a limit was made of the sky-high variety. There was fun for somebody, and all four players

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seemed to be after the lion's share of it.

'The look of satisfaction on the cashier's face was observed by the gamblers, as one who was watching the game closely could see by the covert glances they cast at one another. The lamb, however, didn't seem to notice that they were seizing him up, but proceeded to count out a wad of bills. Each man, on looking at his cards chipped in his eagle and the draw for cards commenced. The gambler opposite to the cashier discarded two, the one to his right drew one, the lamb didn't ask for any, and a look of puzzled surprise and furtive anxiety crossed the physiognomies of

the others. Was it a bluff? Well the dealer took three cards and seemed vastly satisfied. The man to the right of the cashier, whose bid it was, threw \$100 on the middle of the table. The cashier went him \$200 better. The dealer looked dubious for a moment, then shoved in the call of \$300 and clapped on \$500. The gambler opposite dropped out. His pal to the cashier's right, after another look at his cards, gave up the ghost.

'A faint smile flickered for an instant around the cashier's mouth as he quietly laid down \$500 and piled on \$2,000 more.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

A CHANCE FOR INVESTORS!

THE CUSHING SULPHITE FIBRE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capt. Partington Takes Two-Thirds of the Stock!

The Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co., Ltd., of Fairville, City and County of St. John, N. B., incorporated under the Great Seal of the Province of New Brunswick under the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act, with an authorized capital of \$500,000, has been formed for the manufacture in Canada of **SULPHITE PULP** for the American and European markets. Within the last few years the manufacture of paper has been completely revolutionized by the substitution of Wood Pulp for Esparto and Rags as a Paper-making materials, and it is probable that at the present time there is no other industry offering such certain and lucrative results as the production of Wood Pulp, for which a great demand exists.

The Company is issuing for the present Shares to the amount of \$350,000. for the erection and operation of a **Pulp Mill** of a capacity of **50 Tons of Dry Pulp per day** at Union Point, Adjacent to the Cushing Saw Mills, of which site Mr. N. W. Jones, manager of the Katadin Pulp Company Lincoln Maine, says:

"I consider the proposed site and facilities the very best that I have seen in America, and the shipping facilities from the Port of St. John are unequalled on the Atlantic coast."

Capt Partington, of Manchester, Eng., the largest and most successful pulp and paper maker in Great Britain, thinks so much of the prospects of this company that he has not only taken two-thirds of the present issue of stock, amounting to \$240,000 but he also undertakes to buy from the company at the highest market value two-thirds of the whole output, which he intends using in his immense paper mills. Of the remaining \$120,000 worth of stock offered to the public a good portion has already been taken up by some of our leading business men. The balance is now open for subscription and the shares will be allotted in the order in which they are received.

Wood: It is a matter of prime importance to consider the extent of supply of Pulp Wood or Raw Material in locating a Pulp Mill. Experience has demonstrated the fact that many large Pulp Manufacturing Plants have been rendered helpless and useless by the rapid consumption of suitable forest growth within the range of reasonable transportation to such mills. The location here defies the occurrence of such a disaster, being situated at the mouth of the Saint John River, which is 450 miles long, and which, with its many lakes and tributaries draining the great lumber area of New Brunswick, Quebec, and the State of Maine, is the largest spruce area in America, if not in the whole world. It will always be borne in mind that the great highway of the Saint John waters affords the cheapest transportation for any supplies of Logs or Pulp Wood that may be required for Pulp Manufacturing, the wood being always floated from the point of production to the very foundation of the mill where consumption takes place, giving manifest advantage in the line of economy over all mills that rely in whole or in part for railway and other, expensive means of transportation.

Sulphur: Obtainable at the lowest cost.
Lime: From our own quarries.
We have: **Cheapest of Raw Material** with an inexhaustible supply; **Cheap Fuel; Unexcelled Shipping Facilities; Situated on the Seaboard**, thus avoiding all expensive rail carriage; **Proximity to the Canadian Spruce Wood**, excelled by none for the quality of its fibre; **Open Harbor all the Year Round.**

The estimated cost of manufacturing Sulphite Pulp is \$31.25 per ton (2,240 lbs.), including freight and insurance to Great Britain and selling commission. The output, at 50 tons per day, for 300 working days per annum, viz:

15,000 tons at \$31.25 per ton gives.....	\$468,750
The selling price of 15,000 tons, \$38 per ton delivered F. O. B. Great Britain gives.....	570,000
	<hr/>
	\$101,250
	15,000
	<hr/>
	\$86,250

Deduct allowance for depreciation of machinery and plant.....

Showing a surplus of.....

Or a return equal to 24 per cent, upon the capital issued. The Provincial Directors, pending the election of the permanent Board are:

JOSEPH ALLISON,
WILLIAM H. MURRAY,
THOMAS McAVITY,
GEORGE S. CUSHING,
GEORGE F. BAIRD.

The shares are \$50 each, thus giving those who have but small amounts a splendid opportunity to invest their savings at a highly remunerative rate. Application forms for stock may be had from any of the Provincial Directors or from the Company's Bankers the Bank of Nova Scotia.