

POOR DOCUMENT M C 2 0 3 5

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1923

WRECKED EIGHT MONTHS AGO; STILL HOLDS HER LIQUOR CARGO

Tale of the Madeline, on the Coast Near New York.

A whisper goes around the village "The Madeline is breaking up," and out from all the crooked streets and lanes sneak swiftly moving cars toward the beach, where the schooner lies. Out on the highway, says a story in the New York Herald, the race begins with rusty fliers strain-

ing every creaking part to keep up with the faster cars for the loot will be small with many to share. The road degenerates into a cinder path and winds across a waste of sand with towering dunes on either side. Above the whir of the engines can be heard the roar of breakers bringing joy to the hearts of the drivers. The Madeline cannot much longer stand the pounding of the waves. A few more miles and above the sand dunes on Suffolk shore protrude two sloping masts around which whip shreds of rope and rigging. There is a hard race across the intervening sand

BLACK GOLD BRINGS RICHES TO POOR ORPHAN GIRL



Ponca City, Okla.—Sixteen-year-old Dorothy Carmichael has suddenly become so rich she's still dizzy from the change. Money—dollars—millions—hoops of good things—nothing to do but gather 'em in—and little Dorothy alone to enjoy them!

Alone, without a mother—she had left home when Dorothy was a baby in the Philippines. Without a father—he died in a Manila hospital when she was 3. With only her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Pettit, to care for her and direct her, Dorothy came into her strange wonderland of wealth.

Were it not for Michael Koeghan, a buddy of her father's in the Philippines, Dorothy might still be there, a poverty-stricken orphan. But Koeghan brought the girl to the United States, sought her father's relatives and finally settled her on the little family home-

stead at Tonkawa, near here. That homestead now is valued at \$300,000.00. Oil, that's the reason. Half of it is Dorothy's. The other half has been willed to Mrs. Pettit, her aunt and governess, living there when the land was still considered good only for mediocre farming.

Now, Dorothy, wrested from the claws of poverty, is living with her aunt in a pretty little cottage in town, teaching her to music and the other school girl does, and enjoying life as though she always had been used to the luxuries of millions.

Her royalties—estimated at something like \$1000 a day—still reel her head when she thinks of the enormous income.

But she tries to forget her riches, turning her mind to music and play and the good things her poor parents could not provide for her.

and down the steep sides of the sand dunes scramble the treasure seekers. There lies the Madeline, not twelve feet off shore, with her nose buried deep in the sand her gun's awash in the first line of breakers. The beach is covered with wreckage and empty cases bearing such magic names as Old Orkney, Dewars, White Horse and Nicholson's Gin.

With perched lips they gaze at the wreck and their eyes search the foaming breakers. A cry goes up, for there, dragging along the sand in a few feet of water is a heavy looking case. Men dash into the surf and wrestle for the prize. It is secured by two husky youths who hustle it off to their waiting flivver.

The Madeline was a rum ship with stowing space for 5,000 cases. Many a cargo of good old Scotch and gin

did she bring up from the West Indies, lining her owner's pockets with gold. At the end of a successful trip last December she rode at anchor in the harbor, and a great many people came to see her. The owner, a safety twelve miles off the lonely Long Island coast not many miles from Montauk. Her hold had been emptied save for 500 cases of prime Scotch. There had been bad blood between the skipper and the mate of the Madeline and there was a fight. The owners took the part of the mate and promoted him to the captain's place. "Hell, she's up on the bar," was the skipper's parting shot as he went over the side.

That night the mate opened a case of Scotch and invited the crew to celebrate his victory over the former captain. They drank a grand and glorious spree. The ship dragged its anchor and drifted in towards the bar. Then a violent winter storm broke and the mate awoke to his danger. Before the drunken crew could pull a rope the Madeline was in the breakers and buried over the bar and piled on the beach. News was carried to the surrounding villages and a great many people came to see the wreck. The hardy natives drove out in the teeth of the gale to salvage the cargo. A few cases came ashore. Cozied up to the icy sea up to their armpits, then came the Government men and the captured prizes had to be recovered and they have never been recovered and their liquor with the whispered assertion, "Came ashore from the Madeline last night."

That was eight months ago and still the hardy hulk holds together with its hundreds of cases of liquor. As many as fifty cars can be seen parked by the roadside during a storm as the patient natives wait for the sturdy limbers to give way. Fourteen cases came ashore one calm night recently and were captured by two lonely men who strolled along the beach. The stuff was disposed of to a local tavern. Now landlords in those parts recommend their liquor with the whispered assertion, "Came ashore from the Madeline last night."

WORK FOR SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES

Cathedral Preacher Speaks on Education at Sunday Masses.

Basing his talk on the fact that the principles which form the ground work for the ideal to which a nation aspires, must be instilled into the minds of the youth of that nation, Rev. D. Keane, vicar president of St. Thomas' College, Chatham, spoke at all the masses in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday.

"As its education is, so is the nation," was one of the principles he expounded, giving as an example, Germany, where militarism was stamped on the youth from the first dawning of reason. Christian education, based on sound principles of ethics and morals, he said, was the solution of the world's difficulties and it was therefore to the schools and universities that one must look, for the fostering of right ideals.

The members of the choir of St. John's (Stone) church enjoyed a pleasant picnic party at the summer residence of Mrs. Charles Francis at Ingleside on Saturday, when boating, bridge and a singing passed the time de-

Men's Golf Hose And Coat Sweaters In An Early Fall Showing

You'll find new and different patterns in the latest Golf Sweaters showing here. Among them the fashionable Jacquard weaves. They are the big comfortable kinds—ideal for fall wear. Newest models are showing with regular coat style cuffs; or in belted Norfolk styles with two, three or four pockets. Plain and brushed wool. Light and medium weights. New colors include brown heathers, camel shades, fawn, lovat, green, brown, navy and grey.

Canadian and English makes including the world famous "Jaeger" and others.

\$3.50 to \$13.00

New Golf Hose

Are showing in tweed mixtures, camelhair and popular heather effects. English and Scotch makes including the celebrated Pure Wool "Jaeger".

\$1.35 to \$5.00

(Men's furnishings, ground floor.)



Fitting The Young Man Out For College

He'll need New Clothes, of course—the sort of clothes that will inspire confidence as he goes out to make new friends and to find his place in the sun.

That's the sort of clothes he'll find in our new fall stocks. Youthful models designed especially for young men of college ages. Many of them are "Society Brand" models, which means, hand tailoring and Best British Fabrics.

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Your Inspection Is Invited.

R. C. S. Boys---Attention

In looking into our boys' stocks for fall, your needs have been thoroughly anticipated. We are ready with R. C. S. Uniforms, Separate Trousers, Running Pants, Foot Ball Pants, Jerseys and other garments. Come in and see them. We'll be glad to see you.

(Men's shop—2nd floor.)

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LADIES' White Canvas Pumps, one strap, rubber soles, as low as \$1.50
White Canvas Oxfords and Straps, leather soles, \$1.95 and \$2.25
White Buck Strap Pumps and Oxfords, all now \$4.55
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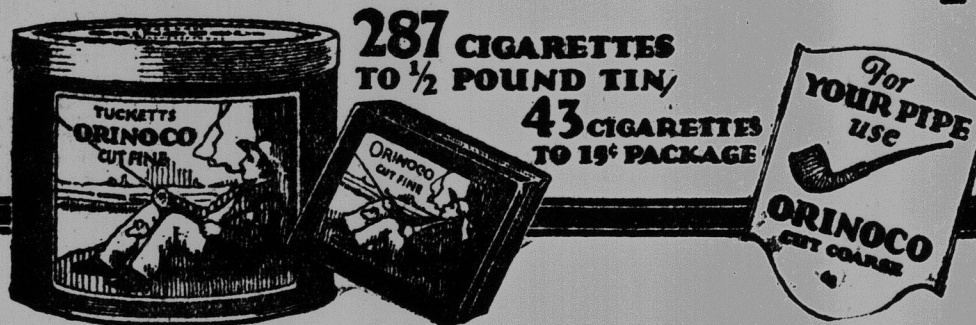
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RECENT DEATHS

Miss Hattie S. Dickson.

After an illness of several months, the death of Miss Hattie S. Dickson occurred on Saturday at her home in Hammond River. Miss Dickson was a daughter of the late James and Frances Dickson and had been a life long resident of Hammond River, where she was an active worker in the Presbyterian church. Many friends will greatly regret her death. She is survived by one brother, Hedley V. Dickson, M.P.P. The funeral took place on Sunday and interment was made in the Presbyterian burying grounds. The service was conducted by Rev. G. A. Ross.

Marshall Macaulay.

Marshall Macaulay passed away at his residence, 97 Princess street, on Saturday, Aug. 11, after a lengthy illness. Very many friends will hear of his death with deep regret. He was in the service of the post office department in St. John for twenty-six years but had been retired for the last eight years. He was seventy-two years of age, a son of the late William and Margaret Macaulay and a brother of the late Alexander and the late B. R. Macaulay.

F. Howard Grimmer.

The sudden death of F. Howard Grimmer at his home in St. Andrews on Sunday afternoon came as a great shock to many friends throughout the province and will be a source of widespread regret. Mr. Grimmer had held the office of secretary-treasurer of the Charlotte County Council for forty-three years and the sound financial standing of the county today is due to his wise judgment and guidance. He had been ill only ten days, suffering from acute heart trouble and towards the end of last week it was believed that he was well on the way to recovery and convalescing satisfactorily. The end came with tragic suddenness. Mr. Grimmer was a son of the late George Skington Grimmer, of St. Andrews. He was a graduate of the U. N. B. and practised his profession as barrister in St. Andrews. He married Miss K. Gore, of St. Andrews, and his wife and one daughter, Miss Bessie, survive. He also leaves three brothers, J. D. Grimmer, of Chatham; Judge W. C. H. Grimmer, of St. John, and Dr. George K. Grimmer, of Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. Grimmer was a man of outstanding ability and sterling character and was held in highest esteem by all who knew him. He made many friends. He was a member of the congregation of All Saints Anglican church in St. Andrews and took an active interest in church affairs. Judge Grimmer was called to St. Andrews by his brother's illness and was with him at the time of his death.

Rev. Atwood Cohoon.

The death of Rev. Atwood Cohoon, M.A., D.D., on Saturday at Wolfville, will be heard of with regret by a very large circle of friends. For 28 years he was treasurer and financial manager of Acadia University. He is sur-

vived by two daughters, Mrs. James A. Floyd, of Newton Highlands, Mass., and Mrs. Frank Crosby, Ottawa, and one daughter-in-law, Mrs. Avarad Cohoon, of Wolfville.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HARVESTERS' EXCURSIONS

The Canadian Pacific Railway will run a second harvesters' excursion from New Brunswick on Friday, August 17. On the first excursion, August 8, the company handled approximately 2,200 excursionists on three special trains from St. John, all of which trains arrived in Winnipeg afternoon and evening of 8th. The men were quickly picked up and are now at work in the harvest fields. It is expected, on account of the late hay season in New Brunswick, that many harvesters will go west on the second excursion—they are urgently required. The Canadian Pacific will get them to the western destinations in good shape.

High class equipment and lunch counter, cars, will be provided. The rate from stations in New Brunswick to Winnipeg is twenty dollars. For any further information consult any agent of the Canadian Pacific. 8-16.

Use the Want Ad. Way



How to Knit The New Sleeveless Sweater

SLEEVELESS SWEATERS are a great go in high places. Take a look at the second one from the left. Easily as anything you can make yourself one like it by developing the rainbow shades now possible in most any color of Silk or Wool in a way that adds on a trellis and a wide edge. These directions bring the V a little higher than pictured. For colors you can make up your own, have them a Brown and Fawn harmony if you like. Away we go—

Materials required: Four balls of L. 84 Corticelli Sylverglean, No. 22 Firtree. Three 1 oz. balls of L. 95 Corticelli Batikfos. One pair Ivory Knitting Pins, LS 37, size 8. One pair Steel Knitting Needles, LS 46, size 12. One Ivory Crochet Hook.

With No. 8 needles and Firtree wool, cast on 102 stitches. Knit 7 ridges (2 rows plain knitting—1 ridge). Knit rest of model in stocking stitch, knit 96 rows. Decrease 1 stitch at each side every 2nd row 10 times.

Knit 61 rows. Cast off 32 stitches in centre for neck. Knit 2 ridges on each shoulder.

Join Batikfos, increasing 1 stitch at neck every 4th row 25 times. *Knit 8 rows Batikfos, 1 row Firtree*, repeat between *s, until there are 61 rows. Then increase for armhole same as decreasing for back. Knit front the same length as back from underarm, finishing off with 7 ridges Firtree at bottom. Band for armhole: With 12 needles and Firtree cast on 6 stitches knit strip long enough to fit around armhole.

Band around neck and fronts: With No. 12 needles and Firtree cast on 8 stitches; making 4 buttonholes 4 inches apart at beginning of strip. To make buttonhole cast off 4 stitches on centre of needle and next row cast on 4 stitches.

To make stripes down front and forming block, take Firtree wool and crochet needle and crochet a chain stitch up every 8th stitch across front.

Pockets: Cast on 26 stitches and knit to correspond with front, making 3 blocks in depth and finishing off with 5 ridges Firtree.

Corticelli Wools bring you to Daniel's, where every desire for color and texture is presented with wide choice. Soft and thick Wools, Silk and Wool combined.

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