

Thrills of a Man Hunt

A NEWSPAPER CRIME SPECIALIST DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCES.

From the clock over the House of Commons the hour of two in the morning booms forth. Over the Thames lies a thick haze. It is a dreadful night. The damp, dank cold has pierced one's very vitals. The pilgrims of the night, the human derelicts, huddle closer together. I watch them and I think:

I think how I would like to go to my warm bed. I have visions of a hot bath. Before me there rises scenes of comfort. But until that big clock chimes two-fifteen I am a prisoner.

Within the sound of the washing waves some fifty miles away a murderer has been committed. A lovely woman lies dead, and it is suspected that she has been killed by her husband, who has disappeared mysteriously as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

On the Suspect's Track.

He may be perfectly innocent. He may have some absolutely clinching answer to the dreadful charge which has been levelled against him. But he does not come forward. And so long as he remains in hiding the man hunt with all its attendant thrills must go on.

Every policeman in the country is armed with a full description of him. The drag net is out. From that big silent building on the Thames Embankment known as Scotland Yard wires are being "pulled."

Ports are being watched. Every railway station is under observation. Hotel and boarding-house proprietors have been warned by the police to be on the look-out for a man answering the description of the fugitive. It seems incredible that he can slip through the meshes of the net which has been spread for him. But in a case of this kind one never knows.

The editor of the great daily newspaper to which I am attached as the crime expert has given me explicit instructions. I am to keep Scotland Yard under observation until two-fifteen every morning. That is the time the last edition of the paper goes to press.

A Reputation at Stake.

Suppose I grew tired of waiting—as, indeed, I did—and deserted my post at two-fifteen. Suppose that at twenty the news came through to Scotland Yard that the fugitive was caught. And suppose, further, that some other paper had secured that vitally important item of news and I had missed it. Then—the fat would be in the fire.

My reputation as a journalistic crime investigator would be tarnished. My editorial controllers would point at me as the expert who had allowed himself to be "scooped." This is a thing they do not easily forget in the region of adventure known as Fleet Street.

So, as I say, I was a prisoner until two-fifteen every morning. When I had to send through to the office a brief telephone message consisting of the two words, "Nothing doing." But what I went through in order to send that "all clear" message no one knows but myself.

For eleven nights in succession I was on the same duty. My expenses bill shows that during that period I had seventy-nine telephone calls to various places, chartered twenty-three taxi-cabs, "tipped" eleven people for giving me information, and spent something like £10 in addition. Yet I did not write a single word for my newspaper after I left the office for my nightly vigil at a few minutes past six in the morning!

In a man hunt of this kind the glamour begins to wear off after midnight. The crime investigator pays periodical visits to the Yard and picks up the latest information—if any. But

"They almost melt in your Mouth."

said a visitor watching the baking of macaroons in the Brooklyn bakery of Drake Brothers, a few days ago. Said the head baker, "That is because all of the ingredients are well-mixed and every cake is like every other cake which is baked by these bakers who take pride in all of their work. Their eyes are awake to any possible imperfection."



It is on his own ingenuity that he has to rely.

Following False Clues.

At a low estimate I should say that twenty people, during my eleven nights' vigil, told me definitely that they had seen Major Bailey. I investigated every clue, but they all ended in failure. And in following up these clues I estimate that, in the London area alone, I travelled a hundred miles.

I haunted coffee stalls. I went into various clubs of a dubious character. I encountered crooks of all nationalities who were very mysterious but not in the least helpful. I tried to get some line which would show me that the missing major was being sheltered by a woman. In short, I tried every dodge known to the newspaper crime investigator to get a "beat" on my rivals. It was no use.

But each night I still hoped. As each fog came up, as each biting blast gripped my marrow during those eleven nights, I still had visions that with the coming of the morning my "scoop" would be "splashed" on the leading pages of my journal.

Had I Blundered?

The fact that no such scoop appeared was not my fault. I could not be expected to locate a man whom the whole of the police force of the country had failed to trace.

I had in my pay a number of people who were to bring me the latest information to given spots at given times. One woman came to the coffee stall near Westminster Bridge and assured me that she had absolute evidence that the fugitive was at Croydon. So I went to Croydon.

My visit was futile. The man believed to be the fugitive was slightly like him, but beyond that the clue ended as so many others had done—in failure.

All the way on the journey back from Croydon to Westminster my mind was in a turmoil. Suppose that during my absence news had been received at Scotland Yard and I had missed it! I could scarcely bear the thought.

The End of the Vigil.

Reaching the familiar building I thrilled as I saw a man on an opposition paper hurrying away. The time was exactly two o'clock. In cases such as this minutes are precious. Had he got the news I so ardently craved?

If so—and it was close on press time—I had made a bad blunder by going to Croydon when my explicit instructions had been to take the responsibility for Scotland Yard and Scotland Yard alone, through which any official information would come.

With a beating heart I rushed up to the office on duty. There was nothing doing. My rival had been hurrying away to catch his train!

For that night my vigil was over, and thankfully I returned home to bed to dream of the thrills of a man hunt.

Produce and Provisions

(Trade Review)

Codfish—The exports for the week were 2,508 quintals codfish and 1,134 haddock, by the schr. Pax, from G. M. Barr (Burin), for Oporto; 3,478 quintals by the schr. Freedom for Barbados from A. S. Rendell & Co.; 3,885 quintals by the Marion D. Conrad, for Pernambuco, from Job Bros. & Co. And there was shipped by the Digby and Sachem, respectively, 2,550 quintals to Spain, 2,885 to England, 159 to other ports, with 360 for the West Indies and 22 for the United States. The Rosalind took 1,012 quintals to the West Indies and 1,156 quintals to the United States, while other shipments by these vessels were 992 barrels herring, 36 barrels salmon, 8 tons cod liver oil, 47 tons cod oil, and 417 cases lobsters. The Norwegian fishery shows a shortage of 1,000,000 as compared with last year.

Common Cod Oil—The price of fish oils in New England States were generally well maintained, as stocks of most products are small, but the situation lacks new features of importance. Former quotations are repeated, but consumers are not disposed to anticipate any large requirements.

Cod Liver Oil—Reports from Norway are that the market is very firm. There are a number of buyers but stocks are so low that sellers refuse to name prices until further reports of the fishery now in progress are received. The prospects for the new fishery in the Lofoten district seem good but weather has been very stormy.

Flour—Though there is no particular activity in the Flour Market, conditions are not altogether below par and each week sees some business doing, but of course nothing of any considerable magnitude. It is looked forward to before the opening of the Spring. The market has a very firm aspect at this writing and as the tendency in Western Milling Centres is for enhanced figures, owing to rather heavy foreign purchases of flour, the belief is now entertained that the local market will not witness a sharp advance in prices for flour in the near future. For some time past the importations of this article have been small, but this week a change was recorded in this respect, and increased consignments have been noted. The imports for the week were 370 barrels by the Sabie I. from Halifax, and 3,900 barrels by the Rosalind from New York, a total of 4,260 barrels. The same prices as last week are quoted at this writing, viz: \$7.50 to \$8.10 per barrel wholesale.

Peas—Those who are interested in the provision trade say that all classes of goods retain a very firm tone, and that at the present time at least there is no indication that the prices now quoted in the local market will be any lower for some time to come.

Peas, however, seemed to be the one exception during the week and a sudden decline in the market was the record. In the case of certain grades this amounted to from 75c. to \$1.00 per barrel, but according to the views of people who specialize in this class of goods the slump will not endure, but will be merely temporary, and figures will revert to the former ruling or may soon show a further advance. The stocks carried by the packing concerns, we are advised, are not particularly heavy, and the break in prices dealers say is not of a nature calculated to endure for long. There is some business doing right along, though not of any particularly large volume, and imports are anything but large. During the week the pork receipts were 320 barrels by the S.S. Rosalind from New York. The quotations in the local market, wholesale, are: lard, \$22.00 per barrel; fat back, \$20.50; S.C. clear, \$20.50; family back, \$20.00; regular plate, \$20.50; bacon pork, \$20.00; ham butt, \$20.50; spare ribs, \$24.75.

Beef—The beef market, unlike pork, exhibits a very firm aspect, and some in the trade consider that there is a possibility of an advance in the price shortly. Though trade is slow there is generally something doing each week in this class of goods, although no very considerable sales are expected to occur before the spring season opens. With this as with other classes of goods, the market has been considerably affected of late by the tie-up in train transport through bad weather, and the embargo in shipping owing to the same cause. Imports, though not very large, are continuous, and during the week consignments were received by the Yankton, which brought 435 barrels from Boston, and the Rosalind, which landed 250 barrels from New York. The wholesale prices in the St. John's market during the week were: Beef Flank, \$24.50 per barrel; family special, \$23.00; bonedless \$22.00; bonedless (New York) \$23.50.

Sugar—The sugar market which for some time had been fluctuated somewhat and inclined to an easier tendency, changed very suddenly during the past week or ten days. It is now strong and the price of the different grades is considerably higher. There is considerable demand noticeable for this class of goods and the idea entertained by most dealers is sugar is that the present advance is but the herald of further advances in the future. Consignments of sugar are being received in the local market re-

gularly, and the imports for the past week were 1,675 barrels by the S.S. Rosalind from New York. The prices quoted here are—granulated in barrels, \$9.75 wholesale; granulated (sacks of 100 lbs.) \$9.75; brown sugar in sacks, \$9.40.

Tea—As we stated last week, this market has a very strong tone, and the signs are that prices will advance considerably between now and the mid-spring months. As a matter of fact conditions in the market during the past week were of such a character that this commodity advanced by 2 cents per lb. over the previous week and the end is not yet. Some signs of the revival in activity in the market and considerable quantities of goods have been changing hands of late. With the opening of spring the stocks of tea now held in the city will be considerably augmented by shipments from the Old Country, and the United States. During the week the consignments received here were 15,000 pounds from Halifax by S. S. Sabie I., 22,500 pounds by S. S. Sachem from England, and 1,250 pounds by S. S. Rosalind from New York—a total of 48,750 pounds. The price at present obtaining in the local market varies from 34 to 50, 60, 75, and 80 cents, according to quality.

Hay and Oats—There is absolutely no trade doing in haled hay at present, and dealers say that there is still a large stock of the local article in evidence for the feeding of live stock of various kinds, showing that the local hay crop of last season was much larger than what most people expected. After a couple of weeks it is thought most of this will be exhausted when the Canadian article, of which we hold considerably in stocks here will have its turn.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL

The Record of a Great Year Simply Told

AT DECEMBER 31st, 1923

The Company had assets, invested in the best classes of securities, of	\$209,257,000
(An increase for the year of \$35,165,000)	
The total liability of the Company (including reserves and other liabilities to policyholders of \$185,586,000) amounted to	\$187,885,000
The Company has set aside for unforeseen contingencies the sum of	\$3,500,000
Leaving a surplus over all liabilities and contingency funds of	\$17,872,000
(An increase for the year of \$2,602,000)	
The cash income for the year, from premiums, interest, rents, etc., was	\$46,965,000
(An increase for the year of \$10,714,000)	
Total payments to policy holders or their representatives for death claims, maturing policies and other benefits, in 1923 amounted to	\$22,145,000
New paid assurances issued during the year totalled ...	\$107,391,000
(An increase for the year of \$16,593,000)	
The Company had assurances in force (net) amounting to ..	\$703,765,000
(An increase for the year of \$72,360,000)	

The 318,443 ordinary policies of the Company protect homes and businesses at home and abroad, while in addition 22,731 commercial and industrial employees are protected under Sun Life group assurance policies

Dividends to policyholders again materially increased

Every figure in this statement sets a
NEW HIGH RECORD
in Canadian Life Insurance history

Slow Going

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir—I have read in the local papers from time to time that the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs has been trying to make some improvements in our Postal Department so as to bring it up to date if possible, and I believe he has succeeded to a certain extent. I can assure him, however, there is still room for further improvements, when I state that it has taken from Dec. 18th, 1923, to the 8th February, 1924, for a letter to reach its destination, about 63 miles away. If that is not quick dispatch, I don't know what to call it. Just imagine, two months from St. John's to Bay Roberts. I think it is high time for the Honorable Gentleman to get after the drybones in that locality so as to make them get a gate on and try to serve the public in a better manner in the future, and at the same time to give the parties responsible to understand that they are the servants of the public and are paid by the public. By inserting the above in your valuable paper, you will greatly oblige.

Yours respectfully,
QUICK DISPATCH.
St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 18th 1924.

Distribution of Relief

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir—The rock hauling at the West End rock shed seems to me to be for the rich man and not the poor, because they can get rock for \$1.00 per ton landed at the shed and still they are paying just three times this amount. There are 25 men at the quarries at \$2.00 per day, and they are

paying \$1.25 per load for carting to one man who controls the whole thing, and the man with the single horse can't get any to haul. He has to feed his horse and family on snow-balls. Now this is not relief if the one man can control the whole thing at a high price and the man that can put rock at the shed for \$1.10 per ton is out of now. Mr. Editor, if this is what they call relief work then it is time to put a stop to it. Hoping you will find space for these few lines, which I will be very thankful, I remain,

Yours truly,
RELIEF.

Feb. 19, 1924.

Island Bought With Tobacco

Ten Stick Island, mentioned recently in a despatch from the New Hebrides, got its name in a queer way.

Of considerable height, though only a few hundred yards in circumference, it used to be a favourite mark for men-of-war engaged in target practice while stationed in the group, so that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away.

The chief who owned it protested, and claimed compensation. The captain of the patrol ship to whom the claim was presented promptly bought the island for the British Crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and the chief went on his way rejoicing.

All parishioners are asked to support us at St. Mary's Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, 30c. only—Feb. 20.

Snow Fences

Editor Evening Telegram

Dear Sir—In response to a petition to the Council from the residents of LeMarchant Road a snow fence was placed across Buckmaster's Road with very satisfactory results. Every other winter during January month this road would be blocked with snow, which often reached to the telephone wires, caused chiefly by the ground drift from the big open field to the North. To-day in spite of several big storms the road is open and quite passable to Fire Department, etc. As a result of this year's experience the fence should be about three feet higher as the present fence is nearly covered, and the fence should be extended East from Mr. Butler's residence and West from the Rectory to Mundy Pond Road. This would handle the large accumulation which is now near St. Clare's Hospital. The residents as well as the thousands of people who use LeMarchant Road are deeply indebted to the Council for this progressive move in the interests of the city.

Yours truly,
CITIZEN.

Feb. 16, 1924.

DOME'S DEVELOPMENT.

Toronto, Feb. 11—The ore body cut on the 1,600 foot level of Dome Mines by diamond drill several weeks ago has been opened for 100 feet, and is twenty feet wide. Development on twelfth level also are showing well. Ore sent to mill for treatment is to be increased to 1,700 tons a day this spring.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEAD-ACHE.

BLACK AND GALV. PIPE!

Get Our Prices Before Placing Your Order.

Scottish Tube Co., Ltd.,
Glasgow.

WM. HEAP & Co., Ltd.

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