A WANDERING COLONEL THIS

Weatherby Has Fought in Cuba and Frozen in Alaska---British Consul at Home Now.

New York, March 10.—Col. Lionel R. Stuart Weatherby, who is his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Nome, Alaska, is at the Waldorf, having just returned from a brief visit to London, whither he went to show his friends over there a nugget he had picked up in the North and to renew old associations for a brief time.

But the fashions of Piccadilly and Pall Mall did not appeal to the Colonel at all. Most of his life during the last twenty years has been passed away from England, for he has sought adventure in India and South Africa, and again in Cuba during the last insurrection. So he clings to the wide brimmed felt hat of the West and a short coat. In manner he is genial and he speaks in a full, round voice and he hasn't lost the broad "a" of his younger days, though his forehead has grown and grown. The Colonel makes no attempt to conceal this either, for what hair he has left he wears closely cropped, in contrast with the length of his mustache.

"I went up to the Northwest in '98 first," said Col. Weatherby. "First I tried the Dawson country, but in 1900 I came back and went down into South America to explore the headwaters of the Amazon. I have never told about it yet. In fact I am keeping quiet about that until I get ready to tell what I found. I was down there two years.

Few Old Timers.

"There are few old timers left in Alaska. Most of those who went up there in the early days got out after making their pile. Alaska is still the richest gold country in the world, but of course the Territory has undergone tremendous changes.

"During the last Cuban insurrection I was in charge of a filibustering expedition in the Horsa, a little fruit steamer, and took a lot of rifles and ammunition down there for the rebels. One night we ran up near the southern coast, but when we made out a vessel which the Cuban major with me said was a Spanish gunboat we made off shore again. Next night we came back and came in sight of a black cloud which the major said was the island and we prepared to land our cargo in boats. A field piece was the most important part of the outfit, and I got that and the ammunition belonging to it safely into the first boat, and told the major to hold on until the last boat left. Well, after a few of the other boats had been loaded the steamer started away and I pulled in our hawsers and found they had been cut. The Horsa afterward arrived in Jamaica, was found to have arms on board, and was sent up here with her captain, under arrest.

"We found ourselves in a predicament. What we were told was land turned out to be only a cloud, and instead of being a couple of miles off shore we were fully thirty. To make things worse, a storm came up and we spent the night pitching up and down. We couldn't see the stars, and so could not make out which way to steer. The crews of the other boats threw their cargoes overboard, except one that was commanded by a colonel. Next morning we could not see land at all. I had put a tarpaulin into the boat to cover the gun, and we rigged this up as a sail, and using this and the oars we made for where we thought land was. As we had been told we were so near the land we had not put any water or food into the boat, and on the second day the man upon whom we depended to show us the way to Gomez's camp went mad and tried to kill several of us, so we had to tie him up. We made out land on the second day, and rowed for all we were worth, and that night, the moon being clear, we hove in sight of what seemed to be the entrance to a beautiful bay.

At Santiago.

"All at once two men-o'-war appeared, coming out of the opening. It was the harbor of Santiago. I immediately ordered the tarpaulin down and the men and I got under it, hoping that as we thus presented almost a flat appearance upon the water we would not be noticed, and we were not, though one of the warships passed within 500 yards of us before turning east. The other turned west. As soon as they got far enough away we changed our course and rowed along the coast until we found a bit of beach. There we buried the field piece and the breech block in sand and brush, destroyed the trail and running the boat out to sea, stove a hole in her.

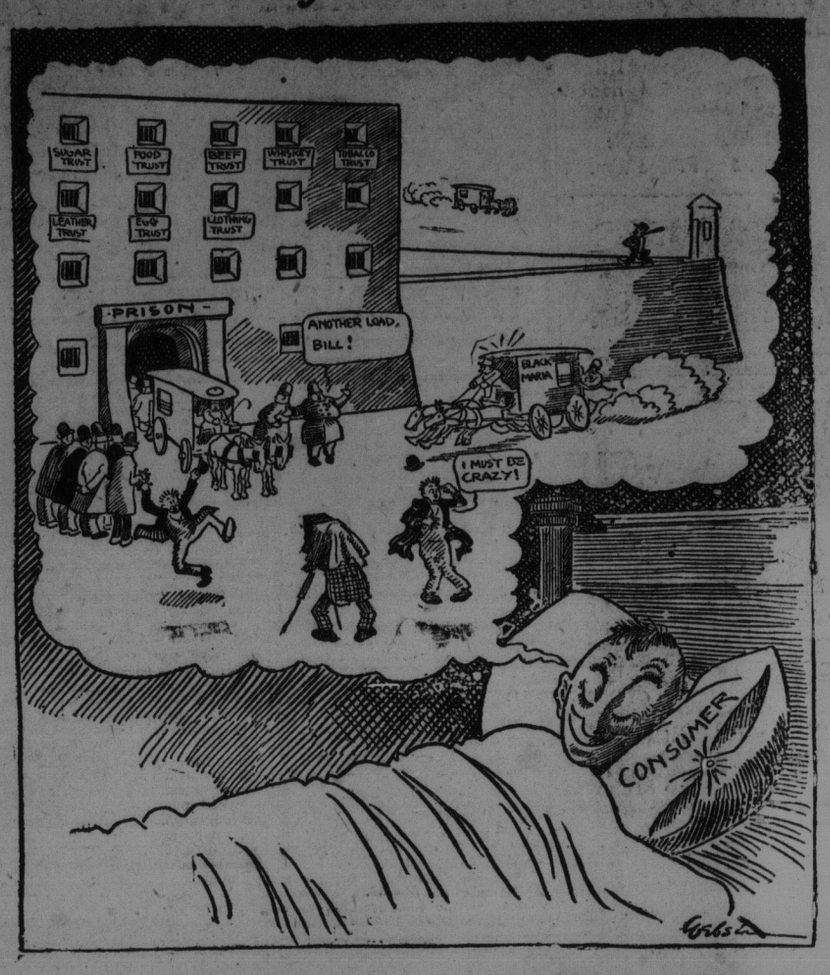
"We were all pretty weak, but I made the men go to sleep, while I started to do sentry duty. I strolled up and down and must have gone to sleep while walking, for suddenly I came up against a rock that was sticking up out of the sand and thought I had run into a Spaniard. At daylight we started out over the hills looking for water, but found none until 3 o'clock that afternoon, when reaching the top of a little range, we looked down and saw a beautiful stream at our feet. We rushed down to drink, but the water was salt.

"Well, I told the men to lie down, placing them in a strategic position, and telling them to fight if the Spaniards came, and started off alone to find water. In half an hour I came across a friendly Cuban who quickly got us out of our distress.

"This was in '95. I fought down there with the insurgents until '98, but it was poor fighting. Fully 80 per cent. of the victories we were credited with we won by our superiority of foot power. We really ran away. We had to run because our men had no arms.

"Yes, I like Alaska better than the tropics. We have a great deal of sport there. One great event is the year-dog race from Nome to Candle, a ance of 406 miles. The one last was a corker. They started out blizzard, and this continued for urs after the start. The winner ite of it finished the journey ours. The Hon. Fox Ramsey, a Englishman, who is my partner sing his first winter there, but entered with a team of nine got out three miles and then ot away from him. He came me pulling his sled himself. t his dogs together again and made another start. Well, he got lost out at sea on the ice. He was missing for a couple of days, but he found the course again and reached Candle safely. Then when he found he hadn't won he went on further north to shoot polar bears. His pluck made him vastly popular with the men up there."

Only a Dream



BOY BANDIT DEFIES POLICE

Chief Yockel, Tracked to His Cave, is Found To Be a Devourer of Muck Raking Literature.

New York, March 10.—In private life he is Frank Yockel, twelve years old, son of Mrs. Dorothy Yockel, No. 806 Westchester avenue, the Bronx. His public career has been carried on under the blood stirring name of Chief Yockel, King of the Bandits.

Hearkening to that canon of criticism which says the artist should be judged not by his life but by his works, nothing of a personal nature shall be told about the chief except that he and a pocketbook containing $19.50 disappeared simultaneously from the Yockel establishment yesterday morning.

The scene now shifts to St. John's avenue and Fox street, where the King of the Bandits is discovered hiding in a cave. Said cave is composed of building material, rocks and boulders that have lain in the lot for years awaiting the magic touch of the builder who some day is to transmute them into Broux architecture.

Comes to the cave in search of the King of the Bandits, Philip Yockel, uncle to the bandit, and Captain Patten of the Morrisania police. They waste good time begging the boy to come out and surrender. They cannot enter the cave, because since the world began there has been no uncle or no police captain capable of so compressing himself that he may crawl through a hole in which a twelve-yer-old boy is a close fit.

Captain Patten summons twenty more or less direct descendants of Dante, Cicero, Julius Caesar et al, who, under the management of a man from Galway, are repairing a thorough fare. They bring their tools with them. but the rocks that form the cave are too big to be handled without apparatus.

Captain Patten advises the construction of a derrick.

While they labor with the derrick a rope is given to Fred Felt, 11 years old, of No. 576 Fox street. He is injected into the cave with injunction to tie the rope to the King of the Bandits. The police prolific of theories as ever, think they'll be able to haul the King up at the end of the rope. The best they get is their 11 year old assistant back slightly damaged by the Yockel fists and in no mood to continue ot help the constabulary.

The work on the derrick goes on apace. Chains are affixed to rocks and they are lifted from the superstructure of the cave. The King of the Bandits is disclosed lying at ease drinking milk from a five cent bottle (spoils of an earlier campaign) and reading, not the nickel novel the police thought would find, but an article on the Panama canal in a magazine.

The siege of the cave had lasted four hours, and everybody, including the King, has had a good time. When his treasure chest was investigated it was found he had squandered 60 cents out of the $19.50. He said he had treated his henchmen to candy, cigaretttes, moving picture shows and other necessaries of existence.

His mother asked that he be arrested as an incorrigible, and this was done. Before his departure for the Children's Society he issued a statement in which he said that on his release he would supervise the construction of another cave that will be bigger and better than the old one.

METHODS OF THE GARBLING GANG

The Procedure of a Coterie at Fredericton Who Live and Move to Discredit the Hazen Administration.

Special to The Standard.

Fredericton, March 10.—A new element has been interjected into provincial politics this year. It is the creation of a desperate cause born in iniquity and kept alive on false hopes. Its name is "The Garbling Gang," and its mission is to pervert, falsify, mutilate, suppress, misrepresent and by any and all means, fair or false, to influence public opinion against the Hazen administration. This "Garbling gang" is composed of a corps of trained newspaper men, with a gentleman at their head who himself has in days gone by figured in the public accounts to the tune of many thousands of dollars. He has associated with him expert figure jugglers, adepts at elision and mutilation, and experienced editorial writers. This corps of writers is an integral part of the opposition machine this session and has its headquarters in the opposition caucus and committee rooms, where stenographers, copyists and clerks are at their beck and call day and night.

Their Methods.

This well organized and disciplined brigade exists for the sole purpose of moulding public opinion against the present government, and no means are too vile; nothing is too disreputable to be used in the accomplishment of this object. The daily syndicate letter sent out to the Robinson newspapers throughout the province is only one of the means adopted by this tool of the opposition to accomplish their ends, though it is by no means the least of their work. They spend their time in searching the departmental reports for seeming discrepancies, they magnify each little error or omission; they misinterpret what a member or supporter of the government does or says; they write speeches for the Robinson supporters that get into print but are never delivered; they prepare the ammunition for the opposition to fire off in the House, and it gets into the syndicate papers whether the explosion occurs in the House or not; they carefully doctor the official reports of proceedings and speeches in the legislature or write reports of their own; they prepare the long lists of absurd questions which are daily placed in the hands of Mr. Upham, Mr. Tweeddale et al, and which occupy hours of the time of the House and days of time of the officials in the several departments. In brief they are managing and working the whole opposition campaign of publicity.

The Garbling Gang.

When next your readers see in the Robinson press so-called reports of addresses or happenings in the legislature or its committees that relates opposition triumphs, that sets forth in circumstantial detail the discomfiture of the government over Upham's oratory or Tweeddale's critical reviews, that tell of revolt in the government ranks and solemnly avers that Hazen will be defeated on the next want of confidence motion, you may put it down as the romancing of the "Garbling Gang," sent out to the press which will print such stuff with the one purpose in view of aiding Mr. Robinson and his colleagues to again get control of the treasury and restore the era of suspense accounts, overdrafts, misappropriations, railway steals, school book rings, agricultural stagnation, public works graft, and the whole calendar of political sins which the people so emphatically condemned two years ago.

Just one instance of the operations of the "G. G." will suffice here. On the day of the first meeting for this session of the Public Accounts Committee the "G. G." sent the syndicate press the report that Mr. Pinder, the chairman of the committee was doing all possible to block inquiry into the accounts and to prevent investigation. This statement was so palpably false that the attention of the committee was drawn to it at its next meeting, and even Mr. Tweeddale could not bring himself to justify the sending broadcast and the publication of such glaring falsehood, although he did not condemn it, because to his perverted conception of politics, it might do his party some good. But the exposure of that little bit of misrepresentation has not dampened the ardor nor reformed the morals of the "G. G.", and when you next read in the opposition papers such reports emanating from Fredericton put it down where it rightfully belongs, to the "Garbling Gang."

TWO DUELS DECLARED OFF

Dukes and Generals Skidaddle Before the Police---Anarchist's Back Yard Prepared for Action To No Avail.

Rome, March 10.—The twelve seconds representing Deputy Chiesa in his proposed duels with Gen. Prudente, Deputy Morando and the Duke di Litta assembled in the lobby of Parliament yesterday and after an hour's discussion decided that Gen. Prudente should have the preference in meeting Chiesa.

Their meeting was arranged to take place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon outside St. Paul's Gate, a locality that is surrounded by factories and tenement houses which were invaded by many sightseers journalists and photographers.

When the adversaries, seconds and doctors arrived all the roofs and windows were crowded. It was decided that the audience was altogether too large and after a hurried consultation the place of meeting was changed.

All the parties to the duel hastened in automobiles in search of a suitable spot. The newspaper men also were provided with automobiles and they started in pursuit of the others, making a long procession of motor cars.

All hands ultimately arrived at a wine shop owned by an anarchist of the name of Volpi, who consented to allow the duel to be fought in his back yard. The reporters were to be allowed to see it if they promised to keep quiet and behave themselves, a promise which was quickly forthcoming.

The result was that within five minutes a police commissioner arrived on the scene and sought admittance at the front door. Reporters met him and tried hard to convince him that the law was not being broken. The commissioner left, but only to appear suddenly at the back door communicating with the yard.

A sight of his face alone was sufficient for the would-be-duellists. Fearing arrest, they sought safety in flight. They rode hurriedly back to the city, where the news of the failure of the meeting was received with great amusement.

Despite the decision of the jury of honor that the offence for which Gen. di Cossato challenged Deputy Chiesa to fight a duel was serious enough to warrant the use of firearms, the seconds failed to agree. General di Cossato insisted that the weapons should be pistols. When he carried this point before the jury of honor the seconds for Chiesa insisted that the distance should be twenty meters and that one shot be fired in the air at the word of command. Gen. di Cossato's seconds were unwilling to change the duel into a sham fight and broke off the negotiations.

HAPPENINGS ACROSS THE BAY

End of Nova Scotia Romance--James Donovan a Suicide--Teacher On Trial for Assault.

Special to The Standard.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., Mar. 10.—On Monday Dr. Killan received a telephone from the Rev. Banjamin Hiltz of Acadia, whose horse was seriously sick. On his arrival there the doctor immediately had the animal placed in slings, but before anything could be done for it the horse died. Doctor Killan then opened the body and found to his dismay a tumor which would weigh fully two hundred pounds and which could not be placed in an ordinary barrel. The doctor said that he had seen tumors that would weigh 80 or 90 pounds, but had never heard of a case similar to the present, and had he not seen it himself would not have believed it.

James Donavan, aged 73 years, of Croskill's Lake, committed suicide by hanging on Tuesday morning, or afternoon. Mr. Donavan was last seen by his wife, about 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. As he did not return at night a search party was organized and a search instituted for the missing man. The party beat through the woods all night, but saw no signs of Donavan.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Donavan was throwing some rubbish down an old well shaft near the house, when she found her husband's body suspended from a rope| A verdict of suicide was returned.

Donavan had made several threats that he would kill himself, but these were never taken seriously. It is reported that domestic trouble was the cause of the deed. The deceased's wife is many years younger than Donavan, who, it is said, resented the frequent visits of some of his wife's friends, with the result that all was not peace and harmony between the couple.

Romance Ended.

Fourteen years ago Miss Ella, the talented and accomplished daughter of the late Doctor A. D. McGillvary, and at one time one of the leading social ladies of her native town of Sydney, was married at the latter place to Harry Clifford Brown. The alliance was a happy one, and one of the social events to stir the usual quiet of the then little mining section. Some time later Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to the United States, where up to two years ago they lived a happy and contented life. Then Brown was arrested, accused of securing over one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars on loans by the use of Boston and Albany railroad stock certificates. The shock to his beautiful wife was a bad ine, she having no intimation that her husband was juggling with stocks and living far beyond his salary. At first she stood nobly by the man who bad one, she having no intimation that little home on the Sydney river. But proofs were plenty and after a brief trial, Harry C. Brown was found guilty and sentenced to from two and a half to five years in prison. For his good behavious the convict was released after serving half of the maximum penalty. During the greater part of her husband's incarceration, Mrs. Brown made several visits to her former home, and when Brown was released she left Cape Breton for New York and began her suit for divorce. Then she went to Reno, Nevada, living there for six months in order to facilitate her suit. Last week Mrs. Brown was granted an absolute divorce, thus bringing to an unhappy termination a love affair which had its beginning in the present city of Sydney.

A most unusual case was heard at Mahone Bay on Saturday when Miss Minnie Zinck, teacher at St. Martin's Point, Lunenburg county, was before Justice Holloway, charged with beating Raymond Shupe, a fourteen year old boy. She was convicted and fined one dollar and costs, amounting to six dollars in all. The case has been appealed to the county court and will be tried at Bridgewater in April. Five witnesses were examined. Evidence was adduced to show that the boy had been suspended from school on two occasions. On the part of the prosecution it was attempted to show that Miss Zinck was a regular terror and was more than free and generous with the birch.

Horticulturists Honored.

A reception was held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Starr at Wolfville, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The high place that the worthy couple hold in the community and province was shown by the presentation of three very appreciative addresses, one from his immediate friends, prepared by the Rev. R. W. Dickson, one from the board of trade and one by the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association, presented by the president. This was accompanied by a substantial purse of gold sovereigns.

Mrs. Starr was Sarah E. Belcher, daughter of Clement H. Belcher, of Halifax, and known throughout the provinces as the first publisher of Belcher's almanac. She and Mr. Starr were married at the parish church, Cornwallis, by the then Rector, the Rev. John Storrs. They were supported by William Clarke, of Bedford, and Miss Allison, who were themselves afterwards married and are still living.

Mr. Starr is known throughout the Dominion as the greatest living authority on apple culture. The fruit growers Association organized in Halifax in 1863 by R. T. Haliburton, came the same year to Kings county, where it has since remained. Mr. Starr was second president and has been officially connected with the society ever since.

His long and valued services in connection with fruit culture are of inestimable worth to the provinces, and these the fruit growers were glad to recognize.

Letters of congratulation were received from Col. Spurr, Peter Innis, S. C. Parker, Dr. George Johnson, J. Elliot Smith, E. E. Donaldson, and many other prominent horticulturists.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr are in the enjoyment of good health with the prospect of many years of quiet enjoyment.

A letter received in Annapolis this week from Miss Close, of London, England, who has been bringing children from that city and placing them on farms in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, states that she has just received a gift of nearly two thousand pounds with which to purchase a farm either in this province or New Brunswick, and that she will arrive here some time in April, in search of a desirable farm. It is exjected that a farm of this size will accommodate some thirty to fifty children who will be in charge of a matron.

A rather amusing incident occurred at the opening of the County Court Judges Criminal Court here on Tuesday. In opening the court the crier first opened the "Criminal County Court." Realizing his mistake he attempted to rectify matters and proceeded to open "the Criminal Judges County Court." This last attempt convulses both the judge and spectaters and it was some minutes before order could be restored.

What will practically be the last heavy shipment of apples for this season are being made this week to London, where the latest reports say that apples are at high prices. Several shipments of Annapolis Valley fruit have resulted in losses on account of the poor packing of the fruit, and the over-rating of the class.

George Owen Cheese, who has been engaged in the practice of law in this town for several years, has decided to retire from practice, which he will

Continued on page 4.

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