

DREDGE BOSTON HARBOR FOR COAL

Thousands of Tons Left by Sunken Barges.

THIS IS NO CAPTAIN KIDD YARN

The Precious Black Diamonds Are Really There and Can Be Fished Out

Boston, Mass., Sept. 28. — The demand for coal in "The Hub" has become so urgent that all kinds of suggestions are forthcoming for procuring a supply, and along the south shore, where many of the residents have in times past obtained enough coal for a winter's burning after the wreck of a coal laden barge or schooner, the possibility of extending operations in this direction is now being considered. If the coal strike is not settled and the price of coal still soars, it seems probable that attempts may be made to locate some of the coal depots in Boston Harbor and to dredge for the coal.

Large quantities are said to lie between Minot's Light and Boston Light, and it is believed by many people in Hull that it would be a profitable undertaking in the present coal situation for someone to go searching for this. Much of it is soft coal. Meanwhile the citizens of Hull contemplate with less foreboding than any of their neighbors the question for this winter. Though not a ton of anthracite coal is for sale in Hull, the citizens know that they have a coal mine at their very feet and that their winter's coal can be had for the gathering.

GREAT MINE OF COAL

The ocean bed lying between Boston Light and Minot's Light, in the vicinity of Harding's Ledges and Toddy Rock, out beyond Hull Gut, and off the Nantasket shore, is one great mine of coal, and if some means could be devised by which this coal could be raised and brought ashore there would be fuel and to spare; enough to supply every furnace and store in Greater Boston for the winter.

This may sound like a Captain Kidd story, or like a dream of the Arabian Nights, but it is a solid fact, and there are many who will vouch for its truth. The heaps of black rock thus mingling with the mud or with the yellow sands at the bottom of Boston harbor were dumped there by the action of the sea, and the coal is in the form of a soft, black, bituminous coal, and is afterwards washed to pieces by the action of the tides.

One old Boston pilot, who has watched the wrecks off shore for a half-century, asserts that not merely thousands, but tens of thousands of tons of coal lie buried around and just outside the harbor.

Hundreds of tons of this coal have, from time to time, been washed ashore on the beach at Hull Point, Alton, and along the Nantasket Point, and the citizens of these places have many stories to tell of times when the coal was blown up by the action of the sea, and was afterwards washed to pieces by the action of the tides.

In the fierce storm a few years ago which wrecked the ill-fated steamer Portland nearly five thousands tons of coal were sunk off Toddy Rock along the beach of the Consolidation Coal Company, in tow of the Cumberland, went to pieces on Toddy Rock and became total wrecks, their freight dropping like lead to the bottom of the ocean when their hulls broke up. The Abel B. Babcock, a four-masted schooner heavily loaded with coal, also went to pieces.

BLACKENS THE WATER

When the Consolidation barges broke up a stream of black water, coal stained, was seen to stretch from Toddy Rock to Hull Gut and beyond. It is believed by the sea-wise of Nantasket that this black stream swept the Hull Gut and the barges along through eight or ten fathoms of water.

There is probably still much of it, undoubtedly, has been buried under the sand by the constant action of the undertow. But it lies there, a mine of gold for the man who is clever enough to devise some means of getting at it. But Toddy Rock was not the only spot where the coal was buried. In that terrible storm, which stands on record as the most fatal one that has visited this coast in years. Twenty-

seven lives were lost in it within 48 miles around Boston.

The Calvin S. Baker, loaded with soft coal, went to pieces on the light-house bar, under the very shadow of Boston Light.

The Bessie H. Gross, a two-masted schooner, stranded on Nantasket Beach, and her cargo of coal, sank to the bottom.

The Leander V. Beebe, a three-masted schooner, also went ashore on the beach. Three barges in tow of the tugboat Underwriter went to the bottom near Minot's Light, and two or three schooners, the wreckage from which later came ashore on Nantasket, also foundered near the same light.

And there were only the coal laden boats. "Thousands of tons of coal were washed up the beach after this storm," said Frank James. "Much of this was picked up, but the wreckage that washed ashore at the same time was of good value, and a good deal of coal was gradually washed back. But if you go along the beach here, anywhere from Battery Heights to Pemberton, after the southeast storm, you can always pick up considerable coal."

TO PAY \$6,500 RANSOM

Boston Man Willing to Accept Terms of Kidnappers.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 28.—For the return of his boy, who mysteriously disappeared near Chebass Lake in Beverly, June 17, H. W. Clarke is willing to pay \$6,500 ransom. He has written to receive letters which convince him that little Wilbur is still alive.

Mr. Clarke has received two letters from the kidnappers. They are rather peculiarly worded, but they contained practically the same offer. "The first letter," said Mr. Clarke, "stated that the boy would be returned to me if I would pay a ransom of \$6,500."

"If the abductors would put my boy down on my doorstep they would have the sum that they demand in a few minutes."

He Wanted Action. A well-dressed man went into the telephone office of a Southern Michigan town and wrote a message home for money. He then laid down a quarter and asked that it be sent as soon as possible. "Three cents more," said the agent. "Haven't got it," replied the man. "Can't send the message, then."

"Well," said the fellow, "send it as far as you can for a quarter. I am a gambler and want action on my money. If it is only 25 cents."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure diseases and sick headache.

TRICK BEAR WHIPS THE BIG GRIZZLY

Nearly a Thousand People Saw the Battle.

COURAGE AND CUNNING WON

The vicious Little Cinnamon Was Turned into the Cage to Prevent His Escape.

New York, Sept. 28.—Nearly a thousand people cheered while Garibaldi, a 450-pound cinnamon bear, fought to a standstill a grizzly bear called Rocky, weighing 900 pounds, in the Central Park Zoo yesterday afternoon. The battle was fought on the cliff in the bear cage, and both animals were badly used up. Garibaldi is a trained bear, and this feat is probably responsible for the defeat of his heavier rival. He was presented to the zoo a week ago by Joseph Saxe, a wandering Italian showman, who told Mr. Smith, the director, that Garibaldi was becoming so ugly he was afraid to keep him longer. Saxe said the bear had been trained for several years, knew all the tricks of wrestling and was exceptionally strong.

Rocky has been in the zoo for some time and has been master of the cage. He is an ugly-looking brute, and has always been considered dangerous. The director caused the new bear to be put in a wooden cage. Yesterday morning when Snyder, the keeper, went to feed the cinnamon bear he discovered that the bear had gnawed a large hole through the cage, and that it would only be a question of a few hours when the bear would escape. Snyder reported the matter at once to Mr. Smith, and after a consultation it was decided to put Garibaldi in the big bear cage.

INTO THE CAGE WITH THE GRIZZLY.

A big traveling cage with iron bars was backed against the wooden cage, and Garibaldi was coaxed into it. The word was given to the grizzly to attack, and a big crowd gathered. The crowd was kept at a distance by a roped line. When all was ready the grizzly to approach the top of the cliff, and Garibaldi was admitted to the big bear cage.

Rocky recognized a foe at once. The cinnamon bear was no sooner inside than the grizzly began to climb the cliff, growling and snapping and clashing his paws against the rocks. The cinnamon bear waited for the grizzly to approach the top of the cliff, then suddenly dealt the big fellow a blow on the head and the fight was on.

When the battle opened there were nearly a thousand people surrounding the bear cage. Men yelled and cheered the little bear, and women cried as blow after blow was struck and the bears clinched.

Garibaldi had the advantage of position at the start, but the grizzly fought his way up until it seemed as if Rocky would hug the life out of his smaller adversary, but every time the grizzly seemed to have the "hold," the cinnamon bear would worm his way out, and rain blows on Rocky with telling effect. The battle seemed for all the world like a contest between a light, shifty boxer and a heavy man, who depended on his strength to win. Garibaldi had the advantage of the tricks he learned from his Italian master.

TRICKS AIDED THE SMALLER BEAR.

For twenty minutes the battle was continued. Several times the cinnamon bear lay down as if dead or exhausted, and when the grizzly sprang at him to clinch, Garibaldi jumped to one side, at the same time dealing a staggering blow on Rocky.

Finally the grizzly was seen to give signs of retreat, and slowly backed away down the cliff, the cinnamon bear following him closely. Rocky went to a corner and lay down exhausted. His adversary, after watching him a few moments, also fell over from sheer exhaustion. The fight was over, and the crowd cheered. The keepers said that during the night the bears would probably fight to a finish, but the grizzly evidently had enough.

The grizzly would not fight to a finish, and the wise ones in bear lore say they will be good friends when the wounds have healed.

FAVORS CONFEDERATION

Newfoundland Ready to Unite With Canada on Advantageous Terms.

Ottawa, Sept. 28.—The feeling of revolution which followed the failure of the negotiations with Sir Mackenzie Bowell a few years ago is dying out, and I believe that if Canada were to

offer anything like advantageous terms Newfoundland would favor confederation.

This was the answer made by Rev. L. Curtis, M.A., superintendent of Methodist schools in Newfoundland, when asked how his fellow-colonists felt on the question of entering the Dominion. Rev. Mr. Curtis said further that the question had not been thrashed out on party lines, and is not a burning issue at present.

"Indeed, it has never but once been pronounced upon definitely," he added, "since the vote was taken upon it at the time the Canadian confederation was formed in 1867, when the proposal was overwhelmingly defeated."

"But, even although Mr. Bond is now in Washington negotiating for a reciprocity treaty with the United States, on the lines of the Bond-Blaine convention, of Canada would make a reasonable offer, I believe the Government of Newfoundland would submit the question of confederation to a popular vote. Yes, I believe it would get a fair trial next time, because in these days of enlightenment it would be attempted to carry on a campaign of misrepresentation such as we had years ago."

BOTTLED IN EVERY CLIME

10,000 Fleas Meet in World's Congress.

Collection is Unique in the Annals of Human Research.

London, Sept. 28.—The safe arrival of the whaler Forget Me Not, at Sydney, Cape Breton, has brought to the collector of obtaining specimens of arctic fleas for Mr. Charles Rothschild, suggested a visit to Tring Park, where thousands upon thousands of fleas are kept in Mr. Rothschild's famous zoological museum. I found Dr. Jordan in charge of the museum, and he showed me around. There were cabinets containing fleas of all forms and sizes, from nearly every corner of the world.

"Every mammal and bird has its particular kind of flea," said the doctor. "Very many have several different kinds. This it appears that the flea is different from the dog flea, the dog flea from the sparrow flea, and each in turn different from the pulx and other living creature. He then produced some of the gems of his collection."

"So you can see," observed Dr. Jordan, "that the flea affords more diverse material for the collector than does any other living creature. He then produced some of the gems of his collection."

One, the mole flea, is the largest specimen I have seen. It is one-fifth of an inch in length and is nicknamed by scientists the Hystriochopsylla talpae. Another, the most injurious of all fleas, is known as the Chigoe or sand flea. Still another is a flea with claws like those of a lobster, which is found on a small South American bird.

Mr. Rothschild collects his fleas vicariously, through agents. Whenever any expedition is about to start for a protracted journey to a foreign land he engages one of the party to collect specimens of fleas from every species of mammal or bird that is encountered. He supplies phials, chloroform, and insect pins, and the collector sends him a box of specimens, each labeled with the name of the creature on which it was found. They are then classified, hemetically sealed and packed away in boxes of 10,000 of their mummified brothers.

The specimen in the collection coming from the point nearest to either pole is a flea from the Greenland Islands in the Antarctic, but Mr. Rothschild desires to have fleas from the blue fox, the polar bear, the Esquimaux dog and other arctic animals. So it came about that the captain of the Forget Me Not received his commission to hunt for arctic fleas.

THE NEW FALSE CHRIST

Continues to Create Considerable Stir in Old London.

The Singular Career of His Predecessor, Courtenay, Is Recalled.

London, Sept. 28.—Since the advent of Mr. John Dowle, of the Chicago Zionist settlement, in England, and the disturbances attending his assertion of his divine mission, there has been no such religious furor as that which was recently aroused in London by the declaration of the Rev. J. H. Smith Pigott that he is the Messiah on his second coming.

By the side of Clapton Common, in the north of London, stands the Agarth, or Abode of Levi, the sanctuary of the Agapemontes, a small church of wealthy people of the middle class, over whom their present leader, Mr. Pigott, possesses a peculiar power. Mr. Pigott began, like a sailor. He was afterwards a Church of England curate, joined the Salvation Army and passed from its ranks to become an Agapemont.

The tenets of the sect are that the day of judgment is at hand, together with the second coming of the Messiah, and that it is the time for praise, not prayer. The Ark of the Covenant, as its adherents call their place of worship, was beset last Sunday week by some 5,000 or 6,000 people curious to see and hear the new Christ. The building holds only about 350 people, but the place was stormed and crowded to excess. The service was frequently interrupted by disorderly interjections of the unbelievers, but the minister maintained a mystical, unperturbed expression while he asserted in his address that he stood there, not as a pastor of the church, but as the Messiah come again.

At the end of the service, protected by the police and other attendants, he drove away in his brougham to his comfortable residence in the neighborhood, thousands of people running after the carriage, yelling and hissing and uttering threats.

The singular career of another false Christ, who disturbed Kent in the year 1836, is recalled in the London Daily Mail. A man named Courtenay, who at first proclaimed himself a special messenger from heaven, sent to announce the speedy reappearance of the Messiah on earth, acquired an extraordinary influence over people in rural districts of the English country.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Fair, and moderately warm.

You will find in Our Millinery the very nicest and most desirable styles that can be bought for little money. We have expensive hats, too, because we cater to the tastes of all classes. But no matter what hat you buy from us you get honest value and only pay for what you get.

See You Face to Face

We have two kinds of customers—the first who always come to examine our stocks before they go anywhere else—these save a lot of valuable time, for we invariably have just what they want, and they buy here. The second, who go elsewhere first and come here after, also buy here. Going to see what other stores are selling has the effect of showing up our goods to better advantage.

We wish to say, however, that we can suit you in the price, quality and style of anything desirable, so if you come to us first you will save yourself a great deal of time and unnecessary trouble. Looking entails no obligation to buy, and if we can see you face to face we'll all the better prove to you that we give the best value at the lowest price. Read today's offerings.

Ladies' Low-Priced Satisfactory Hosiery.

Fine Ribbed Cashmere Hose, spliced knee, heel and toe, full fashioned and highly recommended for their good wearing qualities, sizes from 5 to 10 inches, prices ranging from 35c to 50c. Fancy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, good weight for fall wear, high spliced heels and toes, sizes 8½, 9, 9½ and 10 inches. We sell three pairs for \$1, or, per pair, only 35c. A good line of extra heavy Scotch Wool Ribbed Hose, double heels and toes, good strong hose for boys, sizes 8 to 11 inches. Prices from 40c to 55c. A special line of Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, seamless foot, full fashioned, high spliced heels, sizes 8½, 9 and 9½ inches. Our very low price per pair, 25c.

Special Values in Fine White Quilts.

We can mention today only a few lines from our large stock. No store in Canada can offer you better values. Note our low prices: 11-4 Marseilles Quilt, large size and fine quality, showing three new patterns, worth regularly \$2.00. Our special low price on this lot is only \$2.00. 11-4 Marseilles Quilt, large size, showing in several dainty designs, extra fine quality, special value at only \$2.50. 11-4 Marseilles Quilts, in finest qualities, all the new designs, at \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.00. A special line pink and white and blue and white Marseilles Quilts, large size and pretty patterns; each only \$2.25. 12-4 Mercerized Quilts, look just like silk, are much more serviceable and cost much less. Our special low price only \$4.50.

Fancy Flannelettes for Wrappers & House Jackets.

Ladies are looking for nice materials for Cozy Wrappers and House Jackets. We know it because so many are buying. Our stock of Fancy Flannelettes and Wrapperettes is now at its best. We have a great range to select from, in all colors, light or heavy weights, ranging in price from 8½c to 25c yard. We mention these four good lines:

27-inch Fancy Flannelette, red and pale blue grounds, with black dots and stripes; perfectly fast colors; for children's dresses, wrappers and house jackets. The yard only 8½c. 27-inch American Wrapperettes, perfectly fast colors in all shades, Persian stripes and floral designs; will make very nice and serviceable waists. The yard only 12½c. 27-inch Heavy Wrapperette, in all colors, pretty floral designs and stripes; will make nice waists. The yard only 15c. 30-inch Extra Heavy Wrapperettes, very neat Persian patterns in all colors; very effective for waists and wrappers. Extra value at our low price. The yard only 25c.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 DUNDAS STREET.

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A Soothing, Healing, Cooling Powder, That Gives Rapid Relief in All Foot Troubles.

"Foot Elm" is considered by those who have used it to be a magical "foot doctor," affording rapid and positive relief in all distressing and discomforting conditions of the feet. It rests tired feet. It eases aching feet. It prevents chafing and blistering of the feet. It reduces swelling of the feet. It cools hot feet. It cures soft corns. It relieves painful, smarting feet. It cures sweaty feet. It cures a burning bunion. It soothes a sensitive corn. It cures ingrowing toenails. It dispels perspiration odors. It "breaks in" new shoes. It permits the wearing of a size smaller shoe. It preserves the leather. Those whose occupation compels them to be a great deal on their feet should never be without "Foot Elm" in their shoes, as it gives a restful feeling to the feet never experienced before.

Price 25 cents a box of 18 powders at all druggists or by mail. A. SPOTT & JURY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Flissing Mayor Found.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 28.—Mayor Thomas E. Humes was found on Saturday by a searching party in the woods north of Lake Washington, where he has wandered, injured and practically without food, since Thursday. Mayor Humes slipped and sprained his ankle Thursday afternoon while chasing a bear. A storm came up and he lost his bearings. He slept in a hollow log Thursday night and Friday night was unable to travel much owing to the condition of his ankle. His only food was huckleberries. A searching party started out Saturday and found the mayor without trouble. He has been brought to

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