

The Chatham Daily Planet.

VOL. XI

CHATHAM, ONT., MONDAY, JUNE 30, 1902

NO. 169

SOME INTERESTING Millinery Bargains

A VERY PRETTY assortment of
Ladies' HATS, some of the most
elegant of this season's productions.

Worth \$8, \$10, \$12, and \$15

Your
Choice at **\$5.00**

American Organdies and Dimities

In a nice assortment of colors,

12 1-2, 15c and 20c

Your
Choice at **8c**

Remnants Sale

Remnants of Dress Goods contain-
ing from 1 1/2 to 4 yards, suitable for
children's dresses and ladies' skirts.

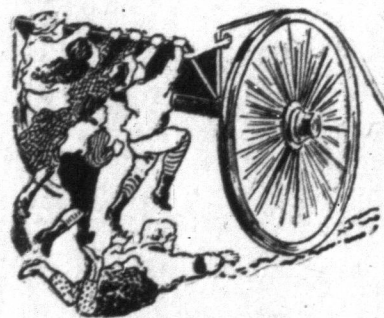
Your
Choice at **1-2 Price**

Dress Goods at 1-2 Price

50c Dress Goods at 25c.
75c Dress Goods 37 1/2c.
\$1.00 Dress Goods 50c.

Thomas Stone & Son

The Money Goes



SWIFTLY ENOUGH, of course; it's
a peculiarity of money. But while it's going
you can at least make sure that it is bring-
ing you adequate returns. That's why you
should trade here. You can get your
money back if you want it, but you will most
probably want the goods instead of the
money:

Our Boys' Calf Boots from 11 to 2, at **\$1.50**
are beauties. Just received a new line of Em-
press Patent Colt Oxford. Call and see them.

TURRILL'S 93 King Street,
Repairing Done at Store

Hammocks

Fast color Hammocks, \$1 to \$5.
All colors and prices. Hammock
Hooks.

Lawn and Garden Hose,

Sprinklers, Nozzles, Hose Menders, Hose Bands, Lawn Rollers, Lawn
Rakes, Grass Edgers, Etc

Ice Cream Freezers

Makes ice cream in four minutes.

Screen Doors Window Screens

Morton's Hardware Store

WAS BURIED ALIVE FOR NEARLY ONE HUNDRED HOURS

SANFORD RESCUED SATURDAY FROM HIS LIVING TOMB

In a Few Weeks Will be Himself—The Terrible Experience of a
Young Man in a Well on a Farm Near Paris Ont., the
Preservation of Whose Life and Final Res-
cue was Truly Marvellous.

A Driven Pipe Served as an Air Shaft—The Imprisoned Man
Worked Patiently, While Heroic Friends Labored Un-
ceasingly to Secure His Release—Thrilling
Narrative of John Carnie.

London, Ont., June 30.—The rescue
of Joshua Sanford from a living
tomb forms the most thrilling of in-
cidents. After a struggle lasting one
hundred hours, except a few minutes,
the young well digger was brought
safely from his horrible prison, on the
Skelly farm, near Paris, at 5.35 o'clock
Saturday afternoon.

Without a cheer, or other than the
slightest show of emotion on the part
of the assembled hundreds of people,
Sanford was raised above ground,
into the pure fresh air and warm
sunlight that for days had been de-
nied him. The doctors had enjoined
that silence reign. But two and a
half miles distant, in the town of
Paris, joy bells rang and whistles
screamed and the whole countryside
gave vent to long pent-up feelings.

"Yes, Sanford will get better," said
Dr. Dunton, late Sunday afternoon.
He had just come from the sick room
at the Scott farm-house, and though
his remark was not uttered in tones
of the most perfect confidence, still
it was good news. The brave San-
ford is a very sick man. He requires
the greatest care, and probably will
for some time to come. This he will
have. Mr. John Penman, the Paris
woollen mill owner, has ordered that
Sanford want for nothing. Nor
would he, in any event. Trained
nurses and the closest medical at-
tention are constantly at hand. The
patient rests in bed in the cosy guest
chamber of the old stone farm-house,
literally surrounded by loving hands
and hearts, all moving on tip-toe and
speaking in whispers, all eager to do
something. Only the patient's nurses
see him regularly; his immediate
relatives have visited him once or
twice.

THE RELEASE.

For more than twenty-four hours,
Sanford's release had been looked
for. His rescuers had been in close
touch with him. They had been talk-
ing to him and he to them. They had
been slowly, and they believed, sure-
ly, effecting his release. A provoca-
tively small thing was preventing the
consummation of their desires. The
left foot of the imprisoned man re-
mained stoutly held. Try as they
would, the brave men struggling in
aid of their unfortunate fellow could
not work the foot free. Sanford
himself worked at it. But all to no
purpose. The thing became disheart-
ening. Extreme measures were talk-
ed of. One was to place a harness
about Sanford and pull him up with
the power of a steam engine. An-
other was to break the leg and reset
it immediately upon release being
effected. Yet another was to perform
an amputation. While some minds
were engaged with these thoughts,
others ran in a different and happier
direction, and the scheme was devised
that brought Sanford to the top, un-
injured, save from the effects of his
long and terrible imprisonment. Not
a bone in the man's body was broken.
His face was scratched and scraped
and a cut on the head had bled some.
But otherwise there were no marks
upon him. His hair had not changed
a particle, though surely here was
cause if one's hair will turn white in
a night. The man was pale and pos-
sibly a trifle wan. But he was never
the same as would have been antici-
pated of one who for four days and
four nights had existed in the very
bowels of the earth, held, as in a vice,
with quicksand more plentiful than
air itself and of water not one drop
to quench his fevered thirst.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

To dig a second well three feet dis-
tant from the first was but the small-
est part of the work of rescuing
Joshua Sanford. With great speed,
slow as it seemed, was the well sunk-
en. Down it went beneath the
efforts of busy men armed with well-
diggers' tools that were kept sharp as
razors. Fifty feet and more it sank-
ten feet too low if it proved. San-
ford was located higher up, and the
real work then began. John Carnie
was the first man to catch a glimpse
of the prisoner in his fearful tomb.
It was an elbow of the wretched man
that met the gaze of Carnie as it ap-
peared against an aperture in the dis-
ordered bricks of the old well. The
question at once was the position in
which Sanford was held. If he were
in an upright position the difficulty
attending his release was increased an
hundred fold.

"I was satisfied we would never get
him out if we did not find Sanford in
something of a reclining position,"
said John Carnie yesterday, in relat-
ing the story of the rescue to the Free
Press.

But fortune favored the brave, as it
proved. Sanford's position was akin
to that of a man in a reclining chair.

His feet were probably three feet
lower than his head.

The men at work in the new well,
when they had found Sanford, quick-
ly yet with great caution, made
an opening two feet square into the
new well. A strongly made box cal-
culated to fit the opening was let
down from the top of the well and
inserted, and through this the res-
cuers were able to talk with San-
ford, and also to take hold of him.
The story is best told by John Carnie,
CARNIE, THE HERO.

While Sanford's conduct through-
out the horrible ordeal was simply
marvellous, his was a wonderful fight
for his own life. John Carnie's strug-
gle was the self-sacrificing fight for
the life of a struggling fellow whose
face he had never seen. All the coun-
tryside, who know what Carnie's fight
meant, are talking of it and of him
almost as much as of Sanford. Carnie
is a hero in everybody's mouth. A
very modest hero is Carnie. When
questioned he gave in graphic detail
the story of the last two days, but
always put in front of the names of
the brave men who labored with him,
and he specially requested the newspaper
men to say little of himself.

Mr. Carnie is a trusted employee of
John Penman, the mill owner. He is
respected by everyone in Paris, and
is the superintendent of one of the
large Sunday schools. To the Free
Press, he said:

"Between three and four o'clock
Friday morning I first went down.
The well had been carried down, and
Sanford said he thought we were
ten feet below him. George Blanshard,
the fish man, and he is a good
one, was with me. We brought down
Henderson, the well digger, and he
thought Sanford was above us. I
thought that when we got opposite
the man in the other well that he
would know it, and we would. I ran
a bar through into the old well and
Sanford heard me. He

TOLD ME TO QUIT.

That was the first intelligent word
heard him utter. We were working
in hard pan, and I found by putting
my shovel in that just below us was
sand. This was all right. So we
notched some more plank into the
side of the well to brace it—you know
how well diggers do; I am not a well
digger at all. We went down five or
six feet, and then I put another hole
through. What little noise Sanford
was making sounded a long way off.
We went down three or four feet
more, and into gravel. We made a
hole through to the old well, but
there was no space as when first we
made a hole. The bar of iron did not
find easy access to the well. All
at once the rubbing in the old well
was resumed. It seemed that San-
ford was careful not to strike the pipe
for fear of loosening the earth and
causing another cave-in. So he just
rubbed the pipe. The noise was
shoulder high. We tore out plank
in the side of our well about ten
feet square and made a hole
through to see if we could see him.
We could hear Sanford's voice quite
plainly when we put a little box
through. His talk was like a deli-
cious person speaking. I did not know
the man, but called to him. 'All right,
Josh; we'll get you,' I said. 'You
don't need to get me. I am not in
the well. I got out two days ago,'
was his reply. Not many minutes
afterward he spoke to us rationally.
It was the fresh air getting to him
that awakened him, I guess. The
poor fellow's voice was pretty feeble.

"When we got into the old well, we
could see just a rick of brick. They
had fallen in a heap, resting upon
one another. Sanford called down, that
he was in pretty bad shape; that we
had better get in.

AS QUICK AS WE COULD.
Blanshard got in first through the
box, and he saw that we had to do
something to hold the loose work
there. We could see Sanford's elbow
sticking through a hole in the brick.
The right arm was loose, and he was
able to rub the pipe just over his
head. He put his arm into the box,
and asked us to put something over
his face. He was lying with his face
upward. I gave him my cap, and he
tried to put it on his head. He could
not tell where his head was; could
not feel it. With his own hand he
handed back the cap, with the re-
mark: 'Well, you must have an awful
small head.' We got a towel down
from the top. It was a big one, and
I said to Blanshard that he had bet-
ter tear it. We wanted to put the
towel over his face to keep off the

dirt while we worked. 'No, don't tear
the towel,' Sanford spoke up.

"The man's body was completely
buried. His head lay in sand, and
only from his lower lip running at
an angle above his ears was he free.
With the free hand he was able to
rap on the pipe, and also to keep
brushing the sand away from his nose
and mouth. He had just a very small
space above his nostrils in which to
breathe. He told me he was choking.
The sand was

TRICKLING DOWN ON HIS FACE.

I cleaned his face and eyes. He was
trying to spit out sand. But his lungs
would not work. I put my hand in
and cleaned out the sand beneath
his shirt collar. Then I put the towel
over his face and told him if a little
stuff fell I would take it off. I had to
uncover his face three times, because
of the sand that fell on the towel.

"Well, we found there was a piece
of board sticking on the brick at the
side of the well, to help to support
this had kept the mass above from
crushing the life out of Sanford. We
put through a support to the other
side of the well, to help to support
the roof and make it safe for him
while we worked. We wanted to hold
the brickwork up. I held a light in
to see where he was. I thought per-
haps he was upright, and if he was,
I did not see how we would ever get
him out. He said the pressure be-
tween his back and his lungs was
catching him worst. I managed to
pull a brick from under his back, and
he gave a sigh as of relief. I got an-
other brick out, and he said, 'My
that's all right.' He began to help
himself with his right hand. Then as
he straightened up, he came around
in front of the hole we had made.
When the second cave-in occurred
Sanford was in a stooping position.
We pulled out a pair of overalls he
had around his neck, and also a
smock he had with him."

Mr. Carnie said he did not know
how it happened, but Sanford work-
ed himself up probably ten or twelve
feet after the first cave-in, and so
had brought down the second load of
gravel, hardpan and sand.

"He must have worked like a
ground hog around that iron casing,"
he said. "I think he had been sleep-
ing and the stuff came down from
behind him."

GOT A ROPE AROUND HIM.

The brave rescuer described how,
lest some fresh danger should occur,
they had placed a rope around San-
ford's body, so as to hold him and in
the event of a fresh cave-in, to keep
in touch with him. He told of the
handing in to Sanford of a chisel
with which to work in removing the
debris that held him. Once Sanford
handed the tool back with instructions
that it be sent to the top as it was
not sharp enough. Blanshard, one of
the men in the well, wanted to go in
to the old well to help Sanford, but
he would not allow him, remarking
that it was enough to have one man
buried there.

And so the efforts were continued.
Every moment it was hoped to effect
Sanford's release. Finally, one foot
remained to be freed. To do so seem-
ed impossible. Two bricks were se-
curely wedged across the instep with
a third just behind the heel, forming

a terrible vice. Another rope was
placed around Sanford, and the res-
cuers pulled hard but in vain.

About this time an incident oc-
curred to vary the excitement. Wil-
liam Thompson had gone down into
the well to give assistance, but found
he could not withstand the changed
temperature and gases at the bottom
of the well. He told Carnie of his
trouble and called to those at the top
of the well, "Send some one down
to take my place." Immediately the
quit-witted Sanford called out "Send
a man down to take my place."
Thompson said he felt like fainting
and Carnie told him he had better
faint in the well than in the bucket.
Thompson was anxious to get up,
however, and got into the bucket.
Carnie was standing on the timbers
of the well, ten feet from the bottom,
and as Thompson was raised saw the
man keel over. In an instant he
would have fallen head first to the
bottom of the well, probably with
fatal result. Carnie grasped the tim-
bers, and in place of avoiding a shock
braced himself for it and Thompson
alighted on Carnie's neck and should-
ers.

Continued on Eighth Page.

...The...

Coronation Shoe For.....Men

Made By

**GEO. A. SLATER
OF MONTREAL.**

Has just been
put in stock
and may be
seen in our
East window.
Made of Vel-
our Calf and
Enamel Box
Calf.

These are
the swellest
Invictus Shoe
yet produced.

PEACE'S

Cash Shoe Store

4 Doors from Market

THE ARK

WE HAVE just opened up a consignment of goods direct from the Albany
Works. English Potteries, a fine assortment of

**Jet, Rockingham
and Mosiac Body,
Tea Pots, Pitchers,
Cocoa Pots, Tea Pot
Stands, Match Holders.**

Beautifully decorated in gilt and colors. Several different patterns and styles,
among them the

Garland, Parisian, Chatsworth and Windsor Shapes

Making a nice selection from which to choose. These goods will be on sale
Saturday, commencing at 5.30 a. m.

First Come, First Served.

SEE SAMPLES IN ARK WINDOW.

H. MACAULAY, - 89 King Street Phone 159