

PROGRESS.

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MR. SEGEE'S HEAVY LOAD

A STARTLING FIND IN THE VICINITY OF LILY LAKE.

How the Washington-like Mr. Ritchie, the Master-of-boat Mr. Kemp, and Mr. Segee of "Enchanted City" Fame Unearthed the Metal-Exciting Episodes.

Ever since Captain William, alias Robert, Kidd buried untold wealth at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, Passamaquoddy, Quaco, Wood Point, Dorchester, Oak Island, Goat Island, Grand Pre, Boot Island, Kingsport, Hall's Harbor, Scot's Bay, Parroboro, Isle Haut, Advocate Harbor, and numerous other places along these shores, "as he sailed," people have buried money in a good many holes, searching for treasure in every one of the above hiding-places. It was the habit of the famous mariner, after his crew had finished digging a hole and lowering the treasure into its depths, to ask who would guard the gold.

A big negro would invariably answer "I will." Then Captain Kidd would give an illustration of that exquisite humor which was one of his charming characteristics. "Guard it, then," he would say, playfully drawing a pistol and shooting the negro. The black man would fall into the hole, and "as he sailed" his treasure would speedily be covered with their mother earth.

This little comedy was enacted at St. John, the Bay Shore, Saunders' Point, Long Island, Deer Island, and the several other places, already enumerated. The negro that fell into the hole at Lily Lake, St. John, had only agreed to guard the treasure for a limited time. That limited time, according to the statement made by Mr. Manfred Ritchie, of Portland, was only up this year. And that was the reason why it was only last week that Mr. Manfred Ritchie dared to dig for a treasure the hiding place of which he had known, as he stated, for many long years.

About three weeks ago, Mr. Ritchie happened to be talking to Mr. Jacob Kemp, another well-known citizen of the North end. The conversation turned on buried treasure.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Ritchie, "I happened to be digging from school one day, and I was digging away in the ground with a cane, and I dug pretty deep, and at last I found some copper nails and some pieces of oak."

Mr. Kemp was interested. "Where was your diggin'?" asked Mr. Kemp.

At first Mr. Ritchie told him that he had been digging at Cat Back; but afterwards concluded that it was on the Strait Shore road, near Ghost Rock. It was some time since Mr. Ritchie was a boy, hence his uncertainty as to the exact spot.

Mr. Kemp was interested. He hunted up Mr. James Harding, who is more familiarly known by the euphonious title of "Jimmy the Bum." Mr. Harding is an expert mineralogist. He possessed a divining rod, which is of great service in his scientific researches. The mineralogist was only too ready to go on a prospecting tour with Mr. Kemp. They concluded to try the Strait Shore road first. The mineral rod worked like a charm. Mr. Kemp was happy, and so, for that matter was Jimmy the Bum.

Mr. Ritchie soon learned that Mr. Kemp and Professor Harding had visited the vicinity of Ghost Rock. He also heard that Mr. Kemp proposed going into mining operations on a large scale at that place. Mr. Ritchie, perhaps from anxiety to have a monopoly of any other copper nails or pieces of oak that might be found, told Mr. Kemp that the Strait Shore road was too public a place to dig. Mr. Ritchie then told of a much more secluded spot by Lily Lake where, according to a chart in his possession, a priceless treasure was awaiting those bold enough to take it away.

Widely varying reports of the seeking and the finding of the Lily Lake treasure have appeared in the daily papers this week. Progress feels called upon to give the correct version of the affair, which differs very materially from the other accounts.

Mr. Ritchie showed Mr. Kemp the chart. This chart, according to Mr. Ritchie, who it is devoid of imagination as George Washington, was a copy of the original map, showing the locality of the treasure, the original being in the possession of Mr. Isaac G. Oulton. Mr. Ritchie has a friend who has a different story concerning the chart that was shown Mr. Kemp, but as this friend, on a visit to Lily Lake, drew that chart, his ideas may be somewhat biased.

The particular friend of Mr. Ritchie's and other friends of Mr. Ritchie's, proved useful in other ways. They had helped Mr. Ritchie to mould five bars of zinc. They had helped him manufacture a box out of the oldest deal, bound together with the oldest nails, that they could find. They helped him put the bars of zinc in the box, and fill it up with moss. Mr. Ritchie and the friend that afterwards drew the chart drove to Lily Lake with the box of treasure, and buried it beneath the roots of a tree.

MRS. LEAR USED A WHIP.

SHE CURLED IT ABOUT THE CYCLIST'S SHOULDERS.

Because He Had Too Much to Say—An Episode of the Road That Does not Reflect Credit Upon any of the Parties—Settled Out of Court.

HALIFAX, July 26.—The sensation for the week, in this city where "sensations" are infrequent, was the affair at Bedford in which three or four very prominent people figured. It was a quartette consisting of T. K. Warren, employed by Musgrave & Co.; Dr. William May, a wealthy physician of Washington, who is spending his summer here; Percy Lear and Mrs. Lear, of this city. The story of this trouble may be briefly told. Mr. and Mrs. Lear were driving in a buggy; Mr. Warren and Dr. May were on bicycles. It was dusk. The bicyclists came up behind the carriage. The course of the carriage was irregular, making it difficult for the wheelmen to pass. Warren got by safely, and as it to celebrate his success rang his bell with gusto. May had more difficulty and when he succeeded in passing gave vent to his thankfulness, or displeasure, whichever it was, by making some remarks to the occupants of the carriage. Whatever it was that he said, the language enraged Mrs. Lear, and she urged on her horse after the flying bicyclists, who seemed to become alarmed. They are both heavy men and the horse overtook the wheelman. Then Mrs. Lear raised her whip and dealt a blow to the doctor's shoulders. Warren was not in it. At Wilson's hotel there was a repetition of hostilities. Dr. May decided to invoke British law. W. B. Wallace is summing at Bedford and the lawyer, being so handy, was retained by Dr. May and instructed to bring an action against Mrs. Lear for wilful assault. The summons was served and the time of trial fixed for this (Thursday) afternoon. In the meantime proposals and counter proposals passed between the parties for an amicable settlement outside the courts. Those efforts proved successful, and Dr. May is now armed with what he considers an ample amende honorable. Mr. Warren is glad to have nothing more to do with the unpleasant incident, and possibly Mrs. Lear has learned that there is such a thing as having too hasty a temper.

Mrs. Lear came to Halifax years ago as a member of an opera company. She met Mr. Percy Lear, son of the late James Lear, who died suddenly at Moncton a couple of years ago. They married and settled down in this city. Mrs. Lear has a fine soprano voice, and she was very frequently heard at the best concerts here. The Orpheus club more than once engaged her as their leading soloist, and she was praised by the critics. St. Andrew's Presbyterian choir made her their first soprano, and at present she forms one of the quartette which leads the singing at the universalist church in this city.

Both Resigned and Looked Pleasant. HALIFAX, July 26.—The dinner by the three national societies of Halifax to the Governor General will take place in Halifax hotel on August 7th. His excellency has accepted the invitation to be present, so that, whatever might tend to keep him longer at the capital or elsewhere, he will not doubt be in his place of honor at the societies' table in due time. There is also not the slightest doubt that the banquet will be a brilliant and pleasant affair, or "function" as the members of the Studley Quoit Club would prefer to call it. And this success will be accomplished notwithstanding the little friction experienced in perfecting the arrangements. Lord Aberdeen is a Scotchman and the North British society would have preferred to be solely responsible for the banquet. But his excellency is well known to be a home rule sympathizer, and the Charitable Irish society consequently had a peculiar interest and attachment to him, and made a proposal that the Scotch, Irish and English societies unite in tendering to Lord Aberdeen a complimentary banquet on his visit to Halifax. The executive of the North British society, to whom was committed the duty of arranging details with similar committees from the other societies, is composed wholly of liberals in politics, except that the president—Dr. A. H. McKay, superintendent of education—is a conservative. Party feeling in Halifax runs high, and in that sentiment the members of the North British society had the right to nominate its president to take the chair at the banquet, but Dr. McKay waived his right and the committee endorsed his declining to officiate. They named Hon. W. S. Fielding, president of St. George's society, for the part, on the ground that he is premier of the province. Following the example of the North British, the charitable Irish society could not do otherwise than allow Mayor Keeffe, president of that society, also to relinquish his right to preside in favor of the premier. The Irish society is next oldest to the Scotch, and

A MERRY WAR OF WORDS.

THE CHIEF OFFICER AND CARPENTER OF THE CRUISER CURLEW.

Pass the Time Away and Amuse a Lot of People with a Free Fracas—Trying to Iron the Carpenter Whose Political Pull was as Strong as the Mate's.

There was war in the harbor Wednesday evening. There was trouble on the cruiser Curlew, the pride of the Bay of Fundy and the terror of the American fisherman who steal the herring fry that otherwise would be taken to Eastport by our own men and sold for sardines. If we do wrong ourselves it is some consolation to know that we prevent others. But to return to the war or perhaps it was motley. The D. S. S. Curlew was lying at the West India wharf on Wednesday evening, her brass guns had just received their last polish, Captain Pratt had gone into the town on business intent, and the first officer, Mr. Kinney, was about the binnacle talking to a lady. Up at the fo'castle the carpenter was amusing himself with some children who wore uniforms, but were perhaps boys out on vacation. They would not be very formidable antagonists if no better than they looked.

The carpenter was noisy and Mr. Kinney came forward to see what was the matter and there the fun began.

"Did you say you were going ashore?" said Mr. Kinney.

"Well if I did, what have you got to say about it," was the carpenter's reply.

"You're not going ashore tonight, I tell you," said the first officer.

"No, I would not go ashore," said the carpenter, "but, taking off his coat and cap and laying them on a box of biscuit, 'you're not big enough to stop me, if I wanted to,' and he placed himself in a pugilistic attitude.

Mr. Kinney first buttoned up his coat, in a sort of a "stood like a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him" style—then he pulled it off—ordered Jack to bring him his irons, and throwing the coat with all its glory of gilt trimmings, trimmings that have no doubt scared many a Yankee, on the gun carriage, he waded in so to speak and caught the carpenter by the back of the neck, running his thumb and forefinger well under the shirt band.

The carpenter who had perhaps spent some time on a prairie schooner, became somewhat frightened when he heard the call for irons, mistaking it for shooting irons, and got quiet.

As Mr. Kinney held him by the neck another officer, probably the captain of the cockpit, (or if they don't have a cockpit, they should have,) caught the carpenter by one arm. Mr. Kinney in the meantime having appropriated the other. The chief boatswain of the top came back with Jack when he brought the irons; in fact the whole crew was present except the chief butler or baker if they had them on board.

If Jack had known his business, and it may be said right here that he showed a fearful lack of military or naval training and Sir Hibbert Tupper should see about it,—if Jack had known his business he would have unlocked the irons or handcuffs before he handed them to Mr. Kinney.

He didn't, however.

Mr. Kinney dropped the carpenter so that he could get the irons in shape, and the carpenter made a dive down the companion-way.

"Hurry up, with a light there!" said Mr. Kinney, and he dove down the spout after the carpenter. The chief butler dove next, then the captain of the cockpit dove, and the chief boatswain did likewise.

Jack had gone for a light and was merrily singing, "Now I'm the Ruler of the King's Navy;" he stubbed his toe and came down with a crash.

At this point there was some heavy talk coming up from down below decks.

The voice of the carpenter was heard to say; "I may be a small man but you're not big enough to do anything with me. I—your irons, you needn't think that because you come from Novy Scooby that anyone's scared of you?"

Then the voices sank gently away in soul-stirring murmurs and Mr. Kinney came up the ladder, donned his blue and gold, closed the buttons firmly over his massive chest and moved majestically about the binnacle.

The majesty or dignity of the Dominion's naval service had been satisfied and the mutiny, or the row, whichever you please, had been quieted. Slowly and sadly the sun sank to rest, its last rays falling on the clad slopes of a lark point, till it tinged with glory the plate glass and brown stone residence of Peter Shilling—slowly it declined sad at the bloodless tragedy that had occurred within a stone's throw of the Custom house and but a few steps from Lantulum's junk yard.

A TARTAR FROM WAY BACK.

Conductor Henderson's Patience Tried By A Wayward Woman.

Her name was Todd. Miss Todd we will call her, though she may have been Mrs., but if so, her husband knows he has a better half, and a good deal better.

She was coming down to Fredericton Junction in the cars last Monday morning. She was neatly dressed, and had placed her satchel and basket on the seat in front of her, her sunshade beside her, and appeared to be at peace with the world, and well pleased with herself.

Quietly and calmly in his usual cheery style, came Conductor Henderson through the car. He little thought of the trial that was before him, and this emphasizes the uncertainty of human happiness.

He took up the tickets till he came to the seat occupied by Miss Todd, then he struck a terror, in fact, a fatal terror.

She handed him a ticket which read "St. Stephen to Fredericton." It was also out of date, and worse still, had been travelled on and punched, but had not been taken up.

With a smile that would pass her on any other car, in fact was so heavenly that it would be a passport to the moon she handed Joseph the discussed ticket.

Joe looked at it. He looked at her, then he looked at the ticket. He turned it over with a sort of a can-I-believe-my-eyes expression and then said:

"You can't pass on this ticket, it's no good! Didn't you know it was no good?" and Joseph looked as pleasant as possible.

"Well! it's all you'll get, good or no good. I won't give you another!"

"Then you'll have to pay!" said the conductor, "you can't ride on that!"

"What's the reason, I can't," she said, with that provoking smile.

"It's no good, I tell you, it's been used once and you can't use it again! You must pay!"

"I will not pay, so there!"

"You will have to get off, then," said Joseph.

"Well, I won't get off," she said.

"You won't pay?" again asked Joe.

"No! I will not!"

Joseph then signalled the engineer to stop the train.

Alter three or four jumps and bangs it came to a standstill.

As soon as it had got perfectly still, her gentle voice was heard to murmur, "I'll pay now, I don't want to get off!" and that heavenly smile brightened her face once more.

Joseph pulled the rope; the train gave a bound and the passengers had reposed themselves for Ruygiornis, when that cheery voice was heard to snap out in accents sharp and decisive, "I will not pay!"

"Then you'll have to get off!" said Joseph, and his hair began to bristle under his cap, and the faces of the passengers were a study.

"All right! just you put me off. Remember there is law and you'll get it—just put me off! I'll not pay!"

The train was again stopped, and the conductor and brakeman were just preparing to fire her off the car when once more the awful stillness was broken by that angelic murmur, "I think I'll pay!" and smiles, tons of them, nothing else can express them.

Once more the train was started. She quietly laid her pocketbook down with a sigh of exquisite content, and that provoking but sweetly modulated murmur like the ripple of pearls passed through the car, "I will not pay!"

Joe jumped for the bell rope. He pulled so hard the rope broke and he almost fell. She looked at him with that smile like sunlight on the water and said in surprise: "Oh! you're stopping the car are you? what is that for! I'll pay!"

Well, pay them, and he once more signalled the engineer to go ahead.

She overhauled her pocket book, and quietly drawing forth the condemned ticket she reached it out to the conductor, with the smile and the remark, "there's my ticket, can't you pass me on that?"

CLIFTON

at Indian Head
SAY and SATURDAY
Hazel Grove, Moss Glen
Landing, Hampton
will leave Hampton
for St. John
D. HABLE, Captain.

Ship Co.

runs between Nova
and States.

Time

5 to 17 Hours.

A WEEK

Stearns Yarmouth
will leave Yarmouth
Friday and Saturday
from Halifax
Wharf, Boston, every
and Friday at noon.
oham" will leave Yarmouth
for Halifax, calling
Rhelburne, Lockport,
leave Halifax every
south and intermediate
Yarmouth for Boston
John Wery Tuesday
arriving.

ON 1894.

JOHN,

MALMON RIVER.

stoppage places
HAY QUEEN, C. W.
having recently been
hall entirely rebuilt,
pection, will until far
above-market places,
day, WEDNESDAY
on River on MONDAY
touching at Gagetown
North River of
\$1.25
good for
us passage...\$2.00
points as low as by any
Steamer can be char-
Tuesday and Friday of
prepaid, unless when ac-
cases can be secured
after being discharged
days and Fridays.
all further notices will
monists by leaving tickets
between St. John and
trips on the 1st day
following.
40 cents.

C. BABBITT,

Manager.

STEAMERS.

and Woodstock

West and Olive, etc.
(except Sunday) at
all intermediate land-
ings every day (except
John, Steamer Abford on
TUESDAY and Friday
at 8 a. m., for Woodstock
on alternate days at 8 a.
m. and 10 a. m. for
leave St. John EVERY
Hampton and inter-
mediate landings every
at Indian Head at 8.30.

BAIRD,

Manager.

L. S. CO.

Daily Service,
EXCEPT SUNDAY,
AND BOSTON.

Further notices will
this company will leave
for Eastport, Port-
land and Boston every
Wednesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday morn-
ing at 7.30 (Standard) for
Port, Lubec and Boston.
Friday and Saturday
for Eastport and
Hampton, making close con-
nection with the
at Indian Head at 8.30.

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at Indian Head at 8.30.

BAIRD,

Manager.

MINNAPOLIS RY.

ARRANGEMENT.

25th, 1894, trains will run
as follows:
Express daily at 8.10 a.
m., arrive at Annapolis at
Freight Monday, Wed-
nesday, arrive at Annapolis
at 10.30 a. m.

Express daily at 1.05 p.
m., arrive at Yarmouth
Freight Tuesday, Thurs-
day, arrive at Yarmouth
at 3.30 p. m.

Annapolis with trains of
or Annapolis. Rail-
Monticello for St. John
and Yarmouth Steam-
ers every Tuesday, Wed-
nesday evenings and
Friday and Saturday
daily (Sunday except
Shelburne and Liverpool
stations at 12.10. Hollis St.
Stations on the Windsor

J. BROWN,

General Superintendent.

l Railway

ARRANGEMENT—1894

AY, the 26th JUNE,
this Railway will run
as follows:
AVE ST. JOHN:
Freight, Pictou
7.00
du Chesne, 10.10
12.10
Montreal, 18.25
Express for Halifax, 21.50

way for Express Train
at 1.00 and Halifax at 1.00
in for Quebec and Mon-
ing Cars at Moncton, at

AT ST. JOHN:

of Quebec, (Mon-
du Chesne, 8.20
daily, 10.10
du Chesne, 12.10
12.50
photos and Camp
by day, 25.50
from Halifax, 21.50
2.00

Montreal Railway are heated
and those between
is Lewis, are lighted by
Eastern Standard Time.
GENERAL
1, 1894.