

PROGRESS SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

HE GOT HIS MONEY BACK

HOW THE LAW IS ADMINISTERED IN HALIFAX.

Some of the Unpleasant Dose Police Men Have to Swallow—The Hopewell Man Gets a Scoop on the Jack-Pot—A Witness Describes the Majesty of the Law.

HALIFAX, Nov. 7.—“The police man's lot is not a happy one.” The Halifax police force are finding this out somewhat frequently of late. The most recent instance of an unpleasant dose administered to them was the dismissal of prisoner C. M. Johnston, a clerk with Hutchinson & Seston, commission merchants. One night at 11 o'clock the chief of police was telephoned for, to go to the Lorne house. There he found a Mr. Hutchinson, unable to leave the house, and very much worried over the non-appearance of Johnston with \$1,300, which he had collected that day. He wanted the chief to go right out and arrest the clerk. That was out of the question, but Hutchinson was advised to get a warrant next day for Johnston's apprehension. That he did, and Detective Power 24 hours later located his man and landed him in the police station. This was not done without considerable trouble. The sum of \$1,087 £3 was recovered from Johnston.

When Hutchinson had the money in sight his anxiety to proceed against the absconding clerk disappeared. What he wanted most was to get possession of the cash which he feared had been stolen. Recorder MacCoy advised its retention by the police till after proceedings had been taken by the courts. By and by Attorney General Longley was interviewed, with the result that Recorder MacCoy was advised to consent to have the money returned to Hutchinson. It was paid.

Then the coast was clear to get Johnston out of custody. The attorney for the prosecution, stated that he was instructed to do no proceedings against the prisoner. The attorney for Johnston moved for his discharge, and Mr. Johnston was once more made a free man.

Stipendiary Fielding was an angry judge when he saw what had taken place. He said he would acquit the attorney-general with his views on the matter, and see what excuse there could be for such conduct. The police were not “happy” because they had been used merely to recover Hutchinson's stolen money, and when that was done, their prisoner was allowed to go as if nothing had happened. They had been made Hutchinson's cats-paw to get back the cash, and nothing more.

Some time ago J. T. Brine of this city and one Johnston of Hopewell, found themselves over a game of poker in Peter Ryan's saloon on Water street. After play had continued for a while there came to be the modest sum of \$18 in the “jackpot.” When the last card was played the Hopewell man saw that he had lost, but before the winner proposed to scoop in the “jackpot,” the enterprising Hopewell citizen, who had lost did so. He pocketed the cash and made for the door. Poor Brine was not quick enough, and his fellow gambler got off with the money in twinkling of an eye.

Brine brought an action in the police court for the recovery of the money. He swore and so did the proprietor of the house, that poker had been the game and \$18 represented the stakes. Stipendiary Fielding did not take long to decide that he had nothing to do with such transactions except perhaps, to fine the keeper of the saloon for allowing gambling on his premises. He took no cognizance of poker and dismissed the case. Inspector Banks had heard of the case, and when Brine was through, he took a hand in. Ryan was summoned to answer the charge of allowing gambling in his saloon. Brine was supposed to testify regarding the game. All he had to do was to re-tell his story of a few days before. He was served with the subpoena all right, but he failed to respond to its mandate. Day after day the case was postponed but no Brine was ever seen. The witness thus defied Stipendiary Fielding and his court. On Monday the magistrate grew tired of further waiting for the recalcitrant witness and the case had to go by the boards. Brine had successfully kept himself in hiding till the patience of everybody concerned was worn out. Stipendiary Fielding may be depended on pretty soon to find a way of getting at the witness who so openly defied his court.

Anonymous threatening letters are generally sent by cowards or practical jokers. The first dare not put their threats into execution, and the second would not if they could. During the last few days Chief O'Sullivan has received three threats by letter. The first asks him why it is that he harrasses certain liquor saloons in the vicinity of the Academy of Music while others go free, and bidding him beware. That region is dangerous, the writer said, especially for the chief and a “punching” would be sure to follow if he did not give the place a wider berth. The third letter was of like tenor.

The chief has been heard to say that on

account of such an invitation to keep away, he will, strange to say, be found there more regularly than before. It is not easy to frighten John O'Sullivan, and he comes round often now to see about that “punching.” One evening last week, after a temperance meeting in Masonic hall, the chief immediately adjourned to the dangerous locality and thinks he made unsuspected discoveries which will furnish food for reflection and probably for action in the future—whether the “punching” comes or not.

One day last week an Argyle street hotel proprietor imported a cask of German mustard, of a brand which he says has been long appreciated in New Brunswick. The liquor law people or the police saw the cask go into the place and suspecting it contained something else, gleefully anticipated a successful raid. In due time they visited the hotel, searched the premises, with visions of that cask of whiskey in their mind's eye. Soon the cask was found, when lo! they saw it held only mustard.

STYLE IN STATIONERY.

The Latest Idea in Fitting Out a Writing Desk for a Lady.

So much social intercourse is carried on through the medium of pen and paper—a society woman's correspondence being one of the most important features in her daily round of duties—that the full style in stationery is quite an important item with those who observe the conventions and desire always to do the proper “thing.” Not only the ultra-fashionable, says the Philadelphia Press, however, but all women of refined habit give great care to the ordering of stationery. A letter or a note seems, somehow, a person's representative, and not only in its general wording and sentiments, but in its entire appearance speaks for her and of her.

There are some people who never vary the style of their stationery, but whose letters can be recognized at a glance at any place and at any time. To those who follow the modes, however, it is of interest to know that this year the square-shaped envelope still holds its own, together with the billet and the octavo, which will be very much used for social purposes. The little billet, so handy for the sending of short messages, carries now a tiny sheet, just fitted to the size of the envelope. These little sheets are much more elegant than the correspondence cards, and much more convenient than the sheet which folds once to fit the envelope.

Vellum and linen finish are the proper thing for those who prefer a heavy paper, while bond paper is a light weight which is much in vogue. Any dictum as to make of paper is, however, not imperative, as people consult their own convenience on this head more than on any other in the matter of stationery, a great many conservatives still holding to the old-fashioned thin foreign paper with its invisible blocked rulings.

The tint of one's stationery is a great betrayal of personal taste. Fortunately fashion this year does not present the riotous choice in color which recently existed. The shades shown now by leading Philadelphia stationers are white, cream and blue. In the latter shade there are many variations, though no tone ever approaches the deeper shades used so much a year ago.

As to letter heads there is a decided return to monograms, but in this field the choice is a delightfully bewildering one. The monogram, stamped directly on the plain, open surface of the paper is very pretty, but the thing par excellence is the monogram, illuminated in blended colors, inclosed in different shapes—ovals, circles, lozenges—surmounted in some cases by a bow knot. One of Philadelphia's leading stationers shows the prettiest array of designs in this line that can be imagined, and it is safe to say that the monogram is to be very much in vogue. The old address head is falling out of favor, but in out-of-town stationery there is something very new, copied it seems from our English cousins. In this stationery, in addition to the name of the estate which surmounts the paper, the name of the railway and telegraph station is placed in the upper left-hand corner. This is not only a pretty style, but a very convenient, informative custom for all concerned.

In mourning stationery extremes are no longer considered good taste. The inch-thick border of black is rarely seen, a narrow line of black being in better taste and quite sufficient to indicate the condition of the writer. Visiting cards are as important as stationery. Those engraved in script are still held in favor and mostly used, though there are shown novelties in block and old English text. There is an attempt to introduce a lighter weight card—some cards as thin as paper being ordered by the ultra-fashionable—but the old heavy weight still holds its own. Much can be said in favor of the paper-thin card, however, not the least being the capacity of one's card case will not be so overtaxed as with the thicker card.

Seals, and hence sealing wax, are gradually creeping back into favor, and every well-stocked desk needs now its little taper and box of waxes. Desk sets, consisting of desk pad, rack for paper, inkstand, stamp box, penholder, rock blotter, pen tray, paper cutter, eraser, pencil and clock, in most costly leather, is quite the

OAK ISLAND TREASURE.

BELIEVERS IN IT ARE AGAIN AT WORK DIGGING.

They Have another Company with Plenty of Capital—The Old Shaft is to Have a Thorough Examination—The Story of this Strange Quest for Gold.

It seems odd that just at the dawn of the twentieth century a regularly incorporated company with a capital of \$60,000 should be working night and day to recover the buried treasures of Capt. Kidd, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. Yet that is what the Oak Island Treasure company is doing at Oak Island in Mahone Bay on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia. A score of men are digging away under the direction of a superintendent. The company does not claim that the treasure it is striving for was buried necessarily by Capt. Kidd, but that it was buried years ago by pirates.

Oak Island is scarcely a mile long and perhaps half a mile wide. It rises gradually from the water's edge until near the centre, at the highest point it is 200 feet above the sea level. There is rather a sparse growth of scrubby oak at the eastern end. The formation of the island is hard clay. The only buildings to be seen are an old farmhouse and a little shanty occupied by the superintendent of the works. The “works” comprise three or four pits and a queer rig suggestive of the Southern cotton gin. A horse walks around in a circle harnessed to a pole. This pole connects with a primitive windlass. Thus are the barrels of dirt and mud, but so far no money, brought from the pits to the surface. Here is the story of the hidden treasure as told by Adam Tupper, the superintendent:

“Much fiction has been written concerning great sums of money and vast quantities of jewels buried by pirates some 200 years ago somewhere along the Atlantic coast. I deal only with facts as stated by men now living who had a hand in them or as told to them by men now dead. So I claim it can be proved:

“1. That a shaft about thirteen feet in diameter and 100 feet deep was sunk on Oak Island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, before the memory of any now living.

“2. That this shaft was connected by an underground tunnel with the open ocean, about 365 feet distant.

“3. That at the bottom of this shaft were placed large wooden boxes in which were precious metals and jewels.

“4. That many attempts have been made, without success, to obtain this treasure.

“5. That it is reasonably certain the treasure is large.

“6. That it is now entirely feasible to thoroughly explore this shaft and recover the treasure still located therein.

“About the close of the century this part of the country was very sparsely populated, and Oak Island was without an inhabitant. In 1795 three men—Smith, McGinnis, and Vaughn—visited the island, and while rambling over the eastern part of it, came to a spot of which the unusual and strange condition at once attracted their attention. Vaughn himself, who was only a lad of 16 at this time, subsequently related these facts to Robert Creelman, who still lives at Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, and who was afterwards the manager of a company formed to recover the treasure. This spot had every appearance of having been cleared many years before. Red clover and other plants altogether foreign to the soil in its natural state were growing. Near the centre stood a large oak tree with marks and figures on its trunk. One of the lower and larger branches of this, the outer end of which had been sawed off, projected directly over the centre of a deep circular depression in the land about thirteen feet in diameter. These and other signs shortly after led the three men named to commence work.

“After digging a few feet, they found that they were working in a well-defined shaft, the walls of which were hard and solid, and it was said that in some places old pick marks were plainly to be seen, while within these walls the earth was so loose that picks were not required. On reaching a depth of ten feet they came to a covering of oak plank. They kept on digging until a depth of thirty feet was reached, finding marks at each ten feet. At this point the work proved to be too heavy for them. Superstitious beliefs were in full force in this part of the country then, and on this account they were unable to get any help to continue the work, and were forced to abandon it.

“After an interval of six or seven years, accounts of the wonderful discoveries had spread over the province, and Dr. Lynde, a young physician of Truro, Nova Scotia, visited the island and interviewed Smith, Vaughn, and McGinnis. On his return to Truro a company was formed for the purpose of continuing the search. Work was at once resumed by this company, and the shaft was excavated to a depth of ninety-five feet. Marks were found every ten feet as before, and an iron bar was frequently used in taking soundings. The ninety-foot



mark was a flat stone about three feet long and sixteen inches wide. On it marks or characters had been cut. Afterward it was placed in the jam of a fire place that Mr. Smith was building in his house, and while there was viewed by many people. Years afterward it was taken out of the chimney and removed to Halifax to have it possible, the characters deciphered. One expert gave his reading of the inscription to be: ‘Ten feet below are two million pounds buried.’ I give his statement for what it is worth. It is not claimed that this is the correct interpretation, but it has never been disputed. Until the depth of ninety-five feet was reached no water had been encountered, neither had sand or gravel through which water could possibly filter been met. It was Saturday evening when this depth had been reached, and it was at this point that a wooden platform was struck, extending over the entire surface of the shaft, as revealed by the sound-

ing. ‘Monday, when the men returned, the shaft was found to be full of water within twenty-five or thirty feet from the top. Notwithstanding this setback, they went to work to bail it out, and continued it night and day until the task proved utterly hopeless. It was then decided to sink a new shaft a few feet to the east of the old pit, known as the ‘money pit,’ to the depth of 110 feet, and tunnel under the ‘money pit’ below the location of the treasure, and take it out from below. Work was begun at once on this shaft. Up to this time in the sinking of this new shaft no water had been met with, but while driving a tunnel in the direction of the ‘money pit’ and before reaching the object sought, the water suddenly burst in on them, and the men engaged escaped with their lives and a fine drenching. This disaster practically ended the operations of this company.

“Until 1849 nothing was done in the direction of recovering the treasure, but in that year a new company was formed, and operations were resumed at the old stand. At this time two of the old diggers, namely, Dr. Lynde of Truro and Mr. Vaughn of Western Shore, were still alive, and gave the managers much valuable information regarding the old workings. Mr. Vaughn quickly located the site of the ‘money pit,’ which in the mean time had been filled up. Digging was commenced, and went on without interruption until the depth of eighty-six feet had been reached, when the water again put in its appearance and the men were driven out of the pit.

“After an unsuccessful attempt to bail the water out work was suspended and the men returned to their homes. Shortly after, men with boring apparatus of primitive description, used in prospecting for coal, were sent to the island. J. B. McCully, of Truro, who is still living and can vouch for these facts, was manager. A platform was rigged in the ‘money pit’ thirty feet below the surface and just above the water. The boring started, the platform was struck at ninety-eight feet, just as the old diggers found it when sounding with the iron bar. After going through this platform, which was five inches thick, and proved to be spruce, the auger dropped twelve inches and then went through four inches of oak; then it went through twenty-two inches of metal in pieces, but the auger failed to take any of it in except three links, resembling an ancient watch chain. It then went through eight inches of oak, which was thought to be the bottom of the first box and top of the next; then six inches of spruce; then into clay seven feet without striking anything else.

“In next boring the platform was struck as before at ninety-eight feet; passing through this, the auger fell about eighteen inches and came in contact with, as supposed, the side of a cask. The flat object revolving close to the side of the cask gave a jerky and irregular motion. On with-

drawing the auger several splinters of oak, such as might come from the side of an oak stove, and a small quantity of a brown fibrous substance closely resembling the husk of a coconut were brought up. The distance between the upper and lower platforms was found to be six feet.

“Not satisfied with the result of the last boring, another crew, of which James Pitblado was foreman, was sent to make further investigations, with practically the same result as before. John Gammell of Upper Stewiacke, who was present at the boring and who was a large shareholder, stated that he saw Pitblado take something out of the auger, wash and examine it closely, then put it in his pocket. When asked by Gammell to show what it was, he declined, and said he would show it at the meeting of directors on their return, but Pitblado failed to appear at the meeting. It was subsequently reported that Pitblado had made some revelations to the then manager of the Acadia Iron Works at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, which revelations led the manager to make a determined but unsuccessful effort to get possession of that part of the island where the treasure is believed to be. But as he was a few years later called to England, and Pitblado meantime had been accidentally killed in a gold mine, nothing further came of it.

“Work was not resumed until the following summer, 1850, when a new shaft was sunk at the west side of the money pit, and about ten feet from it. This shaft was 100 feet deep, and was through the hardest kind of red clay. A tunnel was driven from the bottom in the direction of the ‘money pit.’ Just before reaching that point the water burst in and the workmen fled for their lives. In twenty minutes there was forty-five feet of water in the new pit. The sole object in view in sinking this shaft was to increase the bailing facilities, for which preparations had been made, and bailing was resumed in both the new and the old pits, each being equipped with two horse gins. Work was carried on night and day for about a week, but all in vain, the only difference being that with the doubled appliances the water could be kept at a lower level than formerly. About this time the discovery was made that the water was salt, and that it rose and fell in both shafts about eighteen inches, corresponding with the tides.

“It was considered extremely improbable that the flow of water came through a natural channel, and if not through a natural, it must be through an artificial one, having its inlet somewhere on the shore. In support of the theory that the water did not enter the ‘money pit’ through a natural channel, it was argued that had it done so the original diggers must have struck it, and, if they did, it is certain that the workmen would have been driven from the pit by the great flow of water, and the shaft would necessarily have been abandoned. This evidently was not the case, as there is ample evidence from the fact that the wooden platforms were carefully placed in a position at the bottom of the shaft, as well as the fact that the shaft had been systematically filled up, with marks placed at every ten feet. Acting on this theory, a search was at once begun in order to find such an inlet.

Smith's Cove, on the eastern end of the island and about thirty rods from the ‘money pit,’ was first examined by reason of its many natural advantages as a starting point for work of this kind, and from the fact that at about the centre of this cove it had always been noticed that at low tide water was running out of the sand. Investigations were begun at this point, and the result of a few minutes' shovelling proved beyond a doubt that they had struck the place they were looking for. After removing the sand and gravel covering the beach, they came to a covering or bed of a brown, fibrous plant, the fibre very much

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resembling the husk of a coconut, and when compared with the plant that was bored out of the ‘money pit,’ no difference in the two could be detected. However, it was subsequently proved to be a tropical plant in former times used as ‘dunnage’ in stowing ship's cargo. The surface covered by this plant extended 145 feet along the shore line, and from a little above low to high water mark, and about two inches in thickness. Underlying this and to the same extent was about four or five inches of decayed eel grass, and under this was a compact mass of beach rocks free from sand or gravel.

“It was found impracticable to remove these rocks and make further investigation unless the tide was kept back. Accordingly a coffer dam was built around this part of the cove, including the boundaries, but an unusually high tide overflowed the top of the dam, and as it had not been constructed to resist pressure from the inside, when the tide receded it was carried away. Other pits were dug, but they, too, soon filled with water, and for the time the work was given up.

“Not long ago a young man found on the island a copper coin weighing an ounce and a half, dated 1317, on which were various strange devices. Some years ago a boatwain's stone whistle was also found on the island, of a very ancient pattern, but it was accidentally broken by the finder and was thrown away.”

“It is perfectly evident that the great mistake thus far has been in attempting to ‘bail out’ the ocean through the various pits. Our company uses modern appliances for cutting off the flow of water through the tunnel at a point near the shore. We are getting on finely with the work, and from the present outlook it won't be many months before the secret of the ‘money pit’ is solved.”

That is the story of Oak Island—one side of it. There is another side, a story of clairvoyants and divining rods being called in play to locate the mythical treasure. It's a story, too, of ironical smiles, scoffing, mean hints about some men making a good thing out of a hole in the ground, but it's just as well not to tell it. Only it is sad to think that the very people who hold this pessimistic, narrow view are among the old residents of Chester.

Faithful to His Agreement.

Harold Twickenham—Mr. Clinger was here last night.

Fiddlback—Was he? Say I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me whether he kissed your sister or not.

Harold—I can't do it.

Fiddlback—Why not?

Harold—She gave me a half dollar to keep it quiet.

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