



THE NEW HILLSBOROUGH BRIDGE AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN IT IS COMPLETED.

HIGGINS TAKES THE STAND AND ACCUSES GOODSPEED

Of The Murder of William Doherty at Rockwood Park St John in July Last

SWEARS GOODSPEED DID THE DEED WITH REVOLVER

Which Goodspeed Borrowed—The Accused Becomes Accuser—Graphic and Circumstantial Details—"Higgle, If You'll Tell on Me I'll Swear You Did It and They'll Believe Me, It's Your Pistol."

SENSATION IN THE MURDER TRIAL. ST. JOHN, Sept. 19.—(Special)—Frank Higgins took the stand this afternoon and declared that Goodspeed was the murderer of Doherty. he had quarrelled with Doherty who was trying to get the revolver and when he refused to give it ran to pick up a stone. Then he shot him. THE SCENE AT THE SHOOTING. Goodspeed, putting his hand on Doherty's heart said, "My God, I've killed him. I'll be hung. So help me God, Higgle if you tell on me I'll swear you did it and they'll believe me, for it's your pistol." HIGGINS HELPED CONCEAL THE BODY. The witness, Higgins, says he then helped to conceal the body and says Goodspeed twice tried to persuade him to go out again and burn it.

BORN.

At Kensington on Sept. 17th, to Albert and Mrs. Raley, twin daughters.

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the R. v. Leo. T. Williams, Ernest Rice to Eva Tomlin, both of Charlottetown.

DIED.

At Kensington, on Sept. 18th, Nellie Jean also Ethel Eanice, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Raby.

At West St. Peter's Mill, King's Co., Sept. 16th, 1902, Henry McEwen, aged 70 years.

This morning at one o'clock, John Kamao, Gt. George St., aged 57 years. [Funeral notice later.]

At Valleyfield on Thursday, Sep. 18th, 1902, Alexander Montgomery, son of Angus Montgomery.

SALISBURY'S VERY SERIOUS CONDITION

He Has Gout Followed by a Bad Chill

PRIVATE REPORTS WORSE

Liptyn at Belfast Consulting With Yacht Club About Challenge for America Cup.

ORD SALISBURY SERIOUSLY ILL. LONDON, SEPT. 19.—(Special)—Advises say that Lord Salisbury has chill and gout and will not be able to travel for a fortnight. Private advices are that his condition is worse than reported, but not yet considered exceptionally grave. SIR THOMAS LIPTON AT BELFAST. BELFAST, Sept. 19.—(Special)—Sir Thomas Lipton has arrived here to confer with the yacht club officials relative to the new challenge for the American Cup.

School Books! School Supplies! Big Stock. Low Prices. At Sunnyside Bookstore.

PERILOUS WORK ON THE BRIDGE BEGUN BY SAND HOGS THIS WEEK

Down Deep in the Sea They Work by Day and Night Never Ceasing in Their Labor.

FIRST PNEUMATIC CAISSON PLACED IN POSITION

Sturdy Workmen Give Way Under the Strain—Wages Regulated by a Union—The Deeper They Go the More Their Pay—How the Debris is Carried to the Surface.

In the midnight hours and while the sun shines brightly over the water the throbbing of the air pump of the pneumatic caisson at the Hillsborough Bridge may be heard throughout the city, while deep in the earth by the aid of the electric lights beneath water and sand the Sand Hogs work by day and night, never ceasing their dangerous task. Last Saturday evening thirty of those men, experts in such work, arrived in Charlottetown from New York to begin the most perilous undertaking in the whole construction of Prince Edward Island's greatest recent public work. On Tuesday evening at eight o'clock the work commenced and the first relay of five, with Foreman Dutchy in charge, descended into the earth and began their operations. The electric light is supplied from a dynamo on board one of the floats and nearby is the hospital and bath where the Sand Hogs are resuscitated after their advent into the air when their relay is finished. Five of these pneumatic caissons are to be placed in position and the work is now in progress on the one nearest the southern side. The following description of the Sand Hogs and their task shows vividly the perils of their work. Out of a hole reached somewhere deep into the mysterious underground came the head and shoulders of a man. He crawled painfully, like an angle worm, from the depths of an iron pipe set between blocks of stone. Here, close at hand, a river flashed in the sunlight; there the many industries of a city's water side hummed cheerily. But the man blinked and grimaced. His face was dirty and sruaked; the oilskin, hat and hip-boots he wore were covered with mud. Climbing at last over the pipe's edge the little man, sturdy workman though he was, actually needed a helping hand as his knees gave unsteadily under him. One by one five men pulled themselves out of the pipe or were helped over the edge. They landed on the stones, three shaky as to the knees. Only two—undersized but powerful young Swedes—came out erect and straight. The others needed copious draughts of coffee, black and odorless, brisk walking with the support of stalwart arms, to limber themselves. One had to be half carried, his legs semi-paralyzed, to a shanty—the "hospital"—laid on a cot, rubbed vigorously and dosed with ergot.

"We're pretty far down with that, also, a that's a fact," went on Frank the foreman. "I wouldn't like to tackle that depth myself." Across the river there was another blotch of whiteness, a pile of rough, gray stone. This and the blocks these men stood on would in time become the piers of the great bridge. For under each heap of stone, ninety feet below the surface of the river, lay a huge wooden box, sinking slowly into the mud. It was from out of one of these boxes that the men had just crawled. Massive wooden framework, tier on tier made the deck or roof of the box, and it was on this framework that the tons of stone rested. The pipe reached down nearly all of these ninety feet. It came to an end where the inside of the box began, a cavernous space of shadow some six feet high and fifty feet square. Other pipes led up to the outer world, traversed by buckets instead of men. This was the caisson's "working chamber," strange as to its atmosphere. There were enormous braces and beams everywhere; the floor was a thick mass of mud, the river's bed itself. Originally the box had had a bottom as well as a top and sides. When at the very beginning, the unyielding mass had been towed to its place and sunk in the mud its bulk included a temporary flooring. Once the first stones were laid atop of the framework, however, and the "shoe" or "cutting edge," as the steel rim

minutes each, this much being an exhausting day's labor. No accident or ill may happen in a caisson; the work may progress, mechanically, most successfully, and yet any pressure worker may come out, any day, a cripple for life. At high pressures the danger is never far distant. The best have to be walked and rubbed diligently as they ascend from these depths. Now and again a man finds as he reaches the outer air that his limbs fall under him, that he is paralyzed. The mild form of this, the numbness that every Sand Hog feels in greater or less degree as he climbs out of the pipe after working under a pressure of forty pounds, when it settles and cannot be removed by rubbing and exercise, is called "the bends." Science knows it as the "Caisson Disease." It cripples man like rheumatism, stiffening and bending his joints. Except in its milder form, "the bends" is apt to be permanent. The practical limit below ground is fifty pounds of air pressure. The men, that can work in that atmosphere are masters of their trade. Yet now and then a man is met with who has the strength to go farther. One of the keenest compressed air superintendents in the country has stood a sixty pound pressure. But he never goes down now. He is prematurely aged. A workman is occasionally pointed out as a man who has a record of sixty and he is looked up to as a wonder. And there is the story said to be scientifically accurate of a Frenchman who for purposes of experiment managed to stand a pressure of eighty-three pounds. Fire is scarcely possible now in these great wooden caissons. It was once a terror and a menace. But today with electric lights in the place of candles and gas piping there is not that danger of old. In the caisson of the Brooklyn Bridge Colonel Raebling devised ingenious "waterlocks" to carry over the waste dug from the river bottom, but these have since been replaced by the pneumatic blow pipe, by buckets that are hoisted up an air-lock of their own, and the pulsometer. The best regarded methods nowadays is the string of huge buckets that, once out of the caisson, dump their cargo and immediately descend. These are both simple and effective. For the grate river caissons more and finer apparatus is needed. Here the pneumatic method, the "blow pipe" comes into play. This is a siphon in principle, a pipe that leads to the air above. Its lower end is in a depression on the caisson's floor that is kept full of water. The air exhausted from the pipe, the water mixed with mud is sucked up and then discharged above. The Sand Hogs shovel mud over to this hollow at times; on their hands and knees they push water and slime within the pipe's range. The pulsometer is a newly perfected machine that serves an especial purpose. In the large caissons it often happens that one end is cut away by the Sand Hogs more than another. Perhaps at the further end there are great rocks awaiting drilling. At all events one end is lower and a sump is formed. This is simply a caisson's lower part. The water mixed in the mud will find its way down here, the bottom is cut away so far down perhaps, at this point that water finds its way under the cutting edge. Now the air pressure will keep the bulk of water out, but not this, unconsidered trick. The pulsometer comes in at this point. It is nothing more or less than a pump expressly designed for caisson work. A suction hose is attached to it. This is dropped into the sump, the pulsometer started and the miniature morass drained. A trick or two is needed by Sand Hogs and their engineers. It is weary work, yet romance has not left the world yet. No machine can take the place of these grubbies in mud and slime—the pressure workers.

CANNOT PAY SOLDIERS.

OTTAWA, September 17. —In response to a telegram from the militia department enquiring as to the arrears of pay lately returned Canadian soldiers from South Africa, the paymaster of the imperial forces at Halifax has wired to Ottawa that he has had no instruction whatever on the subject. Nothing further can be done therefore, until war office has been heard from. Between 200 and 400 men are claiming arrears.

AN OBSTINATE CASE OF ECZEMA

Mr. W. D. Johnson, Tillamook, Ore., writes that his father was entirely cured of a long standing and obstinate case of Eczema by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. His leg and foot were a mass of sores that refused to heal and he suffered terribly from the itching and stinging. Though he used a great many remedies and was treated by first-class doctors no permanent relief was obtained until he used Dr. Chase's Ointment.

TRAGEDY ON THE PRAIRIE AT BRANDON

Couple Fired on by Farmer and Woman Killed.

THE MURDERER SUICIDE

Murder and attempted Suicide at Caledonia Mines, Result of Drunken Row.

A COUPLE GO CHICKEN SHOOTING.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 19.—(Special)—Thomas L. W. of Alexander, and Miss Ernie Therrien left Brandon on Thursday for Balfour district to go chicken shooting.

FARMER FIRES ON THEM.

They stopped at the farm of Alonzo Row and were about to commence shooting when Row, 70 years of age, fired at the couple, killing the girl and slightly wounding Law. Row then went home and suicided.

MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

NORTH SYDNEY, O.B. Sept. 19.—(Special)—At the Caledonia mines two Quebeckers had a drunken row and a Frenchman named Razzo fired two shots at Malcolm Fraser, who will die. Razzo attempted suicide but was captured.

EDITOR MCCAFFERTY MARRIED.

ST. JOHN, September 17.—Frank McCafferty, city editor of the Telegraph newspaper, was married to-day to Miss Mullaly, of West side.

THE POLICEMAN'S EVIDENCE

Policeman Peter Morrie, Toronto, says that for years he was troubled with habitual constipation, and though he spent much money for medicine, was only disappointed with the results. He now recommends Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills to his friends because it cured him of his troublesome ailment. You can be cured of constipation by this treatment. One pill a dose 25 cents a box.



The above cut represents a line of girls' school boots that we think are just the right line, they are made by the Ames Holden Co., which is enough proof of the good wearing quality of them, the leather is Box Calf and the sole is fairly heavy made on a good fitting last and the style of them is perfect, nothing cheap about them but the price \$1.38 at

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