POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034



# FOR A MILLION ... OF MONEY

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

(Continued.)

She knew that there would not be long to wait. Whatever the drug was, it was sure to be rapid in its effect; and one of the two below would soon come to learn the result.

Some minutes passed, and she used the time to practice the simulation of heavy, stertorous breathing, such as she concluded would be the result of a drug.

It was now quite dark; but Olive's experience during the time she had been shut up there, had accustomed her eyes to darkness, and she could easily make out the objects in the room.

The house below was as still as midnight; and strain her ears as she would, Olive could not detect a sound.

Then suddenly a beam of light flashed across the ceiling, and she caught the sound of a footstep on the ground outside. Someone had been inspecting the path to the mine shaft, she thought; and had thrown the light of a lantern up to her window.

Strong confirmation this of her suspicions.

Soon afterwards she heard the stairs creak; someone fumbled at the lock of her door; and then a light, faint and dim, showed through the chinks.

The door was opened very stealthily. To her relief, Olive saw that it was the woman.

She paused by the door, first peering in and holding the lantern behind her.

"Have you finished, Miss?" The question was little more than a whisper at first; but when Olive did not reply, it was repeated in a louder tone, and with more confidence.

The lantern was put down, and Mrs. Tisley advanced into the room, closing the door behind her. At first she did not see Olive; but presently made her out, and then crossed the room to her side, and looked closely into her face.

Olive did not open her eyes, and breathed heavily. She felt her hand lifted, and when it was released, she let it fall listlessly.

An oath of satisfaction slipped out of the woman's lips, and she shook Olive by the shoulder, "You sly devil, you've taken it all right. Curse you, you'll wake up presently, and then——"

She got no further than that, for the next instant Olive had caught her by the throat, and with a dexterous twist, threw her on to the bed, and held her down. Caught thus entirely by surprise, the woman had no chance in the strong hands that gripped her throat, and squeezed it till the breath could not pass.

But that was not all Olive's intention. She was at bay, fighting for her life, and she had a further task.

Raising the iron bar she stood over the cowering wretch, and threatened to beat out her brains if she dared to utter a sound and then taking the little jug of milk, she forced her to swallow it. In dire fright the woman tried to resist; but Olive held to the task until, little by little, much as she would have forced them on an animal, the whole contents of the jug had been drunk.

Watching her intently, she saw the drug take effect and as soon as this was apparent, she stripped the woman's outer clothes off and tearing off her own changed dresses with her.

She made the change as rapidly as possible; but it took so long that she paused a dozen time in fear that she heard Merridew coming up to the room.

Despite the woman's unconsciousness, it was no easy task to put the clothes upon her and when Olive had finished, there were a hundred signs which to a woman's eye would have indicated the deception.

But Olive calculated that Merridew would be to the full as excited as she was herself, and in the darkness the trick might pass successfully.

Fortunately Mrs. Tinsley had been wearing a shawl over her head; and Olive put this on cunningly, so as to conceal the greater part of her face.

At this point her plans were changed. The idea of her violent resistance by striking Merridew down had been repugnant from the first; and now she saw another way. She would keep her weapon by her in case of her ruse being detected; but would only use it in the last extremity.

Her first thought in changing dresses with Mrs. Tinsley had been merely to increase the chances of catching Merridew unawares and to have a better chance of striking him down.

But now she saw a way that was infinitely less distasteful. If her ruse succeeded, and he was misled into mistaking the two, she would let him continue in that belief until they had left the house.

Again she sat herself to consider what he would do when he came and found that his victim was not at his mercy. He was a powerful man, and quite capable of taking her unaided the short distance to the mine shaft. She would not be expected to follow; as he would probably be unwilling for her to see the actual murder conmmitted.

That would be her chance to leave the house and fly. She had thus everything to gain by continuing the deception as long as possible.

With this thought to urge her, Olive set to work to do all she could to lessen the chances of Merridew's discovering that the insensible body was really that of his accomplice.

In addition to the dress she had put on the woman, she now put on her jacket and hat, and fastened a thick veil over the features.

If a question was asked about this, she could easily explain that, as she was supposed to be walking when she fell down the shaft, it was necessary that she should have on her walking clothes.

This addition, especially the veil, rendered discovery infinitely less probable; and Olive held the lantern to the prostrate figure, and surveyed the result with great satisfaction.

Then another touch occurred to her. She turned the lantern lower, until the light was so dim that anyone unaccustomed to the dark would be scarcely able to see anything at all by it.

All was ready at last, But when Merridew did not come, the delay rendered Olive restless and uneasy. He might have told Mrs. Tisley to go down and tell him when all was right; and in that case her absence might start his suspicion.

She spent a few moments in adding to her own disguise; holding the dim lantern up to her scrap of a mirror as she adjusted her shawl so as to conceal her features most effectually.

Then the delay started a new fear. The woman might recover consciousness; and all would be to do over again with its terrible uncertainty and possible failure. She might even have recourse to the more distasteful course of a sudden attack upon Merridew. And at that she went and bent over the woman, listened to her breathing, felt her pulse—feeble, flichering, and uncertain—and lifted her hand, and watched it fall flaccid and helpless, and nerveless.

Then at last she heard a movement below.

A door was opened, and a heavy tread came out into the passage.

"How long are you going to be up there?" called Merridew, with an oath.

With a start of pleasure, Olive noticed that the voice was unsteady, and the speech was thick. He had been nerving himself for the grim work of the night; and had drunk too much. He would be the less likely to see the trick she had played; and she felt a little thrill of delight and encouragement.

With her weapon in her hand, she crossed to the door, and opening it, slightly called, "Ready now," with as close an imitation of the woman's voice as she could assume, seeking to make her voice thick and stumbling with drink.

"What the devil's the matter with you, you old fool?" cried Merridew. "I suppose you're drunk again, as usual," he muttered, as he began to mount the stairs.

Olive set the lantern down by the door, and crossed to the bed, taking care to stand well in the shadow.

Merridew came up, swearing to himself at the narrow stairway, and when he reached the top, he lurched heavily against the door, sending it flying wide open, and staggered clumsily into the room.

"Hush!" whispered Olive.

"To the devil with your hushing," he replied. "Where are you?"

"Here."

"Is it all right?"

"Yes." Olive spoke in the same whisper, so that her voice was the more likely to pass unnoticed.

"Why the devil don't you have a proper light?" he grumbled.

Next he picked up the lantern, held it high over his head, and crossed the room toward her. Then suddenly he stopped with a start, and let out a sharp oath.

Would he recognize her? Her fingers closed on the iron bar, and ready to strike him down at the first sign of recognition, she waited with bated breath for his next movement.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Murder?

When Merridew stopped so suddenly in his approach to the bed, by the side of which Olive stood in such high-wrough suspense, she believed that he had noticed something which had roused his suspicion, and the second's pause before he spoke was like an hour.

He broke the silence with a laugh.

"Why you've dressed her up for a walk," he said, and swore with intoxicated good humor. He had been drinking much more heavily than she had thought. As he stood gazing down on the still form on the bed, the lantern swayed and wobbled in his hand, and he had to steady himself by the table. "Is she right off?" he asked, with a hiccough.

"Dead," whispered Olive.

He started and reeled slightly at this, not understanding her. "Do you mean you've overdone it, you old fool?"

At that Olive took a bold step. Stooping as if to uncover the face, she whispered angrily: "See for yourself."

He stretched out a hand hastily, and stopped her. "No, no. I don't want to see her. Stop that!" he cried.

She growled an incoherent retort under her breath and drew back.

He paused and stroked his forehead, as if in some doubt. But Olive was certain now that he had not a shadow of suspicion that all was not just as he saw it. He was stupid with drink, and his wits were muddled.

This was all in Olive's favor; but now it had a result on which she had not calculated. He was too unsteady on his legs to attempt to carry down the woman by himself, and dimly he realised this.

He set the lantern down on the table, and bent over the bed.

"Come on. You must help carry her."

She was to help in her own murder.

With a shudder of disgust, she drew back and mumbled a refusal.

This angered him and he swore at her viciously.

"Do what I say at once. Do you think I'm going to let you off your part of this? We do it together, or—you shall go first to make a soft spot fas her to fall on," and he laughed with drunken brutality.

Still Olive hung back; but he grew so violent and threatened her so loudly that she feared he would wake the woman and thus discover everything.

That must be prevented at any cost. Puting restraint upon herself, therefore, Olive bent down and took the woman's feet, while Merridew put his arms under the shoulders.

"She's not so heavy as I expected," he muttered. Then: "Take the light, somehow," and Olive picked up the lantern as she passed it.

Light though the burden was, Merridew stumbled several times under it, and they got down the narrow stairs with difficulty. Once he nearly let the woman fall, and swore as he regained his foothold.

(To be continued.)

# EMMERSON'S LEGAL BATTLE AGAINST HIS ACCUSERS COMMENCED YESTERDAY.

## Proof of Publication of the Alleged Libel is First Procedure

### Crocket's Council Will Plead Justification, Declaring that He Believed the Charge Against Mr. Emmerson's Character was True — Surprises in Store for the Defense.

FREDERICTON, N. B., May 29.—Hon. H. R. Emmerson has taken the first step in the law courts of the country by which he intends to punish the authors of the alleged libellous article which appeared in the Gleaner editorial, entitled "In Parliament," in March last.

Today's proceedings with two sessions did not last an hour, adjournment being made until tomorrow morning. Today only two witnesses were examined, and these only to show publication. Others will be put on the stand for the same reason tomorrow, and possibly important witnesses will be put on to prove the falsity of the article before witnesses for the defense will be heard.

Premier Pugsley and Hon. Mr. Emmerson arrived this afternoon on the Montreal train, being over an hour late. Both gentlemen are registered at the Queen. During the evening Mr. Emmerson was the centre of a group of friends and well-wishers.

Mr. Emmerson, speaking tonight about the future conduct of the prosecution, said that he did not wish to anticipate his case, but that he thought that there would be surprises in store for the defense.

The Gleaner tonight makes no editorial mention of the trial, but concludes its news story with the following paragraph:

"Hon. Mr. Emmerson, who was in court, displayed much nervousness and was continually tearing up paper."

Friends of Mr. Emmerson say that this is but a continuation of a campaign of dirt, the only basis for the statement being that during the trial Mr. Emmerson received a telegram announcing the death at Portland, Maine, of an uncle whom he had always held with the deepest regard. Mr. Emmerson upon opening the telegram placed it in his pocket and tore the envelope in pieces.

The preliminary examination of Jas. H. Crocket, managing director of the Gleaner on a charge of criminal libel was begun this morning before Colonel Marsh, the veteran police magistrate of the city. Few were present and the proceedings were only formal. Adjournment was granted at the request of the prosecution until the afternoon when Premier Pugsley would have arrived from Montreal.

Dow Simmons was swon in as official reporter. On the suggestion of J. H. Barry, K. C., who appeared for the prosecution, it was decided that the proceedings should henceforth be conducted in the city council chamber which would give more room for spectators and for newspaper men, of whom a large number are attending the proceedings.

The morning session only lasted about ten minutes.

The afternoon session was also brief hut enough was done to show that the case is to be stubbornly fought.

Notwithstanding that the day was disagreeable and that it was field day of the provincial university the chamber in the afternoon probably held as large a number as could enter its doors.

The court was well filled by a crowd which contained men only when Jas. H. Crocket, the defendant arrived, bringing with him the Gleaner books as ordered by the court.

J. Douglas Hazen, K. C., with O. S. Crocket, M. P., brother of the defendant, and Harry McLeod, mayor of the city, arrived shortly afterwards, and Premier Pugsley, J. H. Barry, K. C., and Hon. A. S. White, former attorney general, together with Hon. H. R. Emmerson, closely followed them. The lawyers for the defense arose and shook hands with their opponents, as each took his seat at the table and with Hon. Mr. Emmerson, which sat facing the magistrate. The defendant sat immediately behind his counsel.

Col. Marsh entered shortly after three o'clock. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Barry, who read information laid by Hon. Mr. Emmerson charging defendant with criminal libel, based on the following sentence which appeared in a Gleaner editorial on March 27th last:

"This minister was Mr. Emmerson himself, and one of the places from which he was ejected with two women of ill-repute, with whom he had been keeping company, not long since was the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal."

Mr. Barry wished first to prove the publication of the article. Mr. Hazen here arose and said that he would admit for the defense the publication of the article and that defendant was responsible for its publication.

"I wish to be clearly understood that this defense is that statement is true, that it was made in the public interest, that it was believed by the defendant to be true and that the matter was publicly discussed throughout Canada before its publication."

Dr. Pugsley—I thank my learned friend for what I would suppose is an effort to facilitate the case, but he is perhaps familiar with the fact that on a recent case from Australia the conviction was quashed in the criminal libel suit when publication was not shown."

John D. Hawthorne, a constable and jailer, was therefore called and told of the purchase of a copy of the Gleaner, which Mr. Barry held, from Miss Belyea, in the counting room of the Gleaner office.

Mr. Barry said they were offering in evidence that part of the editorial only upon which the information was laid.

Mr. Hazen—"I object that this one sentence should be taken out of an editorial nearly two columns in length. Words which might be a libel in one isolated sentence might possibly not be a libel when their context is shown."

Mr. Pugsley—I think on reflection that my learned friend will see that he is entirely wrong. The rest of the article may or may not have any bearing upon this sentence. It may be that it contains other libels, but we are only trying this libel at present. If my learned friend thinks when he comes to his defense that there are other statements which qualify or explain this sentence, it is quite open for him to use them. We are not called upon to put them in evidence.

Mr. Hazen read the whole article, and Mr. Pugsley replied that Mr. Hazen had only made clear that it contained many statements irrelevant to this inquiry. There are statements in this article, he said, about Mr. Fowler, and he did not think it was here necessary to go into that matter and to find whether or not Mr. Fowler had taken advantage of his public position for personal gain.

Mr. McLeod—My learned friend then cut this sentence out and put it alone in evidence.

Pugsley—Have you been listening?

O. S. Crocket asked whether the copy was submitted as evidence.

Mr. Pugsley—If my learned friend will listen to the proceedings he has probably the intelligence to know what is taking place.

The magistrate ruled that the sentence could be admitted alone.

J. D. Black, city editor of the Gleaner was next called in showing publication and provided evidence which did not amount to anything. He was very uncommunicative.

When questioned whether the Gleaner circulated in the United States or Quebec. "In Quebec," he replied, "it did and also out to the Pacific coast."

Questioned further, he said that he did not know who was the editor of his paper, although he admitted that he had heard Mr. Crocket called by this term on the street. His own office was "upstairs," and he had nothing to do with the editorials. He did not know who wrote the article in question. He knew Mr. Crocket writes some of them. He did not know whether the Gleaner was published on March 27 last, but he supposed it was, if it were not a holiday or Sunday. He did not know who was the Mr. Emmerson referred to in the article, but from the whole article he had an idea that "H. R. Emmerson, ex-minister of railways," was meant. Asked who set up the editorial matter in the composing room, he replied that no one knew.

Mr. Black was then dismissed. A discussion followed between the opposing counsel as to who could be called to prove publication, the defense again expressing their desire to assist.

The prosecution were about to put on the stand employes of the Gleaner office and H. L. Coulthard, foreman, who had already been summoned, when Mr. Pugsley asked for an adjournment on account of important business, which Colonel Marsh said he would grant.

Mr. Hazen said that he was much opposed to any additional adjournment. Witnesses have been brought from a distance and they were being kept here at considerable expense.

Mr. Pugsley said that if Colonel Marsh so desired his colleagues could continue the case. Mr. Barry said that the prosecution would do their utmost to allow the witnesses for the defense to leave for home as soon as possible.

Adjournment was then made at a quarter to four until tomorrow at 10 o'clock.

HARD ON THE COOK.

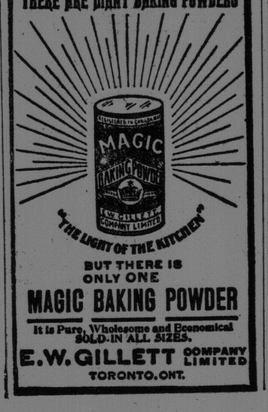
Several ladies sat in their club a few evenings ago discussing the virtues of their husbands.

"Mr. Bingleton," said one of them referring to her life partner, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits."

"Does he ever smoke," someone asked.

"Yes; he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But I suppose on an average he doesn't smoke more than once a month."

THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS

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## YARMOUTH MAN DIES SUDDENLY

YARMOUTH, May 29.—Capt. Wellington Killam, a well-known retired sea captain, of Hartford, Yarmouth county, was seized with an attack of apoplexy today while driving on Main street. He fell from his carriage cutting his head badly on the car track. He was picked up and carried into the office of Dr. Perrin where he died a few minutes later.

While running hot iron into moulds today Charles Whitehouse, an employe of the new Burrill-Johnson Iron Company, met with a severe accident. The clamps of his flask become slack and the hot iron ran into his boots seriously burning his feet.

The members of the Lumbermen's Association of Western Nova Scotia arrived here this afternoon and held a business meeting this evening.

## LARGE RAT CHEWED BABY'S HANDS

HAMILTON, May 29.—Mrs. Jno. Cart, wife of a barber here, was awakened during the night by a sharp pain in her hand. She was terrified to find a large rat chewing her hand. It was later discovered that the rodent had terribly lacerated both hands of her baby, who slept in the same room. The child is in a critical condition.

## EMMERSON'S UNCLE DIED YESTERDAY

FREDERICTON, May 29.—While in court today Hon. Mr. Emmerson received telegraphic news of the death in Portland, Me., of his uncle, J. Bedford Read, well known in this province as the head of the prominent firm of J. Read & Co., grindstone makers, who have large quarries at Stonehaven on Bay Chaleur, on the Bay of Fundy and also in Georgia. Mr. Read, who was 76 years old, has resided in Maine for several years, making frequent visits to his native province in the summer time. The firm of which he was the head was founded by his father about 75 years ago.

Mr. Read was the eldest brother of Mr. Emmerson's mother, who survives him. His surviving brothers are Dr. H. H. Read of Halifax and H. C. Read of Sackville. His wife is also still living.

## GENUINE WILD WEST EPISODE

BELLEVILLE, May 29.—A genuine wild west episode was reported from Bancroft, in the northern part of the county. May 15 a jewelry store was robbed in Alexandria, Ont., three men getting about four thousand dollars worth of watches, rings, etc. The police sent out circulars describing the men. Monday morning, May 27, two men entered a general store kept by Lavigne and Bancroft. One wanted to trade a watch for a pair of boots. He had the boots on when Constable Steinberg entered the store and tried to arrest the man, believing he was the Alexandria burglar. The man shouted to the chum to shoot, which the latter did, emptying a six shooter into the crowd, wounding two men. The crowd scattered and the supposed robbers got away. That night it was reported that three robbers camped in the woods near, and about 30 men armed themselves with military rifles and surrounded the camp. Shots were fired and there was an exciting time, but the desperadoes escaped in the darkness and have not been seen since. It is believed they are undoubtedly the Alexandria robbers.

## BIGGEST ROUND-UP FOR MANY YEARS

LETHBRIDGE, May 29.—The biggest round-up organized in Alberta for five years will start south from here in the morning to work the whole country from Northern Montant to the Big Bow, and Cypress Hills to the Rockies. Cattle have drifted so far from the accustomed ranges that the work of gathering will be much heavier than usual. There will be eight wagone, each with its complement of eight or ten riders and their fifty or more saddle horses. The city tonight is full of cowboys with leather and clanging spurs. They will gather all the cattle belonging to the larger ranches into different bands. The calf crop is said to be the lightest in years.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 29.—Frank W. Hill, formerly secretary of E. H. Harriman, who some time ago sold to a newspaper the now famous Sidney Webster letter, today pleaded guilty to violation of that section of the penal code which prohibits the making public of private documents by confidential employes. On the recommendation of Assistant District Attorney Krotel and at the request of Mr. Harriman, sentence was suspended.

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## HIS EXCELLEFCY WILL VISIT CLOSE FARM

### Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie and Mayor Sears Discussed Plans Yesterday For Vice-Regal Entertainment

Mayor Sears and Ald. Frink waited on Lieutenant Governor Tweedie yesterday afternoon to arrange the part that the civic authorities will take in the reception of Earl Grey when he visits St. John next August. His honor the lieutenant governor had to leave for Fredericton at five o'clock, and the conference with the mayor was postponed until Friday at four o'clock.

On Friday Governor Tweedie will hold a conference with the reception committee appointed by the Common Council. Lt. Col. G. Rolt White, D. O. C., will be present at the conference to decide what part the military authorities and the militia will take in the reception.

Mayor Sears informed The Sun last night that a trip up the river from St. John to Fredericton had been intended as part of the reception of his excellency the governor general. An effort had been made to get the Scionda, Commodore Thomson's steam yacht, for the trip. The commodore, however, did not intend to use the yacht during the season and it would not be possible to obtain her for this trip.

Another proposal, said his worship, was to take a run by motor-car from the city to Mrs. Close's farm at Nauwigewauk. Earl Grey had expressed a desire to see the home to which so many English immigrant children went on their arrival in this country and an automobile jaunt to the Close farm was considered to be the best way of enabling the Governor General to gratify his wish.

There would also, said Mayor Sears, be a reception of some kind in the city, and also the presentation of an address to his excellency.

Just what form the military part of the programme will take is not known at present, and the details of the civic reception will not be definitely decided upon till Friday.

## PTOMAINE POISONING

BOSTON, Mass., May 29.—Edmund Sandford Clark, 64 years, is dead at his home in South Framingham, a victim of heart trouble, superinduced by ptomaine poisoning. Mr. Clark was born in Boston May 2, 1843, and leaves a widow and one son. He was prominent in business and society.

## DR. T. H. LUNNEY THE NEW PRESIDENT

### Medical Inspection of St. John Schools will be Urged on Provincial Board of Education

The annual meeting of the St. John Medical Society took place last evening in Scammell's restaurant. In addition to dry details of routine business the medicos discussed an excellent dinner. The principal business done was the election of officers for the ensuing year. Some minor details were also attended to.

Those present were Dr. Melvin, Dr. Lunney, Dr. Inches, Dr. McIntyre, Dr. Roberts, Dr. McVey, Dr. McAlpine, Dr. McCully, Dr. McIntosh, Dr. Crawford, Dr. Crocket, Dr. Daniel, Dr. Scammell, Dr. Rowley, Dr. Warwick, Dr. Corbett, Dr. James Christie, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Pratt, Dr. T. D. Walker, Dr. Gray, Dr. Anglin and Dr. Malcolm.

The elections resulted in the following officers being chosen for the coming years: President, Dr. T. H. Lunney; vice-president, Dr. C. M. Pratt; secretary, Dr. J. S. Bentley; treasurer, Dr. James Christie; financial secretary, Dr. G. G. Corbett; pathologist, Dr. William Warwick; librarian, Dr. W. E. Rowley.

The passing of several new by-laws took up the attention of the meeting after the election. A committee was also appointed to bring to the attention of the proper authorities the resolution recently passed by the society to the effect that medical inspection of schools was necessary. The matter will be brought before the provincial board of education.

The meetings of the society in the future will be fortnightly instead of weekly.

The retiring and newly-elected officers all made brief addresses. At the dinner the chair was taken by Dr. Melvin, the retiring president, and the vice-chair by Dr. Lunney.

## EXPRESS TRAIN WRECKED; TWO MEN INSTANTLY KILLED

BRADLEY, Cal., May 29.—Southern Pacific passenger train No. 10, Sunset Express, which left San Francisco last night, was ditched near here today. Engineer James Bybee of San Francisco and a man who was stealing a ride, were instantly killed. The fireman was badly scalded. An investigation of the cause of the wreck is being made.

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