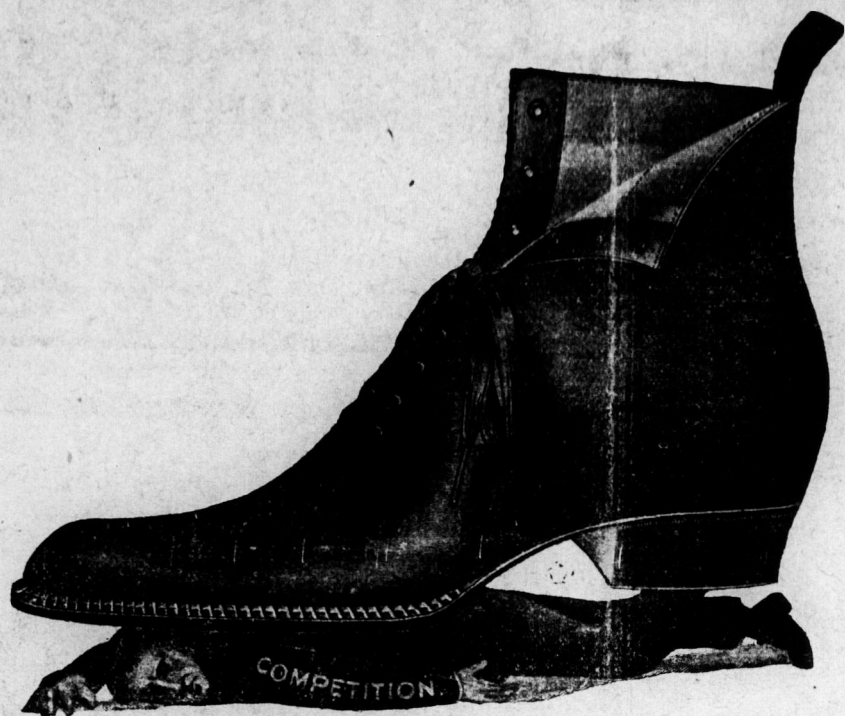


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Grand Bank Notes.

Wednesday was all that could be desired for the annual Sunday School picnic at Grand Bank. It was a full day. In the morning the Supreme Court met. The Court has not anything of a criminal character to adjudicate upon. Some land disputes were amicably settled. A schooner brought over the football team from Harbor Breton to try issues with the Grand Bank team. The challenge came from Harbor Breton. It was soon discovered that a number had had their superior training at St. Bon's College, St. John's and that others were members of the Bell Island "Dominion team." They looked fine in their beautiful attire. A hearty cheer went up when in a few seconds after time was called the Harbor Bretons had scored their first goal.

Grand Bank rose to the occasion and at the close of the first heat had secured 2 goals to 1. The second struggle began and the game ended in a victory for Grand Bank of 6 goals to 2. This is the third time in succession for the season that Grand Bank sings "The song of victory." Mr. W. J. Higgins kindly acted as referee and received the hearty thanks of the contestants. The Chief Justice, Sir William Horwood and his legal confreres made themselves very agreeable, by partaking of tea with the Sunday School friends. The Superintendent and Teachers spared no pains to make the Sunday School picnic a success and everything went off splendidly. The line up was as follows:

Grand Bank	Harbor Breton
Harris	S. Smith
Tibbo	St. Smith
Footo	F. Smith
N. Nicholls	J. Dollemont
T. Lench	J. Gorman
G. Harris	J. Payne
C. Lench	R. Martin
J. Rose	J. Smith
B. Lench	P. Keating
S. MacDonald	L. Eagan
A. Lacey	

CORRESPONDENT.

Fisherman Astray in Boat.

PICKED UP AT PETTY HARBOUR.

Yesterday morning a message was received in the city from Petty Harbour to the effect that a man named Raftus, who had been adrift in a small row boat, was picked up there the day previous. Raftus is a fisherman from the North Battery, and about 60 years of age. He left home on Friday evening last for the fishing grounds in company with several other boats. While proceeding to the Cape Shore grounds some of Raftus's companions knew that a gale was approaching and decided to turn back; meanwhile advising Raftus to do likewise, warning him he would be swamped. He disregarded the warning and continued rowing in the direction he was going. The boat Raftus was in had just been out of sight from his comrades, who were rowing with might and main towards the shore, when a deceptive north-easter sprang up. As the night advanced the wind blew harder and harder but there was no sign of Raftus, who acted in so foolhardy a manner. His friends began to give him up as they knew that his chances of reaching the land were slim. Enquiries were made at various places but no one had seen him. After being adrift all night in an open boat, exposed to the sea and getting the full force of a north east gale, by a kind act of Providence Raftus was picked up off Petty Harbor on Saturday by two residents of the place where he received careful attendance and this morning he was driven to the city not looking much the worse for his terrible experience.

Portia Returns.

The S. S. Portia, Capt. J. Kean, arrived back from Western ports at eleven o'clock last night, bringing a full freight and the following passengers: Rev. A. J. Maher, H. B. Lake, E. J. Rawlins, Sr., E. J. Rawlins, Jr., M. Pike, J. Francis, J. O'Leary, C. B. Dicks, T. A. Hall, C. H. Renouf, D. Feder, M. J. Keefe, Dr. Freebairn, W. Furlong, J. St. George, A. Melvin, G. Martley, Mesdames W. J. Martin, P. Mays, Duggan (2), S. Ryall, St. George, Sister Catherine, Misses O. Bishop, P. Martin, Wagg, Hogan, Healey, Bambrick, Woods, Rogers, Johnstone, Noonan (2), Ryan, Milley, Freebairn, Williams, Duff, Tapper, and 41 second class.

A Working-man Injured.

A laborer named Morrissey, met with a painful accident on Saturday by having his right foot crushed. A motor car was being discharged from the S. S. Stephano at Harvey's wharf and a number of workmen were engaged at it. When landing the machine on the wharf Morrissey, who was helping get his foot caught underneath the car and one of his toes was crushed to a pulp. He was driven home and attended by a doctor.

Investigation of English Tragedy Clears Mystery.

Man Shoots Wife and Children—Had Two Wives—They Were Sisters and Both are Claimed to Have Been Married to Him.

A terrible crime, involving the loss of the lives of no fewer than five persons, was perpetrated at Eastbourne, a man, three children, and a woman being found dead in the bedroom of a house in the Upperton district says a London paper. All of them had been shot. The bedroom had been set on fire and the bodies were so charred as to be almost unrecognizable. The remains so far as can be officially ascertained are those of "Captain" Robert Hicks Murray, thirty-two, Edith Matilda Murray, his wife, twenty-six, Vera Murray, eighteen months; Stanley Murray, three and Winifred Francis Murray, two.

When knowledge of the tragedy first leaked out the police were confronted with a veritable maze of "mysteries," but many of them have, apparently, been elucidated by information since supplied to the authorities.

The tragedy is that of two sisters "married" to the same man—"Captain" Robert Hicks Murray. By each he had issue. The husband is supposed to have gathered both families under one roof, afterwards seeking to exterminate both wives and their children. Then, in an endeavor to cover up the crime, he set fire to the house.

WIFE AND CHILD KILLED.

It appears that the real wife, Edith, and her child were killed on Aug. 17, and that the bodies were placed in a locked bedroom. When the other victims were despatched all the bodies were placed in a row, petrol was poured over the room in which they lay, the murderer setting fire to the house, and as the flames rose he committed suicide with a revolver shot.

Florence Murray, a sister of Edith Murray, and mother of two of the murdered children, escaped to give the alarm. She was bleeding from serious bullet wounds, and lies in the hospital at Eastbourne.

Murray first took Florence and her two children to Meads, a quiet neighborhood, two miles outside Eastbourne, where he so effectually concealed their identity that neither the name of Mackie nor Hicks Murray was known to the tradespeople, to the postal authorities, or to the police.

Next he took a house at Enys-road for a month, and brought his wife Edith and her baby there. They were seen by no one except the charwoman and other "helps."

On the afternoon of Aug. 17 at 3 o'clock, when the "help" left, the mother and child were alive and well. In the evening Florence and her two children were brought to the house from Meads, and he informed her that he had not the use of the whole of the premises, and that the owner of the premises had locked up certain of the apartments. One of the rooms indicated was that where the police afterwards discovered blood marks, and in which someone had attempted to wash his or her hands in a pan of water.

BROUGHT SECOND WIFE HOME.

It was scarcely possible to doubt that when he brought the woman and her children to the house in the evening his murdered wife and infant were dying in the closed apartment. Inquiries revealed that there was a family of four sisters named Pater. Edith and Florence lost touch with the other members of the family through their relationships with Murray. Some two years ago Robert Murray met and married Edith Pater, despite the fact that he had previously lived with Florence at Marjorie-grove. His affections appeared to have swung from one to the other, for some time after marrying Edith he was again living with Florence, by whom he had two children. He lived with Florence at Clapham, and she claimed to have been married to him by Scottish law. His wife, Edith, visited him frequently, and even, according to the accounts of neighbors, made clothes for Florence's children. Relations between the sister-wives were friendly, though two separate establishments were maintained by the husband.

Then a year ago the wife Edith gave birth to a child. This was six months after the birth of Florence's daughter, Vera. It appears that from this point the sisters became rivals and enemies. The vicissitudes of the two households are unknown. But on July 24, Murray and his wife Edith, and her child took a furnished house in one of the best parts of Eastbourne. There they apparently lived in peace until Monday.

At the inquest a sister of the two women was asked if she ever heard Florence say that she went through a ceremony of marriage with Murray, and she replied in the affirmative. It took place at the house at Clapham Common under the Scottish form.

Those who met Murray speak of him as a man of soldierly bearing. James McKinnon Murray, of Callow Lands,



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near Watford a cousin of the dead man, stated the relations between them were strained.

"I have seen very little of him lately," said Mr. McKinnon, "and we did not get on very well together. The last time I saw him was just before Christmas, when he called on me to ask me if I could negotiate a mortgage on some property that he told me he owned in India." The interview, according to Mr. Jas. Murray, did not end satisfactorily. His cousin seemed to be very excited, and the upshot of it was that he left the house and declared that he would never come again.

"He was a man of very excitable temperament," said Mr. James Murray. "I know very little about his matrimonial arrangements, but when he came to me last he said, 'I think I have made a mistake in getting married. I am not a man who is suited to that life. Women amuse me but after a time they bore me to death.' He was at one time, I know an orderly to a major of the Seaforth Highlanders, and he had also served in a similar capacity in Hongkong and India, but, so far as I know, he was never a non-commissioned officer. On one occasion he showed me his photographs in the uniform of a Highland regiment."

Murray had been described as a one time captain in the Scots Greys and Gordon Highlanders and at the inquest a relative of the woman who had been said she had been informed he was a captain in the Greys. In the certificate of marriage of Edith and himself he was described as a bachelor or of independent means, while in the birth certificate of one of his children he was described as a retired captain of the Gordon Highlanders.

My Uncle.



When I was broke and full of groans, and rustling round for trifling iron bones? My uncle. Who is my refuge and my hope when I in deep affliction grope, fooled badly by the baseball dope? My uncle. Who keeps my overcoat a spell when things are not progressing well, and fills it with a mothball smell? My uncle. Who takes my watch and plate glass ring when to his lair the same I bring, enabling me to smile and sing? My uncle. Who helps me from an ugly hole and doesn't jar my shrinking

soul with any moral rigmarole? My uncle. Who has a helping hand for me when I am steeped in misery, and other friends' and helpers flee? My uncle. When days are bleak and roads are rough, and all the world seems grim and tough, who is it always has the stuff? My uncle. Who is it stakes me with a plunk for almost any kind of junk—a pair of shoes, a hat, a trunk? My uncle. No other relative have I who bears me when distressed I cry; one only heeds my plaintive sigh—my uncle. And when I leave this earthly crowd I'll ask my uncle, from a cloud, to lend me something on my shroud. Oh, uncle!

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St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1904. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

He's 'Dick' to All

About a year ago a party of British journalists traveling through British Columbia were entertained by Sir Richard McBride, as Premier of the province. To those men with fixed traditions of a Prime Minister's dignity, it was somewhat of a shock to find how very familiarly the westerners treated their ruler, addressing him on the street quite frequently without more formality than would be given to a village alderman. However, the climax to the Englishmen's amazement was reached during an automobile drive. The Premier had a tall colored chauffeur whom he addressed as "Sam." Reaching a smooth section of the road, the Premier leaned over the front seat and suggested a little more speed.

"Lor' bless you, Dick, she's on the last notch now," responded the negro, with perfect equanimity.

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