

'Mercy, My Lord.'

Mercy, Not for Me, but the Wife.

MRS. STRUGNELL, are you there? once more shouted the constable. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs. Strugnell more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they soon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness.

Nervously she glanced round the circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell upon Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, 'They, they are the murderers!' swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their pretended protestations of innocence, were instantly seized and taken off to a place of security; Mrs. Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbors close by; the house was carefully secured, and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes, but not, I fancy, to sleep any more for that night.

The deposition made by Mrs. Strugnell at the inquest on the body was in substance as follows:—

'On the afternoon in question she had, in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service, she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady was gone to bed. She then immediately proceeded home-wards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch key, and proceeded to her bedroom. There was no light in Mr. Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it. She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, as of persons entering by the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed—as to who it could be, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong not being expected home for a few days, she gently closed her door and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and presently her door was tried, and a voice in a low hurried whisper said, 'Mary, are you there?' She was positive it was Mr. Armstrong's voice, but was too terrified to answer. Then Mrs. Armstrong—she was sure it was she—said also in a whisper, and as if addressing her husband, 'She is never back at this hour.'

A minute or so after there was a tap at Mr. Wilson's door. She could not catch what answer was made; but by Armstrong's reply, she gathered that Mr. Wilson's had lain down, and did not wish to be disturbed. He was often in the habit of lying down with his clothes on. Armstrong said, 'I will not disturb you, sir; I'll only just put this parcel on the table.' There is no lock to Mr. Wilson's door. Armstrong stepped into the room, and almost immediately she heard a sound as of a violent blow, followed by a deep groan and then all was still. She

Nerves at High Tension

Slight extra strain means collapse—Restoration obtained by using DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force.

A little extra worry and anxiety and snap goes the nervous system. Weeks and months are often required before energy and vigor are regained.

Rest helps, so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. Wm. Branton, Victoria St., Stratford, Ont., writes:—My nervous system seemed all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and I had jerking of the limbs. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food helped me and I continued until I had taken twenty-four boxes. This treatment has made a radical change in my condition, building up the system and strengthening the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

was paralyzed with horror and affright. After a lapse of a few seconds, a voice—Mrs. Armstrong's undoubtedly—asked in a tremulous tone if 'all was over?' Her husband answered 'Yes; but where be the keys of the writing-desk kept?' 'In the little table-drawer, was the reply. Armstrong then came out to Mr. Wilson's sitting apartment. They soon returned, and crept stealthily along the passage to their own bedroom on the same floor. They then went down stairs to the kitchen. One of them—the woman, she had no doubt—went out the back way, and heavy footsteps again ascended the stairs. Almost dead with fright, she then crawled under the bedstead, and remembered no more till she found herself surrounded by the villagers.

In confirmation of this statement, a large class-knife belonging to Armstrong, and with which it was evident the murder had been perpetrated, was found in one corner of Wilson's bedroom; and a mustache comb, for one thousand pounds on Craig Farm, the property of Wilson, and which Strugnell swore was always kept in the writing-desk in the front room, was discovered in a chest in the prisoner's sleeping apartments, together with nearly one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, silver, and county banknotes, although it was known that Armstrong had but a fortnight before declined a very advantageous offer of some cows he was desirous of purchasing, under the plea of being short of cash. Worse perhaps than all, a key of the back-door was found in his pocket, which not only confirmed Strugnell's evidence, but clearly demonstrated that the knocking at the door for admittance, which had roused and alarmed the hamlet, was a pure subterfuge. The conclusion, therefore, almost universally arrived at throughout the neighborhood was, that Armstrong and his wife were the guilty parties; and that the bundles, the broken locks, the sheet hanging out of the window, the shiny, black hat, were, like the knocking, mere cunning devices to mislead inquirers.

The case excited great interest in the county, and I esteemed myself professionally fortunate in being selected to hold the briefs for the prosecution. I had satisfied myself, by a perusal of the depositions, that there was no doubt of the prisoners' guilt, and, I determined that no effort on my part should be spared to insure the accomplishment of the ends of justice. I drew the indictment myself; and in my opening address to the jury, dwelt with all the force and eloquence of which I was master, upon the heinous nature of the crime, and the conclusiveness of the evidence by which it had been brought home to the prisoners. I may here, by way of parenthesis, mention that I restated to a plan in my address to the jury which I have seldom known to fail.

To be continued.

Story of the Consol.

How the British National Debt is Made Up.

Almost all the debt of England consists of the funded debt, so called, and the greater part of this is made up of "consols," which is an abbreviation of "consolidated stocks," of which we read every day in the papers, and the price of consols is the financial pulse of England, says the Bankers' Magazine.

Consols were created in 1752 by statute 25 of George II, chapter 27. But no scrap of paper ever represented a consol until, to facilitate commerce, in 1870, a statute was passed allowing the Government to issue certificates to represent them. The property that all the world ask the price of every day was unrepresented by any monetary securities until 1870, and even now very few certificates have been issued.

Now, this is a consol, and this is its history: Originally some one had loaned the Government \$500, and the Government has caused his name to be enrolled on its books as a creditor, from whom it has received that amount, and to whom some day it might, if it chose, repay it. It need never do so, but until it did it must pay him an annuity of \$15—that is, he received 3 per cent. on his money as long as the Government chose to keep it, but the Government could pay it back at any time it chose to do so. This creditor then owned a consol—that is, he owned such a debt from the Government as I have just described.

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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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A Practical Apron.



A serviceable work apron such as the one here shown, not only protects the entire dress, but is very becoming as well. It may be made with very little difficulty, and the ease with which it may be slipped on and off is a feature that will recommend it at once to the busy housewife. The bib is cut circular and slips on easily over the head requiring no pins or buttons to hold it in place. A generous size pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the wearer. Such a garment as this could be successfully made from linen, gingham, muslin and percale. The medium size will require 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the making. Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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A Practical Model showing New and Attractive Ideas.



This comfortable model has several excellent features, but its strong point is the centre back closing that extends to the lower edge of the skirt, and is a great saving of trouble in laundering. The waist may be finished with a standing collar, or with the sailor collar. Deep shoulder platts give breadth and lend fullness to the design. The skirt may be plaited or gathered. The design is adapted for woolen materials, and also for gingham, chambrays, percale or repp. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years. It requires 4 5/8 yards of 24 inch material for the 8 year size.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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Name

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10 cents each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

If he wished to transfer what rights he had—that is, his 3 per cent. per annum—and the right to his \$500 when, if ever, the Government chose to return it, he could go to the Bank of England with his transferee and receive the purchase price from him, and the stock would be transferred to the man paying the consideration to the former owner, and thereafter the transferee would receive the \$15 a year and the \$500, if it was ever paid back. But no paper passed except the receipt for the purchase money which was given by the buyer, and which the bank officials checked with a red mark.

These receipts were not certificates of ownership and were seldom preserved, never except for purpose of identification when the new owner went to draw his first dividend. After that they were destroyed. It is true in olden times the owner of a consol was given a tally, which was nothing but a block of wood with notches on it, split in two so that a portion of each notch should be on each half and the owner of the stock the other half.

These showed the state of the account between the Government and its creditor, but this was an antiquated system of keeping accounts, brought down from the days when writing was little known, and at last they were abolished by act of Parliament and burned. There were so many of them that when they were thrown into the furnaces these became superheated, and the Parliament houses burned down, which perhaps served the authorities right for keeping the antiquated system so long.

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provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form. It's the food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

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UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to NOV. 14th, 1910.

A Ansty & Co. St. John's Andrews, Miss Eliza Alcock, Miss Stella Associated Mail Dealers, Duckworth St.	B Baxter, Thomas, Bradford, H. late Sydney Barter, Jack, card. Benmore, Jas. late Sydney Breaker, Henry, Brenton, David, Biddiscombe, P. Briant, Edward Bishop, E. M. Brown, Samuel Butler, Master Cecil Butler, Miss Annie Butler, Samuel Blundon, Robert Butler, Azariah, card. Barron, Wm., card. Brantford, A., card.	C Carew, Miss Katie Clark, Mrs. E. J., card. Christophe, Miss Lizzie, Courage, Rev. W. R., Connellly, Miss Ray, Hagan, John J., Cornwall Road Collins, Mrs. Mary A. Connors, Theodore, Cox, Mrs., care G.P.O. Cooke, F., Gower St. Connors, Mrs. J. Curran, Mary A., Churchill, John, Campbell, C. J., Duckworth St.	D Davis, Mrs. Benjamin, Dudge, Miss Mary J., Delaney, Miss Bessie, Dickenson, H. W., Dunlop, James, card E Evans, Bob, card Eddy, Miss S., Everett, Wm., Elliard, Mr., F Fisher, Prescott, Flight, Thomas, Fowler, Miss Bride, Follett, George Foot, Jas. Fulton, Miss J. Forward, F. G Graham, Mrs. A., Grant, Mrs. M., Grant, Mrs. Brown, Grant, James, Gregory, Mrs. Flower Hill H Hawkins, Chas. G. Harvey, Mrs. Patrick Hagan, John J., Cornwall Road Healey, Miss Lizzie, card. Heward, Mrs., care G.P.O. Hickey, John, Hooper, Thomas, Hutchings, Muriel, Hudson, E. A.	J James, Nellie, Lime St. Jefferson, Jones, J. P., card Jones, W. E., King, Mary Ellen, card. Kennedy, Lillie, Kennedy, George, York St. Kavanagh, Fred W., Kavanagh, Martin Kennedy, Fred, card Knowing, Miss A., Kehoe, Miss Maggie, L LeDrew, Anthony, card. Lockyer, Thomas, Bell St. Lodge, Edmund, Mahoney, Lizzie, Cook St. March, Miss, card. Martin, Wm., care G.P.O. Maurice, Wm., care G.P.O. Mercer, Richard McGee, George Mitchell, W. A. Murphy, Joseph, card McKellop, Daniel, retd. Nelson, Bertram Nelder, Miss Annie, O O'Mara, Patrick, card O'Brien, Thomas, Lime St. Outram, W. R. P Parsons, Albert J. Patey, Louisa, Percy, A., Allendale Rd. Pretty, Miss Ada, retd. Piercey, Frank, card Pike, Hilda J., Pitman, George, retd. Phippard, Mrs. G., care G. P. O.	Phillips, Mrs. Thos., card. Hayward's Ave. Power, Mr., Nagle's Hill Power, Mrs., Long Pond Rd. Power, Master, of George R Ryan, Jim, late Grand Bank Rankin, Robert, Cabot St. Ryan, Miss Katie, retd. Redmond, Michael, late Honne Bay Rowe, Mrs. Arthur, Rogers, Miss Abigail, Circular Road Royal, Mrs. John, Roberts, Christopher, Water Street S Sanson, Lavinia, Sheppard, Miss Mary, card. Seadog, Capt., Cabot St. Shelgrove, Miss L., Plymouth Road Smith, Miss Annie, Maxie Street Simms, W. H., Snow, John, Alexander St. Strong, R. F., Quires, Beaton H., Summers, Mrs. G., Rennie's Mill Road Squires, Helena E.
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SEAMEN'S LIST.

A Hallett, Capt. T., Crouse, Ambrose, Moulton, John Thos., Charles, Benjamin, Sharpe, Wm. John, Yelman, Capt. schr. Clara Smallcombe, Richard, Hackett, Capt. Jos., Penigan, Augustus, Taylor, Esau, Cook, Alonzo, Pike, John C., schr. Empire	Glynn, Dick, card. schr. Ellen James Keeping, John M., schr. Fannie Young Kendrick, Capt. J., schr. Glenwood Kerman, Alex., schr. Gladys E. Whidden Tobin, George, Pilgrim, Albert, schr. Gay Gordon H Saunders, Capt. Geo., schr. Helena Capt. Schr. Henrietta I Jacobs, John Wilson, schr. Ida J Morris, Capt. Ed., schr. J. B. Anderson K Thorne, Thomas, schr. Kitchener	L Dean, Geo. B., schr. Lady Napier Snow, Capt. Wm., schr. Luetta Lester, J., schr. Martha Edmunds Morcott, Patrick, schr. Maud Palmer Young, Albert, schr. Minnie E. Strong Laurence, Edward, schr. Millie M. Taylor, Master F., schr. Madulin Eastman, Wm., schr. Messenger Jones, John, schr. Minnie E. Strong Davis, Capt. Wm., schr. Mauna Loa March, L., schr. Messenger Morris, Robert, schr. Maxwell Reid, Richard, schr. Mary Carter, Kenneth, schr. Notre Dame	O Walters, Capt. T. J., schr. Oriental P Evans, Capt. Henry, schr. Pendoragon Peddie, Abijah, schr. Prowl S Miller, Henry, schr. Susan M. McLeod, John, schr. Strathcona Knighth, Thos., schr. Strathcona Vivian, A., schr. S. M. Lake T Pettie, Capt., schr. Toboatic V Pollett, George, schr. Violet W Wyatt, Capt. George, schr. Western Lass Robbins, Stephen, schr. William X Pittman, John, schr. X 10 U \$
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The Prince and the Pauper.

In a large barred packing box in the tween deck section of the Hamburg-American Line freighter Christiania travelled together two friends—King James, a royal Bengal tiger, and Spud, little Spud, the homeliest, "ornierest bunch of yellow mongrel hair and snapping black eyes. Some how fate, instinct, or perhaps just dumb luck led him to Hexamer's livery stable in New York, where King James, the young Bengal, was lunging nervously about within the narrow confines of his packing box. Spud was dirty. One of his hind legs was askew, and his tail resembled a piece of moth-eaten fringe. A part of his left ear was gone. The Hexamer man viewed the visitor with little sympathy and yet not unkindly: for an animal is an animal, and by a certain instinctive process men who handle beasts, whether wild or tame, develop a sentiment concerning them that is rather difficult to define.

So they let him run about the stable until fate, instinct, or just dumb luck—take your choice—led him to the prison of King James. The stablemen heard the mongrel's joyous yelp and ran to see what was the matter. Spud was back to witness Spud's finish. But there was no finish: it was a beginning. The men saw Spud—they gave him that name later—standing on his hind legs, his paws against the bars of the cage, his ears cocked stiffly, and his fringe of a tail wagging so swiftly that it was nothing but a pale chrome blur.

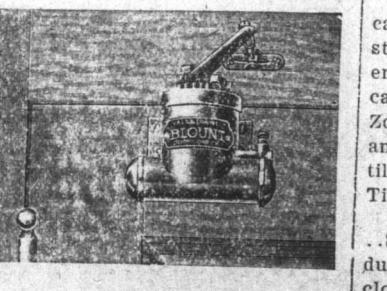
And King James—the fur was unruffled, even along the back of his neck, and that was good for Spud. The Bengal slouched lazily over to the bars and gave his guest a thorough sniffing, and then—lowered his head like a great big contented cat and rubbed it against the bars as near as possible to Spud's little moist nose.

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