

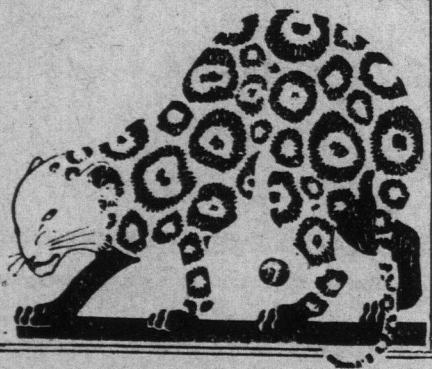
THE LEOPARD

cannot change his spots, but the removal of spots and blemishes from clothes is assured if **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is used. As the **LEOPARD'S** eyes gleam in the darkness of the night, so clothes washed with

Sunlight Soap

gleam white and pure in the brilliant light of day. Unlike the Leopard's jaws, which are formed to destroy, **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is created to preserve. It preserves your clothes and household linen, and makes them last longer. **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is guaranteed pure, and will not injure the finest fabric.

BUY IT.



Great Cases of Great Detectives.

This is a story which is the very essence of tragedy, a story from which there is scarcely any element of horror, tenderness, and brutality lacking. It is, in fact, the story of a crime, for one can hardly call the leading actor in the crime related before a human being.

The story begins with the insertion of the following advertisement in several morning newspapers, dated November 7th, 1902:

"Grocery—General and Provision; genuine business for disposal; doing \$5 to \$10 weekly; has done \$16; price \$50, all at or close offer.—22, Wyndham Road, Camberwell."

The advertiser was a man named Darby, but it was not until over three weeks later that the shop changed hands.

On the afternoon of December 1st, a woman called at the shop in Wyndham Road to see about some Christmas gifts she had ordered. She knew Mr. and Mrs. Darby very well, so she was surprised to see a hump-backed man and his wife behind the counter in their place, for she had not heard the shop had been definitely sold.

"Where is Mr. Darby?" she asked. "Oh, they've gone, and we are managing the business for Mr. Edwards, who has bought the shop," replied the woman behind the counter.

The man Edwards seemed to be very enterprising or very foolish, for though business at Camberwell did not go on as satisfactorily as he could have wished, we find him shortly afterwards answering another advertisement of a business for sale.

Looked Like a Roll of Music. On the 15th of the month he arranged to conclude the purchase of a grocery business from a Mr. Garland, a grocer who had a shop at Victoria Park.

"Does anyone help you?" asked Edwards of the grocer, as he was looking through the latter's books in the back room.

"Only my wife. We don't keep an assistant of any sort," replied Garland.

A sudden fierce gleam of satisfaction lighted up Edwards' eyes, to die away almost immediately as he asked what Mr. Garland wanted for his business.

"Eighty pounds," replied the grocer. "Very well," said the other. "I'll drop you a line and make an appointment, when we can fix things up."

A few days later Edwards wrote

asking Garland to call at 89 Church Road, Leyton, where he lived, and complete the deal.

The grocer called there about noon on the appointed day. Edwards opened the door, and asked him to step in the front room, where they could talk things over quietly. In his hand he carried all the time the two were discussing the price of the shop, what appeared to be a roll of music done up in a newspaper.

"Well," said Garland, finally, as the other at last agreed upon the purchase money, "let's go along to the estate agents and settle it."

The two men were in the hall when Edwards suddenly raised the "music roll" and struck Garland a terrific blow on the head with it, felling him to the ground.

"I felt I was being murdered," said the grocer in his evidence at the trial of Edwards, "and though he continued to aim bows at my head I managed to struggle to the door and smash one of the glass panels, shouting all the time for help."

A Carman Came to the Rescue. Luckily, a passing carman overheard Garland's cries, and raised the alarm. In a few minutes the police were on the scene, and Edwards was formally charged with assault. No one at the moment dreamt of the horrifying revelations which were shortly to be made, and that the charge of assault was quickly to be changed into one of murder.

Here it may be mentioned that it is extraordinary that Garland escaped with his life. There was one great wound in his head, six inches in length and six other smaller wounds, and all inflicted from behind.

When the roll of paper with which the unfortunate man had been attacked, and now all stained with his blood, came to be unrolled, it was found to contain a window sash weight. That sash weight was destined to play a leading part in bringing one of the most callous murderers of modern times to his well-deserved fate on the scaffold.

When Garland's assailant was searched a number of papers on him led the police to believe that his real name was Darby. Several of the letters found in his pockets gave the address of the grocer's shop at Camberwell, and there a policeman was sent to make a few further inquiries.

The result of these was the calling in of Detective Inspector Collins, of Scotland Yard, for it transpired that

Mr. and Mrs. Darby and their little baby had been missing since December 1st, nearly a month.

A search of the grocer's shop left little doubt that the happy little family had been brutally murdered, though their bodies were missing.

Bloodstains on the Ceiling.

One of the first things discovered by the detective was a sash weight, weighing about five pounds, and covered with blood and hair. This sash weight was found in the first floor room over the shop, the living room. This was significant, for it was with a similar sash weight that Garland had been nearly murdered.

Detective Collins soon had further evidence in his hands as to the fate of the Darbys, for the two rooms above the little grocer's shop almost told their own story, a story writ large in letters of red.

From the bloodstains in one of these rooms he and Dr. Luff, the Home Office expert, were able to reconstruct the dreadful crime almost as though they had been present when it happened.

It was probable that at the time Mrs. Darby was sitting near the fire when the murderer first struck her, the terrific force of the blow was shown by the fact that there were bloodstains not only on the hearth, but on the ceiling above.

Evidently then she staggered to the window to call for help, and in doing so passed a book-case, and there the murderer must have struck her again, for the book-case was spattered with blood.

As she reached the window he must have hit her for a third time, for two panes of glass in the window were blood-stained. It was then Mrs. Darby dropped to the floor, dying. The floor there was stained with blood, which had soaked through to the ceiling below.

Bloodstains on the landing told the medical expert and the detective where the grocer himself had been first attacked, while probably coming upstairs to protect his wife, who had without a doubt screamed for help.

The murderer had tried hard to obliterate all traces of his work, for many of the bloodstains had been covered with ink, while in one of the rooms was a scrubbing brush which had been used to wash away traces of blood.

Bodies Buried in the Garden.

But though the evidences of the crime were there, the victims of the tragedy were missing. Inspector Collins made inquiries and quickly discovered, from the hunchback and his wife, who had been engaged by Edwards to look after the shop, that some of the furniture and a number of boxes had been taken away by the murderer. This furniture was found at the house in Leyton where Garland had been attacked, and identified by a sister of Mr. Darby.

The detective felt quite certain that the boxes taken away by Edwards contained the bodies of the victims, for he could recall many instances of murderers who had tried to dispose of their victims in a similar way. No trace, however, was found of them at the house at Leyton but a neighbor reported that he had seen the accused man digging late at night a deep hole in the garden, and this gave Inspector Collins the clue he wanted.

He had the whole of the garden dug up, and there, a few feet below the surface, were found the dismembered bodies of William Darby, his wife and little child. The bodies, together with a quantity of blood-stained clothing, had been placed in sacks.

After that Inspector Collins rapidly built up his case, tracing the murderer's movements down to the very hour of his ghastly crime. First of all he ascertained that the hunchback, whose name was Goodwin, and whom Edwards had known for some years, had been told by the murderer that he had come into some money and had taken two shops, one in Camberwell and one in Battersea.

"I want you to manage the Camberwell shop for me," he said to Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin. "I'll look after the one in Battersea."

He added that he wanted a heavy sash weight to fix on the door of the Battersea shop, and asked Goodwin to buy it for him. This sash weight was the one with which Mr. and Mrs. Darby were killed.

From further inquiries Inspector Collins narrowed the time of the murder down to between 11 and 12 in the morning of December 1st.

The Goodwins told him that Edwards asked them to meet him at the top of Wyndham Road at 12 o'clock. At 11 o'clock on that day a Miss Whittington made some purchases at the shop and was served by William Darby, and a number of other people saw the grocer alive during the morning.

Just over an hour later, at five minutes past twelve, Edwards arrived at the corner of Wyndham Road, apologized to the Goodwins, who were waiting for him, for being late, "but he had only just settled the business," and took them back to the little grocer's shop.

"This is the shop you will have to manage," he said. "You will be here while I am looking after my other place. Now you know where it is, come back again this afternoon and I'll be ready for you."

The Goodwins went away and returned at 2.15.

Inspector Collins learnt that while the hunchback and his wife were away the murderer pawned a gold watch, and this watch was identified as having belonged to William Darby. The Goodwins told the detective that on their return Edwards forbade them to go into the upstairs room, an order which they obeyed. He had good reason for not wishing them to go upstairs, for there was still lying the three bodies of his victims waiting till he had an opportunity to take them away.

It was not until two days later, indeed, that Edwards took the house at Leyton, where he buried the family he had so foully slain. And when the landlord asked for a reference, the murderer calmly replied, "Mr. William Darby of Wyndham Road, Camberwell, knows me well," and returning to the shop wrote from there a letter to the Leyton landlord stating that Mr. Edgar Edwards was a responsible man and likely to make a good tenant. The letter was signed "William Darby."

Sneered and Jeered in the Dock. After his arrest the murderer's finger prints were taken, and from them Inspector Collins learnt that Edwards was an old convict, having been sentenced as far back as August, 1888, under the name of Edward Owen, for stealing watches. Two years later he received seven years' for burglary, followed on his release by twelve months' hard labor for the same offence.

Inspector Collins' greatest case was complete, and on March 3rd, 1903, the man who had wiped out a whole family for the sake of a few pounds, was executed in Wandsworth Gaol.

No more savage or desperate prisoner was ever in charge of wardens than Edwards. While awaiting his trial he twice barricaded himself in his cell, and the cell door had to be forced off its fastenings.

His trial was remarkable in many ways, apart from the extraordinary nature of his crime. First of all he was surrounded in the dock by no fewer than seven wardens to guard against a violent outbreak. Time and again he interrupted counsel, the judge, and witnesses with sneering, caustic remarks, filling with disgust and horror even those who were looking after his interests. Here is a short account of the closing scenes of the trial.

The jury returned after being out exactly half an hour.

"Guilty," said the foreman in reply to the question put to him.

"Simply rot!" shouted Edwards. "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed?" asked the clerk.

"Right you are! Get on with it as quick as you like!" sneered Edwards, and then, as the black cap was placed on the judge's head, he added, "Why, it's like being on the stage."

He spent that night cursing and raving up and down his cell, and as a result he was guarded by double the usual number of wardens until the time came when the last act of all was to be played, and the world was made cleaner by his exit.

Gained in Weight, Digestion Restored, Health Renewed

Here is More Proof of Quick Cure for All Folks That are Weak, Ailing, Nervous.

More Praise for Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. Dodge, of Bloomsbury. "The heat had made me listless and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The difference I first noticed was, that while they cleansed the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear, but I began to crave food and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are in poor health."

Get the best of all medicines to-day and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Buttercup. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers, 25c. per box or five for \$1.00. Sent postpaid by The Catarrh-ozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Week End

BARGAINS.

LADIES' WASHING DRESSES.

Lot 1—Original price, \$1.50. Selling for\$1.10

Lot 2—Original price, \$1.80. Selling for\$1.30

THREE SPECIALS IN LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESSES.

Very nice goods, \$5.50, \$6.50 and \$7.75.

Values for \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.60

SPECIAL VALUE IN CHILDREN'S WASHING DRESSES.

Size 2 to 6, from 60c. to 80c.

MISSSES', Size 6 to 14, from65c. to \$2.00

The above are a very cheap bunch.

BISHOP, SONS & Co., Ltd.

The Crescent Picture Palace.

The House of Features To-Day.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 3 Reels.

See the flight across the ice, the rescue of Eva by Uncle Tom and Topsy's tricks. A Change of Comedy, HIS ROYAL PANTS—A Nestor comedy triumph, with Ramona Langley, John Stepping and the strong Nestor comedy cast.

MISS ARKANDY, Vocalist, appropriate music.

On Friday and Saturday, RED MARGARET MOONSHINER, a feature in 2 Reels.

You can buy Children's and Women's Boots at DEVINE'S Removal Sale cheaper than anywhere else in St. John's just now.

They are selling a dandy Negligee Shirt, worth 80c., for only 50c

What the People

are saying in the 4 corners of St. John's.

Men's White and Blue Overalls, worth 85c. everywhere, are only 59c at DEVINE'S Removal Sale. And they're good Overalls, too.

Savory Roaster Free with every \$10.00 worth you buy. Begin to-day.

Why pay more?

DEVINE'S Great Removal Sale

Lovely Line Dent's Kid Gloves for Women.

Savory Roaster that makes the tough roast tender—Free, after you have \$10.00 worth of goods bought.

'Tis all cheap now. You should see the Blankets. Warm time for Blankets, but now is the time to buy them; and Quilts and Sheetings and Pillow Cotton and Feathers at 14c. pound. Crowds are buying while it is cheap.

J. M. DEVINE.

"The Silk for 57c. a yard now I've paid \$1.00 for at last fall; true as you're there." Navy, Sky and Brown.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

PURITY BUTTER, 2 lb. Prints, 10 lb. Tubs.

By s.s. Stephano, Thursday.

June 18th:
N. Y. Chicken.
N. Y. Ducks.
California Oranges.

Pineapples.
Bananas.
Grape Fruit.
Table Apples.

Apricots.
Cantaloupes.
Celery.
Cucumbers.

New Potatoes.
Tomatoes.
N. Y. Fresh Butter.
(1 lb. prints.)

Persian Sherbet, 15c. & 30c. btl.
Persian Sherbet, large tin. 30c.
Raspberry Sherbet, 30c. btl.
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, 12c.

Campbell's Soups, 12c. tin.
Quart Btl. Lemon Squash, 30c.
Imp. Quart Btl. Lime Juice, 40c.
1 lb. tin Corned Beef, 22c.

1 lb. tin Brawn, 20c.
Ox Tongue in Glass.
Camp Rations.
Irish Bacon and Hams.
Demarara Sugar, 45c. stone.

T. J. EDENS,

151 Duckworth Street, 112 Military Road.