

## Another Humbug Story.

HE HOAXED A TOWN AND ARRESTED THE KAISER.

This is the story of the man who set the whole world arar with laughter by the most colossal, side-splitting hoax in human history.

It was the most daring, impudent, practical joke that ever insanity of man has devised; and Wilhelm Voigt appeared to be one of the last men to play the role.

Physically he was an unsoldier-like man as you could have found in Europe—of frail physique, with narrow, sloping shoulders, a pronounced stoop and bow legs.

By trade he was a cobbler, by choice a convict; for he had spent a fourth of his life in prison walls. He was comparatively an old man—being fifty-seven at the time—he was almost illiterate, and ignorant alike of the ways of Society and of the army.

Yet this caricature of a man masqueraded as an officer of one of the smartest regiments in Germany, and played the part so well that he took command of a garrison town; arrested its Mayor, dismissed leading officials, and emptied the municipal treasury.

And, after he had reduced the town to a state of submission and terror, he got safely away without arousing the least suspicion that he was not all he professed to be.

One morning this cobbler-convict entered the German town of Koepenick, a slouching, shabby, downcast figure; explored the town, made his plans, and then entered a modest cafe for refreshment.

He emerged an hour later as a smart officer, in the gorgeous uniform of a captain of the First Imperial Guards, and took the train to Potsdam, a small town a few miles distant.

Here he fell in with a detachment of eight soldiers of the Guards Fusiliers; and commanding them imperiously to halt, he told the assembled officer in charge that they were to follow him, by order of the Emperor—an order which was instantly and unquestioningly obeyed, so impressed were they by his air of authority.

On the way to the station a second squad of four men of another Guard Regiment were met; and these in turn were sternly commanded to fall in, and as unhesitatingly obeyed.

The company thus augmented were ordered to "lead" their rifles; and it was at the head of a dozen soldiers, ready for immediate action, that Voigt made his second appearance that day in Koepenick, causing no little excitement and speculation as they marched through the streets of the town.

With consummate impudence the "captain" now commanded the assistance of the local police, and ordered two carriages to be in readiness for the prisoners he was about to arrest.

Then he proceeded to the town hall, which he surrounded by sentries with fixed bayonets.

Dr. Langerhans, the dignified Burgomaster of Koepenick, was seated at his desk in his private room and engaged on his mayoral business, when suddenly his door was flung open, and in stalked the captain, followed by soldiers with fixed bayonets.

Amazed and indignant at the rude intrusion on his privacy, the mayor was about to ask its meaning when the officer demanded brusquely: "Are you the Burgomaster of Koepenick?" "I am," answered Dr. Langerhans. "What can I do for you?"

"You are my prisoner by his Majesty's command," thundered the captain. "You will be immediately taken to Berlin."

"Indeed, indeed the astonished mayor, and what have I done to deserve arrest?" he asked.

"You have nothing to be," broke in the captain, roughly. "I have already told you that you are my prisoner. That is enough for you!" And he gave a sign to the two soldiers, who advanced towards the bewildered prisoner.

At their approach the burgomaster recoiled from his seat. "Before you proceed further," he said, "I would like to see your authority for my arrest."

"My authorization," retorted the captain, in tones that admitted of no discussion, "is here" (pointing to the soldiers). "Anything more that you may want to see will be shown at the New Guard House, in Berlin, to which you will be conveyed."

When the prisoners, now reduced to submission, begged that his wife might be allowed to accompany him to Berlin, the captain granted his request.

"Certainly," he answered, with an approach of graciousness. "But, I may inform you, you are not going to prison; you will be taken to the watch house at Berlin, where you will be examined before any further step is taken for your punishment."

Meanwhile an enormous crowd had gathered outside the town hall, attracted by the unfamiliar sight of the armed sentries surrounding it; and it was through a highly excited and wondering avenue of spectators that he and his wife, with a police escort for escort, were driven off on their journey to Berlin.

The whole town was soon in a state of excitement and turmoil as the news of the burgomaster's arrest

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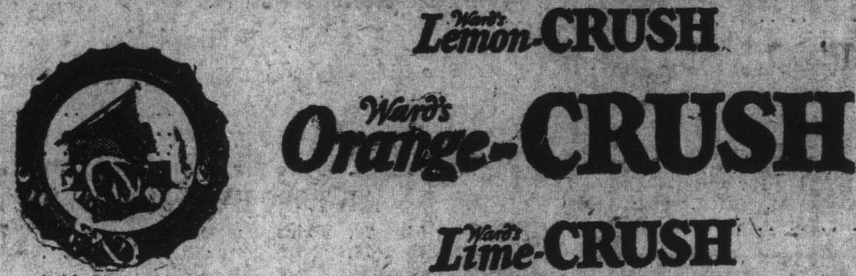
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## The Romance in Rings.

No article in jewellery means so much as the ring, chiefly because its most important use, is to pledge one's troth, and later to bind oneself to another in holy matrimony.

But the ring has woven round it many legends which date back many centuries. Rings were in use 1600 B. C. They were collected by the basketful on the battlefields during the second Punic wars, and to-day women of all races accept and treasure them.

We moderns are more restrained in our wearing of rings than were the ancients. At least one great Italian invariably wore sixteen at a time, while a Roman Emperor prided himself on never wearing the same ring twice. In those days gold rings could only be worn by freemen, or those with an income equivalent to a modern four thousand a year. Millionaire Romans seem to have worn rings on the principle we apply to underwear. They had rings for different seasons, heavy trinkets for winter and lighter for summer use. Their wives wore, as a matter of course, rings with a small key attached, these showing a position of authority.

The Greeks esteemed rings as highly as Romans, and had different sets for every week in the year. In Anglo-Saxon times gold rings were the sign-manual of nobility, and the third finger was spoken of as the gold finger.

In days of old, rings, as our national collections show, were made in many ways, some being cut out, others forged or hammered. At one time betrothal rings were invariably made of iron set with lodestone to typify a mutual surrender of liberty. Ordinary rings were then frequently given as birthday presents, and as St. Valentine's gift. Another favorite use for a ring was commemorative. Queen Victoria ordered no fewer than six dozen to be engraved with her likeness and her court ladies upon her wedding day.

Referring to a much more recent event, it might be interesting to note that our own Princess Mary had her wedding ring expressly made for her of Welsh gold mined by hand from small holdings in Wales.

## For a Horse-Whipper.

A Boston driver, who recently whipped an old horse till there were ten ridges on his side, was put in court by an officer of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. This is what the judge said to the defendant: "I wish the conditions had been the reverse that day you hit the horse. I wish you had been in the shafts and your horse had the whip. Then you would have known how he felt. I fine you \$25."

The fine was paid promptly.

## The Power of Imagination.

Here is a golf story which ought to be true, because it is told by an abbot, the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, in his book, "A New Medley of Memories."

A young man and a maiden were playing golf—the lady quite a novice—and had reached a hole which was on the top of a little hill. The youth ran up first to see the lie of the ball, and saw that the lady's ball had come to rest directly between his ball and the hole.

"A stymie!" he shouted. "A dead stymie!" The young lady came up with a sniff.

"Well, do you know," she said, "I thought I smelt something as I was walking up the hill."

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flushed through it, and the wildest speculations passed from lips to lips as to the meaning of such a strange happening.

Meanwhile the mysterious captain had taken entire command of Koepenick. He appointed a new mayor, recalled several of the principal town officials, and gave leave of absence to others.

He ordered the post office officials to reserve both telegraph and telephone wires for his exclusive use on important and urgent State business, thus preventing any news of his doings from being prematurely known outside the place.

This done, he next paid a visit to the municipal treasurer, whom he ordered, unconsciously to hand over the entire contents of his cash-box, which amounted to over £200.

After that he ordered a sumptuous meal for the gallant soldiers, and quietly disappeared—as the shabby stranger—from the town he had so amazingly terrorized and despoiled.

On the arrival of his prisoners at Berlin the hoax was, of course, exposed, and it was not long before all Europe was shaking its sides with laughter, in which the Kaiser himself heartily joined.

"What a clever 'rascal'!" he exclaimed. "A man who could carry out such an enterprise in time of peace would be worth an entire army corps in time of war!"

But Voigt was not so clever in evading arrest as in capturing the town. Within a week he was run to earth, when he smilingly handed over to the police £100—all that remained of his spoil.

No doubt he considered the two years' imprisonment which followed a small price to pay for the fun and fame his hoax had brought him—Pearson's Weekly.

Insure with The Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn. T. H. CARTER & CO., Agents.—aug28,m.m.

## MUTT AND JEFF

LOOK WHAT JEFF'S QUARTER INVESTMENT NETS HIM.



## Household Notes.

Cornstarch and apple crispbread are delicious served with lemon sauce. A teaspoonful of dissolved gelatin may be used in making mayonnaise.

The kitchen window should have a pot of parsley for winter garnishing. Butter and vanilla should be used to chocolate sauce just before serving.

Boiled salad dressing may be served, sealed, and it will keep for some time.

Sponge cake batter thickened with rolled oats makes very good macaroons.

Use scissors to cut notches in crust of pie. In this way attractive designs may be made.

Put a teaspoonful of lye into clouded vinegar; crust; let stand few days and then wash out.

If a drawer swells so that you cannot open it, place a lighted lamp in front of it for about an hour.

A bathing cap should be thoroughly dried and dusted inside and out with talcum powder after using.

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## Household Notes.

Lettuce will go further and decorates better if shredded.

Use the bruised and over-ripe berries for making preserves.

Chilled coffee is delicious served with sweetened whipped cream.

By Bud Fisher