

Mistaken Identity Cases

Is Oscar Slater really guilty of the murder of Miss Gilchrist?

That is a vital question which has been revived while he was waiting for his reprieve. On the evidence led at the trial, and on which he was sentenced to death, there is a remarkable divergence of public opinion, and not one but many unhesitatingly aver that no such decision would have been arrived at had the case been tried before a jury composed of men trained to weigh evidence in a legal manner.

The uncertainty of identity, even by those who were recognized as the most valuable witnesses for the Crown, opens up a wide field for speculation and conjecture, and it is impossible to get away from the fact that there was a large element of doubt in the matter of identification. As a well-known medical writer on the subject says, "There is nothing so well established as the utter uncertainty of testimony to identify when based on mere resemblance of face and figure. Even when it is given by the most conscientious witnesses, and by those whose means of knowing are most abundant, experience proves that it is still uncertain."

A few of the more noteworthy instances in which the extreme penalty of the law has been meted out to innocent persons, owing to the likeness they bore to criminals, will show the justice of these remarks.

A number of years ago a man named Coleman, who was a brewer's clerk, was executed on Kennington Common for the murder of Sarah Green. She had been set upon by several persons, and received such severe injuries that she died shortly after, but before she had positively identified Coleman as the leader of the gang which had assaulted her. In spite of his protestations of innocence, Coleman was hanged for the murder of Sarah Green. Two years after his execution the real perpetrators of the crime were discovered and two of them were condemned to death. The discovery, however, came too late to be of any assistance to the unfortunate man, who had been hurried out of the world under the stigma of his crime.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century a bookseller named Martin Clinch, and James Mackley, a printer, were put to death for the murder of Mr. Fryer. The deceased man had been attacked while walking with his cousin, Miss Ann Fryer, and it was upon her testimony that Clinch and Martin were condemned. Though they were both able to bring forward strong testimony refuting the charge made against them, Miss Fryer was so positive of their identity with the murderers of her cousin that her assertions were allowed to overbalance every point in favor of the accused men.

Confession that Came Too Late

After some years had passed the real murderers of Mr. Fryer came forward and made a full confession of their crime. The records state that they were both hanged, but nothing is said as to whether Miss Fryer was alive at the date of their confession. If so, her remorse at having sworn away the lives of two perfectly innocent men must have rendered the remainder of her existence very wretched.

A mystery still enshrouds the curious case of Neil Cream, and it is quite possible that we may have here all the elements of a tragic legal error. Some years after the execution of Cream one of the detectives who brought him to justice, and who knew him well related through the public Press a strange story of suddenly one day coming face to face with the criminal's exact counterpart. Remembering that Neil Cream himself protested to the last that he was the victim of mistaken identity, it was regarded as a striking coincidence.

The mysterious and unknown double of the man who was hanged, resembling Cream in every particular, with his peculiar gait, cross eyes, and gold spectacles, was several times, it was said, seen by others acquainted with the criminal, including, among them, one of the wardens who attended Cream at the last. The matter was never set at rest, but the detective who made the accidental discovery maintained that the likeness was in every detail perfect enough to have caused confusion as to their respective identities, even had the doubles been placed side by side in the dock.

It is only a matter of seven or eight years ago since an innocent man's strong resemblance to another suspected of murder was the cause of his being brought all the way from New Zealand to Colchester before he could satisfactorily establish his real identity. Considering the fearful strain which the innocent man must have suffered, the Treasury did not give him a penny too much when it allowed him a grant of £600 as compensation.

Value of Circumstantial Evidence

The exact value of circumstantial evidence has often been discussed, but seldom has it played a more tragic part than when it led to the hanging of William Shaw. Shaw, on evidence which was purely circumstantial, was convicted, and executed for the murder of his daughter. Fifteen months or so after the last dread penalty of the law had been carried out, the tenant who rented Shaw's house discovered a letter written by the supposed murdered girl, in which she stated, that, as the man she loved had killed her, she had determined to take her own life.

The authorities were, of course, powerless to expiate this terrible mistake; but the dead man's body was handed over to his relatives for reinterment, whilst flags were waved over the grave, and everything was done, including the attendance of prominent police officials at the funeral, to proclaim the lawful recognition of Shaw's innocence.

The case of Adolf Beck, which Mr. McClure introduced so effectively in his defence of Slater,

is one of the most glaring instances of wrongful imprisonment in latter-day annals of crime. Beck, whose startling resemblance to another so completely blinded the eyes of justice, actually served five years' penal servitude, and was convicted for another offence, when the real culprit was discovered.

Some men, in fact, have been hunted and hounded all over the world on account of this curious duplication on the part of Nature—a duplication which has led to more tragic happenings, strange experiences, and bewildering consequences than the average individual has any conception of.

A few years ago, for instance, two skilled detectives started to hunt down a man whom they took to be Beadon, who was "wanted" at that time for extensive bank frauds. After a chase lasting over thirty weeks, with enough clues and lost scents to fill a volume of Sherlock Holmes, they ran their prey to earth in British Columbia, and brought him home. But it appeared that the quarry did not know he was being chased, and took no trouble to hide. After being detained for a few weeks, he was liberated as being the wrong man.

It was also a case of personal resemblance to a notorious criminal which, a few years ago, put the authorities on the track of a young bank clerk named Davies. Davies was a Londoner, a decent, straight-living sort of chap with absolutely no connection with crime or criminals, but, unfortunately for him, he bore a strong facial resemblance to Gifford Matthews, the "gentleman-thief," whose chief exploit was the stealing of the Portland jewels.

Matthews was known to be trying to get out of the country, and about the same time, Davies, having a vacation on his hands, took a steamer to Boulogne, and, while there, got an extension of holiday. The search for Matthews was fruit-

less at home, and the police got a cable from an agent at Boulogne that Matthews was there.

This put the police on the track of the unconscious Davies, and they ran him down in a little village called Vimille, where he was quietly enjoying himself in fishing and rambling excursions. On the morning of the arrival, he had taken a long excursion to some woods, where they hounded him down, fell upon him in true melodramatic style, and spoilt his holiday by taking him before the courts for extradition. His resemblance to Matthews was so strong that he had much trouble to clear himself. All this was a fine stroke of luck for Matthews, who got away to South America in a cattle boat. He was, however, caught a few months later, convicted of manslaughter on another count, and imprisoned for life.

A very unpleasant experience was that which befell Mrs. Vaughan-Winters when she crossed the track of the arch-swindler Mary Kegwin. This Kegwin was the notorious "Lady St. Denis," who, a number of years ago, posed under various aliases at hotels in most big towns of Britain, obtaining jewellery and credit unlimited.

The police were hot on this woman's trail, when Mrs. Winters, a widowed lady, took the same train that Kegwin was expected to make for, and made a journey north to Portree, in Skye, by rail and boat. A slight resemblance to the "wanted" woman, combined with the circumstances and a great deal of zeal on the part of the police, resulted in Mrs. Winters being chased to Portree, thence to a hamlet in the mountains, unconscious that the law was at her heels; and finally, she was arrested on Currie Moors, and brought back to London, in spite of her protests, as she had no one to identify her but her maid.

As much "sleuth-hounding" and detective intelligence was spent in running in this harmless old lady as if she had been Charles Peace. She was released, of course; but the interruption did Mary Kegwin no good, for she was caught two days later in Glasgow. She had actually traveled by the same train that Mrs. Winters had taken, her very audacity and sang froid putting the police off the scent for the time being.

A Country Walk Around Victoria

(Contributed.)

There were six of them—five girls and the chaperone. The latter had so lately attained that dignity that her utmost delight lay in the exercise of her duties, and when she lagged somewhat behind the line of march, wrapped in unusual silence, it was understood by all that they were being strenuously chaperoned. There was the Lovely Girl, looking like some sweet spring flower, even in a sweater and short skirt; the Natty Girl, in trim sailor and Peter Pan; the Girl Everybody Loved; and the two College Girls. It was these last who had instituted the walks. An expensive education had taught the invaluable secret of finding enjoyment in simple things, and to them it seemed the home girls were throwing away pearls for dress when

fields of indescribable greens, light and dark; then, far off, a man following his straining team, leaving in his wake, heaving billows of rich, dark earth, while in the background, glimpsed between towering wings of magnificent maples sloped a smooth green sward, awash with golden buttercups. The girls had seen pictures such as these in the tourist guides, concluding they were isolated specimens, but here they had already passed a score or more equally as prosperous, if not so beautiful. On they trudged, a faint conception of the richness of their heritage dawning in their minds as they went.

A short halt was made with big golden oranges, where a giant oak sprung new-leaved by the roadside, but, bordered with green and

with milk and cream purchased at a nearby farm—oh, it needs to be tried to be appreciated.

Afterwards came the doze on the warm sand, where such a delicious laziness permeated them as they lay with half-closed eyes watching the white specks of clouds go floating by, or the crisp waves breaking in foam on the beach, that they were one with Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters." Then came the poking around among the little pools in the rocks, much to the disgust of goggle-eyed crabs, and finally, a mad dig for clams. It was hard work while it lasted, the excitement vastly increased by shrill shrieks as neighboring clans threw up fountains of water, deciding to "lay low" until the fuss was over. After eons of frantic toil, one huge clam was deposited on the wet sand by an exhausted but triumphant maiden. A feast was to be made, but Sir Clam looked so blue about it, so enormous and so threatening, that enthusiasm died out, and he was left to dig down once again to his accustomed haunts.

The sun was getting low, so tea was reluctantly made, followed by a rush over a mountain toward the train. Time was short and speed the only object. It was in vain starry dogwood trees held out their kid-white blossoms. Over the mountain panted the girls, and reaching the broad road, broke into a trot stationwards. A passing farmer called "You can't make it," but, with grim determination, every head went down, every shoulder bent forward, as they strode desperately onwards. It was a deep-breathing, rosy sextette that climbed at the last moment into the train, tired in body, but richer by far in new life and new thoughts than when they had started fresh in the morning, for Nature herself had been their companion for one long, happy day.

NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN

Mr. Hammond's face was so ugly as to be almost grotesque, although nobody ever thought about his looks after hearing him talk. "If I hadn't known I was one of the homeliest people in the world I might have been surprised at a remark made by old Pomp, the body servant of one of my Southern friends," he once said.

"I hadn't seen Pomp for fifteen years, and as I had grown from a boy to a man in that time, I did not expect him to remember me, but he said, 'Howdy, Mars Hammond, sah' the moment he caught sight of me."

"So you remember me, Pomp," I said. "Couldn't nebbar forgit yo' face, Mars Hammond, sah," grinned Pomp. "Hit's so kinder complicated."—Washington Post.

THEN FINIS

A young man was waiting for a young lady at the church door. "Isn't the sermon nearly done?" he inquired of the vergers.

"No, sir," another hour of it yet. He's only on his 'lastly'."

"But will it take an hour to get through his 'lastly'?"

"No, sir," was the vergers' demure reply; "but there's the 'one word more and I am done,' and the 'finally,' and the 'in conclusion' to come yet. Don't be impatient."—Pearson's Weekly.

Fetes and Bazaars

Only twice in the year is it possible to count on making money out of bazaars. Before Christmas, purse strings may be stretched to their uttermost, but the lists of Christmas gifts are long, while this month and the next the draw which brings in golden guineas is the garden, the strawberries and cream under the trees, the sunshine and the flowers, which can be confidently expected in an outdoor festa. When charity fetes were first invented it was only necessary to advertise the fact that there would be booths outside instead of stalls in an overcrowded drawing-room, and people would come for the mere pleasure of exploring some one else's garden, especially if they were not—and never could be—on the owner's visiting list.

Nowadays, even in the remoteness of the countryside the village demands something more than the privilege of putting up pony and trap or governess car in the castle stable yard, and wandering round the kitchen garden and the vineries unmolested by gardeners or their masters. To introduce some new attraction and make the programme as varied as possible are the aims of every fete organizer, who is beginning to discover that to organize a charity show involves a stupendous amount of hard work in these times.

One of the prettiest fetes was one which was got up lately in the country, and which was advertised as "Market Day." The market was held on level park land, close to the house. Each stall consisted of a sloping counter like the market booths in Normandy or Belgium, in the centre of which was a space where the seller presided and transacted her business. A giant umbrella fixed in the grass behind her shaded both venduee and stall. Each booth was placed at speaking distance from that of its neighbor, and the rows of low booths, the quaintly-colored um-

brellas, the picturesque countrywomen in costume, both selling and distributing programmes and tickets, had a charming effect. As regards costume, a wide field of choice is usually left to those who undertake a booth or a joint stall. So that they represent the paysanne of some country market square—French, German, Swiss Italian, or Dutch—it signifies little what nationality is chosen, the market, to be picturesque, being as cosmopolitan as possible. Even plain needlework can be made to look attractive by erecting a Breton stall in the shape of a four-poster, roofing it with gaily striped linen, and hanging the wooden framework with saleable goods.

A corner was set on one side for dairy produce and flowers, and a very realistic conception of market day in some old Norman town was produced by a busy throng of bigoudenes in their gay costumes and pretty caps, eager to dispose of fattened chickens and golden butter, each ensconced beneath her shady umbrella, and busy with her knitting between the intervals of driving bargains. A good profit is usually made by a bee stall, at which not only honey is sold but bellows and smoke burners for bee-keepers, as well as veils and gloves and wax, which sells well for house-keeping purposes. At night, fairy lamps can be hung round the large umbrellas, paper lanterns on the trees, while bamboo rods hung with the same, light up the open spaces.

China should be kept to a plot of its own, and, like the great market at Ghent or the weekly fair at Bruges, to which the countryside travels en masse, it should be spread on large mats on the ground, the sellers providing themselves with low chairs. Long avenues are left between the stalls for the passers-by to wander up and down, a pretty effect being secured by the choice of bright-colored carpets. Cairo rugs and Algerian mats make a good set-off to the china, while, if possible, an Oriental rug should take Eastern brasses and pottery, an Italian mat be a foil to Florentine ware or Venetian glass, and other foreign faience or old English lustre or pottery be arranged in the same way.

Another workable project is the floral festa. For this scheme square booths are provided, which are literally covered with flowers and greenery. If this adds a good deal to the working expenses at a London bazaar, in the country nothing is easier than to command as many flowers as are wanted, the only difficulty being that of keeping them fresh. This drawback can, however, be got over satisfactorily by procuring sufficient of the useful "poke-bag" tins, which are used so successfully in church decorating, and a large supply of which will be made by any tinsmith for a few pence. These should be painted the same color as the woodwork of the booth, and fastened to it by nails, a hole being drilled at the top of each for this purpose. A row of these along the chief stays of the stall at intervals of a foot will hold enough flowers to veil the woodwork, and give the idea of a bower of growing flowers.

Each stall takes a different floor. Crimson rambles and the pale Dorothy Perkins make a charming scheme, festoons of the roses being carried across the front of the stalls, and held at the corners with giant bows of rambler-red straw ribbon. Another pretty effect can be gained with sweet peas, every shade of which should be represented, whilst hollyhocks and sunflowers, still later in the summer, can be made severally responsible for quaint, old-fashioned booths. Those who sell must, of course, be dressed to match the part, in pretty little floral costumes and flower caps. At the sweet pea stall the one who is responsible for it should wear a green dress—the color of the leaves and tendrils—whilst her helpers should choose frocks in sweet pea colors—pale pink, mauve, lavender, crimson, and blue.

To provide enough side-shows is always a little difficult when a succession of outdoor fetes for rival schemes—Yeomanry or Territorial, hospital or orphanage—surpass all the current ideas, and robs even gipsy tents and fortune-tellers of interest. To engage to read the future—whatever the means employed—is, however, invariably a certain draw, and the most ingenious methods are used to imbue those who part with their half-crowns with more than a half-hearted belief that they are going to learn the name of the Derby winner or hear their future husband described.

"Have another drink, old man?" "We've had ten. I could it possibly swallow another."

"Aw, be a good fellow." "Then suppose you pour it over me. Will that satisfy the requirements of good fellowship?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I was just watching Mackley while he was talking to you," said Smiley. "It was so funny the way he kept jumping up and down What did he remind you of?" "The ten dollars I owed him since last October," replied Borroughs.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I beg your pardon," said the landlord, "but do you walk in your nightgown?"

"No, sir," answered the guest, who had arrived the day before. "I didn't disturb you last night, but I am I've been a country doctor for 30 years. I'm so used to being called up at two o'clock during the night that unless I am called I don't sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

Hu

FISHING RESORTS HATTORIA

III.—Prospect

The last two articles of with places reached only a town, so that it seems fit place nearer home this time.

Prospect Lake is about from Victoria by road and of three roads leading to it to mention right now that for a stranger taking this little before starting with a good he may purchase in town, there were signboards erect Association plainly pointing hoodlums have been at their tion and used them in place gets, with the result that the missing altogether just in the are most needed.

The trout of Prospect Lake for their qualities both as spot table delicacies, and the well in size, although the lake half-a-mile in extreme width tells of mighty four-pound trout from half-a-pound to a pound more like the usual size cat having been hard fished for trout in this lake holds it proved by the good catches w edge have been made there by bait fishermen but also the fly rod.

As in all fishing there are bad days in all waters, the game is one of its chief charms generally, the fly-fisherman sport at Prospect Lake as a weather begins and the nature is hatched out. There is an kind of food here and the evenings and mornings in the edges of the water-lily best places for the use of the bar which runs out into the opposite the little island.

The most usual and popular here is by trolling with a sp act method being to use a la (the larger the better apparent baited hook a foot or more by rowing the hook and more by fish from the unknown and my the lake, and, doubtless first ing but curiosity, the fish, or the reflector, catches sight of it, and is thus lured to a strange way of catching tro never saw practised before but it certainly catches the is the chief desideratum this means to that end in the mid the fish are not rising to the

The fly-fisherman need n to the conclusion that this is haunt pure and simple. The dents at the lake side would the most natural food of the mer time is the insect life w face in myriads of a summer fly on a light cast will bring be surprising to the uninitiat

There are plenty of good hire on the lake at a reasona on very special days, such season, or Good Friday, the have no fear of not being a Fishing from the bank is pr question.

The drive or ride from turesque as are all such on Though in places some of better, they are never bad en the angling bicyclist. Apa tions as an angling resort t Lake will afford a deligh whole family.

VANCOUVER ISLAND FISHING

To the sportsman, Vanc ish Columbia, offers one of of all countries for sport. tially no winter on the isl fisher need not prepare hi his favorite sport. Neither excitement of pursuing th beasts of prey, as bear and mon in the island. Furthe are found in considerable shooting is unsurpassed by country. The blue grouse ants abound together wit Wild duck and goose sho water and the numerous f excellent.

Black brant are also sho and altogether the sports Island has an almost inc choose from. Some of the in the world are or the isl fishing, when their fish a favorite sport. It is no un ing these "runs" for two catch a dozen or so mag business men in the variou for an early mornag row or three fine salmon befor

Black bass and cod a numbers, the form fish plentiful in Esquima h beautiful lakes and strea either by bicycle, autom vehicle, while a couple of ways brings the sport heart of the game district.