CRIPPEN AS HE APPEARS

Pen Sketch of Alleged Wife Murderer as Seen by One of the Newspaper Men in Quebec.

Those who have followed the Crippen case will be interested in the following sketch of the prisoner as he appeared in the court room in Quebec after his arrest on the steamer Montrose. The sketch was contributed by a newspaper man who was in the court room when the alleged wife-murderer was arraigned:

A strange manner of man is this Dr. Crippen. The same cynical indifference which he had manifested after he had been taken into custody on the ship, when, with his manacled hands, he held up a book and read it or an hour or two, was still exhibited by him during the court proceedings today.

The wardens who had him under observation all night, declared that he appeared to sleep for a good portion of the time. He ate a good breakfast and acquiesced with the utmost indifference when told that he was to be taken to the court house.

Outside the parliament building in which the police station is situated a large crowd of Quebec people, and of American tourists had gathered in the hope of seeing him, and none were disappointed. The officers cleared a narrow line through the crowd, and Crippen, handcuffed, with a detective on either side of him, was marched out into the bright sunlight to the waiting cab. He was quickly driven down the hill to the courthouse and walked through a similar crowd into that building.

His appearance was most extraordinary and peculiar. A little man, not much over five feet, with all the characteristics not only of a weakling but a morbid decadent, he caused a gasp of repulsion on the part of the crowd.

Has a Weak Face.

He wore a black suit of thin cloth, hanging loosely from drooping shoulders. His face was flabby and ghastly pale. When the detective took off his hat as he entered the courthouse it was seen that he was almost completely bald, there being only a scraggy growth of sandy gray hair above his ears and at the back of his head.

He has a weak retreating chin and loose lips. But it was his eyes which attracted the attention of all. He has discarded his glasses, and as he looked indifferently around as though wondering what all the fuss was about, those who met his gaze saw big bulging eyes of indefinite, lack-lustre gray and yet possessing certain strange and sinister power.

He was hurriedly taken into the private rooms of Judge Panet Angers. The waiting crowd in the corrider immediately rushed into the room behind the prisoner and the little group of officials, and harsh cries of "Clear out; get out of this," were heard from the detectives.

Eyes Wandered Restlessly

The crowd was immediately pushed back out of the room and the doors slammed and bolted. Only a few officials and one or two newspaper correspondents remained inside. Crippen was placed in a standing position before the judge's desk and during the whole of the brief proceedings he remained there standing loose-limbed and round shouldered.

Those strange eyes of his wandered from one figure to the other, with apparently the utmost lack of interest. He looked up first at Judge Panet Angers, a man of strong physique and military bearing. Quickly his eyes shifted to High Constable Gale, then to the clerk, Emile Talbot, then to the newspaper correspondents, then to Inspector Dew on his right hand and to Chief of Provincial Police McCarthy on his left. From one to the other his eyes kept shifting.

He answered with the single affirmative monosyllable to the question as to whether the woman who came with him on the vessel was Miss LeNeve, and to other formal inquiries. He told the magistrate in the accents of a cultured American that he was an American citizen, was born in Michigan, and had taken his course in Michigan University. His religion, he said, was Catholic,and he added quickly "I am a temperate man. I take a little something, not much, but I am a temperate man."

Meets Wife's Friend

In another room was Mrs., Ginnet, who had been a great friend of Crippen's wife, Belle Elmore. She had come to the court house in order to be a corroborative witness in establishing Crippen's identity in case he denied it.

After Crippen had been told he would be remanded he was allowed to take a seat on a sofa in the judge's private rooms for a short time. He remained there shifting his feet nervously, but otherwise apparently quite undisturbed. Suddenly the door opened and a police officer and a woman came in.

Crippen looked up indifferently and in an instant his whole appearance changed. His dull grey eyes were lit up by a feverish glitter and his white counteuance expressed alarm. He was looking at his wife's dear friend and he knew it.

His eye remained fixed on her for a moment and then he turned away. "Yes," said Mrs. Ginnett, "that is the man. that is Dr. Crippen."

Crippen Hissed by the Crowd.

A few formal sentences were exchanged between her and the officers, but Crippen, the mask of cynical indifference again on his countenance kept his head turned away. Mrs. Ginnett left the room in about five minutes without Crippen once turning his eyes again to meet hers. Thus the drama ended.

Crippen apparently now almost overcome by lassitude, walked out between the detectives like a man utterly tired, physically and mentally. He passed through a crowd of people to the waiting cab, took not the slightest notice of an undercurrent of hisses directed at him, and was driven away in the sunshine of a perfect day.

Up the steep hill and along Quebec's most magnificent driveway, the Grand Allee, passing under the shadow of Wolfe's monument, went the cab with the two detectives and the manacled prisoner. Soon they were out on the open plain of the heights of Abraham, and there in the grim jail overlooking a magnificent panorama of the Laurentian Mountains, stretching far into the distance over the River St. Lawrence he is now confined.

FEAR SON IS HELD IN HYPNOTIC SPELL

Rev. S. W. Wyman And His Wife Say 17 Year Old Lad Won't Leave Friend's Farm —Curious Case.

Pennington, N. J., Aug. 1.—Believing that his seventeen-year-old son Hollis is under hypnotic influence in the home of W. D. Starr, a farmer living two miles east of here, the Rev. S. W. Wyman of Cherry Valley, Mass., today will invoke the assistance of the law to regain posession of of his boy. Hollis Wyman was graduated last spring from the Pennington Seminary. During his study there he became intimate with the eldest son of Starr. The two were fast friends, and when vacation came Starr invited the minister's son to stay upon his farm.

Young Wyman went there intending to stay two weeks. He has been on the farm now more than two months. He refuses to leave, even though urged by his father and mother. Some time ago while pitching hay Wyman was overcome by the heat. He became partially paralyzed and the Starrs notified his parents. The boy's elder brother was formerly a teacher in the manual training department of the Pennington Seminary. He came here and remained with his brother until assured of his recovery.

He left to go to Massachusetts but before he reached there the parents received a telegram that Hollis was worse. Mrs. Wyman immediately came on.

She found the boy in bad shape and nursed him until he was on the road to recovery again. She decided to take him home with her. The boy to her surprise, refused to leave the Starr farm. In vain she pleaded with him. The mother then appealed to Mr. Starr. He refused to persuade the boy to go home. Mrs. Wyman determined to take the boy with her without his consent. She accordingly demanded from Starr her son's trunks and clothing.

Mr. Starr said he knew nothing of the boy's trunk but his eldest son might know about it. She asked young Starr to give her the trunk, but, it is said, he refused to look for it. She grew insistent and she charges that Starr, the elder, declared she was crazy and must leave the farm.

Mrs. Wyman then sent for her husband. The Rev. Mr. Wyman got here Saturday. With his wife he went to the Starr farm and met Mr. Starr and young Hollis in the barn. The boy refused to leave with him, and Mr. Starr again refused, say the Wymans, to tell anything about the bay's trunk.

The minister and his wife have consulted W. J. Crossley, Prosecutor of Mercer County, and Justice A. D. Naar. They went out to Starr's place today with a constable. On the way they met Starr's adopted daughter, who said that Mr. and Mrs. Starr had gone to Trenton, and the boy, with young Starr, had gone to the railroad station. They had a trunk with them, she said. At the farm they were not able to find Mr. Starr or their son's trunk. They visited the railroad station, where, it is said, they learned that their son had not been there.

The Rev. Mr. Wyman, who is a Methodist minister, believes that his boy is hypnotized. Today, he said, he will go to sourt and begin an action against the farmer to obtain possession of his son and obtain his clothing.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON BOSTON ELEVATED

Boston, Aug. 4.—Crashing from the elevated structure at the Dudley street loop of the Boston Elevated Railway early today, the first car of an empty working train fell to the street below, causing the probably fatal injury of Thomas Manning, aged forty-five the operator and sole occupant of the train.

The accident happened just after the regular service on the elevated ceased for the night, and the superstructure on the loop where all trains bound intown enter the Dudley street station was splintered, traffic on the elevated from the Roxbury end of the road will be discontinued probably for several days. The trolley wires underneath used for the surface cars were torn down and tied up all surface traffic at that point although service was finally resumed in a roundabout way.

But with the breaking of the wires there was a lurid display of lights from the broken live wires and the bystanders and railroad employes in the vicinity imperilled their lives when they dashed into rescue Manning.

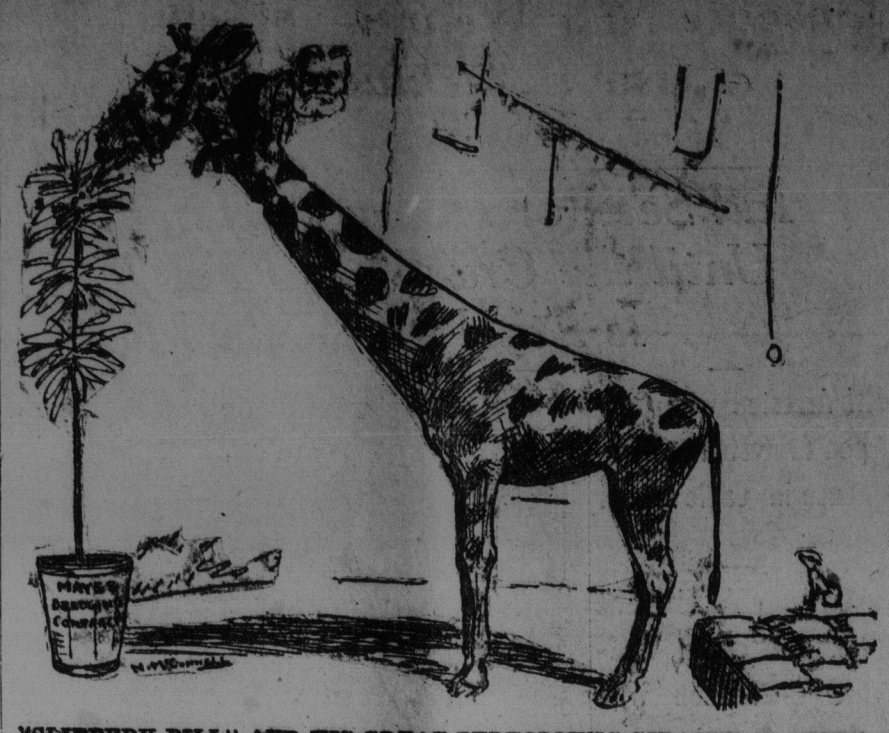
WHITE MAN JAILED IN TEXAS RACE RIOT

Two More Arrested and are Charged With Murder of Negroes -- Negro Colony Flees in Terror.

Palestine, Texas, Aug. 3.— Two more white men have been arrested in connection with the race riots in Anderson county last week in which at least ten negroes were killed. Mac Reed and Bud Wise were brought here to jail and with eleven other white men are held without bail, charged with murder in the first degree. It is reported that warrants for twelve others have been issued.

Interest centred in the investigation being made into the affair by a special grand jury. Eighteen witnesses were before that body, but none of the evidence submitted was given out. It is reported that almost the entire negro population of Sandy colony, near the scene of the rioting, has left.

A VERY SMOOTH ACT



"SLIPPERY BILL" AND HIS GREAT PERFORMING GIRAFFE, McAVITY
With Lafrier & Co.'s Circus in Western Canada

Reproduced from the Toronto News.

LONDON AGAIN STARTLED BY MYSTERIOUS MURDER

Thomas Anderson, An Actor Armed With Life Preserver, Shot In Back Yard Of Battersea Flat—Unknown Man Seen Rushing Away After Firing Is Heard—Son Of Murdered Man Visiting On Premises Identifies His Father—Case For Sherlock Holmes.

London, July 30.—Of the many tragedies being investigated at the present moment, not one presents so many elements of mystery as that which was enacted outside a flat at Clifton-gardens, Prince of Wales-road, Battersea, where an actor was done to death. Not only has the murderer vanished without leaving the slightest clue as to his identity behind him but there is absolutely nothing to suggest any motive for the hideous crime. The victim was Thos. Weldon Anderson, an actor, who was better known by his professional name of Atherton, and he was found shot about 9.30 p.m. in the back yard of the flat in Clifton-gardens. The central figures in this most baffling of mysteries are:—

Thomas Weldon Anderson, or Atherton, 47, an actor, who lived at Great Percy street, King's Cross.

Miss Elizabeth Earle, an old friend of his, who occupied the second floor flat in Clifton-gardens. She is 35, and a teacher of the dramatic art.

Mr. Anderson's elder son, aged 20, who was having supper with Miss Earle at the time of the tragedy.

An unknown man who was seen by several persons rushing from the back garden of the flat immediately after the firing of shots.

The story of the crime is a remarkable one. One of the first to discover that something untoward had happened at the house was a taxi-cab driver. As he drove slowly along the Prince of Wales road he heard the sharp report of two revolver shots. Looking towards Clifton-gardens, whence the reports came, he was surprised to see a man of slight build climb the wall at the rear of the flats and dash hurriedly away in the direction of Rosenau-road. The driver gave chase, but as the man disappeared from view, he quickly communicated with the police. One constable on duty in the neighborhood had himself heard the shots, and hastened to the house, which, like other houses in the row, consists of three storeys, and is divided into three flats. On arriving on the scene the policeman found Anderson lying in a pool of blood at the bottom of the steps which lead from the top storey into the back garden. He was unconscious. Two medical men were summoned but Anderson was past earthly aid, and died shortly afterwards from two bullet wounds—one in the forehead and the other in the face. Two tenants occupy the house outside which the grim tragedy was enacted, the ground floor being to let. The occupants of the third floor were away on holiday. The occupier of the middle floor was Miss Elizabeth Earle, a teacher of elocution, who, as stated, was well known to deceased, and it is a dramatic coincidence that at the very moment of the murder the son of the victim was paying Miss Earle a visit, and, like his friend,

Heard the Report of Firearms.

Mr. Anderson, jr., at the sound of the shots, put his head out of the window and afterwards ran down stairs. There he met the constable, and together they proceeded to the rear of the house where they found dying man. At first, owing to the disfigurement caused by the wounds, the son was not able to identify his father, and it was not until a card was found on him that he had any idea as to who the victim of the outrage was. The mystery is deepened by the fact that the victim was wearing carpet slippers and by several other discoveries. On the mantlepiece of the front room of the unoccupied ground floor flat there was found wrapped in a parcel a pair of boots, which were afterwards identified as belonging to deceased. In one of his pockets was also found a piece of thick rope intertwined with copper, in reality a piece of electric cable, evidently intended to serve as a life preserver. The questions that call for solution are almost innumerable.

Why did Anderson wear slippers, and why was he armed with a life-preserver?

Did he know or suspect that the man who shot him would be near the flat at that time?

Was the murderer a burglar or was he a jealous acquaintance of Anderson who had come there expecting to meet him?

Any attempt to reconstruct the crime is attended with the greatest difficulty. Anderson probably entered the garden of the house at the corner of Rosenau road, which he could easily do, as the neighborhood is a very quiet and rather a select one. From there he got over the wall and entered the garden behind the house outside of which the tragedy was enacted, and it was easy for him then to reach the second flat without being heard. What his intentions were may never be known, but he appears to have proceeded very deliberately. In the keyhole of the backdoor of the empty ground flat a string had been left by workmen, and by pulling this it was possible to obtain admission. Anderson was evidently aware of this arrangement, for he used it to obtain entrance to the flat. He then sat down and removed his boots, wrapping them in paper and replacing them with a pair of soft carpet slippers. He was in this way able to creep quietly up the stairs to the second floor. When Anderson reached the landing of the second flat he presumably came upon his assailant. He probably attacked the man with the clumsy life-preserver already described. A struggle ensued and the unknown man fired two shots. When discovered Anderson was lying on the steps leading to the garden, and his murderer had escaped by scrambling over the garden wall and into Rosenau road. The shot that killed Anderson struck him in the right temple and lodged in the head. It was a soft nosed bullet. The second shot must have been fired as he turned round with the impact of the first, for it ploughed its way through his upper lip, carrying it away, and then passing through the kitchen window, lodged in the wall opposite. But, as indicated, these shots were not fired before a life and death struggle had been waged between the two men. At the foot of the steps leading to the back of the flat there were several evidences of a scuffle, and an abrasion on the cheek of the murdered man also supports this view. An examination of the back garden, over the wall of which a man was seen to climb by the taxicab driver and others afforded the strongest evidence that the assailant had made his escape that way. There were boot marks of the sharp American pattern on the two palings, and the flower beds and shrubbery also bore signs of rough usage. The culprit must have carried the revolver away with him, as diligent search for it in the gardens and neighborhood has been fruitless. In addition to the taxicab driver it has been ascertained that several other persons saw the wanted man disappear. It appears that while jumping into the roadway he nearly alighted on a woman and a boy who were passing. "I heard the two shots fired," said the woman, "and stopped for a moment trying to look over the wall. Had I taken another step forward the man would have fallen on me. He came over the wall with a spring and as he came down I caught sight of the side of his face. I cannot say whether he had a moustache but I know his face was round and white. He was wearing a dark jacket suit, and his back was covered with mud and dust. He had on a bowler hat of the newest shape. As soon as he dropped he was off at a great pace. I never saw anyone run so fast. He ran as if he had no shoes on, so light and quick was he. The man seemed to me to be about 30. He was a little over five feet in height, broad shouldered and generally of medium build. When he jumped from the wall on to the pavement there were three or four men standing in Rosenau road, within 20 yards of the spot but they

Made No Attempt to Give Chase.

The theory that the murder was committed by a burglar will probably have to be dismissed. There was nothing of great value to be stolen from the flat occupied by Miss Earle, and no traces have been found of any attempt having been made to enter the top flat. Latest inquiries strongly support the view that behind the whole mystery there is a story of love, hatred, and revenge to be unfolded. The murdered man had not lived with his wife, it is said, for over ten years. About nine years ago Anderson went to lodge with Miss Earle and her mother, and when the mother died he still occupied rooms at the daughter's residence. There can be little doubt that he had a great regard for Miss Earle, but owing to some little differences he left his apartments at her flat about the end of last year. After this, however, he returned to his apartments in Miss Earle's flat, but about Whitsuntide trouble, it is said, was again caused by Anderson. He then left his rooms in Battersea, and save, for a friendly visit he paid a week later, Miss Earle did not see him again till his tragic death was discovered. Support to this theory that Anderson was jealous of someone is lent by an important statement made to the police by Mr. Fred Moule, an author and producer of playlets. Mr. Moule stated: "On May 21 last I wrote to Anderson giving him an engagement to play in The Grip of The Law, and forwarding the words of the part he had to play. This was sent to Prince of Wales road, and in it I asked him to meet me in Bedford street, Strand, at 1 p. m. on Monday, May 23. At 2 p. m. he turned up and expressed surprise at the idea of an appointment. I told him I had written to Prince of Wales road. He said: 'That explains it; I have not been home all night.' He then said he would go and fetch the letter and the part, but explained that he was leaving there and would in future live at Great Percy street, King's Cross. On the Wednesday or Thursday following, he told me why he left Prince of Wales road. He was jealous—of whom, or on account of whom, he did not say. He added that he felt very keenly the parting with an old friend of his family and charming lady in whose flat he had lodged for many years. He spoke of her as an intellectual companion, one who sympathized with him in his love of books and could talk to him. He mentioned no one by name, but he was clearly very upset about the affair and the cause of the breaking of the friendship. Starting on the following Monday, May 30, at Bow Palace, he played with me at Sadler's Wells, the Foresters, the Battersea Palace, and at the Surrey Theatre, finishing on July 2. While we were at the Battersea Palace I said: 'It's a pity you do not live at Prince of Wales road still; you would not have far to go home.' He replied: 'It's finished.'

Will Never Be Opened Up Again.

I had no part for him in my next sketch, Gretna Green.' On Wednesday, July 13, I saw him for a few minutes in the Strand. On Friday night (the night before the murder), he came up to Sadler's Wells and spent the night with me. His younger son was with him. We parted at midnight. He was cheerful, but a little excited, and he described dramatically for me some parts of 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' the burglar play, which he had seen a few nights before. It was unusual for him to act like that in public. "If it is assumed that it was jealousy of someone that fired Anderson to journey from Great Percy street, in King's Cross, to Battersea, on the night he met his death, this theory might furnish the reason for his taking a roughly-fashioned life preserver with him, so that he might be prepared for any eventualities that might arise. But how are we to account for the presence in the back garden at the same instant of the armed man who slew him and fled? That is one among the many mysteries which surround the whole case.—Mr. Thomas Anderson, the eldest son of the dead man, who was in the flat, is at a complete loss to account for the tragic fate that overtook his father. "I can only imagine," he said, "that my father thought that burglars would make an attempt on the flat, and went there to watch. It was a curious idea, but he has not been the same since he was knocked down by a motor car some time ago. That accident left him despondent, and I have felt for some time that he had not many years to live. I have not the least idea why anyone should take my father's life, or why anyone should feel enmity towards him. He was of a lovable nature, kind and sympathetic, and I should say the last in the world to make an enemy. He made friends everywhere." "Where there any professional matters that might cause jealousy on the part of someone who felt rightly or wrongly, that he had suffered professionally through your father?" Mr. Anderson was asked. "On the contrary," was the reply. "In fact I have known him to refuse to accept a part when he thought that his acceptance would deprive someone else who needed an engagement more. He was always that kind of man." "Was there any reason connected with the lady who lived at the flat where you were visiting?" "There was no reason of that sort, either, so far as I know. Statements of that kind have been made or suggested for which I believe there was no foundation whatever. Of course the real facts of the connection between my father and myself and Miss Earle were not known either to the police or the press, and I am quite anxious to make it quite clear what they were. We had been friends for years. It was a family friendship —nothing more. We had known Miss Earle and her late mother for a very long time, and the friendship was continued after her mother's death. I don't think there was the slightest ground for the suggestion that my father's feeling towards her had developed beyond friendship, or that he had interfered with anyone who was more fond of her, and so provoked enmity. Let me tell you exactly what was the position, also, as between my father and myself. He had not the slightest objection to my visiting her—in fact we often went together. Nor was there the slightest secrecy as to the visits we paid. He knew I was going there on the night of the tragedy, although I did not expect that he would meet me there at the time he came. But it would not have surprised me in the least to see his face at the door at any moment."

The Inquest.

The courtroom crowded to overflowing, testified to the public interest taken in the inquest, which was opened at Battersea by Mr. Troutbeck upon the body of Anderson. The proceedings were of the briefest duration as only one witness was called in order to identify formally the body found behind Clifton gardens. Two sons of the deceased who had driven to the scene in a motor car in the company of some friends, occupied places in the rear of the court. Miss Earle drove up in a four-wheeler, and was accommodated in the waiting-room outside. She was attired in deep mourning, and was thickly veiled. Miss Harriet Anderson, sister of the deceased, was likewise shown in the waiting-room, and remained there up till the moment that she was called to give evidence. Both ladies were greatly affected by the sad event which brought them to the court and wept bitterly. Among those in attendance in court was Detective Inspector Badcock, who carried elaborate plans of the scene of the crime. As soon as the jury had returned from viewing the body in the mortuary adjoining, the coroner addressed them as follows: "I propose to take only evidence of identification today. There will be a great deal of evidence to be heard, but as the police are not quite ready. I propose that we should adjourn the case until an early date, when we may have, I hope, a full day's sitting." Miss Harriet Anderson, a lady of perhaps 40, dressed in a dark grey costume, was then called. Her face bathed in tears, which she continually stemmed with her handkerchief, and sobbing deeply as she spoke, Miss Anderson gave her address as Tufnell Park road, Holloway. She was, she said, single and was engaged in business. She had seen the body of deceased and had identified it as that of her brother, whose full name was Thomas Weldon Anderson. He was 47, she added, and by occupation he was an actor. "Do you know where he lived?" asked the coroner. "Yes," replied witness, "he was in apartments at Great Percy street, King's Cross." This concluded her evidence, and still weeping Miss Anderson left the witnessbox, to return for but a moment afterwards in order to have her deposition read over to her. "That is all the evidence that I propose to take today," said the coroner, and forthwith the inquest was adjourned. At the close of the proceedings Detective Inspector Badcock had a lengthy interview with deceased's two sons in the presence of Miss Earle and other persons connected with the case. Miss Earle seemed quite prostrate with grief as she left the building. The jury, with Sergeant Gilbert, the coroner's officer, proceeded to view the scene of the tragedy.

CHINESE SOCIETY TOAST DIVINITY

Members Of On Leong Tong Celebrate Quon Gong's 1,500th Birthday — Police Throng Chinatown.

New York, Aug. 3.—Quen Gong was 1500 years old yesterday and the On Leong Tong whose exclusive divinity he is, met around the festal board at No. 14 Mott street and toasted his continued life and wished him many happy returns of the day, while the band which played overtures and "shivery" music when the villain crept up behind the unsuspecting maiden down at the old Chinese theatre, in Doyers street, sat out on a balcony and rendered the four movements of a symphony written by Musi Cian entitled This God Belongs to Us.

From 5 to 7 o'clock the elect of the On Leong Tong dined while down below policemen stood almost shoulder to shoulder with a double guard thrown in front of the "arcade," at No. 18 Mott street, through which the naughty Four Brothers are wont to slip when the go a-gunning for their rivals.

In times agone Quan Gong's birthday has been "open season" for On Leong Tongs, but this year Captain "Bill Hodgins determined that the narrow walks of Mott street should not be stained with Celestial gore—and he even put a ban on the discharge of the several thousand packs of giant firecrackers without which a Chinese holiday is almost as doleful for the denizens of Mott street as a "safe and sane Fourth" is for the average small boy.

The dinner last night was not quite so sparkling as the affairs of former years. To begin with, a mandate was handed down from the inner councils that no "whites" should be invited; neither judges of the Court of General Sessions, or local politicians, or police captains.

The second chapter lasted until 1 a. m., but the police will remain on duty until 8 o'clock this morning.

Pretty soon the Four Brothers, who have a joss of their own, will celebrate their divinity's birthday in much the same manner as the On Leong Tong celebrated last night—that is, if the On Leon Tong will not go a-gunning that night.

ETHEL LE NEVE CABLES SISTER

Continued from page 1.

their hair and go through the constant fitting, unbecoming garments for any man."

humiliation of daily masquerade in ill-

From her correspondence with Belle Elmore's friends, Mme. Ginnett is convinced that they all looked on the Crippens as happy together up to the last moment. She things that Scotland Yard must have assured itself of the same sentiment among all who knew the pair well and there, if the officers of the Crown have the strong case they say they have, it must be based on facts not known to the public and which will bear out her own theory of a sudden, violent quarrel.

The Last Supper Party.

Both Belle Elmore and her husband liked little supper parties, Mme. Ginnett said but they entertained freely, not riotously. They served wine at table, but their idea of entertainment did not begin and end in spilling champagne. The doctor drank, but sparingly, for experience had taught him that he was one of those men who must use liquor with caution.

The last of these little suppers was given on the night of Jan. 31, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martinette, both Americans, retired from the vaudeville stage, were the guests. Letters Mme. Ginnett has had from England lead her to believe the tragedy centers on that night, and the information of what happened then has been given to Scotland Yard by the Martinettes. If there was a quarrel on that night—the last night on which Belle Elmore was seen alive by the outside world—she believes the Martinettes must have had some clue to it in the conversation of the evening.

Despite the reports of Ethel LeNeve's broken health, Mme. Ginnett says the girl looked brighter and stronger when she saw her in Quebec than she did when sitting before a typewriter in Dr. Crippen's London office.

Arthur Newton Interviewed.

London, Aug. 3.—Arthur Newton, the solicitor who will take charge of Crippen's defence, said in an interview today: "It seems to me, upon the evidence already available, that the case against Dr. Crippen is not one to discourage me in the smallest degree. So far as I can see there is no kind of evidence that a murder has been actually committed.

"I am in telegraphic communication with Crippen and the statement that he has confessed is quite unfounded. I am applying to the authorities for copies of the depositions of witnesses and all other available documents. There is a great deal to be done, but it will not be necessary for me to go to Canada, although I may meet Crippen at the British port of landing."

INTERESTING CEREMONIAL

Bi-Centenary Of Church Of England In Canada To Be Celebrated Next Month In Nova Scotia.

Two hundred years ago the first regular services in Canada according to the use of the Church of England were held at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, where after the capture of the fort by General Nicholson, a service of thanksgiving for the success of Her Majesty's (Queen Anne's) arms was held by Rev. John Harrison, and a sermon preached by Rev. Samuel Hosker. Today the Church of England in Canada has twenty-two dioceses stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the bi-centenary of its work in this Dominion is to be celebrated by special events at Halifax, Windsor and Annapolis Royal, the first week of September next.

At Halifax All Saints Cathedral, today the finest church edifice in Canada, erected at a cost of some $150,000, is to be opened on September 3rd, as a memorial in stone of the bi-centenary and the three following days a great Canadian church congress is to be held, at which there promises to be a record attendance.

On September 8th, a special convocation will be held at King's college, Windsor, the oldest university in the British colonies, and on September 9, special services commemorative of the first services will be held at Annapolis Royal. Every Anglican diocese in Canada is sending delegates to the congress, and the preachers and speakers include names of many of the great leaders of the Anglican church in England, Scotland and the United States, as well as Canada. Those from across the Atlantic will include the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Glasgow, and Bishop Taylor Smith, chaplain general of the British army, while from the United States will come the Bishops of Washington, Massachusetts, Duluth, Colorado, Central New York, Tennessee, Indianapolis, Idaho, Harrisburg and the Philippine Islands, as well as many leading priests and laymen.

The distinguished Canadian ecclesiastics who will take part include the Archbishops of Rupertsland and Ottawa, and the Bishops of Nova Scotia, Fredericton, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ontario, Huron, Niagara, Algoma, Calgary, Moosonee, New Westminster, and Columbia, while as for deans, archdeacons and canons, they will be there by the score.

Ottawa Alderman Here

Ald. W. C. Black, of Ottawa, who, with his sister, Miss Black, is making a tour of the Maritime Provinces, called at City Hall yesterday and spent a portion of the day with Mayor Frink. Besides being an alderman,Mr. Black is an enthusiastic amateur gardener and is much interested in floraculture, having won a gold trophy presented by Lady Middleton for the best amateur gardening in Ottawa.

Mr. Black visited King square and complimented the mayor on the excellent condition of the lawns and gardens there, but thought that a considerable improvement could be made at small expense, by a re-arrangement of the beds and a larger range of varieties of plants.

Mr. Black's reputation as a grower of roses is widely known. He imports his stock largely from Ireland and has promised the mayor that next year he will make a donation to the city in this line.