

## Our Weekly Short Story

## LOGAN'S REVENGE

By Macklin Story.

Tell you what turned my hair grey in a single night? Well, draw your chairs round the fire, and—That's enough whisky, my boy—very little soda.

The experience is not one I care to talk about, but I will relate it because I have noticed lately a growing failing among young fellows for practical joking. This fearful experience was brought about by a practical joke.

It occurred when I was appointed to a well-known engineering firm and, although that was forty years ago, I can remember every incident as clearly as if it had happened yesterday.

There were three of us—Jenkins, Thompson, and myself. We were for ever playing practical jokes. The last we played was on a young engineer called Logan, who, on account of his inordinate conceit, was cordially detested by all of us.

One of his pet-boasts was that no one had ever succeeded in frightening him. Well, my chums and I thought it high time that somebody did; so one night, after he had gone to bed, we dressed ourselves up in sheets, covered our faces and hands in phosphorus, and softly entered his bedroom. We awoke him with weird and unearthly moans; and when he caught sight of our glistering faces and white draperies he simply yelled at the top of his voice. In fact, so loud were his cries that we had to reveal our identity hastily to calm him.

It was then that he swore a mighty oath to have his revenge—and he kept his word.

It was perhaps six months after his departure that Jenkins, Thompson and I paid a visit to a music hall in the neighborhood. On returning, a trifle merry, a little after eleven o'clock, we were set upon by a gang of roughs, knocked down and chloroformed.

On coming to, I found myself gagged, strapped into a chair in a small, evil-smelling cellar, feebly illuminated by a bit of a candle sticking up in a cask. My chums were secured like myself, one on either side, but I noticed that their chairs were heavier than the one to which I was bound.

Presently the death-like silence was broken by the sound of footsteps overhead. They came nearer and nearer; a door opened and some one stealthily descended the stairs.

It was Logan.

"You look surprised to see me," he said, showing his teeth. "Thought I had forgotten you, perhaps, eh? No; I have not forgotten you, nor your joke, nor—my revenge! I wonder if you have guessed what it is going to be? It has been so carefully concocted, did you? Thought the barrel over the sink was full of gunpowder? What a wicked hoax? Come and see!"

"Ah! It's my turn to laugh now," he went on in his sneering voice. "You do look happy, all of you. You can't have guessed my little scheme. Allow me to explain the situation. It's a test of your courage. You see that candle?"

He pointed to the candle which stood in the middle of our prison. "Now, when you think it is sticking up in? Can't you guess? Well, I'll show you."

He walked over to the barrel, and, using great care, scooped from the top of it with a sheet of paper some black, glittering substance. This he poured into a little heap on the floor in front of us and touched it with a lighted match. There was a bright flash and a puff of smoke.

The black substance was gunpowder! The brute came quite close to us, and calmly scrutinized our expressions.

"You understand now, I think?" he chuckled. "When that candle burns down into the powder—Don't look so scared; it won't go off yet. It will burn for thirty minutes—perhaps a little longer. You mustn't cry before you're hurt, you know. Well, I dare say you've a lot of things to think about during the next half-hour, so I will wish you good-by. And this fiend in human form left us to our fate.

You may be sure it was not long before I tested the strength of my bonds; but I was thrust like a fowl, and I could not move an inch. However, after a violent struggle I managed to release my legs partially, and, by pushing against the stone-flagged floor, upset myself, falling with a crash on my side.

To my joy I found that I could crawl along on my knees, carrying my chair as a small cart on wheels, and in this fashion I started toward the candle. At last I got to within two feet of the cask, and, heaving myself with my elbows as high as the back of the chair would permit, I could just see over

the top. The candle had barely three inches left to burn.

Three inches of tallow between us and eternity!

I glared hopelessly around our cell, and suddenly a little pool of water in the farther corner attracted my attention. Above the water was a large brass tap.

Immediately an idea flashed thru my brain, and I started crawling as fast as my bonds would allow towards the spot. Reaching it—it seemed years later—I struck the tap with the top of my head, and to my delight a powerful jet of water gushed forth. I turned the tap again and again, and the water rushed out with ever increasing volume. In a few minutes the floor was covered. I looked at my chums, to find a gleam of hope in their clouded eyes.

Well, boys, it was a race between the water and the candle. The water had to rise a couple of feet; the candle had less than three inches to burn, and there we sat bound and gagged.

The water rose inch by inch, and the candle melted lower and lower. It was a close race—its very closeness made it all the more fearful—but slowly and surely it was borne in upon us that we must lose. The water had now about fifteen inches to rise, and the candle about half an inch to burn.

The comparative distances grew less and less. I could hear the thumping of my heart above the swirl of the water. The sweat literally poured off me. Thompson's head fell forward, and he shut his eyes. Jenkins was watching the candle, fascinated. We had given up all hope; we simply waited.

The light began to flicker. I lived a century in the moments that followed. I wondered whether any bits of us would be found, and how the papers would account for the explosion. Queer thoughts for a man on the brink of eternity!

Then came a blinding flash! When I recovered consciousness my cords had been cut and the gag taken from my mouth. Gazing round in a dazed fashion, I saw a workman coming towards me out of the smoke, with a candle in his hand.

"What's the meaning of all this?" he demanded. "Where'd you come from? If I hadn't been attracted by the smoke coming over the grating, you'd have all been drowned."

"Where am I?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

"In the cellar of Mrs. Jones, what lets lodgings to respectable gentlemen. I found the good fellow strapped into her chair and gagged like you. What's the meaning of it all?"

In a weak voice I told him all that I knew.

"Thought you was a goner to be blown up, did you? Thought the barrel over the sink was full of gunpowder? What a wicked hoax? Come and see!"

He helped me up, and, trembling in every limb, I hobbled over to the cask. The top of it was black and burned with powder, and in the side where I had been carefully turned away from us was a yellow tap.

There was a long silence in the cell, broken by a horrible laugh. We both wheeled around. Jenkins was standing behind us, regarding the vinegar barrel with wild, empty eyes.

"Mad!" whispered the workman. "No, I never saw Logan again. He left Mrs. Jones' lodgings that same night. But two years later poor Jenkins tracked him down—and killed him."

## TEAM KILLED

Ran Away and Were Run Down by G. T. R. Train at Crossing.

KINGSTON, Feb. 4.—A fine team belonging to James Eves, cab driver, was killed early this morning as a result of a runaway, in which the outfit was demolished by being run into by a Grand Trunk Railway freight train at Cataract crossing.

## MANY CATTLE PERISH

Unsettled Weather in South Alberta Prevented Range Feeding.

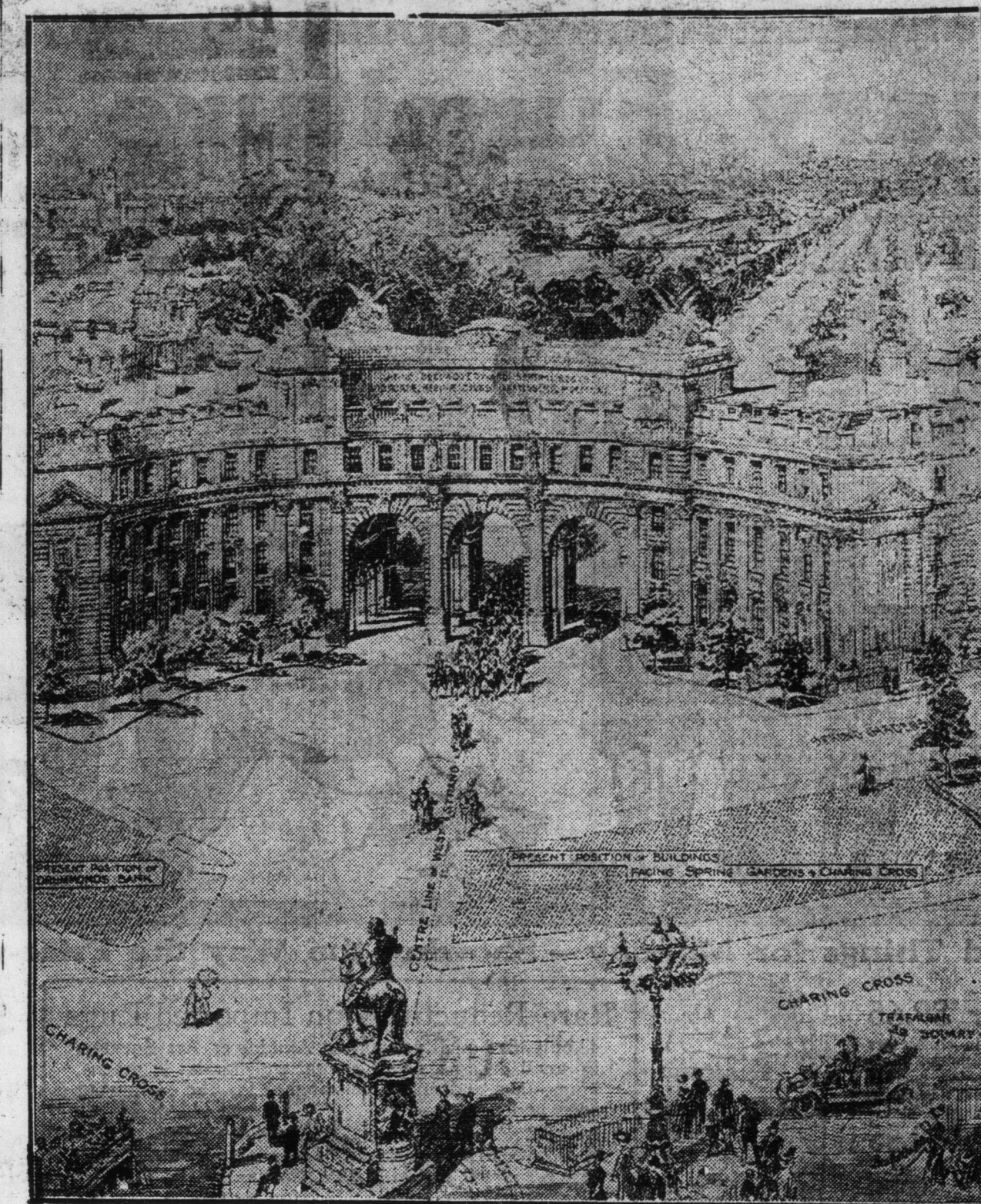
WINNIPEG, Man., Feb. 4.—Advices from points along the border in Southern Alberta show that thousands of sheep and cattle are perishing on the Montana ranges, due to a chinook causing a thaw and later a severe freeze up, making range-feeding impossible.

## A Blow for Father.

Husband—I suppose if I keep on going out at night you will go home to your mother.

Wife—No; I will do better than that; I will bring her here.

## THE MALL EXTENSION SCHEME.



The picture shows very clearly how Sir Aston Webb's magnificent memorial arch—now complete, save for Mr. Thomas Brock's groups of sculpture—is practically hidden by the uninteresting buildings which obstruct the view from Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross. The original intention was to make a worthy approach to the National Memorial to Queen Victoria—comprising Mr. Brock's monument in front of Buckingham Palace, the Imperial Mall, and the arched entrance at the Charing Cross end—but the authorities disagreed as to who should bear the expense of the clearance, which is estimated at \$50,000. The Westminster City Council and the London County Council are both willing to bear one-third of the cost, and the government was to be asked to pay the remaining third, with a view to completing the work in time for the coronation.—The Graphic.

## COMPANY GAVE WORKMEN ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Profit-Sharing Plan Adopted by International Harvester Co. Gives Satisfactory Results.

OTTAWA, Feb. 4.—(Special.)—It took a special train drawn by a double-header to bring George W. Perkins, Pierpont Morgan's former associate, to Ottawa, but he arrived in time to address the largest Canadian Club gathering of many months this afternoon.

Mr. Perkins spoke on co-partnership and gave an interesting account of the profit-sharing plan adopted by the International Harvester Co., which last year distributed over a million dollars of its profits among its workmen.

The scheme includes the sharing of profits on the basis of the showing made by the men, an arrangement under which men are encouraged to purchase stock by instalments, on which they receive a bonus of \$3 and \$4 per share in addition to the dividend, a benefit plan to which the men contribute two per cent. of their wages and from which they receive sick pay and life insurance, the company contributing fifty thousand dollars a year to the cost, and a pension plan, the total cost of which is borne by the company.

The Harvester Company, Mr. Perkins said, went into the enterprise in a purely business spirit, believing that it would so knit the organization together, stimulate individual initiative and strengthen and develop the esprit

de corps of the organization as to make possible for the company to increase its business and its earnings, and so far the company had every reason to congratulate itself on the result.

## DEFENCE OF ITALIANS.

Editor Sunday World: A copy of The Sunday World of January 19, 1911, was brought to me by a respectable gentleman, who asked me to read what they had to say about the Italians, and when I read it, I said, "It was a disgraceful and the readers of The Sunday World will say the same concerning it. I would be very grateful, sir, if you will publish this letter on behalf of the Italian citizens."

My answer is this, in reply to what the scum, who told the reporter his opinion of the Italian:

I beg to say on behalf of the Italians, that Italians never beg or go from door to door for bread, or go to the poor house for soup. There are six thousand Italians in Toronto and out of that number there are not ten that go begging. They, the scum, know how to save their hard earned money for a rainy day or in case sickness should arise.

You will find a whole lot of hoboes that never do three months work out of the year, except when in jail, but these are not Italians; they are the people who gave the reporter his wretched idea of the people of a great nation. This party had better wash out his own mouth before he uses the name of the Italians again and for the public to believe this bum's story who used the words "dam dagger" I beg to say this on the Italians' behalf.

If it were not for the darvics which the uneducated people call them, where would the street building, railroads and various other public works be? Why, I firmly believe that we would have the street cars pulled by the horses yet, nor would we have the start of the hydro-electric nor the commencement of the Canadian Northern Railway and the other work of the city. If it were not for the Italians and a few others.

I may say that if a person wants for work to come to him and find him loafing around the corners and hotels, he will wait a long time, and then they start to kick because they cannot get work and the man who looked for it has it. Then another reason is, why they are refused work. They work a day and then quit, and thus leave their boss in a hole, so you cannot blame the bosses for not giving them work.

It is an easy matter to find out the opinions of the big contractors in and out of Toronto and take their word instead of the cheap rowdies that talk about honest, hard working Italians. Furthermore, they do not work on a cheap scale. The bosses, contractors, etc., pay them more money because they work hard and fast, they do not have to pay the bosses five dollars to get a job. They are hired because they work hard and stick to a job until it is finished, not a lazy lot of bums. I will leave it to the reader to judge who is the scum, the man with a five spot in his pocket, or the talker about us.

Seeing there is such good friendship between England and Italy, and that when Italians have been out in this country for a few years they become so used to the country that they send for their families, buy property, educate their children to the ways of the country and thus become good citizens. The Italian that comes into the city for the winter, after his hard summer's

work, sends enough money home to keep his family, retaining sufficient to keep himself until spring, and then to the bush again to earn some more.

Now about the fresh talker, if he only had some learning, knew the comfortable houses that the Italians live in in Italy, which are sanitary as well, that if the talker was any kind of a reader at all, and had studied history, he would be ashamed to show his face in public again, for if it had not been for Christopher Columbus discovering this great country where would he be? Furthermore, there is proof that the Italians do not fill the jails of other countries.

Now, dear readers, the Italian is not helping to build up this great country. I will draw to a close. I could bring forward many more proofs I could bring forward to prove that the Italian is not a menace to the welfare of this glorious country.

Francesco Motta.

## WINTER LIGHTNING STORM

Kills Andrew Muzzelman a Farmer, Near Green Castle, Pa.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 4.—Andrew Muzzelman, a farmer living near Green Castle, was struck by lightning and killed in the storm of mingled snow and rain which swept over southern Pennsylvania last night.

The death is the first of the kind ever known in this section from lightning in this month.

## PRESTON—HEALY.

The marriage of Miss Loretta M. Healy, daughter of Mrs. Martin Healy to W. J. Preston, took place very quietly on Saturday morning, Feb. 4, at St. Mary's Church. After the ceremony, deleuner was served at the Arlington, and afterwards the happy couple left for New York. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Preston will reside at Fort Colborne.

## Only Bottled Milk.

The scheme of the city health department for an inspection of all milk used in the city, includes the prohibition of the sale of milk to consumers in bulk. Dr. Hastings has declared himself as opposed to it being distributed except in bottles.

## Another New Lake Boat.

It is understood that arrangements have been completed for a new excursion steamer, to ply between this city and Grimsby.

Mr. H. H. Wylie, general manager of the company operating Grimsby Park, stated at the King Edward yesterday to The World that the new boat service will commence along about the middle of June.

## In the Legislature.

What would happen at the Ontario Legislature if a real, instead of a mark time opposition, were to have seats to the left of the speaker, was conjectured by a progressive gentleman at the parliament buildings the other day. The critic's view was that Ontario was going along altogether too slow, and that an opposition leader with even one progressive idea and the courage of his convictions, could not only make the walk ring, but could also accelerate the pace.

"If I were Alex MacKay," said the zealous Ontarioan, and then he told a little group of friends what he would do. First, he would advocate an expansion of the colonization methods for Northern Ontario. What Donald Sutherland's colonization bureau was doing did not appeal to his imagination at all. Bouncing emigration agents, and assisting in directing the location of immigrants was too slow. The opposition was losing a great chance by failing to propose some definite big colonization scheme for New Ontario, to take the edge off the Whitney Government's popular power policy. The substitution of an imposing Ontario commission on colonization with a generous appropriation was in one listener's view the way to grapple with the new conditions up north.

Rather interesting was the past week for so early in the session, the premier making two important announcements and the provincial treasurer a notable budget speech. Both announcements were given by the premier in his best Sir James' style. Boldness and frankness, courage and honesty were the hall marks. When the premier told the members that he had decided to increase their sessional allowance from \$1000 last year, to \$1400, his courage was demonstrated, especially, when he took full responsibility for it. The raise was obviously not based on a scarcity in the political candidate market, but the government took pity on the self-sacrificing members, whose sufferings from the crimp in their pocket books had become excruciating, hence the increase was attributed to the "increased cost of living."

Query: If the increased cost of living justified a 40 per cent. increase in the members' allowance, how is it that same reason only justified \$50 a year advances to a number of civil service employees. The members have two causes for thankfulness respecting their added pay. The first is that in all cases it was not based upon their present or past public performance, and the other that Sir James and not they individually will bear the responsibility for it. Of course, there are notable exceptions, and in proportion to their number, both sides of the house have members of conspicuous ability who have not had a higher indemnity as the apple of their eye for the past two sessions. Now that the interesting item in the supplementary estimates only awaits the assent of the house, the others may be set at nought to business, i.e., some of them make good.

Everyone breathed more freely when the bill to put the hydro-electric under the Letton act of board was shelved. The courage shown by Sir James in approving the bill, and the fact that the members' sessional services at the figure named was more than equalled by his honesty in stating plainly that after the protests and explanations of the hydro-electric engineers, he could not proceed with his bill. All who have come in contact with the premier of Ontario are well aware that the bill was designed to insure an impartial adjudication of matters in which the development of the hydro-electric policy might bring various public and private interests into conflict. Now, that the municipal bodies, and the representatives of the commission are to have their views regarding legislation along the lines indicated fully considered, there is little danger of Hon. Adam Beck being checkmated by any proposal by the government.

Hon. Col. Matheson's budget speech will become historic by reason of his statemanlike discussion of the effects of the relation of the province to the transportation interests of Ontario. Dark the picture of impending disaster feared by the provincial treasurer, there is the silver lining to the clouds of the recent proposals of the minister of mines, that Ontario's mining development is but in its infancy, while the reports of the department of agriculture are equally reassuring.

Cy. F.

## AFTER C. R. NEGIE LIBRARY

Directors of Kingston Public Library Try to Get Grant for Queen's.

KINGSTON, Feb. 4.—The directors of Kingston Public Library are considering the question of the establishment of a Carnegie library in connection with Queen's University, the latter unable to get a Carnegie library grant, but the city could. It is necessary for the city council to provide for the maintenance of the library. If \$2500 a year were provided for this purpose \$25,000 would be granted from the Carnegie fund.

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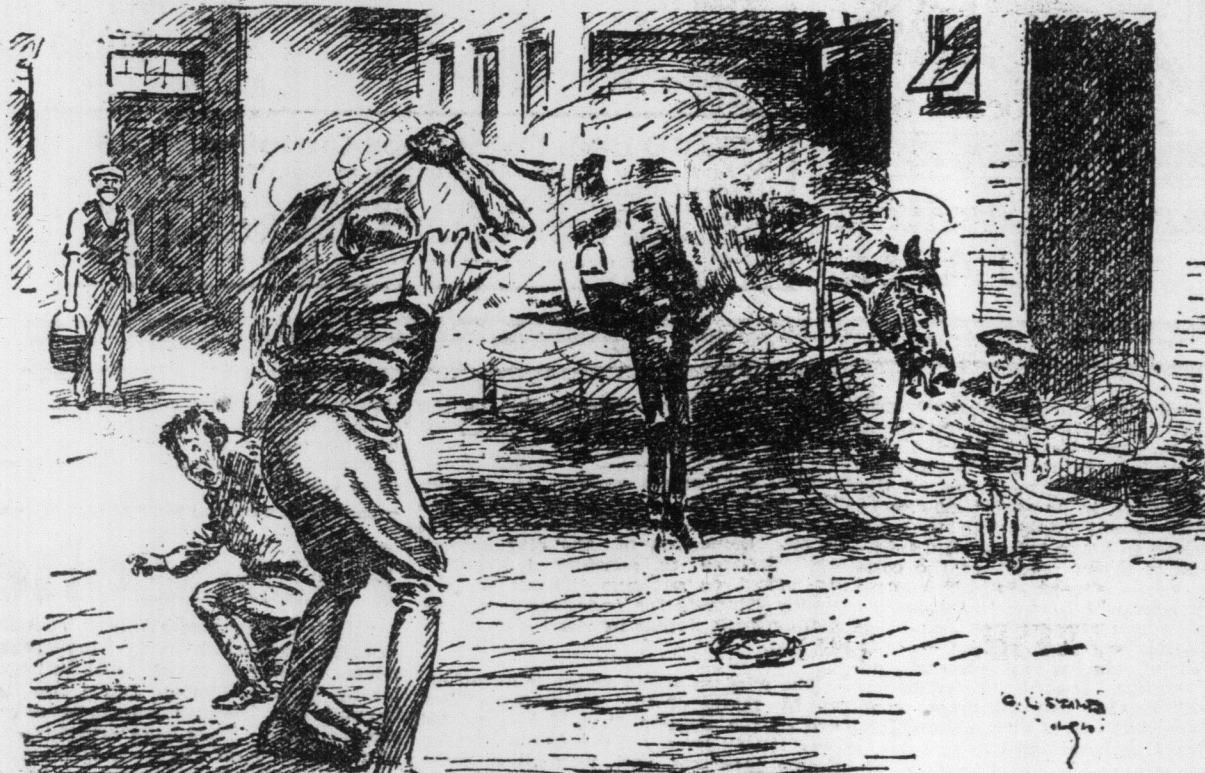
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## FIRST AIDS TO HORSEMANSHIP.

Scene—A Training Stable. Boy just returned with exhausted horse. Head Lad: I'll learn yer to let that 'orse bolt with yer, you young rat! Boy: O-h, please, I couldn't 'elp it. I couldn't 'elp it! Head Lad: 'Bless it—' course you couldn't 'elp it. If I thought you could 'ave 'elped it, I'd kill yer!

—Punch.