

HE MORRISSEY END INSPECTION

Bitten by Cat, Four Months Ago, James Hardy Succumbed to Rabies—Told of Death 24 Hours before It Happened.

New York, July 30.—James Hardy, rugged and powerfully built, looking much younger than his age, 57, sat in the kitchen of his home in Bayonne, N. J., Thursday afternoon. He was to all appearances in his usual vigorous health. He was reading a newspaper. Occasionally he put a hand on his throat and opened his mouth widely as if to take a longer breath. Presently he put aside the paper and spoke to his son Cornelius, who was in an adjoining room.

"What do you want with Dempsey?" young Hardy asked. "Never mind, do as I tell you. It's important," said the older man. Young Hardy, who knew that his father and Dempsey, an undertaker, were old friends, thought little of the remark. He repeated to the undertaker over the phone what his father had told him.

Dempsey came immediately. He greeted Hardy, like himself, an Irishman, with a joke on the hot weather, a laugh and a handshake. "What's doing, Jim?" said Dempsey. "I'm going to die," he said, coolly. Hardy sat down and said as cool as if he had been discussing another man's affairs: "You're going to die tomorrow, Frank, I want you to make arrangements for my funeral and the burial. Just see to it that I get a good coffin, and that everything is done right."

The undertaker leaned back and laughed. "It ain't a joke," said Hardy in a tone that Dempsey didn't like. "I'm done for, I tell you, and I want to know that I'll be properly looked after. What money is left over I want you to hand to Nell's wife."

Dempsey tried to carry it off as a joke, but Hardy was set on his feet. The undertaker left, promising that his friend's instructions would be carried out. Young Hardy, who heard the conversation, was as much astonished as Dempsey. His father had complained a little now and then, but no serious ailment. The young man had almost forgotten an incident which happened four months ago—an accident to the elder Hardy in the Standard Oil plant where he had worked for years.

Sure End Was Near "It isn't anything about that cat bite is it father?" he asked. "It's my heart," said James Hardy. "Get Dr. Cook," to come here, Hardy called.

Cornelius Hardy phoned Dr. John Cook. Doctor Cook found his patient sitting fully dressed in a rocking chair. Hardy told the doctor that he had pains in the heart and that it was difficult for him to breathe. He said he felt sure that his heart was diseased.

"I'm going to die tomorrow, doctor," he went on. "I've already made arrangements for my burial."

"Nonsense," said Doctor Cook. "You'll be all right. Don't get any such ideas in your mind."

MORRISSEY Posing as Man 30 Years to Shield Her Sister from Scorn of the World

London, July 30.—Harry Lloyd died in Kentfield the other day, aged 74. Post mortem developments revealed the astonishing fact that Harry Lloyd was a woman. She had lived for 30 years as a man, posing as the husband of her sister and the father of her sister's illegitimate child.

Investigation following this revelation has led to the unfolding of one of those real life stories that go to prove the truth of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Nearly 50 years ago there came to London a Belgian girl named Marie LeRoy, the daughter of a Belgian army officer. She was highly educated, and she at once began to move in the society of the so-called "free thinkers," among whom were Chas. Bradlaugh, John Stuart Mill and others connected with the famous old Hall of Science. She earned a good living by teaching French, German and Flemish, and by making translations from those languages.

Thirty years ago Marie LeRoy disappeared. She dropped from sight as completely as though the earth had opened up and swallowed her. Her friends made inquiries for her, but she had no relatives to worry about her, there was no particular effort made to locate her. She was utterly forgotten a score of years ago.

Thirty years ago also, there appeared in London a certain Harry Lloyd and his wife Eliza. Harry Lloyd was also a teacher of French, German and Flemish, and the Lloyds came to London. Eliza Lloyd gave birth to a child. For 20 years the three lived happily together, while little Eliza grew to womanhood. Then the mother died.

The facts in this case have not been easy to get, since the two persons who knew the facts first hand are dead, but a careful inquest has finally established the identity of Harry Lloyd with that of the lost Marie LeRoy.

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WAS SEEING THINGS AT EASTPORT—AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION LOOMS UP

Eastport, Me., July 30.—Capt. Lem Collins of the sloop Maram, K. was scanning the weather port the other morning from the Seacoast Canning Company's wharf when he saw a huge, rounded back rising and sinking on the surface of Pastanachody Bay.

"That she blows!" he yelled to Ezra Batson. "That's the second whale I've seen come into shallow water this year. It's a—Holy Smoked Haddy! What in thunder's that?"

The supposed whale, swimming leisurely toward this town's water front from the direction of the Canadian island of Campobello, raised a half-cow, half-horse head out of the sea. It had big, goggle eyes, enormous ears, and a great pendulous upper lip.

Ezra Batson, who has made the acquaintance of every fish in these waters, leveled his glass at it. "Gee whiz!" said he. "There ain't no such fish! It's the seaserpent!"

On came the creature toward the shore. It presently reached shallow water and stood up on four long legs. "It's a camel!" said Bill Capper. "Taint!" said a man from the interior. "It's a moose, and three hundred and fifty pound if it's an ounce."

It turned out to be Campobello island's long-vaunted moose. For years the exploiters of the Canadian island as a resort have included "moose" in the attractions—a word which reads the same, singular or plural. Campobello was believed to have only one solitary moose but this fact was whispered in confidence.

International Question. When Campobello heard that the truth-saving moose had left the island, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Word was sent over to Eastport that if a single hair of that moose's head was touched there would be a reopening of the War of 1812.

At that the Campobello folks cited the laws of the State of Maine and swore that the republican citizens would be fined \$500 if they laid a hand on that moose; to which the citizens retorted that the British islanders had better get ready to receive the animal back so long as it stood on American soil, and under the same cited laws.

The moose in the meantime, stood on the beach, too astonished to care much. The Rev. John Norway, the sardine city's sea-going parson, fed it out of hand and took occasion to drop a few remarks on the "wonders of the deep."

The Campobello corporation then wired its attorneys in Boston inquiring as to its rights to the moose. The attorneys wired back: "The moose is yours, but you'll have to get extradition papers to get it. So the matter stood at a deadlock. The moose strolled around Eastport with a following that seemed to consider it the best thing since the circus came with a dromedary four years ago.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

Such is the official designation of the supreme court of Methodism in Canada, the assembly which enacts amendments, or repeals its laws and usages, and whose decisions are binding upon the church, unless set aside by its own court of appeal.

It is composed of an equal number of ministers and laymen elected at the annual conferences immediately preceding its assembling. The number of delegates vary from time to time, the present being 44.

The general superintendent of the Rev. Dr. Carman will preside at the opening, and while there may be greater scholars and able preachers in attendance, the chief official officer need not be looked for.

There will probably be some change in the superintendency rendered necessary by the age of the present incumbent and the great increase in the work to be done. Dr. Carman may deem it wise to decline re-nomination, but another and a younger man may be elected to fill his place in the office.

One man who will be conspicuous by his absence from the approaching conference will be the late Alexander Sutherland, D.D., who for the last thirty years was general superintendent of the Methodist Board of Missions, and under whose vigorous and enlightened leadership the work grew to magnificent proportions.

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FREDERICTON GAS LIGHT CO. GOES OUT OF THAT BUSINESS

Fredericton, N. B., July 31.—Fredericton will be without gas supply after tonight when the manufacture of gas will be discontinued by the Fredericton Gas Light Company.

At Wilnot Park this afternoon the Fredericton Brass band played a sacred concert which was enjoyed by several thousand people.

The collections at the Brunswick Street United Baptist church were for the United Baptist church in stricken Campobello.

Alex. Gibson sr., the founder of Marysville and one of Canada's greatest captains of industry, will celebrate his 90th birthday tomorrow.

The death occurred here last afternoon at her residence on Brunswick street of Mrs. Hall, widow of Moses S. Hall, merchant of this city and St. John.

It is a fact that by proper measurement the walls were in plumb, and that the tower was standing today as it had been built; on the other side were those who declared that it had leaned out of the perpendicular.

Like the subsidence in the foundations of St. Paul's, which has recently been the cause of so much anxiety in London, the damage is attributed partially to the interference with the drainage by the sinking of cisterns, and partially to the underground springs and currents which for the last several centuries have been displacing the ground in which its foundations are laid.

The tower was built in the year 1170, in the century which saw the building of the Campanile of St. Mark's. The tower, which rises in the center of the grassy square, bounded on one side by the equally exquisite baptistry, and the campanile, or leaning tower, which stand on the high ground above the river in the center of the grassy square, is a masterpiece of Venetian architecture.

It intends to cover the stretch of 295 miles without interruption by way of Leipzig, Altenberg, Hof and Bayreuth.

YOUNG COUPLE FLED OVER SEA TO BE MARRIED

It was 3:20 p. m. before Miss Helck landed and her baggage had been examined. Then began an automobile race across the city to the License Bureau in the City Hall.

The couple got there just as the men were shutting the doors. Both the man and the woman feared that the absence of the young woman from Germany had been discovered, and they were in a frenzy of fear that they might be halted by cable at the last minute.

George Steel is a strong man, is well versed in church questions, a wise administrator, regarded by his brethren as a man of sound judgment and a minister of the highest order, and when he speaks in conference, which is not often, is always heard with marked attention.

Jabez A. Rogers, is a man of culture, dignified in manner, courteous and gentlemanly, and an excellent preacher.

William Harrison handles the pen of a ready writer and the leading reviews and magazines are frequently enriched by his contributions.

Samuel Howard is a model pastor, untiring in his devotion to his work, easy in manners, always approachable, and is much beloved for his kindness of heart.

George J. Dawson is a quiet, unobtrusive, unpretentious man, is highly respected by all who know him, who does his work with diligence and efficiency, and whose serene and long life is a worthy one.

EFFORTS TO PREVENT FALL OF PISA'S TOWER

—CEASE PISA, Italy, July 31.—Just at the moment when the bells in the Campanile at once are ringing again for the first time since the fall of the great tower, the order has gone that the bells of the Leaning Tower at Pisa art to be stopped ringing in the effort to prevent its fall.

This famous tower, which is known as one of the seven wonders of the world, has been for centuries the center of a scientific battle. On the one side were those, who demonstrated the fact that by proper measurement the walls were in plumb, and that the tower was standing today as it had been built; on the other side were those who declared that it had leaned out of the perpendicular.

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SKY SPEEDING TO PROVE BEST SYSTEM OF CAR

Thorne lodge I. O. G. T. the following officers were elected: C. T. Wilham Stockford; V. T. Cora Beyer; S. of T. Miss Lizzie Young; secretary, D. C. H. assistant secretary, Miss Ida White; financial secretary, M. A. Thorne; treasurer, G. M. Tennant; marshal, Fred Lund; P. C. P. Edward Campbell.

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