

MURDER OF WM. CURRY.

The Old Man Shot Down by His Hired Man.

Life and Death Struggle Between Son and Murderer.

Detailed Account of the Awful Tragedy Near Brampton.

Brampton, Ont., Dec. 26.—Lying in a cell at the jail here, on the same mattress on which his victim passed away, is John Davis Terrace, and in the house where he was born and lived for nearly eighty years, ten miles southeast of Brampton, is the body of William Curry, who was shot by Terrace on Christmas night, in cold blood. Another has been added to the long list of crimes which have been recorded in Toronto Township, and the murder of last night was probably one of the most deliberate and premeditated of them all. Terrace carefully prepared to murder James Curry, son of the man who was murdered, but shot Curry's father instead, and in an attempt to murder the son, after he had shot the father, he was so roughly handled that he was unconscious for several hours, and for a time it was feared he would also die.

Terrence is a painter by trade, and his home is in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He arrived in Canada only a month ago, having sailed from Liverpool for St. John, N. B., on the steamer Lake Manitoba, Nov. 20th. He arrived in Toronto a few days later and was in the Immigration Department at the Union Station there when Mr. James Curry went in looking for a man, and was employed on trial for a month. Terrace has a wife and child in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

William Curry, the murdered man, would have been eighty years old on New Year's Day, and except for a few years, when he lived in Brampton, resided on the farm and in the same house where he met his death. He was a magistrate, and had occupied positions in the County Council, having been reeve several times.

James Curry, the murdered man, was unmarried, and 46 years old. He has been in the County Council, and is one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Brampton.

Laughed at Hired Man.

Not being accustomed to farm labor, Terrace was perhaps not as good a man as Mr. James Curry expected to obtain, and he was often criticized by Curry as a boy named James, in order to do a few days' work at the pump in the yard near the house being repaired. James Curry laughed at Terrace and twisted him about the way he took hold of the handle of the pump. An argument followed, and Terrace was informed that his month's trial had shown that he was unfit for farm work, and that he would have to leave at the end of the month. He became angry, and claimed to have been engaged for a year, but was again told that his time would expire at the end of the year.

Christmas Celebration.

Yesterday morning James Curry and his father hitched up their team and drove to the residence of Mr. John Black, Wm. Curry's son-in-law, in order to celebrate Christmas. The home of Mr. Black is about a mile from the Curry homestead, and throughout the day the old man was in the best of spirits, and talked of having a celebration on New Year's Day in honor of his eightieth birthday. At eight o'clock, father and son left for home, arriving about half an hour later. Terrace had remained at the Curry homestead all day in order to write several letters, including one to his wife, opened the door for Wm. Curry to enter the house, and went to the stable to assist James Curry to unhitch and stable the horses for the night. By nine o'clock the horses had been attended to and James Curry and Terrace entered the house together. The kitchen of the homestead is not used during the winter, and the diningroom is utilized as a kitchen, dining and sitting room. On one side of the room, connected by a door, is the old man's bedroom, and as he was very tired he had gone to bed. Also employed on the farm is a boy named James Reid, 12 years old, who was sent out from the Banaroo Home. After stabling the horses, the boy, James Curry and Terrace entered the diningroom and sat down to read, each being interested in a newspaper. The boy soon remarked that it was about bedtime, but neither Terrace nor Curry paid any attention to his remark. Suddenly Terrace rose from his chair and walked to the corner of the diningroom, where stood Mr. James Curry's shotgun. The boy had by that time entered Wm. Curry's room, and was paying no attention to Terrace. Grasping the gun in both hands, Terrace walked completely round the chair on which James Curry sat, engrossed in his newspaper, and after a second's hesitation, said, "You laughed at me the other day, and I've got the laugh on you now."

James Curry looked up from his paper to see the man with his own shotgun thrust almost into his face. When he left the house in the morning he knew that the gun was not loaded, and he again laughed at Terrace. This seemed to anger the hired man more than ever, and he again threatened to shoot his employer. Curry became anxious and attempted to argue with his hired man, entreating him to put down the gun. The noise of the argument, and the voices of the men, raised in anger, roused William Curry from his slumber, and he walked to the door of his bedroom. Standing on the threshold, he asked what the argument was all about, and Terrace immediately turned on the old man, and pointing the gun at him said, "Now you move one step and I'll shoot you."

Fatal Shot Fired.

Whether he was so surprised that he moved, or whether he merely took a step to balance himself, is not known, but he did move, and at once there was a flash. Staggering to the wall, the old man shouted to his son, "He has shot me, Jim," and those were among the last words he uttered. The lad Reid was standing beside the old man when the shot was fired. He at once ran to the door of the kitchen, but James Curry,

hearing his father shout that he had been shot, after recovering from the start the discharge of the gun gave him, sprang at Terrace.

Then commenced a struggle that was to decide which of the two was the better man. Curry is a well built man of 160 pounds, while Terrace is smaller in stature and lighter in weight, but very wiry. In the struggle the lamp was overturned and the oil ran over the table and floor. Terrace kept a firm hold on the shotgun, and in the struggle attempted to point it at James Curry's head, but his arm was struck and the shot which was intended for Curry entered the ceiling. So occupied in the struggle was Curry that he did not even know the gun had been fired the second time, but the small boy, who stood at the door, saw the flash in the dark. For several minutes the struggle continued, until, having failed to shoot Curry with the second cartridge in the gun, Terrace threw the weapon from him and took from his pocket a heavy stove shaker, which he had been carrying all day. He dealt Mr. Curry a severe blow on the head with the shaker, and in protecting himself from the rain of blows Curry's right arm and left hand were badly injured. Finally Curry's weight told on Terrace. The dim light from the stove enabled Curry to see that they were struggling near an old-fashioned lounge in the dining room, and with one superhuman effort he threw his assailant across the lounge. He then wrenched the stove shaker from Terrace's hands, and beat his assailant over the head with his own weapon until he was unconscious and fell to the floor. Curry was almost exhausted from the efforts of the life and death struggle, and for a moment lay panting on the sofa.

Staggered Back to Bed.

He soon recovered, however, and hastily lit another lamp. He expected to find the body of his father lying on the floor, and looked there, but a huge pool of blood showed only where his father had stood. With the strength he had gained by his vigorous outdoor life on the farm, the aged man managed to stagger to his bed and fall across it, which had been fired from such a close distance. He died, however, without regaining consciousness.

Medical Aid Summoned.

James Reid, the boy, was hastily despatched for Mr. Black, Mr. J. McKay, another neighbor, and Dr. M. H. Aikins, who lives at Burnhamthorpe, several miles from the scene of the murder. It was two hours before the doctor arrived, and a few minutes after his arrival old Mr. Curry breathed his last.

Investigation Opened.

At 6.30 this morning Baldock and Black drove into Brampton to inform Mr. W. H. McFadden, Crown Attorney, of the tragedy, and Mr. McFadden, accompanied by Coroner Dr. Heggie, left at once for the scene of the crime. Mr. George Broddy, High Constable of Peel County, also left for the scene, accompanied by Constable Jackson. Upon their arrival Terrace, who was still unconscious, was placed under guard. About 10 o'clock Terrace regained consciousness, but lay with his eyes closed and refused to talk, except to ask for a drink.

Remained to Brampton.

After hearing the particulars of the case, the Crown Attorney and Coroner empaneled a jury, which viewed the remains of the dead man and adjourned until Monday at 2.30 in the Town Hall of Elmhurst, a village about a mile from the scene of the murder. The following farmers comprise the jury: Walter Baldock, Wm. H. Hagg, Robt. Beech, Sylvester, Osburne, Robt. Whitehead, Walter Shain, Wm. McBride, Geo. Potter, Wm. Whitehead, Roy Hammetton, John Hanna, Robt. Speers, Ward Trueman, James Leech and Absalom Petherick.

Removed to Brampton.

At 4 o'clock Terrace had recovered sufficiently to be removed to the Brampton jail, and as Dr. Aikins testified that it was safe to remove the prisoner, High Constable Broddy placed him on the mattress taken from the bed in which William Curry had died, and after wrapping Terrace up warmly to protect him from the cold, drove into Brampton, accompanied by Mr. Jackson. Terrace was perfectly conscious, and when placed on the floor in the corridor of the jail slyly opened one eye and took in the surroundings. His left eye was so badly bruised by Mr. Curry's blows that he was unable to open it. He stolidly refused to speak when questioned.

A Vivid Imagination.

The remains of Mr. Wm. Curry will be buried on Saturday at Dixie, and the funeral will be in charge of the Loyal Order of the Lodge of the county of Peel, of which he had been Master several times.

A Terrific Struggle.

A visit to the Curry homestead was made this afternoon, and the dining room was in the utmost confusion, showing that the struggle between Mr. Curry and Terrace must have been a terrific one. A pool of blood on the floor showed where Mr. Wm. Curry had stood after being shot. Mr. James Curry, who was almost overcome with grief, could scarcely narrate the facts of the murder of his father and the desperate struggle he himself had in the dining room. "I was sitting in my seat, reading," he said, "and was paying no attention to my hired man until he spoke, and when I looked over the top of my paper I saw the muzzle of my shot-gun pointed at me. When I left the house in the morning the gun was not loaded, but when we searched the house this morning we found that Terrace had stolen four shells out of my bureau drawer, two of which he placed in my gun, and two were found in the pocket of the coat he wore. When I knew that Terrace had shot my father I made a grab for him, and the struggle commenced. We knocked afterwards that Terrace had fired another shot, which struck the ceiling. If the fight had lasted a minute longer I could not have stood it, so fierce had it become. The wound inflicted in my father's side was something awful. The whole left side was blown away by the force of the shot, as Terrace was only about ten feet away when he fired, and all the ribs and the left lung were blown away. How the shot missed the heart I do not know. I got some shot in by hand during our struggle, but did not know it was there till afterwards."

Mr. Curry stated that he was glad Terrace would recover, for he would sooner have the law take its course than have the man's blood on his hands.

Small Boy's Story.

James Reid, the small boy who was in the house, could not give a very

detailed account of the shooting, as he was frightened. He stated that he went into old man Curry's room when Terrace picked up the shot gun from the corner and was standing behind the old man when Terrace shot him. He then ran out of the dining room door, but later looked in and saw the flash when Terrace discharged the gun the second time. He then drove for the neighbors and Dr. Aikins.

High Constable Broddy, who was at the house all day, after placing County Constable Jackson in charge of Terrace, made a minute examination of the house. He found that Terrace had ransacked almost every room in the dwelling until he came to the bureau drawer, where Mr. James Curry kept the shells for his gun. Two empty shells were found in the two barrels of the gun, and two more, loaded, were found in the pocket of Terrace's coat, showing that he intended to make use of his job. The stove shaker used by Terrace which he carried in his pocket was a steel one and weighed about three pounds. It was curved so that a good grip could be obtained. Terrace had been in the habit of carrying a heavy hammer in his pocket, but left it in his room on Christmas morning and took the shaker instead.

Crime Was Premeditated.

Terrence is 28 years old, and, as before stated, has a wife and child in Newcastle. His grip was examined, and in it were found writing materials, which he had used to write to his wife yesterday, and a photograph of himself and his wife, and their baby. Several recommendations, including one from Wm. Harrison, of Newcastle, told that Terrace was a proficient painter.

Shaming Unconsciousness.

The crime was the one topic of conversation on the streets of Brampton, and general regret was expressed that such a venerable old man as Wm. Curry should meet such an untimely end, and sympathy for his son was also generally expressed. Mr. James Curry lived on his father's farm for 35 years, and in Brampton the remainder of his life. His father owned a house and 30 acres of land in Brampton and lived there for several years, until his wife died, when he again moved to his farm and lived with his son and daughter, who survive him, together with Mr. Black and another daughter at Stayner. Two other sons died several years ago.

HARE-MORDEN.

Pretty Wedding in St. Thomas' Church on Christmas.

On Christmas Day the Church of St. Thomas was the scene of a pretty, yet quiet, wedding, when Florence, daughter of Mr. W. J. Morden and Mrs. Morden, became the bride of Mr. A. F. Hare, Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hare, Grafton. Carrying a white ivory bound prayer book, and dressed in a brown velvet travelling costume, with hat to match, the bride made a dainty appearance, while the bridesmaid, Miss Maude McDonald, carrying the groom's gift, a beautiful ivory bound prayer book and hymn set, was becomingly attired in pale blue silk and picture hat. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. F. C. Hare, of Grafton.

At the conclusion of the service a dinner was served at the bride's home, 32 Hess street south, where the time-honored Christmas turkey and the wedding feast made a dinner long to be remembered, as it was also the birthday of one of the parties.

Many and appropriate gifts assured the young people of the kind wishes of friends, and the groom's gift, the groom's gift to the bride, being probably the most seasonable for a winter wedding.

After a pleasant evening, the happy couple left, amid showers of confetti and the traditional old shoe blessings, for eastern ports.

ROCHETTE DEATH.

THE CORONER'S JURY'S VERDICT AGAINST THE HUSBAND.

Omer Rochette's Marriage Took Place Soon After He Buried His First Wife, and Quebec Police Are Now Looking for Him.

Quebec, Dec. 26.—"That deceased died from the effects of an arsenical substance, criminally administered by Omer Rochette, her husband, and that the said Omer Rochette should be held responsible for the death."

The above is the verdict rendered this afternoon by the Coroner's jury over the remains of the late Mrs. Omer Rochette, who died here on the 17th of November last, and who was buried on the 9th of that month. Ten days after his wife's death Rochette married a young girl named Marceau. The newly-married couple left immediately on a honeymoon trip to Montreal. Many rumors then commenced to circulate regarding Mrs. Rochette's death, and became so sensational and assumed such proportions that Coroner Joliboire had the body exhumed and the stomach, lungs and bowels were analyzed by Rev. Mr. Filion, professor of Laval University, and Dr. Marois, who both testified to the fact that arsenic was found in considerable quantities in the stomach and intestines. A nephew of Rochette, and the husband of the deceased, was also present during the two last days preceding his aunt's death at Rochette's house, and that any medicine given to the deceased was almost always given to her by the husband.

When last heard of, Rochette and his second wife were in Montreal, and he is supposed to have left that city on the 9th instant. Chief McCaskill has the matter in hand, and it is expected that Omer Rochette will soon be captured. Rochette was formerly proprietor of the Merchants' Club here.

SANTA AT SAN.

Presents and an Oyster Supper For All Patients.

A happy afternoon was spent at the Mountain Sanitarium on Friday, Dec. 20, at the Christmas tree, followed by an oyster supper, provided by St. Elizabeth's Chapter Daughters of the Empire, for the patients, staff and household.

A number of the members of the Chapter were present, and a short musical programme was given by Mrs. Heurner Mulien, and Miss Furnival, after which Santa Claus and his helpers distributed numerous gifts with a cheery word for each recipient, causing much merriment.

After a hearty vote of thanks to the energetic Rev. Mrs. W. H. Davis, and the Christmas tree committee, a three cheers and a tiger for Santa Claus and many invitations to return next year, the National Anthem was sung and the visitors enjoyed a social cup of tea before returning to the city.

The committee desire to thank the following kind friends, who assisted by their contributions: Messrs. M. Eager, Hatching, Geo. S. Kerr, E. Lazier, G. W. Robinson, P. McCullough, Edward Martin, Henderson, Harry James, G. R. Lloyd, Walter Bruce, McKinley, Lowe, S. F. Lazier, T. H. Husband, Wm. Carey, John Kerr, W. R. Duffield, Hunter, Mitchell, S. D. Bigger, McArdie, Miss Magill, McLaren, and Messrs. G. W. Robinson and Andrew Cooke.

NOT THE REAL J. L. SULLIVAN.

Fighter's Namesake Murdered at Binghamton, N. Y.

Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 26.—John L. Sullivan, a switchman employed on the Erie at Susquehanna, Penn., was murdered at noon to-day by an unknown strike-breaker. Sullivan was shot in the ear. The ball passed completely through the skull, and the injured man lived less than an hour. The man who did the shooting escaped.

Boy Read News Novels.

Winnipeg, Dec. 26.—Edward Smith, a 14-year-old boy, has been missing since Saturday and his parents believe he has committed suicide, as he had frequently threatened. Sensational literature of the dime novel class is held responsible.

Valuable Variety Grown From Kernel Found in New Mexican Ruins.

Denver, Dec. 26.—A new variety of corn grown from a single grain found in Aztec ruins in northern New Mexico last year promises to prove of high value. Planted last spring, its stalks grew eighteen feet high, bearing ears averaging seventeen inches long. The kernels are larger and sweeter than ordinary corn.

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Cresoline. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All drugs.

A NEWARK MYSTERY

NUDE BODY OF UNKNOWN WOMAN FOUND IN POND.

Had Been Strangled to Death—Victim Seen by Watchman Going Toward Pond in Company With Man at an Early Hour.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 26.—A murder combining the elements of mystery and deliberate cruelty, that takes it out of the ordinary, was committed on the Hackensack Meadows, in the town of Harrison, early to-day, and the nude body of the victim, a comely woman of perhaps 30 years, was discovered nearly submerged in the icy waters of a little pond. Only the feet projected when chance passers-by broke the ice in which the exposed portions were incriminated and dragged the body ashore this afternoon. The body had not been identified to-night, and it was pretty well established that it was not that of a resident of this city or Harrison.

Two men who occupied a yacht moored near where the body was found are detained by the police, but the most important clue obtained was furnished to-night by Peter Coogan, a watchman employed by the Marine Engine Company, who recognized the body as that of a woman whom he had seen crossing the meadows in company with a man about 2 o'clock this morning. Later he saw a man alone. He then carried a bundle in his arms. The man was short and stout.

Two girls returning to their home in Harrison long after midnight this morning heard a woman's cries floating over the marshland. They seemed to come from the direction of the pond, and to the startled girls sounded like "Spare me" and "Help." Nearer home the girls were approached by a well-dressed stranger, who accosted and followed them until a policeman was met with, when he turned and fled.

A sealskin muff, a fur neckpiece, a skirt and a woman's red coat trimmed with military braid were found along a cinder-path near the pond. The woman had been dead about twelve hours when the body was found. Death had been due to strangulation.

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Is Handsomest Looking

Improvement Number Fourteen



Appearance ruined by slouchy shoes

A handsomely attired pair of feet are as scarce as radium. Never thought of it, did you? Well, it's a fact. Next time you're at the club inspect the feet of exquisitely dressed men. You'll find hardly one smartly dressed foot. There'll be plenty of gaudy shine and polish, but clumsy fits, unbecoming shapes, bowed up and warped soles, wrinkles and all sorts of bad taste and slovenliness.

Astonishing situation when you consider that the style of a Hundred Dollar suit is converted to slouchiness when hung over slouchy boots.

Here is a recipe for making a pair of handsomely dressed masculine feet. Call on the Foot-rite retailer—his name's below. Allow him to select several pairs of Foot-rites of different shapes and styles and let him do the selecting. He's a shoe expert and knows better than you what best becomes you. Wear one pair, keep the others on trees, change daily and shine daily with a dull finish, and you'll have well groomed and admired feet.



Appearance enhanced by dandy Foot-rites

But why get Foot-rites? Because they're handsomest. They're wrinkleless and are built with uncollapsible box-toes. This gives a smooth, dressy, kid glove sort of upper. They're built with a Plumb-Line Level Heel and Sole and artistic arch.

Besides, they're made of Normal-Calf, an exclusively Foot-rite leather. This leather, being almost as soft and supple as the live calf's skin, finishes like silk and yields an ebony lustre when blacked or polished. Finally, they're molded over lasts sculptured from the ideally formed feet of model athletes, which give them new, original, and exquisitely handsome shapes—shapes that you can't get in any other shoe—shapes that'll make your feet feel proud. The same price anywhere in America, Canada or Great Britain—\$4.00 and \$5.00. Every Pair Goodyear Welted.

The Foot-rite Shoe

For Masculines

'The Napoleon of Shoes'

Trudell & Tobey 2 T's

50 James Street North

The Jewish World

The right of a hotel to exclude Jews was passed on recently in a decision handed down by Judge Wanhope Lynn in the Municipal Court, New York, in the case of Watson against Abbott. A peculiar feature of the case was that none of the persons directly interested in the case was a Jew, that all the lawyers who argued the matter were Christians with the exception of one, who was arrayed against the Jews and that the Judge, who decided it was an American to exclude a man from a hotel because of his race or creed, was a Roman Catholic.

Mr. Paul Haupt, Semitic professor at the Johns Hopkins University, has for a long time past been engaged in an attempt to establish definitely the origin and date of the "Song of Solomon," being convinced that the present theories are wrong. He now announces that the song was written near Damascus quite six hundred years after the reign of King Solomon.

The "Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden" has contributed the sum of 12,500 francs to the Alliance Israelite Universelle in aid of the Jews of Morocco.

From January, 1905, to July, 1906, 577 Jews of Vienna left their faith, of which number 283 joined the Catholic Church. In 1907 the number rose to the monthly average ranging from 30 to 65.

Morris R. Zeffel, in sending his thanks to the London Jewish World for a remittance, enclosed a sonnet, which shows that he still has his old poetic fervor.

Professor Sachau, of Berlin, has edited the remarkable Amamaey papyri, which throws light on the existence of a Jewish temple in Egypt during the fifth century B. C.

The Koli America Tifereth Yerushalayim met in New York on November 28, and resolved for the future to allot the "chulka" there instead of leaving it to the Jerusalem authorities, and also make known that they are the only ones authorized to collect money on behalf of the Ramban charities.

The Allgemeine Zeitung des Judentums says that during the recent war in Morocco 250 Jewish girls were captured by the tribes, part of whom were sold as slaves or concubines to harems of rich Moors, while the rest were distributed as spoil among the leaders of the various tribes.

A fire at Malat, Wilna Province, Russia, destroyed one hundred stores and dwellings and reduced two hundred Jewish families to the verge of starvation.

Rabbi Joseph Stolz and Rabbi Tobias Schaffner are leading the fight against the Bible in public schools in Chicago. The Hungarian community in Palestine requires six carloads of flour to tide over the famine.

Mr. Nathan Straus has established a depot for pasteurizing milk in Heidelberg, Germany.

The branches of the United Hebrew Charities, New York, have been closed down for lack of funds.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Meadiah Ben Israel, who obtained the readmittance of Jews in England, occurred last month.

The Jewish Free School of Alexandria, Egypt, has fifteen hundred pupils.

Jewish girls took an active and prominent part in the recent riots in Vladivostok.

The Rev. Jacob S. Bralder, of Salt Lake City, died last week. He held his position for the last sixteen years.

BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES H. FLETCHER

When a man carries a corkscrew he is generally looking for an opening.

SILVER PLATE FOUND.

A Lot of Thieves' Booty Picked Up at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, Dec. 26.—Detectives are working on a peculiar mystery here to-day and so far without result. On Tuesday evening William King, employed by the Ontario Power Company, when passing down Murray street ravine under the Michigan Central bridge saw an object protruding from the melting snow beside the roadway, and uncovered two magnificent silver trays. One is nearly three feet long and two feet wide, and weighs fifteen pounds. The other is a foot in diameter. Both bear English hall marks, and are evidently solid silver of the finest quality. They are splendidly ornamented, and mounted. The large one has been used, but the smaller one is new. The large one had been forcibly folded up, and is much damaged.

Mr. King turned the silver over to the police and Detective MacNamara, searching near the spot, discovered a smaller tray beside the railway track. They are of American manufacture and poorer quality. One is round and the other oblong, and both bear the initials N. B. L. engraved in the centre. On the back of one is scratched the private mark "M. M." and on the other "P. 554." There is absolutely no clue as to where the silver came from or how long it lay undiscovered, except that there was snow for only ten days before. The police are sure the silver was thieves' plunder and that the big tray was doubtless up so it could be put in a bag or under a coat.

Probably the thieves were carrying the stuff through on a train and, being anxious to be rid of it, threw it into the ravine from the bridge, not knowing there was a road below, and thinking they could recover it later. The stuff is believed to be worth more than three hundred dollars.

FAMINE