

ECONOMICAL PIRATE

Uncle Jonah was the only sailor in our family...

For 20 years or so Uncle Jonah held no communication with his reared family...

I bade him farewell in the Southampton docks one bleak evening in February...

Years passed, but no tidings of Uncle Jonah ever reached me...

My professional zeal enabled me to stifle any emotion that might have interfered with the business in hand...

I recognized Uncle Jonah directly he stepped into the dock...

The evidence taken that morning was purely formal, and pending the attendance of some important witnesses, the prisoner was remanded in custody...

And this is the story of baffled piracy as told by my Uncle Jonah. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words...

Uncle Jonah winked and spat skillfully into the corner of the cell...

"Two hundred quid a month and 5 per cent. commission," he replied. "The first mate was to get a hundred," he added...

meant to sink her anyway, but there wouldn't have been any sense in making them desperate...

"A dozen hands!" I echoed, incredulously. "The rest was dummies, growled Uncle Jonah...

"These didn't fight," said Uncle Jonah. "They were only meant to frighten the passengers of the mails we stopped...

"Well, these dummies were worked on much the same lines. Their innards were chock-a-block with long steel springs, James, and the wigs and beards made 'em look like force as if they was fed on raw beef...

"Very well," says he; "I'm helpless, and you're free to gut my ship. Since you mean to avoid bloodshed, I'll give you every facility."

"Right," says I, "this is a matter of business, and the sooner we get through with it the better. Tell the crew and passengers to take out their weapons and get on their feet...

"Well, the married wimmin may keep their wedding rings," says I. "It's quite irregular, but I'm a widower myself."

"With that I followed the captain down to the strong room, taking four hands with me to carry up the gold. My idea was to hang on to the diamonds myself till I could get 'em under lock and key in my own cabin...

"There was 100,000 quids' worth of gold in that strong room, or I'm a liar," he continued, "and enough diamonds to have half filled a bread bag. It took us some time to get the gold on deck and lower it into the boat...

"I took a peep at her myself, and blamed if the mate hadn't closed in that near that you could have heaved a biscuit aboard her. The fool must have drunk I suppose, or he'd have had the sense to know that he was risking all our necks and his own too..."

"Between you and me, James, I meant to retire from business if we parted it off, and I should have been over particular about settling up with the syndicate."

"This confession of dishonesty pained me, but I let it pass. To remove a pirate for swindling his employers seemed, on the whole, inconsistent."

"We slowed down," continued Uncle Jonah, impressively, "wound up all the dummies, and stood by to give her a couple of rounds from our 4.7 gun. The chap who bossed that gun had been a navy man, and he could hit a funnel at 1,000 yards four times out of six. He got 10 quid a week from the syndicate and he said it was a nice little addition to his service pension of 18 pence a day."

"When the Rhodes Castle closed within about five cables I gave the word and ran up the black flag. The navy man let rip, and the foremost funnel went over like a candle in a hot room. The second shot carried away the chart house and part of the bridge, and then the captain stopped engines."

"Now, you must bear in mind that we only had 12 hands besides the German dummies, and the mail boat carried a big crew without reckoning the passengers. We could have sunk her in half an hour, but it was no good doing that till I'd got the stuff out of her."

"My plan was this: I left the mate and the navy man in charge of the Falcon, and took the other one along with me in the boat to overhaul the mail. We was armed, of course, but I trusted more to the lurid dummies than our revolvers, and I told the mate not to close nearer to the mail than 500 yards. At that distance our dummies looked right enough, but they seemed a bit stiff in the joints at close quarters. Perhaps I was a bit hurried, anyway. I didn't notice anything wrong with the mate when I got him the orders. When we got alongside the mail I bawled the captain and told him to send all hands forward except himself and the mate. Then we boarded the ship, and I had a few words with the captain. I told him we'd come for the gold and the diamonds and the loose cash and the wimmin's jewelry, and if they gave any trouble I should sink the ship with all hands. I

mean to sink her anyway, but there wouldn't have been any sense in making them desperate. My instructions from the agent was to sink every prize we took and spare no lives. It sounds a bit harsh, James, but a pirate can't afford to be tender hearted nowadays, or he'd have a dozen warships after him inside a month. When we captured the Oceanic (she was supposed to have struck an iceberg, you'll remember) the navy man and that fat headed mate of mine wanted to take their pick of the wimmin; but that was clean against the contract, and I wouldn't allow it.

"The skipper cheered up considerably when I told him we hoped to get through the job without cutting a throat, and he handed over the keys of the safe like a lamb. Those two shots from the 4.7 had done our business, and to look at the Falcon you'd never have doubted she carried a strong crew of out and out murderers. "See here, captain," says I, pointing to my vessel, "you might manage to hobble me and my search party; but if we don't get safe back to the Falcon in half an hour, my mate has orders to blow this hooker out of the water."

"Right," says I, "this is a matter of business, and the sooner we get through with it the better. Tell the crew and passengers to take out their weapons and get on their feet, and the wimmin to dub up their jewelry. Let your mate go round, with a bread bag and make the collection. He's got rather the cut of a church warden."

"You might do without the jewelry," said the cap'n.

"Well, the married wimmin may keep their wedding rings," says I. "It's quite irregular, but I'm a widower myself."

"With that I followed the captain down to the strong room, taking four hands with me to carry up the gold. My idea was to hang on to the diamonds myself till I could get 'em under lock and key in my own cabin...

"There was 100,000 quids' worth of gold in that strong room, or I'm a liar," he continued, "and enough diamonds to have half filled a bread bag. It took us some time to get the gold on deck and lower it into the boat...

"I took a peep at her myself, and blamed if the mate hadn't closed in that near that you could have heaved a biscuit aboard her. The fool must have drunk I suppose, or he'd have had the sense to know that he was risking all our necks and his own too..."

"Between you and me, James, I meant to retire from business if we parted it off, and I should have been over particular about settling up with the syndicate."

"This confession of dishonesty pained me, but I let it pass. To remove a pirate for swindling his employers seemed, on the whole, inconsistent."

"We slowed down," continued Uncle Jonah, impressively, "wound up all the dummies, and stood by to give her a couple of rounds from our 4.7 gun. The chap who bossed that gun had been a navy man, and he could hit a funnel at 1,000 yards four times out of six. He got 10 quid a week from the syndicate and he said it was a nice little addition to his service pension of 18 pence a day."

"When the Rhodes Castle closed within about five cables I gave the word and ran up the black flag. The navy man let rip, and the foremost funnel went over like a candle in a hot room. The second shot carried away the chart house and part of the bridge, and then the captain stopped engines."

"Now, you must bear in mind that we only had 12 hands besides the German dummies, and the mail boat carried a big crew without reckoning the passengers. We could have sunk her in half an hour, but it was no good doing that till I'd got the stuff out of her."

"My plan was this: I left the mate and the navy man in charge of the Falcon, and took the other one along with me in the boat to overhaul the mail. We was armed, of course, but I trusted more to the lurid dummies than our revolvers, and I told the mate not to close nearer to the mail than 500 yards. At that distance our dummies looked right enough, but they seemed a bit stiff in the joints at close quarters. Perhaps I was a bit hurried, anyway. I didn't notice anything wrong with the mate when I got him the orders. When we got alongside the mail I bawled the captain and told him to send all hands forward except himself and the mate. Then we boarded the ship, and I had a few words with the captain. I told him we'd come for the gold and the diamonds and the loose cash and the wimmin's jewelry, and if they gave any trouble I should sink the ship with all hands. I

MAN HUNTING IN TORONTO

CHIEF CANADIAN REFUGEE OF AMERICAN CRIMINALS.

Little Things by Which Fugitives Betray Themselves—Methods of Banker and Burglar.

In spite of extradition treaties Canada continues to be a place of refuge for Americans who in one way or another have come into collision with the law. Toronto has always been the centre of this foreign colony from the States.

John W. Murray has for twenty-eight years been chief of the Criminological Investigation Department for the Ontario Government. During his long career he has visited every part of the civilized world in pursuit of crooks, and knows more celebrated fugitives than any other man in Canada.

"What is it that leads the men to betray themselves?" said Mr. Murray recently, when asked what had enabled him to succeed in arresting fugitives from justice who had sought refuge here. "I cannot say. Perhaps it is the knowledge they possess that goes with every guilty conscience that they are being sought together with the fear, forever with them, if they evade justice a generation, of possible arrest. In my twenty-eight years of experience, I suppose I have met every temperament and condition of the criminal world in this peculiar field—men of great learning and culture, some of the highest attainments, and others of the lowest of crime, of the product of the slums. But their methods are almost invariably the same, and intelligent men who have wrecked banks by unfortunate speculation, and the thug and burglar who have wrecked the same institutions at night with dynamite, in the hope of losing the strongbox, seem to reach about the same conclusions, though from a widely different process of reasoning. They resort to the same tricks to evade the sleuth, and while one seeks the best residential portion of the city and the other the slum, there is a sameness about their life from the time they become fugitives from justice that betrays them immediately to

THE TRAINED DETECTIVE.

"These men change their names, their physical appearance and their clothes, but they don't seem to be capable of changing their habits, and by these they are inevitably recognized. The habits acquired by a lifetime of exertion in a particular field may not be put off, I have discovered merely because one wills it. These descriptions, especially of the small things in the way of habits, are carefully noted in the circulars of the American cities, and they lead to the detection of the fugitive when the color of his hair, eyes, physical proportions and the other marks commonly supposed to identify him fail. For instance, I recall a Cincinnati bank clerk whom we found for toothpicks. He chewed them constantly. He disguised himself carefully, wore blue goggles and a wig, but he could not give up the toothpicks."

"Another St. Louis fugitive, a man of prominence in his State, was located at the racetrack. The circular described him concluded with a brief reference to the fact that he invariably attended the races. I found him in a private box scanning the field for a horse he was backing. "A Milwaukee embezzler was described as a very devout man at home, though it was added that this man perhaps a blind, and he could not resort to it longer, since he was a fugitive from justice, but did not believe a man could drop this habit, even though it had been assumed in the first place merely to disguise his real nature. Good habits, like bad ones, are equally tenacious. They can't be dropped in a moment, and so the found this fugitive a member of a little suburban church, and a teacher in

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Will these fugitives fight? No, absolutely no. In many years' dealing with this class of criminals, I never knew but two or three to resist when approached by an officer. I attribute this common impulse to submit quietly to the fact that they are in a foreign country, unaccustomed to the ways of the people and realizing that resistance will make a bad matter worse. A man who, at home, would fight to the death, in a new country submits to arrest as meekly as a child."

"Perhaps they have been so long expecting arrest, living in perpetual fear of the inevitable, that they are relieved when the suspense is over. I have had more than one fugitive who had evaded justice for many years assert this relief. In fact, so generally have I found fugitives to be harmless when in a foreign country that I discarded the habit of carrying a revolver in pursuing this class of wanted men. But they want a lawyer. That is usually the first thing they seek, and they make a bitter fight, as a rule. Their stolen property, if they have any left, is spent lavishly for this purpose."

"The authorities of the States and Canada work together very close, and exchange information constantly. In many cases we find a fugitive who cannot be extradited, and he knows it. The fact is noted, and in time he gets careless. He can't resist the desire to creep over the line occasionally, and then we quietly notify the American officers, and arrests follow. They all get homesick sooner or later."

"Man hunters know how much easier it is for a fugitive to evade them in a big city than in the wilds of a new country. The forest and plain afford no such security as congested humanity. In my experience in this class of business, I have seen that illustrated dozens of times. It is the perverseness of fate which points the finger of suspicion at the rest."

FREE! LADIES, send name and address and you will receive a COMPOUND PENNYROYAL TEA.

Every mother and lady should use it. Used successfully by thousands of ladies. It is the only medicinal remedy for all the ailments of women. It is sold in Europe and America. It is constantly recommended to the afflicted. Write for address to THE LEEBRO CO., 125 King Street West, Toronto, Can.

less fugitive, though he may have exercised all the discretion of THE CUNNING CRIMINAL.

"He penetrates the unsettled region, has few neighbors and never mentions his former associates and home. His very secretiveness provokes suspicion. The gossip of the neighborhood relates that so-and-so receives no mail. The vicarage shakes their heads and wag their tongues. Then some evil day one of the hangbodies writes the nearest constable of a mysterious man in that vicinity. The officer consults his circulars for wanted men, and concludes to take a look at the strange man. Then he discovers some old criminal who is wanted on grave charges or some broken-down bank cashier who had fled from his home some long ago that he had begun to feel quite secure in his new home. Many Americans have gone back to the States under these very circumstances."

"I do not believe it is the hope of reward that stimulates the average detective in the discharge of his duty. I believe as many men are approached for reward as are offered as of those for whom large sums are paid for detecting. I believe the professional instinct is as strong in the average officer as in an artist, a mechanic or a physician. I have followed men half round the world and seen them behind the bars when I personally had a strong regard for the prisoner's family and every inducement to permit him to escape. A professional crook robs more for the sake of robbing, I conceive, than for the booty he secures. So an officer is urged on not by hope of reward, but by professional instinct."

"I believe as many fugitives are coming to Canada from the States as ever. This is partly due to the increasing population on both sides of the line. While many of the graver crimes are covered by the extradition treaty, there are a host of serious cases that we don't seem to have been able to get through on."

Toronto bids fair to be deprived of its reputation for harboring fugitives since the Northwest Territories opened up so promisingly. In the past an American whose

ENFORCED VACATION

carried him into Canada naturally sought Toronto as the most congenial part of the Dominion. Here he found thousands of Americans and a people differing in no way from those he was acquainted with in the States. Thus it was no difficult matter to enter business and find companions of the same kind. It was different, because of the French population. A person unfamiliar with French was easily observed, and the fugitive attached more importance to this phase really than it deserved. Other cities more remote proved less satisfactory as a residence, and Toronto naturally became the select location of this class of new citizens. Now this class finds the new West—the golden West—more congenial."

Still there are lots of American fugitives in Toronto to-day. Almost daily American detectives visit Toronto in pursuit of fugitives. It is nothing unusual to observe strangers strolling around Toronto, accompanied by the city or provincial detectives. They are officers from the States looking for men who have fled from their section. The hotels, the places of amusement and the shady side of the fashionable promenade are always examined by these searching parties. Even a bank robber, embezzler or murderer is like a cork in the water, and cannot ignore the impulse to enjoy a little of the good things of life in his new home. A few months ago a quiet-looking man was strolling down Yonge street, the leading thoroughfare of Toronto, accompanied by City Detective Cuddy. The couple were apparently out for a good time. They were dressed in the fashionable style, and, as they walked, they were talking over, and scanning young men closely. Suddenly the stranger gave a nod, and Detective Cuddy placed his hand on the shoulder of a fashionably attired young man and whispered into his ear. Then the trio quietly walked to the police station, that afternoon newspapers announced that a Pittsburg detective had that day caught the young son of a Pittsburg millionaire, who was wanted for an illegal financial transaction, and it was true."

"This is the way it is done, and so many times have these little incidents occurred that slight comment is occasioned by the success of the man hunters on the streets of Toronto. The passing throng scarcely observes the man who has lost in the game of life."

When Folk first began to scatter the St. Louis boodlers and Minneapolis was routing the Ames gang, Toronto was visited weekly by officers from those two cities. Had some of the St. Louis boodlers but realized that they were safe here from extradition from the charge of bribery, more would have become subjects of King Edward than did, for it is no secret that several did visit Toronto—and some of them are here yet and under police surveillance."

"I'm afraid," said the family man, "that my eldest son is inclined to be fast." "You can cure him of that." "How." "Get him a job as a messenger boy."

"I wish I had been a man!" he sighed. "So do I," he exclaimed, and laughed harshly at himself. For some moments she contemplated him in silence. "Ah, yes," she finally remarked, with acerbity, "if you had been a man it would be still better!"

SOME DEEP MYSTERIES.

PECULIAR DAINTIES ENJOYED BY HUMANITY.

Nga-pe Is Said to be Very Nice, But Straw Hat is Not Liked.

Nga-pe is a dainty peculiar to the Burmese; this is how it is prepared: A hole is dug in the ground, and a layer of fish is placed on the bottom. Then some salt is thrown in, with the addition of some chillies and various other vegetables. Then there is placed a layer of earth, then another layer of fish, and another layer of salt, and so on until the pit is filled up. The mass is left here until it becomes quite rotten. After a good many months the black putrid mass is taken up. The odoriferous stuff then is called Nga-pe, and is held in high repute. The Burmese maintain that it is the finest dainty that it is possible to obtain."

After all we have nearly as peculiar dainties in our own country. At an inquest held on a child not long ago it was stated that she had been fed on salmon, ice cream, pickles and jam. The mother of this child—quite a young woman—had lost three children within a week.

The Mexican national drink is another peculiar concoction. The best way to get an idea of its peculiarities is to take a mixture of flour and water, and allow it to stand until a rich green mould grows upon it. When it gives a smell which permeates the place for a good distance round, the preparation may be considered complete.

A French entomologist is greatly in favor of insects as an article of food. This gentleman should be an excellent authority on the subject, for he has eaten every kind of insect imaginable. He has tasted hundreds of the species raw, boiled, fried, broiled, roasted, hashed, and so on.

TREATED IN OTHER WAYS.

He does not care for spiders, because first of all they are not insects, and secondly they are flesh eaters. There is the French entomologist's recipe for his favorite side-dish: "Pound your cockroaches in a mortar, put in a sieve, and pour on boiling water, or beef stock."

Sir Harry Johnston says he has tasted a most peculiar dish. It was while he was in a very wild part of West Africa, on the Upper Cross River. He was hauling out of his canoe, and his servants were imprisoned temporarily, but he himself was taken to a great feast. This was in honor of some ancestors of the tribe. As a matter of fact, some part of the ancestral feast consisted of the ancestors themselves. Amongst the dainties served at the dinner was a rather agreeably-flavored red dish. He asked his host what was its composition. He received a very laconic answer: Man.

He found that the dish was formed of tritured relative which had been previously smoked over a fire of weeds, and had been mixed with palm oil, red pepper, and salt. By having consumed this entremet he became a member of the tribe.

The composition of the sausage has ever been a deep mystery. The sanitary authorities of Libau, in Russia, have solved this mystery—to a certain extent. They have discovered that at the big sausage factory in the town the delicacy had

A CURIOUS COMPOSITION.

Horses, cats, dogs, rats, and even mice were used in the making of the best "Pork" sausages. The owner of this factory was in league with various municipal workmen who supplied the material. He had become a millionaire in a very few years simply by manufacturing these delectable articles.

Horseflesh is by no means a bad dish. In Berlin there have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which is greatly in favor of the use of horseflesh as an article of diet. The menu of the dinners of this society shows that the dishes are composed of various portions of the horse. The following is the bill of fare of one of these dinners: Strong broth. Pickled tongue, with horseradish sauce. Larded fillet in Madeira. Swiss roast in cream.

Do you like horse? It is very probable indeed that you may have tasted it. Somewhere about 15,000 horses are slaughtered yearly in and about Chicago. Most of this flesh finds its way to the public market under the guise of "dressed corned beef." The "beef fakery" practically do all the work at night, trimming the meat so as to resemble beef as much as it is possible to make it. "Tinned horse" is becoming a great product of Chicago. It is a very clever housewife who can tell it from tinned beef.

Snails are not half bad eating. Last year Paris consumed fully 800 TONS OF SNAILS.

Large quantities are being eaten in America; in addition, very many are consumed in other parts of the world. In fact, the snail dainties' market is widening from year to year. The creatures are bred in Burgundy and Savoy mostly. They are kept in inclosures formed of tarred palings over which they cannot climb. They are fed principally on vine leaves. It is said that treated thus they acquire the delicate flavor of a superior Burgundy wine. This may be as it is, but in practice the flavor is quite overwhelmed by an extensive admixture of chopped garlic.

Leyssous, of Malines, the most voracious eater in the world, has had a fatal surfeit, much to the regret of snail epicures in general. Upon one famous occasion he ate twelve yards of beef and pork sausages, disposing of 300 raw mussels and two pounds of bread a few days later.

"I wish I had been a man!" he sighed. "So do I," he exclaimed, and laughed harshly at himself. For some moments she contemplated him in silence. "Ah, yes," she finally remarked, with acerbity, "if you had been a man it would be still better!"

RIGHT.

the Retina of the Eye.

demonstration invisible? midnight sky, most readily, is of the moon's by the sun's dim space is now that light

beam of light is only visible, and the cone of the sun shines in a shutter is light reflected beam. This can demonstrated by a glass vessel is seen carefully on may be seeing the vessel, n. A Bunsen or held so as to also render the spot.

when it strikes eye, and it catches it in a direct reflection of line. Just as I do a man no turned in their, so light is it is aimed at tina.

ble. rank man."

asked him if he took care of his hair he said he was to get his money to

body!

of any kind on one of MACHINES

new Minutes. feels Just Right. ctly. improvement Over

but these are nically, without much dish to injure it. FIRE SETTERS, the patronage of d. All work Call and see

AWSON, AYLMER, ONT

Canadian

ST. TURN FARES: Regina... \$30

Albert... \$35

Deer... \$40

18th, returning in 1903.

Sept. 9th, 1903.

Lake of Rays, n. that many a difficult to er, would she situation on the locally chosen because of me intelligent knowledge of to astonishingly or quaint—often met with facility of extraordinary r Court would me misadventures with her, were Queen Alexandra's. The NEWA piano, her daughters, at value.

no's

are y by mer's

id. ablished.

St. Thomas, London.

Are you Bilious? Do you have Sick Headaches? You can be quickly and easily relieved by taking Beecham's Pills

FITS EPILEPSY, FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE, and all other nervous affections are cured by this medicine. THE LEEBRO CO., 125 King Street West, Toronto.