TICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I in-
to apply at the next sitting of the
sing Board for a transfer of my
r license for the sale of wines and
rs by retail on the premises known
e Bodega Saloon to Stephen H. Rob-

ted this 2nd day of April, 1906.
M. J. G. WHITE.

ICE OF ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING

e adjourned Annual General Meeting
e shareholders of The Mounts Sicker
Brenton Mines, Limited, will be held
e Sir William Wallace Hall, Broad
t, Victoria, British Columbia, on
esday, April Eleventh, 1906, at
e O'clock in the afternoon.
CAMERON, T. J. JONES,
Secretary. President.
il 2, 1906. a3

oslyn Coal

DAVERNE., Sole Agent.
er in Wood and Bark. Office, 22
ounce. Phone 97. Yard Phone, 266.

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13 BROAD STREET

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LET—Restaurant; first class, central
ion; fully equipped with new furni-
which can be purchased at a bar-
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41 Government St.

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y renovated throughout and re-
ructed, is now open for business. The
is modern in every respect. Fire-
and is located in heart of Victoria.
bus will meet all trains and steamers.
TES—American plan, $1 to $1.50 per
European plan, rooms, 50, 75 and $1,
meals, 25c and up.

C. VOSS, PROPRIETOR

ders for Police Clothing & Helmets

o to 3 p.m. Monday, April 9
NDERS will be received by the under-
d for Police Clothing and Helmets, in
dance with specifications and sam-
to be seen in office of the undersign-
o whom tenders must be addressed,
erly signed, sealed and endorsed
ders for Police Clothing and Hel-
e Corporation reserves its right not
ccept any tender.
WM. W. NORTHCOTT,
hasing Agent for the Corporation of
he City of Victoria, B. C.
y Hall, Victoria, B. C., April 4, 1906.
a6

unicipal Notice

ewer Rental and Sewer Construction Tax

blic notice is hereby given that under
provisions of "The Sewers By-Law,
" the roll for the year 1906 has been
ared and filed in my office, showing
wner of lands and real property front-
upon each branch, main, or common
r or drain laid in the city of Victoria,
showing the number of feet frontage
land of each owner so fronting, and
the name and address of each own-
nd also giving the amounts each one
essed in respect to sewer rental and
connection tax, which are to be paid
ding to the said By-Law. Any per-
whose name appears therein may peti-
the Council in manner hereinafter
oned, viz.: "Any person dissatisfied
the number of feet frontage with
h he is assessed upon such roll, wheth-
on the ground that the measurement
correct, or that the land and real
rty are not liable to taxation or are
itably assessed under the provisions
is By-Law, may, not later than the
ay of April in each year petition the
cil for an alteration in such roll, and
state his grounds for requiring an
ation."
CHAS. KENT,
Treasurer and Collector.
y Treasurer and Collector's Office,
Hall, Victoria, B. C. mr15

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AGS WANTED
AT THE
OLONIST OFFICE

THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q.

BY K. and HESKETH PRITCHARD.

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No. 5.

The Dark Brothers of the Civil Guard

V.

The name of Don Quebranta-huesos spelled despair to the civil guards of Spain. Time after time he had foiled their best-laid schemes. Yet it must be owned that he was a fair and even an appreciative enemy. He had been heard to say more than once that, but for the existence of the guardia civile he would, in one of his black moods, have taken his own life from sheer ennui.

He was wont to add that he owed a debt to none in the world, save only to the guardia civile and the ibex of the sierra. For the ibex lured sportsmen to travel up into the solitudes of the mountains, where now and again they were captured by Don Q.'s scouts and held to ransom; while the civil guard kept alive his interest in preserving his own life, since they were always trying to take it.

The guardia civile is a picked corps of military police, who possess a manual containing one of the most remarkable and noble codes of regulations the world has ever seen. Part I. opens with the following sentence: "Honor must be the chief object of the civil guard, and it must be preserved spotless and intact." The outcome of such a code as this, added to a gathering halo of tradition, has produced a body of men well equipped in every sense of the word, splendidly disciplined, only to be matched by the famous Irish constabulary.

Unless you have travelled through some of the despoblados, the desert tracts of Spain, or in the lonely sierra, it is hard fully to understand the duties and the qualities of a civil guard. He holds a roving commission to patrol the highways and mountain passes, and always works with a comrade, for the wild roads owe their safety to his presence. Don Q. had succeeded year after year, in setting at nought their efforts, baffling their plans by acuteness of brain and a perfectly systematized intelligence department.

Ultimately after the visit paid by the brigand to Don Hugo, a sum, which in some eyes took on the form of a fabulous fortune, was put on the head of Don Q.

At this time, among his numerous foes was counted one, perhaps the most inveterate of them all, of whom Don Q. knew nothing. Manuelo Moruno was a member of the civil guard, as was his brother, Gregorio. They were very silent men, and, after the custom of their corps, they worked together.

A chance allusion to the ears of the governor of the prison of Castelleno, flung in mockery at Manuelo, with a tube, that he and Gregorio should try their hand at capturing the mysterious brigand who had for so long checkmated every plot formed against him, planted a seed in the heart of the elder Moruno that soon usurped his whole thoughts.

Therefore a certain amount of interest was awakened at the headquarters of that tercio of the civil guard to which the brothers belonged, when they requested leave of absence for an indefinite term.

"You want an unusual favor, Manuelo," the commandant said to the elder, "I will see what I can do for you both. You are good men at your work, though a trifle heavy-handed."

Later a month was conceded.

"It is not enough," said Manuelo.

"We will take no leave, senor."

The officer looked thoughtful.

"May I inquire where you propose to spend your leave?" he asked, after a pause.

Manuelo's face grew more somber.

"Gregorio and I have given the years of our manhood to the honor of the guardia civile. If we cannot have leave without words spoken, we stay—that is all, senor."

"Is it true, then, that you would go to the sierra? Have you a plan?" The officer put the question almost in a whisper.

"There is a saying in my birthplace, 'A loose tongue cuts the throat,' senor."

"True. He of the sierra hears everything," the commandante said, half to himself.

"I wonder if you realize the difficulty. No one has ever got the better of—him."

"We have made a vow," returned Manuelo rigidly.

The sporting instinct awoke in the commandante and sent a glow through his veins. It rested with him to slip the dogs on the wildcat.

"Go," he said; "and may the saints go with you."

The plan formed by the Morunos was such a one as might have been expected from men of their character. After many discussions they decided that the chance of success lay in one direction only. By no attempt from the outside could they ever hope to reach the wary and terrible Don Q. They resolved, therefore, to make the desperate venture of following him deep into his unascertained hiding places in the sierra and there to gain accurate and first hand knowledge of his habits, with, perhaps, some measure of his confidence. In a word, they were going to turn brigands, and enroll themselves amongst the sequestradors who owed him allegiance.

Two days after there arrived at a small village not far from Castelleno a couple of unshaven, savage-looking men. In a safe place they had buried their passports. It is necessary in Spain for every man who goes any distance from his home to carry a passport. If he is found without it the carcel is his portion till he can make matters straight. A couple of guardias civiles came upon the pair, the inevitable question was asked, and, as they were without papers the brothers were arrested and taken off to the lockup, in much the same way that they themselves had frequently arrested suspicious travellers.

Sullenly the two brothers marched to the village carcel, and, once within the doors, they felt the first step that was to lead them to Don Q. had been taken.

The next night the lockup was thrown into confusion when it was discovered that the prisoners had escaped. Thorough in the smallest details, or perhaps reverting to the tendencies of earlier days, Gregorio had stunned the man who took them their evening mess of pottage. A hue and cry was immediately raised after them, but the two brothers had fled beyond pursuit into the sierra.

From one obscure hand to another, by ways too devious to follow, the new aspirants for enrollment in the robber gang gradually drifted into the presence of Don Q.

The ever-chilly chief, huddled as usual in his cloak, was sitting beside his fire when the men were brought into his presence. He raised his eyes from the book of old-world Spanish romance on his knee, in which he had been reading. A dark mood was upon him.

"Gaspar, take these fellows away and make the usual examination," said the chief. "I hope, for your own sakes, that you will fulfil our requirements," he added to the brothers.

"We do not understand," Manuelo said stolidly.

Don Q. passed a slow glance over the two fine, well-set-up figures.

"By the way," he began in his soft way, that somehow sounded so deadly to his hearers, "you are, you say, newly from Malaga. There is a point upon which you can perhaps enlighten me. Is it true that the chest measurement for enlistment in the civil guard has been raised half an inch?"

The two black-haired men kept their expression of impassive dullness.

"We are poor men," answered Manuelo, "and when we see a pair of guardias civiles we hide in the bushes or the rocks. I do not know. And you, brother?"—he turned towards Gregorio.

"I heard that a recruit must now measure 32 inches round the chest if he desires to be of their corps."

Don Q. considered Gregorio's reply. "Gaspar," he said. "I can take no more applicants into our band under 33-inch measurement of the chest. The height can remain the same"; then seeing a look of surprise come into the eyes of Manuelo, he added:

"If these men do not happen to reach the standard you will know what to do with them. Did any tell you on your way here that those unfit to be counted amongst our number are also unfit to—leave us?"

"We were told."

With that the Morunos were led from the cave, still wearing their air of dullness and uninterest, to be measured beside the fires in the valley below. Then to each was given a slip of paper, and they were led back to the presence of the chief.

"You may speak, Gaspar," said Don Q.

"Their heights are 5 feet 10 and 5 feet 9; their chests measure 37 and 36 inches, lord."

"Good. And now," Don Q. looked at Manuelo, "let me have a short history of your lives."

"We are sons of one mother, born at a birth. Our name Forjado. They call me Miguel and my brother they call Miguelito. Our father was a contrabandisto. He is dead. The guardias civiles—on whom be curses—shot him when we were children. A month ago we were running a cargo over the sierra on mule back. The guardias civiles prepared an ambush. They fired on us from behind the rocks. We fought with them and escaped, but Miguelito killed one. They had recognized us, so we fled. We entered Bechivo without papers, we were put in the carcel. There we met certain men who told us of the ladron en grande, the great sequestradore, Don Q."

"We decided to seek refuge in the sierra. There was a stone in the courtyard. Miguelito has been a poacher. He crept up behind the guard, who brought our puchero. He may or may not be dead. We are here."

Thus it was that the two brothers gained admission to the ranks of the brigands. Without faltering they took the oath of fidelity and returned with Gaspar to the valley.

* * * * * * *

The days passed on; the Morunos—though it neither affected nor weakened their resolve—felt something very akin to deep respect grow up in their minds for the iron-handed, inexorable man, who, in spite of his fragile frame, held in abject subjection a bevy of the vilest characters in Spain. The courage of Don Q. was so abnormal, his indifference to death and to danger so absolute, that he compelled the unwilling admiration of the brothers.

It was clearly impossible to attack him among his men, and though the Morunos discussed over and over again the plan of stealing up to the cave by night, and taking their chance of escape after the deed they had come to do was done, they were cast back and deterred by rumors and stories that passed from mouth to mouth round the fires.

Manuelo listened and pondered these things.

"I would buy his life with mine, Gregorio, as thou knowest," the elder brother said; "but he is crafty as the devil. The cave is secure by reason of his craft. We must wait."

But the weeks drifted by, and the grip of winter closed more and more harshly upon the mountains, the robbers built themselves chozas, and for the rest,

Far down in the Murcian plains. The commandate shook his head and invented plausible excuses for the absence of the Morunos. In his heart he feared they must be dead, for he believed in their loyalty to the utter most; but never in their long service had they been opposed to any foe so terrible as the immutable chief of the sequestradores.

On a certain bitter evening in December, Manuelo, with Gaspar was summoned to the cave. Although Manuelo had no premonition of it, he was about to utter a few words which in the end brought on that opportunity of dealing hand to hand with Don Q. which he had almost begun to despair of finding.

Don Q. spoke vaguely of an errand to the Sierra Sagura, and desired to find a messenger acquainted with the region. The Sierra Segura is that part of the mountain range which runs across the province of Murcha, and Manuelo had patrolled it from pass to plain during most of the years of his service in the civil guards.

For that very reason he denied all knowledge of it, and proclaimed himself as having been born and bred in Catalonia.

"It is unfortunate," remarked the chief regretfully, "but the matter, though important, can be delayed. Meanwhile, Gaspar, you must go down to-morrow in the early morning to the hut of the carbonero, Tomas. I have promised him a reward for information; but you shall give it to his wife for he is a spendthrift. Miguel goes with you. Leave me, my children."

A day later Manuelo again found himself in the cave.

"Miguel," asked Don Q., "do you ever go to confession?"

A slight change passed across the man's dark face.

"No, lord," he said stubbornly, for the question somehow made him uncomfortable.

"That is a pity," returned the chief. "death is never very far from one of your profession, Miguel. It is as well to be prepared; is it not?"

"Yes, lord"; there was nothing for it but to acquiesce. The topic was ambiguous and might lead anywhere, but the next moment the man's soul thrilled with joy.

"I am thinking of making a little journey to-morrow night," went on Don Q. "You will accompany me."

"Yes, lord." Manuelo had hard work to retain his impassive aspect. The chance so long hoped for was come at last.

"I intend to go down to the little monastery of San Pedro. The fathers are very holy men, and now and again they sing masses, at my expense, for the souls of those who have perished in the mountains. I have chosen you, Miguel, for you are a man of a sober habit, not given to gambling as are some about the fires. You will now have time to prepare yourself for confession. It is sad, as I myself know, after receiving absolution of the good fathers, when one remembers some little peccadillo, such as the name of a man one has been forced to kill in the way of business. And, as I should never dream of detaining a priest as captive your opportunities may be few and far between. Make the most of this one. You may die, Miguel, before the next. Quien sabe?"

Manuelo left the presence of the chief filled with strong joy. At last, fortune had come over to the side of himself and his brother. He sought Gregorio at the earliest possible moment with the news.

"Gracias a Dios," answered the younger man; "we now have him between finger and thumb."

"You must steal away from the valley to-night, brother, when the sentries change, as we have always planned. Take my rifle; it is surer than yours. Strike the bridle path three miles eastward of the monastery, where the lagoon lies in the valley. Conceal yourself about the track. I go afoot; the enemy rides. His figure will show clear against the water. You must shoot, Gregorio, and at the echo I will spring upon him."

"I will shoot brother; my eye is sure. Fear nothing."

The night and the day which the Morunos believed were destined to be the last Don Q. should spend on earth slipped away. Each brother in his own mind rehearsed over and over again the part he had to play in the coming tragedy. But events were fated to occur for which they had made no provision.

The moon, that was almost at the full, climbed up clear of the mountain summits before the party of two set out. They left the barren crags, patched with snow, behind them and entered upon a region of wild and desert character.

The brothers had in their time taken so many prisoners, that Manuelo, as he walked beside the stirrup of Don Q., considered their task practically accomplished, and even found time to regret that so able and resourceful a man as the brigand chief should have passed his life elsewhere than in the ranks of the force to which he himself belonged.

Mile after mile was traversed. The lagoon, with its deadly watcher lying in wait, was now no great distance ahead. A jutting mountain flank here thrust its bulk between them and the moonlight. Don Q. drew rein before they entered the shadow.

"We need a lantern, Miguel," he said. "See you those two boulders leaning one against the other. Creep in between them and, to the right hand side you will find a lantern and matches. Kindle the lantern; it will light our path through the darkness."

Manuelo bent down and crawled into the opening. His heels were just disappearing when a sound like a choked cry came from the interior of the cavity, followed by a curse and the sound of savage fighting.

Don Q. nodded his head at the noise and began to dismount in his leisurely fashion.

"Have you secured him, my children?"

"Yes, lord."

"Then pull him out into the moonlight."

The order was obeyed and Manuelo, bound and black with rage, was placed before the chief.

"You are a very clever man, my good Manuelo Moruno," Don Q. began in his soft, sneering voice, "too clever, I should have thought, to commit the gross blunder of denying all knowledge of Murcia with a strong Murcian burr on your tongue. That pretty fable of having been born and bred in Catalonia should have been supported by the use of a few bastard French words. Thus you might have played your part very creditably. As it is I am told that the wife of Tomas, the carbonero, to whose hut I sent you yesterday, made the sign of the cross when she saw your dark face at her door. She is a Murcian and she recognized you, as I expected. You and your brother seem to have gained yourselves a pretty reputation in Murcia."

Manuelo stood silent.

"And Gregorio, where is he?" continued the chief.

"He at least has escaped you," burst out Manuelo.

"So? We shall see. I do not remember giving him permission to leave the valley. Yet he left it last night, and at this moment, good Manuelo, he lies above the path beside the lagoon watching for us. We will not keep him waiting. I have been told he is a sure shot. We will test his aim. Put this traitor on the mule, my children."

Manuelo was lifted into the saddle, a noose slipped round his ankles was secured beneath the belly of the mule, a gag was thrust between his teeth, and when he was bound and helpless, Don Q., with his own hands, artistically arranged the folds of a cloak about his shoulders.

"Now, Manuelo, we will take the road. As for you, my children, return to the head of the valley that leads into the Boca de Lobo. I no longer need your help."

So the journey was resumed.

"I understand, Manuelo," went on the soft voice of Don Q., "that you and your brother have been ambitious of meeting me alone in some solitary spot. Is it not so? You are about to have your desire. Gregorio will mistake you for me. He will remember the heavy blood money that is upon my head, and will send his bullet straight. The result may surprise him a little, but in this world it is never wise to count upon results."

The progress of the mule, regulated by the pace of the terrible man who walked so delicately behind it, was slow, and before the spread of water with the moon shining upon it came into view, Manuelo had plenty of time to realize his position.

Not far ahead Gregorio was waiting, with his rifle on his knee, ready to fire, not dreaming that the muffled figure on the mule was not Don Q., but his own brother.

If only he could make some sign of warning whereby Gregorio might escape the cruel vengeance of the chief! For himself, he could rely on the accuracy of his brother's marksmanship.

The earth seemed suddenly to reel and give way beneath him and he knew no more. After he had fallen, the bark of Gregorio's rifle reached Don Q.

The chief stood back in the shadow of a rock and watched the active figure of Gregorio leaping down the slope.

"Where are you, brother? Is he stunned? I shot the mule under him when I saw you alone were with him," said Gregorio, stooping over the fallen animal and his rider.

The dim shape by the rock laughed and sprang at the same instant. Beneath the iron-bound musket-butt, which descended on his head, Gregorio went down kicking feebly on the sand.

Don Q's delicate little hands pinioned him with a rapid and scientific completeness. Then he turned to Manuelo, tore the gag from his mouth, and with a strength surprising in so fragile a body, pulled him free of the dead mule. He rolled the brothers into a sitting posture against the moonlit rock-face, dashed water over them and finally sat down in front of them to watch their return to consciousness, breaking now and then into shakings of sibilant laughter.

"We will wait uneil our excellent Gregorio, whose shooting is so admirable, has regained his senses sufficiently to join in our conversation." Don Q. began, as Gregorio with a groan shifted his head from one bump on the rock to another, and blinked up dizzily at the moon. "He is already better. I trust, Gregorio, that your thoughts are quite clear?"

The man shivered, then scowled. Recollection had come to him also.

"I wish you both to listen to me very carefully," the chief pursued. "We have played a very interesting game together, Manuelo, for yours is the brain behind it. But I do not think I flatter myself when I say that the honors rest with me?"

"Yes, we have lost the game," said Manuelo, in the old rigid manner. "But we are not afraid!"

"You are a brave man," commented Don Q. politely; "but because you are not afraid now, it does not follow that you will not be afraid before we have done with one another."

"What does it matter?" answered Manuelo. "My brother and I took an oath to kill you. We have failed. Nothing remains but to make an end of us."

"Not so fast, Manuelo," put in the chief. "I have just been thinking how full of romance is your situation. You and Gregorio are twins. You were born together; you have lived and worked together, and now in the fitness of things you are to die together."

"And," resumed the brigand, "believe me, I should not interfere with so artistic a conclusion had I only ourselves to think of. But I cannot afford to forget that you have both belonged to that estimable force, to whose kind interest in my life I owe so deep a debt. It is incumbent upon me to send them information by a reliable hand—say by one of you—how a civil guard dies, who has failed in a duel with Don Q. I trust you follow me?"

The two men stared at him stoildly.

"It is clear that you do. There are, to return to the subject, many channels by which the whole story will find its way down to the plains. But that is not sufficient for my purpose. I wish the civil guard to know from the lips of one of their own corps that I have scored another point in the twenty years' gamble that has been played out between us. I have, therefore, decided that one of you shall go free. The other must die, and—well, I warn you he will need all his fortitude before the happy moment of his departure from life. You are brave men; choose, then, between you which shall go free and which shall—remain forever in the sierra."

Don Q. moved away a little space and the brothers began to talk eagerly together in low tones. At the end of five minutes the chief returned.

"Well," he asked, "I am waiting for your decision. Who is to be the lucky one?"

"Gregorio," shouted Manuelo at once.

"No, no, Manuelo, I cannot," declared the other hoarsely.

"There seems to be a slight difference of opinion; shall I decide the matter for you?"

"I will decide," said Manuelo; "I have the right of choice before my brother, since I am the elder."

"No, no!" cried the other passionately; "I will not buy life at such a price."

Don Q. held up his hand.

"It is enough. You cannot agree. The decision must be mine, for I regret I have not time (interesting as it would be) to listen to an argument between you——".

Manuelo broke into his speech.

"Hear me," he groaned; "Gregorio has a wife and child. Let him go!"

"The choice is in my hands, and in my hands it must remain." Don Q. answered; "I have decided. Gregorio shall go free after he has looked upon his brother's death. I have chosen him, not because he has a wife and child waiting for him in Murcia, but because, being readier of speech than our stiff-tongued Manuelo, he will render a more vivid picture of what he has witnesseu.

The soft flow of the chief's voice neither rose nor fell. Gregorio shuddered violently.

"I will not witness it," he cried, "Shoot us both, in the name of the virgin!"

"Be reasonable," said Manuelo. "For my sake, Gregorio, go free. Why should two die? Besides, the thought that you live will be with me when the Quebranta-huesos is doing his worst. We Morunos do not know fear."

There followed a silence, during which the chief stood like a dormant bird, his cloak half fallen on the sand at his feet.

"Other men beside you, Manuelo, other brave men have challenged me to do my worst, and, with one exception, I have always lived to hear their vain appeals for mercy." Don Q.'s low tone had an echo of weariness.

"Now hear me, Manuelo; what if I give you also your life?"

The man did not reply at once; then he said:—

"Why—mock me? Speak plainly."

"I do not mock you. I have many faults in the eyes of men, but it is well known that I never lie. Is it not so?"

"That is so."

"Tell me then, Manuelo, the truth in return. What if I let you go free also?"

The love of life was strong in Manuelo. Who knows what struggle went on in his breast at that moment?

"It is impossible, senor," he said at last, "it is impossible. We have taken an oath that while life remains in our bodies we will seek your life. If you spare us now we will come again. Shoot me and be done with it. We are honorable men."

Don Q. burst into a shriek of hissing laughter.

"Manuelo, go free!" he cried. "See now I give myself into your hands. Go back to Murcia, and when your vow troubles you, come again and cross swords and wits with the king of the sequestradores. I really feel quite indebted to you, Manuelo. You have given me something to look forward to, an added zest to life, for death stares at me forever from your eyes. And although I have outgrown, most of the human weaknesses, I still have in my heart a warm feeling for a very brave man."

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- - SPIRITUALISTS EXPOSE BIG SEANCE FRAUD - -

Dramatic and startling accounts of the exposure of a spiritualistic medium and his manager appear in the current number of Light, the official organ of spiritualists.

Dr. Wallace and I. John Lobb, both ardent spiritualists, are responsible for the exposure, and the culprits are Charles Eldred, of Nottingham, and Mr. Ellis, his manager, whose "nefarious trickery" was laid bare at a meeting held on March 5 at the house of Ronald Brailey, Bayswater.

The week previous some interesting phenomena were said to have taken place, which astonished most of the sitters, one of whom was suspicious of the chair and cabinet used by Mr. Eldred, the medium.

Subsequently Mr. Brailey examined the chair, which had been left at his house, and found it had a secret compartment at the back, and also a keyhole deeply embedded and well covered up by the plushette material.

SECRET COMPARTMENT.

He communicated with Mr. Lobb, who had been one of the circle, and Mr. Lobb communicated with Dr. Wallace. A key was made which opened the lock, and a photograph was taken showing the secret compartment, which measured fifteen inches by two inches.

"We determined, after this discovery, to put a stop, at the next meeting, to any further fraud," Dr. Wallace says in the course of his article.

"I was asked by Mr. Lobb (who had to go out of town) to arrange a method of trapping the culprits. Several of the sitters at the approaching sitting on Monday were informed of the discovery. I asked one or two good spiritualists to be present, and I knew of a good clairvoyant who arranged to assist.

"The seance having been opened in the usual manner, a search of the medium was made and the chair was particularly noted. It was found that the stuffing of the back of the chair was more pronounced, and the sensitive referred to, Mr. Drew, on psychometrizing it, assured those present that it contained some very suspicious articles, which must have been placed there just before the seance.

"The key was used and the upholstered panel in the back of the chair fell forward, the space being completely packed with articles necessary for faking 'spirit forms.'

TELL-TALE PANEL.

"It was then found that the secret recess contained a collapsible dummy head, made of pink stockinet, with flesh-colored mask (with pieces of stockinet gummed over the holes); the loose stockinet was doubtless used to represent the shrunken skin at the neck; six pieces of fine white China silk, containing in all thirteen yards; two pieces of fine black cloth (doubtless used in the so-called dematerializations); three beards of various shades; two wigs, one white and one gray; an extending metal coat-hanger for suspending drapery to represent the second form, with an iron hook on which to hang the form; a small flash electric lamp with four yards of wire with switch, which could be used when the medium was away from the cabinet to produce so-called spirit lights within; a bottle of scent, pins, etc.

"As soon as the members had gone into the seance room, I, anticipating any difficulty there might be in dealing with the culprits, entered the house, accompanied by a sympathetic and most shrewd friend, who is a member of the public detective service, and entered the room just as this discovery was made.

CONFESSES HIS GUILT.

"When he was challenged about the fraud, Mr. Eldred confessed his guilt, and handed over the key of the secret compartment.

"Instead of charging the two individuals we tempered with mercy our sense of horror, disgust and indignation at such infamous proceedings. I requested the return of the money taken, which I must say was promptly done, and I confiscated the dummy articles, which are now in the office of Light for inspection.

"I hope this discovery will prevent any further attempts to prey upon the most sacred feelings of their fellow-mortals, many of whom have hitherto been their too unsuspecting dupes."

Mr. Lobb states that this is the second materialization medium he helped to expose within the last two months. "When and where is this sort of business to stop?" he asks.

THE VAGRANT'S UNIFORM.

London, March 31.—A prisoner charged with begging appeared before the Fareham (Hants) magistrates in a yellow canvas suit. This is the kind of dress now served out to the police stations in the county for clothing persons who destroy their own clothes.

PINS IN HER CAKE.

London, March 31.—The wife of a farmer at Peterborough had a narrow escape from being choked by a two-inch pin in a piece of cake she was eating. The pin stuck across her throat, and was dislodged by a fit of coughing. Four more pins were found attaching the frilling with which the cake was adorned.

FATAL COBWEBS.

London, March 31.—The application of cobwebs to stop bleeding from a wound on his finger, received while feding a chaff-cutter, caused the death, from lockjaw, of William Philpott, sixty-five years old, of Minster, Sheppey. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned at the inquest.

MEALS EVERY THREE HOURS.

London, March 31.—Joseph Halkett Fraser, a convict on license, was committed for trial recently at Birmingham for theft and obtaining food and lodging by false pretenses. He posed as "Captain" Fraser at a Birmingham boarding house, where he spent eight days in bed and was served with bovril, mutton chops and fruit every three hours.

A HEAVY RAINFALL.

London, March 31.—Every farmer in the Southmoulton district of Devon has received 9,280 tons of water on every acre of his land since the beginning of the year. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember such a wet time.

LAUGHED TOO HEARTILY.

London, March 31.—Louisa Whithall, of Hemmerdeck Road, Clapham, laughed so heartily while attending a performance at the Tivoli Music Hall yesterday evening that she dislocated her lower jaw. She was taken to Charing Cross Hospital.

BURNS' BRIDGE DOOMED.

Edinburgh, March 31.—Barskimming bridge, over the Ayr, near Mossgiel, which is associated why Burns' "Man Was Made to Mourn," is doomed.

PROPS FOR THEIR OLD AGE.

Tokio, March 31.—On account of advanced age, Count Takayuki Sasaki, who is 79, and Viscount Tomoyuki Hayash, who has reached the age of 84, have been granted the privilege of carrying sticks in the Imperial Palace at Tokio.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

London, March 31.—Baron Rothchild, Prince Frederick Charles Child and Percy Whit Child—so called because he was born on Whit Monday—were the names of three litigants in the Chancery division. They have a brother named Lord Roberts Child.

TOWED TO HIS SHIP.

Liverpool, March 31.—When two men in a boat went to rescue a drunken Swedish sailor named Alsen, who had jumped from the bridge of his ship, the Enterprise, at Gravesend yesterday, he declined to be saved, and nearly upset the boat. The men lassoed him and towed him to his ship.

WOMEN IN THE PULPIT.

London, March 31. — A religious service at the Unitarian Church, Burnley, yesterday was conducted entirely by women. Miss Elizabeth Ibbby, Mrs. William Marsden and Miss Blanche Mackie appeared in the pulpit, Miss Mabel Mackie played the organ and Miss Marian Bailey was soloist.

ROOTS BLOCK DRAINAGE PIPE

London, March 31.—At a meeting of the Stour Valley drainage board at Rowley yesterday, a remarkable obstruction was reported in a 15-inch drainage pipe at Whittington. Though the joints of the pipes are sealed with cement, a fibre from the roots of a birch penetrated the pipe and produced a number of fibres, which closed it up.

BOY SHERLOCK HOLMES.

London, March 31.—John Wilcocks, eleven years old, of Grimsby, saw three boys named Cox, Young and Swan, enter a shop and steal six mouth-organs. He purchased one of the instruments a few days later from one of the boys, saying that he wanted it for the police, whereupon two more were handed over. The other three he secured from Young's father. He took them to the police and yesterday Cox was ordered six strokes and one day's imprisonment, and the other two were bound over.

7,000 PIGEONS IN A RACE.

London, March 31. — Nearly 5,000 members were represented yesterday at a conference of the Lancashire Federation of Pigeon Flying Clubs to discuss the forthcoming fly from Nantes next July. It was decided to charter a special boat to take the birds from Southampton to St. Malo, and they will be conveyed to Nantes by a special train. At least 7,000 birds will compete.

A VETERAN'S LONG WALK.

London, March 31.—David Callard, fifty-six years old, has successfully completed a walk of 336 miles within eighty-four hours, walking twenty-eight miles in seven hours each day for twelve days. The walk was done over the road between Bury St. Edmunds and Newmarket.

BACK TO BIRTHPLACE TO DIE.

Plymouth, March 31.—Mr. Ponsford Fisher, a commercial traveller, was making a call at Seymour's drapery establishment in Union street, Plymouth on Saturday, when he was taken ill and died almost immediately. Mr. Fisher was born on those premises sixty-five years ago.

MUNICIPAL BATHING.

London, March 31.—The London County Council will be asked to-morrow to give its consent to the construction of a bathing lake not less than 30,000 square feet in area on Tooting Common.

London, March 31.—Dr. A. M. W. Downing said at a meeting of the Royal Downing Astronomical Association last night that the next total eclipse of the sun will take place on January 3, 1908. It will be visible from Hull Islaand and Flint Island, in the Pacific Ocean, both of which are uninhabited, and will last four minutes.