

ST JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1904.

FORMER ST. JOHN MAN A SUICIDE IN NEW YORK.

Captain A. T. Rouse, R. N. R., Son of Late
George Rouse, Drank Carbollic Acid
—Relatives Reside Here.

The following telegram was received late last evening:
NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Capt. A. T. Rouse, Royal Navy Reserve of Great Britain, suicided by drinking carbollic acid at his lodgings, West Sixteenth street. In his room were found letters signed "Your loving sister Annie," dated Carlton, N. B., and also envelopes marked, "Return to 19 King street, West St. John, N. B."

The sister Annie referred to above is Mrs. Dr. Hazelwood of Charlottetown. The latter vessel was wrecked off the southern coast of Nova Scotia. After this vessel was lost, Capt. Rouse left the sea for a time. He lived for two years on Princess street, St. John. During this time he was married. Shortly after his death he went to England and settled at Edgware. While there he married again, his second wife being the daughter of Dr. Glover of that town.

Capt. Rouse was a considerable fortune before going to England and for a time lived a retired life. Being a thorough sailor, however, his mind naturally was on the sea and a good part of the time, and having plenty of leisure time and being a man of extraordinary genius, he resolved to do something for the benefit of navigation. The result of his labors was the

invention of a new anchor, which has proven successful on vessels where it has been used in allaying the turbulence of the waves in time of storm. Attached to the anchor are tanks containing oil, which poured out into the troubled waters, causing them to subside. The anchor Captain Rouse brought to New York and sold patent for \$10,000. Later he made some new improvements and patent No. 2 sold for \$10,000.

Mrs. Hazelwood has been in correspondence with her brother constantly since he left St. John. Up till about eight days ago, when she received her last letter she had been hearing from him twice a week. It seemed that living in New York did not seem with him, although he did not complain in his letters of not being well. In fact, he had always been a very hearty man. Since coming to New York, however, he had fallen away in weight from 220 lbs. to 175. Capt. Rouse recently made a trip to Buenos Ayres in command of a large English steamer. He returned to New York in March last.

Capt. Rouse has the brothers living, all sea captains of some fame. Capt. Fred Rouse was a lieutenant in the U. S. navy and commanded a vessel in the Cuban war, doing excellent service. There were ten in all in the family.

Capt. Rouse leaves one daughter by his first wife, who is now Mrs. Dunlop, and lives in Ottawa. Mrs. Hazelwood was much shocked when she received the news last evening of her brother's death. She knows no reason why he should have committed the deed. She has not seen him since he left home over ten years ago, but heard from him regularly. She had been looking for him for two or three days, and wondered that he did not write. The deceased was about 50 years of age.

P. E. ISLAND ELECTIONS.

The Contest Promises to
be a Close One;

And the Conservatives Have Very
Fair Chances of Winning.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Nov. 14.—Again the political bugle has sounded and the campaign will be a short one, only until December 7th. Nearly all the candidates are in the field, thus rendering it possible to survey the situation somewhat correctly. Both sides have a large degree of confidence. The conservatives take the dominion vote, and from it make the forecast. Dividing the province into counties we have now in Kings county nine out of the ten local ridings held by conservatives. Premier Peters is the only liberal member from Kings county. To expect a more favorable result in the next election would be a rather sanguine prediction for any party.

In Queens county the dominion vote is the difference between a conservative majority of nearly two hundred in three districts and a small liberal majority in one district. In Prince county only one district out of the five gave a liberal majority, the conservative majority in the other ridings ranging from 22 to 148. Thus it is figured out that, judging by the dominion vote, the standing of the local houses after the next election should be: Conservatives, 23; Liberals, 7.

But there are other factors to be taken into account. In the local campaign some of the conservative candidates are admittedly weak. And there is the prestige of a liberal government in power at Ottawa, carrying with it the desire of many to be on the winning side. And as the local is an open vote the liberal strength will be materially increased thereby. There are those also who honestly think that it would be detrimental to the best interests of our province to elect a government not in harmony with the federal government. And there are a host of office holders with their friends, not taking into account the purchasable element. But there is no denying the fact that the public at large are losing faith in the liberal administration of this province. Their record is one of financial failure. It has been a series of alarming deficits. It has withal been an era of cumbersome taxation. When the liberals assumed the reins of power fifteen years ago the province was practically free from debt. The interest payable at that time was less than \$700. But that interest has steadily increased until in 1903 it was \$26,000.91, and in 1903 \$30,162.48. This is a sorry tribute to a financial record. As it is required every dollar of our land tax to pay the interest on the provincial debt, which now exceeds \$700,000. In other respects, too, the liberal administration has been a failure. But with all its

faults there are those who love it still. The conservative must not be deceived. If so they will find Kings county giving nine conservatives and one liberal; Queens county three conservatives and seven liberals; and Prince county four conservatives and six liberals; total conservatives, 16; liberals, 14.

Looking at the matter from every standpoint a very close contest may be expected. Neither party will have a landslide. If it is a close contest, a campaign may be looked for. Neither party can muster a majority of over four in the new legislature.

The candidates for Charlottetown are Dr. McNeill and P. S. Brown for the conservatives and Dr. Worsfold and Geo. E. Hughes for the liberals.

CALL TO REV. ERNEST FORBES.

James Church, New Glasgow, Wants
the Little Harbor Minister.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—At a meeting of the congregation of James' church, held this evening, it was decided to extend a call to Rev. Ernest Forbes of Little Harbor. Quite a number favored Rev. Thos. Stewart of Dartmouth, formerly of Sussex, and a third choice was Rev. Mr. Crawford of Mahone, but the majority favored the young Pictonian. It is thought that Mr. Forbes will hardly accept the call as it is a missionary field. The prospect of Rev. Thos. Stewart being added to the Picton presbytery is hailed with delight.

PILING IT UP.

I. C. R. Deficit is Assuming Alarming Proportions.

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 15.—Inter-colonial earnings for July, August and September have increased by \$52,000, but the expenditure increased in the same time by \$256,000 compared with the same time last year. By this showing the road is a quarter of a million dollars worse off for the three months than last year, and the deficit for the year promises to be between a million and a half and two millions.

NOVA SCOTIA SCHOONER

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—James Donahoe of E. Donahoe & Son has received a cable from Montevideo notifying him that the Balcombe sailing schooner Agnes G. Donahoe has been seized and is detained there. The Donahoe is a new vessel, built at Lunenburg, and left here last year. She is commanded by Capt. M. Ryan. There are several Halifax men on board. The last letter received from the board the Donahoe was written at Port Stanley about Sept. 10th, at which date she was leaving for the sealing ground. The sealing season closes the last of January. Mr. Donahoe has wired for particulars.

HE WENT AWAY.

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 15.—A young man named McDonald, a printer, who has worked in Halifax, came to Moncton some months ago on a visit. While here he boarded at different places and contracted bills, which he failed to liquidate, and when pressed he got friends to come to his aid. He had been quite active in religious work and some of those who are now mourning his departure were prominent in church circles.

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—no two alike—all this season's latest
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Ladies' Coats worth \$6, only \$4.50.
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Ladies' Walking Skirts,
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Boys' Overcoats, long Raglanette style,
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Only \$3.75.

Men's Overcoats, long cut, best make;
worth \$14, for..... \$10.50.

Men's long Overcoats, latest cut, from
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Men's Sample Suits—only one of each
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prices, \$5.00 to \$9.00.

A chance to get a knock-about Suit
at cost price.

Men's double breasted Cardigan Jackets
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Men's Wool Fleece Shirts and Drawers,
Only 45c. each.

Men's winter weight unshrinkable Shirts
and Drawers, all wool, \$1.45 per suit

Gents' Mocha Gloves,..... .75c.

Quick Buyers Ge. First Choice.

WILCOX BROS.,

54 to 58 Dock Street,
1 and 2 Market Sq.

CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER WEDDING.

Senator and Mrs. Baird
Had an Anniversary.

Nearly Two Hundred Friends Assembled at Their Home in Andover.

ANDOVER, N. B., Nov. 14.—A very brilliant social event took place at the residence of Senator Baird on Saturday evening, the 13th inst., being the 25th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Baird. Guests to the number of 175 assembled and completely filled the spacious parlors and halls, and were cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Baird, who were untiring in their efforts to make everyone enjoy themselves. During the evening music was furnished by the Andover orchestra, a solo by Miss Florence Porter, and a duet by Mrs. F. D. Sadler and Herbert Baird. A dainty lunch was served in the dining room, which was prettily decorated with carnations and chrysanthemums, which were a present from the lady friends in the village. No presents were desired, but several friends at a distance who could not attend sent very handsome pieces of silverware.

Mrs. Baird received in a white costume of brocade silk and shiffron. Miss Baird looked very sweet in a gown of white crepe and lace. Mr. Baird was born at Blairville, in this county, Nov. 3, 1847, and was educated at the Charlottetown grammar school. He taught the superior school at Andover for three years. The grammar school was located at Grand Falls, which was then the shiretown of the county. In 1874 he was in business in Perth. His store was the first business place on that side of the river. He still occupies the old stand, but the buildings have increased and enlarged. He was a member of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, and was one of the original shareholders in the company, composed of his sons and his brother Douglas. Where the enterprising village of Perth Centre, now stands there were only three houses when Mr. Baird began business, and no bridges for railway. Mr. Baird was elected to the local legislature in 1884, when he was appointed to the legislative council, and remained a member of that body until it was abolished. He was again elected to the legislature in 1892, and three years after was appointed to the senate.

Mr. Baird knows the county well, having run seven farms, and was twice defeated. In 1903, Mr. Baird took a much needed rest, when he and Mrs. Baird and their daughter Lena took a trip to Europe. They visited England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy and part of Germany, down the Rhine, through Belgium and Holland. Mr. Baird saw no part of Europe that he would live in preference to Canada.

Mrs. Baird was the daughter of the late Captain Dexter Sadler, who moved from St. John to Andover, where he became a successful farmer. She was married at her father's home by the Rev. Richard Ople, Methodist minister, who was an old friend of the family. Twelve persons were present at the anniversary who were at her marriage. Senator and Mrs. Baird have three children. Their eldest son, Herbert, is a graduate of Wolfville Academy, and two years in college when his health failed. He is now in business with his father. Their daughter Lena took a three years' course at Victoria College, Montreal, and their youngest son, Fred, is now taking an arts course at McGill. Mr. Baird is an Episcopalian in religion, a conservative in politics, a member of Benjamin Lodge of Masons, a school trustee of Andover grammar school, and a member of the Andover branch of the Grand Old Law of the Sea. He is a generous, hospitable, and his friends wish him many years of happiness and prosperity.

A RUSSIAN PRISONER

Who Escaped From the Japanese is Visiting Moncton.

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 15.—Arthur Erron, a Russian, who claims to be an escaped prisoner of war from the Japanese, is in town on a visit to his brother, who carries on a ladies' tailoring business here. Erron, who belonged to the Russian reserve, was doing duty as a scout at Liao Yang when he was captured and taken to Japan. From there he escaped in a Belgian steamer to Antwerp and from that port came to Quebec on the British steamer. He says the Russians are fighting without heart, and would rather be captured than not.

THEY HAVE A DEFICIT.

Halifax Exhibition Cost \$5,230 More Than it Should.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15.—The annual meeting of the Nova Scotia exhibition commission was held this evening. The expenditure was \$54,384, which is \$8,240 more than the receipts. President Longley, Senator Black and Mayor Crosby were appointed a committee to press on the government the claims of the exhibition for the Dominion exhibition of 1906. The eighteen Nova Scotians members of parliament will be asked to use their influence in the same direction.

A STORM IN ITALY.

ROME, Nov. 15.—Unusually cold weather and a wind storm from the north prevailed throughout the peninsula, causing considerable damage and much suffering. In Naples an old woman was found dead in the streets from exposure. Several bad accidents have occurred in the Alps.

The Filigree Ball

BY ANNA KATHERINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF
"THE LEAVENWORTH CASE."

(Continued.)

That this special feature, the most interesting one of all connected with this tragedy, should have been kept so long in reserve and brought out just at this time, struck many of Mr. Jeffrey's closest friends as unnecessarily dramatic; but when the coroner, lifting out the ribbon, remarked tentatively, "You know this ribbon?" we were more struck by the involuntary cry of surprise which rose from some one in the crowd about the door, than by the look with which Mr. Jeffrey eyed it and made the necessary reply. That cry had something more than nervous excitement in it. Identifying the person who had uttered it as a certain tiny little woman well known in town, I sent an officer to watch her, then recalled my attention to the point the coroner was attempting to make. He had forced Mr. Jeffrey to recognize the ribbon as the one which had fastened the pistol to his wife's arm; and he asked whether, in his opinion, a woman could tie such a bow to her own wrist, and was obliged to say no, waited a third time before he put the general suspicion again into words:

"Can not you, by some means or some witness, prove to us that it was on Tuesday night and not on Wednesday you spoke of your marriage and your wife's death?"

The hopelessness when more than once had marked Mr. Jeffrey's features since the beginning of this inquiry, reappeared with renewed force as this suggestive question fell again upon his ears; and he was about to repeat his plea of forgetfulness when the coroner's attention was diverted by a request made in his ear by one of the detectives. In another moment Mr. Jeffrey had been waved aside and a new witness sworn in.

You can imagine every one's surprise, mine most of all, when this witness proved to be Uncle David.

CHAPTER XIV.

I do not know why the coroner had so long delayed to call this witness. In the ordinary course of events his testimony should have preceded mine, but the ordinary course of events had not been followed, and it was only at the request of Mr. Moore himself that he was now allowed the privilege of appearing before this coroner and jury.

I speak of it as a privilege because he himself evidently regarded it as such. Indeed, his whole attitude and bearing as he addressed himself to the coroner showed that he was there to be looked at and that he secretly thought he was well worth this attention. Possibly some remembrance of the old days, in which he had gone in and out before these people in a garb suggestive of penury, made the moment when he could appear before them in a guise more befitting his station one of incalculable importance to him.

At all events, he confronted us all with an aspect which openly challenged admiration. When, in answer to the coroner's inquiries, it became his duty to speak, he did so with a composure which would have called up smiles if the occasion had been one of less seriousness, and his connection with it as unimportant as he would have it appear.

What he said was in the way of confirming the last witness' testimony as to his having been at the Moore house on Tuesday evening. Mr. Moore, who was very particular as to dates and days, admitted that the light which he had seen in a certain window of his ancestral home on the evening when he summoned the police was but the repetition of one he had detected there the evening before. It was this repetition which had alarmed him and caused him to break through all his usual habits and leave his home at night to notify the police.

"The old sneak!" thought I. "Why didn't he tell us this before? And I allowed myself a fresh doubt of his candour, which had always seemed to me somewhat open to question. It is possible that the coroner shared my opinion, or that he felt it incumbent upon him to get what evidence he could from the sole person living within view of the house in which such ghastly events had taken place. For, without betraying the least suspicion, and yet with the quiet persistence for which men in his responsible position are noted, he subjected this suave old man to such a rigid examination as to what he had seen, or had not seen, from his windows, that the possibility seemed to remain of his concealing a sin of fact which could help to the elucidation of this or any other mystery connected with the old mansion."

He asked him if he had seen Mr. Jeffrey go in on the night in question, if he had ever seen any one go in there since the wedding; or even if he had seen any one loitering about the steps, or sneaking into the rear yard. But the answer was always no; these same noses growing more and more emphatic and the gentleman more and more impetuous and dignified as the examination went on. In fact, he was as unassailable a witness as I have ever heard of testily before. Beyond the fact already mentioned of his having observed a light in the opposite house on the two evenings in question, he admitted nothing. His life in the little cottage was so engrossing—he had his organ—his dog—why should he look out of the window? And it had been for his usual habit of letting his dog run the pavement for a quarter of an hour before finally looking up for the night he would not have seen as much as he did.

"Have you any stated hour for doing this?" the coroner now asked. "Yes, half-past nine."

"And was this the hour when you saw that light?"

"Yes, both times."

As he had appeared at the station-house at a few minutes before ten he was probably correct in this statement. But, notwithstanding this, I did not feel implicit confidence in him. He was too insistent in his regret at not being able to give greater assistance in the disentanglement of a mystery so affecting the honor of the family of which he was now the recognized head. His was a nicely attuned to the occasion, was admirable; so was his manner; but I mentally wrote him down as one I should enjoy outwitting if the opportunity ever came my way.

He wound up with such a distinct repetition of his former emphatic assertion as to the presence of light in the old house on Tuesday as well as Wednesday evening that Mr. Jeffrey's testimony in this regard received a decided confirmation. I looked to see some open recognition of this when suddenly, and with a persistence understood only by the police, the coroner recalled Mr. Jeffrey and asked him what proof he had to offer that his visit of Tuesday had not been repeated the next night and that he was not in the building when that fatal trigger was pulled.

At this leading question, a lawyer sitting near me, edged himself forward as if he hoped for some sign from Mr. Jeffrey which would warrant him interfering. But Mr. Jeffrey gave no such sign. I doubt if he even noticed this man's proximity, though he knew him well, and had often employed him as his legal adviser in times gone by. He was evidently exerting himself to recall the name which so persistently eluded his memory, putting his hand to his head and showing the utmost confusion.

"I can not give you one," he finally stammered. "There is a man who could tell—if only I could remember his name." Suddenly with a loud cry which escaped him involuntarily, he gave a gurgling laugh and we heard the name "Tallman!" leap from his lips.

The witness had at last remembered whom he had met at the cemetery gate at the hour, or near the hour, his wife lay dying in the lower part of the city.

The effect was electrical. One of the spectators—some country boy, no doubt—so far forgot himself as to cry out loud enough for all to hear: "Tallman! Let us have Tallman!" Of course he met with an instant rebuke, but I did not wait to hear it, or to see order restored, for a glance from the coroner had already sent me to the door in search of this new destination.

My destination was the Cosmos Club, for that Tallman, his habits and his haunts were as well known in Washington as the figure of Liberty on the summit of the Capitol dome. What I saw him do with an instant rebuke, but I did not wait to hear it, or to see order restored, for a glance from the coroner had already sent me to the door in search of this new destination.

I shall never forget the murmur of suppressed excitement which greeted us as I reappeared before coroner and jury accompanied by the gentleman who had been called for each empty tone a short time before. Mr. Jeffrey, who had attempted to rise at our entrance, but seemed to lack the ability, gave a faint smile as Tallman's good-natured face appeared, and the coroner, feeling, perhaps, that some cord is liable to break if stretched too strongly, administered the oath and made the necessary inquiries with as little delay as was compatible with the solemnity of the occasion.

The result was an absolute proof that Mr. Jeffrey had been near Soldiers' Home as late as seven, which was barely fifteen minutes previous to the hour Mrs. Jeffrey's watch was stopped by her fall in the old house on Waverly Avenue. On the distance between the two places could not be compassed in that time, Mr. Jeffrey's alibi could be regarded as established.

When we were all rising, glided an adjournment which restored free movement, and an open interchange of speech, a sudden check in the general rush called our attention back to Mr. Jeffrey. He was standing facing Miss Tuttle, who was still sitting in a strangely immovable attitude in her old place. He had just touched her on the arm, and now, with a look of alarm, he threw up the veil which had kept her face hidden from all beholders.

A vision of loveliness greeted us, but that was not all. It was an unconscious loveliness. Miss Tuttle had fainted away, sitting upright in her chair.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Jeffrey's examination and its triumphant conclusion created a great stir in town. Topics which had hitherto absorbed all minds were forgotten in the discussion of the daring attempt which had been made by the police to fix crime upon one of Washington's most esteemed citizens, and the check which they had richly suffered for this. What might be expected next? Something really bold and reprehensible, of course, but what? It was a question which at the next sitting completely filled the inquest room.

(To be Continued.)

