

TRIAL FOR LIFE

The next witness called was Soper, the valet of the late baronet. He testified that on the evening preceding the murder the deceased had come down from the school room in a great passion, saying that Cassinove had deeply offended him, and should not remain in the house another twenty-four hours; witness attended deceased to his chamber, and watched on him until he got into bed, when he said: "If I live until morning, I will turn that fellow out of doors." Witness then closed and secured the window shutters, so that no one from without could possibly enter the room, and left his master to repose. That was the last time he saw deceased alive.

Cross-examination elicited no further testimony, and Soper was directed to withdraw.

While this witness was being examined Laura had contrived to move nearer to Cassinove, and now sat at the corner of the dock, where she might easily converse with the prisoner, for she knew what was next coming, and wished to be beside him to comfort him by word and look.

Watson, the butler, was now called to the stand. Again there was a lifting of all hands and a ranning of all necks to get sight of this important witness, who was most interesting as the first discoverer of the murder.

Being regularly sworn, he said: "My name is John Watson. I have lived as butler in the service of the deceased for the last twenty years. I know the prisoner at the bar, who has been tutor at Lester House for the last twelve months. I had observed for the last few weeks the state of enmity between the prisoner and the deceased. On the night of the murder, I was sitting up late in my office, adjoining the pantry, engaged in making up my accounts, when, it might be about two o'clock in the morning, I was startled by the cries of 'murder! murder! murder!'—four times, only the fourth time the word seemed strangled in the throat of the one that cried, and then followed a deep, ominous silence. I threw down my pen, and rushed upstairs, toward my master's chamber, where these cries seemed to have proceeded; I burst open the door, and found my master, wounded and dying, yet grasping with a death-grip the collar of the prisoner, who stood over him with a blood-stained dagger in his hand. As my master saw me he exclaimed, feebly: "Seize him! Seize him! He has murdered me, the villain!"

"And by this time the chamber was filled with my fellow-servants, who had been roused by the cry of murder, and hurried to the spot as quickly as they could spring from their beds and throw on their clothes."

"I said, 'In the name of heaven, what is all this!'"

"He has murdered me—he, he, the wretch!" exclaimed my master, who immediately fell back and expired."

"Did the deceased mention the prisoner by name?" inquired the counsel for the Crown.

"Not once."

"Did the deceased appear collected and self-possessed when making this dying declaration?"

"No, he seemed wild and distracted."

This witness was now subjected to severe cross-examination, which failed to do shake his very important evidence.

The other domestics were all examined, in turn, and all corroborated the testimony of the butler as to the position in which the deceased and the prisoner were found on the occasion of the murder, as well as the nature of the testimony of Sir Ruthven and Lady Lester in regard to the enmity that had existed between the tutor and the late baronet.

Dr. Clark was then called to the stand and examined as to the condition of the body which formed the nature of the wound, etc. And with the conclusion of his testimony, the evidence for the Crown closed.

And the court adjourned until nine o'clock the next day.

The crowd immediately dispersed, commenting as they went out, upon the weight of the evidence and the prospects of the prisoner.

"Not a hair in the world remains for him," said one.

"The clearest case I ever knew in my life," said another.

All agreed that the guilt of the prisoner was abundantly proved; that the defense would be a mere form; and that his conviction and execution were as certain as any future events could possibly be.

And through all this crowd of emptying faces, and babbling of accusing and condemning tongues, passed the prisoner in charge of the sheriff, and the beautiful wife leaning, as before, on the arm of Dr. Clark. As they walked the short distance between the court house and the prison, Laura found herself behind Cassinove, who said in a low voice: "What a case they have made out against me, dear one! They have even proved enmity between Sir Vincent and myself, which, heaven knows, existed but on his side. And they have proved this without your evidence. Alas! dearest, you have sacrificed yourself in vain."

"No, not in vain if my affection and presence can sustain you through this ordeal or confer you—afterward," murmured his devoted wife.

As the hour for closing the prison had arrived, Laura took leave of him at the

Laura then put on her mantle and bonnet and though very feeble, went downstairs and walked the short distance to Giltspur street, where she remembered to have seen a pawnbroker's shop, kept by one Issachar. The rude speech of the landlady had done much to revive her memory, and she had decided to rely on her own necessities, that she would never else have presented herself to her mind. At another time she might have grieved to part with her ring, and blushed to enter a pawnbroker's shop, but now heavier sorrows and keener anxieties absorbed her whole soul. She entered the shop, where a little, dark, hook-nosed, gimlet-eyed man stood behind the counter.

"How much will you give me for this ring?" said Laura, advancing and laying it upon the counter.

"Eh, mine shoe, vere did you get it?" exclaimed old Issachar, pointing upon the jewel and glaring upon it with ravenous eyes.

"No matter, so that it is mine, and I have a right to part with it!"

"Do you want to sell it?" asked the pawnbroker, with difficulty concealing his eagerness.

"No, only to pledge it. How much will you advance me upon it?"

"Eh, mine shoe, I look at it," said Issachar, recovering his composure and craftiness.

"Very well; name the sum that you are willing to advance upon it."

"Eh, mine shoe, monish is very search. I will advance five pounds on it."

The ring was worth an hundred guineas at least, but Laura was far too much oppressed with trouble to chaffer with the fellow, so she said:

"Give me the money and a receipt for the ring, so that I may redeem it as soon as I can."

Issachar immediately handed her the money and a ticket and eagerly took and locked up the ring, which he hoped would yet revert to himself.

Laura left the shop, returned to her lodgings and rang again for the landlady. The animal sulkily made her appearance.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Laura.

"Two-pun ten, and I reckon you'll never owe me less," said the woman, insolently.

"Here are three pounds. Bring me the change and my coffee immediately."

The woman obeyed and soon set before her lodger a comfortable baronet, Laura hastily drank a cup of coffee, ate a morsel of bread and then, feeling somewhat refreshed, put the mask of a cheerful countenance over her sorrowful heart, and proceeded to the prison. She reached the cell a little before the hour when the prisoner was to be conveyed to the court. The governor was with him, but retired as soon as his wife appeared, leaving the unhappy young couple the solace of a few moments' private conference.

"How did you pass the night?" inquired Laura affectionately, sitting down beside him on the cot.

"Well, dear love, very well," said Cassinove, assuming a more cheerful countenance than his sad heart warranted. "And you, Laura?"

"I slept, quite late this morning," she said, "easily, smiling in his face."

"That is right. To-day, dear love, must decide my fate. Can my true wife be firm?"

"Firm as a rock and true as steel. Never doubt me," replied Laura, earnestly, although her heart was secretly breaking.

He pressed a kiss upon her brow, and then opened the door to admit Dr. Clark and the officers who had come to conduct him to the court house.

Dr. Clark greeted Laura and Cassinove with great kindness. And then, as it was near nine o'clock, the party set out for the session-house. The prisoner walked between the two officers, and Laura leaned upon the arm of her venerable friend, as on the preceding night she had done, and tried to keep her face from the spectators. The prisoner was in a state of nervous excitement, and his eyes were turned toward the bench, and toward the jury-box, where the faces of the jurors were very grave; he glanced to the right, where he saw the faces of the witnesses for the defense, and he looked down at his hands, which were clenched in a desperate and vindictive manner. And then from all these blood-thirsty or despairing faces his eyes turned for rest and comfort upon the beautiful, pale brow of his devoted wife, as she sat close to the dock, sustained in the proximity of the venerable Dr. Clark.

The eric called silence in the court, and Dr. Fisher, the junior counsel for the prisoner, arose to open the defense.

"This advocate was young, ardent, enthusiastic, eloquent, and armed with perfect faith in the innocence of his client, and the consequent justice of his cause. He began by reviewing the address of the Crown's counsel, and pulling to pieces with great ingenuity the enormous mass of testimony raised against his client. He said; a mere mountain of fog, that he could not stand for a moment before the clear sunlight of his client's irreproachable character. The dying declaration of the agonized and distracted man, upon which such great stress had been laid, could not be distorted into an accusation of his client, since the name of Mr. Cassinove had not been mentioned. If the dying man clung to his death-grip to the prisoner, he clung to him only as his preserver. The depositions of Mr. Cassinove when discovered at the bed-chamber of Sir Vincent, were not that of a detected culprit; he exhibited no agitation except a benevolent anxiety to procure medical assistance for the wounded man. Neither could there be any adequate motive on the part of Mr. Cassinove for the perpetration of so heinous a crime. The enmity said to have existed between the prisoner and the deceased was not proved by any overt act on the part of either. The enmity, therefore, existed only in the opinions of those who had testified concerning it. And, finally, Mr. Cassinove's whole life, from childhood

BACILLUS ANTHROPUS

Fire Blight—Fire Blight.

(By W. T. Macoun.)

The pear-blight was more than usually destructive in the pear districts of Ontario in 1906, whole orchards being practically destroyed, and many trees so badly affected that they are much disfigured by the disease and it will take some time before they have regained a symmetrical shape. The pear-blight is a bacterial disease, and is one of the most difficult to control. The only sure way of controlling it is to remove every diseased tree or branch from the orchard, and if the trunk is affected to remove all diseased parts. It will be readily seen that unless the work is done in a very thorough and systematic manner it is practically impossible to cope with the disease. As a general rule, trees which are growing rapidly are more affected, the sappy wood being very susceptible to the disease, hence any system of culture that will cause a healthy, but not strong, growth is to be preferred. It is rather difficult to grow good pears in soil in the pear districts, otherwise the orchards might be let grow in grass, which would check the growth and render the wood much more immune. A better plan might be to loosen the ground in the spring by harrowing or cultivating and then seed it down to some cover crop, as by this plan sufficient growth might be made to ensure good sized fruit and the growth of the tree would be checked by the exhaustion of moisture by the growing cover crop. This disease has been known to injure fruit trees for more than one hundred years, and it is likely to continue to do so, hence some method of growing the trees should be adopted which will, as far as possible, lessen the injury, in addition to the method just pointed out. By training pear trees so that the top will be made up of several large branches, in what is known as the vase form, the chances of serious infection being lessened, as one branch may be affected and not the others, and if the diseased branch is removed the tree may be saved. If, however, the tree is of pyramidal shape, the disease may run down the main trunk and the tree be destroyed. In addition to having three or four large branches, the top should be trained to a vase-shaped or branching top, it is important to keep suckers or water sprouts removed, as these may carry infection to the main trunk and the tree be destroyed. Fruit spurs should not be left near the junction of the branches with the main trunk, as if these are affected the disease may get to the main trunk.

YOUNG TREES.

ARE PREFERRED FOR FOREST PLANTING—THE REASON WHY.

Forestry planting differs much from other tree planting in the size of the trees planted. The trees commonly used for this purpose average about a foot in height, and may run up to eighteen inches; evergreen or coniferous trees, may run quite a little below this.

There are several reasons why such small trees are used. Very prominent among these is the question of cheapness in raising, handling and transporting the seedling trees. It goes without saying, for instance, that it will be cheaper to have ground occupied by seedlings only two years and then have it free for another lot of seedlings, rather than to keep these lot of seedlings over for a year or two more and have them occupy ground that might be used meanwhile in raising more seedlings. There is also saved the cost of transplanting which would be necessary if proper care were taken of older seedlings.

Seedlings of hardwood or broadleaved trees older than two years are seldom used in forest planting. This is because the broadleaved trees very early develop a strong system of roots; and an oak, for instance, or a hickory or a black locust of over two years is not at all easy to get up out of the ground and put in again. In fact, nut trees can pretty safely be planted (unless there is danger from animals to the young trees) by making a hole three or four inches deep, with a pointed stick or iron tool, and placing in the hole three or four nuts. Evergreen (or coniferous) trees can be easily handled at twice the age given to broadleaved seedlings, because the coniferous trees are of much slower growth and do not form their roots nearly as rapidly as broadleaved trees. Young trees of the age named stand transplanting and putting out on the area to be planted better than older trees do, and the roots are less likely to be injured.

Wild stock may be used as well as stock bought from a nursery. This may often be got along roadsides or on the borders of woodlands. The young trees (maple, for example), should always be taken from such open places rather than from deep woods, if they are taken from the interior of the woods, the change is apt to be too violent for them, and the plant suffers.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets contain no opiate, no narcotic, no poisonous drug. The mother who uses these Tablets for her children has the guarantee of a Government analyst as to the truth of these statements. This medicine is safe, and it always cures such troubles as indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea and colic. The Tablets cure simple fevers, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Mrs. W. H. Young, Reading, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets as needed for more than a year and would not be without them in the house. They are just the thing for teething babies and other minor ailments." The Tablets are only 25 cents a box and may be had from medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DO WE GET IN OUR OWN WAY?

English Girl Says We Do by Stopping to Look at Things.

An American who has been in England some years and has now returned to the country finds that while we go through the motions of hustling we don't always get along as fast as we think we do.

An English girl in Chicago, he says in the *Belmont*, recently complained to her American friends that what troubled her most in American cities was the way in which people dawdled. She said she was unable to get along as fast as she was accustomed to walk in England.

Of course the American friends familiar with witicism about the slowness of an Englishman's movements thought she was wrong, whereas she was entirely and quite intelligently in error.

American in London seldom spend much time in the city, or business section. They live and seek their pleasures in the West End or uptown, where every one is at leisure, and thereby they get an idea that the Britisher is a vastly more leisurely person than he is. If they live for a while in the atmosphere of the city they would find it a good deal more like home.

There is no doubt that the average American moves his legs and arms faster than the average Briton. Perhaps the only divided get over a given number of yards in a shorter time, but I earnestly doubt whether the whole British community of any large American city travels five blocks as fast as does the population of the city in London.

The eyes habituated to the street scenes of large European cities is less struck by the rapidity of movement on a crowded American street than by its disorderliness. Like the hare in the fable, Americans have an incurable habit when going at top speed of stopping to look at things. Almost any old thing will do.

The lack of soliciting of the wheeled traffic in American cities is, of course, proverbial; and the spirit of chaos (what a sight for European eyes is the pandemonium at Broadway and Canal streets, for instance) communicates itself in a measure to the sidewalk. You are all too intent on going on your own ways that you are forever standing in each other's way.

Which, of course, reads peevishly. But it is the honest impression of one who returns to the United States after an extended absence, and who has given the English girl's statement very careful study to seem now to him, I can understand that myself wondering whether the busy American is really busier than the busy Britisher. I know Americans who are too busy to send more than ten minutes at their luncheon in their offices will put their feet up till their chairs, read stories, and pick their teeth for the rest of the afternoon.

Expert Opinion.
(February Smart Set.)

Dolly—What makes you thing she is such an awful gossip?
Madge—She told me all the things I asked her about.

A cable message from Rome, announces that Hon. Mr. Justice John J. MacLaren of Toronto was one of the Vice-presidents elected by the "World's Fik Sunday School Convention."

the body of the tree is affected it is rooted out and burned.

Fruit growers in the pear districts of Canada should combine in an endeavor to control the blight. Individual efforts are of little avail if neighboring orchards are neglected.

April 15, 1907.

PALE AS A CORPSE.

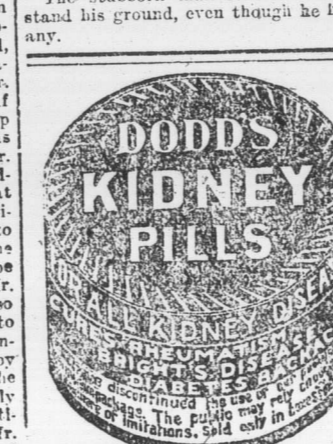
Thousands of young growing girls have pale, pasty complexions, distressing headaches, backaches and aches, and are unable to sleep. Their nerves are unstrung; they are languid; breathless and the heart palpitates violently at the least exertion—that's anemia—and it may develop into consumption unless promptly attended to. Anemia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood—that's the secret of their success. Miss Winnie Allen, Montreal, Que., says: "I was so weak and run down that my friends thought I was going into a coffin. I was as pale as a corpse, had no appetite and did not sleep well. The least exertion tired me out and if I walked a few blocks I was almost breathless. My sister advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using them for a few weeks I am again enjoying good health, and have a good color. I think every weak, sickly girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood and in the way they strike right at the root of such troubles as anæmia, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, the secretills of girlhood and womanhood and a host of other every day troubles, and cure them. But you must get the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box—imitations never cured any one and sometimes they do much harm. If your dealer does not keep the genuine Pills, they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hector Macdonald Memorial.

The memorial erected at Dingwall, Ross-shire, to the late General Sir Hector Macdonald is now nearly ready for the opening. The building operations are completed, and the tradesmen are putting the finishing touches on the structure. Altogether the monument looks well, and is an imposing erection. As yet it has not been definitely fixed when the opening is to take place, but the probability is that the ceremony will be on Victoria Day, 24th May, which is a general holiday throughout Scotland.

The stubborn man is determined to stand his ground, even though he hasn't any.



Consumption is less deadly than it used to be. Certain relief and usually complete recovery will result from the following treatment:

Hope, rest, fresh air, and—Scott's Emulsion.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

