

Guilty Hands!

GIVING A TRUE AND FASCINATING INSIGHT INTO SCOTLAND YARD METHODS OF TRACKING CRIMINALS BY THE AID OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Two men stood together in the little room. The place was in darkness, save for the stream of focused light from the powerful lantern one of the men held in his hand, directing on the object the other was bending over and examining with the aid of a large magnifying lens.

It was a piece of grimy, half-consumed tallow candle, which the man looking at it held in a pair of small tweezers, as if it were something so priceless that it must not be touched by unhallowed hands. The lens hovered over some dents in the yellow-grey surface, on which the rays of the lantern were focused.

"Printed" on the candle.

"There is not the slightest doubt about it," he said—"there are three of them."

"Finger-prints?" asked the other, the lantern-holder.

"Yes."

"Clearly defined?"

"They will photograph beautifully."

He laid the candle down gently on the table, while the other switched on the electric light, that flooded the room. He was a man of middle height; in dark grey jacket-suit, clean-shaven, with rounded, almost chubby features, and hazel eyes in which perhaps at this time there was a glint of triumph.

Inspector Kane, of Scotland Yard. Those dents in that candle meant another triumph for the famous detective. Already he almost felt himself gripping the wrist of the murderous hand that had left its prints there, and heard the click of the handcuffs on the wrists.

He had found the piece of candle lying beside the body of a man mysteriously murdered—stabbed to death—in a dingy garret in Soho. On the table in the room was an empty candlestick. Having dealt his victim those swift blows, stretching him at his feet, the murderer had snatched at the candle and bent over him to see whether there was still in him any flicker of life. Then he had dropped the candle and crept swiftly, stealthily away.

Overwhelmed by Clues.

Little did he dream that his fingers, fiercely clutching that candle, were

printing there evidence that would bring him to the gallows. Would there really be finger-prints upon it? Detective Kane wondered. His surmise that there might be proved correct. The photograph was "beautiful." The murderer was run down and hanged.

Called in to the scene of some sensational, mysterious crime, the first question the detective asks himself is: "Are there any finger-prints of the perpetrator?" To the person inexperienced in the detection of crime, the discovery of finger-prints may seem an easy matter. The old detective knows how extraordinarily difficult it frequently is.

"Every room is full of finger-prints," declared one of our most famous Scotland Yard detectives—"prints of its occupant and of visitors to it. What you want are the finger-prints which some circumstance stamps as being those of the guilty person. These may stare you in the face, as it were; more frequently they are extremely difficult to discover. Sometimes, though you know there must be finger-prints somewhere about, they baffle every effort to discover them."

Scarcely Visible to the Eye.

The murderer and his victim had clearly been drinking together in the case of one mystery Detective Sexton was called upon to solve. Two glasses stood on the table, and

Scarcely Visible to the Eye.

The murderer and his victim had clearly been drinking together in the case of one mystery Detective Sexton was called upon to solve. Two glasses stood on the table, and an empty bottle of cheap Beaune wine. The only thing that might be a finger-print was a scarcely-to-be-seen smudge on the black bottle. Submitted to the finger-print photography expert, the smudge quickly resolved itself into an excellent print, good enough to drag the reveller, with murder in his heart, to his doom.

The detective finds what he thinks is a finger-print, but it is the photographic expert who, by his art, makes the ghostly thing plain—a thing to be seen by all men; evidence that will convince a judge and jury, and send the guilty party to a convict prison or the gallows.

The detective suspects there are prints on some light-surfaced object—a piece of cloth or enamelware—but even the microscope fails to

"I HAVE PROVED"

Zam-Buk invaluable for eczema, both in the case of my baby and myself," says Mrs. L. Bonis of West Arichat, N.S. She adds: "Baby's skin was badly broken out, but repeated applications of Zam-Buk entirely cured it. 'In my own case, I had eczema on my hands, which made it very inconvenient for me to do my housework. Particularly was this so, as it aggravated the trouble so to put my hands in water. By using Zam-Buk, however, I soon got relief, and it was not long before every trace of the trouble had disappeared. I really think no home should be without Zam-Buk.' Zam-Buk is equally good for all skin injuries. All dealers 50c. box.

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reveal them. The photographic expert fills a flat, broad camel-hair brush with dust of finely-powdered graphite or plumbago, holds it over the surface of the article, and shakes the dust upon it. When it is sufficiently powdered he blows off the dust that does not adhere to the surface with a pair of small bellows, and photographs what remains. That photograph is the photograph of the finger-tips that have touched the surface. In this way, in the case of a sensational crime only a year or two ago, prints were recovered from a white teacup that led to the conviction of a guilty woman.

If the print sought for is suspected to lie hid upon the surface of a dark substance, such as dark oak, the bowl of a black pipe, black leather, or ironwork, he fills the brush with white lead instead of graphite or plumbago.

The fingers of the person employed in ordinary work are, in a state of health, more or less greasy; but the person engaged in committing a crime is apt to perspire more freely. The excitement of the business; the fierce heart-throbs of desire, of terror; the frenzied wish to have done it and found safety—all conduce to render the finger-tips more excellent witnesses against him in the impressions they leave behind.

Chemistry Aids Him.

A piece of ordinary paper that he has held in his hand, and that shows

no signs on its surface even when examined by the most powerful microscope, may, under treatments by the expert, bear evidence against him. He treats it with a solution of silver nitrate of about six per cent. strength, and the print of the guilty hand becomes clear to the camera. It was by this means that one of the wickedest criminals—a woman who by means of anonymous letters, sowed broadcast unfounded suspicions respecting innocent persons, and wrecked the happiness of many homes of those she hated—was brought to justice.

What danger could there be of anyone discovering the concocter of the letter, written secretly in a feigned hand and dropped into the pillar letter-box by the veiled figure, gliding life a shadow through the dim-lit suburban streets? She did not reckon with the march of science in the detection of criminals. The nitrate of silver solution showed finger-prints on one of the letters, and the writer's finger-prints—cunningly obtained without her suspecting it—were found to be, on comparing the prints, identical.

All Obstacles Are Surmounted.

Finger-prints on dust are readily photographed if they are on a dark surface. If they are on the dust of a window-pane, the best results are obtained by placing a dark background behind them, and photographing with the light coming obliquely from behind. Innumerable burglars who have entered by windows and skylights have learnt, to their cost, how effective this method of reproducing their finger-prints is.

Finger-prints in blood on a light surface present no difficulties. On a dark surface, such as the finger-prints on the japanned cashbox which brought to doom the Stratton perpetrators of the famous "mask murders," the photograph is made in a dark room, lit from the front with magnesium ribbon or an electric arc, care being taken to screen the direct rays from the camera lens.

So the hand of the criminal himself actually comes to the aid of the powers of justice to drag him to doom.

Blackfriars Bridge Begun.

The first stone of Blackfriars Bridge was laid on October 31, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's Bridge, in honour of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham, and if the foundations are ever disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet on which is inscribed in Latin the following grateful tribute of the citizens to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman: "On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George III, Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London during the progress of a raging war ('fragante bello') for the ornament and convenience of the city; Robert Milne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the City of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his high-mindedness and courage (under the divine favour and happy auspices of George II.), restored, increased, and secured the British Empire in Asia, Africa and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." A more appropriate or more deserved tribute it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet lies deep in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is perhaps known but to few; and yet, far more honourable than all civic crowns—for more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his Sovereign and the Legislature—was this affectionate and unbought voluntary testimony, "unanimously voted" by the citizens of London to the man who had restored to them the security of commerce and wealth, and the ancient renown which had rendered the name of Englishman respected over the world.

EASILY SUPPLIED.

As the would-be wit strolled through the town he saw a notice in a shop-window:

"If you don't see what you want in the window, come in and ask for it."

"I don't see what I want in the window," he announced, entering the establishment.

"Well, then, ask for it," said the shopkeeper invitingly.

"I've tried all over the town in vain," said the visitor sadly.

"What is it?" The proprietor was eager on the quest. "I have a better stock than any other shop of this kind in the place."

"Well, it's this way. I've found so many smart men in this town that I am in search of a first-class idiot."

Without hesitating, the shopkeeper turned to his assistant with the order: "James, bring a large sheet of brown paper and make this gentleman up into a nice parcel!"

Coughs and Colds are very prevalent at present. Try Phorone at STAFFORD'S, Theatre Hill.—oct.17



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
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The Phantom Torpedo Boats.

At the end of October, 1904, the news that a Hull fishing fleet had been fired on in the North Sea by Russian warships, and a trawler sunk with loss of life, roused a storm of indignation in England. As neither explanation nor apology could be obtained from the Russian admiral, Rozhdestvensky, popular fury rose to fever heat. Our Government then adopted stern measures. The Mediterranean, Channel and Home Fleets were ordered to concen-

trate at Gibraltar, and to clear for action, and the Russian Ambassador in London was informed that the Russian warships—which were steaming across the Bay of Biscay, on their way to Japan—would not be permitted to pass the Rock. The question of peace or war trembled in the balance. But the Russian fleet, obeying peremptory orders from St. Petersburg, turned into Vigo, and a collision was averted. Then the Russian admiral explained that the trawlers which had been sunk, and damaged had not been fired at directly, but the shots had been aimed at some Japanese torpedo boats, the presence of which, in the very midst of the fish-

ing fleet, had been revealed to his searchlights, and the presence of suspicious-looking craft was confirmed by some of the fishermen. When international inquiry was held, and after witness came forward and admitted to having seen the torpedo boat question. One officer went as far as to assert that he saw men on the torpedo boats in Japanese uniform. A question arises, what became of them? It can only be concluded that they were sunk by the Russian fire, their steel skeletons are rusting day somewhere at the bottom of the ocean.

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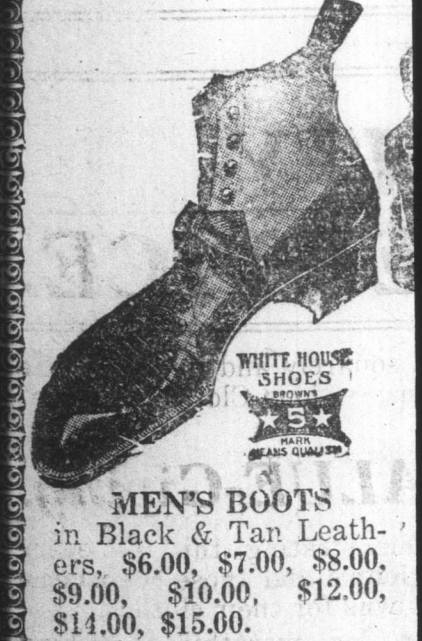
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