

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 1907.

DOUBLE MURDER IN MAINE WOODS

Two Brothers Shot by Angry
Boy Companion.

Lads Quarrelled Over Right of Eccl.
Party to Hunt in Certain Places—
Victims Died Instantly.

HOULTON, Me., Sept. 18.—A double murder, in which two boys were shot by a boy companion while hunting in the woods, took place on Tuesday afternoon in the woods near Limestone, a short distance from here, where the boys all lived. They are sons of respectable farmers.

Guy and Oscar Downing, brothers, were shot by Guy Tardis, who was with his cousin, Fred Tardis.

As near as can be gleaned the particulars are as follows: The two parties met in the woods three or four times, and each time the quarrels between them grew worse. The dispute was as to the right of each party to hunt in the woods near each other's houses. Finally, Guy Downing stood his rifle against the fence and ordered Fred Tardis to do the same. The former then went up to the latter and seized him by the collar. Oscar Downing started toward Guy Tardis, who fired his gun, the bullet piercing Downing's lung and coming out at the shoulder blade. He dropped dead instantly. Guy Downing then ran, when Guy Tardis fired at him, striking him on the top of the head, the bullet passing through his brain and killing him instantly also.

The Tardis boys were arrested and will be arraigned before the magistrate here immediately.

The boys were all about 17 or 18 years old.

HOULTON, Me., Sept. 18.—Guy Tardis, the boy who was held today for the grand jury of the term of the supreme court now in session here, on the charge of killing the two young Downing brothers at Limestone yesterday afternoon, was brought here this afternoon and lodged in the county jail. Fred Tardis, his cousin, and the only witness to the shooting, also was brought here, having been held as the principal witness for the government. Four witnesses have been summoned to appear before the grand jury at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, at which time it is expected the case will be considered. They are Carl Hammond, James Phair, Drs. Damon and Hubbard, all of Limestone and vicinity.

BIG ATTENDANCE AT EXHIBITION

Fredericton Management Greatly Pleased
—Sale of Sheep Imported by
Government.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 18.—The exhibition today was continued up to a late hour this evening. The paid admissions for the day totaled 7,736, which exceeded the largest day two years ago by some 600. The attendance up to date is in excess of any previous exhibition. Tomorrow is looked forward to as the banner day as the outside excursions are numerous.

Fine weather prevailed today and the probabilities are most encouraging for tomorrow.

The sale of sheep today, imported by the local government, realized on an average between \$15 and \$18.

The St. Mary's band, of St. John, will play at the exhibition tomorrow afternoon.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY.
The Romeo of 1910 gently steered his air yacht to the vine covered balcony.

"Darling," he whispered romantically, "I can see a dozen stars."

"Do be careful, Romeo," cautioned the fair Juliet as she picked a rose from her marmelade. "If you come out you will see a thousand stars."

And even then the old gentleman could be heard hunting for his cane.—Des Moines Register.

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CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES

Sir Daniel Morris Talks on
the Trade Relations

We Must Advertise, He Says, and Send
a "Roving Trade Commissioner"—
Some Practical Suggestions.

TORONTO, Sept. 18.—Sir Daniel Morris, imperial commissioner of agriculture in the West Indies, addressed the Board of Trade this afternoon on the trade relations which exist, and which it is hoped will hereafter exist between Canada and the sister colony.

R. C. Steele, president of the board, introduced the speaker.

"Canada's trade relations with the West Indies," declared Sir Daniel, "are not equitable. Thanks to the preferential tariff policy and the tariff placed upon the importation of German sugar growers of the West Indies are able to sell the Dominion directly 75 per cent of the sugar she yearly consumes, and indirectly, through the English refineries, 10 per cent more. In return the Indies take what from Canada? Three million dollars yearly. Canada must advertise. In all my travelling through the country I represent, I seldom meet a Canadian commercial traveler. I meet American 'drummers' in plenty. Of all the literature which I am informed Canada circulates about the Empire only a meagre few pamphlets ever stray into Jamaica or Barbados."

It was a much hoped for thing, declared the speaker, that the present twelve day steamship service between Halifax and the Indies should be made weekly. Canada should obtain reciprocity with the Indies and this would come shortly with the increase in sugar imports, but first and foremost the Dominion should send one of her good headed business men as a roving commissioner to the tropical sister colony to "talk" Canada and spread information about her throughout the country.

DISPUTE BETWEEN C. P. R. AND THEIR TELEGRAPH OPERATORS

MONTREAL, Sept. 18.—Professor Austin Short, of Queen's University, Kingston, the chairman of the conciliation board appointed to investigate the dispute between the C. P. R. Company and the telegraphers, is here today arranging the preliminaries of inquiry.

Mr. Short had conferences today with D. McNicoll, vice-president of the C. P. R., and D. Campbell, third vice-president of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, who is charged with representing the interests of the operators.

Prof. Short stated that the details as to the issue between the parties had not yet been fully prepared and he and the other two members of the board, Messrs. Wallace Nesbitt and J. O'Donoghue on behalf of the men, would not be able to get to work before next week.

As to whether the inquiry will be held here or in Toronto has not been decided, but the decisions arrived at whatever they may be will be applicable to the whole system, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.
MONTREAL, Que., Sept. 18.—Three Grand Trunk freight trains were in collision tonight at Vaudeville. A brakeman named A. Robertson was almost instantly killed, and a tramp was so seriously injured that he will likely die.

THE TALLEST HUMANS.
The Tchouchees—as they call themselves—of southern and eastern Patagonia are the tallest human beings in the world, the men averaging but slightly less than six feet, while individuals of our six inches above that mark are not uncommon.

DIANA OF THE DINER

BY C. MALCOLM HICKS.

Mr. Gilbert Hardy, of the firm of Maxwell and Hardy, jewelers, of Hinton Garth, stepped briskly along the platform at Boston, looking for a vacant first-class smoking compartment. At last he found what he wanted, and at the same moment a portly old gentleman panted up, intent on securing the next compartment of the corridor coach, which was also empty.

The doors were locked as the ticket examiner had passed this particular coach, and both men had to wait impatiently until the guard came up at a run.

"Stick my bag in there for me, will you?" cried Hardy. "I want to slip back and get a paper."

"Right, sir; but hurry up; we're just off."

Hardy ran back along the platform towards a paper boy, who was looking in every direction but the right one. Hearing heavy footsteps behind him, he turned his head and saw that the portly gentleman was coming along behind, evidently on the same errand as himself.

Both men provided themselves with a supply of papers and hurried back to their compartments.

"Jump in, sir," gasped Hardy, and he propelled the breathless fat man through the door, and after glancing at the seat, settled himself comfortably back on the cushions, and commenced to read an evening paper.

Suddenly he heard the rustle of silken skirts outside in the corridor, and, looking up, noticed the most beautiful woman he had ever seen standing in the open doorway. That she was dressed in some kind of grey costume, with a fur collar and a large grey hat surmounted on a head of rich brown hair he noticed vaguely; it was the great, round, limpid blue eyes that attracted his whole attention.

She drew back under his admiring gaze.

"I beg your pardon. I was looking for a friend whom I expected to be on the train."

"Don't mention it," stammered Hardy, and before he had finished his paper a tall, dark young man passed hurriedly along the corridor after her, peering furtively into Hardy's compartment.

"Impressed pretty girl," murmured the dashed young man, and stared absent-mindedly out of the window.

Soon after passing Leighton he left his carriage and made his way to the dining car, after locking the railway key he always carried.

The seat was jewelled with many hundreds of pounds, and it belonged one to be careful.

He was one of the first to enter the dining car, and as he came in, the girl who had half entered his carriage came in at the other end, and after glancing casually round the carriage, she sat down opposite Hardy, much to that gentleman's secret delight.

"What a lovely girl!" he thought, as he looked at her. She was, as a rule, a critical diner, but he could not have stated whether the soup was thick or clear when he had finished it; his whole interest had been taken up in the pretty, demure face opposite him.

The waiter had hardly deposited his plate of Charlie's little ham, when the girl, stretching out her arm for the menu, overturned the bottle, and sent its contents streaming over the table.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," cried the girl contritely, her blue eyes fixed appealingly upon him. "It was inexcusable carelessness on my part."

"Pray don't trouble about it," said Hardy hastily. "I hope none of the wine has gone over your dress."

"No, I have not received what I am afraid I deserved," she said with a smile.

She looked very pretty when she smiled—she probably knew it.

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After a few sips he looked across at her.

"Is your coffee all right, Miss Chesworth?" he asked.

"Of course it is," she said, with a slight tremble in her voice. "It always is on these trains. Don't you like yours?"

"I don't think it was as good as usual. Must be my fancy I suppose."

He took a long drink. When he put down his cup the girl rose.

"I'm going back to my carriage now. Mr. Hardy, and must say good-bye."

Gilbert Hardy rose. He was swaying unsteadily. He felt sleepy and wonderful at it. He was a moderate drinker and a bottle of Chablis had never affected him in this way before.

"Need it be good-bye?" he asked, somewhat thickly. "Can't it be an au revoir? I shall be staying in Manchester for a few days; mayn't I call on you?"

The girl let him hold her hand for a moment and then drew it away.

"You may call and see me if you can find me," she cried mischievously, and pulling herself together with a great effort, he staggered along the corridor towards his compartment. He usually wanted a cigar after dinner, but now, after unlocking the door with some difficulty he flung himself upon the cushions and went straight to sleep.

The train stopped at Creve and then was off again on its track to the north-west swaying over the many points that bound near the famous junction.

Hardy began to toss about uneasily; his lips were numbing half formed words. He was in a shady lane beside a beautiful girl; her large blue eyes were looking up into his face; her tiny well-groomed hand was resting against his cheek, and the full lips formed a word. It was—

"Wake up, sir, we're slowing up for Manchester."

Gilbert Hardy opened his eyes and blinked unseeing at the guard.

She said "Yes," he murmured solemnly.

The guard stared at him, and then with a sigh withdrew and hurried along the train.

Slowly Hardy realized where he was. The train was slowing down, and the hiss of escaping steam and the grinding of the brakes explained the noise in his dream.

Of course he was in the Manchester express. The girl he had dreamed of was in the train, Diana Chesworth—"Diana of the Diner," he thought.

He had been during that enjoyable meal in the car. He would be seeing her in a few minutes, he hoped; he must pull himself together.

His head ached, and he was feeling sick and dizzy. Something had happened to him; he was sure of it. He looked in the mirror fixed to the compartment, and was startled by his dishevelled appearance. There was no time for a wash now. He made what improvement he could with the aid of a pocket comb, and stooped to pull out his bag.

Then as he dragged it out on to the floor, started back again, staring at it dully.

This bag was not his!

A bag something the same size, but otherwise entirely different. He turned it over obediently.

Then the horrible truth came into his mind. His own bag, containing the many hundreds of pounds' worth of jewelry had been stolen, and this one substituted.

This one substituted. On a sudden impulse he burst the bag open; it was full of rubbish of some description.

Then, as he dashed to the door, there came an angry shout from the next compartment, and the portly man bounced into the corridor, a large bag in his hand, and cannoned violently into the guard, who was returning to his van.

The portly man's face was purple, and the portly man's speech was lurid.

"This is not my bag!" were the printable words.

"I've been robbed of valuable jewelry," shouted Hardy, trying to drown the other's complaint. Then his eyes fell upon the bag in the portly man's hand. He pounced upon it, and as he did so the train came to a standstill at the platform of Manchester station.

"That is my bag," he cried.

"One at a time please, gentlemen," cried the harassed guard, as the portly man, firmly of the impression that he was being cheated of something, had turned his wrath upon the junior partner of the jewelry firm.

"No one could have entered the bag."

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The girl let him hold her hand for a moment and then drew it away.

"You may call and see me if you can find me," she cried mischievously, and pulling herself together with a great effort, he staggered along the corridor towards his compartment. He usually wanted a cigar after dinner, but now, after unlocking the door with some difficulty he flung himself upon the cushions and went straight to sleep.

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