

STORMING OF A FORTRESS.

Midnight Disturbance That Had Whole Section Up

And Had the Police Scouring Surrounding District.

It Was All Caused by Sick Horse Kicking Its Stall.

Stung! That little word expressed the disgust of three policemen, who Marathoned several blocks early on Sunday morning to catch a crazy man, who, they were told, was battering in the rear doors of houses on Park street north, near St. Joseph's Convent.

It adequately described the feelings of a score of neighbors, who, in scanty attire, and with chattering teeth, stood at open windows waiting to see the strong arm of the law wrap itself around the rude disturber of their slumbers.

The hour was 2 a. m. Everything was so quiet and tranquil one could almost hear one's hair growing. Suddenly the silence was shattered to fragments by a pounding, smashing noise, as if someone was using a battering ram to knock down the side of a building.

A dozen windows went up with a slam, a dozen heads popped out, wind-drowsed as fast, and a dozen windows went down with a bang. The noise had subsided. The rude disturber was frightened and "skidded." So thought the people behind the window panes.

It was "punk" theorizing, though. They had scarcely shut the windows before another ripping, smashing noise, ten times louder than the first, startled them.

This time one window opened. It stole up silently, and a deep bass voice, that fairly rent the atmosphere, roared out, "Who's there? What do you want? Why do you make that infernal noise?"

The possessor of the voice must have practised with the Tiger rosters' club. Nothing like the volume of noise it created was ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting, peaceful neighborhood before. It wakened all the neighbors in the block, who were not already awake, and it caused those who were peeping out from behind window blinds to sympathize with the unlucky individual at whom it was directed.

It only lasted a minute though, for again the thundering noise echoed through the air. This time neighbors, with lamps hoisted over their heads, cautiously inspected their back yards. The noise seemed to have moved further over the block.

Everyone but the amateur sleuth, who reads the "Old Smooth" series and other penny dreadfuls, thought it was a burglar. The amateur sleuth, from his familiarity with detective literature, knew that burglars did not go around entering houses with battering rams.

Someone suggested it was the crazy man who had escaped recently from the asylum. That sounded more sensible, but the sleuth happened to be the possessor of that awful voice, and he felt quite satisfied that not even an insane man would risk another attack of it.

In the meantime neighbors had rushed off to summon the police. When the first officer arrived he was loaded up with all sorts of advice as to the direction from where the noise came.

"I have looked all around and there is not a sign of anyone," he observed, as he suspiciously surveyed the deputation that surrounded him.

Before he finished speaking Constables Campbell and Brannan came charging up the alley with a bull's-eye lantern lighting the way.

"It is some bloke with a joyous sense trying to find the keyhole," was the sage observation of Pete, after he had hurdled a few fences, looking around back yards for the marauder.

Just then the pounding resumed. "Aha!" shouted the deputation in unison. "There it is; go after him."

Pete had already cleared the fence with a bound, and he returned almost as quickly.

"It's a horse," he said, in disgust. And the guardians of the peace marched off, blessing the inconsideration of nervous people, who would haul three policemen off their beats to hear a horse kicking the side out of a stall.

Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the animal was ill. The way it played the boots to the shed was certainly a shame.

A week or so ago, at the same hour of the morning, the noise awakened the neighbors. The horse bawled itself on that occasion, however, while a policeman investigated, and the mystery remained unsolved. There was a story about a man having been seen that night to drop off a roof and dash across the yards. It put the neighbors on edge for a sensation yesterday morning.

And to think that it was only a horse. "It's a horse on you," said Peter Brannan to the deputation, as he marched away.

UNDER GRAND TRUNK NOW. A circular from Detroit announces that the Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad having passed under the control of the Grand Trunk, the jurisdiction of all officers of the respective departments of the Grand Trunk are hereby extended over that railway.

MINISTER IN CHINA. Washington, Dec. 6.—Announcement was made at the State Department today of the appointment of Wm. J. Calhoun, of Chicago, as Minister to China. Mr. Calhoun has accepted the appointment and the Chinese Government has indicated its pleasure in receiving him.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. To rent at \$2 a year and upwards, for the storing of deeds, bonds, stocks, wills, silver and other valuables. TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

ANNEXATION WILL GO ON.

West End Coming in on the Same Terms as East.

Street Railway Company Accepts Additional Responsibility.

Waterworks Pumps to be Deal With this Week.

The west end annexation deal by which the city will take in the Westmount survey will probably be closed this year, although it was the intention after the first petition was rejected to permit it to stand over until next year. W. D. Platt, who is acting for the property owners, had a conference this morning with the annexation committee, and agreed to circulate a petition for the annexation of the district on the same terms as the recent annexation deal in East Hamilton. Mr. Platt anticipates no difficulty in getting a majority of the people to sign. There are about 150 property owners in the district, which covers about 75 acres. It will square the western limits of the city.

They are clapping the lid on at the City Hall again, City Engineer Macallum this morning informed the press that the secretaries of the Board of Works and Fire and Water Committee were not to be interviewed. Mr. Macallum takes the stand that he is head of the department, and should be the press censor. He intimated that some of the clerks were getting peevish about having inquisitive reporters bombard them with questions. Not one of the clerks would admit having made any complaint.

A local paper on Saturday, under a scare heading, printed a report about the company of which Ald. Peregrine is head, having a team on the Board of Works payroll. Ald. Peregrine said it was true that the city had employed one of the company's teams since last May. "The city was badly in need of teams," he said, "and the Board of Works chairman asked me if I could let them have some. One team was all that the company could spare. The report was printed to injure me. The transaction was perfectly legal. One thing I have not done since entering the Council is to book orders for coal from civic employees, although I have a perfect right to do so. Time and again orders have been telephoned in from city servants and I have turned them down. The team in question belonged to the Peregrine Coal Company, not to me."

Chairman Allan of the Board of Works admitted that he had asked Ald. Peregrine to let the city have teams. "And we were very glad to get out," he said. "We advertised for teams for a long time and could not get them."

Chairman Clark of the Fire and Water Committee, stated this morning that the awarding of the contracts for the new pumps and motors would be dealt with at the meeting on Wednesday night. Although the leader of the Westinghouse Company is higher than the Swedish firm the chairman says he would be in favor of awarding the contract to the local company, if it was \$2,000 higher, as repairs can always be made quickly by the Westinghouse company, while it might take months to get new parts from the Swedish firm.

The contractors who are building the new pump house at the Beach are not getting along with the work as rapidly as City Engineer Macallum thinks they should, and he went down there this morning to stir them up.

W. D. Platt has agreed to sell the city half an acre of the Lottridge property in the east end for what it cost him. The land is wanted as a site for the pumping house for the new annex disposal works, and for the opening of the base line through.

Manager Coleman of the Hamilton Street Railway Company, notified the city that where the devil strip is widened to five feet in the company will accept the liability for the paving of the extra foot and for two feet outside the rails on the terms agreed to by the city. This point was raised in connection with the widening of the devil strip in Toronto, and Hamilton desired to make sure of the local company's position before the work proceeded.

The question was raised today as to whether the city's five-year lighting contract with the Cataract Power Company is an exclusive one. City Solicitor Waddell says it is not. The company, however, is bound to supply as many lights as the city may demand.

The Board of Education has lost another of its principals, W. A. Schofield, of the Caroline Street School, has accepted a position with the Toronto Board of Education. His resignation has not yet been accepted by the Hamilton Board.

W. Sexton was granted a permit to day for a brick house at the corner of Park and Vine streets, to cost \$3,500.

The Board of Works will clean up a lot of small business at its meeting tomorrow night.

VESSEL AGROUND. London, Dec. 6.—The British steamer St. Patrick, from New York, Nov. 11, for Manila, is reported aground in the Suez Canal. She will be obliged to discharge her cargo, which is understood to be United States Government supplies for the Philippines.

AVIATOR KILLED. Nice, France, Dec. 6.—M. Fernandez, the French aviator, was instantly killed today following the explosion of the motor when his aeroplane was being manoeuvred at an estimated height of 1,650 feet. The machine crumpled, and with its pilot dropped to earth.

SMALL BOY WITH KNIFE. Two newboys got in an altercation on Saturday afternoon, with the result that it is alleged, Eddie Smith, 270 Cannon street east, aged nine years, stabbed Fred McCabe, aged thirteen, with a pen knife in the arm. McCabe lodged a complaint with the police and the case may be aired in the Juvenile Court, though at present the Magistrate has not been approached about it. The wound was not serious.

BEER SEIZED. The delivery was about to be made to foreigners' houses on Rosemary avenue and Princess street. The total amount seized was five kegs of beer, four dozen pints, two dozen quarts and one bottle of wine. Chief Smith says the cases will come up on Wednesday.

TWO HUNDRED PAIRS. Plump pigeons, at 30c the pair; nothing near than pigeon pot pie; nothing cheaper; don't delay ordering, as they won't last long. We are as busy as bees filling orders for raisins, currants, peels, etc. Store open evenings for the convenience of those who cannot find it convenient to shop during the day.—Rain & Adams.

SUGAR CHEAPE R. New York, Dec. 6.—All grades of refined sugar were reduced ten cents a hundred pounds to-day.

WIFE A HAMILTON LADY. A special despatch from Chicago announces the sudden death at Hendersonville, North Carolina, of George Bonilton, vice-president of the First National Bank. Mr. Bonilton was a well known and greatly respected banker and financial man. He married a Hamilton lady.

NEITHER TOMMY COULD NOR DR. CARR GOT A LOOK IN FOR THE PRESIDENCY. Neither Tommy Gould nor Dr. Carr got a look in for the presidency.

MY SYMPHONY. Seeing that Christmas is less than three weeks off, I will do my little shopping now rather than wait until the very last week. I will shop to-morrow with calmness, rather than fight for soiled gifts in next day's wreckage. To move easily, deliberately, rather than push and maul. To smile; to do all within my power to avoid the frantic haste and worry of the eleventh hour to make the clerks happy, not weary. This is my symphony.

Mrs. May Barnes, of Toronto, is visiting her cousins, Mrs. James Hastings, 31 Fearman ave.

THE MAN IN OVERALLS. Got those presents yet? Those who can't afford roast beef, will just have to be content with turkey. It's only the measles, you say. But sometimes they are very serious. I hope nobody will rise to their feet and insist that the new transmission line is obsolete. Parents who find their boys in Police Court should learn the lesson that now or never is the time to teach them how to behave if they are to grow up a credit to themselves and to their parents. I suppose those new school buildings are being made fire proof. Ald. Peregrine's chances of being elect.

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ed a Controller are so good that the Herald has already begun its manufacture of scandals against him.

Perhaps there is more poetry than truth in William Watson's poetic attack on Mrs. Asquith. Anyway, he might have left Violet alone, seeing she is a lone female.

How is it that we hear so often of the Old Masters and never of the Old Mistresses? Have you seen the pictures yet?

The Police Commissioners might take up the matter of training dogs for police service. These animals are a success in other places, and may be made so here.

My own private opinion is that if we want to win the next election we should begin the campaign now. Those six weeks' campaigns are always failures. What does the executive think about it?

The fear now is that the whole Sowers Committee is obsolete.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." The Lords must be first make mad. Lloyd-George's next attack will be to open the higher branches of the diplomatic, civil and consular services—the nobility and gentry—to the common people.

The Table Boarder says he has an invention that will knock the spots off Frank Quinn's match scratcher. His invention is a cigar that will light without a match, or rather the match will be attached to the nose of the cigar, and all you will have to do will be to tickle the end of the cigar. He was going round to see if Dan Peace would go halves with him with the profits.

If you want to make the coal man mad tell him that this is beautiful weather we are having.

I am still waiting to see that street railway on the mountain.

Do your shopping in the morning, when the clerks are fresh and the goods not mangled over.

Mr. Downey favors the indeterminate sentence. Now who is to be the judge as to when the prisoner should obtain his liberty? The jailer, the turnkey, or whom?

I have no doubt the Labor men would feel insulted if I were to advise them to ask Andrew Carnegie for a subscription to their proposed Labor Temple. But if he robbed Labor of its just due, I think it would be but right to relieve him of his ill-gotten gains.

Now let the Mayor and Mr. Crook's shake hands and proceed with the business on hand.

The sleepy-headed Herald talked on Saturday about the Peregrine Coal Co. having a team employed for two or three weeks on one of the city watering carts. "Somebody should stick a pin in it and tell it that it was stuck a pin in it and tell it that it was stuck a pin in it, instead of weeks.

T. J. Stewart says Sir Wilfrid is a "slick duck." Sir Wilfrid says Stewart is a "goose." So honors are even.

Neither Tommy Gould nor Dr. Carr got a look in for the presidency.

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Cricket Ground Incident Led to Police Court Case.

Magistrate Firm In Support of Police Officers.

Mulholland Name Figured In Two Cases To-day.

For assaulting P. C. Myers, at the Cricket Grounds on Saturday afternoon, while that officer was in the execution of his duty, H. Angus was fined \$20 by Magistrate Jelfs, this morning.

The case occasioned a vigorous defence by Mr. Arthur O'Heir, who contended that his client, being a victim of nervous trouble, was excusable in view of the indignity he had been submitted to.

There was also a charge of drunk and disorderly preferred against defendant, but that was early dismissed, on the ground that the policeman merely assumed that the defendant was intoxicated by his boisterous conduct towards him, which the officer contended did not appear consistent with a sober man.

P. C. Myers said that on Saturday, at the football game, between the Alerts and Montreal, his duty was to keep the crowd from getting on the field, but when a portion of it got over the touch line he politely requested them to step back. They all complied, he said, with the exception of Angus, who rushed out and struck him on the right cheek.

The policeman said he used no violence in getting the crowd to stand back, merely putting out his hands as is customary in such cases. While the officer was arresting defendant, the crowd cheered in support of Angus.

"Did you use Mr. Angus roughly?" asked Mr. O'Heir.

"If he did he was perfectly justified in doing so, after the assault," said the Magistrate.

Mr. O'Heir spoke of the physical weakness of his client, but his worship said "When a man tackles a constable, the inference is he is a strong man."

W. McAndrew said he saw Myers draw his baton on Angus, but not until after Angus had struck the constable.

McAndrew wanted to make a statement, though he said it was not evidence. He declared he was a friend of both Angus and the officer.

"Do you know Mr. Angus?" asked Mr. O'Heir.

"Yes; went to school with him, same as I did with you," was the quick retort.

Ex-Ald. H. G. Wright said he had known Angus all his life and knew him to be very delicate man, quiet and unoffensive.

Defendant swore that he was standing behind a number of other men when the officer literally charged into the men in front of him, with the result that he got the full force of the impact. He was first thrown back and then forward, and fell on his face. Rising with indignation he rushed out and struck P. C. Myers after he had asked the officer to apologize.

Myers, he said, retaliated after the blow had been struck, with rough usage.

"So you set yourself to take the law into your own hands," said his worship to defendant. Mr. O'Heir had previously commented on the unwarrantable conduct of the policeman, and the magistrate then said, "If Myers did wrong, I hope he will be punished, but that is a matter for the Police Commissioners."

Dr. O'Reilly said he had attended Angus for some time. He had been a nervous wreck.

A boy witness said he saw the incident, and the policeman lost his head.

"How do you know he did?" asked the magistrate. The boy could not answer.

The magistrate said policemen must be protected, for their duties are many any trying, and the incident happened while Myers was trying to do his duty.

Thomas Burns, Napier street, was accused of assaulting Maud Mulholland. Maud failed to appear. "I don't want to leave the case," said his worship, in disgust, when the name was mentioned. Burns was acquitted.

Charles Mulholland, 85 John street, is a kicker. On Saturday he raised pandemonium in his boarding house; was ejected and continued his boisterousness on the street. P. C. Lord happened on the scene, when Charles was making things interesting and called the wagon. During the struggle to get the youth in the wagon he played football with P. C. Lord's lantern, and put it out of commission. It cost him \$5.

Elmer Feere and Harry Dean were drunk on Sunday. It cost them \$5 each.

Three "lady" drunks were called, but failed to appear, and forfeited their \$5 bail.

CHIEF DEAD.

Sudden Death of Head of Ottawa Fire Brigade.

(Special Wire to the Times.) Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 6.—Peter Prevost, chief of the Ottawa fire department, was found dead this morning. He had been ill for a long time from heart and liver troubles, and recently had been given six months' leave from his duties. He was about fifty years of age, and had been fire chief of Ottawa for ten years, having come from the Montreal department, where he had been a sub-chief.

Yes, You Can Break Them, But, unless you break them, Parkes' stone hot water bottles will last forever. Some time when you are up town or down, drop in and look at these polished crockery bottles, which we get from England, fitted with screw stopper, and can't leak. Price \$1. Another style \$2 and 75c. Parke & Parke, druggists.

ELECTROCUTED.

New York, Dec. 6.—Bedros Hampartoomian, the Armenian slayer of H. Tavshanjian, the wealthy rug merchant, was put to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing Prison to-day. The condemned man was pronounced dead after one contact.

Hampartoomian, an agent of a circle of a revolutionary society, the Hunchakists, had demanded sums of money from the rug merchant to aid in overthrowing the Sultan of Turkey. Tavshanjian refused the demand, and one day he was called to the door of his establishment and shot down by Hampartoomian.

PICKPOCKETS VERY BUSY.

Three More Cases Were Reported on Saturday.

That a gang of pickpockets and purse snatchers are at work in the city is the opinion of many citizens. Recently the police have received several complaints from women about having their purses and money taken out of their handbags while shopping. On Saturday three complaints were received by the police from as many people. The amounts stolen were \$10, \$30 and \$35, and the thefts took place, they say, in one of the large departmental stores.

The assumption is that the pickpockets are probably women.

At Christmas time all large cities are visited by rogues, and they, knowing the throngs that attend the large stores, join the crowds, appearing to be on legitimate business, and consequently reap a large harvest. It is said so carefully are their methods laid out that detection is a difficult matter. Their chief prey are women, and the chateleine bag makes their work easy.

The local sleuths are going to keep a watchful eye open for the depredaters, but they wish shoppers to be wary and not place too much dependence on the security of the chateleine, and if convenient dispose with it altogether.

Since the inception of that article of women's attachments the detectives contend that purse snatching has increased 100 per cent.

SAD MISTAKE.

New Yorker Shot In Apartment House This Morning.

New York, Dec. 6.—A new danger of New York apartment life where suites in the same building are often alike as peas, was illustrated to-day by the death of Charles H. Guttinger, a theatrical manager.

James Allen, Guttinger's neighbor in a Third Avenue apartment building, was awakened early to-day by the barking of a dog. Looking out into the hallway he saw a man lurking there. The man continued to advance after a warning, and Allen shot him through the heart, and found too late that it was Guttinger.

Guttinger is believed to have entered Allen's apartment mistaking it for his own. The same key fitted both doors.

KIDD--BURN.

Authenticity of Letter Said to Have Been Denied.

A despatch from Toronto, dated December 4, says: For over a year the case of David Kidd has been a mystery to people of the city. A month ago Kidd, who changed his name to David Burn, left here for Vancouver, thence to sail on a C. P. R. steamer for Australia, where he said W. G. Burn, a millionaire, had died and in return for Kidd's having saved his life, would leave him \$1,500,000 to build a Lucy Burn memorial here; \$400,000 to endow it, and \$1,500,000 to Kidd personally. Kidd was a lame evangelist and itinerant tea merchant. Kidd wrote here that he had missed his first boat and would sail Dec. 3.

To-day a solicited cablegram was received by the Evening Telegram from the attorney-general of Australia denying the authenticity of a letter from him read by Kidd to a group of friends outlining the size of the \$8,000,000 estate and confirming the fact that he was left a fortune. If Kidd, now Burn, sailed yesterday for Australia the case becomes more of a puzzle than ever. Plans had actually been drawn by local architects for the building.

The solicited cablegram referred to did not appear in Saturday's Telegram.

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