

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 by 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 almost 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 roosters' 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.



LATE HUBERT MARTIN, One of the old residents who has just passed away.

Sultan's Jewels.

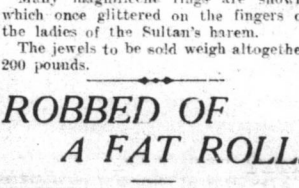
New York, Dec. 6.—A Paris cable despatch received here says: Unless he should be able to redeem them at the eleventh hour, the jewels of the former Sultan of Morocco, Abd El Aziz, will be sold at auction to-day to satisfy loans amounting to \$250,000 made to him by Paris pawnbrokers. Many of the jewels are of the most gorgeous character, the settings being peculiarly Oriental.

ROBBED OF A FAT ROLL.

Hamilton Cigarmaker Had an Experience In Buffalo.

(Special Wire to the Times.) Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 6.—The truth of the old proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time" was not only proved here in the case of Morris Greenspan, thirty years old, of Hamilton, Ontario, who says he lives on Vine street, but it was also proved that procrastination is sometimes the thief of money. Greenspan is a cigarmaker. He worked at his trade in Hamilton, Ont. He saved \$100. On Saturday he drew it from the bank and started to pay a visit to his wife, who has been in Indianapolis for several months. He got as far as Buffalo and then, procrastinating, he took a walk and chanced to meet one Lillian Smith, a young dame living in the Oak street district here. Thus time was lost. He procrastinated further and his hundred dollars, excepting two, were lost. Yesterday morning he awoke, and finding his roll gone, he had Lilly arrested. He told the judge in change this morning that Lilly was the only one who could possibly have robbed him. The case was tried and the judge found not sufficient evidence of the theft, and he suspended sentence on Lillian. The charge of disorderly conduct was then preferred against the man from Hamilton, but the judge decided that the loss of a hundred dollars and a visit to his wife was sufficient punishment, and let Greenspan go, too.

FIRST PICTURE OF MADAME ZELAYA!



This is the first picture ever published of Mme. Zelaya, unhappy wife of the hard-pressed president of Nicaragua. She has often been referred to as the most unfortunate wife of a ruler in the world. Zelaya, who now is in danger of his life and already has lost his domain, has been anything but a faithful husband.

Mme. Zelaya's son was driven from home by the peppy president. In seclusion at the Managua palace, she has seen the decay of her husband's once fortunate career. She is now reported to be hiding with other refugees in Costa Rica.

A Smoker's Christmas Box.

A box of fine cigars would be the correct thing for a smoker's Christmas present. Some good cigars are offered for 50, 60, 70c, 81, 81.25, 81.50, 81.75 and upwards at peace's cigar store, 107 king street east.

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The west end annexation deal by which the city will take in the West-mount 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.

SAD MISTAKE.

New Yorker Shot In Apartment House This Morning.

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

BEAUTIFUL VESTMENTS.

Displayed For First Time In St. Mary's Cathedral.

The beautiful new vestments, metallic bouquets imported from Paris, and other adornments for the altar at St. Mary's Cathedral, were displayed for the first time in the vestry yesterday.

BEER SEIZED.

Question at Issue is Delivery After 7 O'Clock.

Another confiscation of liquor was made on Saturday evening by Constables Cameron and Barrett, and as a result T. Burns and M. Cummings will likely be summoned for delivering liquor after 7 o'clock on Saturday evening.

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.

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.

TWO HUNDRED PAIRS.

Plump pigeons, at 30c the pair; nothing neer 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.

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.

Advertisement for '16 More Shopping Days Before Christmas' featuring a man in a suit and a woman in a dress.



MR. JOHN MILNE. His was the only name mentioned for the presidency at the annual meeting of the Conservative Association on Saturday night.

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.

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USED FIST IN EXCITEMENT.

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.

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.

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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 \$0 and 75c. Parke & Parke, druggists.