

## From a Medico's Note Book—The Diary of Shirley Crichton, M.D.,

An Interesting Series of Stories Published in Canada for the First Time

### THE DOUBLE LOVE TRAGEDY ON THE GOSHAWK

The close, sultry autumn afternoon was gradually merging into twilight as I stood on the jetty at Plymouth looking out to where H. M. S. Goshawk lay at anchor in the Sound. The cruiser had been on foreign service on the coast of China, and had now returned to the Channel for refitting. As a little celebration of the home-coming the officers had arranged to hold a dinner on board, to which several of their more intimate shore acquaintances were invited. My friend Rogerson, whom I have previously mentioned, was surgeon on board, having forsaken civil practice in favor of the service, and he had sent me an invitation to form one of the party. As I stood waiting to be taken out to the cruiser I became aware of two persons approaching along the quay: a young girl of about twenty, leaning on the arm of a naval officer, whom I at once surmised to belong to the Goshawk. They came to a stop about a dozen yards from where I was standing, and their manner told me they were lovers. Even in the gradual fading light I saw that the girl was undeniably pretty, and evidently possessed of that enthusiastic and confiding nature which seldom fails to capture the heart of even the least susceptible of the opposite sex. She looked at the man before her in open admiration—even wonder, and seemed completely under the spell of his infatuated presence. I had not an opportunity of seeing what the girl's companion was like just then, for he was tall and well built, and certainly carried the uniform well. In a short time I noticed that the girl every now and again glanced along the quay, evidently becoming uneasy for some reason or other, and following the direction of her eyes I saw a young man in civilian dress walking slowly backwards and forwards at some little distance off. It was obvious that he was interested in the two people whom I had just been observing, and seemed to be waiting an opportunity to speak with one or the other of them as they should pass. Then the idea occurred to me that he was possibly a rival in the field, and the idea soon formed itself into a conclusion. That the girl either respected or feared him was at once evidenced by her sudden change of manner on becoming aware of his presence in the vicinity.

Eventually she parted from her favored admirer, he placing a kiss on her cheek, and as she tripped away hurriedly in the direction of the town he called after her, "Good-bye, my dear; don't be afraid, I'll remain here until you are well up the street." When I again looked in the officer's direction, I saw that the man, whom I chose to call his rival, was approaching to where the other stood, and a little later they were in conversation together, the subject of which was undoubtedly the young lady. It was a most inopportune time and place for a dispute, as there were one or two newcomers on the scene, notably a gentleman in evening dress, and another naval officer, both evidently waiting to be taken aboard the Goshawk, and naturally the lieutenant resented the other's interference in his private affairs. "Look here," he called out, having evidently lost his temper at last, "I'll thank you to mind your own business and not interfere with mine. My relations with Miss Radford are no concern of yours," and with this he turned on his heel and came in our direction. The other, though literally shaking with rage, has sufficient control of himself to realize the inutility of pursuing the subject further in the present surroundings, as the suddenly raised voice of the lieutenant had attracted the attention of all, so with a muttered something, which sounded unmistakably like a threat, he moved off a little way, but did not leave the quay.

In a short time the glint of a small funnel in the last rays of the setting sun told me that the launch was approaching from the shore, and as she ran in at the steps I went down and took my seat in her. I was shortly joined by the other guest, and then the two other officers, and this being apparently all that was expected, the launch shot away.

"Harman," laughed the girl's recent companion, drawing his friend's attention to the man on the quay, whose shadowy form I could still make out in the pinky-grayness, "there's that fellow Baker still hanging about. He is blessed with an undue amount of impertinence, even to the extent of coming up and annoying me of turning the girl's mind against him. If the young lady shows a preference for the uniform-well, I can't help it, can I?" Up to that moment I had no op-

portunity of seeing what the speaker was really like in facial appearance, and even now it was only when the rolling of the launch brought his features into the rays of a lamp which hung near the levers that I could study him. He appeared to be a man of about twenty-four, fair hair, but rather tanned complexion, a pair of evasive eyes, and, possibly the most noticeable feature, an unusually weak mouth which was doubtless a reliable index to the man's character, and his expression on the whole was rather effeminate. His voice, too, was unpleasant, a suggestion of sarcasm seeming to pervade every word. He certainly did not reach my ideal of a man fit to wear her Majesty's uniform by many degrees, and I seemed to have taken an instinctive dislike to him, even in the short time I had been in his vicinity.

Rogerson was at the rail to receive me as I stepped on board the cruiser, having evidently seen us approaching. There was half an hour to spare, so he led me down to the cabin, switched on the electric light, and indicated a chair. During a pause in our chat I remembered the affair on the quay, and asked who the officer was.

"You mean the fair one of the two that came on board with you?" he replied; "that's young Harman, third lieutenant. Why?"

"Just my natural curiosity, I suppose," I answered. "He was discussing his love affairs rather openly, and I wondered who he was."

"Oh, yes, he was bragging rather loudly about a Miss Kitty Radford last night for the benefit of the whole table; how she had thrown over a man she was all but engaged to in favor of him. Regular bed form, I thought, did I take the liberty of telling him so later on, but didn't seem to see it."

I deduced from the tone of Rogerson's remarks that his opinion of the man, even with a longer acquaintance, was evidently no more favorable than my own rather hastily acquired impression.

On dinner being announced we proceeded to the officers' mess, to find the place gaily decorated for the occasion by numerous flags and lines of bunting stretched across the room. When I took my seat at the table beside Rogerson I noticed that, by curious coincidence, the person opposite me was Harman, and thus, in the favorable light, I had an opportunity of improving my opinion of the man. I cannot say I did, however, but rather confirmed it if anything.

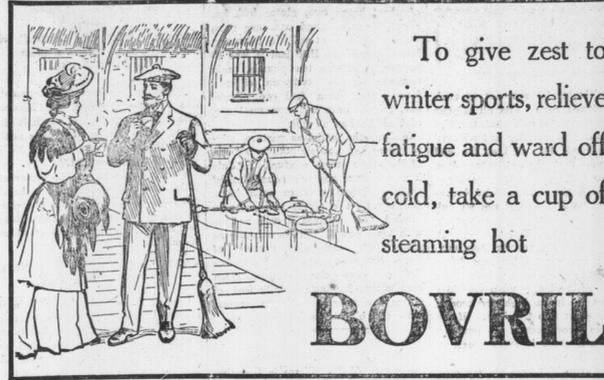
At the evening advanced the musical part of the program was proceeded with. What'er might be said against him otherwise, Harman proved himself a singer of unusual brilliancy, and his services were in constant demand. He had just concluded "The Bandolero," a song admirably suited to his voice, and amid loud applause was regaining his seat when one of the mess attendants approached and informed him that there was a lady upstairs to see him.

"A what?" exclaimed Harman, with obvious surprise.

"A lady, sir," repeated the attendant, immovably; "a widow lady, I should say, sir, from her dress."

With a hurried "Excuse me, gentlemen," Harman left the mess-room, and the proceedings went on, although many were doubtless wondering what was the reason of so unexpected a visitor.

The lieutenant could not have been gone more than three or four minutes when a sharp report rang out overhead. Most of us heard and recognized it—it was a shot. Everyone looked at his neighbor in wonder and enquiry. The next moment came another report, and then another—three shots in all. Those of us near the door, including Rogerson and myself, rushed from the room and up the companion to see what had occurred. Half way we were met by one of the crew calling for the surgeon, and on reaching the deck a painful sight confronted us. We saw, to our amazement, two dark limp forms lying stretched out a few feet apart; one of a woman in widow's weeds and the other the man Harman. Lamps were quickly brought forward, and in the rays of one, as it was handled along, I incidentally observed the glitter of a small revolver lying near the body of the woman. While Rogerson enquired into the nature of her wounds I looked to Harman, only to find, however, that he was lifeless; the bullet had lodged in the brain, death following instantaneously. "What's this?" ejaculated Rogerson the next moment, and at the same time I heard a murmur of astonishment from those gathered around. I stepped over to learn the cause of it, and quickly did so. The body was not that of a woman, but a man in dis-



To give zest to winter sports, relieve fatigue and ward off cold, take a cup of steaming hot

# BOVRIL

### Marine Salvage

We wish to direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Maritime- Newfoundland Shipping Company elsewhere in this issue. In commenting on this business, "Fairplay," the leading authority on marine matters, published in London, states in a recent number—"Reference has often been made in these columns to the good fields of observation that is open for the Maritime- Newfoundland Company around the Newfoundland coast and vicinity. A Company called the Maritime- Newfoundland Shipping Co., Limited, has now been incorporated in Canada with head office at Halifax, N. S. Its principal plant and steamer is a stationer at Cape Breton, Newfoundland, which is only a few hours run from Cape Race, the 'cruciform' of so many fine steamers. The officials of the Company are now in England to complete the purchase of a salvage steamer, so as to commence operation within six weeks. This steamer will be fitted with Ayrane's powerful pumping machinery and up-to-date appliances for raising sunken craft, and an expert diver to be sent from this country, who will have the assistance of a local man from Newfoundland. The President of the Company is a Newfoundland, Mr. M. P. Cusin, of Cape Breton, merchant and ship owner, who has for many years been engaged by marine insurance people and others in salvaging cargoes from many of the steamers that have gone ashore in that vicinity, amongst which were the 'Bay Hierian,' 'Loyalist,' 'Lustine,' and others. A recent issue of a Newfoundland paper in referring to him in his new connection, stated, 'his name is a guarantee of the success of any undertaking with which he associates himself.' The General Manager of the Company is Captain Alfred Manley, who has over fifteen years experience in nautical life, part of which has been devoted to marine salvage operations, and for the past ten years he has been engaged in marine and general insurance business. With a properly equipped steamer the Company should do well. A year ago the new Allan liner 'Hierian' went ashore near Cape Ray. No properly equipped salvage plant being available—the nearest being 200 miles distant—but her cargo was saved, after much delay, by local steamers and fishing vessels. Then a foreign Company bought the vessel, receiving something like \$20,000. (\$100,000 for a few weeks' work. If the present Company start were had made, there being much delay and consequent risk in waiting for a plant to come 200 miles. Since then the steamers 'Turret Bay,' 'Loyalist,' 'Demara,' and a few smaller ones like the 'Mary Young' have gone ashore in the same neighborhood, and no doubt valuable assistance could have been rendered to these vessels if proper appliances had been at hand. The new company is said to have three contracts already to commence on, so there is no probability of the year becoming rusty for want of use. A novel feature of the Company's outfit will be barges, carry cargo, etc., with canvas bottoms, a craft much in use around Newfoundland coast by fishermen, and which stand much heavier weather than the convex bottom. Wrecking barges built on this plan towing in a heavy sea, it is claimed, make fine weather of it. The new Company will fill a long-felt want around lower Canada and Newfoundland, and, with the increasing ocean traffic to that country, a number of wrecks where the currents are so strong and variable is always to be expected, one of the largest steamers stranded on that shore having been carried 40 miles off of her course by the current."

### Picking Flaws in Dreadnaught

Former Chief Constructor of the British Navy Seems to Think Her Overrated.

London, March 10.—Chief Naval Constructor Capps having recommended that the United States Navy Department build still heavier and more heavily armed battleships than the English Dreadnaught, the criticism of Sir William White, recently the chief constructor of the British Navy, on that Leviathan are interesting, especially as they have not been answered by Chief Constructor Watt, his successor.

"The practical abolition of secondary armament has been a subject of discussion for years," he says. "It really is a tendency to return to the type of the old Dreadnaught, which had four heavy guns and nothing else but very light guns. 'One argument was that with the very long ranges now unavoidable no gun but a 12-inch is worth having, and therefore the proper course is to get rid of all the others, with the concurrent advantage of simplifying the ammunition supply. 'On the other hand it was reasoned that the assumption that the 12-inch is the only gun worth considering is unproved, and that penetration is not the only thing, as was shown by the late war, when the Russians declared that they were blinded by the Japanese fire from smaller guns. 'To suggest that one ship with ten 12-inch guns would be equal to two or three of the earlier battleships, each carrying four 12-inch guns, is another unproved assumption, to judge from the published descriptions of the Dreadnaught. She has two 12-inch guns on the fore-castle, with two pairs of the same guns behind. In that case, in the conditions that would give the six guns ahead continuous sighting, it would be impossible for four of them to gain ammunition, for these six guns must be massed in a comparatively small longitudinal area. 'I do not wish to raise objections to the Dreadnaught, but from what has been published about her it appears that the desire to increase bow fire and broadside fire in her involves serious drawbacks and leaves untouched the objections to the omission of secondary armament."

### Boys Invent a Wireless

Complaint to Government Brings Out an Enthusiastic Report.

Newport, March 10.—A wireless telegraph plant invented by two boys is the subject of an official report sent to Washington recently by Commander Claves of the torpedo station here. Complaint had been received at Washington that the boys' experiment was interfering with the Government wireless telegraph service here.

Commander Claves investigated and was so well pleased with the youngsters' ingenuity that he appended to his report a descriptive and drawing of their device. He said it was to their credit that their plant was capable of denigrating the Government service, but he added that the young inventors were careful not to use it while the official instruments were working. The inventors are Charles Fielding, son of a house painter, and S. E. Westall, son of a confectioner. They are telegraph messengers, earning less than \$5 a week each.

### Do Not Neglect a Cold

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