

EXCESSIVE SPEED.

VIEW OF EYE-WITNESSES OF CALEDON WRECK.

Aged Farmer Broke Down—Terrible Sight Too Much for Nerves, and He Begged the Court to Make It Easy for Him.

Prampton, Nov. 14.—Although the evidence adduced at the Assizes here today in the trial of George Hodge and Matthew Grimes on the charge of criminal negligence in connection with the railway wreck at the Horseshoe Curve, near Caledon, on September 3 last, was largely of a technical character, there was one pathetic incident which touched the hearts of everyone in court. A fine old farmer named Joseph Ferguson, who resides almost immediately opposite the spot where the disaster occurred, was called to give evidence. He was an eye-witness of the calamity, and was one of the first on the scene; but the horrible spectacle of the dead, the wounded and the wreckage have unnerved him, and he is still suffering from the shock which the sight of the disaster had upon him. During the recital of the story of the accident by Mr. Davidson last night, the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Ferguson completely broke down, and when called to the witness stand this morning he was laboring under some excitement, and at once appealing to the judge for careful handling as a witness, saying that since the accident he had been suffering from nervous excitement, and in the course of the excitement of giving evidence he might make answers which he did not really mean to. When Mr. Ferguson made his plea for fair treatment, not only the judge, but counsel for the prosecution and for the defence, were at once sympathetic. The first few questions put by Mr. Davidson as to the speed at which the train was travelling were answered calmly enough by the witness, but immediately counsel asked him some details as to the spectacle after the accident Mr. Ferguson broke into tears.

Allan Van Wye, section foreman of the track, who was a quarter of a mile from the wreck at the time of the accident, said that his impression of what he saw was that the train was going at an unusual speed, though he could not say that he anticipated disaster. Hugh MacMahon, a farmer, who lives at the top of the hill where the accident occurred, said that he was standing on the left of the train as it was coming down the incline. He was standing about three or four rods from the track. He had lived at the spot nearly all his life, and when he saw the train approaching it struck him that she was going "pretty lively." He, however, admitted that he had seen trains going as fast.

Mr. T. Mossop, who was working with his men in repairing culverts 570 feet from the scene of the disaster, said he noticed that the train was going too fast, and witness passed a remark to that effect.

He had been over the track on his hand-car that morning and found it in very good condition. In a cross-examination, the witness said that if Hodge and Grimes swore that the time of the accident was 9.32, he could not contradict them. He admitted that the curve was a dangerous one and required steady running.

James Galvin, an engineer on the C. P. R., described in his practice in regard to running trains down the incline leading to the Horseshoe Curve. At the crest of the hill he would bring the speed down to 20 or 25 miles an hour. There were three curves on this particular point of the route. On the long curve, near Ferguson's house, he always put on a heavy application of the brakes, which he released just as the train entered the "Shoe." He had never seen any special instructions to engineers as to the speed of trains going down the hill. The engineers had to rely on their judgment and experience.

Answering Mr. Davidson, Mr. Galvin said an engineer could feel when he had his engine under control just the same as a driver could tell with the reins in his hands when he had his horse under control.

George Hinchcliffe, who was working with the witness Mossop near the accident, described the speed as greater than that of an ordinary train running on a level track. He placed the speed at a mile a minute.

Charles Hutchings, who was also working with the Mossop gang, described the approach of the train. It was going so rapidly that for safety's sake he clambered over the fence. He placed the speed at 50 miles an hour.

Mr. Arthur Smith, superintendent of No. 2 Division, of the C. P. R., described the duties of conductors and engineers. He said that he examined the engine and had control over the engineer, and with the air valve in every car could bring the train to a standstill irrespective of the engineer. The conductor on the day of the accident told him that he was busy collecting tickets at the time of the disaster, but had no idea that the train was going so fast. The witness produced a bulletin issued on May 4th, 1904, stating that the speed of trains must not exceed 25 miles an hour.

John Fairbairn, a divisional engineer of the C. P. R., said he examined the track on the afternoon of the day of the wreck and found it in the best of condition. He had no hesitation in attributing the cause of the disaster to high speed.

Replying to the judge, the witness said he would risk 40 miles an hour himself round the curve, but not with a passenger train.

Mr. Preston, when shown the photograph of the wrecked engine, also failed to find any trace of the brake shoe, which is alleged to be missing. He added that Hodge told him that he examined his engine at Orangeville and found the brake shoes and everything else intact. William Brown, who went from Toronto Junction to strip the wrecked engine, could not say whether the whole six brake shoes were found or not, though he was able to account for five of the six. Alfred B. Walker, an engineer, who arrived at the scene of the wreck the same night, stated that he went there out of curiosity and was asked to stay and make a report. He gave a lot of technical evidence, and his examination did not close until 10.30, when the court adjourned.

HUSBAND FINDS WIFE SHOT DEAD.

(Continued from page 1.)

Lighting the gas, he looked down on the bed.

Underneath the covers, her right arm half extended before her face, lay his wife. Blood covered the pillow, which was also darkened by powder stains. The right temple was splintered, a gaping hole telling the story of the crime. Gaiser rushed into the adjoining flat, where John Klink, jun., lives, calling to him, "I want to show you something."

Klink, thinking that Gaiser wanted to show them a storm door they had been discussing the previous night, entered the flat and was confronted by the dead woman.

"See what some . . . has done," remarked Gaiser. Klink ran across the street for Dr. Frey, but when he returned with the physician, Dr. Singer had been called by the husband and had pronounced the woman beyond aid. Then came the police and detectives galore. Assistant Medical Examiner Howland was then called in and gave it as his opinion, judging from the fact that the rigor mortis had set in, the woman had been dead about five hours or more. He said that death had been instantaneous.

The husband had in the meantime been taken to the William Street Station, where he was examined as to his movements for the day. He was astoundingly unconcerned, and when searched was far more worried over the fact that he would have to turn over \$102.91 to the police than that he was detained on suspicion of murder.

The motive for the crime is unknown as yet. Mrs. Gaiser lived a rather isolated life, so far as her fellow-tenants were concerned. She kept the shades in her flat down nearly all day, seldom, if ever, visited in the house and only spoke to the others when she happened to meet them in the neighboring grocer or butcher shops.

Visited by Men. Tenants in the house declared last evening that she was visited by several men and went out with them, one especially paying her considerable attention. This is the man now suspected of having murdered her. That her husband was aware of some of her doings seems indicated by the repeated quarrels the couple had and which were overheard by the others in the house. An aunt of the dead woman alleged last evening that about a year ago Gaiser beat his wife and blacked her eye and that she sought refuge with the aunt. Gaiser in his statement to the police denied striking his wife, declaring that she had obtained the discolored optic by falling against a bath tub.

The Gaisers had lived at their present address for about two years, succeeding a family named Ramsey as tenants. The woman was twenty-five years old, though the police records make her two years younger. The husband was about the same age and had married her about eight years ago. There were no children. Almost the first the woman, who was really pretty—and who tried to add to her beauty by artificial means, such as switches of hair and various rouges and toilet preparations—shown by pots and boxes found on her bureau—attracted the attention of other men. The husband worked hard, objected, and an unhappy married life resulted.

Mystery in It. So far as the crime itself is concerned, mystery surrounds it. The house, which stands on a corner, is thickly populated. The Klinks live next to the Gaisers and Dr. Singer on the floor below, yet no one in the house heard the fatal shot fired. Mrs. Klink heard what she designates as the slamming of a door at about 2 o'clock, and another woman heard what she thinks was the report of a shot at the same time, but no one else in the building heard the least untoward noise.

At twenty minutes after ten o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Gaiser went into the grocery store of Fred Freischlag at 377 William street to make some purchases. That was the last seen of her alive. At almost the same time

nearby butchershop. Soon after, he approached the main door of the building. His movements are lost until the afternoon, when he was seen at Elliott and Dodge streets.

The woman was entirely nude when found. Her clothing were thrown in a heap on the floor at the foot of a fire brass bed, as though hurriedly discarded. In the bathroom a damp washrag and a damp towel. Neither contained a drop of blood.

At the same time it was learned that Mrs. Gaiser's brother had a complete alibi, having worked from the time he left home. At the hour of going to press he was on his train in the vicinity of Emporia, Mo.

The Foot and Door Trick. In his book "Work in Great Cities," the Bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn but to practise what may be described as the 'foot and door trick.' It is ruinous to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe; but it consists in rapidly but quickly passing the foot in the moment the door is opened, in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parley." As to what may happen, he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot; and then you will hear a distant voice from the wash tub in the room, 'Well, Sally, who is it?' Then Sally will answer at the top of her voice, 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that." The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop."—London Christian Globe.

The Railroad Over the Andes. The road over the Andes which Chile and Argentina are building and which is the last link in the line across South America between the Atlantic and Pacific, is nearing its completion. It is said that the entire line will be open to trade next year. The Andes section of the road begins at Mendoza in Argentina, crosses the Andes through a tunnel four kilometers long and extends to the Chilean town, Los Andes, which has rail connection with the Pacific.—Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.

November Sale of Carpets and Rugs. In preparation for the holiday trade we are holding a two weeks' sale of Carpets, Rugs, etc. From Saturday, the 16th, to Saturday, 30th, you will have a splendid opportunity of buying Housefurnishings cheap. Besides a generous reduction in the price, you will save from 12 to 14c on every yard, because as a special cash discount we are going to Make, Lay and Line Every Carpet Free of Charge. Rugs: Axminster Victorian, Velvet Rugs, Brussels Rugs. Carpets: Axminster Carpets, Velvet Carpets, Linoleums, Hearth Rugs. Parlor Suites Underpriced. Special Features in Dining Room Furniture. Bedroom Furniture. Sale of High-Class Brass and Iron Beds.

A. M. Souter & Co. Corner King & Park Streets

BEST STORIES OF A WEEK.

A Distinguished Painter's Bohemian Characteristics.

Elihu Vedder, the painter, lives in Rome, where he has a beautiful apartment, and in Capri, where his white villa looks down on the sea.

"Elihu Vedder," said a New York illustrator the other day, "is as Bohemian as ever. Fame has not spoiled him. I visited him last year, and his Bohemian ways were delightful."

"You know they tell a story of a visit that he once paid to Alma Tadema, in London, in that glittering house which Mrs. A. T.'s money, made in grateful, comfortable cocoa, bought."

The morning after his arrival, very early, before even the servants were up, Vedder began a thunderous knocking on his host's sandalwood door.

"Alma Tadema turned in his gold bed, threw back the coverlet and sat up.

"Who's there? What is it?" he cried in a startled voice.

"I say, Tadema," shouted Vedder, "where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

Embroidery for George. Kid McCoy—or Norman Selby, to give the noted ex-pugilist his right name—bought the other day a \$350,000 office building in New York.

To a reporter who congratulated him on his opulence, Mr. Selby said: "It is pleasant to be well-to-do than to be hard up. I thank goodness, am not like the young man out in St. Joseph whom I heard about the other day. He and his sweetheart certainly have poor prospects."

He retained his good cheer to a marked degree, says Harper's Weekly. One day he told his physician that he believed he would not live many weeks longer.

"Bosh!" said the physician. "You are good for a long time yet. Why, man alive, did you ever hear of anybody near death with legs and feet as warm as yours?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mansfield, "lots of them." For instance, there was Joan of Arc and the Salem witches.

We All Have Our Troubles. R. L. Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoo, has had his lungs slightly affected through his efforts to eradicate consumption among the Zoo monkeys.

"It is but a small affection," said very up, Vedder began a thunderous knocking on his host's sandalwood door.

"Two deaf mutes were conversing," he went on.

"Well," said the first mute, philosophically, "we all have our troubles."

"How true that is," said the second. "I have to tie my wife's hands every night so she won't talk in her sleep."

He Was a Southpaw. The preacher was offering his felicitations to the newly-married couple.

"It is pleasant to be well-to-do than to be hard up. I thank goodness, am not like the young man out in St. Joseph whom I heard about the other day. He and his sweetheart certainly have poor prospects."

will not be surprised at the curious freaks it sometimes indulges in, though no fault of the operators.

The great American public does not realize how hard it is for operators to read strange writing correctly, and how easy it is to misread indistinct words. Telegrams so often have to be written in a hurry, and it is astonishing what mistakes are made under such circumstances.

It is by no means an unknown occurrence for persons to omit the essential word in a telegram, and it is not at all infrequent for them to put down at the address the name of some totally different town from that which they intended and imagined they had written.

The Morse system of telegraph symbols, viz., dots and dashes, has been adopted universally through the telegraph world, and it is undoubtedly the best that has been devised. And yet there are many words which are so perilously alike that errors are sure to recur from time to time.

For instance, "bad" and "dead" are composed of dots and dashes, the sole difference being that there is in "dead" a space, or pause, wanting in "bad," a difference so slight as to require the nicest perception to distinguish it.

It unfortunately happens that undeducated people have a special affection for the phrase "he is bad" for "he is ill," and this phrase, when used in telegrams, thus, "Father is bad; come directly," gets altered into "Father is dead; come directly."

It is a popular delusion that brevity is the essence of a telegram, and the shorter a message can be made the better. If you have a thing to say in ten words it is better to say it in seven; if you have a thing to say in seven, use five words. This appears to be the creed of the general telegraph-sender.

Redundancy is, of course, to be avoided; but laconic writing also tends to obscurity; obscurity makes it impossible for the operator to know whether he is sending sense or nonsense, and the chances are that he will go astray.

As an example of this a Washington woman telegraphed to New York, "Send them both thanks," by which she meant "Thank you, send them both" (the "both" referred to two servants). The telegram reached its destination as "Send them both back," thus making sense as the official mind understood it. It happens that "th" and "b" in the Morse alphabet are not unlike and this,

coupled with the fact that telegraphers ignore punctuation, fully explains the error.

But affectionate redundancy may also offer traps to the unwary. This telegram was sent: "Thankful to say little girl born safely, dear mother very nice, having had a short and easy time."

This is how it reached its destination: "Thankful to say little girl born safely dead; mother very nice, having had a short and easy time."

Another grim joke for the family was this telegram: "Your Aunt Kate died this morning, will write particulars" when delivered it read: "Your aunt came direct this morning, will write particulars." This mistake was made because Kate has only a dot and a dash less than came and the operator, conceiving he had missed them, took "came" for "came."

A naval officer, on his return from sea duty, reported to the department here, and then telegraphed to his wife, who was spending the summer in Virginia: "Had good trip; arrived this morning; am very fit. The Virginia operator was considerably puzzled, and after much thought delivered the following message: "Had good trip; arrived this morning; am having fits." Which brought his alarmed wife to town by the next train.

A Government official, on his vacation, once telegraphed his wife that he and his friends were "All right," which owing to a mechanical defect of the apparatus, came out "All tight."

Another verbose telegram sent from a local office read: "I hope you will be glad to hear your sister has consented to an engagement with father's approval." It was rendered: "I hope you will be glad to hear your sister has consented to an engagement with father's approval."

An amusing blunder was caused by bad handwriting. The telegram was sent: "All going well; a little girl at 7 o'clock this morning," which was transposed into: "All going well; a little girl at 7 o'clock this morning." It must have been a severe shock to the recipients who were expecting to hear of a birth.

A most novel telegram was sent by a medical student here, who wished to report his first case. It ran: "Mother and

child doing well. Hope to pull the old man through." It was delivered as it was written, and caused much comment.—Philadelphia Record.

The Last Straw. When the frost is on th' punkin and the tan 's in th' air,

When th' sumer turns to faller and th' woods is red and rare,

When th' equirrel's shrill staccato sasses lovers in th' grove,

When th' grapes is hanging purple and th' hickry nuts is ripe,

Is th' time fer married fellers 't be puttin' up th' stove!

In th' morning bright and golden when th' haze is over all,

Down upon his knees, repentant, every un-ried man should crawl—

When th' sunbeams dance and dazzle through th' winders soft and rife,

That's th' time fer cuss creation with th' countin' of yer wife!

She kin tell you how t' do it in th' golden lined fall,

When th' frost is on th' punkin and th' gint is over all—

It's enough t' make a feller want t' quit home and rove

To be laughed at by a woman when he's puttin' up a stove!

—Byron Williams.

Hardly Christian. (Toronto Saturday Night.)

Although ours is not an irreligious country, we can scarcely call it Christian, except to distinguish it from countries professing other creeds.

The actual teachings of the faith ascribed to us have little to do with personal or public life.

Political parties pursue the use of a thousand dishonest means grow rich by deceiving the simple, yet profess to be our leaders in all good works.

Our laws operate to the destruction of the weak. As a people we keep our dirty in steepled or spire-topped buildings apart from business and everyday life.

Nell—How could she ever fall in love with that red-headed fellow? Belle—But, my dear, he is devoted itself. He has even said he would dye for her.