

SLOW BUSINESS  
ON THE MARKET

## LOCAL MARKET.

LONDON, Friday, Aug. 7.—Hay sold quickly; ago, 2 mixed, 36 to 40; long clear middles, light, 38 to 40; strong, 40 to 42; heavy, 42 to 44; strong, 44 to 46; short clear backs, 16 to 20; heavy, 20 to 22; clear bellies, 14 to 16; strong, 16 to 18; shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs. dull, 34 to 36.

Lard—Prime western, in tierces, quiet, 47 to 48; American refined, in pails, steady, 47 to 48.

Cheese—Canadian finest white, new, firm, 55 to 60; colored, firm, 55 to 60; Tallows—Prime city steady, 30 to 32; Australian (in London) firm, 32 to 34.

Hope (at London)—Pacific coast steady, 10 to 11; American, 9 to 10.

Turpentine—Steady, 28 to 30.

Linseed Oil—Steady, 28 to 30.

Stearine—Quiet, 28 to 30.

Rosin—Common steady, 7 to 8.

Cottonseed Oil (Hull refined)—Spot easy, 25 to 26.

## HAY MARKET.

TORONTO, Aug. 6.—No old baled hay is offering, and the market is beginning to come forward in small quantities; trade is quiet, however, and prices are steady; straw is very dull.

Baled Hay—Timothy is quoted at \$9.50 to \$10.00 in car lots on track here, with No. 2 at \$8 to \$9.

Hay—Prices range from \$6.50 to \$7.00 per ton in car lots here.

STOCK MARKETS.

MONTREAL, Aug. 6.—Close.

Canadian Pacific, 117 1/2, 117 1/2, 117 1/2.

Dom. Steel, com., 59 5/8, 59 5/8, 59 5/8.

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HAPPENINGS OF A DAY  
IN BUSY EAST LONDON

## Lady and Little Girl Injured by Fall

Mrs. William Howitt, of 880 Dundas street, and her little niece, Beatrice, Eaton, of Brantford, who is visiting with her, fell into the cellar of John McPeck's confectionery at the corner of Ridout and King streets, last night, and received very painful injuries.

They were walking from the store into the bakeshop and fell through a door down a set of steps.

The little girl sustained a fracture of the arm, and was badly bruised. Mrs. Howitt was more fortunate, receiving a number of scratches about the face and a sprained wrist.

Dr. Tweedall was called and reduced the fracture of Miss Eaton's arm and dressed the lady's injuries. They were then removed to the home of Mrs. Howitt.

Miss Kathleen Howitt, of 1065 Francis street, Wednesday night of blood poisoning, was held this afternoon to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The services were conducted at 2:30 by Rev. A. J. Bowen, the pastor of the Egerton Street Baptist Church, of which Miss Potter was a member. The pallbearers, who were chosen from the members of the Sunday school class, were Geo. Pearce, John Topham, Peter Baker, Fred McDonald, Will Sharpe and Martin Roberts.

All shade trees projecting over the sidewalk on both sides of King street, between Rectory and the Queen's Park entrance, have been trimmed, as they were too low over the walk. The trees interfere with pedestrians.

Belleville to satisfy the gang he was the man.

Tricksters Wary.

Still later a messenger boy delivered a note that told him to sign his name. The gang had the genuine letters of Ruthuff and Gegan had his signature. He sent the signature to them and the next hour saw him visited by Forbes.

Forbes brought a note that said he was the braver of the two. Gegan knew nothing, but Ruthuff went to follow him. Gegan went with him out of the Astor House and upon the suggestion of the other returned and paid his bill so he might leave town at once after the purchase of the green goods.

Walking up Broadway to Murray street, Forbes had hard work to keep Gegan from breaking his neck looking at skyscrapers.

"Come along," said the guide.

"Gosh," said the guide, as he piloted him across the park and to the bridge. There the pair took the Lexington avenue train to the Chancery street and Broadway station, Brooklyn, and went to the Boulevard Cafe, No. 1913 Broadway.

"He's a bull," said the other in thieves' slang for a policeman, while the bartender came in to find the two well-dressed persons sitting quietly handcuffed together and a farmer tugging with a revolver and searching the pair for weapons.

"You go out and get the man on the post," commanded Gegan, "and tell him to call the wagon and come in here."

The bartender obeyed orders and the pair were bundled over to the Liberty avenue station.

At police headquarters, where the pair were taken last night, McVicar said he lived at No. 274 McDougall street, Brooklyn, and Forbes at the Hotel Grenobles, Manhattan. The police say the pictures of both are in the Rogues' Gallery, and that they have been arrested for the same offense before.

They have been associated with the Gendoff brothers, according to the police, and were part of the gang that managed to fleece William Walker, the New Britain, Conn., banker, out of a large part of the \$500,000 he stole.

Then they worked the wire tapping scheme that took away the last of the Connecticut man's stolen fortune. Yesterday they thought they were about to rob a young man of \$18 in his pockets to be going around fawnishing.

Woodman said friends had helped him along and given him meal tickets, but he could not remember who any of the friends were.

Another Case.

When asked if he ever was at the Royal Hotel, he said yes, and when asked whether he had stolen a grip from the Columbia Hotel, he gripped up by the question that he blurted out yes before he knew it.

Then he told of going to the farm of Mr. T. B. Laughlin in North Oxford, and forgot to mention that he had stolen a pair of boots.

Woodman had the boots on in court, and Mr. Laughlin identified his property, and laid a charge against Woodman of stealing.

Woodman said he had a witness to prove that he had bought the wheel from a young man and sent the police to find a man named "Dick" Howard, who lived on Richmond street north.

Mr. Howard, a tall, angular member of the force, had undertaken to get the men. Ruthuff went as far as Detroit and sent word he was on the way. He was to go to the Astor House and register and go to his room.

Gegan in Farmer's Guise.

On Sunday morning Gegan, with a week's growth of beard on his face, a grip sack in his hand, a straw hat and a buttoned shirt, and shoes that told of days spent in milking, boarded the through train from the west at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

He looked his part from shoes to hat, and the confidence men who hang about the Grand Central Station gave a chorus of "I saw it first!" as he inquired of a policeman the way to the Astor House. There on Sunday before noon he registered as the man from Detroit.

Ruthuff was about the best-looking victim that had reached New York for many a day. The gang saw New York and was satisfied that he was all he looked. According to his instructions, he stuck close to his room and spent his time reading all about him.

At noon yesterday the telephone bell in his room rang and a voice asked if it was Mr. Ruthuff. He said it was, and was requested to give the password.

"Heart and hand," was the reply in a tone of voice that had a burr on it like a Michigan sawmill.

"Go on," said the man at the other end of the wire.

"Order No. 329," replied the detective.

Then in rapid succession he gave them the names of the governor of the state, the name of the mayor of Detroit, and stated the population of

## STOOD ALL DAY IN WATER

Continued from Page One.

to bed, for the Holt cottage stands near the bush on the river. Holt is a man of 40, a Welshman, strong and sturdy, and his wife is of the heroic mood, each standing six feet.

Stayed by Her Husband.

"The wife being alarmed first," said Holt, in describing the awful experience, "urged me to leave, but I hated to abandon the home. I told her, however, to take the kid over to the little island if she wished, but she concluded to stay with me."

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TOOK THEIR MEN  
AT GUN'S POINTDisguised Sleuths Capture Green  
Goods Men by a Clever  
Ruse.

New York, Aug. 5.—Like a chapter from some novel of western life or a bit of the career of old Allan Pinkerton is the story of the capture of two green goods men last night by Detective Gegan, of the central office.

Single-handed and alone, disguised as a farmer, he won the confidence of the pair, and then at the point of a revolver forced them to hand over themselves each to the other while he covered them and threatened to kill them unless they did as he ordered.

The taking of the two men stands out as a bright page in the history of the police force, for the capture of the two men, single-handed, was not intended. Gegan should have had a partner with him, Detective Wilcox, but something intervened and he was left alone to make the arrest, and to rob a farmer from Michigan of \$1,000 through the old moth-eaten green goods game.

Some months ago the police department was notified by the secret service agents that a gang was operating in the city, and that it was located with Louis E. Ruthuff, of Belleville, Michigan, offering to sell \$5,000 worth of green goods for \$1,000. For two years off and on they had sent circulars to the farmer, who is also a dealer in farm implements, until tired of reading their literature, he had turned it over to the authorities.

Under the guidance of the New York police he opened correspondence with the men. He was told to come to New York by way of Detroit. In the meanwhile Gegan, a tall, angular member of the force, had undertaken to get the men. Ruthuff went as far as Detroit and sent word he was on the way. He was to go to the Astor House and register and go to his room.

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Walker One of the Victims.

The men arrested are James McVicar and Charles T. Forbes. The latter's right name is said to be McDonald and he is said to be the brother of Mike McDonald, king of green goods men, who succeeded Jimmy McVicar on the throne of the underworld.

They have been associated with the Gendoff brothers, according to the police, and were part of the gang that managed to fleece William Walker, the New Britain, Conn., banker, out of a large part of the \$500,000 he stole.

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Wealth.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 6.—"From what Absalom Van Ripper told me during a little trip through the Wallick country not long ago," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocerman, "there ought to be a chance for a neat little speculation in hidden treasure up that way. Absalom was driving me through, and in passing the spot along a very dusty road he jerked his whip over to the left and said:

"Over in yonder, in the middle of that swamp, is Crabtree Island, and if he had what's laying in the depths of that island I wouldn't care for it. I could or no Vanderbilt. And I'll get it some day."

"So I asked Absalom what it was that the depths of Crabtree Island concealed."

"Only a little matter of \$100,000 in gold," said he, switching a fly off his horse's flank with a vigor that made the old nag jump. "Crabtree Island is nothing but a knoll of quicksand."

"The Van Rippers have lived in that neighborhood, I guess, ever since the first Van Ripper was born, and my grandfather, Peter Dominick Van Ripper, knew a man that talked with a Tory named Lodowick DeWitt, only a little while after the Revolution, some of the DeWitts having stuck to the British side during the war. This one told the man my grandfather knew that he guided a party of six other Tories to Crabtree Island one night in 1776. They had come all the way from Philadelphia, and had an iron box they said contained \$100,000 in gold."

"That nice pot of gold them six Tories had stole from a rich Whig near Philadelphia. A party of American soldiers got on the trail of the Tories, and was following 'em up hot, so they thought the best plan was to hide the plunder until the excitement was over. They were to wait until the excitement was over, and then to come back and get the box."

"They sunk the box in the quicksand, and none of 'em ever came back. I shouldn't wonder but what DeWitt