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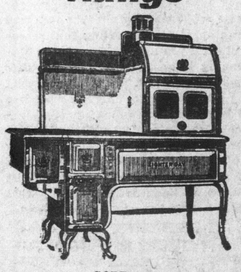

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MINARD'S LINIMENT, LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

WHO ROBBED THE PREMIER?

Detective Solves Mystery of Burglarized Departments.

(The following story was given to the Telegram by Dr. Nutson, the assistant of Herlock Bones, detective, and tells how the great student of crime, when approached by the Prime Minister, solved the mystery of the burglaries which occurred recently in two Government Departments).

Herlock Bones started suddenly from the recesses of his comfortable armchair. His movement was so sudden and unexpected, that it almost caused me to swallow the spoon with the aid of which I was conveying my breakfast porridge to my mouth.

"Nutson," he said, "Clear those base evidences of materialism away. Yes, don't stare at me, man, I mean the breakfast things. Quick. The Prime Minister is on his way to visit me."

"Has he an appointment," I asked.

I was withered by the look which the great detective cast in my direction.

"Of course, not," he retorted. "You should know by this time that my readers expect me to guess such things. Do you smell anything?"

I sniffed hard. Sure enough, a peculiar, yet familiar odour assailed my nostrils.

"Now you mention it," I said, "I do smell something. It is reminiscent of a cross between an onion, sauerkraut, and a leak in the gas main."

"That smell," said Bones, "is from the Prime Minister's cigar. He is the only person who smokes cigars of that peculiar odour which you have so accurately described. As it appears to grow more pungent every second, it is apparent that he is coming in our direction, and for what other reason but to consult me."

Soon afterwards, there was a knock at our door, and in response to request, the Prime Minister entered, a badly mauled cigar sticking in one corner of his mouth.

"Good morning," exclaimed Bones, rising from his chair, and presenting a magnificent spectacle in his bright crimson dressing gown, with slippers to match.

"Good morning, Mr. Bones," said our visitor, affably. "You appear to have been expecting me. I have called to consult you upon a very important matter."

"Indeed," replied Bones, absentmindedly placing his fountain pen in his mouth. "I presume you refer to the recent robberies in your department and in that of the Minister of Justice."

Our visitor appear amazed. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"Telepathy, telepathy, my dear sir," replied Bones, winking at me, and pointing obscurely to the flaring headlines on the front page of the previous evening's Advocate.

"Pray be seated, sir," he continued, "and tell me what you want me to do."

The Prime Minister looked doubtfully in my direction. "Oh, you must not mind Nutson," said my friend. "I asure you that he can keep a secret for at least five minutes. A remarkable accomplishment. You may speak before him with perfect confidence."

The Prime Minister seated himself comfortably, and passed his cigar case. Remembering the odour, we both declined hastily.

"As you are aware, Mr. Bones," he said, "it is my practice to leave my office at 7 each evening. A week ago, I went out as usual, and as my staff had already gone, I locked the door after me. In the morning I was apprised by telephone that the office had been entered and my desk broken open. Papers were strewn everywhere, and nothing else, not even my cigars or the fire irons had been removed."

"If I remember rightly," interrupted Bones, "there is no desk, only a long table, in your office."

The Prime Minister looked confused. I would not swear that he blushed. "Of course," he replied hastily, "I meant my secretary's desk."

"Indeed," said Bones, "and have you any idea as to why your secretary's desk should be broken open?"

"I believe that it was done by my political opponents, who were looking for important documents which they might use against me in the coming election, "replied the Prime Minister.

"And what," asked Bones, "leads you to that conclusion?"

"To be candid," replied our visitor, "it is only guess work, but who else would be interested in seeking such documents?"

"Then you admit there were incriminating documents there," asked Bones shrewdly.

"Er-er, not exactly," said the Prime Minister, 'but you know how one's enemies can twist things round to suit their purpose," he concluded lamely.

"Well," said Bones, "what about the Justice Department?"

"The same exactly, and the Minister of Justice is offering a large reward for the apprehension of the miscreants."

"A peculiar thing, that," grunted Bones. "Do you mean to tell me that the head of the Police Department has so little confidence in his men, that he is compelled to offer a reward. "He thought for a moment. Then, "When did you say your department was burglarized?"

"Over a week ago."

"And the Justice Department?"

"Two days ago."

"Why was the robbery in your department not made public immediately?"

The Prime Minister rose angrily to his feet. "Mr. Bones," he said, "what right have you to question me in this manner?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied Bones. "You came to me for help, did you not?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Prime Minister.

"Now," continued Bones, ignoring the apology, "if I remember rightly some time ago the Department of Justcie was entered, and a carpet was taken from it. Nothing was made public, but the carpet was later recovered. That means that someone, known to the police, and probably, to you, has a means of entry to that department. Might not this have been the person responsible for the recent robberies?"

The Prime Minister was again angry. He was so angry, that he bit his cigar in two. "Look here, Bones," he cried, "What do you mean to insinuate?"

"It is you, not I, who make insinuations," replied the great Detective.

"What do you mean?" demanded our visitor.

"I mean," said Bones, calmly, "that the whole thing looks pretty fishy."

He picked up his hypodermic syringe which he kept filled with a light weight machine oil, for the lubrication of his system, and injected it into his wrist.

"I see that I made a mistake in coming to you," shouted the Prime Minister rushing towards the door.

"If you want to know my opinion," cried Bones, after him, "the offices were entered by an ardent supporter of yours, who was sick of waiting for you to announce your candidates and went to see if you had hidden them away."

The slamming of the door after the departed guest drowned the last words of Bones' remark.

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Real Story Behind Alaska Poem.

By ALEXANDER HERMAN.

"Doc" Sugden's back in civilization. He has brought with him, after 25 years, the real story of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

Sugden, physician and explorer, was among those who "ducked their heads when the light went out and two guns blazed in the dark" in the Alaskan saloon where the murder occurred that Robert W. Service has immortalized in his poem. It was Sugden, who a few years later, told the story in Service's presence, which inspired the poem.

"Dan McGrew's real name was 'Wyoming Bill' and he wasn't a westerner, at all, but came of a refined family in Boston," says Sugden. "He was brough up to be a social light—and he couldn't be anything else.

"He fell madly in love with a married woman in Boston named Lou. They ran away, west. The husband, a musical genius, followed.

"Forced to support himself and his love, Bill turned to the only thing he knew—cards. Soon he became a common gambler. Lou stood by him.

Became Hardened.

"It was hard on her—poor woman. Reared carefully by New England parents, she wasn't fitted for the rough life in Wyoming where they had buried themselves in an effort to escape detection. But she became hardened.

"They soon moved on north.

"It was the beginning of the Klondyke rush. Money changed hands easily. They settled in Juneau and Bill ran a gambling table in one of the barrooms there.

"It wasn't in the Malamute saloon that the shooting took place, but in a place called 'Nuggets.'

"Bill was playing solo at his table. Lou was standing by him, luring the suckers on. I was sitting in a chair in the far corner of the room.

"Suddenly the door swung open and in came a stranger with a face most hair and the dreary stare of a dog whose day is done.'

"He ordered drinks for the house, taking dripped absinthe for himself. It was a bad sign.

"After drinking slowly, he spied the piano and went over. The 'Ragtime Kid' was taking a drink at the bar. But he almost dropped it when he heard the stranger playing.

"It went through all of us like an electric current. How that man could play! First it was an aria from the opera 'Samson and Delilah.' Then it was the 'Maiden's Prayer.'

"Finally a crash of chords that made us all jump. Then he arose and faced us, and as Service writes:

"'Boys,' says he, 'you don't know me, and none of you care a damn;

"'But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my poke they're true,

"'That one of you is a hound of hell . . . . and that one is Dan McGrew.'

"Bill who hadn't looked up from his game, wheeled around. Out went the lights. Then came two pistol cracks—and a woman's scream.

"Then a woman's sobbing. The barkeeper turned on the lights again.

Both Shot Dead.

"There on the floor lay Bill, shot through the heart, and the stranger, hit square between the eyes. Kneeling at the stranger's side was Lou—kissing him.

"He was her husband.

"After that Lou went down to Dawson and married a prosperous miner. She lived happily. I know. I was her physician. But only a few years ago her end came, as it had begun—tragically.

"A river steamer she was on was wrecked—and everybody lost.

"Her family still lives in Boston. But they don't know that their daughter was the Lou of Service's poem."

Dr. Sugden is 62 and has been on the go all his life. He has sailed the seven seas, lived in the interior of Alaska for 17 years, worked with the Canadian Mounted Police, fought with the Chinese Army against the Japanese, was surgeon of the Port of Shanghai, led an expedition into Swaziland and explored in Brazil.—Halifax Herald.

Rumania Meeting Obligations to Canada.

The arrangement made by the High Commissioner in London last year for conversion of the $24,000,000 Rumanian trade debt to Canada into a 40-year obligation at reduced interest is working well. At the time the arrangement was made Rumania was in arrears, not only in principal but also in interest on the debt. She agreed to earmark a portion of her export taxes as security for repayment and it is understood that although three months of the financial year are still to run there are already funds available in London to pay the coupons on the bonds for 1924.

The High Commissioner recently interviewed the Greek minister in London in connection with the repayment of the smaller Greek debt. The correspondent understands that Greece is still unable to take any steps towards repayment of either the principal or the interests, although she expresses a willingness to do so when economic conditions permit.

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Nfld. Poultry Association

The monthly meeting was held last night in the Board of Trade Building. President George R. Williams in the chair. The Association expressed its thanks to its Editor Dr. Arch C. Tait, who has been writing an article on local conditions in poultry raising in Saturday's issue of the Evening Telegram. Mr. Charles Bennett joined last night as well as L. H. Thompson, of Bishop's Falls. The President reported that during the month he received a request from Government House to call in connection with poultry culture. His Excellency is patron of the Association and Captain Goodfellow is keenly interested in the science of Poultry breeding. Government House birds are doing good work this winter in laying fresh eggs and his Excellency is making arrangements to increase the flock. The members last night discussed the question of a model poultry farm—but on account of the difficulty of securing capital for the venture due to depression in business the matter was postponed for the present. Mr. Leonard Earle of "Altadena" is arranging this year to re-equip his plant on a basis of 650 layers. He is ordering new incubators and hopes to raise a thousand chickens this year. The Association will offer special prizes to farmers at this year's show for the best sheaves of wheat, rye, oats and barley. This will be an encouragement to raise local grain for poultry feeds. Members reported a larger demand for new laid eggs at $1 per dozen than they can supply. The Association will arrange an advertising campaign in May and June for the sale and distribution of hatching eggs.

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Eggs as Large as Barrels.

Explorers and travellers occasionally find eggs of enormous size. Several specimens, for instance, are in existence of the eggs of the epinornis, a gigantic extinct feathered monster which formerly inhabited Madagascar.

The epinornis laid an egg as big as a small beer barrel, its contents being equal to those of about two hundred hens' eggs.

How these relics of past times first came to be discovered makes interesting reading. A French trader in the interior of Madagascar was struck by the unusual appearance of a certain vessel used by the natives for storing water.

Closer investigation showed that these odd-looking utensils were in reality gigantic eggs cut in halves. The natives, on being questioned, said they knew nothing of the bird, but that the eggs were found buried in a certain sand-pit some distance off.

An offer to purchase all that could be procured resulted in the discovery of six perfect specimens. These were removed to France, and are now in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

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