



out better than is now generally expected. But the crops in the East are generally reported to be very good indeed, and, while we are accustomed to talk a great deal about the western harvest, the harvest in the East, counting all crops, is quite as important. And here in the East there never is a real crop failure. It is said now that the harvest excursions from the Maritime Provinces to the West will be abandoned. It is time.

Conservative newspapers continue to publish dark hints about the report of Sir John French on the state of the Canadian militia. Whatever the Inspector General has said about militia conditions in Canada will be published in his own words, or an authorized summary of it will be published in the near future. It may be just as well, then, to wait and see what he really has said before forming too many conclusions. It is universally known that the militia of this country is in very much better condition today than it was ten years ago, and there is a steady improvement. Nobody expects that perfection has been reached; they are still far short of perfection in such matters in every other country under the sun. It is extremely unlikely that General French's report is at all sensational or damaging.

Mr. Carleton was an admirable inspector when the city engineer appointed him some weeks ago. Since his resignation, which resignation evidently was offered in the interest of the taxpayers of this city, Mr. Carleton's reputation among certain of the aldermen has not been so high. Yet it must be very clear to everyone that it is not the province of the aldermen to assail Mr. Carleton, or to disprove his contentions, so much as it is their province to investigate to the bottom all of the circumstances and conditions involved in the Main street contract and the administration of the spending departments of the city. When the aldermen send a man to the city council to represent them they expect him to look after matters of this sort, and if he does not do so, and demands that they shall themselves go out and seek the evidence necessary in cases like the present one, they are forced to conclude that he is not doing his duty. If a whole lot of the taxpayers of the city should get such a commonplace and absurd idea into their heads, what a lot of fun we should have in this town before the next general election in April next, when we shall be called upon once more to choose, install, and consecrate our City Fathers.

ALWAYS THE WAY.

A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The manager said: "I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss." "That's always the way with you men," she said. "You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

COUGH PROMPTLY STOPPED

It Lasted Just Three Days With Father Morrissey's No. 10.

ALBANY, N.B., Dec. 30, 1909. FATHER MORRISSEY'S MEDICINE CO., LTD. Last spring I took a severe cough, and bought a bottle of your cough cure, and within three days I was cured.

I will always keep Father Morrissey's Remedy in my home. DOUGLAS B. RICHARDS. A simple statement like this is the most convincing proof that Father Morrissey's No. 10 (Lung Tonic) is a most effective cure for coughs and colds.

Father Morrissey worked out the prescription most carefully, not merely to relieve the cough but to cure the inflammation in the bronchial tubes or lungs which caused the cough.

No. 10 is more than a cough cure—more even than a cure for colds, inflammation and other serious lung troubles—it is a valuable tonic which braces up the system so that colds cannot easily get a hold on you any more.

No. 10 is most helpful in Consumption, and has cured many cases.

Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size, 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morrissey's Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 80

Walt

philosopher

g the globe, his shoulders were all wringing with sweat was his, as he shifted his posture, he came up with his optimistic smile; "Ajax," he merrily said; "we'll ate after a while, and you may find such a man, and he laughs at seven worlds at a time; he puts and his bearing is bold and his talking and meddlesome Mat, he bitten feet; he also insists that your record's a hard one to let him bend 'neath the burden fishing at Sagamore Hill."

WALT MASON.

MILLION DOLLAR FIRE IN BOSTON

Many Firemen Were Injured

Whole Department Out and Have Strenuous Battle

Help from Outside Towns Called in and Work is Found for Them Shortly After in Fighting \$50,000 Blaze in Another Section.

Boston, Aug. 9.—Causing damage estimated at about \$1,000,000 in the lumber and wood-working section in the south end, and necessitating the calling of the first general alarm in years, the fire broke directly to the headquarters of the Boston fire department tonight. But although Chief Mullen was absent on vacation the Boston department and outside apparatus and firemen successfully confined the flames to the section bounded by Fort Point channel on the east, Dover street on the north, Harrison avenue on the west and a point between Thayer and Randolph streets on the south.

The lumber yards of Black & Shepard, at the corner of Dover and Albany streets, where the flames started from a cause unknown, together with their docks 400 feet long, piled high with 8,000,000 feet of lumber; the Boston fire department repair station, with several pieces of apparatus; four brick buildings of four and five stories, occupied by wood-workers and several wooden tenement houses were the principal buildings destroyed. There were no lives lost.

Nearly a score of firemen were injured, a dozen seriously, by falling walls, collapsing ladders, falling glass, etc. More than four hours after the fire started, half a dozen fire fighters were buried beneath the debris caused by the falling walls. The body of the John Paul wood-working mill on Albany street. Several sustained broken legs, but all will recover.

Big District Swept.

The flames, which started in Black & Shepard's yards, shortly after 6 o'clock, spread great headway and swept down Albany street, igniting the piles of expensive lumber in the firm's yards, and docks on one side, and the fire department repair station and woodworking plants on the other. The fire centred along Albany street, burning to the edge of Fort Point channel on one side and extending almost to Harrison avenue on the other.

Mayor John P. Fitzgerald, who was at the scene, ordered flood gates to be opened to supply more water, called for help from all departments within fifteen minutes, and had several hundred additional policemen sent to the fire zone and gave words of encouragement to the fire-fighters.

Second Fire in Another Section.

Eight out of town fire companies successfully fought a four alarm fire in the heart of the city's business district, while the Boston department was engaged so busily with the greater conflagration in the lumber yards section. The six-story brick building at 55-59 High street, extending through to Purchase, occupied by the H. Johns-Manville Company, asbestos and magnesia producers, was the scene of a second fire. It was damaged about \$50,000. The fire started on the top floor. The cause is unknown.

Among the buildings destroyed at the big fire were the following, with their occupants:

Diggins Company, liquor dealers, three story wooden building.
L. C. Sample & Company, shoe and dry goods, two story wooden building.
Boston Fire Department, repair shop, three story brick building.

Balentine Export Beer Company, three story wooden building; two upper floors occupied by tenants.

John F. Hill, wood-working mill; four story brick building.

Brown & Black Company; interior hardware and furniture; four story brick building.

Two three story wooden tenement houses.

Black & Shepard Lumber Company's plant, where the fire started, at the corner of Albany and Dover streets.

All the buildings were burning on Albany street, most of them directly opposite the destroyed lumber plant.

The Charles Emmell & Rose Company, paper machine makers, were also partially burned and damaged by water.

Five Firemen Injured.

The firemen were caught in a shower of bricks and burning embers when the rear wall of the Paul building, a wood working establishment on the west side of Albany street, buckled and fell. There were six firemen engaged in fighting the flames at this point, and all saw the wall when it started to fall. One man succeeded in getting out of the way, but the others were caught and knocked down by the flying debris. The injured men were Captain John P. McManus, of ladder 4; Lieutenant Harry Hubbard, of engine 22, and Hosemen Edward O'Connell, James Gallagher and Edward Shea. O'Connell was the most seriously injured, sustaining a broken leg. The other men received contusions and abrasions about the head and body. All were treated at the city hospital.

The first alarm for the South End lumber yard fire was sounded shortly after 6 o'clock by a passerby. Hearing the call of the box just outside his door, Chief Harrington, of the Boston fire department, in charge of the repair station, situated directly opposite Black & Shepard's yards, on Albany streets, looked out quickly seeing a mass of flame, sounded the third alarm, skipping the second. Chief Harrington, when arrived, pulled the fifth alarm, missing the fourth, and shortly after the general alarm and other calls for assistance from outside companies within a radius of ten miles.

The companies that responded included John, Watertown, Hyde Park, Malden, Everett, Quincy, Revere, Braintree, Hingham and Cambridge. The Quincy apparatus made the run of nine miles in thirty-five minutes, exceptionally fast going.

Although not officially so declared, the fire appeared to be under control at 10 o'clock. The burning embers, however, continued to blaze for hours afterward and will smoulder probably for days.

LAURIER NEVER FEELING BETTER

Sir Wilfrid Tells Red Deer Audience of His Perfect Health

Declares It Makes Vigorous Men, No. 1 Hard Wheat and Beautiful Women

—Approves of Kipling's Appellation, "Our Lady of the Snows."

Red Deer, Alta., Aug. 10.—Red Deer gave Sir Wilfrid Laurier and party an enthusiastic welcome today. A procession, headed by bands, wended its way under a canopy of arches to the city park, where the civil addresses were presented. Alluding to its congratulations upon his health, Sir Wilfrid said:

"I thank God that I am in perfect health. I do not know that I ever felt better in my life. The only thing of which I can complain is that I am growing older. But that is a very prevalent complaint. But if I am growing older in time I am growing younger in spirit these days. I fancy I am imbuing something of that spirit of perennial youth, buoyancy, courage and hope which belongs peculiarly to this country. The west is doing me good in many ways."

The premier rested tonight and will address a meeting here tomorrow. Sir Wilfrid assisted by the minister of railways, drove the first spike in the construction of the new railway. The company is operating under its own charter and plans to connect with the Pacific.

A reference in the civic address to the climatic conditions in the winter elicited from the speaker a sparkling eulogy. "For my part," said he, "I have no fault to find with the Canadian climate. Some years ago, Rudyard Kipling, imperial poet, referring to Canada as Our Lady of the Snows, caused some critics to find fault with the title. I approve the appellation. The climate of Canada is the glory of Canada. It is the climate of Canada which makes No. 1 hard wheat. It is the climate of Canada which puts bloom upon the cheeks of the better half of the audience before me. When I rise on a winter morning and see smoke rising in the atmosphere 100 feet above the chimney perpendicularly in the cold, clear air, I know what it is that makes our men strong and our women beautiful."

"This country has not been made by God for the effeminate or lagard, but for the strong and willing who find their labor rewarded as in no other part of the world."

Speaking from his car at Ponoka, Sir Wilfrid again reiterated his welcome to the newcomers, of whom there are many in that district, and urged them to contribute by energy and effort to the future of their Canadian home-land.

At Lacombe, where a stop was made to enable the party to visit Alberta's experimental farm, the premier addressed himself especially to the women. He also found no agitation for women's suffrage, but he had been proud to notice the important part the women of the west were performing in making a country of happy and contented homesteaders. He appealed to them to keep the standard of Canadian life high and to inspire their husbands and brothers to take an active and intelligent interest in civic and national affairs.

ALBERT MINES SOLD TO EASTERN TRUST COMPANY, ST. JOHN

Once Famous Property Brings \$15,000—Sellers Make a Good Profit.

Hopewell Hill, Aug. 10.—(Special)—The Albert mines property, purchased a few years ago from Capt. H. A. Calhoun by John L. Peck, banker of Hillsboro, and J. Nelson Smith, has been sold to the Eastern Trust Company of St. John for \$15,000, the transfer papers being handed over today.

The sale includes all the cleared land and buildings with the abandoned mine, the owners reserving the timber areas. It is understood that the handling of the property has proved profitable business for Messrs. Peck and Smith.

The Albert mines were famous for many years as a producer of the Albertite coal, a very valuable product but for some time has been closed down.

PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND INJURED



PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND.

The Prince Consort of Wilhelmina while riding his bicycle at The Hague fell and broke his collar bone. Prince Henry, who follows athletic recreations with enthusiasm, has several times before sustained minor injuries in these pursuits.

An imprudent move for cream cheese is made from the shell of an English walnut.

NEW YORK MAYOR SHOT BY EX-CIVIC EMPLOYEE

Bullet Entered His Head

Two Shots Fired at Gaynor on Board Liner

Was About to Start on Holiday Abroad When He Was Assailed in Presence of Crowd Around Him—Would-be Assassin Overpowered After Desperate Struggle.

New York, Aug. 9.—Wm. J. Gaynor, mayor of New York city, was shot in the head and seriously wounded today as he stood on the promenade deck of the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, by James J. Gallagher, a discharged and disgruntled city employee. Gallagher was almost instantly overpowered and arrested.

The shot was fired at 9:45 o'clock this morning, fifteen minutes before the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse was due to leave her pier at Hoboken (N. J.), and the mayor was receiving good-bye from a group of friends preparatory to a vacation trip to Europe.

The bullet struck him behind the right ear and ranged downward, inflicting a dangerous though not necessarily fatal wound. Unless blood poisoning develops, surgeons are hopeful of the mayor's recovery, although at his age—59 years—such a wound is essentially grave.

Tonight the mayor is at St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, surrounded by specialists, with members of his family gathered near awaiting the outcome with anxiety. All early reports from the hospital were hopeful in tone and this evening six X-ray negatives of the wound were taken to facilitate an operation for the removal of the bullet. Gallagher, the would-be assassin, is locked in a cell at Jersey City, held without bail. He expressed no remorse.

The big liner was gay with flags and shining with shouts of greeting when the tragedy occurred. Most of those who had been aboard the ship to say farewell to friends or relatives, had gone ashore, but a little group remained to talk with the mayor. They were standing on the port side of the vessel near the promenade deck forward, and were in the act of posing for a group photograph, when Gallagher, unnoticed, pushed his way along the mayor's side and fired point blank at his head.

He used a 38 calibre revolver and an examination later disclosed that the first cartridge had missed fire. This probably saved the mayor's life, for Gallagher when he first pulled the trigger, was then two feet away. Backing away slightly in his excitement, he pulled the trigger a second time and sent a bullet crashing into the mayor's neck below the ear.

Made Desperate Resistance.

Wm. H. Edwards, commissioner of street cleaning, and the former mayor's foot-baller, lunged forward with his 390 pounds just as Robert Anderson, the mayor's secretary, struck Gallagher's arm. As he did so a second shot pierced Edwards' sleeve, inflicting a slight flesh wound in the commissioner's right arm, which remained undiscovered for hours, because of the excitement.

Unmindful of his wound, Edwards hit the man a crushing blow in the face and they fell to the deck together. Gallagher, struggling with the strength of desperation and pulling viciously at the trigger in an attempt to fire another shot. But Edwards was too much for him. He rained blows after blows in Gallagher's face, inflicting a while Adamson and Archibald R. Watson, corporation counsel for the city, flung themselves on the struggling two in an attempt to grasp the weapon.

When Mr. Watson was unable to dislodge it, Edwards and Gallagher continued a bitter struggle about the deck, Edwards now crying and shouting in his anger and excitement and Gallagher panting as exhausted as a prizefighter. When completely subdued in the former football star's vice-like grip, a pair of steel nippers were slipped on his wrists by a special officer aboard the ship and he was hustled to the hospital. He was surrounded by a crowd of onlookers and a crowd of the vessel into an automobile and arraigned before Recorder McGovern of Hoboken.

During the struggle with the man, who had attempted to take his life, Mayor Gaynor though badly wounded and bleeding from the mouth and nose, did not lose consciousness. The impact of the bullet did not even throw him from his feet but he raised his head to his eyes and with his face contorted with pain, he staggered in a daze and leaned limply across the ship's rail until Adamson came to his assistance. Then some one drew a steamer chair to his side and into the chair he sank with relief. A few minutes later he was removed to a state room where the ship's surgeons temporarily bandaged the wound, preparatory to his removal to St. Mary's Hospital. He was taken there in a special automobile.

Rufus Gaynor, a son, was the only member of the mayor's family present when he was shot. His wife and other children were at the Gaynor country place at St. James (L. I.).

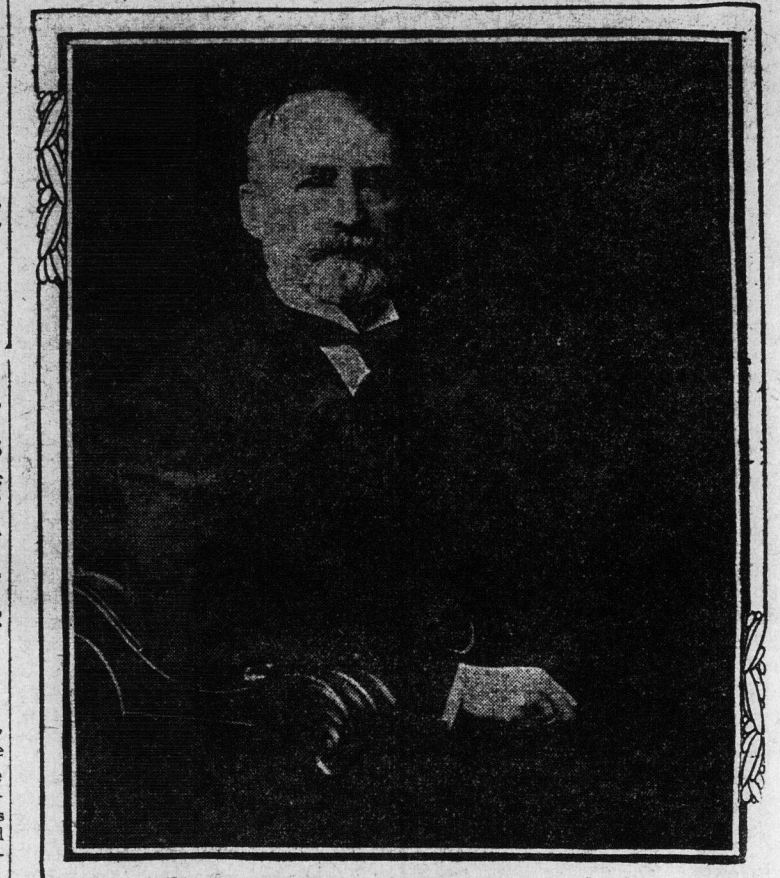
When Mrs. Gaynor was notified by telephone of the tragedy, she made a spectacular run by automobile, accompanied by her son, Norman, crossed the Queensborough bridge to Manhattan, sped across the island to the Hudson River and was taken to Hoboken in a police patrol boat. She was almost overcome when she reached St. Mary's Hospital and was permitted to see her husband for but a moment.

She was joined there shortly by Mrs. Ethel Vinegar, a daughter recently married, and they began their vigil near the bedside.

Gaynor Displays Nerve.

Rarely has wounded man evinced more fortitude and cheerfulness than did Wilfrid Gaynor today. He coolly thought as he was being carried down the companionway from the ship on a stretcher that his wound was fatal, for he smiled faintly and said to those near him:

"To his wife and his son Rufus he said at the hospital later: "It is very strange, very strange. I wonder why he did it."



WILLIAM J. GAYNOR. HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

toward the man who would have killed him. And that he looked calmly on the over-present prospect of assassination as indicated in the tone of a recent letter to a citizen who had warned him of the danger of going in the subway without an escort. To this solicitous friend, Charles Weinblatt, a lawyer, he wrote on March 22 last:

"My dear Mr. Weinblatt—I thank you very much for your letter, but I have no fear about going out alone. I do not think anyone would do me any harm unless he was lunatic and it is hard to guard against lunatics."

Gallagher, judging by appearances and actions, is not a lunatic. His mind is apparently as sound as any man of fifty-odd years, but he nursed in his heart a hatred for Mayor Gaynor ever since he was discharged as a night watchman in the department of docks and ferries in July last for incompetency. Since then, having withal showed no signs of improvement, he has been persecuted and harassed, anonymously and otherwise, harping on an obsession that he had been persecuted and demanding redress. He has even written to the governor, so it became known tonight.

"You took the bread and butter out of my mouth," he shouted as he approached the mayor on the steamer, and then he levelled the revolver and fired. The struggle about the deck ensued almost instantly. As he grappled with the man, Commissioner Edwards was heard shouting: "I've got him; I've got him." As he pinned Gallagher to the floor and beseeched those around him to bring a pair of hand-cuffs.

"He's my prisoner," he almost sobbed, "and I can hold him, but get some hand-cuffs."

It was then that Henry Goering, a special officer of the North German Lloyd line, brought the nippers and Gallagher was pinioned with steel.

There was no panic on board during the disorder. Many tried to belabor the prostrate Gallagher, and the excitement, of course, was intense; but the ship's officers saw severe measures of discipline and order being maintained. The mayor's secretary, who was in the crowd of over-solicitous passengers.

Eye-witness Stories.

President Pedro Montt, of Chile, en route to Europe after his visit to this country, was a spectator of the tragedy and its ensuing scenes. He had been talking with the mayor just before the shooting occurred.

"I saw the whole thing," said President Montt. "The man was hanging around for several minutes. I noticed that he carried one hand under his right arm as if in the neighborhood of his right hand hip pocket, but I was not suspicious of this and paid no particular attention to the fellow."

"He did not seem to me to show any signs of excitement. He was a man of middle age, introduced me to a friend of his from his own neighborhood in Brooklyn, who was going with him, and asked me, laughingly, if I minded posing for another group photograph for the benefit of the press."

"I saw the man, who had arrived late, when I heard Gallagher yell out something and saw the flash of his gun and then the shooting and the struggling began."

"I was standing with Corporation Counsel Watson, Dr. Lederle, the health commissioner; Commissioner Thompson, of the water department, and Mr. Adamson, the mayor's secretary, out so far forward, when the assassin approached."

"We were wishing the mayor good voyage. As we chatted, I heard a shot directly behind me. It was immediately followed by another. We turned and saw this man with a revolver smoking in his right hand and not three feet away. He had the revolver almost against the mayor's back. Mr. Watson grabbed the mayor's secretary, out so far forward, when the assassin approached."

"I then seized him around the body and slammed him against the railing. I did not care much what I did with him, and for a moment I thought he was going overboard. He continued to fight furiously, but a well directed blow or two took the fight out of him."

It took three or four minutes to rush him down the gang plank and into the auto. The crowds were murmuring and crushing and it was a hard task. As we got him into the machine the fellow looked about him and said, so all of us heard him distinctly: 'He robbed me of my bread and butter and that's all there is to it.'"

any event, the crowd nearby had so leaped upon the man that his aim was impaired. I do not remember any of the rest, except that when I looked up again Mayor Gaynor was half fainting in my arms, and Gallagher was on the deck beneath a crowd of shrieking, screaming men. Some one was dragging at Commissioner Edwards' arm. "Don't kill him, Bill," was the cry I heard.

"Through the seconds of that scene that seemed to pass like hours I could hear that voice calling. They tell me that Edwards' big hand had closed about Gallagher's neck in the grip of a vice. He would have choked him to death right there if others present had not restrained him."

"By that time they had dragged Edwards off, and he had regained some of his calm. 'Get me a pair of handcuffs,' he ordered. There were no cuffs at hand, but Henry Goering, one of the local detectives, passed Edwards his chains. They were nipped around Gallagher's wrists and he was led away."

Gallagher is a short, thick-set man, weighing close on to 200 pounds. He smoked a cigar cheerfully after his arrest, and at no time expressed sorrow because of his deed. On the other hand, he repeated stolidly that the mayor had robbed him of a livelihood and that he had meant to kill him. He is fifty-six years old. It was a clergyman, he said in a signed statement issued in Hoboken after his arrest, who pointed the mayor out to him before he fired the shot.

"The man appeared perfectly rational and sane to me," said Commissioner Edwards tonight.

Mr. Thompson severely criticizes the conduct of affairs at St. Mary's Hospital. "When we arrived," he said, "we had to ring the bell for four or five minutes before any one responded. Then a nurse came to the door and said that there was no doctor in at the time. A little later an intern came out, smoking a pipe and seemingly not much concerned, and when I asked the mayor of New York how he was shot and is here," he said, "I will see what I can do, I will try and get some one immediately." Apparently there was not a doctor in the hospital and Rufus Gaynor was left to the tender mercies of the hospital.

While we were doing that Dr. Wm. J. Arltz, a city visiting physician, arrived. He wanted to probe for the bullet, but Rufus and I objected to his doing that until New York physicians arrived on the scene. While we were waiting for them Mayor Gaynor turned to me, smiled and said: "Don't let them discourage me, Thompson. The mayor was put in a private room and cared for by the surgeons of the hospital, who arrived about one-half hour to three-quarters of an hour after our arrival."

When Mr. Thompson's physicians attending the mayor are Dr. George E. Brewer, Dr. George D. Stewart and Dr. Charles N. Dowd. In addition there was summoned Dr. James W. Parish, of Brooklyn, the Catholic family physician.

After his arraignment before Recorder McGovern this afternoon, Gallagher was sent to the Hudson county jail, at Jersey City, where he sat in his cell tonight contentedly smoking a pipe and seemingly pleased with the attention he had attracted. An effort will be made by the New York authorities to have him tried in New York, but the New Jersey authorities hold that this is contrary to law. The commitment on which he is held charges assault with intent to kill "on board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, in the city of Hoboken."

Gaynor's Career.

Mayor Wm. J. Gaynor, who is 59 years old, began life as a Brooklyn newspaper reporter, studying law at night while playing music on a piano. He was a Democrat and was first appointed an assistant and then elected district-attorney of Kings county.

At that time John J. McKane, the political boss, ruled Coney Island and Gravesend as an independent realm, reaping a large fortune from his corrupt political practices. Many reformers had attempted to defeat McKane but they were defeated until Gaynor attacked the problem. He raided McKane's farcical election machinery and in the end sent McKane to prison for the rest of his life. A few years after this Gaynor was elected to the supreme court bench and there he served until his appointment to the appellate division of the supreme court, second district, which place he resigned after his nomination for mayor last year.

On the bench he was a strong advocate of the enforcement of the strict letter of the law. He was frequently engaged in disputes with the police who, he frequently held had exceeded their rights in raids and other police acts.

On becoming mayor he energetically started a reform administration by discharging hundreds, perhaps thousands, of city employees. He turned out the police and cut through their affiliation with Tammany Hall.

Although Tammany Hall worked for the election of Gaynor his success was the hardest blow the powerful old political organization ever felt. Mayor Gaynor refused to be advised by Leader Murphy and only one of his important appointments, that of a deputy commissioner, went to Tammany Hall.

LONDON PAPER TO AID MISS LENEVE

DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN BOSTON HOUSE

Thomas J. Maher Shot to Death as He Stood at Piano

Hudson A. Sherman, a Retired Sea Captain, Believed to Have Become Suddenly Insane, Kills Himself After the Assault.

Boston, Aug. 10.—In a sudden fit of insanity, Hudson A. Sherman, 73 years old, a retired sea captain, living with a granddaughter at 156 South Fairview street, West Roxbury, shot and fatally wounded Thomas J. Maher, 23 years old, of 122 South Fairview street, as he was standing at a piano singing; slightly wounded his grandson-in-law, George F. James, and then killing himself. The shooting took place at 156 South Fairview street last evening.

Maher, who was shot in the back and right side, was rushed to the City Hospital in an ambulance from station 13, but died before arriving at that institution.

The tragedy occurred without a word of warning. Maher had gone to the James home to spend the evening with Mr. James, and his wife, Grace L. James, was at the piano singing.

Suddenly there was a noise in the doorway, and Sherman appeared with a leveled revolver in his hand. Without a word he commenced firing.

He directed his aim at Maher, who was nearest to him, and fired two shots, both taking effect. As the young man staggered, he fired again, upon time at James. His aim, however, was wild and only one bullet struck James, causing a slight wound in the right elbow. Mrs. James escaped unhurt.

After the shooting the aged man turned and walked upstairs to his room on the floor above where he placed the revolver at his mouth and fired one shot which caused his instant death.

Maher, despite his wounds, managed to stagger to the office of Dr. Stevens at 942 South street, where after telling of the shooting he collapsed. After he had been given first aid he was removed to the hospital.

The police of station 13 were notified of the shooting and upon arriving at the James house found the old man lying on the floor of his room dead. The bullet had entered his mouth and had penetrated his brain, coming out at the back of his head.

No other explanation than that Sherman had become crazed could be given by the police as the cause of the shooting. The man had been living for some time with his granddaughter. He had appeared perfectly contented and had been no unpleasantness. He had, moreover, showed no sign of insanity, and had had no recent illness.

P. E. ISLAND BYE-ELECTION LEAVES NO CHANGE IN PARTIES

Cardigan Re-elected Conservative Candidate by 30 Majority—Legislature Stands as Before.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 10.—The bye-election took place in the Cardigan district today, and the Conservatives retained the seat. The district is ordinarily a close one, and this fact together with the narrow margin between the two parties in the legislature made the contest interesting to the contest. The opening of the polls found both parties hopeful.

Both candidates were new men, and the final result left J. A. Brewer, Conservative, 489, and Horatio Nelson, Liberal, 459, a majority for the Conservatives of 30. This leaves the political situation practically unchanged. Cardigan district remains Conservative and the strength of the parties in the legislature is Liberals 16, Conservatives 14.

GERMAN PRINCE ANXIOUS TO FLY TO NORTH POLE



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Berlin, Aug. 9.—Prince Henry of Prussia, who is a member of the Zeppelin preliminary Arctic exploration party now headed for Spitzbergen to study conditions for the proposed Zeppelin dirigible.