The Murdered Bridegroom.

(By JOHN LAURENCE in Pearson's Weekly.)

"Hey the bonnie! ho the bonnie!
Hey the bonnie breist knots!
Blithe and merry were they a'
When they put on the breist knots!"

The famous old Scottish bridal song threatened to take the ceiling off the front room of the little house in Edinburgh, roared with all the strength of Scottish lungs, and happy lungs at that, for was it not the wedding eve of pretty Mary Anderson and George King? It would seem almost impossible for anyone within a mile radius not to have heard the rousing refrain.

Yet in the very next room two people heard only their own low whisperings to one another. George King and his happy sweetheart had stolen a few minutes away from their rejoicing, lively friends, and were saying to each other for the last time those soft, sweet nothings which only those who are lovers themselves can understand.

His Last Kisses.

Little did those two supremely happy people know that those kisses, those embraces, those whispered vows were the last they were to exchange with each other in this world. In but a few hours tragedy was to step upon the stage and play its part before a weeping bride and a grief-stricken father and mother.

"George, dear heart," she whispered, "it all seems like a happy dream of paradise, a dream from which I shall wake and find myself on earth again."

"It's a dream that's going to last, my sweetheart," replied her lover, kissing her upturned lips.

As he spoke the door burst open and the noisy revellers from the adjoining room poured through with many a merry dig at the young couple.

"There'll be plenty of time for spooning after to-morrow!" cried Bob Angus, the best man. "It's time we were getting to bed. Let's have 'Auld Lang Syne' ?"

The wedding-eve party broke up with many a final warning not to be late for the great day on the morrow. One of the party, however, the bridegroom, was destined never to keep the most important appointment of his life.

The Bridegroom Disappears.

It wanted but half an hour to midnight when he parted with his friends at the corner of North Bridge Street, only a minute's walk from his own lodgings. As he opened the door he could hear in the distance the tune of "Hey the bonnie breist knots" being whistled by those he had just left.

On his table he found a note addressed to him, and there came on his face a look of astonishment as he read it. That it must have been of very great importance to him was evident from the fact that he put on his hat again and, late though it was, went out.

When Bob Angus, the best man, drove up in the wedding carriage the following day he fully expected to find his friend ready and waiting for the great event of his life. He was greatly astonished, therefore, to hear from King's landlady that he had come in and gone out again about midnight.

"I thought he'd gone to stay with you, Mr. Angus," she said, "for his bed last night."

"But I left him just outside, and he said he was going to write one or two letters and then go straight to bed. His last words to me were to remind me not to be late to-day. I can't make out what has happened."

"A note was left for him marked 'Urgent,' " replied the landlay. "Perhaps that had something to do with it."

Bob Angus went up to his friend's rooms. But everything he saw only confirmed that whatever had called George King away had been as unsuspected to the bridegroom as it was to his best man. The bed had not been slept in, his wedding clothes were laid neatly out ready to be put on, and the room was otherwise just as he had often seen it. Nothing was disturbed, no signs were there of premeditated flight. George King had evidently walked out of his lodgings with every intention of coming back.

The distracted best man, instructed the driver of the carriage to take him round first to the missing man's office and then to the house of his sweetheart, but nothing had been heard of him at either place.

A Clue to the Mystery.

"George missing!" cried the bride's father. "Impossible! There must be some mistake!"

"Well, if he's not missing, I don't know where he is, Mr. Anderson," replied his friend. "He's not the kind of man to play a practical joke on us. If he's gone it's not of his own free will."

Mary Anderson was puting the final touches to her bridal dress in her bedroom, assisted by her mother, and she knew nothing of what was happening. In another few minutes she expected to be standing beside her lover and to be saying those few brief words which would make her a wife.

But the time for the wedding ceremony come and went, and it fell to the lot of the clergyman to break the dreadful news to Mary that her lover had disappeared.

The shock to her was so terrible that for some time her reason was despaired of, and it was not until her brain became clearer some weeks later that she was able to furnish the first possible clue to her lover's dramatic disappearance.

While Mary was still labouring under the shock, no stone had been left unturned by George King's friends to solve the mystery of his disappearance. None would admit that he had deliberately deserted his bride on their wedding day, and, indeed, everything pointed the other way.

His Body Found in the Firth.

But a few days before he had paid for the furniture for his new house, while in his clothes was found a pocket-book containing what must have been most of the loose cash he usually carried about with him. His accounts at his office were all in order, his own banking account had not been drawn upon for any sums inconsistent with the fact that he was about to set up as a married man. In fact, there was nothing on the surface to account for his disappearance, though ill-natured gossips did not hesitate to put forward a theory that George King had a past and that past would hardly bear investigation.

But as I have said, when the light of sanity slowly returned to Mary's eyes she gave George King's friends and the police the clue they wanted.

"George will come back," she said confidently. "and he'll come back," she said confidently, "and he'll come back a rick man. He's gone to America to make his fortune."

She added that her lover had often told her—though he had told no one else, not even his closest friend—that he had a rich uncle in America, and as he was the next-of-kin he would inherit the greater part of his fortune, the remainder probably going to a cousin, Edgar Saunders. This cousin was employed in a shipbuilder's yard on the Tyne, and if George King should die the whole of his uncle's fortune would be his.

To the friends of the missing bridegroom this was enough, and they began to set the law in motion to discover the whereabouts of Saunders, only to find out that he had left his employment a few days before George King had disappeared.

George King re-appeared in almost as dramatic a fashion as he had left. A week after his sweetheart had supplied the clue which was to account for his absence from the altar, the captain of a tramp steamer reported the recovery of a dead body in the Firth. It was in an advanced state of decomposition, but the clothing and a watch and chain enabled his friends to recognise it as that of the missing bridegroom.

The Murderer's End.

The police now began to look round seriously for the dead man's cousin, for, to say the least, suspicion pointed strongly to the fact that he knew something of King's death. A close friend of Edgar Saunders informed the detective in charge of the case that the latter had said he was going to America where he expected to come into a fortune from a rich relative.

The detective followed up this clue and, learning from Mary Anderson that her dead lover's uncle lived in Chicago, he made inquiries in that town, and the result of those inquiries left no doubt whatever that Edgar Saunders was a murderer.

A few weeks before the eventful wedding day, John King, a wealthy Chicago merchant, died and left a fortune of £25,000. The whole of this fortune had been left to the dead man's nephew, George King, or, failing him, Edgar Saunders. The money had been paid to the latter by lawyers in Chicago, and he had promptly disappeared.

To get this fortune Saunders had added forgery to murder, for he produced a death certificate of one Geo. King, showing he had died in Edinburgh. The certificate was, so the Chicago lawyers explained, vouched for by an Edinburgh solicitor, named Watson, who travelled specially to Chicago with, and on behalf of, Saunders. Needless to say, there was no solicitor in Edinburgh of that name, and the astounding plot was only too evident.

Saunders must have heard of his uncle's death almost immediately, and thought out the plot which brought him a fortune and left a weeping bride to break her heart in loneliness. The note which George King had received on his wedding-eve was evidently from the murderer, asking for an immediate appointment. Where that appointment was and exactly how the unfortunate man met his death was never discovered, for Edgar Saunders was never brought to justice, nor his mysterious accomplice, who masqueraded under the name of Watson.

For months the police of three continents were searching for the wanted men, and though Saunders was finally traced to London, where he had been spending some of his ill-gotten gains in riotous living, he had disappeared again before the police could lay their hands on him.

The spenders of blood money never prosper, however. Edgar Saunders must have known that he was wanted, must have known that he could never settle for long in any place to enjoy his murderous gains. He finally drifted to Monte Carlo, with but little of his uncle's fortune left. That little he tried to convert into much by wild gambling, but the gambling tables got it all, and the man who had taken the life of another in his greed for gold shot himself and was buried in the suicide's cemetery at Monaco.

Who the mysterious Watson really was, was never discovered.

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Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Binzer, Black River Falls, Wis.

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Says Wife Was Hardly Able to Cross the Room

Dartmouth Man Was Afraid to Leave His Wife Alone Before She Took Tanlac.

"My wife and myself feel that we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to Tanlac, for since taking it she is not only enjoying better health than she has in years, but has gained ten pounds in weight," said Clayton Zwicker, 8 Edwards street, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, who works for the Maritime Telephone and Telegraph Company, recently, while telling of the remarkable benefits his wife has received from Tanlac.

"My wife has been in miserable health for the past seven years," continued Mr. Zwicker, "and although she had taken many different treatments and medicines up to the time she began taking Tanlac she gradually grew worse, and I was very much worried over her condition. Her appetite was poor, but no matter how little or what she ate she was sure to be in misery afterward. Immediately after eating the least thing it seemed to form into a hard lump and she complained of a severe burning sensation in her stomach. She would also bloat terribly with gas and have intense cramping pains. The gas pressed against her heart until she could hardly breathe and caused such awful pains we were frightened for fear she had heart trouble, and often she had such terrible attacks of indigestion she would almost faint away. Frequently she had attacks of nausea and for two or three days at a time was unable to retain a thing. She was in so much pain all the time and suffered so from shortness of breath she could get but little sleep, and often had to sit propped up in bed all night long so she could breathe. She suffered from sick headaches every day of her life and was always complaining of feeling dizzy and faint. I have seen her so weak she could barely walk across the room and she would almost collapse if she tried to stand on her feet any length of time. It was impossible for her to do any of her housework at all, and this past summer before she started taking Tanlac I was afraid to leave her by herself, and kept somebody with her all the time.

"I had heard so much about Tanlac I decided to get her some and have her try it. She began to show signs of improvement after taking the first bottle, and as she continued taking it her recovery was nothing short of remarkable. She has a splendid appetite, and eats good, hearty meals without being bothered with gas and the cramping pains in her stomach and the pains around her heart are all gone. She never has the headache, becomes dizzy or is nauseated any more. She sleeps well and has regained her strength so that she can do all her own housework with the greatest ease. The way Tanlac has helped her after everything else had failed is almost unbelievable and we both will praise it as long as we live."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by M. Connors, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative; in Narbor Buffett, by Thomas Wakely & Sons; in Placentia, by James Murphy & Son, and in Topsail by J. K. Bursell.—advt

In Memoriam.

JANET DALEY.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Although we know that the above words are true, yet it is necessary for them to be brought home to us in a special sense, before we can realize the fact. Our community has just been made to understand them, when, just as the season of rejoicement and festivity had drawn to a close, the news came of the sudden and unfortunate fate which had befallen one of our young girls, Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Daley. This young lady, who so unexpectedly received the Last Call, had reached the age of twenty-one years. She had spent the last three years in St. John's, employed in the house of Mr. T. H. Carter, and still resided there when the disastrous fire occurred in that dwelling, in which her young life was brought to a close by her being smothered in the smoke before help could reach her. The tragedy occurred on the night of January 6th (Twelfth Day). All that afternoon, Janet had spent in company with her two sisters who also resided in town only a few doors away from her. At ten o'clock, having bade good-night cheerfully to her sisters, she entered Mr. Carter's residence. At eleven the family retired to bed, and it was only an hour and twenty minutes afterward that her master awoke and found the house in flames. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Carter escaped with his family, and when the firemen arrived on the scene, Janet was found unconscious in bed. Having been taken to the residence of Mr. P. J. Fortune, next door, she was annointed for death by the Rev. Dr. Greene, her heart having been found to be beating faintly. Dr. Macpherson, who was called to the scene, found it impossible to restore her, and she passed away without having regained consciousness, and in spite of all that could be done for her.

Her untimely end came as a great shock to her parents and relatives, and also to her large circle of friends. Gentle and unassuming in her manner, always mild and cheerful in her demeanour, she was beloved by all who knew her, and one and all mourn that her fair young life should be cut short so tragically. Her death has cast a gloom over the whole community which will not quickly be dispelled. Besides her parents, she has left to mourn her, one brother, and seven sisters, four residing at St. Joseph's, one, Mrs. A. Power, at Grand Falls, another, Mrs. M. Hanlon, at Mussel Pond, S.M.B., and another, Mrs. Bernard Bishop, at Newton, Mass., besides a large number of other relatives and friends. To these sorrowing relatives we extend our sincere sympathy, and we trust that the "God of Hope and Consolation" may comfort them in their great bereavement. We would remind them that this world is only an exile, and that in the life beyond, they may hope to meet again, her, who has gone before to enjoy the fullest extent that beauty which the "Eye hats not seen, nor the ear heard, nor can the heart of man conceive."—R.I.P.

St. Joseph's, Jan. 22, 1920.

Fishermen Hard Hit.

Big Destruction of Fishing Property.

(Western Star, Jan. 14.)

The fishermen of Bay of Islands have been hard hit this season by the loss of gear. It is estimated that in North Arm between eighty and a hundred fleets of nets were taken away by the ice, representing a loss of about twenty-one thousand dollars. In Middle Arm the loss is placed at some fifty fleets, valued at about twelve and a half thousand dollars. Altogether the loss sustained by the fishermen operating in the two Arms is placed at about thirty-four thousand dollars. Some crews lost everything but their boats. One man who had the gear for three boats in the water, recovered only a part of one net.

Stafford's Phoratone for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various Lung Troubles. Price 35c. bot.
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Watch Teeth Whiten

When You Remove the Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Free

A Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to show you its effects. Send the coupon for it.

Look in 10 Days

See how clean the teeth look—how they glisten. Then you will know what film removal means.

This is to urge a ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film.

High authorities have proved it. Five years of tests have placed it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Compare the results with your old methods, and let your own teeth decide.

Film Destroys Teeth

That slimy film which you feel on your teeth causes most tooth troubles. Every modern dentist knows that. Dental science, for many years, has sought a way to end it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So the major object in cleaning teeth is to keep them free from film.

Old-time methods fail to do that. Teeth still discolor, still decay, as millions of people know. The reason is that brushing does not end the film.

The film is clinging. It gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. Day and night, month after month, it is a potential source of danger.

Now a Way to End It

Science now has found a way to end it. Five years of tests have proved this. The way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we urge you to see what it does.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has now found a harmless activating method. It is made use of in Pepsodent.

Now millions of teeth are daily cleaned as they never were before. Try the method ten days on yours.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Watch the results for a few days. Read in our book how they come about. Then decide for yourself what tooth paste you and yours should use.

Cut out the coupon now.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

METHODIST EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

From February 1st, 1920, the collection of Pledges to this Fund will be attended to by the Eastern Trust Co., and subscribers are requested to make their payments as they fall due at the Company's offices in the Pitts Building, Water Street, next to Ayre's Hardware Stores.

The Pledge Collections Committee,
J. C. PRATT,
Secretary.
feb2,3i

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PATENT NOTICE.

Four weeks from the date hereof application will be made to His Excellency the Governor in Council for Letters Patent for new and useful improvements in and relating to Rotary Engines, Rotary Pumps, Air Compressors and the like not heretofore known or used, to be granted to Ernest Feuerheerd of Walton, 50 Lower Oldfield Park, Bath, England, Engineer.

Dated this 27th day of January, 1920.
R. T. McGRATH,
Solicitor.
jan27,feb3,10,17

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals will be held in the King George V. Institute on Thursday, February 5th, at 3 p.m. His Excellency the Governor will preside. By order,
JOHN A. BARRON,
Hon. Secretary.
jan31,3i,s,tu,w

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Notice to Ex-Service Men

With the return of the dark evenings it has been arranged to open the Night School for the Winter months, beginning on Monday, October the 6th.

The Night School will be in session from 8 o'clock to 9.30 every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights until further notice.

All ex-service men are entitled to free tuition in the Night School.

This affords a splendid opportunity to men who are at work during the day to fit themselves by education in their special line for promotion.

All applications for admission should be made to the Vocational Officer.
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