

FUGITIVE TEN YEARS.

WILLIAM FOSTER, A FORGER,
BROUGHT BACK FOR TRIAL.HE CHARGED WITH STEALING A
LARGE SUM.Tired of Being Hounded, He Is Glad
to Be in America Again. Even Though
He Comes as a Prisoner—Will Not
Live Long.

AN AND broken by illness and the anxiety of ten years as a hounded fugitive, William Foster, charged with robbing the New York Gravitry fund of the Produce exchange of \$182,000 in 1888, recently arrived in New York in charge of Detective Sergeant McCafferty. When he was apprehended, Foster was a young man for whom success was ready made. Son of a wealthy fur dealer, the young man was graduated from Columbia Law school, and became a partner of former Magistrate Wentworth. He had an income in addition to that which his practice gave him. When he was appointed counsel for the gratuity fund of the Produce exchange—the life insurance fund, which had nearly three thousand members—at a salary of \$10,000 a year he was recognized as a man of wealth and assured position. Regarded as a man of unquestioned integrity and good social reputation, Foster went his own way in secret, and kept his own counsel. He lived in a \$30,000 house at Bayport, L. I. In time there was talk about a girl whom he introduced as his niece, and who was said to be the daughter of a boarding-house keeper at the Long Island resort. Upon her Foster spent money lavishly. She became a member of his household, and ruled the luxurious home which he attempted to make a paradise for her and for himself.

Fraud perpetrated by another man led to suspicion concerning Foster. He had exclusive charge of all the documents of the Produce exchange fund. Bedell, a clerk employed by Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, defrauded that firm by means of fraudulent mortgages. Foster talked much of the case, and said funds could easily be obtained in that way and disposed of by the guilty man. Some of the trustees became suspicious, and in September, 1888, they called Foster to meet them at his office and to bring with him the mortgages and other documents of which he had been the trusted custodian. Smiling, as if the implied suspicion amused him, Foster agreed to meet and satisfy them on Sept. 25, but when that day came he was in Montreal, Canada. On Sept. 27 members of the Produce exchange were notified that he had robbed the gratuity fund of \$182,000 by means of forged mortgages.

Efforts to trace him were made at once, and a reward of \$5,000 was offered for his apprehension. From that time until October last Foster, with a price on his head, dodged the shrewd detectives of two continents. To the young woman he had left behind, Lucia Belote, he deeded much of his property. He went from Canada to Portugal, and there he joined him. He remained in Lisbon for a time, but Foster became alarmed and went to France, Italy, and finally to Switzerland. D. R. Norvall of the Produce exchange, who had known Foster, went to Switzerland in the summer of 1897. There a friend told him of "Mr. Ward" and his resemblance to Foster. The result was renewed activity by the police of London and Paris. The woman had left him, for a time, presumably for the sake of safety. Scotland Yard men found her in London in October last, and learned that she was about to go to Paris. She went, unsuspecting, with Inspector



WILLIAM FOSTER.

From at her heels. The chase led straight to Foster's apartments in Paris, and he was arrested. Difficulty concerning his extradition resulted in his close imprisonment for 106 days in a French prison, which, he says, nearly killed him. His wife and child will soon follow him to New York.

Foster, when he fled from New York, was a stalwart, handsome man of fine bearing. His skin was clear and his hair and mustache were black. The man whom Detective Sergeant McCafferty brought from Paris is old, and his color justifies his own prophecy that unless he secures bail he will not live more than a few months. His hair is gray and his unkempt full beard is of gray and black disagreeably mixed. He said he was suffering from

Bright's disease in an advanced stage. Foster said he did not know how much money he had left, but it is believed he has considerable. His father re-founded \$50,000 to the Produce exchange in 1889. He died in 1890 and left an estate valued at \$200,000 to his son. It was thought that an attempt at compromise would then be made, but it was not done.

"I am glad to get back," he said. "Even though I come as a prisoner it is a relief to have done with pursuit. I was happier than I have been for years when I saw the Statue of Liberty, and then thought of the years during which I was hounded all over Europe. There I was afraid to speak to any American for fear I would be recognized and pursued. It was a terrible feeling, and I am glad the strain is over. I care little now what happens. In talking with Lorenzo Semple of Couderc brothers, who met him at the pier, he expressed anxiety as to amount of bail which will be fixed, and said: 'If I can't give bail and get out in the open air I won't live more than three months.' The doctors in Paris told me I had Bright's disease."

CAUGHT BY A LOBSTER SHELL.

In a garbage bucket in front of a Philadelphia restaurant the other day reposed the scariest shell of a "broiled live lobster." There was still a little meat left in the shell and the hungry cat which happened along in that neighborhood promptly discovered that fact. Puss dragged the shell out upon the pavement and began rooting for the morsels still sticking far back inside the tail. In this operation the cat's greed got the better of its discretion and it was soon stuck fast in the shell. Puss endeavored to extricate its head by backing away, but the shell clung on and went wherever the cat did.

The poor animal had no idea where



EVERYBODY HAD TO DODGE THE CAT.

It was going, and neither did the bicyclists, draymen and various drivers on the street, who were obliged to perform all sorts of gymnastic feats to keep from running over the cat. The cat jumped and backed and zig-zagged all over the street for probably ten minutes. It would probably be there still but for the sympathy of a small boy, who finally caught the poor cat and removed the shell.

APPEALS TO THE DEVIL.

Legends Which Tell How They Were Answered by His Satanic Majesty.

Personal appeals to the devil are held by popular belief to be at least as efficacious as imprecations uttered by another, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The latter has already received illustration. Two German tales will confirm the force of the former. In one of these a girl who was dancing at some village festival boasted that no partner could tire her at the sport, not even the devil himself, and she only wished he would come and try her. Hardly had she uttered the words when a coach drove up, out of which stepped a fine gentleman, who begged permission to take part in the dancing. This was no sooner granted him than he accosted the damsel already mentioned and asked her to be his partner for the rest of the night. She gladly consented and danced with him so incessantly and with such activity that all the rest of the party gazed on the pair with surprise, which was changed into alarm when it was perceived that the gentleman had hoofs and was, indeed, the devil himself. So the musicians were told to play the air "Be gone Ye Fiends of Hell," which no demon can abide. All present joined in the words and so powerful was the strain in its effects that the infernal visitor, seizing the girl in his arms, leaped with her through the window and neither of them was ever seen again. The other story is that of a young maiden of Raasdorf, whose companions at a gathering of girls one night were talking about their respective lovers, whereupon she expressed her sorrow that she had none, and declared herself so anxious to have one that she would willingly take the devil if he could get nobody else. At 11 o'clock a tall gentleman entered the room and taking a seat beside the impatient damsel lost no time in making love to her. His dress was green and he had a hood struck all the girl with consternation. When the party broke up at midnight the stranger went with them to the top of Kappel hill. Here a sudden cry arose from every mouth, as the girl who had wished for the devil was carried up with him into the air, higher and higher, till they disappeared altogether. Nothing but her cap was left behind.

There is no objection to a man blowing his own horn, but it's the tune he always selects that makes us tired.

Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples, Eczema and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying and enriching, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as



Burdock Blood Bitters

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B.B.B. cannot be equalled."

A TORONTO TOBACCONIST.

Mr. J. Bretz, 104 Church Street, Toronto, the popular tobacconist, says he was troubled with weak and intermittent action of the heart, was sleepless, nervous and losing flesh. Three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely cured him.

There are 465 pupils on the roll of Ridgeway public school.

LIFE'S RED STREAM.

When the blood is pure and rich, health and vitality are carried to all parts of the body. When it is impure or watery, the seeds of disease germinate and grow. To clear the blood current of all impurities, to make it rich and health-giving, there is nothing to equal the standard blood remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Springfield is the business center of an extensive of mumps.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING.

While people are particular about having their houses cleaned of the winter's accumulation of dirt, they're not always so particular about their system. The seeds of disease germinate and grow. To clear the blood current of all impurities, to make it rich and health-giving, there is nothing to equal the standard blood remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR
JUNIOR READERS.

"The Unfortunate Boy"—Some Favorite Games for Evening—Modern Teatime—An Instructive Experiment—On Children's Readings.

The Unfortunate Boy. Unfortunate is just the phrase. To use of Peter Grievous Long: A wicked fate perplexed his ways. And made him suffer much of wrong. When all was still in school or church—And this is "sure as eggs are eggs"—He'd leap and howl, and get the birch. Through pins-and-needles in his legs.

When rude companions in joke Made sport of passers-by, and find, Poor Peter's bootlace always broke. And he was caught and thrashed instead. A penny lost upon the way. What is found by him, and why? He failed to see it where it lay. Because a fly was in his eye.

If Peter ever chanced to take His bowl of porridge on his knee. The bowl would always fall and break. For something surely made him sneeze. If eggs were hidden in his breast. Some had would come with merry face. And tell a jolly tale or jest. And slap him soundly on the place.

His schoolmates offered stores of sweets Whenever he had a homely fill. And people sent the scholars treats. When Peter was away and ill. It's bound to rain when Peter wears A brand-new hat or glossy coat! And when he laughs and gets his ears. The pecky snats get down his throat. —Druid Gray.

These Are Popular Favors.

Children's parties weigh heavily these days on the minds of pastry cooks, caterers and the busy housemother. The new ice molds are calculated to satisfy this craving for novelty. Klondike miners with picks and shovels and bags of gold are evolved from multi-colored favors, while rabbits and birds, flowers and fruits, though not new, are as popular as ever. An amusing mold for chocolate ice cream represents a group of savages on an island. The island vegetation is illustrated in pistache cream, while waves of lemon ice foam around the shore.

The influence of French and German nurses is shown in the popularity of rabbits, squirrels, wooden shoes and rose-wreathed crowns. Wax babies swathed in lace-paper and tied up with narrow ribbons seem to be great favorites with the small girls, yet it is doubtful if many American children ever saw a baby in Alsatian swaddling clothes.

Clay pipes and tobacco pouches in miniature, sugar cigarettes, isinglass spectacles, boxes of chocolate cigars, and diminutive but ingenious shaving sets are in demand for boys' favors, while dainty high-heeled china slippers, little bags of brocade silk, fans, dolls, heart-shaped trinket caskets, longornettes and other ornamental and useful trifles are appreciated by the small maiden. Every favor is either filled with sweets or tied to a cake of chocolate.

Modern Teatime. Do school children of the present day hold in less aversion the "teatime" or "tattle tale" than did those who, a quarter of a century ago, braved the master's rod rather than tell? asks the New York Post. The question is suggested by the report of a test made in the schools of Utica by Superintendent George Giffith. At his prompting 3,600 children were asked to give their written opinion, anonymously, it is supposed, as to whether one pupil should testify against another. Voluntary telling or "tattling" was not meant in the test, but only 15 per cent of the children noted the distinction, so that the result may be accepted as the children's opinion of the "tattler." The question asked was whether it was right or wrong, and it appears that the boys hold more robust views (judged in the remembrance of old school days) on the matter than do the girls.

Of the 2,834 who answered the question, 494 boys, or 17 per cent, and 375 girls, or 13 per cent, considered it right not to tell, the larger percentage of both regarding it as wrong. In other days the "tattler" was ostracized after having been soundly thrashed outside of the school yard, and those who aided in the thrashing can hardly understand the mental attitude of the Utica children, who justify the talebearer, whether his information comes voluntarily or on request.

Why She Prayed.

This story will be appreciated by those who went to Sunday school Sunday and studied the lesson, which was "How to Pray," says the Omaha World-Herald.

In a North Omaha Sunday school the teacher of the primary class was engaged in the task of explaining to the little tots the meaning of the Lord's Prayer.

"Can any little one tell me," she asked, "why we should ask God to give us this day our daily bread?"

A little girl sitting in the front seat raised her hand and shook it with all the vigor of a pupil who knows the answer to a question propounded and wants a chance to tell it.

"Blessed knows," said the teacher. "Bless, you tell us why we should ask God to give us this day our daily bread."

"Cause papa is out of work, and if God doesn't give us bread we'll go hungry," was the startling but practical answer.

Soap and Paper Given Away.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO READ ME. We are giving Soap and Paper away again at the Golden Star, Park St.

For the Next Three Weeks. I will give to every purchaser of three dollars worth of goods, a box containing three tablets of good Toilet Soap, or a box containing 10 sheets of paper, 10 envelopes, a pen and holder. Get in your supply of soap and paper for a change. Our goods are fresh, our prices right. Those who have coupon tickets can take them for the above presents or go on with the tickets as usual. The choice is yours.

To the Refined One. The Fine Soap Syrup, per gal. 10c. 1 lb. Evaporated Apples. 10c. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

At a small dinner given recently in a western city, relates the New York Sun, the guest of honor was a young married woman who is the proud moth-



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Weak, pale, nervous, dependent, no ambition, using flesh, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves suffering, sleepless nights, trouble, tremble, faint feelings, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Disease QUICKLY CURED by our FAMOUS FRESHFISH.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the virus of venereal disease, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Excitability, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the heart, Weak Back, Dark Rings Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Trembling in the Morning, Evil Fancies, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to society, No Ambition, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Terrors, Debility in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with burning, Kidney Trouble, or any disease of the Genito-Urinary Organs can here find an honest, safe and speedy cure.

Change reasonable, especially in the poor. The signs of SYPHILIS are blood and skin. Disease, Pimples, Boils, Sores, Pains, Mucous Patches in the Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples on the Neck, and Girthy Growth around the Neck, and various other Genito-Urinary Diseases.

VANCOUVER, FILES AND KNOTTED VEINS IN THE LEGS CURED AT ONCE without operation. Have you the marks of any past disease lurking in the system, IM-PURITY of blood of sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking a step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like Father, like son. We have a never-failing remedy for all such cases. The blood and positively bring back Lost Power. Call or write for question list and book for \$1.00. (Free) Our honest opinion always given. Cures Guaranteed. Office hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Sundays 9 to 11 a. m. Consultation Free.

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Box 37, Chatham

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For the Next Three Weeks. I will give to every purchaser of three dollars worth of goods, a box containing three tablets of good Toilet Soap, or a box containing 10 sheets of paper, 10 envelopes, a pen and holder. Get in your supply of soap and paper for a change. Our goods are fresh, our prices right. Those who have coupon tickets can take them for the above presents or go on with the tickets as usual. The choice is yours.

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John McConnell, Park St. East

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