

PRICE TWO CENTS.

RICH ENGLISHMAN WAS MURDERED

Chas. Edmiston Found Dead On Tracks at Montreal.

WAS TRAVELING FOR HEALTH

Montreal, Nov. 18.—The coroner's jury at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Charles Edmiston, a native of Poulton

A. J. Brown, who had identified the body, and who had known the deceased very well in Australia, swore that he had been a man of means. He had been a steady, reliable man, and he had never known him to spend money foolishly. On his arrival in Montreal he knew that he had several hundred dollars.

The coroner, in summing up the evidence, said that while it was certain that Edmiston had been run over by the Grand Trunk Railway train there was

of the verdict of the jury, and a special service man is now at work on the case.

TROLLEY CATCHES

Remarkable Escapade of Constable

Remarkable feat by Constable and Motorman.

MAD CHASE THROUGH STREET

Neck-and-Neck Dash Between C
and Horses With Sensational
Finish.

New York, Nov. 18.—Side by side for five blocks a team of runaways dashed down Eighth avenue, with a troika of men in a thrilling chase yesterday. The car won, but in the winning the passengers had a wildly exciting ride during which women and children screamed and the driver, a young man, cast aside the reins and ran. The driver of the runaway was shot by a policeman and Policeman Morris Eckler, of the West Twentieth street station, assisted by a motorman and a passenger, Eckler heard the clatter of the runaways as they started down the avenue from Twenty-sixth street. They were attached to a big brewery wagon belonging to H. C. Pierce, of No. 100 Horatio street. Thomas Bosser, the driver, had left them standing on Eighth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, where they were into the corner of a saloon. An automobile pulled past and the horses and they he'ed.

It was 5 o'clock and the avenue was whistled with traffic. Eckler blew his whistle at the drivers, and as the runaway was shot, the driver of the runaway was shot.

ahead. A short distance behind, the car, and Eckler signaled the men to get out of the car and run. The men aboard and shouted to the motorists to stop on power. A passenger saw what was going on and stepped out on the sidewalk. The men who were ahead were the runaways, going in a breakneck pace along a course parallel to the main highway.

With the controller swung around to top-notch speed, the car sped down the team and was almost on even terms with the block when the car was third and Twenty-second street had been covered. The heavy truck, which had been piloted by a man in a beer, made a fearful din. As the car came alongside the passengers saw the car was being held back by the truck through the car windows. The screams of the passengers mingled with the roar of the chase, and the street was filled with confusion.

At Twenty-second street the car and the runaways were head and head, the car was held back by the truck, and sustained by the passenger, leaped

out are caught at the bridle. He mis- and the car dropped back a few feet. The motorman shot it forward again, and this time Eckler caught the bridle. He was nearly jerked from the pl form, but the passenger dragged L back.

The passengers had somewhat gained their composure, and the excitement of the chase silenced them. They saw the motorman move his lever but ever so little and the car's speed almost imperceptibly diminished. The runaways plunged as they felt the at the bits, but Eckler held fast. They

turned in toward the car slightly, a collision was imminent. Eckler forced them back, and shouted to motorman to slacken speed.

Little by little, while the car and runaways moved down the street, the pace was abated until at Eighteenth street the runaways were going scarcely more than a hand-gallop. Eckler jumped from the car, seized the bits of both horses and threw them back on their haunches.

The car was stopped and the passengers cheered. Eckler and the passengers were well-nigh exhausted by their efforts.