

## WHICH HAND WAS IT?

At the time the following incident took place, I was about twenty-four years of age, and had just been admitted to the bar. I had studied hard, and my preceptor predicted for me great success in the profession I had chosen; in fact, I felt myself that I was sure of success sooner or later. This feeling was not that of vanity, but only a consciousness of power. I must confess, however, I anticipated many years of hard work before making any reputation, or even having any difficult case upon which to exercise my ability.

One day I took up the morning paper, according to my usual custom, and was soon interested in the graphic account of a cold-blooded murder and bank robbery. The Fifth National, one of the richest banks in the city, had been robbed of one hundred thousand dollars and the janitor shot. The cashier was found the morning after the occurrence in a small closet in the inner office, and his death was expected hourly—the great wonder being that he had not been smothered.

Like many others, I took an interest in the case, which was so mysterious, no clew being found except a black mask and revolver which had been dropped in the office. The janitor occupied a room on the lower floor, but his body was discovered in the room adjoining the office in which the cashier was found, and in which was the safe. The doctors all agreed that the janitor had lived for at least ten minutes after being shot; that he must have struggled hard, for his head showed marks of blows from the butt of a revolver.

That this could all take place in an adjoining room, and the cashier not be put on his guard, seemed absurd, and there were many who claimed that he was an accomplice, had opened the safe, and then been locked in the closet without considering the insufficiency of air. The cashier, contrary to all explanations, recovered and told his story.

He stated that he was detained at the bank by some work until nine o'clock. He heard no noise of any kind, but was seated at his desk busily writing; then he heard some one exclaim: "Look around, or make a noise, and you are a dead man."

Looking naturally ahead, he beheld in the mirror over his desk a man in his shirt-sleeves, who held a revolver close to his head. The fellow was about six feet in height, quite stout, and had on a black mask, which covered his face to the mouth; his chin was bare, and his revolver was held in the right hand, the left one being out at the elbow. This he saw in the few seconds that elapsed before the robber ordered him to get up, repeating his injunction not to look around, or make a noise.

He then said: "I have come for the money in that safe. I have killed the janitor, and will kill you, unless you open it. In order to show you that I mean business, I have brought the body of the janitor upstairs, and he is in the next room. Walk to the door, and look at him. You need not try to escape, for the outer door is locked, and I will shoot you, if you attempt it."

The cashier walked to the door of the main office, and he beheld the dead body of the janitor upon the floor.

"Now open the safe," said the robber. The cashier, frightened at the late before him if he refused, decided to open the safe, hoping for an opportunity to overpower the ruffian; but when the safe was open, the robber quietly ordered him to enter the closet. This he was also compelled to do. The closet was so small that a person could not turn around in it, otherwise he would have pushed open the door and grappled with the robber when he heard him drop the revolver, which he was obliged to do to lock the door. He heard the robber at the safe, but in a few minutes became unconscious from lack of air, and knew nothing more until his recovery.

This story created great excitement, the more so from the fact that the description was almost an exact one of Colonel Coventry, one of the bank directors. The colonel had been an officer in the Civil War, and had lost his left fore-arm in the service. The cashier's story was corroborated by finding blood upon the carpet of the janitor's room, and it was found by experiment that a revolver discharged therein could be heard in the office above. Two men informed the reporter that they had seen Colonel Coventry walking by the bank at half-past eight on the evening of the murder. This evidence was sufficient to cause his arrest, and he was placed in jail.

As soon as I heard the cashier's story, I determined to defend Colonel Coventry, for I saw an opportunity to prove his innocence and make a reputation for myself. I ordered a hack, and driving to the jail, found the colonel consulting his lawyers. I waited till they had departed, then stated my reasons for coming. He looked at me in surprise, and smilingly said that he had older and more experienced lawyers.

"What hope do they give you?" I asked. He blushed redly, and said, in an angry tone:

"They say the evidence is strong against me, and act as if they believed me guilty; but the rascals are smart."

"Colonel," I said, "they, as well as all who read the papers, do believe you guilty; but I know you are innocent, and what is more, I can prove it."

"Prove it!" said the colonel. "But how?"

"If you will promise to give me the case if you are satisfied with my theory, I will tell it to you."

"Of course, I will give you the case, if you can prove me innocent."

I then related my plan of defence, and when I had finished, the colonel shook me joyfully by the hand, and said:

"God bless you, my boy! You'll save me from the gallows!"

He discharged the other lawyers, who cheerfully informed him that he would be hung anyway, that he had no chance whatever with that young upstart for counsel, and deserved hanging for having him. I demanded an immediate trial, for which the people were entirely ready.

As you remember, the case was the topic of the day, and Colonel Coventry was thought crazy, the strongest proof being the fact that he had engaged me to defend him. I received many a cut from the papers, and altogether my name became very well known, though not in an enviable connection. I enjoyed it all, confident in the brilliant but simple defense I was to make. I knew that the reaction would be powerful, and that those who now reviled and sneered at me would, ere long, be sounding my praise. When I looked back on that time, I am surprised that no one thought

of the defense I was to make; but, then, it is often the simplest points that are overlooked in the haste to follow an unreasonable clew, whose only recommendation sometimes is its ingenuity.

The trial came on; the people first brought forward the two men who swore to seeing Colonel Coventry walking by the bank at half-past eight o'clock on the night of the murder. Then evidence was brought to show that the colonel, although a rich man, was just at that time in need of ready money to complete a speculation in which he was engaged.

The last and strongest witness was Mr. Charles Brand, the cashier, who testified to the description of his assailant, which corresponded to that of my client, and swore in the most positive manner that the robber had lost his left arm at the elbow.

This closed the testimony for the people, and was, indeed, a perfect network of circumstantial evidence. The people's attorney, Mr. —, was a great sportsman and betting man. So, leaning over to him, I said:

"How much do you bet that I will not prove my client's innocence?"

He laughed and said:

"You can't, unless you furnish the man who did the deed. You haven't secured him, have you?" This last in a sneering tone.

"No," was my reply; "but I have as good a witness."

"Tell me who your witness is, and then I may bet," he said.

"My only witness is Mr. Brand, the cashier."

"The cashier! Why, man, you are crazy."

"Well, what will you bet?" I persisted.

"Oh, if you are anxious to bet, I will run up five hundred dollars!" he answered, "though I dislike to bet on a sure thing."

"I'll cover your bet," I said. "You think you have a sure thing, and so do I; so we are safe."

This little by-play passed during the people's testimony. I arose, and addressed the court, saying that I had but one witness to call; that I might bring many witnesses to prove that it was Colonel Coventry's invariable custom to take a walk after his dinner, and that he always came back by way of the bank; also many to prove that the colonel could have borrowed on his personal note, and did borrow in that way, all the money he needed for his speculation; but that the one witness whom I was about to call upon could and would prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the colonel was not the murderer and robber.

All the court-room was on the tip-toe of expectation for my witness, but when I called Mr. Charles Brand, the murmur of surprise that rippled out through the room was ludicrous. Of all the surprised ones, none was more so than the cashier, so unexpectedly called upon as an infallible witness in favor of the man whom he had only a few moments before virtually condemned. He came forward reluctantly, and stood in a dazed manner while I questioned him.

"You are positive that it was the right hand in which the robber held the pistol?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am positive."

"Could it not have been his left hand?"

"No; his left arm was gone."

"Is there no possibility of your mistaking the hand?"

"No; I am sure it was the right hand that was pointed at me."

By this time every one thought that I was only trying to confuse the witness, and there were some whispered comments on my sanity. I spoke a few words to my clerk, who went out, returning in a few moments with a large frame covered with a cloth, which I pushed in front of the cashier.

"Now, Mr. Brand, I wish you to look at that without turning your head till I say a time as I tell you."

Having acceded to my wish, he sat down attentively studying the black cloth in front of him. I signalled to Colonel Coventry, who advanced, removed his coat, put on the black mask, which had been brought to the court-room, took the revolver in his only hand, his right one, and stood behind the cashier's chair pointing the muzzle at his head. Everyone was interested in this dramatic scene. At a signal from me my clerk pulled away the cloth, and displayed a large plate-glass mirror. When the cashier saw the figure in the mirror, he started from his chair in surprise, but I held him down.

"Tell me," I said, "is this figure like that of the robber?"

"The identical likeness," he answered.

"Look closer! Is there no difference?"

In a few minutes, he said:

"Oh, yes! The figure is holding the revolver in his left hand."

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"Oh, yes! The figure is holding the revolver in his left hand."

"Is it possible, then, that this could have been the man who stood behind your chair in the bank?" I questioned.

## "For Years,"

Says CARLIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H.: "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

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"No, I am sure he cannot be the same, now that I look closer, for the man has lost his right hand and holds the pistol in his left, while the man at the bank held the pistol in his right hand, as I said before."

"Turn around," I said. Then, as he did so: "What do you think now?"

For there stood Colonel Coventry, with the mask off, holding the pistol in his right hand. Mr. Brand jumped to his feet, exclaiming:

"I see it all now. What a fool I must have been. The figures were just reversed in the mirror, and the man I saw at the bank really held the pistol in his left hand."

Well, I will not attempt to describe the uproar that filled the court. They all saw it at the same time, and the applause was deafening as my client shook my hand and left the place a free man; while no man seemed more truly pleased at the turn of affairs than Mr. Brand himself.

Needless to say that my opponent paid his bet, and soon a check from Colonel Coventry for ten thousand dollars was presented to me. Of course I was the talk of the city, and my reputation was made. So you see on what trifles a man's career may depend sometimes.

Was the murderer ever apprehended? Yes, some time afterward, while trying to negotiate some of the bonds. He was arrested, convicted, and hung, after making a full confession.

## A MIGHTY WORK.

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### HOMES ARE CHEERED AND BRIGHTENED.

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### A Wonderful Cure in Coldbrook, N. S.

### A Case That Was Pronounced Incurable.

### DEATH WAS EXPECTED.

### The Sufferer Saved From the Dark Grave.

### The Cured Man Praises Paine's Celery Compound Every Day.

Father and mother, sisters and brothers, should all feel an interest in making home happy, bright and joyous.

Home cannot be a bright and happy spot while some loved one is laid low with disease and suffering.

There always prevails much anxiety, doubt and fear for the safety of the sufferer. The trusted family physician may be doing his utmost to banish pain and disease, but his efforts are too often vain and fruitless.

Into all afflicted homes Paine's Celery Compound comes like a bright angel of mercy. As soon as the great healing medicine is used, hope is revived, faith strengthened, faces look brighter, and everyone interested feels that heaven has sent an agent of life that cannot fail.

No living mortal can estimate the blessings that Paine's Celery Compound has bestowed upon Canadian homes. The work of life saving wrought by the great medicine is marvellous and astonishing; the record of cures will endure forever.

Every day bright and telling testimony is sent in from all sections of our Dominion declaring that Paine's Celery Compound saved and cured, after other means had utterly failed.

One of the very latest cures reported, is that of Mr. John A. Church, of Coldbrook, N. S.

Here we have an array of solid facts that speak in thunder tones of warning, and at the same time they are calculated to inspire every despairing heart with true hope and comfort.

Here we have a man who suffered in pain and agony for long months, spent all his money for medicines that could not cure, and who was given up to die.

Mr. Church accidentally heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and made use of it; the medicine restored and renewed his life.

Mr. Church tells his story as follows:—

"It is with pleasure that I give this testimony in favor of your marvellous medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. In the spring of 1892, I had an attack of La Grippe, which put me into such a condition that I could not sleep or eat. I was completely run-down, had extreme nervous prostration and lay for days in a half stupefied state.

"After spending all my money for medicine which did me very little good, I gave up to die when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I felt like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave, and gave me a new lease of life.

"I earnestly urge all sufferers to use Paine's Celery Compound, feeling sure it will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you."

Ladies' Colleges Open Next Week.

Autumn days are smiling  
Not so far away;  
Boasting schools will bloom again  
At no distant day.  
All things have their seasons;  
As decrees the fates.  
We must plant another crop  
Of sweet girl graduates.

## CHEAP SHAVES.

Students of the Minneapolis School of Barbering Work for Nothing.

A rather novel institution has recently opened in Minneapolis which bids fair to do its share toward spreading the name of the city throughout the Northwest, for an institution of its kind is seldom, if ever, heard of.

It is the "Minneapolis Practical Barber School." Its object is to give young men who have not the time or opportunity to serve the regular apprenticeship a chance by which they can earn good wages in a short time by getting their practical experience from the start.

Further than that there will hereafter be no excuse for Minneapolis tramps or any one else in Minneapolis, for that matter, to go without a clean shave or a hair-cut, for you can go into this shop and get both without paying a cent; provided you will allow your head and face to be operated upon by the "students." The management derives its profit from a charge of \$5 per week tuition charged the students, and strange to say, the shop enjoys a good patronage and keeps six chairs pretty busy. Of course, the patrons have to pay their own doctor's bills, but several gentlemen went through the mill the other day just for the fun of the thing, and came out without a scratch.

All students are required to stay five weeks and pay \$25 for their tuition. The outcome of the venture will be watched with interest, as several of the best known barbers, when asked their opinion of the plan, stated that it was simply a scheme to get a few dollars and would not last very long.

## An Escape From Torment.

The following affidavit was filed in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situated in the County of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell; which this deponent verily believes he would have done had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Nanaimo, Vancouver and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railway, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown, Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent.  
H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

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Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

## "THE NEW YOST"

### NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

•THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. These are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,  
Agent "YOST" TYPE-WRITING MACHINE.

Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly,  
E. T. C. KNOWLES,  
Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces,  
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dittmars, Clementsport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. J. Bennett, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

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Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions.

French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Regular price 20c.  
Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; Regular price 45c.  
French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard.  
Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c.  
French Washing Cretonne from 25c. per yard.  
Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) - \$1.25  
Cotton Frills for Dresses (all shades) - 23c.  
Light Cotton Challie, 15c. to 18c. per yard.  
Remnants of Dress Sateen, Gingham and Print, 20 per cent. off and 5 per cent. off for cash.

## Hardware Dep't—Novelties, Etc.