

## "Cuthbert's Crime."

The editor of the Covent Garden Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. Percy King, and begs to return the accompanying M. S., which has already appeared in the columns of the Hyde Park Miscellany. The editor would further point out that it is a serious attempt at fraud to submit a M. S. currently to two publications.

Percy King, with his unstated breakfast before him, sat staring in amazement at this totally unexpected and altogether unpleasant communication. What could it mean? He had not submitted his story of 'Cuthbert's Crime' to any other magazine than the Covent Garden, nor was there any apparent possibility of such a thing being done by anyone else. And yet the editor could not be mistaken. In any case, there was that month's Hyde Park close to him, on the writing table, and he could easily prove the editor's statement. He picked it up, hastily turned over the leaves and soon found what he sought.

Yes, there it was: 'Cuthbert's Crime; a Tale of the City,' by Percy King. The young author sat down again tugging viciously at his mustache—a sure index to his present state of mind. When pleased, Percy would slowly fondle and smooth his straw-colored appendage; when thoughtful or concerned, he would twist its long, silky ends; when enraged or excited, he would strive to tear it out by the roots. 'Percy's barometer,' men had called it at Oxford.

At last he seemed to have made up his mind how to act, for he rose suddenly, upsetting his poor little terrier, who had taken her usual place at his feet. Polite yelped painfully, and her master swore audibly. 'Mrs. Gadd,' he called, as he reached the little dingy hall, 'I'm going out, and she'll be back to lunch.'

'Yesir,' said the voluble little woman—Percy's friend, Lord, had summed her up once as 'voluble, valuable and voluminous'—but surely you ain't goin' out without hasty breakfast, an' sich a bitter cold mornin', too?' 'Confound the breakfast,' growled Percy and Mrs. Gadd withdrew, in offended dignity—she was a 'Plymouth sister'—to her own stuffy little sanctum. Without further parley, Percy swung into the Inverness cape, and regardless of east wind and sleet made his way toward the temple. In one of the little streets close by there was a long unpainted house, the door of which stood wide open, giving free access to an unwashed hall. 'Tudor Chambers' was inscribed on the brass door-plate; and 'Wm. Lord, Solicitor,' was depicted in quite fresh paint over a set of offices on the second floor, one of which Percy now entered.

'Well, old man, and why so early?' was its occupant's cheery greeting. 'Halloa! barometer set stormy?'—as Percy jerked at that tell-tale mustache. 'Sit down, O 'King Percy,' fill your pipe and unbosom your crime-laden soul.' 'I've real worry enough,' Lord Bill, without any of your Surrey drama tags, responded Percy, sinking into the 'client's chair,' and accepting from his friend's hand the jar well filled with Latakia. He filled and lit his pipe, and then handed the editor's note to the youthful-looking solicitor. 'What do you think of that, Bill? A pleasant pick-me-up?' he queried.

His host read it slowly through twice, and then turned to Percy. 'Imprimis, it of course goes without saying that 'your Majesty' is incapable of such a dirty trick; and I know your methods in business matters too well to imagine that it has happened from inadvertence. Somebody has obtained a copy of your story, and has sent it in to the Hyde Park. When did you write 'Cuthbert's Crime,' and when did you send it in? Give me precise dates. If you can, old fellow.'

Percy drew his pocket diary out, and turned over the pages slowly. 'I wrote it at Rhyll in September it was typed at Mme. Citoyenne's on my return to town in October, and was sent to the Covent Garden just before Christmas. I was in Spain as you are aware, during six weeks, and all my manuscripts were securely locked up during my absence, and apparently untouched on my return. The Gardener accepted it Jan. 9. and the thing has appeared in March number of the Hyde. Now you have it all.'

Lord reflected for a few moments. 'It is perfectly plain,' he at length said, 'that access to the story could be obtained only at two times—when it was typewritten and when you were away. Mrs. Gadd is far too fierce a Cerberus to allow any stranger to touch your room, and her honesty is above reproach. We may say the latter of Mme Citoyenne also, but it may—I say may—be possible that not all her typists can resist temptation. May I look at the transcript?'

He eyed it carefully, and then made a minute examination of it, letter by letter. 'Look here, Percy,' he exclaimed at last. 'I have a clew—slight enough, but enough to show if the Hyde copy was 'typed' by the same machine. The capital Q occurs in all nine times; in each case an O has been used instead, and the little tail has been added with a pen. We will now go and call on Hartland, the editor of the Hyde Park.'

Making their way through the Temple, they passed through the wind-swept streets to the corner of Holborn Circus, where the offices of that magazine were situated, and sent in their cards. Mr. Hartland was in, and would see Mr. King and his friend.

'Delighted to meet you, Mr. King,' hissed the dapper, bald-headed little man as they entered; 'delighted to meet our gifted new contributor.'

'I have never in my life contributed to the Hyde Park Miscellany,' said Percy, shortly, impatiently pulling the ends of the 'barometer.'

'You amaze me. Why, surely—' be-

gan the other, when William Lord broke in, and in a few words explained the state of affairs, to the editor's manifest astonishment.

'Then you want me—' 'To give us the address of your correspondent, and to allow us to inspect the manuscript.'

'Certainly,' and the editor opened a drawer and produced a number of filed letters. Here is the receipt for my check, signed 'Percival King, 3 St. Chad's pl., Westminster.'

'I always sign as Percy, and I live in Bloomsbury, and that isn't my handwriting,' exclaimed the young author, regardless of his friend's warning hand. Mr. Hartland, meanwhile, was shouting through a speaking tube, and a boy shortly appeared with a roll of paper.

'That is the typewritten copy of 'Cuthbert's Crime,' which I received on Oct. 28 and accepted a week later.'

Lord closely scanned the paper roll, looking at certain passages very closely indeed. 'The method of the fraud is clear,' he said at length. 'Two copies of my friend's manuscript have been made by a multiplying process. One was dispatched to his address, the other to the Hyde. The paging, etc., are identical, and you may see the pen corrected 'Q's' in each.'

'Yes, that is so,' assented Percy and the editor. 'What is your next step?' asked the latter.

'We will proceed at once to St. Chad's place, and interview the impositor,' answered the lawyer; and after thanking Mr. Hartland for his courtesy, the two friends withdrew.

They stopped on reaching the street, to consider their method of procedure. Eventually they declined to lunch first, and it was nearly 3 o'clock when a 'bus set them down at the corner of St. Chad's place.

Lord at once called his client's attention to a dusty card in the window of No. 3, which proved to be a small stationer's shop. It read 'Letters received here.'

'We must be wary, my boy; it's a deep game. If I try to bluff, mind, you back me up.'

A very stout, little old woman, clad in widow's weeds, waddled clumsily in from the tiny parlor beyond the shop. 'What do you want, gen'lemen?' she queried, in a hoarse, asthmatic whisper.

'We must see Mr. Percy King at once,' was the solicitor's answer.

'Lord bless yer, sir, 'e don't live 'ere; 'e only calls for 'is letters 'ere,' gasped the old dame.

'What is he like?' asked Lord.

'W'y! is the pore feller in trouble? Lord drew himself up, and pointed to Percy. 'That is Mr. King. Someone has personated him, and obtained money fraudulently by using his name. Tell us all you know, or we may regard you as an accomplice.'

'All right, then,' said the fat woman, more huskily than ever, 'My Mr. King is a 'andsome young lidy.'

The two men started. Their suspicions were becoming certainties. 'She's short, an' she's dark, and she's pretty,' the stout game continued; 'an' she wears a navy blue jacket and a queer silver ring on 'er 'and.'

'That will do,' said Percy; 'I know the lady.' And he hastily explained that he had noticed a queer silver ring of Indian womanhood on the finger of one of Mme. Citoyenne's typists, when he once called to complain of certain errors in some work which she had copied for him.

'Do you expect an early visit from 'Mr. King?' asked William Lord.

'Yes, sir; she'll call to-night; leastways, I expect as how she'll, 'cause 'ere's a letter for 'er, wot 'as bin 'ere since Wednesday.'

'About what hour does she usually come?'

'About sixin, gen'lemen.'

The two friends withdrew. 'We will go and have a hundred up at 'pills,' and come back to meet your feminine counterpart,' suggested Lord. Percy agreed, and they departed.

At 7 o'clock they stood within a passage nearly opposite No. 3, St. Chad's place, with collars turned up to their ears, for the sleet of the morning had given place to driving snow. After waiting some minutes a bus passed the corner, and a woman alighted and entered a little stationer's shop. They crossed, and looked through the window. Yes, she answered to the fat lady's description, and they accordingly followed her indoors. Lord addressed her.

'Good evening, madam. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Percy King, whose existence you have forgotten, or you would not have made use of his name.'

'Wh—wh—what do you mean?' tremblingly asked the girl—for she was little older. The solicitor pointed to the letter in her hand, and sternly asked, 'Do you read the Hyde Park Miscellany?'

The woman sank half-fainting into a chair.

'We are waiting for your explanation. Am I to send for the police?' queried William Lord.

'No, no; for heaven's sake, no,' the poor child moaned, her voice broken by violent sobs. 'It was—I was mad—my mother was ill—the doctor said—wine—and good living—and I earned—10 shillings a week—and it seemed—so easy—and I thought—I could—never—be found out. Forgive me—and I will—pay you back—the money—every—penny of it. But—don't let—poor mother—know it—it would—break—her heart.'

'Call a cab, Bill,' whispered the young author, whose soft heart was already melted by the poor girl's penitence and evident distress. 'We will get her confession drawn up and signed in your room, to set things right with the Covent Garden, and then, poor child, we'll take her home to her mother.'

This was the course he persisted in following, despite the lawyer's opposition. Nor did Effie Gray lose her situation at Mme. Citoyenne's—at least, not then; and yet, as certain 'just causes and impedi-

ment were not forthcoming on three recent Sundays, it is perhaps correct that a new typewriter with no defective 'Q's' has lately been installed in Mrs. Gadd's front parlor, which will soon be manipulated by Mrs. King's deft fingers.—From London Tit-Bits.

### CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### Prepared for Everything.

'I thought I had silenced him,' remarked the man whose mind stoops to small things; 'but I didn't.'

'To whom do you refer?'

'That old inhabitant who is always declaring that it's the hottest day, or the coldest weather the city has known. I strolled up so him and said: 'This is very moderate weather we're having.'

'Yes,' he said, 'to my personal knowledge it's the moderate weather we've had in sixty years.'

### DR. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets

For the stomach new, convenient, positive, pleasant, harmless cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Weight in the Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of appetite, Dizziness, Nausea, Impoverished blood, Sick Headache, and all other Stomach troubles directly traceable to indigestion. 35 cents.

### What it Cost.

Brown: 'That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson.'

'Yes, Brown.'

'About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?'

'Eternal vigilance.'



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### BORN.

Hants, Nov. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Blois, a daughter.

Port Elgin, N. B., to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Munroe, a son.

Hants, Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Blois, a son.

Windsor, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Melvine, a son.

Port Elgin, Nov. 5, to the wife of C. E. Munroe, a son.

Moncton, Oct. 25, to the wife of Zoel M. Viennieu, a son.

Stony Island, Nov. 5, to the wife of Mr. Geo. Poole, a son.

Brazil Lake, Nov. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Crosby, a son.

Woodstock, Nov. 7, to the wife of R. E. Holyoke, a son.

Riverside, Oct. 31, to the wife of Archibald Forbes, a son.

Cumberland, Oct. 27, to the wife of Jas. Henwood, a son.

Truro, Nov. 8, to the wife of E. H. Gladwin, a daughter.

Brookline, Mass., to Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Frost, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Seymour, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 11, to the wife of Charles Priest, a daughter.

Annapolis, Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lewis, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Nov. 1, to the wife of R. W. Mosher, a daughter.

Freeport, Oct. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Shortliff, a daughter.

Freeport, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Burrell Thurber, a daughter.

Freeport, Oct. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Percival Powell, a daughter.

Port Lorne, Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Reagh, a daughter.

Harberville, Nov. 5, to Capt. and Mrs. Chas. McBridge, a son.

Parrsboro, Nov. 2, to the wife of Capt. Robt. Newcombe, a son.

Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Miller, a son.

Sheet Harbor Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Crutcher, a son.

East Wentworth, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy, a son.

Cumberland, Nov. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Welton, a daughter.

Cumberland, Oct. 3, to the wife of Capt. John Cochran, a daughter.

Albert, N. B., Nov. 5, to the wife of Archie Downie, a daughter.

Sheet Harbor Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Behie, a daughter.

Margaretville, Nov. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Maplebeck, a son.

Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 6, to the wife Dr. C. W. Edwards, a daughter.

Acadia Mines, Nov. 5, to the wife of Mr. Leonard Crowe, a daughter.

Sheet Harbor, Oct. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Logan, a daughter.

Moncton, Nov. 7, to the wife of Arthur W. H. Elliott, a daughter.

Sandy Cove, Nov. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Morehouse, a daughter.

Brookton, Mass., Oct. 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Dant, N. B., Nov. 6 to the wife of P. W. F. Brewster, a daughter.

South Farmington, Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Robinson, a daughter.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 16, William Buist to Laura White.

Canso, Oct. 24, by Rev. T. Beals, Frank P. Dresser to Lilia M. Mith.

Gay's River, Nov. 3, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Cook to Arch McPhee.

Oxford, Oct. 28, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, George Rushton to Mina Wilson.

Milltown, Oct. 30, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Walter Howe to Lily M. Tower.

Yarmouth, Nov. 5, by Rev. Mr. Quick, Joseph Hopkins to Grace Hayes.

Deep Brook, Nov. 6, Alfred Leslie Sabean to Alice Eugenia Hamilton.

North River, Nov. 2, by Rev. R. M. Jost, Alfred McCallum to Selma Lynds.

Springhill, Nov. 3, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Walter Z. Wright to Leah J. Tower.

Little Rocher, Nov. 5, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Alex McDonald to Emily Kinney.

Yarmouth, Nov. 1, by Rev. Mr. Wallace, George A. Shediak to Susie Shediak.

Newport, Nov. 7, by Rev. A. Daniel, George K. McKennie to Margaret Cross.

Truro, Nov. 2, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Murdoch McLeod to Laura McPherson.

Milltown, Nov. 1, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Archie Johnston to Carrie M. Turner.

Millford, Nov. 10, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Walter Gorman to Margaret T. Brazil.

New York, Nov. 3, by Rev. Dr. Warren, Dr. Harold Kirby to Shirley Sands.

Carlton, Nov. 9, by Rev. Henry Spike, W. H. Taylor to Mary Roxana Daley.

Milltown, Oct. 28, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Roscoe H. Haycock to Mattie M. McLean.

River John, Oct. 26, by Rev. J. T. Dimock, Melville C. Grey to Emma Wilson.

Woodstock, Nov. 9, by Rev. Thos. Corbett, Melville C. Grey to Lizzie D. Ivey.

Yarmouth, Oct. 28, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Frederick Delaney to Sadie Fox.

Stanley, Nov. 2, by Rev. E. D. P. Parr, Thomas E. Campbell to Rosalie M. Campbell.

Hantsport, Oct. 25, by Rev. G. R. White, Frank A. Kinney to Blanche Ada Tracy.

Foreston, Nov. 3, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Ambrose L. Scoville to Cordelia Brooks.

Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 5, by Rev. Wm. Kirby, James Vantassel to Addie Jenkins.

Lower Musquodoboit, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. Polley, Otis A. Milne to Harriet M. Sexton.

Upper Musquodoboit, by Rev. F. Thompson, Evans Stewart to Maggie M. Brown.

Springhill, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Edward McDermott to Annie B. Brown.

West Pubnico, Nov. 7, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Jerome D'Entremont to Clara D'Eon.

Campbellton, Oct. 27, by Rev. W. A. Thomson, Donald Taylor to Annie Ida McAllister.

West Pubnico, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Alex. D. Marshall to Johannah Murray.

St. Stephen, Nov. 2, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Edward Price Robinson to Alpha L. Gould.

Scotts Bay, Nov. 2, by Rev. W. Woodworth and Higgins, Leverett A. Hunley to Daisy Tupper.

Caledonia, Guysboro, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. R. Macdonald, Alex. F. Jordan to Caroline H. Hollis.

Upper Port LaTour, Nov. 5, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, James M. Crowell to Maggie L. Smith.

Upper Clements, Nov. 9, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Fredric Clayton Shiers to Melissa Jane Taylor.

Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 26, by Elder L. B. Twitchell, Thomas E. Christopher to Lizzie N. Gavil.

Woods Harbor, Oct. 25, by Rev. W. Miller, Thomas Nickerson to Mrs. Melinda J. Jenkins.

Malden, Mass., Oct. 19, by Rev. R. P. Walker, Henry Rupert Rudolph to Margaret M. Kennedy.

Hammond, Kings Co., Nov. 1, by Rev. A. W. Daniel, Thomas A. V. McFate to Evelyn E. Humphrey.

### DIED.

Windsor, Nov. 6, Charles Bacon.

St. John, Nov. 8, Jane Pugsley, 78.

Halifax, Oct. 31, Handley Bates, 39.

Rosindale, Mass., Hattie N. Dodge.

Moncton, Nov. 7, Mrs. Wm. Simpson.

Hantsport, Oct. 29, Richard Pentz, 70.

Woodstock, Nov. 10, Henry Allen, 70.

Newcastle, Nov. 6, Michael Flinn, 74.

Central Grove, Oct. 30, John Elliot, 94.

Milltown, Oct. 25, Amelia C. Smith, 49.

Sussex, Nov. 13, Samuel N. Freeze, 68.

Grafton, Nov. 4, Thomas E. Colman, 68.

St. John, Nov. 13, William Damery, 68.

Escuminac, Nov. 6, Wesley Stewart, 18.

Shelburne, Oct. 25, Mrs. Elson King, 27.

Moncton, Nov. 12, Mrs. Chas. Rowe, 73.

Shelburne, Oct. 13, Edward R. Perry, 80.

Fictaux Falls, Nov. 6, Edwin Nichols, 67.

Maitland, Nov. 6, Mrs. W. D. Lawrence.

Halifax, Nov. 11, William H. Bower, 49.

Halifax, Nov. 12, Mrs. Duncan Bayer, 90.

Tower Hill, Oct. 25, Miss Annie Black, 50.

Moncton, Nov. 4, Mrs. Henry McAulay, 54.

DeBert, Oct. 20, Mrs. Sarah A. English, 60.

Fort-East Harbor, Oct. 26, Sybil Perry, 80.

Mars Hill, Maine, Nov. 5, Louis Baxter, 52.

Moncton, Nov. 10, Eben Landon Cowling, 74.

Savannah, Ga., Nov. 17, Arthur R. Main, 88.

Bloomfield, Nov. 10, Isaac B. Raymond, 90.

Grand Falls, Oct. 20, Mrs. Harriet Martin, 64.

Marquette, Wis., Oct. 31, William P. Malay, 32.

Westmorland Point, Nov. 5, Rufus Fillmore, 41.

Old Ridge, Nov. 4, Amy, wife of Jesse Smith, 68.

Little River, Coverdale, Nov. 9, Isiah Wilson, 75.

Dorchester, Mass., Nov. 2, James M. Watson, 68.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 5, Mr. Wm. Halliburton, 54.