THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

A Strange Story, That Was Not Made Public Till the Death of One of the Principal Actors

(From Belford's Magazine.)

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

She took from a pigeon-hole a handful of correspondence, and proceeded to run her eye over the addresses. When about half the pile had been exhausted, she stopped, and propounded the usual enquiry in case of strangers:

"Where do you expect letters from?"

"From Toronto,' I replied.

To my no small astonishment she immediately handed me a letter, bearing the Toronto post mark. The address was in the peculiar and well-known handwriting of my uncle Richard.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of my senses I tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"Toronto, 9th December, 1861.

"My Dear William,—I am so glad to know that you are coming home so much sooner than you expected when you wrote last, and that you will eat your Christmes dinner with us. For reasons which you will learn when you arrive, it will not be a very merry Christmas at our house, but your presence will make it much more bearable than it would be without you. I have not told Alice that you are coming. Let it be a joyful surprise for her, as some compensation for the sorrows she has had to endure lately. You needn't telegraph. I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"RICHARD YARDINGTON."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked my friend, seeing the blank look of surprise on my face. "Of course the letter is not for you; why on earth did you open it?"

"It is for me," I answered. "See here, Gridley, old man; have you been playing me a trick? If you haven't, this is the strangest thing I ever knew in my life."

Of course he hadn't been playing me a trick. A moment's reflection showed me that such a thing was impossible. Here was the envelope, with the Toronto post mark of the 9th of December, at which time he had been with me on board the Persia, on the Banks of Newfoundland. Besides, he was a gentleman, and would not have played so poor and stupid a joke upon his guest. And, to put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt, I remembered that I had never mentioned my cousin's name in his hearing.

I handed him the letter. He read it carefully through twice over, and was as much mystified at its contents as myself; for durin gthe passage across the Atlantic I had explained to him the circumstances under which I was returning home.

By what conceivable means had my uncle been made aware of my departure from Melbourne? Had Mr. Redpath written to him as soon as I acquainted him with my intentions? But even if such were the case the letter could not have left before I did, and could not possibly have reached Toronto by the 9th of December. Had I been seen in England by some one who knew me, and had that someone written from there? Most unlikely; and even if such a thing had happened, it was impossible that a letter could have reached Toronto by the 9th. I need hardly inform the reader that there was no telegraphic communication at that time. And how could my uncle know that I would take the Boston route? And if he had known how could he forsee that I would do anything so absurd as to call at the Boston post office and inquire for letters? "I will meet you at the G. W. R. station." How was he to know by what train I would reach Toronto, unless I notinfied him by telegraph? And that he expressly stated to be unnecessary.

We did no more sight-seeing. I obeyed the hint contained in the letter and sent no telegram. My friend accompanied me down to the Boston and Albany station, where I waited in feverish impatience for the departure of the train. We talked over the matter until 11.30, in the vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. Then I started on my journey. Mr. Gridley's curiosity was roused, and I promised to send him an explanation immediately upon my arrival at home.

No sooner had the train glided out of the station than I settled myself in my seat, drew the tantalizing letter once more from my pocket and proceeded to read and re-read it again and again. A very few perusals sufficed to fix its contents in my memory, so that I could repeat every word with my eyes shut. Still, I continued to scrutinize the paper, the penmanship and even the tint of the ink. For what purpose, do you ask? For no purpose, except that I hoped, in some mysterious manner, to obtain more light on the dark subject. No light come, however. The more I scrutinized and pondered, the greater was my mystification. The paper was a simple sheet of white letter paper, of the ordinary kind used by my uncle in his correspondence. So far as I could see there was nothing peculiar about the ink. Anyone familiar with my uncle's writing could have sworn that no hand but his penned the lines. His well-known signature, a masterpiece of involved hieroglyphics, was there in all its indistinctness, written as no one but himself could ever have written it. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, I was half-disposed to suspect forgery. Forgery! What nonsense. Anyone clever enough to imitate Richard Yardington's handwriting would have employed his talents more profitably than by indulging in a mischievous and purposeless jest. Not a bank in Toronto but would have discounted a note with that signature affixed to it.

Desisting from all attempts to solve these problems, I then tried to fathom the meaning of other points in the letter. What misfortune had happened to mar the Christmas festivities at my uncle's house? And what could the references to my cousin Alice's sorrows mean? She was not ill. That, I thought, might be taken for granted. My uncle would hardly have referred to her illness as "one of the sorrows she has had to endure lately." Certainly, illness may be regarded in the light of a sorrow; but "sorrow" was not precisely the word which a straightforward man like Uncle Richard would have applied to it. I could conceive of no other cause of affliction in her case. My uncle was well, as was evidenced by his having written the letter, and by his avowed intention to meet me at the station. Her father had died long before I started for Australia. She had no other near relative except myself, and she had no cause for anxiety, much less for "sorrow," on my account. I thought it singular, too, that my uncle, having in some strange manner become acquainted with my movements, had withheld the knowledge from Alice. It did not square with my preconceived ideas of him that he would derive any satisfaction from taking his niece by surprise.

All was a muddle together, and as my temples throbbed with the intensity of my thoughts, I was half-disposed to believe myself in a troubled dream from which I should presently awake. Meanwhile, on glided the train.

A heavy snow storm delayed us for several hours, and we reached Hamilton too late for the mid-day express for Toronto. We got there, however, in time for the accommodation leaving Hamilton at 3.15 p. m., and we would reach Toronto at 5.05. I walked from one end of the train to the other in hopes of finding some one I knew, from whom I could make inquiries about home. Not a soul. I saw several persons whom I knew to be residents of Toronto, but none with whom I had ever been personally acquainted, and none of them would be likely to know anything about my uncle's domestic arrangements. All that remained to be done under these circumstances was to restrain my curiosity as well as I could until reaching Toronto. By the by, would my uncle really meet me at the station, according to his promise? Surely not. By what means could he possibly know that I would arrive by this train? Still, he seemed to have such accurate information respecting my proceedings, that there was no saying where his knowledge began or ended. I tried not to thing about the matter, but as the train approached Toronto my impatience became positively feverish in its intensity. We were not more than three minutes behind time, and as we glided in front of the Union Station, I passed out on the platform of the car, and peered intensely through the darkness. Suddenly my heart gave a great bound. There, sure enough, standing in front of the door of the waiting-room, was my uncle, plainly discernible by the fitful glare of the overhanging lamps. Before the train came to a stant still, I sprang from the car and advanced towards him. He was looking out for me, but his eyes, not being as young as mine, he did not recognize me until I grasped him by the hand. He greeted me warmly, seizing me by the wrist, and almost raising me from the ground. I at once noticed several changes in his appearance; changes for which I was totally unprepared. He had aged very much since I had last seen him, and the lines about his mouth had deepened considerably. The iron grey hair which I remembered so well had disappeared, its place being supplied with a new and rather dandified-looking wig. The old-fashioned great coat, which he had worn ever since I could remember, had been supplanted by a modern frock of spruce cut, with seal skin collar and cuffs. All this I noticed in the first hurried greetings that passed between us.

"Never mind your luggage, my boy," he remarked. "Leave it till tomorrow, when we will send down for it. If you are not tired, we'll walk home, instead of taking a cab. I have a good deal to say to you before we get there."

I had not slept since leaving Boston, but was too much excited to be conscious of fatigue, and as will readily be believed, I was anxious enough to hear what he had to say. We passed from the station, and proceeded up York street, arm in arm.

"And now, Uncle Richard," I said, as soon as we were well clear of the crowd—"keep me no longer in suspense. First and foremost, is Alice well?"

"Quite well, but for reasons you will soon understand, she is in deep grief. You must know that——"

"But," I interrupted, "tell me, in the name of all that's wonderful, how you knew I was coming by this train; and how did you come to write to me at Boston?"

Just then we came to the corner of Front street, where was a lamp post. As we reached the spot where the light of the lamp was most briliant, he turned half round, looked me full in the face, and smiled a sort of wintry smile. The expression of his countenance was almost ghastly.

"Uncle," I quickly said, "what's the matter? Are you not well?"

"I am not as strong as I used to be, and have had a good deal to try me of late. Have patience, and I will tell you all. Let us walk more slowly, or I shall not have time to finish before we get home. In order that you may clearly understand how matters are, I had better begin at the beginning, and I hope you will not interrupt me with any questions till I have done. How I knew you would call at the Boston post-office, and that you would arrive in Toronto by this train, will come last in order. By the bye, have you my letter with you?"

"The one you wrote to me at Boston? Yes, here it is," I replied, taking it fro mmy pocket book.

"Let me have it."

I handed it to him and he put it into the breast pocket of his inside coat. I wondered at this proceeding on his part, but made no remark upon it.

We moderated our pace, and he began his narrative. Of course I don't pretend to remember his exact words, but thy were to this effect. During the winter following my departure for Melbourne, he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had been recently settled in Toronto. The name of this gentleman was Marcus Weatherley, who had commenced business as a wholesale provision merchant, immediately upon his arrival, and had been engaged in it ever since. For more than three years the acquaintance between him and my uncle had been very slight, but during the last summer they had had some real estate transactions together, and had become intimate. Weatherley, who was a comparatively young man, and unmarried, had been invited to the house on Gerrard street, where he had more recently become a pretty frequent visitor. More recently still, his visits had become so frequent that my uncle had suspected him of a desire to be attentive to my cousin, and had thought proper to enlighten him as to her engagement with me. From that day his visits had been voluntarily discontinued. My uncle had not given much consideration to the subject until a fortnight afterwards, when he had accidentally become aware of the fact that Weatherley was in embarrassed circumstances.

Here my uncle paused in his narrative to take breath. He then added, in a low tone, and putting his mouth almost close to my ear:—

(To be Continued.)

THE ALLEGED HORSE STEALING CASE.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—Referring to the item which appeared in the public press last week to the effect that I had stolen a horse, I crave the use of your columns to state most emphatically that there is not a word of truth in the charge. The horse in question was placed in my hands by the owner, Russell P. Hoyt, manager of the Mineral Product Co., Hillsborough, Albert Co., at the time of its purchase two weeks ago, and remained in my possession, with Mr. Hoyt's knowledge and assent, down to the time of my arrest for assault. I had authority to sell the horse to the best advantage (the express purpose for which it was bought and placed in my charge), the understanding being that such horse was to be disposed of by me for the mutual profit of the owner and myself. When the chief of police informed me that he had been wired to about this horse, I stated to him that upon an order from Mr. Hoyt being produced I was willing it should be returned. I assumed, of course, that Mr. Hoyt, knowing the circumstances and seeing the accusation against me that I had stolen the horse spread abroad in the newspapers, would publicly relieve me of this grave imputation. However, since he has not done so, I can only place the facts before the public in simple justice to myself.

ROGER VARIAN, V. S.

JOHANNESBURG TERRORIZED.

During the last eighteen months the position of the uitlander in the Transvaal has become steadily worse. Not a week passes without leaving him a little poorer, a little more hopeless, a little more unhappy. "And yet, this being so," says the Englishman in London, the Frenchman in Paris, the German in Berlin, the American in New York and San Francisco, "you uitlanders do nothing, even say nothing. You call no public meetings, you make no united protests, you lay inert like brute beasts!" The reproach, although natural, is not just. Before the disastrous incursion of Dr. Jameson the uitlanders in Johannesburg had petitioned till they were sick, argued until they were hoarse, entreated until self-respect commanded silence, agitated and agitated until they, being unarmed, defenceless, and discouraged, were finally prevented by law from even calling or attending a public meeting. So the silence of the uitlander commenced. Bound and helpless, what can he do but writhe? Since the collapse of the reform movement, the uitlanders have been like the gasping fish, landed high and dry on hot sand.—Johannesburg Star.

CARLETON CO. DEATHS.

(Woodstock Dispatch.)

Mrs. Andrew Tweedie of Wicklow died very suddenly last Friday afternoon of pneumonia. She leaves a large family.

Mrs. Harvey McKinney of Hartland died very suddenly on Friday.

Mrs. Henry Wilson died at Lakeville on Tuesday last, aged 68 years. Her maiden name was Lathern, and her mother was a sister to Fred Moore.

George Cox of Hartland is in deep trouble over the death of his little girl, Dora, about seven years old. Her death occurred on Monday morning.

Mrs. John Hannah of Jacksonville died on the 29th ult., leaving three sons and two daughters.

In the death of Wallace Gibson, Northampton loses one of its best known and respected citizens. Mr. Gibson passed away last Monday, after a protracted illness from dropsy. He has been in the grist milling business for a great many years, and the very large patronage he received went to prove the excellence of his work. A wife, one son and four daughters survive to mourn their loss.

Malcolm Merrithew, an old resident, died at his home in Greenville on Friday last. The day before his death he had visited his daughter, Mrs. George Hare, at Monticello. Mr. Merrithew leaves a widow, one son, Alfred, and two daughters, Mrs. Hare and Miss Helen Merrithew.

On the 28th ult. one of the old land marks of Meductic passed away. Mrs. George Porter, aged 80 years, died very suddenly of heart failure. Mrs. Porter leaves two sons, David of Hartland and Geo. W. of Lower Woodstock, and six daughters, Mrs. Woodman and Mrs. Thomas A. Lounsbay of Ludlow, Maine; Mrs. David Olts of Lower Woodstock, Mrs. Jacob O. Porter of Meductic, Mrs. Wm. Gibson of Benton, and Mrs. James Brouthers of Meductic. She leave twenty-two grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Charlotte B. Jenkins of Boston, who recently sued for a divorce from her husband, Thomas Jenkins, on the ground of desertion, has been granted a decree nisi by the Suffolk court. They were married in St. John in 1873.

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First on Saturday, January 1st, 1898,

Thus Giving the News to All Subscribers While It Is Fresh and Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice a Week Henceforth for Your Favorite Family Journal.

With the opening of the New Year a radical change will be made in the publication of the WEEKLY SUN; a change that we feel sure will be heartily appreciated by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts of 8 pages each,—one part on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year. By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fearlessly invites comparison with any of its contemporaries. It is a newspaper, first, last and all the time. It prides itself on its accuracy and truthfulness. Its columns are clean, pure and free from sensationalism, containing no matter that may not be presented to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a welcome visitor once a week in thousands of homes throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

It now proposes to double the number of its visits, and to call twice a week instead of but once a week on its patrons.

By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh from the telegraphic wires as the the mail arrangements of the country will permit.

This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to Subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and remitting 75cts. for the new year.

FATAL PHILADELPHIA FIRE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.—Three persons were burned to death and property amounting to $255,000 was destroyed by a fire which originated today in the big six story building occupied by McCadden Bros., wholesale dealers in toys and fireworks, 619 Market street. The dead are: William McCadden, a member of the firm; Charles Richardson, a packer; Miss Evelyn G. Caldwell, stenographer and typewriter. The fire originated in the basement of the building, and was caused by the explosion of fireworks, which had recently been brought into the store and were being unpacked. At the time of the explosion there were 25 persons in the building. It is supposed that the three persons who perished were on the upper floor, and after making their way to the second floor were caught by the flames. Less than half an hour after the explosion the McCadden establishment was a mass of flames. The fire quickly communicated to 617 and 621 Market street, occupied respectively by the Reading Hardware Co., and Brainerd, Armstrong & Co., spool silk manufacturers, and Janerway & Co., agents for the National Wall Paper Co. The building occupied by McCadden Bros. was completely gutted, but the adjoining property was saved by the good work of the firemen.

CANADIAN TRADE.

The Anglo-Canadian Trade Makes a Good Showing.

MONTREAL, May 11.—The Star's London correspondent cables: "The war has not affected the remarkable advance in Anglo-Canadian trade. The exports to Canada from Great Britain during April increased 8 1-2 per cent., and for the first four months of the year increased 11 per cent. The exports to all countries, however, decreased 11 and 5 per cent. respectively. The imports from Canada for April increased 32 1-2 per cent., and for the first four months of the year increased 11 per cent. The imports from all countries increased 14 1-2 and 4 per cent. respectively. The chief items of increase in the imports from Canada for the four months were animals, £9,500; wheat, £159,000; bacon, £7,000; butter, £10,000; cheese, £20,000; eggs, £1,000; fish, £137,000. The chief decreases were wheat flour £11,000; hams, £6,000, and wood, £94,000.

MURRAY CUNNINGHAM DROWNED

BANGOR, Me., May 11.—Murray Cunningham, a prominent lumberman, formerly of Oldtown, but for two years past a resident of Bangor, was drowned at 2 o'clock this afternoon at Seeboomook dam, by the capsizing of a canoe. He was sixty years old and leaves two sons.

AT PORT ARTHUR.

PEKIN, May 11.—The Russian consul at Tien Tsin has notified his colleagues that foreigners will not be allowed at Port Arthur, or at Talien Wan without passports revised by him. Both Chinese and foreigners bitterly complain of this, inasmuch as the Tsung-Li-Yamen expressly instructed their officials that both ports were to be treated as treaty ports.

The night before the Ghurka scout corps marched out of Peshawur for Lundi Kotal their officers engaged the whole of the garrison theatre, and gave the men a treat. They were shown the bioscope. The pictures which most appealed to them, judging from the applause elicited, were: "A little street girl dancing to the music of a barrel organ," "Two negroes eating water melons," "The serpentine dance," "A Spanish bullfight," and "The change of guards at St. James' Palace."—Calcutta Englishman.

Judge Forbes and Charles Holder have birthdays on the 10th of May, and for many years have exchanged greetings. On Tuesday his honor got a pleasant congratulatory cablegram from Mr. Holder, who celebrated the day in England.—Globe.

Miss Beattie of Nashe's Creek was in town Tuesday en route for the Klondyke. Miss Beattie is going as assistant to Dr. Neutchez of Brookline, Mass., whom she will join at Seattle, sailing thence to St. Michaels and up the Yukon.—Campbellton Enterprise.

CITY NEWS.

Recent Events in and Around St. John,

Together With Country Items from Correspondents and Exchanges

When ordering the address of your WEEKLY SUN to be changed, send the NAME of the POST OFFICE to which the paper is going as well as that of the office to which you wish it sent.

Remember! The NAME of the Post Office must be sent in all cases to ensure prompt compliance with you request.

Parker Glasier of Lincoln has been very unfortunate with his sheep of late. Last Tuesday morning he walked out in his yard and found twenty-four dead and one missing, supposed to be done by dogs.

Reports from Bucksport, Portland, Boothbay, Rockland and other Maine ports state that the fish business has been ruined by the war. None of the Grand Bank vessels have gone to sea, and fishing is wholly confined to the shore waters.

Word was received from John Kilburn on Saturday night that his drives at the headwaters of the St. John are coming along well. All the brook drives are in the main river. Mr. Kilburn expects to get out with about 8,000,000 in ten days.

Miss Doherty, who for some time has been visiting her brother, W. Doherty of Mount Pleasant, left on Sunday for her home in Campbellton, N. B. W. Botsford, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax here, and Mr. Kenny of Halifax left for Nova Scotia today, over the Great Northern railway—Vancouver World, May 3rd.

Dr. I. C. Sharp of Marysville left Monday afternoon for Montreal, where he is removing to practice his profession. On Saturday evening he was waited upon by representative members of Nashwaak lodge, I. O. O. F., and presented with an address, accompanied by a beautiful gold-headed cane.

Mrs. Arthur McClennan, a young woman of Marlboro, Mass., is lamenting the loss of her husband, who arrived there from Nova Scotia six months ago. Mrs. McClennan says they were married last month, and that her husband left her at the end of two weeks. She says $250 of her money is missing.

George Nelson, of Nelson's Hollow, two miles from Doaktown, dropped dead Monday morning. He was assisting in running a raft of logs, and fell dead without any warning or previous illness. He was about fifty years of age. He leaves a widow, to whom he was married about three years ago.

The executive of the Liberal Conservative Association met at Foster's corner on the 10th inst. and transacted considerable business. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Thorne; vice-president, north end, Dr. Wm. Christie; west end, W. D. Baskin; south end, W. C. Pitfield; secretary-treasurer, J. T. Hartt.

A serious accident occurred at Red Pine Tuesday morning to Elijah Thompson of Moncton, who was acting as brakeman on a west bound special. It appears he was passing between two cars, when he slipped and fell, the wheel of the car passing over his right foot and ankle, which were badly injured. He was taken to Bathurst, where Dr. Duncan attended to his injuries.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Woodstock board of trade on Monday evening, the secretary read a letter received from the firm of Mitchell Bros. of Berkley, Ont., and Liverpool, Eng., inquiring about the quantity and quality of maple in this locality. The firm deals in maple, shipping it to England, and suggested that they might handle any that we have to sell The secretary was instructed to communicate with this firm at once.

A well known lover of music, resident on the North Shore, writes to the president of the Oratorio Society: "I enclose my subscription as honorary member. I am glad to hear good news of the society, and hope you will have a successful season. I shall much like to be able to go down and hear 'St. Paul.' The same post also brought a letter from J. V. Ellis, M. P., renewing the subscriptions of Mrs. Ellis and himself, and adding: "I think you are providing a good bill for the season, and wish you every success."

Letters patent of incorporation have been granted by the lieutenant governor in council to the Financial Agency Company, Limited, with head office in this city and an authorized capital of $5,000. The objects of the company are to carry on a general financial and real estate agency business. The incorporators are George Robertson, Charles Nelson Skinner, William Albert Lockhart, Alfred Myrick Pound, Charles Thomas Gillespie, Joseph Alexander Magilton, Duncan Robertson, James Underhill Thomas and John Montgomery.

A quiet wedding took place on the 10th inst., at the Church of the Assumption, Carleton, when the Rev. J. J. Donovan united in marriage Miss Maggie L. Tole, daughter of P. Tole of Fairville to James E. McGrath of Gardiner, Me. Miss Mamie Tole was bridesmaid, and Hugh Tole of Bridgeport, Conn., supported the groom. After nuptial mass was celebrated, the party returned to the home of the bride, where a wedding breakfast was served. Afterward the happy couple took the Boston train for Gardiner, where they will reside. The bride received a very large number of presents.