

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

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

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"That I will try to ascertain tomorrow," I replied. "Meanwhile, Dr. Marsden, will you oblige your old friend's nephew by writing to Junius Gridley, and asking him to acquaint you with the contents of the letter, and with the circumstances under which I received it?"

"It seems an absurd thing to do," he said, "but I will, if you like. What shall I say?" and he sat down at his desk to write the letter.

It was written in less than five minutes. It simply asked the desired information, and requested an immediate reply. Below the doctor's signature I added a short postscript in these words:

"My story about the letter and its contents is once—V. F. P."

As my request the doctor accompanied me to the post-office, on Toronto street, and dropped the letter into the box with his own hands. I bade him good night, and repaired to the Rossin house. I did not feel like encountering Alice again until I could place myself in a more satisfactory light before her. I despatched a messenger to her with a short note stating that I had not discovered anything important, and requesting her not to wait for me. Then I engaged a room and went to bed.

But not to sleep. All night long I tossed about on one side of the bed to the other; and at daylight, feverish and unrefreshed, I strolled out. I returned in time for breakfast, but ate little or nothing. I longed for the arrival of ten o'clock, when the banks would open.

After breakfast I sat down in the reading room of the hotel, and vainly tried to fix my attention upon the local columns of that morning's paper. I remember reading over several items time after time, without any comprehension of their meaning. After that I remember—nothing.

Nothing! All was blank for more than five weeks. When consciousness came back to me, I found myself in bed in my own old room, in the house on Gerrard street, and Alice and Dr. Marsden were standing by my bedside.

No need to tell how my hair had been removed, or the bags of ice that had been applied to my head. No need to linger over any details of the "pitiless fever that burned in my brain." No need, either, to linger over my progress back to convalescence, and from thence to complete recovery. In a week from the time I have mentioned, I was permitted to sit up in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. My impatience would brook no further delay, and I was allowed to ask questions about what had happened in the interval which had elapsed since my prolonged illness. I gave way under the prolonged questioning. First, Junius Gridley's letter in reply to Dr. Marsden, was placed in my hands. I have it still in my possession, and I transcribe the following copy from the original now lying before me:

"BOSTON, Dec. 22nd, 1861.

"Dr. Marsden: "In reply to your letter, which has just been received, I have to say that Mr. Furlong and myself became acquainted for the first time during our recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the *Perla*, which arrived here on Monday last. Mr. Furlong accompanied me home, and remained until Tuesday morning, when I took him to the Public Library, the State House, the Athenaeum, Faneuil hall, and other points of interest. We casually dropped into the post-office, where he remarked upon the great number of letters there. At my instigation, made, of course, in jest—he applied the general delivery for letters for himself. He received five, and was naturally very much surprised at receiving it, and was not less so at its contents. After reading it he handed it to me, and I also read it carefully. I cannot recall the word for word, but it professed to come from his affectionate uncle, Richard Yardington. It expressed pleasure at him coming home sooner than had been anticipated, and hinted in rather vague terms at some calamity. It referred to a lady called Alice, and stated that she had not been informed of Mr. Furlong's intended arrival. There was something, too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. This, as nearly as I can remember, was about all there was in the letter. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the cramped handwriting as his uncle's. It was a signature, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it. The peculiarity consisted of the extreme irregularity in the formation of the letters, no two of which were of equal size, and capitals were interspersed promiscuously, more especially throughout the surname.

"Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left. I confess that I feel curious, and should be glad to hear something in which it would be impertinent for a comparative stranger to pry into.

"Yours, etc., "JUNIOUS H. GRIDLEY."

So that my friend had completely corroborated my account, as far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons

to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence on the matter, except to each other. Between themselves, in the early days of my illness, they discussed it with a good deal of feeling on each side. Alice implicitly believed my story from first to last. She was wise enough to see that I had been made acquainted with matters that I could not possibly have learned through any of the ordinary channels of communication. In short, she was not so enamoured of professional jargon as to have lost her common sense. The doctor, however, with the mole-blindness of many of his tribe, refused to believe. Nothing of this kind had he previously come within the range of his own experience, and it was therefore impossible. He accounted for it all upon the hypothesis of my impending fever. He is not the only physician who mistakes cause for effect, and vice versa.

During the second week of my prostration, Mr. Marcus Weatherley ascended. This event so totally unlooked for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had been really insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These acceptances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. One of the acceptances was payable in Montreal, and was for \$23,376. The other three were payable at different banks in Toronto. These last had been drawn at sixty days, and each of them bore a signature purporting to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for \$9,721.41; another was for \$10,114.63; and the third and last was for \$20,629.50. A short sum in simple addition will show us the aggregate of these three amounts:

\$9,721 41
10,114 63
20,629 50
\$39,716 54

which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

Within a week after these things came to light, a letter, addressed to the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto, arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He wrote from New York, but stated that he should leave there within an hour from the time of posting his letter. He voluntarily admitted having forged my uncle's name to the three acceptances above referred to, and entered into other details about his affairs which, though interesting enough to his creditors at that time, would have no special interest to the public at the present day. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from genuine signatures of my uncle Richard. In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the matter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter from New York. He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the *Petrel*, bound for Havana. The *Petrel* sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month. She sank in full sight of the captain and crew of the "City of Baltimore" (Inman Line), but the hurricane prevailing was such that the latter were unable to render any assistance, or to save one of the ill-fated crew from the fury of the waves.

At an early stage in the story I mentioned that the only fictitious element should be the name of one of the characters introduced. The name is that of Marcus Weatherley himself. The person whom I have so designated really bore a different name—one that is still remembered by scores of people in Toronto. He has paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and I see nothing to be gained by perpetuating them in connection with his own proper name. In all other particulars the foregoing narrative is as true as a tolerably retentive memory has enabled me to record it.

I do not propose to attempt any psychological explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the communication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the recipient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

Mr. Owen has my full permission to appropriate this story in the next edition of his "Debatable Land between the World and the Next." Should he do so, his readers will doubtless be favoured with an elaborate analysis of the facts, and with a pseudo-philosophic theory about spiritual communion with human beings. My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electricity, is supposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, overwhelmed by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own sense. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts, and may or may not have my own theory about these facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases.

I may mention that Dr. Marsden professes to believe to the present day that my brain was disordered by the approach of the fever which eventually struck me down, and that all I have described was merely the result of what he, with delightful periphrasis, calls "an abnormal condition of the system, induced by causes too remote for specific diagnosis."

It will be observed that, whether I was under an hallucination, or not, the information supposed to be derived from my uncle was strictly accurate in all its details. The fact that the disclosure subsequently became unnecessary through the confession of Weatherley, does not seem to me to afford any argument for the hallucination theory. My uncle's communication was important at the time when it was given to me; and we have no reason for believing that "those who are gone before" are universally gifted with a knowledge of the future. It was open to me to make the facts public as soon as they became known to me, and had I done so, Marcus Weatherley might have been arrested and punished for his crime. Had not my illness supervened, I think I should have been discovered in the act of doing so. He has been warned of the day following my arrival in Toronto, which would have led to his arrest.

Such speculations are pointless enough, but they have often formed the staple of discussion between my wife and myself. Gridley, too, who ever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery," although it might just as correctly be called "The Yonge Street Mystery," or "The Waterbury Mystery." He has been warning me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, after all these years, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title.

The end.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(Hamilton Spectator.)

To the Editor: I read with much interest your comments upon the great battle between the Shannon and Chesapeake, a fight that was full of glory for Great Britain; but were there not some other naval duels during that war in which John Bull was not so successful?—Inquirer.

There have been, in each case in which the British arms suffered defeat the Americans had the advantage in strength. We take the liberty to quote from an article recently printed in the *Brantford Courier*, which seems to cover ground, recent statements in some misinterpreted American papers having induced the *Courier* to over-haul its history. The *Courier* says:

"1. The statement that the Essex captured the *Alert* is quite true, but it would have been nothing short of a miracle had the Essex, for the United States ship was one of 46 guns, manned by 328 men, and the *Alert* was only a 16 gun sloop with 88 men.

"2. The Constitution did capture the *Guerrero*, but in this instance the United States ship was one of 44 guns, manned by 328 men, and the *Guerrero* was only a 16 gun sloop with 88 men.

"3. No one can question the fact that the Constitution likewise captured the *Java*, but it may once more be remarked that she had every reason to do so, for she had 10 more guns and 63 more men.

"4. It is undeniable that the *Wasp* secured the *Frolic*, but here again a comparison of the two boats affords a very good reason:

	<i>Wasp</i>	<i>Frolic</i>
Broadside guns	24	24
Weight of metal	517 lbs.	708 lbs.
Crew	244	400
Tonnage	384	440

"The 22 Britishers gave the 38 Americans a severe defeat, and after the whole thing was over another English ship, the *Polites*, hove in sight, re-captured the *Frolic* and secured the *Wasp*.

"5. The United States, after a desperate action, did not do up the *Macdonald*, but the American boat, the *Macdonald*, was in reality a formidable man-of-war, according to the ratings of those days, while the *Britisher* was not only a frigate in name, but also in fact. Here is the comparative table in this instance:

	<i>Macdonald</i>	<i>United States</i>
Broadside guns	24	24
Weight of metal	517 lbs.	708 lbs.
Crew	244	400
Tonnage	384	440

"When the United States papers speak in an off-hand manner of glory having taken away the boasted glory of England they conceal the disparity between the contending vessels in instances such as those given by the *Cleveland paper*.

"In reality the great test fight of that struggle—one in which the conditions were about as nearly balanced as possible—was the contest between the *Eriship Shannon* and the American *Chesapeake*. Even on this occasion the Britishers had the odds against them, as this table will show:

	<i>Shannon</i>	<i>Chesapeake</i>
Broadside guns	28	28
Weight of metal	517 lbs.	708 lbs.
Crew (men)	308	376
Size in tonnage	1,068	1,135

"It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the details of this well known encounter. The action occurred off Boston, and so sure were our neighbors of a victory that numerous pleasure boats followed at a safe distance to see the *Britisher* get the worst of it. Instead the representation of the contest between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* was in about twenty minutes after the actual firing commenced, and in that time they had three-eighths of their crew either killed or disabled, while the *Shannon's* aggregate was one-fourth."

But there is nothing particularly astounding to a Briton's pride in the history of these engagements. In the war for independence it was Britain against Britain, and in 1812 the American was so far as fighting ability concerned, still a Briton. The ship off the old block was necessarily a good sea fighter, and with the odds in his favor, was pretty certain to win. And he seems to have the same fighting quality yet.

HOODOOS OF THE SEA.

The Ill Luck That Cats Bring on Shipboard.

If Women Are Taken on Board a Vessel Some Disaster Is Pretty Sure to Follow.

(M. L. Rayne in Chicago Times.)

Men who go down to the sea in ships may not be more superstitious by nature than their fellows, but in that wonderful expanse of sky and water the smallest incident of a mysterious nature is magnified into an omen. That mariners of the olden time invested the sea with supernatural powers and understood its messages is not surprising, since modern science and the most enlightened understanding fail to account for its baffling vagaries. That is why a strange bird settling on the masthead of a ship at sea causes a panic among the crew, not a man of whom would dare to harm the stranger guest for fear of shipwreck and death.

But the worst hoodoo of a ship is a cat. Stories of the ill luck brought on shipboard by a cat have become history. The cats of the steam sloop of war, the *Resaca*, the best detailed for special duty in the survey of the isthmus of Panama, made themselves famous by the persistency with which they caused disaster. The first one was washing her face on deck when she suddenly disappeared as if she had been swallowed by the sea. Two days later the sailor whose pet was killed fell overboard and was drowned.

Six months later the *Resaca*, anchored off the coast of Callao, and a new cat was found, but one day an American who was ill and homesick came on board to see his wife and child, and the cat jumped on the ship's rail as soon as she saw him, scratching and meowing as if possessed. She would have gone overboard, but the men jumped to the rescue and locked up their second pet for safe keeping. But the violence of the gale was so large and she was on deck when the American stranger came the next day, and this time the cat jumped into the water and was drowned. And the American visitor died on the ship the next day, the next morning.

Nothing would persuade the crew that a belief that the one disaster was not the cause of the other.

But the end was not yet. After a long cruise, the *Resaca* put into the harbor of Talcahuano, and here one of the men—who was less superstitious than the rest—obtained a fine kitten, which he took kindly to the board and grew to a great pet, being No. 3 of the ship's cats and an improvement upon its predecessors.

But one morning at sea "No. 3" killed herself in a mad race after a mouse. The men got together and predicted bad luck, when the captain said: "Boys, I feel bad," and staggered against the bulwarks. Before he could be helped he died, holding his head with both hands and saying with his last breath, "A cat's foot here." There was never another cat taken on board of the *Resaca*.

Spanish sailors on certain days of the week or month lay aloft at sunset and beat the shaves and pins of the blocks to drive the devil out of the gear, and the noise they make is a horrid din. This is said to have originated in an order given which resulted in disaster. A certain Spanish squadron that had been anchored some time was surprised by the enemy and could not make sail and escape, as all the blocks were rusted and useless.

The Spanish sailor has no prejudice against starting out on a voyage on Friday, that day being the day on which Columbus started on his voyage of discovery. English and American sailors will not sail on that day if they can help it. They would consider the whole trip hoodooed by such a beginning.

A sneeze at sea would hoodoo the ship unless it happened to turn to the right, when it brings good luck. Sailors have faith in odd numbers and the number of times they blow a salute, the number of times they are a salute.

Whistling for wind is another favorite superstition of the man before the mast. This is a trick when ships are becalmed, as "Whistles" rash bid tempests roar. "A capful of wind" or "bagful" usually defines the quantity.

The phantom ship, so often seen by navigators, is not purely the apparition of romance, but a mirage, something almost as wonderful, but not of the supernatural order.

The horseshoe is still a popular contribution by sailors to the fetish of good luck. A distinguished precedent is given for this. Lord Nelson believed in the luck of the horseshoe, and had one nailed to the mast of his ship *Victory*.

A peculiar superstition is that if women are taken on board a voyaging ship some disaster will follow. This may be the reason why no government ship is allowed to carry women passengers. Sailors, too, prefer a ship that has a masculine name, or is called after some man, or is geographical. A line of steamers will often employ a certain selection of names to the exclusion of all others. The Cunard steamers end all their names with "la," a feminine terminal, but one that has been the reverse of disastrous, since that line has never lost a ship. Captains are quite as superstitious as sailors, and they have better education, and that may account for the names of sailing vessels being identical with that of wife or sweetheart. Certain names are known in the history of nautical nomenclature as hoodoo. They have been painted over and have been substituted, but bad luck attended the ship, and even reconstruction saved it. Then, if the name must be feminine, the crew want something they are familiar with. One old tar who was told the name of a new ship was the *Aurora* said:

"Why don't they leave poetry to the navy folk and stick to the *Susanahs* and *Mary Anns* and the *Susanahs* and *Mary Anns*? How is a plain able

seaman to answer a hull with such a mouthful as that behind his teeth?" Sailors cling to their superstitions with a tenacity worthy of the better cause. Possibly it is more from custom rather than from an actual belief in their efficacy. The man at the wheel will tell you that he cannot steer straight if "fame" is a cross-eyed passenger on board, and he repeats a charm of words to annul the evil. "St. Peter! St. Peter, pray give us a charm. Against the bad eye that would do us a harm."

CANADA'S SYMPATHY.
George H. Ham Tells the Americans All About It.

George H. Ham of the C. P. R. service, Montreal, who is well and favorably known in Halifax, is now in Washington. In an interview telegraphed to the *Boston Herald*, Mr. Ham tells how the sympathies of Canadians run in the present struggle. The despatch says:

"Canada is taking a lively interest in the war. George H. Ham of Montreal, who is in Washington just now, says:

"In the civil war 40,000 Canadians fought in the armies of the north, and are represented in Canada today by a number of Grand Army posts which turn out on Decoration day. Hundreds of Canadians are to be found in the United States army, and in the volunteer forces lately called out and Canada is handsomely represented in the United States navy. Aside from that, there is scarcely a hold in the dominion, from Cape Breton to Vancouver island, which has not a member or two in the United States. There were 1,000,000 native Canadians in this country in 1898.

"You will understand, therefore, why public sentiment in Canada is overwhelmingly for the United States. The Canadian government, or rather, the individual members of it, beginning with the premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, make no secret of their sympathy with the United States. Laurier made a speech in parliament the other day which was neither more nor less than an urgent invitation to Senator Polo y Bernabe to get out of Canada without delay, and Polo got it."

"At the same time the Canadian government, as a government, is strictly observing the neutrality laws. Coal is shipped to the United States by rail from Nova Scotia and by water from British Columbia just as before the war, but no vessel containing coal is allowed to leave Canadian ports on the North Atlantic for any part of the West Indies unless she can establish to the satisfaction of government agents that the cargo is not intended for either of the belligerents.

"Of course, this rule works dead against Spain, as the United States does not want Canadian coal for its cruisers, whereas coaling facilities in Canadian ports would be worth untold millions to the Spaniards.

"The Canadian cruisers in the North Atlantic, which are really swift gunboats employed for the protection of the fisheries, keep a sharp look-out for American and Spanish men-of-war off the south coast of Nova Scotia, and British frigates belonging to the Halifax station are employed in the same service. They all the collectors of ports and operators on the government telegraph lines throughout the seaboard provinces are on the watch to communicate news of that kind to Ottawa.

"This summer more American visitors are coming to Canada than ever before. We occasionally see timid Americans depositing their money in Canadian banks for safe keeping. These persons do not imagine that the Spaniards are going to clean out the United States and rob the banks, but are afraid lest, if the war last any time, the populists may succeed in forcing congress to issue a huge amount of paper money. But the majority of the Americans who are coming to Canada this summer are persons who in times of peace went to Europe.

"Crowds of Americans are already camping in the pine forests of the St. Maurice river and in the woodlands and fishing waters of the Laurentian mountains just north of Montreal. Montreal has always been a Mecca for the American tourist, and the hotels there are filling up this year earlier than usual. So are the hotels and camps of the Thousand Islands. A new haunt is Lake Temiscamingue, northwest of Ottawa, the head of the dominion. From Temiscamingue American canoeists are travelling in every direction between Hudson's bay and the St. Lawrence.

"Banff attracts people from all quarters of the globe, but this year it will probably be the possession of American families and American Alpine clubs.

"War news is bulletined throughout Canada, even in the heart of the Rocky mountains and on the transcontinental trains, and just as in the United States, hundreds of amateur strategy boards are in session every day, discussing the situation in Cuba and Manila.

"In the dominion parliament, now meeting at Ottawa, the war news monopolizes attention. The news of Dewey's victory was received with a tempest of cheers in the big committee rooms and everywhere throughout Canada with the greatest satisfaction."

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

MASONIC BAZAAR AND PICNIC.

W. A. D. Stevens, deputy district grand master of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, is in the city in the interest of the bazaar and picnic to be held under the auspices of the Masonic lodge at Dorchester on July 1st. He spent last week in Halifax and Truro, where the people contributed liberally to the bazaar. The contributions are now on exhibition in Judge Landry's building at Dorchester, properly placarded with the name and address of the donors. Preparations are being made to entertain a large crowd of visitors.

OCEAN FREIGHT MARKET.

A Sharp Decline in Grain Rates From Recent High Figures. Vessels Being Relet at Heavy Losses.

(Montreal Gazette.)

There has since the beginning of the month been a marked reaction—collapse, in fact, hardly too strong a term—in the market for ocean freight accommodation for grain. On May 1 large steamships for full cargoes of wheat and corn to Cork for orders were quoted at 6s. per quarter, which is equivalent to nearly 15 cents per bushel. Today, it is said, the same steamers would have difficulty in securing 3s. 11-12d. per quarter (although 3s. 6d. is the nominal quotation), or 10 cents per bushel. Taking an average grain steamer, say of 15,000 quarters, the difference between the rate quoted on May 1 and 3s. 11-12d. would amount on a single voyage to \$4,490, which represents very nearly the volume of loss some shippers (or those who bought from them) have recently suffered. A number of steamships, which were chartered at the high rates of a few weeks ago have been relet, their proposed cargoes have been re-sold and other steamships are in the market for recharter.

Since the news of Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila there has been a decided decrease in the foreign demand for American wheat and corn, that incident evidently ending what may be termed the war demand. The steamers that had been rechartered or are being offered for recharter were, however, originally chartered for corn, not wheat, and while one or two wheat cargoes have been re-sold the movement in this direction has not been general.

Barth freights have not shown a corresponding decline with full cargoes. The regular lines have their accommodation tolerably well engaged until the middle of June, but after that date and until the new crop months the lines have no unusual amount of room under contract.

Referring to the grain freight situation an authority said yesterday: "In the early stages of the late up-and-down movement Letter gobbled up nearly all the White Star line's room at 3d. He chartered steamers again and left at all ports, so that when the regular dealers came in they found that the ready tonnage had been absorbed. Then they began to bid for charters and Letter held off. In the meantime the market advanced, and he then came in the market again, and those who wanted freights and charters were forced to bid much higher. The steamship lines let a good part of their room at the high rates and then held aloof. Then Letter again came in as a market maker, and following him came a speculative movement and rates reached their high level early this month. Then the demand fell off and with the reselling of cargoes by foreign freight rates have practically lost all their advance."

BARON LYON PLAYFAIR DEAD.

The Distinguished Scientist and Parliamentarian Passed Away in London on Sunday.

LONDON, Monday.—Baron Lyon Playfair, the distinguished chemist, political economist, civil service reformer and parliamentarian, died in this city yesterday.

Baron Playfair, popularly known in England as Sir Lyon Playfair, was born at Meurut, Bengal, in 1818. After studying under Baron Liebig, the famous chemist, he was appointed professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution, Manchester, in 1843. He entered parliament in 1868, and in the last liberal government he was chairman of committees and a deputy speaker. He has likewise held the important and fitting post of vice-president of the council on education.

First and foremost Baron Playfair was a chemist, but unlike most great scientists—for he was great as an analyst and hygienist—he was a man of affairs and a sturdy radical and a well known platform speaker.

He was an excellent raconteur, and a collector of bric-a-brac whose judgment was exact. His house in Onslow Gardens was a veritable museum of interest of the famous residence of the late Lord Leighton.

His status as a scientist may be judged from the fact that of three selected candidates for an important post—the other two being the world renowned Tyndall and Huxley—Baron Playfair was chosen.

By request of the late Prince Consort he was special commissioner of the great exhibition with which his public life began. His widow, Lady Playfair, is an English noblewoman, the daughter of S. H. Russell of Boston, U. S.

He was a friend of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier. Every year he visited the United States, and no greater friend or advocate of the peace and arbitration alliance and the union of hearts of the Anglo-American race was to be found in the mother country.

He was a member of many learned societies and held many British and foreign orders. His scientific remembrances were numerous, and he wrote extensively on subjects of social welfare, political economy and public health.

ABERDEEN'S SUCCESSOR.

TORONTO, May 31.—The Evening Telegram, London cable says: "It is announced here that the Duke of Leeds will most likely be Lord Aberdeen's successor as governor general of Canada."

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

The best wishes many him in his real hospital. He of violins has read through all the technique of soloists is ex-soloist of the given to the Glee clubs, both Tuesday evening with violin accompaniment the club of this morning the but the business is not yet been

CAPT. PERRY.

late Capt. Robt. o died last Octo- Miss, arrived in evening and were cemetery Tues- the Rev. Mr. St. George's the grave. Mrs. accompanied the and are for the Andrew Long- ty in the future, e of St. John for but latterly was where his health ie. He died last ty illness, and the body for home. He was ected by all who him.

S. GLADSTONE

—On Saturday the following tele- ne: much with you husband is laid remony will be ful for you, but a tiny gratifying spect and regret for the memory er and intelli- him as one of ed statesmen of

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