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ALLEGED TWO MONTREAL MEN COMMITTED GHASTLY MURDER

A Sheriff in Saskatchewan Shot to Death and Body and Car Thrown Over 60 Foot Cliff into Saskatchewan River—The Murderers Said to Have Been Draft Evaders.

Prince Albert, Sask., Nov. 21.—James McKay, jr., of this City, a sheriff's officer, was murdered at Steep Creek and his body thrown down a sixty foot embankment into the Saskatchewan river. The place is forty miles east of here, near the Lacolle Falls power dam.

The crime was committed last Friday afternoon, when Mr. McKay went to make a seizure under instructions of the sheriff at the farm of a man known as "Doctor" Jarvis. The victim was shot from an entrenched dugout by two men who are believed to be draft evaders of military service, and who are said to have come to Steep Creek district about the time the Military Service Act was put into force, from Montreal.

Discovery of the crime was made yesterday, when Sergt. Kistruct was sent out to make a search for McKay. Sergt. Kistruct found a system of trenches which had evidently been constructed for the purpose of human defence, and represented what might be found on a modern battlefield. There were a number of dugouts which command strategic points in the locality, and it was from one of these that McKay was shot.

Investigation disclosed the fact that the people in the neighborhood have been living in terror of three men, one of whom is said to be "Doctor" Jarvis, with whom the two men who are alleged to have committed the crime lived. It is said that the "doctor" was absent at the time of the shooting. A posse of police and soldiers have been despatched to the scene of the crime by the Provincial Police Inspector. They are fully armed and have instructions to take the men dead or alive.

A boy who gave information of the shooting to Sergt. Kistruct said he witnessed the murder, and that one of the men went over and looked at the body. Mr. McKay was still breathing and the man said he would put another bullet into him, which he did.

"Doctor" Jarvis, whose place seemed to be the headquarters of the gang, appears to have maintained an atmosphere of mystery, which is now only coming to light. There is a considerable settlement of French Canadians in the locality and they are all scared of the "doctor," who claims to be a hypnotist.

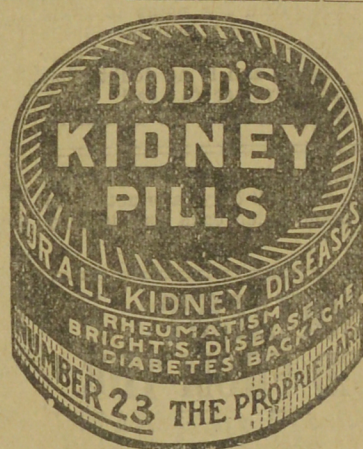
ROCHESTER STRIKE ENDED

(Canadian Press direct wire.)
Rochester, Nov. 22.—Striking linotype operators and stereotypers employed on the four English dailies and all the printing plants employing union labor in this city today voted to accept the decision of the arbitration board and return to work, pending decision by their respective international unions on an appeal from the arbitration award.

MOST GOLFERS WILL AGREE.

"Pa," said Tommy, who had caddied one afternoon on the links, "is a man a good golfer if he knocks the ball 125 yards?"
"Just a learner my son."
"Well, if he knocks the ball 250 yards?"
"He's mighty good if he can do that, my boy."
"Well, pa, if he knocks it 275 yards."
"He's a splendid player, Tommy," replied pa, as he once more fastened his eye on the newspaper.
"Well, pa, what if he knocks the ball 325 yards—what would he be then?"
"Probably a liar, my son. Now you had better kiss mamma and go to bed."

It is assumed, of course, that the Kaiser did his hotfooting over the border "according to plan." And, possibly, under the advice of an abdication expert.



ANNABEL WAS ATTRACTIVE BUT DISAGREEABLE

(Chicago News)

"I don't see," began the girl with the purple knitting bag, "why disagreeable people are so attractive."

"Attractive!" exclaimed her companion, whose bag was green. "Well I can't say that I ever thought they were. Quite the opposite!"

"Oh, I don't mean pleasantly attractive in the ordinary sense of the word I mean attractive like a magnet. I was thinking of Annabel. You see, when I was up in Michigan I stayed at the same hotel with Annabel. It was a small hotel, the kind where every one is friendly with every one else, and the women give one another their pet recipes for hair tonics and freckle cream. So, of course, people tried to be nice to Annabel, too, at first. But she was in an unusually bad frame of mind. I think she feels that the war is a personal grievance because it has deprived her of a brother to henpeck. She spent most of her time on the veranda sulking."

"Now Annabel wasn't the only one who liked the veranda. The women all assembled there every morning for a knitting bee. The first morning some one asked Annabel why she didn't knit and you should have heard Annabel's answer! It was something about ones knitting machine working faster than forty women and how patriotism was not just a matter of clothing any way. After she had got through speaking and retired into her room with a 'don't disturb me' air there was a change like a storm threatening. Every one was glad when the luncheon bell rang."

"Next morning the women all gathered in a far end and spoke in low tones, as if out of respect to Annabel. And it was queer but everybody kept glancing at her now and then to see if she looked disapproving. Not that any one cared if she did, but it was just a sort of instinct. She enjoyed it too. I think disagreeable people like to make uncomfortable atmospheres, just as pleasant people enjoy spreading good cheer. If you said good-morning to Annabel she let out a sort of gloomy grunt in return. I rather liked to hear her do it; it just suited her."

"Well, it happened that there was rather a kiddy party at the hotel. . . . an attractive young girl up there named Agnes White. Agnes got awfully interested in a certain young man and they made a stunning pair. But Annabel took a violent dislike to him, and when she talked at all she always took pains to say some horrid thing about him. Queerly enough, every one listened to her croaking with a sort of grudging respect as if she had been one of those unpleasant old oracles."

"The first thing we knew Agnes' mother was beginning to regard Arthur—that's the young man—with suspicion, and before long the girl herself felt worried. I caught Annabel talking to Agnes one day and I felt sure that she said some cutting things about that suitor. Presently it got so that Agnes couldn't keep away from Annabel. She kept coming back to her to have her doubts verified. It wasn't that she really cared for Annabel's opinion but she liked to have something to worry about. People do, you know."

"Finally it got to the point where Agnes was constantly looking for flaws in Arthur and so of course she found them. They had a beautiful quarrel and Agnes went about red eyed for days. By that time Annabel had demoralized the whole place. The atmosphere was tense and women neglected to smile at one another because it seemed out of keeping. Annabel was like an eclipse of the sun."

"I had to leave about that time and I can tell you I was glad to go before I got the habit of being a grouch. Yes, of course I was gloomy while I was there. It's infectious. I tell you, every one was—"

"Agnes? Oh, I had a letter from her this morning. It seems that she and Arthur slipped away and were married the week after Annabel left. She said he was the dearest husband in the world and she would never forgive herself for misjudging him. Annabel had told her that he was a creature of moods, sure to make home unbearable. Funny, wasn't it? I daresay he had been moody to Annabel; everybody had."

"I wish some one would invent a serum to inoculate you against the fatal attraction of people like Annabel. They're really very dangerous!"

From the number of conflagrations reported, one assumes that the German people are keeping the home fires burning.

It is safe to guarantee that the tin-lizzie airplane, to cost about five hundred dollars, promised "after the war" is no vehicle for a fat man.

There may be a great deal of talk as to who it was that won the war. But there will be a very general agreement as to who lost it, even the Kaiser not dissenting.

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