

READ OF THE BOWERY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Due to Thin Partition.

(New York Herald, Wednesday.)

At the boarding house last night Mr. Talent's brother, Joseph, and T. E. Hatch, the occupant of the second floor room adjoining that of the two New Brunswick men, told their side of the story. Mr. Hatch's room is separated from the room of Howie and Wilkes only by a thin wooden partition covered with wall paper.

Mr. Hatch came in shortly before midnight and was surprised to note that a light was burning in the next room, which had heretofore been unoccupied. He unlatched a clothes closet, which stood directly against the dividing partition, and hung up his street coat. Then he heard the men in the next room whisper together and walking about. Taking a cigar from a box, Mr. Hatch joined some other young men boarding down stairs, and smoked for about an hour.

On returning to his room a little after one o'clock he saw a flare of light at the back window, watched the burning pillow cases flutter to the yard and heard his neighbors calling for the police. Mr. Hatch pulled on his coat and ran for a policeman, fearing that his neighbors were either crazy men or else that some crime was being committed. He found Policeman Donnelly, who returned with him, entered the house, ripped on the young men's door with his club, arousing all the boarders, who then flocked to the hallway in their night robes.

At this juncture Mr. Talent arrived, summoned by a servant. He ordered the policeman out of the house, saying that he could look after his own boarders. The men inside refused to admit Mr. Talent, and could be heard strengthening their defences. The policeman had previously tried in vain to force the door by pushing against it. Mr. Talent now told the young men to open the door or else he would break it in. While he was down stairs seeking a crowbar, Howie and Wilkes made their exit from the window.

Not knowing they had escaped, Mr. Talent and his porter forced the door, only to find the birds flown. Last night Howie, with a policeman, returned to the house to get the check for his trunk, which is still at the railroad station, and his collars, cuffs neckties and other apparel, left behind in their hasty flight. The young men are still inclined to think there was something wrong in Mr. Talent's intentions, but Mr. Hatch thinks that he unintentionally startled them when he unlatched the door of his clothes closet, close to the partition, and so the comedy of errors followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Talent have conducted boarding houses in the block for nine years. They now have No. 22 as well as No. 33 West Sixteenth street. Many of their boarders are heads of departments and clerks in the neighboring department stores of Sixth avenue.

All last night deprecated the notoriety brought upon the house by the fears of the two young men from New Brunswick. Their room, after one night's occupancy, is again for rent.

MAZERALL SETTLEMENT.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

May 15.—The weather is fine now and the men are all busy farming.

We are glad to see the smiling faces of the young men who have returned from the lumber drives.

Joseph Goodine has bought a farm out in Hammondville, and intends moving there soon.

We regret to hear of the death of Alanson McNally of Queensbury.

Now that the boys have returned they have a good supply of ammunition awaiting the return of the Boer, who visited us in the winter.

The report that our teacher, Miss Mary Goodine, was going to leave, was untrue, as she has no intention of leaving.

Arthur Mazerall has traded horses and this time has got a fine pacer. She is six years old, black in color and neatly built.

John L. Mazerall has also traded his bay mare for a wagon and harness.

Timothy Soucie and family have returned to their home in Portland.

John King who has been sick for a month with heart trouble, is slowly recovering.

A party was held at the residence of Peter Burgoine's on the 10th. Tea was served at 12 o'clock. Music was furnished by Harry Goodine, the celebrated Queensbury violinist. Dancing was kept up till a late hour and a pleasant evening was spent by all.

WEST GLASSVILLE.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

May 13.—The farmers are very busy getting their crops in. Most of the oats are sown, and the wheat is already from two to three inches high.

George Logue, had a ploughing frolic last week, and was well satisfied with the amount of work done.

Miss Jennie Somerville, is visiting friends, in this place.

Wesley Releeder lost a valuable grey mare last week. He refused an offer of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the animal the day before she died.

Mr. Guv Jones spent a few days at Foreston and Biggar Ridge, recently.

David Kearney paid us a short visit.

Mrs. Honslitt, who has been visiting Mrs. Laing, has returned to her home at Bridgewater, Maine.

The Hon. Geo.

It is freely reported that a look of great amazement overspread the handsome and sun-kissed countenance of Hon. Geo. Foster when he heard that Sir Charles Tupper nearly made \$300,000 on the stock market.

George is full of business these days, and having been separated from a Government salary, has now got to work for his living. He is going to live in Toronto and be the manager of the Union Trust Co. The Conservative party wouldn't trust George with a job, so he formed a Trust Co. of his own. He has bought a Toronto residence, and cobwebs have already begun to grow on him. —Montreal Herald.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

The Hanging of a Danny Deever Seen by Six Thousand Soldiers.

"I was compelled unwillingly some years ago," says a writer in Scraps, "to be a spectator at a military execution in a great station in the northwest provinces of India. There had been so many shooting cases of late that the commander in chief ordered the execution to take place on the parade ground and all the available troops to be on the ground. It was in the cold weather, two or three regiments were passing through, and these were ordered to go into camp until the dreaded day arrived.

"At daybreak the five British and four native regiments were marched to the parade ground and formed up into three sides of a square, on the incomplete side being a wooden platform which was topped by a couple of uprights and a cross-beam, from which a rope dangled ominously. As I was a noncom. I had a good opportunity of scrutinizing my comrades' faces as we stood easy."

"As I glanced along the line my thoughts went back to the day when I had seen many of these men engaged in the bloodiest battle of modern days, working their tools among the seething masses of heathendom, with that proud flush on their faces never seen except on the faces of victorious troops. Now every face wore an ashen hue; they fidgeted about, bit their chin straps, twisted their mustaches with unsteady hands and did their level best to appear as unconcerned as possible. A ghastlier failure I never saw before or since. Despite the opportunities afforded me of moving about, I felt, to say the least of it, particularly uncomfortable."

"I thought what a change the sight of an enemy would effect in those ghastly beings before me! Alas, there was nothing to kill that morning, save a poor Tommy Atkins who had run amuck among his fellow men and shot a superior, and now he was to meet his death at the hands of a half caste."

"My musings were broken in upon by the thud of a muffled drum away down by the whitewashed bungalows. Immediately the dead march in 'Saul' came waiving over the cold morning air. 'Attention!' With a rattle our rifles were brought into the order, and then we waited. Oh, such a long time it seemed to me before the long procession resolved itself into a funeral party, but with the chief character in the procession in the full vigor of manhood."

"Leading the procession was an armed party with arms reversed, then the band and drums, followed by an escort of four men, surrounding a fair haired, handsome young soldier, who marched past us with head erect and with firm step, the coolest man out of the 6,000 present. The step of many of the band and escort was erratic, but the bare headed soldier never made a false step the whole time, he even calling the attention of one of the escort to 'change step'."

"He mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the chaplain, the provost marshal and two men; the band ceased playing, and then began the most solemn of all liturgies, the 'burial of the dead.' Ere this, however, he was asked if he wished to address his comrades. His words were: 'Comrades, I deserve my fate. I'm heartily sorry for what I've done and hope God will forgive me. Keep away from drink; never lose your tempers. God bless you all. God help me!'"

"During the pining process the chaplain repeated the burial service or, rather, extracts from it, and just as the bolt was drawn repeated the words, 'Lord, receive his soul!' Many ejaculated a fervent 'Amen!'"

"Instantly the brigadier's voice rang out: 'Fours—right. By the left—quick march!' The whole force was marched past the scaffold and made to 'eyes right' on arriving there, so that every man should see the quivering mass which was suspended from the beam. We marched back to the camp, right glad to get away from the scene; yet, try as we might, we could not cast off the gloom which had settled upon us. During the time we were waiting on parade scores of men, principally youngsters, fainted, as their nerves were overstrung at the thought of what was coming."

"Although I had seen an execution of a civilian, it made not one tithe of the impression on my mind as did this execution."

To Let.

Several Houses on Brunswick street. Apply to Feb 12—dtr LUCY & CO.

OPERA HOUSE

MONDAY, May 20

Grand spectacular production of Longfellow's poem,

EVANGELINE.

Under auspices of the King's Daughters, and in part for the benefit of Victoria Hospital.

Directed by Mr. and Mrs. Rodenbaugh. 100 people in the cast as Acadian Peasants, Soldiers, Indians, etc. Solos, choruses, drills, dances. Grandest affair of the season. Reserved seats 50c at McMurray's, Friday, May 17th, at 10 a. m. Admission 35c. May 15—dtd

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A large stock of Linseed Meal, Corn Seed Meal, Middlings (Goldies and Ogilvie's), Bran, Rock Salt, Corn Meal, first-class horse and stock Hay, Straw.

To land in a few days a lot of Cracked Corn and Oats fresh from the mill in Ontario. A stock of Seeds, Barley, Wheat Peas and soon. Landed—1 car of nice fresh lime, just kilned. This brand of lime stands high in the market and took a diploma at the Paris exposition in 1900. Also Land and Calcined Plaster.

In my coal sheds I have all kinds of Hard Coals, Chestnut, Stove, Egg, and broken for the blacksmith, Cumberland and Grand Lake Coals, and nice screened Coals for open grates and stoves.

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and request all persons using superphosphate to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Free Delivery to all parts of the city.

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Coy's Block, Queen St. Telephone 323 and we will send for and deliver the article, after being neatly and promptly done. Special attention given to the repairing of Table Silverware.

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Removal Notice.

The Law Offices of R. W. McLellan, Barrister, have been removed to the Larchill premises, the second building on the lower side of Carleton street from Queen.

April 11—dtr-w31

TO LET.

From May 1st next, that desirable residence on Waterloo Row occupied by the subscriber. Good bath room and furnace. March 11—dtr A. R. SLIPP.

Carpets
Curtains, etc.

CARPETS will be our theme for a time, as we have a very large and varied stock of the newest and best values in Tapestry, Brussels, Axminsters, Wools, Unions and Hems.

JAPANESE MATTINGS in plain, fancy and mottled. This make of matting is woven with linen thread and far superior to the straw woven, both for appearance and wear.

CARPET ART SQUARES in all sizes. We have just opened a new lot of these, very pretty in design.

OILCLOTHS for stairs, bath rooms, halls and dining rooms.

LINOLEUMS in two and four yards wide.

CURTAINS in all of this year's leading styles.

CURTAIN POLES and Trimming in 1, 1½ and 2 inches.

WINDOW SHADES in great variety.

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Bought direct from the growers. Quality the best. Prices the lowest.

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