CORONER'S JURY NAMES DR. PRESTON IN ITS VERDICT

(Continued from page five.)

assistance, was because, as she explained to you, Edith objected to her solicitude.

Dr. Roberts visited Miss Clark on the afternoon of November 15. He examined the patient and found she had a chill. He took her temperature and gave certain directions."

The coroner here briefly sketched the early stages of the girl's illness. Continuing he said:

"On Thursday he saw her again, and also on the following day. All this time, bear in mind, he was treating her for what he believed to be pneumonia. On Saturday afternoon Miss Reynolds called at the doctor's office and told him that Miss Clark was suffering from something that had not been foreseen. Dr. Roberts suggested a certain possibility, but Miss Reynolds by no means agreed with him. She was horrified at what the doctor surmised. That evening Dr. Roberts visited the Clark house, determined to get to the bottom of the matter. As a result of examination he was obliged to inform the patient that only through submitting to an immediate operation could she hope to live."

At this point Mr. Morrill made an observation.

"Now Mr. Morrill," said Coroner Berryman, "you are a member of the legal profession, and I want to tell you this—that there is not another lawyer in this city who would have dared interrupt me as you have just done. I will not have one more word. Will you please sit down."

Mr. Morrill offered his thanks and resumed his chair.

The coroner turned to the jury:

"I apologize to you. I feel that with me you can afford to think nothing more about it."

Coroner Berryman continued: "As a consequence of what Dr. Roberts learned, he determined to call in another medical man and decided on Dr. Scammell. He told him about Miss Clark's confession and about the necessity of an operation. It was natural that Dr. Roberts wanted to do the best thing possible under the circumstances. It was natural that if an operation should take place he should do his utmost to have it a success. He was acting in the interest of himself and his patient. It was natural all around.

"The physicians talked with the patient and then they talked together, and the result of that conversation was that it would be wise to procure from the girl a statement, so that in the event of her death they should be protected, for they foresaw that it was possible of being suspected as parties to an illegal operation. Perhaps I am not digressing, when I say that I put a direct question to Dr. Addy, who performed the post mortem examination of Miss Clark. I asked him if there was any puncture or wound, and he said there was no mark whatsoever.

"Dr. Roberts and Dr. Scammell decided that an immediate operation was extremely essential."

The coroner then entered into details and continued: "The paper bearing her signature shows that she failed in her endeavor. On Monday following the operation Dr. Roberts, Dr. Scammell and the nurse were in her room. She was then weaker and her temperature was high. The doctors, already in possession of what she had affixed her signature to, felt that it was their duty to inquire further. They pointed out to her her critical condition, and the grave possibility that she would not survive her illness. She then informed them and also in the presence of the nurse, that Dr. Edward Preston had used an instrument on her. These were three reliable witnesses. She felt, possibly, that she was between them and eternity, when she acknowledged that Dr. Preston had done that and that for his services he received $25. Those physicians felt it their duty to make further inquiries, but had they been older practitioners, they would have taken the statement concerning Dr. Preston down in writing, in order that such practices as illegal operations might be jumped upon, and put away forever as far as St. John is concerned.

"You have a perfect right to consider the evidence that has been adduced, but if you disbelieve the sworn statements made by the witnesses I have alluded to, you will brand them as disreputable witnesses. I question if you will do this.

"Now, it is a fact, patent to the medical profession and to druggists, and perhaps also to laymen, that there are drugs specific for certain organs. We have had it proven that Howard Camp brought medicine to Miss Clark. The chief of police, and I want to say that through this entire case he has shown himself to be a most capable official, secured the bottle which contained the medicine and that he also procured the original prescription. On the label appeared the name of Dr. Edward Preston.

"According to my order, Dr. G. A. B. Addy made a post mortem examination on the body of Miss Clark. From the time that examination was made to the time he submitted his report I was in ignorance as to the result. I felt, however, that his report could be depended upon. He submitted facts, and I think you will agree with me when I say that his report was deeper and more significant than it appeared on the surface.

"I want to say a few words in connection with an article that recently appeared in the St. John Globe in which a lawyer expressed a certain opinion in connection with the present case. The article in question, in my judgment, tended to exert an influence on the jury. That lawyer was inflated with his own importance.

"It is only right for me to say that no lawyer sitting at this table was the lawyer you have in mind," said Mr. Morrill.

"I am not asking for information," observed the coroner.

"The post mortem by Dr. Addy," resumed Dr. Berryman, "confirmed all that the doctors had said. Dr. Roberts was right when he said the girl was suffering from congestion of the lungs. As far as he went, in his treatment of her, he was absolutely correct.

"I ask you to tell this court when, how and by what means Miss Clark died. If you feel that the evidence is correct and to be depended upon you will attach to your verdict the name of some one. If you name him it will be evident that there was collusion, if you act according solely to the evidence. Allow no public opinion to interfere with you. It makes little difference what your verdict is so long as you are guided solely by the evidence you have heard. I have been for eighteen years coroner in this city but never before have I presided over so important a matter as this. Never before have I felt so strongly that the hand of man should stand against the hand of man as I do in the present instance. The city, the province, the whole dominion, are watching you, and I leave the matter now in your hands. I am confident that you will render a verdict in accordance with the evidence as it has come to you."

The verdict was then found as quoted above.

The preliminary examination of the prisoners will be begun before Judge Ritchie in the police court Friday morning. Solicitor-General Jones will appear for the prosecution.

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Chiefly in carved wood. Miniature Chalets, Salad Spoons and Forks, Crumbing Sets, Paper Cutters, Nut Crackers, etc., etc. Deftly made and something quite new hereabouts.

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Fresh from Kobe, with the sheen and shimmer of lacquered bamboo. What Nots, Tabourettes, Tables, etc. These can be used for other purposes, such as Sewing Tables, Five O'clock Tables, Phonograph Stands, etc.

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Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

(Continued.)

"Charles does not interest you so much as he interests your sister?" he suggested.

"He has never interested me much," she replied, indifferently. She did not ask him to sit down. It would not have been etiquette in an age when women were, by some odd misjudgment, considered incapable of managing their own hearts.

"Is that because he is in love, mademoiselle?" inquired de Casimir, with a guarded laugh.

"Perhaps so."

She did not look at him. De Casimir had not missed this time. His air of candid confidence had met with a quick response. He laughed again and moved toward the door. Mathilde stood motionless and, although she said no word nor by any gesture bade him stay, he stopped on the threshold and turned again toward her.

"It was my conscience," he said, looking at her over his shoulder, "that bade me go."

Her face and her averted eyes asked why, but her straight lips were silent.

"Because I cannot claim to be more interesting than Charles Darragon," he hazarded. "And you, mademoiselle, confess that you have no tolerance for a man who is in love."

"I have no tolerance for a man who is weakened by love. He should be strengthened and hardened by it."

"To——?"

"To do a man's work in the world," said Mathilde, coldly.

De Casimir was standing by the open door. He closed it with his foot. He was professedly a man alert for the chance of a moment, which he was content to grasp without pausing to look ahead. There might be difficulties yet unperceived, but these in turn might present an opportunity to be seized by the quick witted.

"Then you would admit, mademoiselle," he said, gravely, "that there may be good in a love that fights continually against ambition and—does not prevail."

Mathilde did not answer at once. There was an odd suggestion of antagonism in their attitude toward each other—not irreconcilable, the poets tell us, with love—but this is assuredly not the Love that comes from Heaven and will go back there to live through eternity.

"Yes," said she, at length.

'Such is my love for you," he said, his quick instinct telling him that with Mathilde few words were best.

He only spoke the thoughts of his age; for ambition was the ruling passion in men's hearts at this time. All who served the Great Adventurer gave it the first place in their consideration, and de Casimir only aped his betters. Though oddly enough the only two of all the great leaders who were to emerge still greater from the coming war—Ney and Eugene—thought otherwise on these matters.

"I mean to be great and rich, mademoiselle," he added, after a pause. "I have risked my life for that purpose half a dozen times."

Mathilde stood looking across the room toward the window. He could only see her profile and the straight line of her lips. She too was the product of a generation in which men rose to dazzling heights without the aid of women.

"I should not have troubled you with these details, mademoiselle," he said, watching her. His instinct was very keen, for not one woman in a thousand, even in those days, would have admitted that love was a detail. "I should not have mentioned it, had you not given me your views—so strangely in harmony with my own."

Whatever his nationality, his voice was that of a Pole—rich, musical, and expressive. He could have made, one would have thought, a very different sort of love had he wished, or had he been sincere. But he was an opportunist. This was the sort of love that Mathilde wanted.

He came a step nearer to her and stood resting on his sword—a lean, hard man who had seen much war.

"Until you opened my eyes," he said, "I did not know, or did not care to know, that love, far from being a drag on ambition, may be a help."

Mathilde made a little movement toward him which she instantly repressed. The heart is quicker, but the head nearly always has the last word.

"Mademoiselle," he said—and no doubt he saw the movement and the restraint—"will you help me now at the beginning of the war, and listen to me again at the end of it—if I succeed?"

After all he was modest in his demands.

"Will you help me? Together, mademoiselle—to what height may we not rise in these days?"

There was a ring of sincerity in his voice, and her eyes answered it.

"How can I help you" she asked, in a doubting voice.

"Oh, it is a small matter," was the reply. "But it is one in which the Emperor is personally interested. Such things have a special attraction for him. The human interest never fails to hold his attention. If I do well, he will know it and remember me. It is a question, mademoiselle, of secret societies. You know that Prussia is riddled with them."

Mathilde did not answer. He studied her face, which was clean cut and hard like a marble bust—a good face to hide a secret.

"It is my duty to watch here in Dantzig and to report to the Emperor. In serving myself I could also perhaps serve a friend, one who might otherwise run into danger—who may be in danger while you and I stand here. For the Emperor strikes hard and quickly. I speak of your father, mademoiselle—and of the Tugendbund."

Still he could not see from the pale profile whether Mathilde knew anything at all.

"And if I procure information for you" asked she, at length, in a quiet and collected voice.

"You will help me to attain a position such as I could ask—even you—to share with me. And you would do your father no harm. You would even render him a service. For all the secret societies in Germany will not stop Napoleon. It is only God who can stop him now, mademoiselle. All men who attempt it will only be crushed beneath the wheels. I might save your father."

But Mathilde did not seem to be thinking of her father.

"I am hampered by poverty," de Casimir said, changing his ground. "In the old days it did not matter. But now, in the Empire, one must be rich. I shall be rich—at the end of this campaign."

Again his voice was sincere, and again her eyes answered to it. He made a step forward and gently taking her hand he raised it to his lips.

"You will help me!" he said, and, turning abruptly on his heel, he left her.

De Casimir's quarters were in the Langenmarkt. On returning to them he took from his despatch-case a letter, which he turned over thoughtfully in his hand. It was addressed to Desiree and sealed carefully with a wafer.

"She may as well have it," he said. "It will be as well that she should be occupied with her own affairs."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Visitation.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

Whenever Papa Barlasch caught sight of his unwilling host's face, he turned his own aside with a despairing upward nod. Once or twice, during the early days of his occupation of the room behind the kitchen, in the Fraunengasse, he smote himself on the brow, as if calling upon his brain to make an effort. But afterward he seemed to resign himself to this lapse of memory, and the upward despairing nod gradually lost intensity until at last he brought himself to pass Antoine Sebastian in the narrow passage with no more emphatic recognition than a scowl.

"You and I," he said to Desiree, "are the friends. The others——"

And his gesture seemed to permit the others to go hang if they so desired. The army had gone forward, leaving Dantzig in that idle restlessness which holds those who, finding themselves in a house of sickness, are not permitted entry to the darkened chamber, but must await the crisis elsewhere.

There were some busy enough in the commerce that must exist between a huge army and its base, in the forwarding of war materials and stores, in accommodating the sick and sending out in return those who were to fill the gaps. But the Dantzigers themselves had nothing to do. Their prosperous trade was paralysed. Those who had aught to sell had sold it. The high seas and the high roads were alike blocked by the French. And rumor ever busy among those that wait, ran to and fro in the town.

The Emperor of Russia had been taken prisoner. Napoleon had been checked at the passage of the Niemen. There had been a great battle at Gumbinnen, and the French were in full retreat. Vilna had capitulated to Murat, and the war was at an end. A hundred authentic despatches of the morning were the subject of contemptuous laughter at the supper-table.

Lisa heard these tales in the market-place and told Desiree, who, as often as not, translated them to Barlasch. But he only held up his wrinkled forefinger and shook it slowly from side to side.

"Woman's chatter!" he said. "What is the German for 'magpie'?"

And on being told the word he repeated it gravely to Lisa. For he had not only fulfilled his promise of settling down in the house, but had assumed therein a distinct and clearly defined position. He was the counsellor, and from his chair, just within the kitchen, he gave forth judgment.

"And you," he said to Desiree, one morning, when household affairs had taken her to the kitchen, "you are troubled this morning. You have had a letter from your husband?"

"Yes—and he is in good health."

"Ah!"

Barlasch glared at her beneath his brows, looking her up and down, noting her quick movements, which had the uncertainty of youth.

"And now that he is gone," he said, "and that there is war, you are going to employ yourself by falling in love with him, when you had all the time before and did not take advantage of it."

Desiree laughed at him, and made no other answer. While she spoke to Lisa he sat and watched them.

"It would be like a woman to do such a thing," he pursued. "They are so inconvenient — women. They get married for fun, and then, one fine Thursday, they find they have missed all the fun, like one who comes late to the theatre—when the music is over."

(To be Continued.)

Mrs. Wm. McLeod, of Port Elgin, was in the city yesterday en route from Boston to her home.

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No 8—Express for Sussex 17.10
No 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 19.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, Sydney and Halifax 23.25

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No. 9—From Halifax and Sydney 6.20
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