

THE MUSICIAN AND THE MADMAN

Thirteen years' experience as the only English-speaking physician in a Mexican town had made me familiar with the private lives of most of its denizens. It was one day in June during the siesta, when from 12 to 2.30 o'clock all shops close, that there came a knock on the door. In response to my "Come in," Signora Ustetide, a fine-looking woman of middle age entered, holding by the hand a young man of perhaps 25 years.

"My call," said the lady when she had introduced herself and taken the chair I offered "is for both social and professional assistance. My boy—and here she turned loving eyes upon the fat, high-shouldered, six feet of masculinity beside her—"my boy is unfortunate mentally, and it is one of his peculiarities that he cannot endure music."

"You are in the habit of playing your violin at your window during our siesta, and it annoys him greatly," she continued.

"Abominable! Abominable! Abominable!" broke in the "boy." "I feel that I am somewhat impertinent in making the request," resumed Mrs. Ustetide, with a smile that would make any old bachelor doctor of 50 break his fiddle, "but I know that you, as a physician will understand."

"I appreciate the situation," I replied, with considerable dignity, "and will see to it that there is no further annoyance of the kind."

"Thank you," she said, with another angelic smile. "The second and main purpose of my call is this. Will you kindly make some preliminary examination of him and take charge of his case, if you think treatment will benefit him."

It was an ugly as well as a silly stare I had from Alfred at this. To make a short story of it, I learned that among Alfred's youthful vices were inordinate cigarette smoking and over-application to study, the latter as much a vice as any other excess. Alfred had been unusually bright, with an abnormal ambition to know the mysteries of mechanics. Late hours at books and models, with a cigarette always in his mouth, had ruined him. He was now a paranoiac. I saw there was little I could do for him. However, as there seemed to be a streak of ugliness in his case, something rather unusual in paranoiacs, I said to his mother: "Senora, I can hold out no hope of a cure, but in malades of this sort there is sometimes developed a dangerous tendency. While we may not cure, we may be able to stop."

A gunshot, followed by a woman's screams broke the noontide quiet of Calle de Tampico, and we rushed to the door.

On the cement floor of the sitting room at the left of the entrance hall, lay old Hermann Henkel, while beside him knelt his daughter, Amelia, rubbing his body and screaming most piteously.

Old Hermann, soloist of the best orchestra in town, was a dear friend of mine. Often in the quiet hours of evening, we had met in his little parlour, he performing on his flute, and I doing my best on my violin; I think that nothing in this life creates stronger love of man than such musical association.

As I took a place in the crowd that pressed behind the policeman, my eye

happened to rest on Alfred Ustetide. He was rubbing his hands together and muttering: "Fine calculation! A bull's eye! while his face wore a queer mixture of joy, cunning and devilry. His mother took him by the hand and led him from the room just as a tall, swarthy, fierce-eyed Mexican sprang through the doorway, threw the crowd this way and that, and pounced upon the corpse of my dear friend.

"Pounced!" is the only word to use in describing an act of Capt. Juarez Lopez of the Chihuahua police.

"Murder," he said, pointing to a raw-edged bullet-hole in the old man's left side. "You people clear out. The officer and I will attend to matters here."

But as I was going his eye fell on me and he exclaimed: "Stop, Senor Doctor! You will completely examine the body and make the scientific report to the mayor tomorrow," and then as I took my coat to make what superficial examination I could, Juarez darted from the house into the street.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the next morning Captain Juarez Lopez entered my office. He seated himself quietly.

"I have the murderer and merely call for your report on the autopsy," he began, yawning and stretching himself.

"Got the murderer! Who are they?" "George Rote and his half-breed Yaqui, across the way."

"Why then," I cried, "it's impossible. Old Henkel was shot from above. Rote, living on the ground floor opposite him, could not have shot him as he was shot without going on the housetop, and no one would have been fool enough to do that."

"Listen, Senor Doctor, Rote, as everyone in the street knows, was in love with the old man's daughter. Rote and the old man often quarrelled."

"But that does not prove that Rote would do murder," I broke in.

"Amelia told me yesterday," he resumed, "that as I sat at my window seeing away at the 'Primer Bess,' my mind was turning over the events of the past 24 hours. Only the day before the beautiful Senora Ustetide had been in that very room. From where I sat I could see her fine house on the opposite side of the street. She was a widow, beautiful, rich and still young. My bachelor life, full of professional duties though it was, was devoid of much in the matter of companionship and home attractions. Even the association with the old fluteplayer, Henkel, was at an end, and I began to speculate on a home of my own, with Senora Ustetide presiding over it, for she had attracted me strangely and strongly."

"As I sat there turning out waiters and images of a home with the handsome widow as the goddess, it suddenly occurred to

me that I was breaking my promise the very first day.

I arose hurriedly. As I did so, there came a gunshot in the street. There was a sharp click as a bullet tore through the back of the chair in which I had been sitting. I looked down the street. Senora Ustetide and Alfred were standing in their doorway, but from a third-story window of their residence a smoke cloud was floating away in the sunlight.

"Nice calculation! A bullseye! A bullseye!" was ringing in my ears as I walked rapidly across to the Ustetides.

"Senora," I exclaimed, "I have been shot at from the third-floor room of your house, and there's no doubt but poor Henkel was killed by the villain now in that room. I demand instant admission."

She turned white with indignation, but, upon my pointing to the smoke cloud still lingering above the upper window, bade me enter, adding that there was no one in the house save her son and herself.

I sprang up the stairway, Alfred following with a scowl on his face, muttering: "Calculation missed! Calculation missed!" again and again.

Arriving at the third floor, I pushed open a door that led to the front room.

It was a big chamber littered over with odds and ends. Upon benches and chairs, and upon the floor itself were enough machines and parts of machinery to start a railroad repair shop—electrical engines, turbine wheels, circular saws, wires, tools, mechanical contrivances without number—the playthings of the paranoiac, Alfred Ustetide, who followed me closely into his den and led me directly to the front window.

Close to the window was as diabolical a contrivance as man's skill could well invent. And Alfred explained its operation to me with pride and with much repetition of terms and processes.

In the curtain of the window he had cut a small circular hole. From this hole he had fastened one of the old rifles picked up by his father. The gun, a muzzle-loader, was one of those which require a percussion cap about as big as a kernel of corn. But Alfred didn't need the cap.

He merely loaded the gun from an old ammunition case that went with it as a relic, filled the large "muzzle" with loose powder, and over this fixed an ordinary magnifying glass. When the sun, shining through that hole in the curtain, focused its rays upon the magnifying glass, the powder was ignited and the gun went off.

Alfred observed the regular hours of Henkel and myself at our windows, with flute and violin, aimed the gun, and the sun did the rest. He had been in my office that day, and killed Henkel from the third-story window across the way. He had stood at his threshold, a few minutes before, and failed to put an end to my music and life simply because I had moved from my chair.

What a beautiful alibi he had at his command! How pale was his observation that day when he stood over poor old Henkel's body and murmured: "Nice calculation! A bullseye! A bullseye!"

What an artistic, though strenuous critic of music!

Rote was freed and Alfred kept in jail for a year in order to give him a chance to prove his innocence, perhaps. Then they declared him to be insane and dangerous, but freed him for his mother's sake.

But I did not think it worth while to propose to her.

REQUIREMENTS

To Make a Correct Easter Appearance.

From top to bottom the store is full of new Spring goods. No matter what your wants are, they can be satisfied here, and at prices peculiar to this store.

LADIES' JACKET. Strikingly attractive lines at most reasonable prices.

At \$5.65—A Covert Cloth Coat, hip length, very stylishly made, with the broad front effect. Perfect fitting.

At \$7.50—A Strapped Covert Cloth Coat, hip length, perfect fitting, and a most serviceable all round spring coat.

At \$10.00—One of the daintiest Covert Coats that we have ever shown. It is self trimmed, lined, and fits to perfection. The broad shoulder effect with generous padding makes the garment a general favorite.

At \$11.50—A Three-Quarter Coat, very prettily trimmed and made from good Covert Cloth.

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A WAIST SHOWING FOR THE EASTER TRADE. Have you seen our window display. Many have said it contains the handsomest waists shown in St. John this season. They are exclusive and are only shown in St. John in this store. Made by the largest maker in Canada and yet the price is only reasonable. The lines shown in the window run from \$1.00 to \$7.50. The other prices are from 45c. up.

KID GLOVES FOR EASTER—Pique sewn "Pique" Gloves, (the mannish gloves), in all sizes at \$1.00 a pair. This is a glove that wears well and is suitable for spring when one wants a little heavier than the ordinary kid glove.

KID GLOVES AT 75c.—A thoroughly well made glove, with two dome fasteners, in white, black and tans, all sizes.

KID GLOVES AT \$1.00 A PAIR—Areal French Kid Glove, guaranteed. Two dome fasteners, in tans, black and white.

MUSLINS—We just received and opened up on Friday a lot of dainty waist and suit muslins. They are strikingly attractive and easy priced—15c., 22c., 35c., and 37c. a yard.

MERCERISED JACQUARD WAISTINGS. Those that will retain the lustre after washing. They are snow white, soft and dainty. Price is 22c. a yard.

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59 Charlotte Street.

IMPERIAL SUBSIDY FOR C. P. R. EMPRESS STEAMERS EXPIRES

Contract Not Likely to Be Resumed as Admiralty Thinks it a Waste of Money, and Government is Anxious to Cut Expenses.

Montreal, April 6.—(Special)—The Star's London correspondent cables: The treasury has paid the last cheque due for the imperial subsidy on the admiralty and postal account for the Canadian Pacific express service in the Far East. The contract expired today. The Canadian Pacific, therefore, cease to be an imperially subsidized concern.

The question of the renewal of the contract with the new Campbell-Bannerman ministry evidently bristles with difficulties. Sir John Fisher's new naval policy attaches no value whatever to mercantile cruisers. Sir John said the other day: "The admiralty have no use for them whatever. We can use the money far better in other directions."

Similarly permanent officials in the British post office deny that the subsidy is a business proposition, and contend that it is useful as a route for a through postal service to the Far East, yet to be proved. It must depend upon far closer connections between boat and train at Atlantic and Pacific ends in Canada and more efficient trans-Atlantic service.

If the subsidy is renewed, and most strenuous efforts are being made here to secure that end, it will be solely on large imperial grounds, and here the difficulty is that the new ministry is chiefly concerned with the home interests of the British people, and is especially anxious to curtail all extended imperial expenditure from the treasury. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom got far too little in return in the past.

"I know a little baby. So happy, smiling, bright; She looks just like an angel. Sent from the world of light."

It is perfectly safe to say that all such angelic looking babies are fed regularly on Lactated Food. It is the only food that produces happy, smiling and bright looking babies. The babies that are fed on Lactated Food could speak, what a burst of joyous praise would arise from the little ones! It is, however, pleasing to know that the dear mothers recognize the great benefits of Lactated Food. They speak for their little ones, and for the benefit of mothers whose babies are not happy and healthy.

No weak and emaciated babies are found where Lactated Food is used; no death-dealing complaints take hold of the infants when the great Food is used as a regular article of diet. Mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters are all made joyful and happy when the baby is kept well and strong by Lactated Food. How is it in your home, dear mother? Are you enjoying the peace and comfort that other mothers experience? If you are not, let us urge you to try Lactated Food for your baby.

At the annual convocation of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, on the 4th inst., Rev. Professor D. J. Fraser, LL.D., late of this city, had the degree of D. D. conferred on him. William MacMillan, of Prince of Wales College (P. E. I.), won the Stirling scholarship worth \$25 as well as the Peter Redpath scholarship worth \$70, 1st year general proficiency in honor and ordinary work. A. D. MacKenzie, M. A. of Hartsville (P. E. I.), won the Pass and Honor gold medal and the William J. Morris traveling fellowship worth \$800.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM

WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 28th, 1906. MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Dear Sirs:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was gradually troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get two or three than I would have a fourth, perhaps five or six more.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Always very patient medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "why not try Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say I was no longer ill. I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil since, and my face and neck are as clear as glass. I feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly, HENRY A. SMITH.

OBITUARY

Parker Smith.

Windsor, N. S., April 6.—The community was shocked today to hear of the sudden passing away from heart disease of Parker Smith, commissioner of streets, a well-known and respected citizen of Windsor. Mr. Smith had been ill a very short time. He complained of feeling a pain in his chest last evening, and was restless throughout the night. About 10 o'clock this morning he died almost without any warning. Heart disease was the cause of his death. For thirty years Mr. Smith has been jailor and erior of the court. He leaves five daughters and one son.

James Haney, Milkish.

James Haney, aged seventy-six years, On Wednesday afternoon he left his home to walk to Millidville on the ice. His strength failed and when within several hundred yards of his journey's end he fell. Had he not been seen by some fisherman it is not improbable that he would have died where he fell. These men carried him to the home of Mr. Irving, and there he was attended by Dr. J. P. McInerney. Mr. Haney later insisted on being taken to his home. His wife survives him.

Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy.

Saves her father from a drunkard's grave. Free sample of Samaria Tasteless Prescription checks his drinking and leads to a complete cure.

"It seemed hopeless to keep father from drinking, and we all felt the disgrace of his drinking. When things were at their worst a friend advised me to try Samaria. I saw that you offered a free sample treatment, and that the remedy was tasteless and could be given secretly. I determined to try it, and have been glad every day since. The full treatment, which I gave him in his tea, cured him, and I am pleased to say he never touches whiskey now. How glad I am that I wrote you and how happy we all are together. Father says that he could never have stopped drinking if he had not tried Samaria."

COAL.

We Have a Small Nut Soft Coal

For cooking-stoves at \$1.55 for half ton, \$2.45 for full ton; \$1.50 per ton delivered. Saved Round Hard Wood, \$1.75 per load. Second quality Sawed Hard Wood, \$1.50 per load. Best Quality Sawed Hard Wood, \$2.25 per load.

J. S. GIBSON & CO., Smythe St., Charlottetown, and Marsh St. Telephone, 676.

Special for This Week Only. Best Mixed Cordwood, \$2.25 per load, sawed and split. Dry Soft Wood for Kindling. Delivered to all parts of the city.

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St., Foot of Germain St. Telephone 1116.

Telephone Subscribers.

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1700 Curward Mrs. W. H. Residence, Carleton St.
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A. W. McMAKIN, Local Manager.

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A Gilt Tea Set.

(54 Pieces)

Worth \$4.00. On sale now for - - \$2.98

Only 10 Tea Sets in Lot.

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Easter Flowers.

We have them in greater production than ever. Lilies, Roses, Carnations and others too numerous to mention. Also fine potted plants. Call and see them.

H. S. CRUKSHANK, 150 Union Street.

Miss Hilda A. Tufts, of Rothney; H. Grist, of London, and Ollus, Farrow, of Milland, were registered at the New Victoria yesterday.

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DONALDSON LINE

—BETWEEN—

Glasgow and St. John

Winter Service, 1906.

From Glasgow. From St. John.
Mar. 17 S. S. Kastalia. April 7
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Freight and passage rates furnished on application to the following agents: Donaldson Brothers, Glasgow Robert Reford Co., Ltd., Montreal SCHOFFIELD & CO., LTD., St. John.

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18,000 (EMPRESS OF BRITAIN) 14,500 (EMPRESS OF IRELAND) TONS

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From Liverpool. From St. John. N. B.
Mar. 27. LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Apr. 14
Apr. 10. LAKE ERIE. Apr. 28
FIRST CABIN—To Liverpool. \$85.00 and upwards, according to steamer.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool. \$40.00. Rates to and from Liverpool. \$25.00 and upwards, according to steamer.

THIRD CLASS—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, Queenstown. \$25.00. From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, \$27.50. To and from all other ports at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON. Third Class only. S. S. Mount Temple, April 18th. Third Class only. S. S. Lake Michigan. Apr. 30

For Tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. MACNAV, St. John, N. B. or F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

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Will Issue Return Tickets To general public Going APRIL 12 to 16, Returning APRIL 17th

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Electric Elevator and all Latest and Modern Improvements.

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NEW VICTORIA.

Parties returning from the country for winter will find excellent rooms and accommodation at this Hotel, at moderate rates. Modern conveniences. Overlooks harbor. On street car line. Within easy reach of business centre.

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Prince Royal Hotel,

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Centrally located. Cars pass the door every five minutes. Few minutes walk from Post Office.

MRS. C. GLEASON, Prop.

GOING TO ENGLAND

E. R. Vickery, Who Has Resigned Chatham Pulp Mill Management, is in Town.

E. R. Vickery, late manager of the Chatham pulp mill, is at the Royal. He will go to England probably the last of April, having resigned his position for that purpose. He has been manager for the last seven years and will be succeeded by R. B. Horton, who has been his assistant for the last twelve months.

The Chatham pulp mill is not running at present owing to the destruction of the acid plant last January. Building operations are being pushed, however, and it is hoped a start will be made about the middle of May.

The 11th anniversary of Johnston Lodge L. O. B. A. was pleasantly celebrated last night in the Germain street hall. An excellent programme was presented to a large audience and refreshments were served. Games were also enjoyed. Among those who took part in the programme were Miss H. Akersley, Miss Leggett, and Mrs. Kilpatrick, mistress of Cullum Lodge. Addresses were delivered by James Mundy, of Carleton, H. W. Kilpatrick, and Charles Belyea.

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