

A Frisco Hatchet Man

By Philip Verrill Mighels.

A singular nose Ned Hummel's seemed to me, for he held it elevated oddly and the nostrils moved with a delicate mobility.

"Old man," said he, still scenting in the air. "I smell opium."

"Oh," said I, quite relieved, "very likely."

"That smell, you know," said he, "reminds me a trifle of a deal I had in California."

"Does it?"

"Yes. Three years ago I had been a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle a little more than 50 years. There I met a splendid lot of fellows, but the jolliest and liveliest crowd was composed of the boys of the internal revenue department, who did nothing at all but watch the Chinese opium thieves, smugglers and 'factories.' Their duty was to spy on these crafty devils and to raid their dens as often as suspicions required.

"All 'factories' you must understand, were illicit, for no one could afford to pay the exorbitant and purposely prohibitory tax or license wihch the government levied on all such concerns.

"Many a night we forced the door of some foul abode that reeked with the over powering odor of the cooking 'dope'—aglow with the light from the ruddy fires.

"Generally the coolies escaped, into mazes of tortuos corridors, for Chinatown is incomplete, without a score of crooked passages, leading from every room of the slightest importance.

In the midst of this career I met a Chinese interpreter, who told me an inside story which he had overheard and parts of which had escaped even the vigilant officers of the government.

"A Chinese ring, represented by a smuggler and a single Chinese merchant, also in shady business, were concerned.

"A certain steamer from the Orient contained a consignment of stuff, way-billed to the ring, and when it was nearly due at the port, the ring played a winning stroke and a 'double-cross," in which, by seeming to play in the hands of the government they really betrayed their partner, the merchant. Ah Fong, and brought their opium safely through. Ah Fong was powerless to complain to the government, being himself concerned, and, besides he found it out too late. But he nursed his grievance.

"The interpreter told me the name of the chief conspirator or representative of the ring, and asked me to keep it a secret. Later, when this same interpreter succumbed to an overdose of opium—for he was sadly addicted to nights in the 'joint'—I alone possessed a knowledge that extended behind the scenes.

"On a Sunday morning, months after my last official visit to Chinatown, I strayed along Dupont street, north, till I found myself in the quaint and many colored quarter of the yellow men.

"Rounding a corner, I looked below to Waverly place, where I saw a crowd of whites and Chinese running into a pinched and filthy alley. Using all my well-earned "push" I got to the front and saw what occasioned the gathering.

"Jammed in a corner at the bottom of a damp, squallid flight of steps that led to a fishy and horrible basement, was the corpse of a Chinese man, doubled up, contorted, covered with blood. Not a sign of a struggle was there. The man had evidently been butchered by a 'hatchet' man.

"Behind me suddenly I heard the voice of Bert Thomas. 'Here, Tommy' I said, and pulled him bodily through the crowd.

"For a moment he looked in horror. 'My God!' he cried, "Ah Fong!' No wonder he didn't come. Highbinders win!"

"Who is he?" I said.

"Why," said Tommy, 'that man was in the office yesterday and agreed to lead us to the biggest factory he said on the coast. He didn't dare to give us the names, for fear the men might escape and later take their revenge on himself, and he couldn't describe the way to get there precisely.

"He said if they found him out informing, the highbinders would kill him sure—and we knew they would. Well, he never came back; we thought him a regular liar, but this—this explains it all—the highbinders win the trick. Poor old Fong!'

"'Ah Fong?" I said, 'Ah Fong—seems to me I have heard that name before. Why, Tommy, wasn't he mixed up in a smuggling racket once when the stuff turned out to belong to a ring, and all you fellows got taken in on a consignment of tea?'

"'He's the man—the very same," he said.

"I told him at once the story I had heard from the dead interpreter. I was able to recall the dates and the name of the steamer, but the name of the chief conspirator—that pseudo partner of Fong's—had escaped me completely.

"My brain refused to conjure up that name, and soon, in my daily routine, I forgot the whole transaction.

"It was fully six months after the highbinder murder of Fong, that both Thomas and I found ourselves at a mining camp called Carbuoy. During our leisure hours, left after duly inspecting the famous mine, we wandered about the camp.

"We walked after dinner and smoked up all the cigars old Tommy had. Then we went for more to the post-office. In a glass sort of case affair, used for displaying letters uncalled for, where their owners could point them out and claim them whenever they happened to come along, were several envelopes. I leaned above them listlessly, gazing through the smoke of my tobacco.

"One of the letters was covered with Chinese characters, and had the owner's name in English, done in a weird and wonderful chirography. I spelled it out.

"'Wan Hop Lee.'

"Suddenly a light broke in upon me.

"'Tommy, Tommy,' I cried, 'look here. Do you see that letter—that name—Wan Hop Lee? That's the name of the fellow who was partner once with old Ah Fong—the name I've been trying to think of ever since that morning of the murder. And I've always thought he was at the bottom of that bloody deed!'

"'Whew!' said Tommy. 'If Wan Hop Lee is here, there is something rotten afoot, I'll bet a mint.'

"We got out at once to talk and think it over. The town offered no retreat we cared to occupy, and we therefore took to the hills beyond.

"Stopping abruptly. Tommy whirled half around and drew a long, deep breath through his nostrils.

"'I—(sniff)—smell — (sniff—a factory,' said he.

"I asked him what he intended to do.

"'Track it!' he answered.

"Rounding a hillside we found ourselves almost falling against a rocky dump, where the diggings from a mining tunnel a trifle above had been heaped by the miners.

"Whispering, Tommy turned to me.

"'Wait,' he said, and disappeared.

"In half an hour Thomas came back with the square-jawed sheriff and six of the toughest-looking hair-trigger experts I have ever had the honor to meet.

"Moving cautiously ahead we glided noiselessly into the mouth of the tunnel. The vapors that were vomited by the whole belching corridor were nearly stifling.

"At a turn the whole lurid picture burst upon our view. Half a dozen coolies, naked to the waist and glistening with perspiration, hurried about with fuel or to stir the seething black masses that boiled and bubbled over four roasting fires.

"One huge Chinaman stood a little apart, watching his companions, with leering and direful eyes. Ferocity was fairly embossed on his brutally horrible visage. Mentally I marked him for a dangerous beast, adept in murder. With a sullen roar the mountain men dashed percipitately forward.

"Alarmed at the wholly unexpected suddenness of this attack, the coolies jumped to the rear, grasping iron pokers and tools and shading their blinded eyes to peer in the gloom that engulfed us.

"Backward most of them fell, yelling in wild dismay, and most would have fled at once, but the giant Chinaman hurled them forward with a monstrous swing of his powerful arm. Reaching forward to one of the rashest of the posse, he wrenched the man's revolver from his hand and nearly batted his head from his shoulders with his terrible fist. Over went the man and on came the fiend, with murder and malice twitching and lining every inch of his hideous countenance.

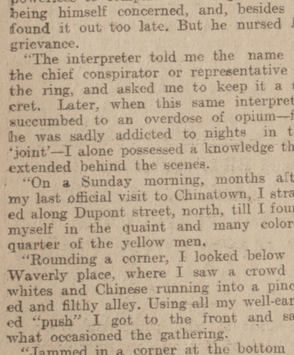
"Once he fired the weapon he held. The bullet ploughed along the under side of the arm of one of us, making a deep and burning flesh wound, enraging to feel. The one who got it instantly discharged a brain-spattering chunk of metal, squarely at the demon, striking him straight between the eyes and laying him low for ever."

The ex-reporter suddenly ceased as if his tale were done.

"Well, but—the other Chinese," I said, "What became of them?"

"They ran too far and blindly into the tunnel when their chief went down," said he. "An abandoned shaft, dark and deep was at the end. They were never buried elsewhere."

He reached a little forward for a match, and I, sitting on a step of the porch below, could hardly help observing a long, purple scar, that began near his wrist and ran up toward his elbow, covered for the most part, by his shirt.



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



FOR EVERYDAY WEAR.

Whatever the weather may be, the wearer of such a practical suit can fare forth comfortably, yet correctly, garbed. The skirt is in walking length and the roomy, easily-donned coat carries out the good lines of the suit. The material is hard-twisted serge, simply, yet effectively, trimmed with black satin pipings and covered buttons. Velvet cuffs and collar and distinction, and there is a removable piping of striped taffeta silk, which adds a dressy finish to wrists and collar opening.

JEALOUS FATHER MURDERED HIS DAUGHTERS

Hiram L. Badger, of Wakefield, Mass., Whose Wife is a Nova Scotian Commits a Terrible Crime.

(Boston Herald, Dec. 9.)

Hiram L. Badger murdered his two daughters as they slept at their home 392 Main street, Wakefield, early yesterday morning, crushing their skulls with a hatchet. After he had arranged the bed covering and removed the traces of the crime, he took a brush and some red paint and printed "At Rest" across the head of the bed.

Then Badger went out and bought a revolver and plenty of ammunition, returned to the house and waited for the coming of his wife, whom he intended to kill, for it was jealousy over her that had crazed him to the point of murder.

Mrs. Badger did not return, so Badger left a note on his dining room table giving the telephone address of his son, who is a cadet on the Enterprise.

On the kitchen table the searchers found a Bible opened to a Psalm, the opening quotation of which read: "They shall be judged by their deeds."

They also found the house cat in the cellar with a bullet through her head, and it is believed Badger tried his aim on her.

After placing the note and having put the hatchet in the woodshed, Badger went down street with James McManus, an employe at the hardware store where he bought the revolver. This was about 1.45 o'clock and McManus says Badger seemed all right at that time. Badger went home again.

Shortly before 11 o'clock Badger came out again and started in search of his wife, who was last seen at home on Monday morning.

When captured in front of Walton's block, Badger put up a desperate fight, and it took six men to land him in the lockup where he was turned over to Chief Harvey G. Brockbank.

Badger threatened to kill the remainder of his family, and any one who interfered with him, and so frantic did he become that the police strapped him to a plank, the town having no padded cell in which to confine him. Patrolman James McFadden was left to watch him. All day long he raved, with the exception of a few moments about 10 o'clock, when he looked up and recognized McFadden, and said, "Hello Jim," and wanted to be left alone so he could kill his wife and a man he called Charles Wright.

About two years ago a man named Charles Wright was employed at a local barber shop. About that time his wife left him, and Wright opened a barber shop in Cambridge. Two months ago he sold out his business, and up to a week or so ago travelled about the country selling tinware. Then he went back to his trade.

Jealousy was undoubtedly the cause of Badger's acts, and Wakefield people witnessed a scene on the elevated at Sullivan Square, Sunday night, which confirms that theory.

Owing to the mystery surrounding the non-appearance of Mrs. Badger, Chief Brockbank called for assistance from the state police, and State Officer Edward Byrnes was assigned to the case. He gave out last night that inasmuch as Medical Examiner R. D. Perley was satisfied as to the cause of the Badger children's death. Dist.-Atty. Higgins would waive an autopsy.

Dr. Perley, after a conference with A. L. Wiley, chairman of the board of selectmen, and Dr. J. W. Heath, chairman of the board of health of Wakefield, who said they would take charge of the bodies of the two children, issued an order allowing the bodies removed to an undertaker's rooms.

Mrs. Badger returned to her home shortly after 7 o'clock last night, but refuses to talk about her whereabouts or the crime, other than to say she telephoned her husband Monday night that she would not be home until Tuesday night, as she wanted to finish some shopping.

Mrs. Badger is a native of Nova Scotia her maiden name being Charlotte Singer. She came to Wakefield in the spring of 1890 and on Sept. 8 of the same year she was married to Hiram L. Badger, by the Rev. R. W. Wallace of the Congregational Church. She was 16 and he was 24. Up to seven years ago they lived on Vernon street.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

Or again, you have, a sinking sensation, a feeling you are going to die; or perhaps, you wake in your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. If you allow these conditions to continue for a short period even, you will begin to feel your health declining. It is the nerves and heart not acting rightly, and they can only be set right by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action.

Mrs. E. Nutt, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I can gladly recommend your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as I was greatly troubled with my nerves. I was so bad I could not sleep at night without the lamp burning, but after taking four boxes of the pills I became all right again."

Price, 50 cents per box; 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A CONVENIENT WAY TO GET RID OF A WITNESS

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 10—A Lockport, N. Y., special says: A strange sequel to the recent William Henry Harmon murder case comes in the finding of the body of John Burke, alias "Burt" and "Scott in the hydraulic race-way below Depot Hill in this city.

The murdered man was the only living witness to the murder of Harmon who was killed by an alleged footpad some months ago. George Gassett, of Rochester, was tried for the murder and acquitted. A day or two ago, Martin Donohue of Lockport was arrested charged with perjury, alleged to have been committed during the Gassett trial. Gassett also is to be tried later on a charge of burglary and robbery, it is being alleged that he had robbed Burke the night of the Harmon murder of $22.

The sudden death of Burke removes the main witness against Gassett, and Lockeport authorities are investigating a theory of foul play in the case.

Can You Tell the Cause of Your Trouble?

Are you sometimes discouraged, and think youll never be any better?

Can you tell the cause of your trouble, or what makes you sick?

Do you know that about nine-tenths of all sickness is caused by kidney trouble?

Have you ever stopped to think that your kidneys may be the cause of your poor health?

Most people do not realize how much work the kidneys are required to do every day.

Every drop of blood in the body must pass through and be filtered by the kidneys thousands of times a day.

How can they do their work well if they are sick?

If your kidneys need treatment, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the wonderful kidney remedy, will prove to be just the medicine you need.

If you will write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., every reader of this paper, who has not already tried Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Remedy, may receive a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free. You can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at all drug stores in Canada.

The newly organized district lodge of the I. O. G. T., has started its work with vigor. Committees have been appointed to deal with various aspects of the temperance work. One committee is that on political action, and its members will keep in touch with legislation affecting temperance and will also make suggestions along these lines.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

OVERCOAT PRICES REDUCED

The warm weather of late Fall has kept the demand for **Overcoats** far from brisk. We have too many on hand---and so to stimulate quick buying we have made.

Radical Reductions

Which will be sure to induce men of sense to select their **Winter Back Coverings Now.**

We offer the season's latest styles—the most approved models made in the **20th Century Brand** and several other makes. Textures and patterns in good variety, and all strictly correct. Medium weight, heavy and extra heavy coats; black, browns, grays and mixed effects.

20 per cent. Discount off all Regular Prices, $10 to $25

Regular $20 Overcoats, - Now Cut to $16.00
Regular $15 Overcoats, - Now Cut to $12.00
Regular $13.50 Overcoats, - Now Cut to $10.80

THESE ARE REAL SAVINGS—Real Reductions from figures fixed by us a few weeks ago, as the LOWEST PRICE at which Overcoats of such merit could be sold and yield us a fair profit.

SALE NOW IN PROGRESS

A. GILMOUR CLOTHING AND TAILORING
68 KING STREET

"QUALITY"



BANK OF COMMERCE SHOWS A FINE YEAR

Earnings on Bank's Capital Are About 16 1-4 Per Cent.

The statement of the Canadian Bank of Commerce for the year ending Nov. 30th shows net profits for the year were $1,627.332.78, compared with $1,752,349.67 the previous year.

The earnings on the capital of the Bank are thus about 16 1-4 per cent for a trying year.

The deposits are now $95,037,796, compared with $87,041,057 a year ago, an almost remarkable increase. Cash and other immediately assets amount to $50,446,178.80, equal to 53 per cent of the total deposits, which is a very strong showing.

Dividends of 8 per cent have been paid during the year, and an additional $1,000,000 has been made to the rest account. The rest account is now $6,000,000.

There is nearly an increase of $400,000 in circulation compared with a year ago. The statement is highly satisfactory.

Following is the profit and loss account for the year:

Balance at credit of profit and loss account brought forward from last year, $675,912.10.

Net profits for the year ending Nov. 30th, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, $1,627,332.78; total $2,303,244.88, which has been appropriated as follows:

Dividends, $800,000; written off bank premises, $300,000; transferred to pension fund, annual contribution, $30,000; subscription to Quebec Battlefields and Fernie fire funds and other objects, $12,000; transferred to rest account, $1,000,000; balance carried forward $161,244.88; total, $2,303,244.88.

The local branch of this bank, which is the second largest in Canada, was established here five years ago when the business of the Halifax Banking Company was taken over. It is in charge of F. B. Francis as manager.

SUIT CASE MAY LEAD TO A CASE OF MURDER

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 0—Chief of Police Heims, of Baldwinsville, a village twelve miles north of this city, has in his possession a suit-case, found in a swamp, containing a man's apparel and a letter addressed to James E. Lawlor, signed by T. E. Lawler, of No. 353 Amsterdam Ave., New York, informing him of their mother's death.

James E. Lawlor was a western horseman. He attended the Grand Circuit races at Syracuse in 1907, and disappeared.

The New York brother writes to Chief Heims that he has heard nothing of him since that time. A coat found near the suit-case was folded as though used for a pillow. In the pockets were several cartridges. Chief Heims believes Lawler's body will be found in the swamp and that the case is one of murder or suicide.

CASTRO IS AT BORDEAUX

Bordeaux, Dec. 10—President Castro of Venezuela disembarked here today from the French steamer Guadalupe on which he sailed from Laguira Nov. 25. The landing of the president and his party was effected without incident.

A representative of Foreign Minister Pichon boarded the steamer and had an interview with Castro, after which the president and the members of his party came up to Bordeaux on a private car. The president was greeted at the railroad station by the Venezuelan colony. The party then got into automobiles and were driven to a hotel.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN NEW YORK

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 10—Foot and mouth disease has appeared on the farm of the Bellona Bissell estate at North Bergen, Monroe county. Nineteen head of cattle and twenty hogs have been destroyed by government inspectors. The disease is supposed to have been brought by a herd of cattle which were driven along the highway through that section from Buffalo.

The concert given by the members of the victualling department of the R. M. S. Empress of Ireland in the Seamen's Institute last night was a great success. E. Brooke, who made a capital chairman, in his opening remarks spoke of the good being accomplished by the institute among the sailors. He also referred to the gift of a piano made to the rooms by Mrs. T. D. Smith and Mrs. W. S. Fielding. The programme as printed in yesterday morning's Telegraph was carried out and was enthusiastically received.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



Gold Dust Saves Time

"If time is money" GOLD DUST is surely a money-saver. What is the use of trying to wash dishes 1095 times a year without

Gold Dust Washing Powder

when it will cut your labors right in two?

The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right-of-way over all other cleaners.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST | Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleansing bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

GRAY'S Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

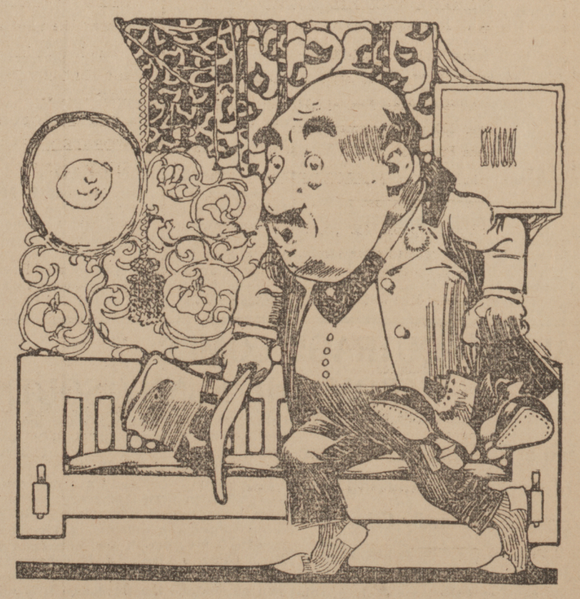
Protects Against Pneumonia

Gray's Syrup breaks up a cold—helps to reduce the fever—and often prevents Pneumonia if taken in time. This Syrup is compounded of Spruce Gum, Blood Root and other valuable drugs—well known for their efficiency in all throat, bronchial and pulmonary troubles. Gray's Syrup has been tested for 50 years—and is the recognized cough specific throughout Canada and the U.S. It was never so popular and so widely used, as it is today. At all drug and general stores, 25c and 50c.

Relieves Colds—Hoarseness—Cold in the Head—Coughs—Bronchitis—Asthma—Pain in the Chest—Night Coughs—and permits Restful Sleep.

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



STILL COLDER.

When the man gets home at 2 a. m.
And meets his charming erstwhile bride,
Though zero rages out of doors
It's nothing to the frost inside.

Find his wife.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

1. Dog—upside down, against sled.
2. Weather man—right side down, against head.