

FRANCE READY FO WAR.

Smokeless and Noiseless Powder. (Special Correspondence of the Montreal Star.) For the last week the grand autumn manoeuvres have been in full operation in France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia. It has been a rehearsal of the great drama which will surely be played in the near future. Every detail is now in readiness for the solemn opening of the most deadly campaign which the world has ever contemplated. The conditions of war are about to be changed materially by the late discoveries made in the production of smokeless and noiseless powder, by the enormous masses to be moved, and by the facilities of transport to the frontier. With the present railway connections and dispositions of army corps, France will have 150,000 men, mainly cavalry, on the German frontier within twelve hours of the declaration of war, and the first engagement between these large reconnoitring parties will be sure to take place during those few hours. Hence the cavalry manoeuvres which are now taking place, and from which foreign officers have been excluded for the first time, both in France and Russia. Then come the new tactics in the field. Fancy a battery of artillery planted on

THE MOUNTAIN OF MONTREAL and, without noise or smoke, blowing up all the villages around within a radius of 15 miles, nobody knowing where the deadly shells are coming from. One of the guns in the French exhibition measures 40 feet in length. Some of these monsters of destruction weigh as much as 300,000 pounds, about the weight of the whole brigade of Montreal volunteers. These new shells about four feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, loaded with the new mellinite explosive, falling in the middle of the village of Varennes, Chambly or Pointe aux Trembles would create such a concussion in the air that every house would be demolished and every inhabitant sent to a better world without knowing from which direction the blow came. In previous warfare the smoke and noise of the enemy guns were indications of his presence, but in the war of the future, a whole division may be assailed with most disastrous discharges of artillery without knowing in what direction to return the fire. All the ancient poetry, splendor, chivalry of the battle field, the roaring of guns and clashing of armors are giving way to the silent,

STEAD IN THE DARK, stealthy and Indian-like warfare—"Hide and kill without exposing yourself to the enemy," is the basis of the new infantry and artillery tactics. The soldier will be in a perpetual funk, not knowing at what moment a very small piece of lead will derange his interior economy, or a mellinite shell will go straight through him, as for that matter a whole company of comrades, without any previous warning. Death may even come from the clouds, as military ballooning in all directions is an accomplished fact. The model exhibited by the French War Department leaves no doubt on that question. Fancy a balloon, loaded with mellinite shells, dropping them over the enemy's camp at midnight, where they can do most execution, or in the midst of an army's corps marching in close columns. On sea ironclads are plated with steel armour which can resist almost any artillery, judging by the experimental plates exhibited. In the French Department, I was rather stunned at the size of a steel plate 66 feet long 9 feet wide, and two and a half inches thick to be used in plating the deck of a man-of-war. The machinery hall exhibits a lathe large enough to turn a hundred ton gun. In fact every possible kind of improved machinery is here at work, producing all sorts of wares, silks, velvets, laces, tapestry, cotton and woolen goods, tinware, printing and lithography, paper, etc. But one of the most interesting novelties is the artificial silk works. Everybody knows that silk is the production of a worm which feeds on the leaves of the mulberry tree. How the cellulose of the leaves is transformed by the worm in very fine silk thread has been studied and now the process of imitation is perfect. Common wood pulp is diluted in acid. A thick syrup is produced, which is forced by atmospheric pressure through a capillary glass tube, flooded in a coating of cold water.

THE SILK THREAD hardens by cold and is rolled on a receiver as fast as produced, drying on the way through a current of air. All shades can be obtained by coloring the solution of cellulose, or wood pulp, beforehand. This artificial silk thread is then worked in all kinds of elegant fabrics, comparing favorably with the genuine article. Is it not most interesting? The idea of producing the finest silk out of a common log! Who would have thought that in the timber limits of Canada millions of tons of the finest silk could be produced? In the electric world Edison is still the hero of the hour. He is called the new man, the man of the future, the unrivalled genius of the century, the grand American and all sorts of other highly flattering names, with which he must be tickled to death, if he is susceptible of any self estimation. Any one who knows Edison is aware that he is the last man to take any pride in himself. As he does not understand a word of French all this admiration reaches him secondhand through an interpreter. With his broad benevolent, smiling face he is very much like a large Newfoundland, looking pleasantly on a number of small terriers, trying by their playful barking and capers to induce him to join in the lark.

There was at least one thing which Edison had not thought of, and that was the hydraulic sliding railway, which is in operation on the exhibition grounds. The flat rails, six inches wide, are placed on a frame-work eight feet or more from the ground. The cars are suspended on four small hollow runners, as wide as the rails and two feet long. A powerful hydraulic pressure is put under these runners, so that the cars practically slide on a thin surface of water, forced between the run-

ners and the rails. As the starting point is on a grade, the car moves by its own gravity and

SLIDS DOWN HILL. The velocity is increased to the highest speed by successive jets of water, at high pressure, projected at a sharp angle, in a longitudinal turbine attached underneath the car. One hundred miles an hour, without the least vibration, up and down grade can then be obtained. The cost of construction is put at \$40,000 a mile, including the hydraulic stations every seventy-five miles. The company is now negotiating for the practical application of this new system of locomotion. Some of the most distinguished engineers, including Sir Wm. Watkins, have lately, I am told, expressed themselves satisfied with the possibilities of this new hydraulic sliding railway. Having travelled myself on this road I must say that it is a marvellous invention, but how far it can be applied at a financial and practical point of view is not yet satisfactorily established in my mind.

The political campaign is in full blast but nobody could notice it in this gay city you have to hunt up the out-of-the-way places, where meetings of political friends mostly private, take place by card admission. The Government have their own way of influencing the Parisian vote. It consists in a succession of grand public entertainments, and celebrations of the centenary of the republic. The Palais d'Industrie of 1855 has just been converted, for the occasion, into the most brilliant and extensive concert hall in the world, accommodating 22,000 seated people, Crimson velvet, gold embroideries Aubusson and gobelin draperies on every wall.

ELECTRIC AND GAS LIGHTS in profusion; an immense stage, 200 feet front and as many deep, with 1200 artists. At a cost of \$60,000 the Government have just given the first recitation of the triumphal cantata to the republic. Nothing could be more impressive in the world. Of the many extraordinary things which I have seen during 35 years of my travels, this is the most wonderful by its brilliancy grandeur and proportions as popular scenic festival. Hundreds of thousands of people will be invited during this week and next to see for themselves the bright allegory of what the Republic has done and will do for the people. The climax will be attained on the 21st when the inauguration of the Chanzuy monument in the Place de la Republic will take place, amidst the acclamations of the working-men and the other invited societies, the Government officials, the music of regiments, the booming of cannon and review of the whole Army of Paris with flags flying and fireworks in the evening. Surely the voting millions all over the country will have made up their minds on which side to vote next morning. Yes! the Government have left nothing undone which could contribute to their electoral success, and there can be no doubt that they will be returned by an overwhelming majority. The 30th September will close the month's celebrations with the grand distribution of awards to successful exhibitors, a most imposing ceremony in which Canada will take part.

J. X. PERRAULT. Grand Hotel Terminus. DET. SLEMIN IS THE HERO.

One of the Escaped Convicts Captured. A thrill of excitement ran through the city on Monday afternoon when the rumor spread that three most desperate criminals had escaped from the county jail over the Don. Citizens congregated at street corners and discussed the episode. Charles Jarvis, George Pearce and Michael Spellman were at large, and the general impression was that none of them would be caught alive. Heavy sentences were hanging over each, and the brother of George Pearce had stated to an Empire reporter that his brother would kill the man who attempted to arrest him. The country generally was alarmed that such men should be at large, and the news which arrived yesterday that Detective Charles Slemmin had recaptured one of the gang was hailed with delight.

DETECTIVE SLEMIN'S ORDERS. Slemmin was detailed on Monday night to proceed to Ottawa and take charge of Clinton J. Clapp, a young commercial traveller, who is wanted in Toronto upon the charge of having stolen a watch from Miss Gracie Bonfield, 111 Denison avenue. The detective, when leaving the office, said to the other detectives in a jocular manner, "Well, boys, look out for me when I come home. I will bring Pearce, Jarvis or Spellman back, dead or alive." "All right old man," shouted Cuddy after him, "it will afford us great pleasure to welcome you back." Slemmin's parting words were treated as a joke by those in the office, no one dreaming that he would even see the escaped prisoners, but Slemmin took another view of the matter and in the most astute manner proceeded to lay plans for their capture.

THE DETECTIVE ON THE WATCH. He first secured the state room of the Pullman palace car attached to the C.P.R. Ottawa express which left the Union station at 8.45, but instead of going to bed and taking a good night's rest, as nearly any man would have done, Slemmin put out the light and began his weary watch at the car window in the hope that he might perhaps be able to get a sight at the much-wanted man at some station between Toronto and Ottawa. Hour after hour the silent watcher sat without reward, but once more the old aphorism, "All things come to him who waits," proved to be a truth, and as the train neared Sharbot Lake he noticed three forms jump from the cars.

THE DETECTIVE IN PURSUIT. As quick as possible he dashed from the car and put after the retreating forms, and after a hard run succeeded in overhauling Michael Spellman, whom he placed under the arrest after a terrible struggle. He placed his prisoner in irons and accompanied him to Ottawa, where

he locked him up until he could get a return train for Toronto.

THE CROWD AT THE STATION. The news of the clever capture quickly spread around the city, and when the train bearing Detective Slemmin and his two prisoners arrived at North Toronto station at 8.20 fully 2,000 people were at that depot to catch a glimpse of the now famous jail-breaker.

THE STORY OF THE ESCAPE. "We watched our chance, and slipped out one by one as Turnkey Clarke would turn his back to inspect corridor No. 4. When we got outside George Pearce took the lead and ran north-east towards the C. P. R. tracks. None of us had any idea of where we were going; we just trusted to luck and plunged ahead. We ran along the track for half an hour and then took to the woods. Then we struck a creek and took a drink. I had the iron heel of a boot in my pocket and here Pearce and I shaved off our moustaches. Then we laid around until dark and took a freight train going east. We stayed with the train until we reached a town named Tweed early Tuesday morning and then got off to get something to eat. We also got the Empire there, and you may be sure we read with interest the account of our escape. We were dead leary, though, about the statement it contained that the guards had given up looking for us at dark on Monday night and that the detectives were not out for us. Of course we thought that every policeman and detective in the county would be after us and decided to get out as soon as it became dark. We tried to get on two or three trains, but did not succeed until the Ottawa express came along, and then we all climbed upon the steps of the baggage car just as she moved out. I had no idea that Slemmin or any other officer was aboard, but when we got to Sharbot Lake we decided to jump the train before we got to the station for fear of being seen, and ran along the tracks to the east end of the station and got on again as the train moved out. While we were walking east we noticed a man with a brakeman's cap and lantern on the south of the train, but paid no particular attention to him, thinking he was a train hand. George said, "I wonder who that fellow is;" but I said: "Don't be afraid; I will brace him as an old railroad hand, and it will be all right." On he came towards us, and the first thing I noticed was the light tweed suit under the lantern light. "Boys," said I, "It is Slemmin, and away we ran. Just at that moment the train from the east dashed up, and I found myself between the two trains. I made a plunge, but my foot caught in the frog of the track, and down I went. When I turned Slemmin was on top of me with a revolver at my ear. "Charlie, don't kill me," I shouted, and he lowered his gun. That was all a lie he told you on the train about my having pointed a revolver at him; the only thing I did was try to shove him under the wheels of the west-bound train. I tell you it was a struggle, and what's more Slemmin is a dandy. Oh, no, I am not going to say that he had any child's play nailing me, and if my leg had not been badly bruised by my fall across the track I don't believe he would have me here now. I saw nothing more of Pearce or Jarvis and cannot say indeed what direction they have taken. In conclusion Spellman charged George Nelson, the Model Lodging house keeper, with being the man who told the detectives that an attempt to escape was to be made.

DETECTIVE SLEMIN TELLS THE STORY. Then Detective Slemmin was sought out, and the hero of the hour told the story of the capture: "I left the Union station last night at 8.45 to go to Ottawa to take a prisoner arrested there named Clinton Clapp, who was charged with larceny. On being detailed to this work it occurred to me that I might keep a look-out for the escaped prisoners while going through the bush country, and especially as Spellman's people lived in Brockville. On the way down as the night wore on I "coached" for them at every station, and watched every person who boarded the train after it started to move. Nothing happened to arouse my suspicion until we were three stations on this side of Sharbot Lake, when, about half-past two, standing on the foot-board, I thought I saw one or two men board the train between the engine and the baggage car. I immediately went to the conductor, and asked him where we were, and he replied, "Near Sharbot Lake." I asked him then how the tramps had when they boarded the train, and if he thought there were any on. He answered that he thought there was, and that they generally jumped off when passing the station, occasionally when the train was still moving at a pretty fast rate. I told him who I was, took his lamp and went forward. I was still about three cars from the front when I saw one or two—the railroad men say there were three—jump off. Although the train had not yet stopped, I leaped off, and eyeing a man, whom I took to be Pearce with his moustache cut off, gave him chase along the line. It was quite dark, but I still managed to keep sight of him. He kept ahead generally in the middle between the two tracks. The train from Montreal came dashing up, and as our own train was still moving along, we got between the two. He turned round and flashed a revolver in his right hand. I ducked sharply, and in endeavoring to seize him he tried to push me under the wheels of the Montreal train. I repeatedly might have shot at him, but I'm glad I didn't. We then closed and fell. I struck my knee on a stone, but pinned him down. He called out, "Charlie Slemmin, don't kill me." I then handcuffed him. Up till this time I thought it was Pearce with his moustache off. I afterwards learned that the prisoner had shaved off his moustache with the steel band of his elastic boot, which he sharpened in the woods. The railway men said Pearce, who escaped, fired a shot and that several shots were fired, but I could not say if that was so. Our train had by this time stopped, and I took my prisoner into the baggage car and put him in irons.

The fugitives knew me by the grey check suit of clothes which I wear. The prisoner told me they purchased three revolvers, and that he threw his own away in the scuffle. He has since denied that. Having secured him I dressed as a brakeman for the rest of the journey, thinking there might be a chance of bagging the other two, but they kept out of sight and have probably taken to the bush. Our train went by Smith's Falls and we got to Ottawa at 5.40 this morning. The trio seemed to know all about our doings and Spellman had in his pocket copies of the Empire, Mail and News. He talked quite freely about the jail people, his remarks being generally of a complimentary kind. He laughed heartily at how the authorities were fooled. Spellman was the last to jump into the yard, and he hurt his heel a little.

It was not until Monday morning that Governor Green discovered the cause of Michael Spellman's utter collapse the night before when he broke down and gave up his story of the escaped, which was published exclusively in Friday's Empire. It will be remembered that upon Spellman's arrival at the jail he was immediately taken to the search room and stripped of his clothes, which were conveyed to the governor's private office for inspection. Friday morning when County Constables McIlwain and Wright arrived at the jail to take the Spellman to Judge McDougall's court, an exciting scene occurred which throws new light upon the whole episode. During the night the governor, who had received a "tip" carefully examined the prisoner's shoes and found two fine steel saws concealed between the welts sole leather. The examination necessitated the destruction of the shoes, and consequently when the county constables arrived to take the prisoner to court a new pair of shoes was afforded Michael Spellman. The prisoner refused to put them on, and asked anxiously after his old shoes. When these were refused he flew into a towering passion, and attempted to assault the guards. Then he paced up and down the corridor like a tiger, and howled in rage. The constables attempted to take hold of him, but he fought like a demon, and was not subdued until assistance had been summoned, and then, after a desperate struggle, the constables succeeded in placing him in irons. "You will get the \$100 rewarded, I suppose?" queried the Empire, as Mr. Slemmin finished his story, to which a crowd of reporters and detectives listened. "Well, that is not for me to say," replied the detective modestly. "In looking after him it simply meant that he was going to kill me or I him."



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