

WAGE CASE IN COUNTY POLICE CASE

A session of the County police court was held yesterday afternoon before County Magistrate F. D. Moore, K. C., when Mr. Malon Johnson, 374, sued Mr. Bert Woods, Ops, for \$21.00. Mr. Johnson claimed this amount as wages due him for work performed for Mr. Woods. Mr. Johnson will receive about \$17.00 for his work. The costs amount to \$3.71.

Mr. Fulton appeared for plaintiff, while Mr. Weldon was counsel for defendant.

RETURNED FROM TRIP TO CONTINENT

Mr. J. W. Mitchell, of L. Ford, and well known in Lindsay, arrived in town Friday, from Europe and gave the Post a friendly call. He was in England during the Coronation, and was fortunate in witnessing the ceremony. During his sojourn in Great Britain he was connected with this great event. Mr. Mitchell visited Scotland and also crossed over to Ireland, being in Belfast July 12th, when over one hundred thousand Orangemen participated in a monster demonstration.

Mr. Mitchell also crossed the English channel into France and visited points of interest including France. He was delighted with his trip.

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The Cableman

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

He got up and paced the room again. After all, the thing had to be told, and his delay had not made it easier or shown him any gentler way of saying a hard thing. But Elsa was not as other girls; she was brave, and would bear the truth without flinching. He owed it to her courage not to fence with the necessity longer. He would say straight out what had to be said.

"You know that there are people who do not hold the view you do about your father's innocence?" he said.

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly.

"Because what I am going to tell you is only possible if it is read in the light of that fact."

"What fact?" she asked. "That my father was guilty? Is that what you mean?"

"That there are people who believe that he was guilty," he said.

"Oh, I know that!" she said, scornfully. "Why, we have been living here for two years in San Miguel under the false name of the Mar de la Mar, because of your father's guilt. We will take this as a confession for granted. Go on, please."

"When the affairs of Carrington and Varney were investigated," Scarborough went on, "it was found that the partners, or whichever of them was the guilty man, must have known for a long time that the failure was inevitable; and yet it was only within a period of six weeks before the crash came that the securities which represented Margaret Ryan's inheritance were turned into ready money."

Scarborough stopped. He had expected that the thing would be hard to say; but now, with Elsa's eyes widening with a growing apprehension, he found it almost impossible.

"The money was taken to try to stave off the disaster?" she said.

"No. It had not been added to the firm's assets. No trace of it was found in the books. It was believed that—"

Again he stopped. He saw Elsa's eyes fixed on him with horror looking out of their depths.

"Go on," she said. "Tell me quickly."

"It was believed that the partner who had fled had taken this money with him for his own use. He had taken the orphan's inheritance, but with the intention of paying it back, if by its means he could save his firm from ruin—but simply and solely for himself, to swell his crime-gained plunder. It sounds incredible, but many believed it, and amongst them the girl herself. I have told you that in my days of being a stranger girl, a girl from whom one would expect strange things. She took a fantastic vow of vengeance, dedicated the next five years of her life—if the task should take so long—to tracking down and punishing the man who had ruined her. She became a riding-mistress because she knew no other way of earning the money she would need; she joined Val B. Montague, because with him she could begin her search at once, and earn money as she went. She had heard that the object of her pursuit was in hiding in one of the islands of the Atlantic."

"Horace," cried Elsa, suddenly, and there was a note of heart-breaking grief in her voice. "Do you believe all this?"

He forced himself to answer.

"I don't know what I believe. But, if it is true, it gives us what has been lacking hitherto—a motive for the murder—if murder has been done."

"It gives that, even though it is not true," said Elsa quickly. "She believed it, and she vowed revenge."

Again Scarborough had to force himself to say:

"I do not mean that. I don't think that Margaret Ryan is the murderer. But it is known that before he left London Mr. Carrington invested a large sum in diamonds. If he retained them in his possession, as it is probable that he would, they were a happy motive. There are plenty of men in the world who will murder for less."

With a cry that was almost a sob, Elsa rose and faced him.

"You say that my father had those diamonds?" she asked—"diamonds which he had bought with that girl's money?—You say that, Horace?"

"I say that that is the story I was told."

"Do you believe it?" she asked.

He did not answer. She waited for nearly a minute, and then she was broken only by their deep breathing. Then she laughed softly, and Scarborough thought that laugh was the most desolate sound he had ever heard.

Then she stopped, and with an imperious gesture pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said.

"Go!" he asked for your help, but I will do without it. You believe I am my father, whom I loved more dearly than anyone in the world—and then in a lower tone, she added—"I will come, and I thought I would find one whom I could love more!"

He went to take her in his arms, but she shrank back from him.

"Go!" she cried. "Go! I think I hate you now!"

And then, in a passion of sobbing, she threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CHAPTER VIII. A Scratched Stone

"Well," asked Phil Varney, when Scarborough returned from the Chineries to the Cable Station.

"Richard Carrington is dead," said Scarborough simply.

"Murdered?"

"I don't know, but it looks like it."

"The diamonds?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Have you an hour to spare?"

"Yes. If I am in the circus twenty minutes before the performance begins it will do. What do you want me for?"

"I want you to help me probe this thing. I am going first to the girl who, so far as we know, was the last person to see him alive, and afterwards I shall go with you to Ponta Delgada. I want to be introduced to Mona de la Mar."

"What for?" asked Varney quickly.

"You are not going to be as usual to suspect her of murder, are you?"

"Then what do you want her for?"

"I want to know whether she saw or spoke to Richard Carrington yesterday. I want to know whether the private business which made her refuse to perform last night was only a place of business, or whether she was only a place of business, or whether she was only a place of business, or whether she was only a place of business."

"But I want to talk to her."

"Oh, all right, I'll introduce you. How do you want to bring things?"

"Bravely," said Scarborough.

"Did she know the truth about her father?"

"No."

"You told her?"

"Yes, but she didn't believe me."

Varney nodded. "That's natural," he said. "Poor girl, this is a rough time for her. And know whom the man," he added quietly, "I think I can understand what you are feeling. What difference will this make to you?"

Varney's question meant to ask what difference the knowledge that the father was an unpunished criminal would make in Scarborough's feelings towards her. He knew that, however the question, perhaps, but he knew Scarborough misunderstood it. It never even occurred to him that such a question would be put, so he answered it readily. He thought that Varney was asking about Elsa, not about him.

"I hope that, in the end it will make no difference," he said.

Varney shot a puzzled look at him, saying:

"I don't quite see. Do you mean to say that it goes make a difference now?"

"Yes. She refuses to speak to me, or to let me help her. Shall we start? Your machine is in the shed."

Varney understood now, and saw that he had made a mistake. It was the girl, not the man, to whom the new knowledge made a difference. He was glad that Scarborough had missed the point of his question, and he honored his friend for not understanding him. Varney had learned in a rough school lately, and he knew that in the world's eyes, his thought would be counted the natural one, and he knew how to respect a man to whom that thought did not even occur.

"You mean to help her, none the less," was what he said.

"Oh, yes," said Scarborough, and they rode off together.

The road to the pine-grower's house passed within a few hundred yards of the Caldera de Monte, and they turned aside to see the place where Richard Carrington had met his death.

The Caldera lay in a shallow depression in the hills, formed by an extinct crater, and they had to leave their bicycles to get to it. There was a narrow fissure in the lip of the crater through which the warm, shallow, orange steam of the Caldera made its way to the lower levels. The path and the stream occupied the whole of this fissure, but sometimes the stream took

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up on the adjacent space for itself, and left the bed, so that it was necessary to jump from rock to rock in its bed, or to splash boldly through it. Walls of grey pumice, splashed with irregular patches of red lichen, rose for forty feet on either side; and scorings and watermarks on their flanks showed that there were times when the shallow stream was a rapid torrent.

After about fifty yards of this gully ended in the shallow pool of the crater. A ring of jagged teeth of basalt made a complete circle, a quarter of a mile in diameter, broken only at the place where the two young men had entered. Below this black rampart the slopes were clothed with a green mantle of heath and whortleberries; lower down there was a thick carpet of stag-horn moss; and lower still, barrenness, barren earth and tones, with a scurvy incrustation of white upon them. The Caldera itself was hardly more than ten yards across. It now had the appearance of a desolation round it marked the limits to which its waters sometimes rose. The waters themselves were white, like milk, and they were in constant curling, bubbling movement, like milk gently boiling. A cloud of steam rose from them in a dense column, expanding into a canopy, and twisted in eddies, thinning wreaths out over the toothed edge of the crater.

"It reminds me of the picture of the genie in the Arabian Nights, rising in a cloud from the brazen jar," said Varney. "What's the smell?"

"Sulphureous hydrogen," said Scarborough. "There generally is a little, though the amount varies. The vapors are mostly carbon dioxide, I believe; but after an earthquake anywhere in the island, the sulphur fumes are in sufficient quantity to be dangerous."

"Does that often happen?"

"Yes, pretty often; but I haven't heard of any earthquake lately."

They were not the only visitors to the crater. A man was standing by the edge of the water, a blouse-clad Azorean peasant, with a wide hat on his head and a cigarette in his mouth. He was looking at the two young men with a curious expression. He was holding a small basket in his hand, and he was looking at the two young men with a curious expression.

"What's he doing?" Varney asked.

"Cooking," said Scarborough. "That sack is full of red lupin beans. They are a popular food here; you'll see sacks of them in every provision shop in Ponta Delgada."

"And they cook them in the Caldera?" said Varney. "Is it hot enough for that?"

"A few degrees below boiling point. Put your hand in and see."

"No, thanks. I'll take your word for it. That's the cheapest kind of wholesale cooking I ever heard of."

"Food needs to be cheap in a country where sixpence is a good day's wage," said Scarborough. "Fortunately, it is cheap. The lupin grows like weeds, steeping in the sea pickles the beans, and the Caldera cooks them. Our friend there probably comes here every day. It's his trade."

"Then he may have seen something of what happened yesterday," suggested Varney. "Ask him. You speak Portuguese."

The man had slung his sack across the donkey's back and sat himself on the top of it. His seat was high and yet one but he seemed to find it comfortable. He reit his cigarette and urged his beast towards the narrow entrance between the walls of pumice.

Scarborough approached him, and the man, with the real politeness of the Islanders, jumped to the ground and took his hat off.

"Bom dia, senhores," he said.

Scarborough returned his greeting, and asked whether he had heard anything of a dead man having been found there this morning.

"Sim, senhor," was the answer. "It was I who found him."

Then he went on to describe the episode with voluble earnestness and a wealth of dramatic gesture. The finding of a dead man was an event in his life, and he had the histrionic ability to make the most of his share in the occurrence. He entered into the explanation not only of what he had done in this alarming crisis, but also, minutely and comprehensively, of what he had thought. He explained that his first impulse had been to carry the news to the Corregedor at Ribeira Grande; for few Portuguese will touch a dead man, or help a living man, until officialdom has given their word, for fear lest, if foul play has been done, they may be summoned as accomplices. The peasantry have a firm belief that the last hand which touches a dying man, is by the law of the land presumed to be the hand which gave him death; and it is a belief which in one well authenticated instance left a man who had been injured on the railway, a few miles from Coimbra, the intellectual capital of Portugal, to lie unaided through the heat of a long summer's day. He was conscious, and able to give for water. But no one dared to help him any, for the Corregedor had been summoned, and nothing could be done till he came. And this is not an isolated case.

But this Azorean peasant explained, and took pride in explaining, that he had risen superior to this fear.

"I helped to carry him," he said proudly.

"You helped? Then you were not alone?"

"I was alone at first, but I went to the Casa Davis, which is near here, and summoned the Senhor Davis. We carried the dead man to Senhor Davis's cart, and Senhor Davis drove him to the house which is called As Chinelas. I did not go with him. I had done enough; for the Senhores, the Corregedor had not said that the body was to be moved."

"What is he saying?" asked Varney, in English.

"He is claiming to be a hero because he dared to touch a corpse," said Scarborough; and to the man added: "Was that all?"

"What does the Senhor mean?"

"Did you see anything which suggested how the dead man met his death?"

"I, Senhor? No! Why should the Senhor suspect me?"

"I don't suspect you," said Scarborough, rather impatiently. "I only want to know what you saw. You say you saw nothing?"

"A gleam came into the man's eye. He hesitated a moment, and then he said cunningly:

"I am a poor man, Senhor. A poor man cannot afford to keep his eyes so

(To be continued.)

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INTERESTING COUNTY POLICE COURT CASE

OUTCOME OF AUTO TRIP TO BUCKHORN

Bobcaygeon Independent: An interesting case came before County Magistrate F. D. Moore on Tuesday when Mr. W. C. Routley, of Toronto, had two Americans summoned on a charge of taking his automobile from the Rockland and running to Buckhorn one day last week.

Mr. Routley, it appears, was in Toronto at the time, and left Frank Marsailles in charge of the car No. 1249. Marsailles had been running around the village with some parties, and some Americans wanting to see Buckhorn, asked Marsailles would he take them over to Buckhorn. He agreed to do so for \$8, which was paid. The trip was made. On Saturday Mr. Routley returned from Toronto, saw the car in bad condition, and asked Frank how it was. He replied that he had made a run to Buckhorn with a party. Mr. Routley on Monday took legal steps to sue the Americans for damages. Monday morning Marsailles left by train for Toronto.

Tuesday court was held in the Town Hall, and Mr. Routley, assisted by his lawyer, Mr. Weldon, of Lindsay, proceeded to give evidence as to the condition he found the car in, and Mr. W. C. Moore was a witness and stated the rubber on the wheels was torn and a spring broken.

Mr. L. V. O'Connor conducted the case for the Americans in his usual clever manner, and showed in his address that his clients did not break the law in any manner, and he could not see what grounds Routley had for bringing the matter into court. Mr. Routley's chauffeur or the man he states was his guest, was the one to blame, but this man having left Bobcaygeon on hearing there was going to be trouble, Routley summoned these Americans, whom he knew had money, instead of looking to his guest or the man he left in charge of the car. The charge, Mr. O'Connor contended, was not proven.

Mr. Weldon was insistent that the Americans had taken the car and were responsible.

The Magistrate said he failed to see how Mr. Weldon could hold the gentleman responsible, and dismissed the case.

Mr. Weldon then wished to take out an information regarding the Americans having dealt with a driver who was without a license. Mr. O'Connor was quite ready to meet the charge, but wished to know if Mr. Weldon's client was backing him in the proposition. Finally nothing further was done, court was closed and the Hall cooled off.

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