

WAS HE A SECOND BENWELL?

The Kimber Murder Mystery that is Exciting Montreal.

A SOMEWHAT HASTY VERDICT.

A Montreal despatch says: The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Thomas Kimber, the young Englishman who disappeared from this city in the middle of April, has been partly solved by the discovery of his body to-day in the city reservoir. The case, which is believed to be another Benwell case, has been the talk of the whole country for months, and the finding of Kimber's body has created a great sensation. Kimber arrived in Canada from Topham, Exeter, England, where his parents, who are well-to-do people, reside, by the Dominion line steamer *Barnia*, on April 11th last. He took up his quarters with three companions, whom it is supposed he met on the voyage, at the Grand Central Hotel, a second-class house, kept by Thomas Styles, on St. James street, near the Grand Trunk depot. After a heavy spree he

SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE HOTEL.

When the door of his room was forced open the floor and furniture were found bespattered with blood, and a razor covered with hair and blood and a number of bloody handkerchiefs were discovered. For some unexplained reason his disappearance was kept a secret by the proprietor of the hotel for a couple of weeks, when it became known, and the whole detective force of the city was employed on the case. Kimber's father, who is a prosperous merchant at Topham, Eng., communicated with the Dominion Government, through Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High Commissioner, and Major Sherwood, Chief of the Secret Service, was also employed on the case. The efforts of the detectives to discover a clue to the mystery proved utterly futile, and Kimber's fate would probably have continued to be a mystery for some time longer had not an accident resulted in the discovery of his body to-day. Montreal draws its water supply from two large reservoirs. What is known as the high level reservoir is situated at the base of Mount Royal. Passing to his work at an early hour this morning, Antoine Bernchon, a stonemason, crossed over the Mountain Park by the side of the high level reservoir. Suddenly his notice was attracted by something white and unusual in the water, and the next instant

A HUMAN HEAD CAME INTO VIEW.

Bernchon, who knew nothing of the Kimber mystery, called to a park policeman, and they removed the body from the reservoir. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, but marks of violence were plainly discernible. There were three cuts in the left side of the neck, besides a long and deep cut across the throat. A towel marked "T. Styles" was wrapped tightly round the neck, and furnished the clue to the mystery. On the body being examined at the morgue three large stones, weighing from six to eight pounds each, were found in the coat pockets. Kimber is supposed to have had considerable money when he disappeared, but all that was found on his person was 15 cents in change. On his flannel undershirt was worked T. S. Kimber.

VERDICT OF SUICIDE.

A flagrant instance of the loose manner in which investigations are conducted in such cases was supplied after the finding of the body. No sooner had the remains been removed to the morgue than a jury was sworn in, and after several witnesses had been examined, a verdict that deceased had committed suicide was returned without even an autopsy being held on the remains. Dr. Mount, the only medical man examined, said he thought it was a case of suicide, but could not say positively until he had made an autopsy. Notwithstanding this the jury returned a verdict at once. There is great indignation over the way in which the investigation has been conducted, and it is denounced on all hands as disgraceful. There is a strong suspicion that there has been foul play in the case, and that it may turn out a repetition of the case of Benwell, the young Englishman whose murder near Woodstock, Ont., and the subsequent arrest of Birchell, caused such a tremendous sensation in both hemispheres. The feature of the case that is giving rise to the strongest suspicion is how a man could possibly cut his throat to the extent of five inches, quietly leave the hotel in the lower portion of the city in broad daylight at eleven o'clock in the morning, and with a

BLOODY TOWEL WRAPPED ROUND HIS NECK,

weak with the loss of blood, stagger through the public streets that lead to the mountain, which must have been crowded with people at that hour of the day, climb a steep hill to the reservoir, surmount the high railings that surrounded it, and plunge into the water. Such a proceeding is pronounced by leading medical men as impossible. The fact of heavy stones being found in the deceased's pockets and only 15 cents in money being discovered on his person also adds to the strong suspicion of foul play. Detective Grose, of this city, who has been employed by the Dominion Government on the case, says it is a straight murder case and he made a report to that effect to the Dominion Government. He is of opinion that Kimber was murdered by some of his acquaintances who came out with him on the ship, either for his money or in a row, and that after the killing they took his body by cab to the reservoir, put the stones in his pocket, and then threw it in. The blood-stains in the room were probably placed there after the killing. He

REGARDS IT AN IMPOSSIBLE

that a man could cut his throat as severely as Kimber did and then walk through the crowded thoroughfare of the city without attracting attention. According to the statements of the people who came out to this country on the *Barnia* and who saw Kimber, he did not look like a man who would commit suicide. He associated with several rather suspicious characters while on board ship, and it is feared they may have had something to do with his death. Styles, the hotel proprietor, persists in saying he saw Kimber leave the hotel on the morning of April 11th, and that he was walking quickly at the time, and did not seem to have anything the matter with him. Altogether the case is a most myster-

ious one, and calls for a close investigation. Major Sherwood, Chief of the Dominion Secret Service, who was acting at the request of Kimber's people in England through the Colonial Office, is also of the opinion that it is another Benwell case.

A MISMANAGED CASE.

Kimber's relatives will be communicated with, and it is expected that a searching investigation will be held, though the probability is that it will never be known whether Kimber committed suicide or was murdered. Drs. Mount, Brennan and Fenwick to-night concluded a post-mortem examination on the remains of Kimber. The post-mortem resulted in the discovery of eight deep wounds on the throat, but the doctors express the opinion that none of these were sufficient to cause death. Owing to the advanced state of decomposition it was impossible to say whether death was caused by drowning or not. The post-mortem lends weight to the theory of suicide. Chief of Police Hughes expressed his opinion to-night that Kimber had committed suicide, and said he had telegraphed to that effect to the Minister of Justice. The remains will be buried by the St. George's Society.

Enforced Celibacy Among Bank Clerks.

A London cable says: The recent decree of the directors of the Provincial Bank of Ireland that none of their clerks is to marry until his salary reaches £150 a year continues to create considerable comment, owing in a great measure to the fact that the possible maximum of a bank clerk's salary is only £120 in most cases, and the new rule may be viewed as one to enforce celibacy. One of the Provincial Bank clerks, and a would-be benedict, who had out of his £120 per year saved £50 with a view to marriage, has been obliged to break his engagement, owing to the decree because there is no symptom of increased pay, though the bridegroom expectant has been 18 years in the service. A prominent Dublin attorney now comes forward and offers to institute proceedings against the bank for damages for the young lady in question, and claims that he can make out a good case against the concern. The outcome of the suit is anxiously awaited by many other clerks in a similar predicament.

They Set Free a Murderer.

A Chicago despatch says: The police at the Central station would be very much obliged if John Williams, the man who confessed to the murder of Sarah Jane Roberts, would come around again and give himself up. This morning Lieut. Kipley received a letter from a carpenter in this city, stating that a brother of the murdered woman worked for him in Manchester, England, when the crime was committed. Williams' story of the murder was that he asked the girl to be his wife, and beat out her brains with a hammer when she refused. The man said he lived in Leeds. The police telegraphed to Leeds, and the police of that city cabled in reply that Williams was not wanted there. On receipt of this information the prisoner was turned loose, and his story termed a fake. It now transpires that the murder was committed in 1879 in Manchester, and not in Leeds.

The Largest Grain Elevator.

The largest grain elevator in the world was built at Minneapolis Junction in 1886. The building is 336 feet long, 92 feet wide and 175 feet high. It has storing capacity for 2,000,000 bushels of grain within its walls. During its construction the carpenters and joiners used over 6,500,000 feet of lumber of all kinds, besides 32 car loads of nails, which, if packed, would make the enormous amount of 10,000 common kegs; the best calculators say that the actual number of nails used in the mighty building will fall but few, if any, under 20,000,000! The engine used is capable of handling 175,000 to 250,000 bushels of grain per day, or enough during the year to equal the combined productions of the State of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. Two hundred and fifty cars have often been loaded at this elevator in ten hours.—*St. Louis Republic.*

He Must Pay the Penalty.

A Helens, Mont., despatch says: Gov. Toole has advised the Board of Pardons to refuse to pardon John Rowan, a member of a wealthy influential family of Quebec. In 1888, while attempting to kill another man, Rowan murdered Joseph Eussiere, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Rowan made application to the President, and Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, had the British Minister at Washington interest Secretary Blaine. Mr. Blaine wrote to the board, asking as a matter of international courtesy that the pardon be granted. Yesterday the request was refused.

A Bank Wrecker Convicted.

A New York despatch says: At 7:35 this evening the jury in the case of bank wrecker Claassen rendered a verdict of guilty on five counts. These include embezzlement of funds and misapplication of loans. The jury was out six hours. Counsel for Claassen gave notice of motion for a new trial. Claassen seemed unmoved by the verdict. He was led to the marshal's office, where the news was imparted to his wife and daughter. Mrs. Claassen shrieked and fainted.

In Original Packages.

Farmer—Come out here to the bars, Miss Beacon Street; I want to show you my new Jersey calf.
Miss Beacon Street (enchanted)—Oh, what a lovely little cow! Now, I suppose that it is the kind that gives the condensed milk, isn't it?

—The real long veils of fifty years ago are to be revived.

Faint heart never won fair lady, but it has won the everlasting gratitude of many an admirer subsequently.

The magistrates of the courts of Ghent Belgium, recently demanded increased remuneration, and backed their claims with a strike. The workmen of the town enjoyed the occasion.

Lloyd George, a new member of Parliament, is a son of a shoemaker. He was a street preacher at fifteen and educated himself.

The United States Presbyterian General Assembly will meet next year in Detroit.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

An Engine and Passenger Car Plunge Through an Open Draw.

TWENTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

A San Francisco despatch of last night says: One of the most horrible accidents ever known in California occurred at 1:40 p.m., when the local train connecting at Oakland with the ferry-boats from San Francisco ran through a drawbridge over the San Antonio creek at Webster street, Oakland. The yacht *Junita* had just passed through the draw when the train appeared, going in the direction of Alameda. The drawbridge keeper tried at once to close the bridge, but it was too late, and the engine with its tender and first car, which was filled with passengers, plunged into the river, which was here quite deep. Engineer Sam Dunn and Fireman O'Brien went down with the engine. The former, when he saw the bridge did not close, reversed the lever, but the momentum of the engine was too great to be stopped in time. The weight of the engine and the first car broke the coupling and left the other two cars of the train standing on the track. The second car ran a third of the way across the bridge and stopped, but the jar was sufficient to break open the front of the car, and many passengers were thrown into the water. The first car, which had followed the engine to the bottom of the muddy estuary, soon rose and such of the passengers as had escaped were picked up by yachts and boats which gathered at the scene. The trainmen and the rest of the passengers aided in the work of rescuing, and when the wrecking train arrived from Oakland the car was drawn into shallow water and the boats began dragging the creek for bodies. The train was in charge of Conductor Reerath and an extra crew, it being a holiday.

The *Detroit Free Press* gives the particulars of the marriage of Miss Millie G. Britt, a former Hamilton young lady. Here is the clipping: "A quiet wedding took place Saturday morning at No. 532 Third avenue, the home of the bride's father, when Miss Millie G. Britt, youngest daughter of Edward Britt, was married to Mr. W. G. Brown, son of the late Thomas Brown. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Slocum and the groom by Mr. Will Britt, of Toronto. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Henderson, of the Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, the bridal party drove to the Cadillac, where the wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left on the noon train for the east, and after a short trip will take up their residence in Toronto.

The Demand for Fancy Stones.

It is surprising how strong a hold the revived taste for catseyes, emeralds and opals has taken. It is reported from London that the Queen has ordered from a well-known firm of Bond street jewellers a necklace of opals and diamonds, the centre stone being an opal of great beauty and size. This is presumably intended as a wedding present for the Princess Alice of Hesse. This taken with the fact that the Prince of Wales' favorite pin of late has been an opal set round with diamonds should surely sound the death knell of the old superstition relative to the unlucky qualities of the opal. And again we read in a society journal that at a recent ball given at Buckingham Palace Lady Ampt-bill wore a necklace of catseyes and diamonds of great value, the recent gift of her husband.

Mormons and the Contract Labor Law.

A New York despatch says: The leading lights of the Mormon Church are in a state of anxiety over the question of the admission of a thousand or more converts who will arrive here next week. Elder George Q. Cannon and others had a long conference to-day with the Contract Labor inspectors, and assured the officials no Mormons whatever were imported under contract. All came on purely religious grounds, and no effort was ever made by the church to have them come here otherwise. After much discussion it was decided not to detain any, but to take full memoranda, and afterward, should investigation disclose any contract cases, the people could be easily reached.

Murdered for His Money.

A Chicago despatch says: The dead body of an acrobat named Murdoch, who had been missing since Friday, was found to-day in the river. Five ugly wounds on the head indicate murder. Murdoch's watch and a large sum of money said to have been in his possession are missing. The disappearance of Murdoch was promptly reported by his partner West. The latter left the city saying he was going to Racine. The police have telegraphed to that city asking that West be arrested.

What a Cent Can Do.

The common copper cent, the insignificant tenth part of a dime, can render useless the vast propelling force of steam. Place a cent before one of the front wheels of an engine in such a manner that it rests firmly on the track and against the wheel. Then, though the engineer put on the greatest possible head of steam his engine will not move. That little copper must first be taken away. This bit of knowledge will be of value to him who wishes to delay a train several minutes for a procrastinating companion.—*Albany Journal.*

Unselfish Advice.

Mrs. Caudle (concluding a curtain lecture)—Remember, I am telling you this for your own good.
Mr. Caudle (speaking for the first time)—Is that so? I thought it must be for your own amusement.

John P. Clow, ex-pugilist, and Garret Hughes quarrelled in a saloon in Denver yesterday over money matters. Clow knocked Hughes down, and the latter shot Clow in the groin. The wound is thought to be fatal. Hughes is connected with one of the most prominent families of Colorado.

"You still write to Harry Le Beau?"
"No; but I had to write this time, as my engagement was naturally a surprise to him. This being promised to two men at once is awfully awkward."

—Shoulders dressed high are obligatory.

VANDALISM AT HARVARD.

Some Run-Crazed Students Perpetrate Disgraceful Outrages.

A Boston despatch says: Harvard University has experienced its crowning outrage at the hands of its run-crazed students. Saturday night the college celebrated wild orgies in honor of its victory over Yale at Berkley Oval on Saturday. There were suppers, bonfires, fish-horns and a general pandemonium, but save the insane acts of two of the students, who, overcome with enthusiasm, deliberately threw their dress coats into the bonfire while dancing around the blaze, no great overt act was then committed. It was during the small hours that the vandals were abroad, and this morning Cambridge awoke with a sensation. The college and neighboring portions of the city were literally covered with red. Painting does not sufficiently express it—doors, fences, house fronts, signs—all were splashed over and daubed with crimson paint. On the college grounds the handsome statue of John Harvard was desecrated. His face, hands, book and shoes were bright crimson, and his clothes striped like a zebra. On the beautiful carved granite pedestal were daubed the words Harvard 9, Yale 8, in a dozen different places, the paint being absorbed into the porous stone, ruining it. The steps of Appleton chapel and the sacred interior were painted and smeared with red. The beautiful mosaic pavement in the hall of Memorial Hall was ruined by huge red letters spelling "To hell with Yale." The free-stone carved fronts of Seaver and Boylston Hall were similarly ruined and dozens of other buildings decorated. The discovery of all this raised a storm of indignation in the city and consternation in the university. The faculty have been in session all day. They declare that the desecration is the work of a band of not over a dozen students acting in concert, who will be hunted down, and not only expelled, but handed over to the police authorities, for the damage they have done is inestimable. Wherever this paint has touched stone it cannot be removed save by chiselling. To repair the Harvard statue alone will cost over \$1,000, while Memorial Hall will have to have the injured mosaic replaced at double the cost. The damage all told will reach possibly eight or ten thousand dollars. The students have called a mass meeting for to-morrow night to denounce the outrage and to start a subscription to defray as much as possible of the cost of reparation. It is generally conceded that this will be the death of sports, and the faculty will now prohibit contests, athletic and aquatic, outside the university. There is general dismay throughout the entire college.

The Detroit River Tunnel.

The air lock in the Canadian working at the tunnel, which was finished on Tuesday of last week, having been tested and found satisfactory, work was recommenced, and the shield was soon advanced to the wall of the old brick shaft. The shield struck the shaft exactly in line, and as shield and shaft are of the same diameter, the whole circle of the shaft had to be taken out to allow the shield to go through. The passage of the old shaft was always expected to be one of the most critical pieces of work which the tunnel-builders would have to encounter, and it was supposed ten days would be quite a short time to spend in getting through it. The engineers were gratified to find that the work was less difficult than had been expected. It was not found necessary to put on any more than the ordinary air pressure used in working in clay; and no difficulty was found in the way of the crumbling or breaking in of the brickwork, which was taken out with ease and dispatch as the shield was advanced. A rate of four or five feet a day was maintained through the brick work, and it is expected that the shield will be through the brick work and in the clay on the other side to-day. The old test tunnel will then be in the middle of the shield, but as that is only six feet in diameter and lined with wooden blocks, no trouble or delay is expected in taking it out as the shield is advanced. The tunnel at the Michigan end is making rapid progress. The average maintained is about fourteen feet a day, and the bore is now about five hundred feet under the river. Over two-thirds of the tunnel are now completed—about twenty-two hundred feet at the Michigan end and about nineteen hundred feet from the Canadian portal.—*Sarnia Canadian.*

Emperor William Mounts Guard.

A little time ago, wishing to realize the sensations of a soldier on guard, the German Emperor put himself on duty for twenty-four hours in an extemporized guard room within his own garden at Potsdam, and stood sentry during four spells of two hours each during that time. He wore the uniform of a private soldier, carried a rifle, and ate of the soldier's ordinary. But unlike Peter the Great, who did these things often enough in real earnest—mixing with other soldiers and lying down beside them—William II. took his little diversion all alone. No officer came to relieve him, and, in fact, only one or two persons of his entourage were aware of what he was doing until he had done it. When the whole thing was over he was asked how he had enjoyed standing sentry at night and he answered: "I was thinking all the time how many millions of poor wretches have gone through the drudgery of military life while loathing it, and have got killed in wars for the causes of which they did not care a button."—*London Star.*

The Land Tax in South Australia.

The progressive land tax which is proposed by the Ministry of South Australia, and is causing great controversy in that colony, begins to rise at £5,000, unimproved value. Land held to that amount by any one taxpayer is assessed at present at a halfpenny in the pound. It is proposed that on estates of greater value the tax will be increased by steps of 1 farthing till a minimum of 3 pence in the pound is reached on estates of £100,000 value. The owner of an estate of £100,000 will not pay 3 pence on the whole value, but a halfpenny on the first 5,000 acres, 3 farthings on the next, and so on.—*London Daily News.*

Count Tolstoi has a family of nine children, the eldest of whom is a pretty girl of eighteen. All the members of the family speak English fluently.

CARE OF CLOTHING.

Hints for Keeping it in Good Shape and Making it Last.

White gowns grow yellow if left to hang uncovered. Make bags for them, and for your silks and velvets as well. Sealskin retains its beauty for a greater length of time if kept in the dark free from dust. To make the most successful bags for these purposes, use light calico which has no fuzz and washes easily. Sew the breadths together, leaving the top and bottom open. Sew hooks and eyes on the bottom and run a shirr string in the top. The gown should first be put on a wire arm, and the bag drawn over it and fastened at the bottom with the hooks and eyes; then draw the string over the arm, leaving the loop by which it is hung up uncovered. If the garment is white or delicate in color, put a cake of white wax in the bag to prevent it turning yellow. To keep steel and all oriental embroideries from tarnishing, fill a small bag with camphor-gum and hang in the larger bag. If left uncovered, it stains whatever it comes in contact with.

On the principle that "all's well that ends well," the appearance of a woman's feet is of supreme importance. Treat your shoes tenderly. Have one pair saved to rainy weather, for rubbers ruin fine leather. Avoid varnish and blacking of all kind, and substitute vaseline. First, rub your shoes with a piece of old, black silk, then apply the vaseline with a soft, black kid glove. If you insist on your dressmaker facing your gowns with velvet or velveteen instead of braid, you will lessen your shoemaker's bills, and be saved from the purple bluish on the instep caused by the movements of the skirts in walking.

When buttons come off don't hunt up old shoes and use the shabby buttons, but invest 5 cents in a card of shining black beauties and have them ready for emergencies. One old button spoils the style of a shoe. Gaiters are charitable things and cover a multitude of defects. Half-worn shoes will last a long time under their kindly protection. Now is a good time to buy them, and in most shops you can get a pair for \$1.65.

To save your evening shoes and slippers invest in a pair of white-fleece-lined arctic boots, which will cost \$2, but save ten times that amount in carriage hire and medicine, not to mention the shoes themselves. After removing your shoes put them in correct position by pulling up the uppers and lapping the flap over and fastening one or two buttons. Then pinch the instep down to the toe, bringing the fulness up instead of allowing it to sag down into the slovenly breadth of half-worn foot gear. A boot that is kicked off and left to lie where it falls, or is thrown into the closet, will soon lose shape and gloss.

Black straw and chip hats, which promise to be worn so much this season, can be kept in shape and color by brushing, when well dusted, with shoe polish. Every hat and bonnet should have its separate box, and be covered with a silk handkerchief to protect from the dust and light.

Gloves should never be rolled into a wad or left lying inside out. Pull off slowly and stretch each finger to its full length. Mend every minute rip with glove thread and needles which come especially for the purpose. Wrap each pair in tissue paper, and keep in a long box, without folding.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Day and Night on Mercury.

In the regions, covering three-eighths of the planet, where the arc is all below the horizon, the sun will never be seen, and the darkness will be perpetual. Thick and eternal night will reign there, except perhaps from the accidental appearance of some light produced by refraction and atmospheric glows, or phenomena like the aurora borealis; together with the light emitted by the stars and planets. Another part of Mercury, including also three-eighths of its surface, will have the arc of oscillation all above its horizon, and will be continually exposed to the rays of the sun, without any other change than the variations in the obliquity of the rays through the different phases assumed during the period of eighty-eight days. Night is absolutely impossible. In other regions, covering a quarter of the planet, in which the arc of oscillation is partly above and partly below the horizon, there will be alternations of light and darkness. In these privileged regions the period of eighty-eight days will be divided into two intervals, one characterized by a continuous light, the other by darkness; the two intervals will be equal in some places, of different length in others, according to the position of the place on the surface of the planet, and the length of the part of the solar arc which appears above the horizon.—*From Scienceman on the Planet Mercury, by G. V. Schiaparelli, in the Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Honor to Women.

The sacred books of India contain the following praiseworthy maxims:
"He who despises women despises his own mother."
"Who is cursed by women is cursed by God."
"The tears of women call down the fire of heaven on those who make them flow."
"Evil to him who laughs at women's sufferings; God shall laugh at his prayers."
"It was at the prayers of a woman that the Creator pardoned man. Cursed be he who forgets it."
"There is no crime more odious than to persecute a woman."
"When women are honored the divinities are content; but when they are not honored all undertakings fail."
"The households cursed by women to whom they have not rendered the homage due to them, find themselves weighed down with ruin and destroyed as if they had been struck by some secret power."
"It is time to appreciate all things at their true value."—*Daughters of America.*

The pilgrims, who have visited the pope recently, have carried to his holiness about £39,000.

—A new instrument registers pulse beats.

—Boating shoes in gay-colored canvas are out.

—Not to love the good is a proof that you are bad.

—If you want to bear the cross easily don't drag it.