

CANADIAN'S AWFUL CRIME.

Catharines Man Killed His Wife at Tonawanda.

Towards Shot Himself and Died.

Deaths the Result of a Domestic Quarrel.

Tonawanda, N.Y., April 11.—The most sensational shooting in the Tonawanda occurred late this afternoon, when Frank Gibson, of St. Catharines, and his wife (nee May Shanton) were killed by two bullets fired from the home of Burton Ecker, at 29 Allen street, Gratiot.

The shooting occurred at 3 o'clock this evening, while the Ecker family were eating supper. Mrs. Ecker had been living at St. Catharines, Ont., during the last few days, while her husband, Burton Ecker, was in the city, where he was visiting his sister, Mrs. Burton Ecker, at 29 Allen street, Gratiot.

At 3 o'clock this evening Burton Ecker reached the home of Mrs. Gibson, where he was visiting his sister, Mrs. Burton Ecker, at 29 Allen street, Gratiot.

He endeavored to persuade his wife to accompany him to the city, but she refused, saying she would come to North Tonawanda with him, but she would not. About 5 o'clock this evening Mrs. Ecker and Mrs. Gibson went to the city to participate in the funeral of a friend who had died at the supper table.

"I will never live with you," she said.

When she was in the adjoining room, she turned the revolver toward her wife and fired two bullets into her body. One bullet entered her heart, while the second bullet entered her chest.

After shooting her wife, Mrs. Ecker endeavored to escape, but she was immediately arrested by the police and fell prostrate on the ground at the side of the house.

She was carried into a room and medical aid was rendered. Later she was placed in a hospital and removed to a hospital.

Mrs. Gibson died later. Burton Ecker confessed to the murder.

Violet's Lover

It was such a pleasant evening, and Lord Arlington had so contrived matters that Darcy Lonsdale was the real hero, and not himself. He was all that was most kind and considerate; he talked to him, and won his heart for ever. But in everything he put Darcy first, so that people might understand all that had been done for him. Was it any wonder that when he was gone the men stood in little groups, each one praising him as he passed?

"Felix followed him to the carriage, and said:

"My lord, your life is filled, so people say, with great and generous actions; but none could be so great so generous, so noble as that which you have done to-day."

"I have only done justice, my dear boy," said the earl, kindly. "Your father was an injured man; I have tried to set him straight. As a result, I have not seen there for long months. The miracle has been worked by you—you have removed the false reproach attaching to his name. I can fancy, but I cannot tell you, what our home will be like to-night. My heart beats fast when I think of the mother and the children there, my lord. I am not very eloquent, and I am moved too much for words—I can only echo my father's request; command me as you will."

The earl was more touched than he liked to show by the emotion on his handsome young face.

"I will make you this one promise, my lord," said Darcy. "If ever I want a service done, or want a friend, I will come to you."

"Thank you, my lord," responded Felix; and when the earl drove off home he knew that he had left some of the happiest hearts in England behind him.

No wonder that they praised and blessed him; he was a kind-hearted man, who knew how to use his influence in a noble manner—one of those men who, to keep alive in the hearts of the people a love for their rulers, do more than many orators and statesmen put together.

What a night it was! The vicar drove away soon after the earl had left; and the first conversation on the subject of the night was about Darcy. "These would not let Darcy Lonsdale leave them—they had so much to say to him, and were so anxious to make up to him for his coldness; and the vicar had placed a railing on the road, and would not separate until they had sung 'Auld Lang Syne' in chorus. Then they escorted father and son to Vale House, where Eve and Kate anxiously awaited them. "I am quite sure," said Eve, springing from her seat, "that I hear thee, and that is Mr. Lonsdale laughing—do you hear, Kate?—laughing—and he has never laughed since the trial! Now I know there is good news."

There was good news in very truth, and the city was that Lord Arlington was not there to see Kate and her arms around her husband's neck, and sob out that she always knew what was right—what was good for her innocent clear. Presently she looked at him with tremulous lips.

"Is it really true, Darcy, that you are to be the earl's agent and have a thousand a year? I can hardly believe that it is all true."

"It is true, Kate," he replied. "Eve, my dear, what have you to say to me, my true friend—the one true friend who loved me well enough to offer me her fortune if I would take it. Eve, I shall never forget that."

It had been arranged that Eve should spend the night at Vale House, so they sat around the fire until they were quite ashamed of the hour, and Felix repeated every one of the earl's noble words, while the two ladies listened in raptures; every time he paused they said, "Oh, Felix!" and he assured them that he had repeated every word.

"So it will be printed in every paper in England!" said Kate. "Well, my only puzzle is, what could have inspired Lord Arlington to do such a kind and generous action?"

Felix knew that Lady Maude had been the chief instigator of it, but that was a secret he never told; he kept it all his life. It was Darcy Lonsdale who answered his wife's question.

"My dear Kate," he said, "Lord Arlington has a love of seeing justice done. I remember when he raised half the county because some wrong had been done to a toll-gatekeeper. It was such men as he who made old England what she is, and who made the word 'England' a synonym for honor."

And then these simple people, who had been through the fiery furnace of suffering—who had borne sorrow, shame and disgrace—who had never ventured to hope for justice in this world—kneel and thanked Heaven for their rescue, and Darcy Lonsdale's eyes grew dim with grateful tears as he opened his Bible and read how the just and merciful Creator saves those who put their trust in Him.

Gradually they awoke to the full reality of the good fortune that had befallen them. The strength of his youth seemed to have returned to Darcy Lonsdale; he took his place once more among his townsmen, he went briskly to and fro from his office, he worked hard at his business, the clerks came back one by one to the office, and far more than his ancient glory returned to the house of Lonsdale & Son.

Kate could not rest until she had seen the earl in order to thank him, and the little lady went over to Bramber Towers and asked for

an interview. She tried to thank him in a dignified, matronly fashion, and ended by falling on her knees and kissing his hand, very much to the earl's confusion and delight. It was a new life for them all, and the warmth of it cheered and brightened them more than anything had ever done before.

The day came when Darcy Lonsdale put his arm lovingly on his son's shoulder and said:

"Do not think, Felix, that in the midst of my troubles and my poverty I am doing the best I can for you by giving you so much work that you will have no time to regret your lost love."

"My dear father, I shall regret her until I die," returned Felix.

"The young always think both their love and their sorrow immortal. I will say now what I have never said before, because I thought it would be a relief to you. She was not worthy of such love as yours. She had nothing but a beautiful face to recommend her; her soul was not beautiful, her heart was not true. The time will come when you will say that you had a fortunate escape. I pray Heaven that it may be so."

But Felix looked grave; the world must come to an end before he could see a silver lining to that cloud of the cloud of his misplaced, unhappy love.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lady Chevenix wrote a long letter home, telling her mother how greatly she was enjoying Paris—how she had been to one of the state balls at the Tuileries, and how the emperor had danced with her—and Mrs. Haye, on her side, made all the ladies round Lifford envious by telling them how her "dear child Lady Chevenix" was enjoying herself in Paris and what a favorite she was at the Imperial Court.

Sir Owen was very kind to Violet in those days, and she was so completely dazzled by the novelty of all she saw that she never remembered Felix, except to congratulate herself on her own good sense in having given him his conge. Some slight indications of impatience made her think that Sir Owen had a certain amount of bad temper, but at present he had shown none of it, and she thought she was better than he had represented himself. He had told her that he gambled and drank. She had seen nothing of these bad habits; she was too inexperienced to detect that he had placed a railing on the road, and would not separate until they had sung "Auld Lang Syne" in chorus. Then they escorted father and son to Vale House, where Eve and Kate anxiously awaited them. "I am quite sure," said Eve, springing from her seat, "that I hear thee, and that is Mr. Lonsdale laughing—do you hear, Kate?—laughing—and he has never laughed since the trial! Now I know there is good news."

There was good news in very truth, and the city was that Lord Arlington was not there to see Kate and her arms around her husband's neck, and sob out that she always knew what was right—what was good for her innocent clear. Presently she looked at him with tremulous lips.

"Is it really true, Darcy, that you are to be the earl's agent and have a thousand a year? I can hardly believe that it is all true."

"It is true, Kate," he replied. "Eve, my dear, what have you to say to me, my true friend—the one true friend who loved me well enough to offer me her fortune if I would take it. Eve, I shall never forget that."

It had been arranged that Eve should spend the night at Vale House, so they sat around the fire until they were quite ashamed of the hour, and Felix repeated every one of the earl's noble words, while the two ladies listened in raptures; every time he paused they said, "Oh, Felix!" and he assured them that he had repeated every word.

"So it will be printed in every paper in England!" said Kate. "Well, my only puzzle is, what could have inspired Lord Arlington to do such a kind and generous action?"

Felix knew that Lady Maude had been the chief instigator of it, but that was a secret he never told; he kept it all his life. It was Darcy Lonsdale who answered his wife's question.

"My dear Kate," he said, "Lord Arlington has a love of seeing justice done. I remember when he raised half the county because some wrong had been done to a toll-gatekeeper. It was such men as he who made old England what she is, and who made the word 'England' a synonym for honor."

And then these simple people, who had been through the fiery furnace of suffering—who had borne sorrow, shame and disgrace—who had never ventured to hope for justice in this world—kneel and thanked Heaven for their rescue, and Darcy Lonsdale's eyes grew dim with grateful tears as he opened his Bible and read how the just and merciful Creator saves those who put their trust in Him.

Gradually they awoke to the full reality of the good fortune that had befallen them. The strength of his youth seemed to have returned to Darcy Lonsdale; he took his place once more among his townsmen, he went briskly to and fro from his office, he worked hard at his business, the clerks came back one by one to the office, and far more than his ancient glory returned to the house of Lonsdale & Son.

Kate could not rest until she had seen the earl in order to thank him, and the little lady went over to Bramber Towers and asked for

THE GIBRALTAR OF JAPAN.

Moji is the Gibraltar of Japan. Whether you arrive by land or by sea, the place gives an immediate impression of culminating majesty, says the London Daily Mail. Great hills tower up in every direction, and behind them lie snow-clad mountain peaks topping them.

Here and there you spy openings on the rocky shore, artfully concealed natural harbors. A well-protected channel takes you into the Bay of Shimonoeki itself, and here, after a short journey, you come on the twin towers, Moji and Shimonoeki, on either side of the bay.

The hills, black and lined with mist, stand grimly around. Stacks of titanic chimneys on the low levels of Moji, vomit forth thick smoke, calling the horrors of Pittsburg. Ten Harland & Wolff steamers to the antique junk, lie packed around. Stacks of coal, almost mountains in themselves, are one great centre of work. An almost unending succession of trains add to them, while myriad workers bear the accumulating loads to lighters nearby. The locomotives, you notice, are Baldwin, and the tracks are the newest pattern—steel, automatic. The open fires burn weirdly on the native boats. There is a feeling of haste in the air.

In the harbor, both on the Moji and the Shimonoeki sides, the native craft are emptying and filling with great speed. Packages covered with matting are being swung on the backs of tireless coolies or swung on carefully cotored and painted water great steamers are lying, surrounded by coal barges, and an army of women and men is coaling them by hand with a rapidity that is almost a rival. This is not the sleepy Orient, but has the spirit of the bustling west.

The multitudinous junks themselves are well worth notice. The rules here seem to be one junk, one family. The family lives continually on the great, angular, unpainted boat, the wife helping at the tiller as she carries her baby on her back, and the children playing around. Here is a household could find room on it; here is one so tiny that its poor owner and wife and children can only find room to sleep at night by pulling matting over the bare deck. This junk is outwardly the replica of an old Spanish galleon, and this is the image of the pictured pirate craft which awesomely rejoiced one boyhood day. The sails of yonder craft are like the curtains in a West Hempenstead lady's drawing room. Many have a distinctive note of their own, proclaiming the pride and holdfast of their inhabitants.

Some may grow enthusiastic over the nimble women who fill the banks of the steamships with coal. I cannot. Seen from the steamer's deck, their appearance, as they stand in the narrow passageway, with their backs to the coal, no doubt has a touch of picturesque. A nearer view spoils the effect. These are adult women, all amazingly short and sturdy, all dressed in growth and aged in looks by severe and constant labor. They are for their sex, as one watches the weaker of them drop down on the deck of their barges, exhausted after their work is done, the sense of the picturesque is lost.

It is hard to realize that around here is one of the best fortified spots on earth. Every trace of the grand military and naval preparations now proceeding in the neighborhood is carefully covered as possible. The hills around are honeycombed with forts and protected by artillery at every point, but one looks in vain for the guns. The supplies now being sent from a thousand junks are every one is busy at other work than supervising. Tens of thousands of troops lie ready within a brief march; but there is not a soldier in sight. This is a military camp, at least, is typically Oriental.

Those who are enraptured with the poetic side of Japan would receive a shock from the streets of Moji or her sister town Shimonoeki. The air is filled with a dirty, stinky odor of the worst parts of the Black Country. Everyone bears the traces of toil. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and have that horrid, stinky smell (the nearest approach to a description can be a combination of the odors of boiled cabbage and spilled paraffin), familiar in the back streets of London. The children too often along the streets that their mothers are busy at other work than caring for them. The roadways are without footpaths, and on wet days anything but pleasant. Drainage is exceedingly primitive. Every shop has its front open all day, even in these winter times.

The streets are over a tangled confusion of pavement merchants, of patient coolies carrying heavy burdens of laughing children, of rare horses and cattle carrying passengers, of shouting rickshaw men. Even here, in a place where foreigners are counted by the units, many of the men, but practically none of the women have put on European garb.

Shimonoeki and Moji have been the centre for two of the most momentous events in modern Japanese history. It was here, in 1853, that the fleets of the great powers came to punish Japan for some offences against foreigners. Many men still living nearby took part in that conflict, and they say (whether rightly or not) that no means of knowledge that the Margus Iti himself was among the defenders. The fleets shelled Moji, and the people mounted their batteries and vigorously repelled. But every Japanese shot fell short. The result of that bombardment was not merely local run at Moji, but stretched out to the overthrow of the old Japanese feudalism and the inception of a new ideal of a modernized orient.

It was therefore fitting that this same bay which had witnessed the humiliation of the old, should be the scene of the crowning triumph of the new. In 1895 Japan proved, by force of arms, the power to enter the ranks of the world-nations. China lay defeated before her despised rival, and it was to Shimonoeki that Li Hung Chang, China's envoy, came craving and obtaining peace.

FOR THE FARMERS.

Experimental Union Distribution of Choice Seed.

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1904 they are prepared to distribute into every Township of Ontario, material for experiments with foder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers and fertilizers. Upwards of 1,500 varieties of farm crops have been tested in the experimental department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, for at least five years in succession. These consist of nearly all the Canadian sorts and several hundred new varieties, some of which have been exceedingly well in the carefully conducted experiments at the College, and are now being distributed free of charge for co-operative experiments throughout Ontario. The following is the list of co-operative experiments for 1904:

Experiments. Plots.

- 1—Three varieties of oats 3
- 2—Three varieties of barley 3
- 3—Two varieties of hulls barley 2
- 4—Two varieties of timothy 2
- 5—Two varieties of buckwheat 2
- 6—Two varieties of field peas for northern Ontario 2
- 7—Emmer and spelt 2
- 8—Cov peas and two varieties of Soy Beans, of Japanese beans 3
- 9—Three varieties of corn 3
- 10—Three varieties of mangolds 3
- 11—Two varieties of sugar beets 2
- 12—Two varieties of Swedish turnips 2
- 13—Kohlrabi and two varieties of fall turnips 3
- 14—Parsnips and two varieties of carrots 3
- 15—Three varieties of fodder or silage corn 3
- 16—Three varieties of clover 3
- 17—Three varieties of sorghum 3
- 18—Grass peas and two varieties of vetches 3
- 19—Two varieties of rape 2
- 20—Three varieties of clover 3
- 21—Sainfoin, Lucerne and Burdock 3
- 22—Seven varieties of grasses 7
- 23—Three varieties of field beans 3
- 24—Three varieties of sweet corn 3
- 25—Fertilizers with corn 6
- 26—Fertilizers with Swedish Turnips 6
- 27—Growing potatoes on the level and in hills 2
- 28—Two varieties of early, medium or late potatoes 2
- 29—Planting out potatoes in squares, an excellent variety of early corn will be used 2
- 30—Planting corn in rows and in squares, an excellent variety of early corn will be used 2

The size of each plot in each of the first twenty-six experiments is to be two rods long by one rod wide; in Nos. 27, 28 and 29, one rod square; and in No. 30, four rods square, one-tenth of an acre.

Each person in Ontario who wishes to join in the work may choose any one of the experiments for 1904, and apply for the same. The material will be furnished free of charge, and the applications are received until the supply is exhausted. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice for fear the first could not be granted. The material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce of the plots will, of course, become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. Zavitz, Director,
Ontario Agricultural College.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Requires Assistance in Making New, Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs making up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weary, weak and languid. With new, rich blood you will be sprightly, happy and healthy. The one sure way to get new blood and give energy is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Mr. J. J. Mallett, a well known grocer in Montreal, says: "I wish to thank you for the great good you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. My system was very much run down, and your pills have made a new man of me. As I am in business contact with many people I am often able to recommend the pills, and they have already relieved a dozen of my friends who suffered as I did."

Many people further weaken their system in spring through taking purgative medicines. What nature needs is help. It is a tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply this as no other medicine can. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or post paid at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No Animal Like It.

In the Berlin Zoological Garden there is now an animal which is wholly unlike any other in the world. It is the offspring of a female puma from the Argentine Republic, and of a male leopard from India.

The owner of a menagerie in Germany obtained these two animals some time ago, and as they had only one cage unoccupied, he put the two into it. At first he was afraid that they would quarrel, but they became good friends at once and so he allowed them to remain in the cage.

One morning a little cub was born, and at first it was supposed to be an ordinary puma. In a few weeks, however, it resembled a leopard quite as much as a puma, and then the truth became known. The cub was a hybrid of the two animals with much interest, which not surprising, since no one ever imagined that a puma and a leopard would pair.

The animal itself is strong, healthy and of a beautiful color, some respects it is wonderfully like a leopard and in others like a puma.

The Cost of Great Wars.

It cost France over \$2,000,000 a day to keep an army of 600,000 men in the field against the Germans. The Austrian economist, Shaffe, eight years ago declared that a war involving the continental powers of Europe would cost France over \$3,000,000 a day; Russia, \$5,000,000; Germany, \$5,000,000, and Austria, \$6,000,000. The figures would probably be larger to-day, and if made to include Great Britain, the United States and China the expenditure for waste, destruction and death would aggregate nearly \$40,000,000 every twenty-four hours, or more than a million and a half an hour.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL.

There ought not to be any sickly, fretful, sleepless children—there would not be if mothers gave their little ones an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. The little ones are sickly and fretful and sleepless usually because of some stomach, bowel or teething trouble. These and the other minor ills of little ones are speedily relieved and promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and the little ones thrive and grow plump, sleep well at night, and let the mother get her much needed rest as well. Mrs. R. M. LaRue, Mountain, Ont., says: "I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them. Mother, isn't it worth your while to give this medicine just one trial? If your medicine dealer does not keep the Tablets send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the Tablets will be sent by mail post paid."

NEWS IN BRIEF

Members of the Caven Library, Toronto, will be under the leadership of a building committee.

Work Senate yesterday passed, Lockport & Ontario waterpower bill, giving water power at Niagara Falls, and the Council of the Province of Ontario yesterday recommended the addition of the university.

He has retired from the office of the Farill Reform, and ground that the old party has captured the organization.

Decided to celebrate Victory 24 in Kingston, by having a review. Infantry from the city will be invited to participate.

Gordon, President of the Sugar Company, offers to the municipality will guarantee \$100,000.

Has been promised to leave the Anatomical Museum, and live in parallel, the city, viz. Gordon Smith's body and Patti's luxury.