

FRANK MURDER

Will Go Unavenged it is Feared.

COULD NOT GET JURY

TO CONVICT THE COWARDLY GEORGIA SLAYERS.

Frank Died Bravely—He Did Not Beg For His Life—Lynch Party Not Composed Of Usual Mob.

Marietta, Ga., Aug. 20.—The murder of Leo M. Frank will go unavenged by the law if it is to be punished in the county where it was committed. No jury in Cobb county would convict the murderers, no grand jury would indict them, no official would undertake to prosecute them.

This is not to say that Cobb county is terrorized, for it is not; it is to say that the vast majority of its people, even those who deplore the lynching as a violation of law, believe that Frank got no more than his deserts, and the mob simply carried out the verdict of the law after it had been arbitrarily set aside by a governor who was a law partner of Frank's lawyer.

The word mob does not seem descriptive, although it is correct, for these men did not display the ordinary characteristics of a mob. There was no outbreak of rage, no disorder, the whole thing was done with order, method and precision, and with a military attention to details. Lynch mobs are usually composed of riff-raff, with a few leaders of a higher order; but this one consisted of leading citizens in the community, men prominent in business and social circles, and even in church. Lynching played no part in it, as it does in most lynchings. The lynchings had been planned for months, and the plans of the conspirators contemplated its carrying out on a night several weeks ago, but the authorities learned of it in some way, and it was postponed until last Monday.

These leading citizens are to-day asking their leading part in the city's business and social affairs, with no sign upon them of guilty conscience. Their consciences approve them, and what they hear from their fellow-citizens, wherever they go, adds to their self-approval, for the city approves them.

Think They Carried Out Law.

They are regarded not merely as men who can plead justification, but as men who prevented a miscarriage of justice, and saved the law from being set aside and mocked by a man who happens to fill the governor's chair. There are in Marietta men who did not approve their act because of respect for the forms of law, but even these believe that the spirit of it was set at naught by the governor, and not one of these men—who are few—will think of refusing to shake hands with one of the lynchers or introducing him to his wife or revealing his identity to an officer of the law.

Elsewhere than in Marietta there is much of the same sentiment, but there is a division. There are, but outside of Cobb county, men who fear the growth of the mob spirit after such a dramatic and spectacular exhibition and who would take measures to curb it. Many of them are in Atlanta. Many even of these believe Frank guilty and are concerned not with the future of the state. They are considering the taking of steps to bring about the punishment of his slayers for that reason alone, but they do not know what steps to take.

Frank was hurried through four counties by his captors, and some of those who would like to have them punished talk of having them indicted in some one of the three that were traversed before Cobb county was reached. Lawyers of prominence

A Domestic Revolution

No, sir!

Frank Died Bravely.

Marietta to-day is in a mood of braced purpose and resolve. Every stranger who comes into town is under observation the moment he arrives. Its mood is one of determination to protect the man who, in its eyes, executed the law after it had been trampled upon. It is resolved that not a hair of their heads shall be harmed. Detectives or other persons who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves are not wanted in Marietta, and it would be well for them not to insist on knowing why. Marietta once came within an ace of lynching Detective William J. Burns for his visit there in the interests of Frank, and Marietta then was only angry. To-day Marietta is in a mood of high resolve.

Leo Frank died bravely. He did not beg for his life; indeed, he did not say anything, except when he was spoken to, and then he answered collectively. His abductors had little to say to him, as was in keeping with the character that they were by their own eyes—the character of officers of justice, sternly and silently executing a sentence already decreed by a regular tribunal.

MORE GOLD FOR U. S.

One Estimate Says \$500,000,000 To Night Exchange.

London, Aug. 20.—The financial editor of the Daily Telegraph, in an article bearing evidences of having been inspired, foreshadows the shipment of an enormous quantity of gold to the United States to pay for war supplies and right the exchange market. In other quarters it is estimated that the shipment of gold will aggregate \$500,000,000.

German Tribute.

In an article on Britain's new armaments, the Berlin correspondent of the Kölnische Volkszeitung pays a high tribute to the organizing talent of Lord Kitchener, and says "even German envy must admit that his recruiting has been an organizing performance of the very first rank." The article continues:

"Certainly the new army is composed for a great part of inferior elements, and is not equal, of course, in quality to the old small mercenary English army. But war experience will come with time to these young English troops, just as to our own, and in view of the good military talents of the English people, they will soon have become valuable. These young English troops have already shown that they are enemies to be respected, and nothing would be a greater mistake than to underestimate them.

New Electric Bell.

An original electric bell combination is in use at Paris which is designed to get rid of all trouble caused by the question of batteries, for these are now lodged within the apparatus itself. The usual box bell shape is retained, but the arrangement of the parts is different in this case. All the magnet parts are now lodged under the gong itself, while the box being now left free, serves to contain a set of three dry battery cells which will last for several years. In this way there are no connections to be made between the battery and bell, and the wires and push-button are the only pieces which need to be attended to.—Scientific American.

Even cold cash may burn your fingers.

OPINIONS OF GERMANS

ON THE WAR ARE GIVEN IN CONVERSATIONS

One Said All the German Soldiers Were For Peace.

London, Aug. 17.—The press bureau issued a communication from Professor Pares, the authorized correspondent at Russian headquarters, in which the professor gives an interesting account of a conversation with a captured German officer. I have had an interesting talk with a German officer, Professor Pares writes, commander of a battery which was cut off by the Russians in a recent advance on our side. He comes from the Rhine and has lived long in Hamburg, and he inspired in his captors the greatest respect by his culture and good feeling. We talked first of Hamburg; he describes it as a town reduced to "dismens; trade there is, but it goes by other roads, and most of the profits remain in neutral countries. The short rations in Germany, he insisted, were simply a measure of precaution, and lately prices had been lowered. He had poor opinion of the potato bread. Next we talked of the Rhine universities, which are practically emptied of students by the war. There are in the army many volunteers from the age of 15 to that of 48, but this is no indication of the depletion of material for the army.

We now got to the main questions; he was very ready to discuss them and spoke perfectly frankly. I asked on what side Germany could hope for any deciding success. He admitted that no such prospect of the kind that Napoleon used to look for, was to be found on any side, and he maintained that from the outset, both militarily and politically, Germany was fighting a purely defensive war, of course by frequent counter-offensives. In that case, Professor Pares pointed out, Germany could only have peace by the Allies offering it, that is, by their getting tired of the war; and surely it was unfortunate that she had every one against her at once. In reply he remained silent. Prof. Pares contemplates, of the German word Streber, which means a restless, pushing person who is always disturbing and annoying others. Economically, he said, the struggle in Germany had become almost impossible, of which he himself had seen many instances. Some outlet was essential, and this England and the other powers had united to prevent.

I said that, for us English, the issue was whether Germany should have things which we at present possess, and that we were not likely to give them up without fighting. He quite accepted this. Germany, he said, was like the troublesome boy of the school who was dissatisfied and had a grievance, and was always making things unpleasant for all the rest, so that there was no wonder if he was not liked. I maintained that this went too far, if his own old Allies, such as Italy, turned against him. He expressed resentment against Italy, and said that anyhow right was the side of Germany, who would continue to defend herself to the end. Answered that we might disagree as to the question of right, but that I could not understand how any successful issue could be hoped for under such conditions. He was of my opinion, and twice spoke of the war as a "catastrophe."

I asked then why Germany should persist in a policy which had obviously especially to the case of Italy, proved to be a misguided one, we all felt admiration for the magnificent fighting power of the German army, which might have dealt successfully with us separately; but it had been set an impossible task. He replied that England had a long experience, and that policy with her was well thought out; Germany had only some 40 years of a united existence behind her, and the policy which had led to "the catastrophe" could not, as a policy, be defended. I asked whether it was likely to be changed, and to this I neither expected nor got any answer. But it was interesting that, in spite of the great success. Galicia, he described the present mood of the army as nothing like the first great outburst of enthusiasm at the beginning of the war.

I was later given an opportunity of examining a German private, a Hanoverian, captured because he was asleep when the Russians stormed his trenches. I was interested both in the readiness of his answers, which he gave with a smiling face, and in the answers themselves. The German heavy artillery was all beyond the San, and troops were being sent away to the Italian front. Food was poor in Galicia; all the soldiers were for peace, and there was the same refrain in all the letters received from home. He had been on the western front near Rheims, and had made the railway journey to Neu Sandec in five days. He spoke with especial respect of the first English troops, of the Russian field artillery, and of the accuracy of the French heavy artillery.

A Medical Shortage?

London, Aug. 19.—There is a probability of a shortage of doctors after the war, especially in Great Britain and Europe. Many are being killed in one way or another. The Germans are often reported as firing upon Red Cross stations and hospitals. For an example of other ways in which physicians find death, Dr. Chailion and Charlton White were killed while pouring disinfectant over a field of battle, while the gism of their cans in a searchlight drew the Germans' fire. Many doctors have died and will die of disease and blood poisoning.

Wedded at Harrowsmith

Nuptials of Miss Edna Cowdy and Rev. Albert R. Walsh. Harrowsmith, Aug. 19.—"Lilac Grove," the home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Cowdy, Harrowsmith, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday, Aug. 17th, when their elder daughter, Edna M. V., was united in marriage to Rev. Albert R. Walsh, Victoria Road. The ceremony, which was performed by the Canon W. Walsh, Brampton, brother of the groom, assisted by the Rev. A. Bonar, Yarker, took place on the lawn under an arch of greenery and ferns at high noon in the presence of about seventy guests. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory duchess satin, trimmed with real guinea lace and seed pearls. Her tulle veil was trimmed with orange blossoms and arranged in mob cap effect. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Beatrice Cowdy, who wore a pale blue silk gown with overdress of shadow lace, and carried a bouquet of pink roses; also by two little flower girls, Florence Harkness and Lotta Miller, cousins of the bride, who wore dainty white frocks and carried baskets of pink sweet peas. The groom was attended by the Rev. Albert C. Hie, Dunsford. The mother of the bride was gowned in taupe silk with an overdress of black lace. Mrs. J. Taudvin, Kingston, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march. The groom's present to the bride was a piano; to the bridesmaid, a pearl amethyst pendant to the flower girls, bar pins and to the groomsmen gold cuff links. After a dainty luncheon the bride and groom left for an extended trip to the Canadian Rockies, Vancouver, San Francisco and Chicago, the bride travelling in a suit of Belgian blue silk poplin with hat to match. The guests from a distance were Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Stanley, Barke's Falls, Mrs. A. Lockhart, Toronto; Miss M. A. Walsh, Mrs. D. Walsh, Miss F. Cobblewick, Orono; Rev. Canon W. Walsh, Brampton; Rev. A. C. Hie, Dunsford; Miss B. Parsons, Miss F. Kunnells, Ascar Bunt, Montreal. The bride was the recipient of many lovely gifts.

STOOD A BIG, ROSEY WOMAN.

door neighbor, Mrs. Stoodley.

Naomi Glanced at her husband.

But Mrs. Stoodley's personality was the stronger. She felt it joyfully. "May I?" she asked. "Certainly, certainly," cried Mrs. Stoodley, "restalling any speech of George Henry's." "Hurry up, my dear. We want to get there while the roasting is hot. First come, first served. Your old hubby will sit here and smoke his pipe like a lamb until you get back, and then you can tell him all about it. Do you know, Mr. Pierce I got the best man in the world? I never have to ask him when I want to go anywhere. We've been married 20 years, and I think more of him now than I did when I married him, just on that account. You go right along and get dressed, my dear. I want to talk to Mr. Pierce. And talk she did, so entertainingly that Mr. Pierce was hokied in letting Naomi get out the door and away before he fairly realized what was being done to him. Once outside Mrs. Stoodley gripped Naomi's fluttering arm and hurried her to the church. It was all that Naomi had thought it could be and more. The lights were bright, the talking machine was of the best, and when at last the first big appeared, it was of a quality to satisfy the palate of an epicure. Mrs. Stoodley was the best of companions. She talked gayly, her laughter was contagious and she ate and induced Naomi to eat everything from the best pickles to fruit cake. Naomi had never before had so good a time in her life.

Not until Naomi looked into the stranger's face did she realize that she was being presented to the Dodd's she turned pale. What would George Henry say? But what reality was there to be other than agreement? She had no bone to pick with gentle old Alvin Dodd or his sweet wife. "I'm so glad to meet you. Mrs. Pierce," Mrs. Dodd said after a friendly handshake. "You see, we've just bought the house across the street from you, so we're going to be near neighbors."

"How?" George Henry, Mrs. Pierce?" asked Mr. Dodd. "I haven't seen him to speak to him in 10 years. We had a little fuss once, George and me over a line fence. Did he ever tell you about it? But I dare say he's over it long ago, the same as me. I look forward to having him for a neighbor."

Naomi sat down and talked to the Dodds, and the more she talked the better she liked them. She was sorry when at last she had to part from them. George Henry was smoking in a dense atmosphere of blue smudge when she entered the house flushed, bright-eyed and willing to pay any price for the good thing she had. "Well, back air yet?" growled George Henry.

"Yes, dear, I'm back." There was a new note in Naomi's voice and George Henry heard it. "I had a lovely time. The pig was delicious. And I met a lot of nice folks. I met the Dodds. They're coming to live across the street. She's a fine woman. And I like him. He asked after you. He said 40 years was long enough for any one to hold a grudge. And I think so too. I'm going to be real friendly with them."

George Henry bit his pipe stem and glared at her. "You air?" he said at last. Naomi met his eyes and her own were full of new resolve. "Yes, I am," she replied with emphasis.

KNIFE

Old Soldier's Story of Coffee.

An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows: "I stuck to coffee for years although it killed me again and again." (This is just as harmful as coffee because it contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee.) "About eight years ago I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever. I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again violently ill.

"The Doctor said he had carefully studied my case and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. "I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the doctor's decision for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my troubles.

"I thought it over a few minutes and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions. Well, I liked it and stuck to it and since then I have been a new man. "The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading the wagon. That's what Postum in place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee."

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An "invisible" natural powder. An antiseptic, protective finish to a clean shave.

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They contain caffeine—a subtle, habit-forming drug which sooner or later shows in weak heart, short breath, stomach trouble, headache, sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, etc.

Why trifle with such beverages when there's health and comfort in well-made

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It would seem that medical schools in this country ought to be well attended. In Great Britain the number of students may be much reduced by the recruiting of the young men for service, and probably the higher schools in Canada will be similarly affected to some degree. But it would perhaps be particularly a pity if medical education should receive a temporary setback from the war.

In Great Britain there was already a shortage of doctors, partly because of the extra needs developed by the insurance act. For those suffering under that act, as some of the short-sighted had expected, medical practitioners found their earnings considerably increased, and the only trouble was that there were not pressed in this respect.

After the war Great Britain will be still harder