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GRAND TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE FOR ALL CLASSES AND CREEDS

Commented on Most Favorably Throughout the Dominion as a Sermon Bound to Benefit the Temperance Cause.

A pastoral letter from the Right Rev Bishop Casey, read in the Catholic churches of St. John, has created a sensation. It is by far the strongest pronouncement on the liquor question ever made by an ecclesiastical authority in Eastern Canada. The full text of this remarkable document forows.

Dearly beloved: With the approach of the Lenten season, we will again be exhorted by Holy Church to "rise from sleep." "to bring forth fruits worthy of penance." There can be no such fruit unless we take up the work in the spirit of our Lord, realizing what St. Paul said: "And they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh, with the vices and concupiscences."—Galat. V. 24. To be truly Christian, therefore, we must deny ourselves and mortify our passions; and , with the recurrence of the penitential season, we must arouse ourselves to greater earnestness in this salutary practice.

VICES AGAINST WHICH WE MUST FIGHT.

There are many vices, or rather demons through the vices, against which we must not cease to fight, if we would save our souls. How far-reaching, for instance, is the mischief caused by Pride! Once it has taken possession of the soul, it so corrupts a man that he will no longer recognize God's prescence in the world, or hear His voice, or obey His law. That man goes blindly on to his ruin.

The victims of Impurity are just as numerous, and as surely doomed. They seek and find passing contentment in carnal pleasures which destroy their spiritual powers and stifle all divine aspirations.

There is Sloth, too, or spiritual laziness, which lulls men into destructive sleep, making them believe that the world is sweet and pleasant, and that religion is harsh and impossible.

So numerous are the vices, or demons, that we can scarcely name them, yet we must fight them, or perish.

Three others deserve notice, for they are prevalent and far-reaching in modern times. They are subtle, but destructive; insidious, scarcely allowing their victims to suspect their presence; they are HATRED, DISHONESTY and LOVE OF MONEY. These must be crucified, if we wish to be Christ's; but they can be subdued only by a fierce and prolonged struggle. The fight will be serious and unceasing; there can be no truce, no surrender, without grave risk of everlasting perdition.

DRUNKENNESS—A FRUITFUL MOTHER OF ALL VICES.

There is still another, which, in various ways, differs from the rest, and which, therefore, at times demands fuller consideration. It is less innate, less inherent to our nature than the rest; it may nevertheless be a fruitful mother to them all. Right on through history it has demanded the attention of moralists; just now it has all the world concerned, and no place more earnestly than our American continent. In the councils of the state as well as of the church, it calls for deliberation as to the means for its suppression. Every one knows it,—for we speak of drunkenness. The states and provinces of the whole continent are grappling with the evil, and with gratifying success; the councils and synods of the universal church are deliberating to devise the most efficacious means of reforming and saving its unfortunate slaves. What the Irish bishops, once assembled in synod at Maynooth, said of their children at home, may be affirmed, with equal truth, of many other nations, and not least perhaps of our own country:

"To drunkenness we may refer as "to the baneful cause almost all the "crime by which the country is de-"graded, and nearly all the poverty "from which it suffers. Drunkenness "has wrecked more homes once hap-"py than ever fell beneath the crow-"bar in the worst days of eviction; "it has filled more graves and made "more widows and orphans than did "the famine; it has broken more "hearts, blighted more homes and "rent asunder family ties more ruth-"lessly than the enforced exile to "which their misery has condemned "emigrants."

THE SUBJECT DEMANDS CONSIDERATION.

Too often, it may be, we are so familiar with the scenes and effects of this vice, that we do not reflect on their terrible reality. It is worth while to pause a little now, to bring the gravity of the matter home to us. The subject is not pleasant, but it demands consideration .

Man was created after the three Divine Persons of the Blessed Trinity had taken counsel together: "A little less than the angels," God created him. Look at the man passing through the grades of drunken revelry.

With his first drunk, his thirst is slaked, nature is satisfied; with the second, comes a joviality which for him is at the least questionable; with the third, comes a delight which is not free from passion; while the fourth and the following drinks, come drunkenness, madness, and insanity.

During the early stages, the Christian is fast vanishing; vulgarity becomes wit, and obscenity, humor; drunken stupor soon overwhelms him; the man is gone, a worse than the brute lies in his place.

What a spectacle to his fellow men! What to the angels, a little less than whom he was created! To the Saints, that just made perfect in the land of the living! To Him who died to raise fallen humanity! The Son of God assumed human nature to redeem it, to raise it to the divine; this man has degraded it below the nature of the beast. He has no intelligence left, his freedom of will is gone; there is no evidence that he has a soul: it is dead—more, buried in his miserable flesh.

It was a pagan who wrote: "Drunkenness knocks down the man, and nails him to the sensual intermixtures of his body." And too often he has a wife, a family. What misery is theirs! Hunger, rags cold —we stop. "Adam where art thou," demanded the Lord God of the first guilty man after his fall. God knew where Adam was. It was the divine image effaced by sin, the life of grace destroyed, that he sought. What would he say to the drunkard, as pictured lying before us? "Render an account of thy talents; thy intelligence, thy will, thy Baptism! They are destroyed."

No other sin makes a man so helpless before Heaven. However abandoned by grace, however sunk in crime by any other nature, a sinner has intelligence left by which he can turn to God in prayer, a will by which to repent for his folly. The drunkard has neither intelligence nor will left, by which to pray or repent. Is the picture exaggerated? No, there can be no exaggeration of such degradation. He is more obnoxious than the madman, more contemptible than the demoniac. These are objects of pity, for they are afflicted through perhaps no fault of their own; the drunkard deserves but scorn, for he has debased his every manhood. He has brought the curse of God upon his home, he has closed the gates of Heaven against himself. Are we too severe? Listen to Saint Paul. Make no mistake, says the inspired Apostle: "Neither fornicators, nor idolators, nor thieves, nor drunkards shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven."—1 Cor. VI. 9, 10. Here we have the drunkard classed with the worst criminals—idolators, adulterers, thieves—and the gates of Heaven closed against him; and that by the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Let us see further what the Bible says about the drunkard, for the inspired word can make no mistake. The wise man tells us that the woe of Heaven, that is, the curse of God fall thick and fast upon him: "Who hath woe? Whose father hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink up their cups."—Prov. XXIII. 29,30.

And Isaias speaks to the same purpose: "Woe to you that rise up early in the morning, to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening to be inflamed with wine. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim. The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot." Isaias V. 10, 12; XVIII., 1, 3.

No words of ours can add anything to such fearful denunciations of inspired penmen. Compared with other sins, it ranks with the worst, we may say, that its enormity is increased by the fact that it may become the mother of any or all of them. Indeed, we can scarcely consider drunkenness alone, for it is always followed by an unholy brood of crimes. In itself it is but the starting point on the way to perdition. In its wake follow idleness, carelessness, evil company, profanity, debauchery, gambling, destruction of property, ruin of family, disease, death in abandonment and impenitence. These are a few of the many vices that follow in the drunkard's course. We are convinced of this truth, appalled at its narration. We wonder not that the Apostle of the Gentiles saw, in the light of inspiration, the gates of Heaven closed against him.

THE DRINK HABIT GROWS INSIDIOUSLY.

"I have not gone that far," we are prepared to hear addressed to us on all sides. We answer: You have not come to such excesses, Heaven forbid it! You have not yet run the fullcourse of the drunkard, but you have made a beginning; the habit of drink is growing; your haste to excuse it shows how insidiously it is growing. Any or all of these excesses are yawning before you. No drunkard ever makes and keeps the promise, "I will go so far, but no further," unless accident or death come to make his downward progress impossible.

It was clear that there was no evidence at the command of the authorities whereby a conviction of the crooks could be obtained. Sheedy in going into the case had insisted on an agreement that whatever he did no one was to suffer or be punished. Pat said that he would act as a matter of friendship and also to assist in recovering a lost work of art. The gambler maintained that it was more important to restore the lost Gainsborough to the world of art than to punish the criminals, and Pat declared that if anybody was going to be punished he would wash his hands of the whole affair.

Worth had a notion that the reward was considerably larger than the amount advertised by the Agnews through Scotland Yard. All this was sent to England, and although a reply was received from Agnew's solicitors no real progress was made. There was a hitch over the amount involved in the return of the portrait. Finally word came that the solicitors did not believe that the Gainsborough was in existence, and that the whole affair looked like a scheme on the part of several slick Americans to trim the Agnews.

At this stage of the negotiations it just happened that Pat Sheedy was in London. The gambler lost no time in going to Inspector Forest, of Scotland Yard, with a proposition that he would return the portrait to the Agnews for nothing more than the privilege of exhibiting the picture four months. This offer was not accepted. A month later Sheedy came forward with another proposition. He agrees to restore the painting absolutely without any charge, providing the Agnews would allow him to make a steel engraving of the portrait and control the plate. This persistence on the part of Pat Sheedy finally overcame the scruples and doubts of the Englishmen, and on January 16, 1901, a cable was sent to the Pinkertons to reopen the negotiations with Worth looking for the return of the stolen portrait.

It was conveyed that the terms would be accepted providing the canvas proved to be the original. It was now up to Pat Sheedy to locate worth so as to consummate the deal. Pat was able to reach the crook, who was in England. Word came back that Worth would leave for New York on the first steamship. The Pinkertons then sent a cable despatch to London for the identifying witness to start for the United States to inspect the canvas. In response O. Moreland Agnew sailed on the Etruria with his wife. The story that Worth came over on the same steamship with the Agnews has been denied.

The Agnews reached Chicago on the night of March 27, 1901. On the morning of the 28th, at the hotel where the pair were staying a big parcel was delivered at the door of the Agnew suite. Pinkerton was in the room when a rap was heard. The door was opened, and a man asked for Mr Agnew, handed him the parcel and departed at once. The package was opened and one glance assured Agnew that he had recovered the famous portrait that had been missing for the last twenty-six years.

The portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire was hurried back to England as fast as express trains and steamship would bear the Agnews. Detectives guarded the canvas, and it was not till the steamship had passed beyond Sandy Hook and had arrived at an English port that a word was breathed to the outsider of the recovery of the noted Gainsborough.

The last days of worth were full of pain. The crook had contracted a disease in the Belgium prison and suffered from violent headaches. He took his children and fitted up a home in England, where he settled down to a life of comparative quiet. His nurse entered his bedroom on the morning of January 8, 1902, and found that Adam Worth, alias Little Adam, the greatest criminal of the past century, who stole millions and a Gainsborough, had died in her short absence.

Adam Worth, alias Harry Raymond, alias Little Adam, who was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1844, was imprisoned but once in his career of crime.

That this pestilential vice is widespread around us, we have but to open our eyes and look. Nearly any day on the streets, the eye and the ear may be sadly regaled by the sight and profanity of "one more unfortunate."

The prison statistics and the penitentiary records throughout the Dominion, are afflicting testimonies to the ravages on the moral and social order of the commonwealth. The well-being of the individual of the family, of the public, is at stake. It is everyone's duty to be interested. The evil, tho still vigorous and bent on its destructive course, may yet be conquered, if we can secure the good will and hearty co-operation of the great multitude not yet reduced to miserable slavery.

AN EVIL WORSE THAN WAR, PESTILENCE, FAMINE.

It is for this reason that we make the call to arms, as we would if some destructive epidemic were breaking out over the country. Such a passing visitation would not destroy as many as we know to be falling under the courage of intemperance. We find an eminent statesman declaring, that this is an evil more to be feared than the three historic foes of humanity—war, famine and pestilence.

Nor are all those of the household of the faith, by any means, free from the meshes of this scourage,—to the scandal of those around us, and to the affliction of their Mother the church. There are some who call themselves Catholics—and are such only in name—who drag that hallowed name into the mire of iniquity swelling the prison rolls by their drunken excesses. Their families suffer, their friends weep, the church blushes; the malediction of Heaven awaits them.

NO TIME TO "TONE DOWN TRUTH."

This is no time to "tone down truth" until it becomes falsehood. Let us look the evil in the face. What is it that fills many homes with misery and wretchedness, that leaves the children hungry and ragged, that makes the streets resound with profanity and worse, that makes the prejudiced fling prison statistics at us, that makes the scornful point at us, and awful to think, destroys immortal souls for which our Saviour died, sending them before their Judge with the brand of hell upon their brow—what is it? It is the mad passion for the intoxicating cup.

Now, what are we to do? How lift the cloud that sadly envelopes so many souls for whom the Precious Blood was freely shed? There are many, thank God, who are free from the vice we deplore; but we are not thereby without care for our less fortunate brothers. We must not say to God, as did wicked Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Let us rather admit with Saint Paul: "Yourselves have learned of God to love one another."—I. Thess. IV. 9. Again, therefore, we ask, what are we to do?

"HE THAT LOVETH DANGER SHALL PERISH IN IT."

Among the very first principles of religion, we remember that we were strongly impressed with the necessity of avoiding the occasions of sin; and this principle is founded on the word of God: "He that loveth danger shall perish in it."—Eccles. III. 27. This principle can be applied to no one with more truth and justice, than to the man or woman who is conscious of weakness in regard to drink. For such a one, certain places, persons or actions that are perfectly harmless to others, are deadly sin. For a man with the drink craving, there is absolutely no remedy, unless he shun as a pestilence the presence both of liquors and drinkers. World-wide experience illustrates the truth of what the Holy Ghost said about loving the danger; and such a man can no more enter a barroom with safety, than he can place his neck on the rails before the onrushing train. He can no more take a drink with a friend without fear of drunkenness, than he can swallow a deadly poison without danger of death. The drink that may be without sin in another, is a real crime in him. As he hopes for salvation, he can only attain it by shunning, as he would a rattlesnake, the places and the persons that are to him the occasions of temptation. We may declare with assurance that, no matter how safe one may consider himself, everyone is obliged to strict temperance even in the lawful use of stimulants, to avoid visiting barrooms without necessity, to shun the companionship of drinkers. In these is a real danger; and the Spirit of

(Continued on Page Three.)

ASTOUNDING STORY OF A DUAL PERSONALITY

Dr B. C. Hyde of Kansas City is Charged With Colonel's Murder.

Long before suspicion pointed to Dr. Bennett Clark Hyde, charged at Kansas City with the murder of Col. Thos. Swope, the millionaire. Hyde's friends, having in mind the Stevenson story of dual personality. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." were wont to jest him on the vice versa coincidence of his name.

Hyde was the incarnation of evil in the Stevenson story, while Jekyll was the generous and noble doctor. "Dr. Hyde" therefore suggested by antipodes "Mr. Jekyll" for the Kansas City Hyde was a doctor, and he was often jokingly asked as to his other self, "Mr. Jekyll." He always laughingly entered into the spirit of what was long a mere quip, but which in recent years has been an increasingly sinister coincidence, culminating in the direct charges which involve a duality of personality.

It was 15 years ago that Bennett Clark Hyde, then hardly more than a stripling, was appointed police surgeon by Mayor Webster Davis. Dr. Hyde entered upon his new duties modestly and no fault was found with the manner in which he performed them for six months. Then Mrs. A. E. Otterson brought charges of malpractice against him. Her husband had fallen from a house and had broken his arm. Otterson was taken to the Emergency hospital, where he was treated by Dr. Hyde. Whether the arm was improperly set or not, the fact is that it had to be amputated a few days afterwards, and Otterson died. Charges were filed by the widow, but expert testimony by fellow practitioners of Dr. Hyde exonerated him.

A few months afterwards occurred an incident which was wholly discreditable to Dr Hyde. A young negress named Annie Clements made several successive attempts to commit suicide, and was treated by Dr Hyde after each attempt. Becoming exasperated at the frequency of these demands upon his service, Dr. Hyde inected oil of mustard, and the woman fled screaming through the streets. Dr. Hyde looked upon the matter as a hugh joke, but so inhuman was the treatment to which the woman was subjected that the police commissioners ordered Dr. Hyde's removal.

In October, 1898, there occurred some unusually bold grave robberies, and Dr Hyde's name was connected with them, though no formal charge was ever made against him, and he was innocent of them so far as any records go. However, the police searched his rooms for a stolen body.

An interval of several years elapsed after the grave robbery cases before the news of Dr Hyde's enagegment to Miss Frances Swope, of Independence, niece of the late millionaire, Col. Thos H. Swope, was quickly followed by the filing of a breach of promise suit for $10,000 against him by Mrs Sarah Frank, who also demanded the return of $2200 which she alleged she had loaned him on her late husband's life insurance policy. A settlement out of court was made. Dr. Hyde repaying a portion of the money he had borrowed."

On the heels of this case, however, came another, the plaintiff in this action being Mrs Mike Heim, who had recently been divorced from a Kansas City brewer, son of the late Ferd Heim. Mrs Heim claimed that Dr Hyde had promised to marry her and had "borrowed" $3000 from her. Again the case was settled out of court, Dr Hyde paying Mrs Heim $2100.

These two cases interrupted only for a short time his courtship with Miss Frances Swope. Mrs Logan O. Swope, the girl's mother, formed a decided aversion to Dr Hyde, and all the old records of the past were raked up against him, but nothing could alter the determination of the girl and she was told she must go away to Europe for a year. She refused to go and her mother sent her to visit her grandparents in Virginia. Thither Dr Hyde followed her, and the first thing the mother knew the marriage had taken place.

The young couple returned to Kansas City and for several months the estrangement between the mother and daughter continued. But Dr. Hyde's devotion to Mrs Swop's son, Thos Swope Jr., when he was severely injured, healed the breach. Dr. Hyde attended the young man and nursed him as tenderly as though he had been his own son. No physician was ever gentler or more patient than was Dr. Hyde, a very Dr. Jekyll in this case. Young Swope's arm had to be amputated, and Dr. Hyde performed the operation with consummate skill, nursing the young man back to health afterwards.

About eight months ago Col. Swope gave Dr and Mrs Hyde $10,000, with which they built a pretty home at 3516 Forest avenue, and gave them another substantial sum with which to furnish it. Mrs Hyde was also left about $110,000 in her uncle's will, so that the fortune of the Hydes is estimated to be in the neighborhood of $200.000.

The remarkable events in the Swope family began on October 1, when Jas Moss Hunton, cousin of Col. Swope, died. Two days later the colonel died rather suddenly, but it was not untill after Thanksgiving day that suspicion raised its head.

On Nov 10, according to the sworn statement of Dr E. L. Stewart, he had loaned or sold to Dr Hyde some cultures of typhoid fever, diptheria and bacilli which produced boils. On Thanksgiving day Dr Hyde visited the Swope home in Independence, and then the astounding series of coincidences began. On Dec 1, the allotted seven days of typhoid incubation, Miss Margaret Swope, neice of Col Swope, became ill with typhoid fever. Dec 3, Chrisman Swope, nephew of Col Swope, contracted the same disease. Dec 5 Stuart Fleming, an executor of the Swope will, was taken ill with typhoid. Dec 6 Chrisman Swope died. Dec 6 Miss Dixon, a cousin and legatee of Col Swope, was taken ill with typhoid. Dec 9 Miss Sarah Swope, niece of Col Swope, became ill with typhod.

The astonishing succession of typhoid cases was interrupted for a week or ten days, to be resumed when Lucy Lee Swope, niece and legatee of Col Swope, returned to Independence, and was taken ill Dec 18 with typhoid, Dr Hyde had only a few days before brought her home from New York, where she had been visiting.

Suspicion was aroused over this mysterious epidemic of typhoid in one of the most spacious and supposedly sanitary homes in the country. On Jan 3 an autopsy was held on the body of Chrisman Swope, and ten days later an autopsy was held on the body of Col Swope. The viscera of Col Swope were taken to Chicago and analyzed by some of the most noted chemists in the country, Drs Walter Haines and Ludwig Hoekten who subsequently reported finding strychnine in the stomach.

Then followed the coroner's inquest, at which Col Swope's nurse, Miss Pearl Keller, swore that the colonel died a few minutes after taking a capsule which Dr. Hyde himself had ordered her to give the patient.

SHEEDY'S PART IN RESTORING THE STOLEN GAINSBOROGUH

Why Famous Painting Was Stolen in First Place and Not Restored to Its Owner for Twenty-Six Years.

(New York Evening Sun.)

It's a sweeping charge, but the facts appear to warrant the statement that the English law must be held responsible for the theft of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, on the night of May 25, 1876. The business of law is to prohibit and punish crime. And yet the law in England ordains that a bondsman must be a freeholder and a person of good reputation. It was this law that held a noted American crook behind the bars in Newgate Prison. To open the gates of that jail the "Duchess of Devonshire" was stolen.

There was but one way to furnish a bondsman who was both a freeholder and a man of good reputation Adam Worth, the master mind of the learned underworld, conceived the plan, which was simply to get the portrait from the art gallery of Agnew and Co., in Bond street, London and so, by holding the famous and costly canvass, force the Agnews to go into court and provide bail for the thief in quod. That is why the beautiful Duchess was cut from its frame and for twenty-six years was buried from public view.

It happened that the Agnews were never called on to furnish a bond. A resourceful lawyer found flaws in the extradition papers by virtue of which the American crook had been brought from France to England. It was shown that the accused man had been transported as a principal to a forgery on the London and Westminister Bank and that he should have been charged as an accessory after the fact. On the strength of this plea a writ of habeas corpus was granted and the judge gave the Crook thirty days in which to shake England. This is told only to explain why the "Duchess of Devonshire" fell into the hands of the thieves.

It appears that while the lawyer was gathering ammunition for his attack on the court the pals of the client were busy. It was not acquittal that these crooks looked for. It was escape. A bondsman paved the way to liberty. Adam Worth called this crook his friend, and he intended to set this bondsman to work. So it was that one afternoon Worth, with a companion, Jack Phillips, a noted English crook and thief, sometimes known as Junka, walked down Bond Street and paused to observe the carriages that drew up before the art galleries of Agnew and Co. The pair followed the crowd, and soon were gazing on the famous portrait which a few days before had been purchased for £10,500.

Once more in the street, Worth turned to Junka and calmly told the English thief that he was going to steal the portrait and thereby get his friend out of jail. The plan was outlined and the Englishman protested that the game was not worth while; that the canvas would prove a white elephant. But Adam Worth was a man who followed his own counsel. He took another thief into the "mob." This was "Little Joe" Elliott. It was decided that the job was to be done on a foggy night. It was up to Elliott to "lookout" and watch for the police. Junka was used for the ground work. He stood under the window in front of the Agnew store. Junka was a giant and Worth who was of slight build, climbed up on the giant's shoulders, reached the big sign, and forced the window. Worth got inside and on a stepladder found it easy to cut the canvas from its frame, roll it up and on a tip from the lookout that the way was clear passed the portrait of the Duchess down to Junka.

The window was closed and left just as found, and the three thieves fled from the scene. It was agreed that Worth should hold the portrait in his possession. The next step was to have a solicitor who had also served his time visit Newgate and hand the American crook a small bit of canvas which had been snipped from the portrait. From Newgate the solicitor was to go to Agnew and Co., and inform that client that he had a client in prison who could furnish information about the stolen Gainsborough. The prisoner himself was to tell the firm that in return for liberty he would guarantee the recovery of the portrait and to show the bit of canvas as an evidence of his sincerity and good faith.

But after all it was not necessary to steal the portrait, because the English lawyer, a man of standing and probity, made the use of a bondsman unnecessary, as has been shown. His client lost no time in leaving England, and the "mob" had a white elephant on its hands.

The news of the robbery shook England and gradually other countries were advised that a Gainsborough had been stolen. The police were notified, a reward of £1,000 was offered by the Agnews. Pictures and descriptions of the portrait were scattered broadcast throughout the world. The "Duchess of Devonshire" could not be traced.

The thieves would have been glad to return the portrait and get the reward, but strange to say there was no one whom they could trust to carry on the negotiations. The Duchess did not get the American crook out of Newgate as originally planned, and the thieves made sure that the lady would not land them in quod. Allaround it appears that the Duchess upset the plans and calculations of the "mob." The sleuths of Scotland Yard worked hard, and it was not unexpected that they should get hold of bits of information that threw light on the robbery.

But the sleuths could not get the "goods," and they failed to find the hiding place of the canvas. All this time Adam Worth had the portrait in his possession. He did not know how to dispose of it. It was hoped that some money might be realized when the wheel took a lucky whirl. Junka was not slow to borrow large sums of money from Worth on the strength of these hopes. Several years rolled by and Junka and Worth quarreled. The English crook put up a great bluff and declared that he would buy Worth's interest if the portrait was produced. And here again Worth proved that he was master. A meeting was arranged at which Junka was to settle the indebtedness and pay also for Worth's interest in the portrait.

The rendezvous was at the Criterion bar in London. Worth proceeded on the theory that the English thief was not on the level. He acted accordingly, and did not show himself, but took a position where he could observe the entrance of Junka. It was not long before Worth had reason to congratulate himself on his prudence. He looked out and saw Junka saunter into the place and in the shadow trailed two Scotland Yard men who were known to Worth. Junka got neither the portrait nor a glimpse of Worth that night. But several days later Worth met Junka and settled in his own way for this bit of treachery. Worth did not weigh 150 pounds and stood only 5 feet 4, but he leaped on the giant and hurled him to the floor. He knocked Junka down by a smashing blow in the face and then kicked the prostrate Goliath until exhausted and pulled off by the police.

The third member of this Gainsborough "mob," Little Joe Elliott, had sold out his interest in the portrait and had come over to New York. Here he was nabbed by the Pinkertons for a bank job, and while in the Toombs told Robert A. Pinkerton the story of the robbery and offered to restore the portrait in return for his release. But it was known that Elliott could not deliver the portrait. He served a long bit and was pardoned, only to die in a New York hospital.

While Little Joe was dickering from a cell in the Toombs, Adam Worth was very busy. In 1878 he and a pal known to the authorities as Megotti, with several others, held up the fast express running between Calais and Paris and got away with 700,000 francs in Spanish and Egyptian bonds. No prison doors opened for Worth, the man who still held the "Duchess of Devonshire." He had his fine yacht, the Shamrock, and with a crew of twenty he cruised about the Mediterranean. He blew money like a hurricane. Worth had a family in the United States and he made trips over here. He brought the Gainsborough with him when he came over in the Indiana. He smuggled the canvas through the customs by means of a trunk with a false bottom. The entry was made in Philadelphia. The canvas was brought on to New York and for a while was concealed in Brooklyn, and then carried over to Boston. While the canvas reposed safely in the Hub, worth was very active abroad. It is not necessary to detail here how he went to Cape Town and robbed the post office of $700,000 worth of diamonds. Other jobs were pulled off, all yielding rich hauls.

Worth by this time had a fortune and could easily retire and live in ease and quiet and luxury. But the call of crime was sweet music to his ears, and he finally fell for a bit of stupidity in Belgium, and was sentenced to serve seven years in Liege. This is the only conviction recorded against this remarkable criminal, and when he came out of prison he had lost his fortune and his health. This is the time that Worth met Pat Sheedy, the gambler, who died the other day. It was pretty certain that Worth had the Gainsborough, but the Pinkertons or the Scotland Yard men could not prove it. William A. Pinkerton had solicited the aid of Sheedy in recovering the portrait, and when the gambler came across the broken-down crook there was no time lost in opening up on the subject of the Gainsborough.

The crook trusted blindly in the gambler. Pat Sheedy never broke faith. Worth was told that he could take a chance on returning to the United States and having an interview with Pinkerton for the purpose of restoring the Gainsborough. Worth was willing to take a chance. It was in January of 1899 that Pinkerton in his Chicago office got word from Worth that he would call if assured that no harm would ensue from the interview. If this condition was agreeable an advertisement was to be inserted in one of the evening papers. That ad, was placed and read. Worth and Pinkerton met and then began a series of negotiations for the recovery of the "Duchess of Devonshire." Pinkerton, it appears, would not agree to any terms without first consulting with Scotland Yard.

DEATH OF LATE F. H. SANDERSON.

The death of the late F. H. Sanderson of St Peters Bay, who departed this life on Jany 23rd ult, after a short illness, deserves more than a passing notice.

As a farmer he was a model of industry, as a neighbor and friend he shall be greatly missed; if only for his pleasant greeting and hearty hand shake.

At the socials he was ever ready and willing to help along the young people. The Presbyterian Church shall miss one who helped to build it and helped to carry on the good work within it. In the choir his powerful Bass voice will never more be heard. In the Bible class he shall be missed for his very instructive teaching. With all the sickness and affliction in self and family one would wonder at his cheerfulness through it all Jesus beckoned and he followed and a vacancy has been created which may not be readily filled.

MRS. JOHN GARRETT ENTERED INTO REST.

Entered into rest at Bangor, after a brief illness, Elizabeth Garrett, widow of the late John Garrett of Cable Head and daughter of the late Stephen Rose of East Point, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Those left to mourn are three sisters and a brother, four sons and three daughters also many grand children and great grand children, besides a large circle of friends and relatives more distantly connected. The sons are D. C. Garrett, Charlottetown, P. E. I. R.; John T. of Sterns Bros. Souris; Caleb and Joshus of Cable Head. Daughters Mrs Albert Clark, Roxbury Mass; Mrs John McDougall and Mrs Rodk Grant, Bangor.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

(Boston papers please copy.)