20 Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 1 to 8.

90TH YEAR. No. 153. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897. PRICE ONE CENT.

6—Library of Parliament Dec 7

MR. BLAIR WANTS A BETTER BARGAIN

C. P. R. Lease of Intercolonial to be Cancelled

FROM HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN

Preparing to Construct the Crow's Nest Pass Line.

A Capital Librarian Receives a High Honor—Capital's Oldest Resident Dead.

Ottawa, July 3.—(Special.)—When the agreement between the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway was made some eight years ago for the company running its traffic between Halifax and St. John over the Intercolonial, the arrangement was criticized as a very one-sided one, and wholly in favor of the Canadian Pacific. For instance, an agent of the Intercolonial cannot even canvass for freight traffic. There are other restrictions which gives the entire pull to the Canadian Pacific. In this, as in other instances, the company got the best of the Government and no one could blame them for doing so. Mr. Blair after carefully looking into the whole matter, has decided to cancel the agreement, giving the company one year's notice. At the end of a year, when the agreement terminates, Mr. Blair will be able to make a more satisfactory arrangement for the country. It is also the Minister's intention to push the extension of the Intercolonial to Montreal so as to show to the opponents of the scheme it will be a paying investment for the Dominion, and that the day of deficits for the Government railway will very soon disappear.

CROW'S NEST PASS CONSTRUCTION.

M. J. Haney, C.E., manager of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, left last evening for Montreal and Toronto. He leaves Toronto on Monday next, for McLeod, North-West Territories, which place he expects to reach about the 10th inst. Mr. Haney intends to put certain portions of the line under construction without delay.

Mr. A. D. De Celles, librarian of Parliament, who is at present in Europe, attending the world's Congress of Librarians, has won recognition and honors in France as the author of his history of the United States. The book, it will be remembered, is written in French. A late issue of Le Temps, of Paris, states that the history has been crowned with the highest prize in the gift of the French Academy of Political and Moral Sciences—five hundred francs.

M. J. Haney has called for tenders for the construction of 100 miles of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, west of Lethbridge.

COST OF MOVING FURNITURE.

There is no truth in the report that it took about $25,000 to remove the furniture from the Public Works Department after the late fire. As a matter of fact, it took only $400 to remove the furniture of the Public Works and Marine and Fisheries Departments, and also to move it back again, after the eastern block had been repaired. The mistake, no doubt, occurred through an item in the supplementary estimates for the past fiscal year of $22,000 for removing public departments after the fire, for renovating offices in the building, removing models from model room, to one in Langevin block, and fixing it for part of the Interior Department for fire protection, electrical fixings, lease of Slater block, and other places in city for temporary offices, etc.

OTTAWA'S OLDEST RESIDENT DEAD.

The oldest person in Ottawa died last evening. Joseph Dubois, 105 years of age, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Victor Beauchamp, 467 St. Patrick St. Mr. Dubois was born in 1788 at Point St. Claire, Quebec. He was in possession of all his faculties up to the day of his death, and is said to have worked when he was one hundred years of age.

The Kingston Elevator and Transit Co. are applying for incorporation.

Mr. Stansfield, postmaster of the House of Commons, who has been too ill to attend to duty for a year past, has been superannuated. The appointment of a new postmaster will not take place for a couple of weeks.

Speaker Edgar returns to Toronto tomorrow.

WILL APPEAL THE CASE.

Westmount Will Carry the Warmington Judgment to a Higher Court, and Privy Council if Necessary.

Last evening the town council of Westmount met in committee of the whole, behind closed doors, to consider the now famous Warminton judgment given last Tuesday against the town was under deliberation. Many opinions were advanced concerning the judgment in question. Both Mr. Bulmer and the corporation are determined to follow up the case, and it is understood that nothing short of the Privy Council will satisfy Westmount, until that judgment is reversed. An appeal will be entered at once.

Mrs. Emerson G. Hart, Westmount, and her sister, Mrs. W. H. Ralston, of Wyoming, U.S.A., left last evening for Little Metis, to spend the summer.

The family of Mr. Brown, of the Bell Telephone Co., left for the Maine coast, Thursday evening, to spend the summer months.

A FRUIT INSPECTOR WANTED.

The Retail Grocers' Association want a fruit inspector, and at a meeting held last night it was decided to have a petition signed among the city grocers, asking the Dominion Government to appoint an official inspector. The object is to prevent unfit fruit from being placed upon the market. In the view of Mr. J. P. Dixon, who introduced the subject, this inspection was designed more for the protection of the public, this being a time of year when fruit is largely used. Mr. A. D. Fraser believed the proposal was a useful one, although he believed the fruit trade ought to have taken it up. There were some doubts expressed as to the practicability of the suggestion, but the motion passed without any dissent. The annual picnic of the Association is fixed for Wednesday, the 14th instant, and arrangements are being completed. It is the intention of the Association to make this year's outing more than usually successful.

READY FOR WORK.

THE PILOTS NOTIFY BOARD THAT STRIKE IS OVER.

None of Them are Given Branches —All Are Compelled to Work by Tour de Role.

At the meeting of the Harbor Commissioners yesterday there were present Robert Mackay, chairman, the Mayor, Andrew Allan, D. G. Thompson, William Farrell, E. H. Lemay, D. Torrance, Robert Bickerdike, L. E. Morin, Alp. Racine, Alex. Robertson, secretary; John Kennedy, chief engineer; James B. Allan, counsel.

The secretary reported that he has instructed the Quebec agent to place all the pilots on the tour de role except the four who had been dismissed. The Board intructed the secretary to write the Quebec agent that the four pilots under suspended sentence should not be placed on the list.

A letter was received from four of the pilots purporting to give official notice that the strike was over and all the plots were ready to go to work. Regarding grievances the latter said they had been ventilated in the Private Bills committee. A second letter said that the telegram on Saturday was sent on the understanding that all proceedings against the pilots were withdrawn. Mr. James Allan gave it as his opinion that this latter clause made it null as a notice of the strike being ended. Mr. Morin did not like the way the latter spoke of the grievances, and thought the pilots should report any such to the Board itself.

On the Mayor's suggestion, the Secretary was instructed to send the following answer:

'I am instructed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 1, which was read at a meeting of the Harbor Commissioners held on this date, and to say that the commissioners take this opportunity of expressing their astonishment at the action taken by the pilots who went on strike without notifying the commissioners or stating any grievance to them. The strike might have led to very serious consequences to the trade of Montreal, as well as that of the Dominion generally; but, apparently, the pilots did not consider it part of their duty to notify the commissioners either of their intention to strike or that they had a grievance. Fortunately, however, the Harbor Commissioners have been able to make arrangements which enabled the trade to be carried on without serious damage to life or property.

"I am also to point out to you that, as the Harbor Commissioners have direct control in pilotage matters, any communication which you may have to make in connection with this matter should be made direct to them."

The secretary read a notice from Messrs. Angers, Delorimier and Godin, that Philipe Belanger, J. Arcand, P. Beaudet and A Perrault, the pilots dismissed by the Board, had entered an appeal in the Superior Court which meets next September.

Mr. Mackay announced that nothing further had been done regarding the placing of buoys and that the work was not going on at present.

A letter was read from Messrs. Carbray, Routh & Co., cancelling the contracts with their pilots. Similar letters have been already been received from Reford & Co., H. & A. Allan, and Kingman, Brown & Co.

The suggestion of the shipping interests was that a deputation should go to Ottawa to have the by-laws changed so that the commissioners could appoint new pilots. The idea was expressed that the whole code be changed. Mr. Bickerdike expressed the opinion that the Board should have the power to change the by-laws themselves, Mr. Mackay said that such power might become dangerous. The matter was then dropped.

The Mayor suggested that a letter be sent to the Government asking them to set apart a day to receive a deputation from the Board and shipping interests in regard to giving power to the Board to appoint more pilots if necessary. The chairman, the Mayor, Messrs. Thompson, Bickerdike, Morin and the solicitor were appointed to go to Ottawa when the Government should set a day.

The meeting then adjourned.

RUSSIA'S LARGE POPULATION.

Washington, July 3.—For the first time in history a general census has been taken of the population of the Russian Empire, which is shown to number 129,211,113, of which total 64,616,280 are males and 64,594,833 females. United States Consul-General Karel, at St. Petersburg, who transmits the figures to the State Department, says they show that in forty-five years the population of Russia has doubled, and during the last twelve years it has increased 20 per cent. To take this census the Russian Government employed an army of 150,000 persons, and its completion in three months is regarded as a great achievement in view of the vast expanse of territory to be covered and the illiteracy of the population.

HER MAJESTY CONCERNED.

London, July 3.—In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Charles T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, read a telegram from the Queen expressing Her Majesty's deep concern in the disaster to the Pacific Line Steamship Aden, which was wrecked off the Island of Socotra, in the Indian Ocean, on June 19, and her sincere sympathy with the relatives of those who perished, as well as with the survivors for the terrible sufferings they have undergone.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

Many People Preparing to Depart from London.

A GREAT SOCIAL SHOW

Given by the Colonial Secretary and His Wife.

As a Result He is Accused of Bad Breeding—General Miles Causes Some Trouble.

London, July 3.—The Jubilee functions are ended and London is reluctantly doffing its holiday garb. But, the undressing apparently takes as long as the dressing. Carpenters are still slowly tearing down the strands.

Most of the Princes and special envoys have departed. The familiar belief in "Queen's weather," which has become a fixed superstition, is almost justified by the remarkable weather which greeted every public appearance of Her Majesty and a surprising feature since the beginning of the festivities has been the many rainy days between them.

GENERAL MILES CAUSED TROUBLE.

General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., has been a rather embarrassing element in the United States special mission and to the British Government, as he insisted upon taking more than they intended him to do. The Government had provided rooms, servants and a carriage at the Alexandra Hotel for Rear Admiral J. N. Miller, U.S.N., and General Miles. But the invitation was not extended to their wives. General Miles arrived first with his wife and occupied both rooms, leaving Admiral Miller the room the court officials had intended for the servants accompanying the officers. Admiral Millar thereupon declined to remain in the hotel and repaired to lodgings in Half Moon Street, where his family were installed. The court officials were greatly distressed and wished to take a suite of rooms at the Victoria Hotel for Admiral Miller; but, the latter declined.

A SOCIAL SHOW.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, provided royalty with a new sensation on Wednesday. Wishing to have an overwhelming social show, Mr. Chamberlain took the late Sir Julian Goldschmidt's big house in Piccadilly, and invited 2,000 guests to a banquet and reception following it, all of whom apparently accepted, resulting in the greatest crush London remembers. The sudden bringing of eight or nine hundred carriages into Piccadilly quite upset the police and made an interminable jam, in the midst of which the Prince and Princess of Wales drove up St. James Street. The Prince, finding that the police were unable to immediately clear His Royal way, ordered his coachman to drive back to Marlborough House, and, for the first time in the life of Their Highnesses, their progress to honor a commoner was barred.

Inside the house the crush was terrible, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain vainly tried to edge their way to the foot of the stairs, in order to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Mrs. Chamberlain's chagrin at the failure of the Prince and Princess of Wales to arrive was very evident, and was made worse by the condolences of many present, who, wishing to go on to the reception of the Earl and Countess of Derby, were absolutely unable to leave the premises, as the continued arrivals for a long time prevented ingress and egress. Hundreds were unable to get in at all, and the Duke and Duchess of York were obliged to make their exit by way of the kitchen and the area steps.

The fiasco is the talk of the town, and many bitter remarks are circulating in society. The old Tories are delighted at what they call Mr. Chamberlain's bad breeding, and want of taste, etc., and predictions are made that the Prince and the Princess of Wales will never again accept their invitations.

BISHOPS ENTERTAINED.

The United States and Canadian Bishops are being royally entertained everywhere. Every bishop has more invitations to hospitality than he can possibly accept, and the same is the case with invitations to preach. The Archbishop of Canterbury received them all most cordially and influences by the wholesale, it is reported in the press, are being brought to bear in favor of the Archbishop of Canterbury's great scheme to obtain the adhesion of all the colonials, and of all the Americans, if possible, to an acknowledgement of the Archbishop of Canterbury's headship of the Church of England, and its offshoots

Continued on Page 8.

SMELTERS FOR B.C.

The miners of British Columbia may now look forward with confidence to having smelters of their own. A few days ago the vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway was waited upon by a delegation composed of U.S. Senators George Turner and Holt, and Messrs. T. G. Blackstock and J. F. Wardner, and an extended conference took place with reference to smelter sites and rates in British Columbia. Senators Turner and Holt are largely interested in British Columbia mines. Mr. Wardner will endeavor to set the smelter projects under way at once. It is probable in this connection that the Canadian Pacific Railway will have some 600 miles of subsidiary lines in operation in the mining regions in 1898.

CANADA'S MASTER PLUMBERS.

Toronto, July 3.—The members of the Canadian National Association of Master Plumbers, who celebrated Canada's national holiday by opening their second annual convention elected officers yesterday as follows:—President, Jos. Wright, Toronto; first vice-president, W. Smith, Toronto; vice-president for Quebec, P. J. Carroll, Montreal; vice-presidents, for Ontario, J. McKinley, Ottawa; J. H. Doody, St. John, N.B.; J. Barton, Halifax; T. A. Irvine Manitoba; treasurer, W. Briggs, Montreal; secretary, W. Mansell, Toronto; executive committee, J. B. Fitzsimmons, Toronto; A. Picard, Quebec; Thomas Campbell, St. John, N.B.; G. A. Perrier, Halifax, N.S.; W. Stevenson, Manitoba. Quebec was chosen as the next place of meeting. Mr Joseph Lamarche, of Montreal, is the retiring president. Among the other things provided for is the establishing of a branch of the association in every town of the Dominion. Last evening they were banqueted by the local members. The delegates from Montreal are Messrs. Jos. Lamarche, president; Thomas Moll, E. C. Thibault, G. W. Harris, John Watson, R. C. Ogilvy, Arthur Martin, P. J. Carroll, E. C. Mount, W. Briggs and J. W. Hughes.

IS MARTIN THORNE IN MONTREAL?

Alleged Accomplice in New York Murder Case.

Search Has Been Made in the City But He Has Not Been Located.

New York, July 3.—The World to-day says: Guilt of the murder of William Guldensuppe was brought nearer home to Mrs. Nack and Martin Thorn, yesterday. Reporters of the World in the identical surrey in which Mrs. Nack took her famous ride last Saturday, followed the course of that journey. They discovered facts which indicate that the party in the surrey on Saturday consisted of Mrs. Nack, Thorn and another woman, whose identity is suspected.

That to dispose of a portion of the body, or of other incriminating articles was the purpose of the drive. That on their way, at a secluded spot near the village of Cliff Side, two miles below Fort Lee, they burned certain things, probably clothing which had been stained with blood.

That from this place they could have gone, and probably did go to the spot near the Harlem River at One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street, where, on Sunday, the next day, the bundle which contained the second fragment of the body was found.

That then drove back toward their home and were seen passing through One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street at high speed at about nine o'clock. That the surrey was returned to its owner about 9.30 o'clock, Mrs. Nack and the other woman having left it at some point unknown. The horse and surrey were in a condition that indicated a long and hard drive.

The World, through its correspondents and reporters, has traced Thorn from this city to Saratoga, thence to Troy, and thence to Montreal, where he went with the avowed intention of taking a steamer to Europe. Two steamers sailed from there Thursday. They will stop at Quebec and other ports before getting beyond police reach.

Inquiries were made by Herald reporters this morning at police headquarters. As far as can be ascertained, Ford is not known to be in Montreal or to have visited the city.

CONSERVATIVE HARMONY.

Under the heading in large letters "Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the probable successor of Sir Charles Tupper, as chief of the Conservative party," L'Evenement (Cons.), of Quebec, says that the unique and extraordinary position of Sir Mackenzie commands the attention of the whole country, but especially of the Conservative party, and that in the corridors of the House of Parliament he is spoken of as future leader of the Conservative party. It adds that a rumor comes from Montreal that the directing heads of the party here, as well as in Toronto, insist that Sir Adolphe Caron take the leadership.

AN ENORMOUS POLICY.

It is stated that the amount of the fire insurance policies of the Grand Trunk Railway which were recently transferred from the Home Fire Insurance Company, is $4,870,000, this sum covering all the property of the big road. In a short time it is expected that additional property will be available, and that the policy will then be increased to $5,000,000. The various items of the policy have been grouped so that in the event of a fire, the amount due to the company can be ascertained in a moment.

DANGEROUS CHARACTER CAUGHT

Windsor, Ont., July 3.—Detective Chas. Mahoney, who was shot at Belle River a few weeks ago while trying to arrest the Chatham burglars, had another close call in Windsor yesterday afternoon while arresting an ex-convict named Edward Walsh, who broke jail at Kingston over two years ago, while serving a three year sentence for burglary at Essex. Walsh secreted himself in the house of an Italian fruit vendor in Windsor on Tuesday night last, and when the Italian entered he sprang upon him and assaulted him so that there are doubts of his recovery. Mahoney has been on the hunt for him ever since, and this afternoon, in company with two detectives from Detroit, and Patrolman Jackson, they entered the premises of Nick Stepnen, where they had reason to believe they would find their man. Welsh was secreted in an outbuilding and when Mahoney approached Welsh fired, the ball grazing Mahoney's leg, passing through his pants. Welsh was quickly overpowered and locked up. He served a term at Kingston for a burglary in the Nipissing district and was out of the penitentiary only two weeks when he committed that at Essex.

QUEBEC CITY DEBENTURES.

Quebec, July 3.—(Special.)—Messrs. Coates, Son & Co., on behalf of the city of Quebec, announce the conversion and redemption of various sterling debentures of the city and invite holders of the outstanding debentures to exchange their present holdings either for new three and a half per cent. consolidated registered stock of the city of Quebec, or cash upon stated terms. The stock to be issued in exchange for the bonds surrendered is a part of a total authorized issue of £654,480, and such part as has been issued is already quoted in the London and other exchanges.

CONTRACTORS' LIBERAL CLUB.

There will be a mass meeting of this club on Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m., at the Monument National Hall. All members and friends are invited to attend.

MINERS WILL OBEY.

Circular of the National Order Issued Yesterday.

LEAVE THE MINES JULY 4

Men at Birmingham, Ala., Have Quit Work Already.

The Strike in the Tin Plate Mills at Cleveland Growing More Serious.

Spring Valley, Ill., July 3.—The strikers of this region have voted to obey the order of the National Board of the United Mine-Workers of America to mine no more coal after July 4. All employes of the companies whose wages rise and decline when the wages of the miners are affected have also been asked to come out. This means that all the trappers and even the cagers who have charge of the hoisting of cars will also come out. This puts a serious aspect upon the situation, for if the mines are allowed to remain idle without the constant attention of the trappers it would not take long for them to cave. The miners of this city are very determined. They have had their wages reduced nearly fifty per cent. in the past four years, and 75 cents a day is about the average. To-day the men will go to the mines, fix up their rooms and take out their tools and say they will remain out until the operators concede their demands. All kinds of business in the city will be more or less demoralized.

THE CLEVELAND STRIKE.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 3.—The situation at the Crescent Sheet and Tin Plate Mills, where the union men are striking for the Amalgamated Association scale of wages, is becoming more serious. One of the non-union men, Harry Russell, was waylaid by strikers on his way home from work last night and fearfully beaten with clubs. He was carried home, where he now lies in a dangerous condition.

ALABAMA MINERS IDLE.

Birmingham, Ala., July 3.—The miners at Brook Side, Brazil, Cardill, Blossburg, Blocton, Adger, Johns and Sumter coal mines are idle, having refused to accept a reduction. Three hundred coke ovens at Jones have been shut down, and notice given that work is indefinitely postponed.

In Birmingham and Cate City two rolling mills have closed awaiting the signing of the scale of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. No disorders have resulted.

COAL OPERATORS AROUSED.

St. Louis, Mo., July 3.—Coal operators are aroused over the announcement that the United Mine Workers have ordered a strike for July 4, and the presidents and general managers of several of the big companies having headquarters here, have gone to their mines in Illinois and Missouri to look into the situation. The consensus of opinion among the operators is that the strike will be a long one and that as a result the price of coal will advance though not at once.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 3.—President Knight, of District No. 11, United Mine Workers of America, officially confirms the report of a miners' strike. His estimate, however, of the number of men who will be involved is about 100,000. Mr. Knight says the object of the strike is to clear out the markets and enable the operators to pay living wages to their men. He declares it is not war on operators and the miners do not so regard it.

ANOTHER ZOUAVE DEAD.

Another of the Papal Zouaves, Mr. D. A. Chaurette, has just died at the presbytery of Ste. Bridget des Sants. He was under command of Gen. Charette at the time of the invasion of the papal states by the army of Victor Emmanuel, and was for some time a prisoner of war.

JAIL PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Raymond who was the jail physician for several years prior to the formation of the De Boucherville Government, by whom he was dismissed, has been notified of his re-appointment to this position. He will replace Dr. Desmarteau, and will have for joint physician Dr. Picotte.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Toronto, July 3.—(Special.)—The Globe publishes the following special cable from London:—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach last evening, and Mr. Goschen, at the colonial banquet to-night, strongly urged the colonies to contribute to the support of the Imperial navy.

Premier Reid, of New South Wales, however, took the position that the greatest gift the colonies could give to the Empire was the development of their own resources.

The view, no doubt, is that by the policy of local development, Great Britain will be strengthened in her auxiliary kingdoms, and new markets for Imperial trade created. It is believed that the Premier of New South Wales voiced the general view of the representatives of the colonies now in London, notwithstanding that they have been subjected to a good deal of pressure to agree to contribute to Imperial defence.

FIERCE FIRES IN SPAIN.

London, July 3.—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Madrid says that a huge fire has been raging in the mountains of the Province of Murcia, in southeastern Spain, since Wednesday. The flames have extended over an area of twenty miles, destroying villages, cattle and other property. It is feared that there has been considerable loss of life.

SENT TO THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

Frank Smithers, found committing a burglary while dressed in Her Majesty's uniform, was yesterday sent to the Queen's Bench for trial.

Laprairie Camp.

A man in a red coat lay on his back in the after part of the steamer. He was swearing profusely, so to speak, and as a result he had the whole of the after part of the steamer to himself and to such as could not understand what on earth or what under the earth he was talking about. He had been drinking.

My friend from India and I were on our way to the camp at Laprairie, and when the red-coated man caught sight of my friend from India there was a sudden change in his (the red-coated man's) demeanor. He "bucked up" and followed us to the upper deck, where there were seated some colonels, and mayors, and captains, and other people. The glint of a crown and star seemed to hold the red-coated man for a few seconds, and then he came further aft with a sublime disregard of rank badges. He slid along the seat until he was within speaking distance, and he addressed my friend from India in sentences which were garnished with choice but old-time oaths.

"I'm a sojer," he said, "a good ould British sojer, an' —— I'll be a British sojer till I die. I'm a pinsioner, an' I went over from camp yisterdy to dror me pinsion. I got sivinteen dollars, an' I haven't the proice av me fare across to the camp agin now."

There was an interlude, and the red-coated man continued.

"I seen yez as soon as yez kim on. 'Faith,' sez I, 'that's a British orfcer. None of yer rurals,' sez I, 'but the rale stuff.'"

My friend from India, who is out here on leave, blushed beneath his Canadian tan.

There was no getting rid of the red-coated man, and we sat down to make the best of it. He stretched out a grimy paw, palm upwards.

"Shake hands," he said, "shake hands. We're all British here. I've served the Quane, God bless her, an' I'm an Irishman, fifty-wan years of age, an' as much av a bye as anny of 'em."

The palm of his hand was one big scar. From the base of his thumb to the third finger, ran a big white ridge, calloused and uneven, and when, in deference to his honest request, I clasped hands with him, that hard, gristly ridge felt uncanny to the touch.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"Where should I get it?" he said. "I got it from the enemy——"

And then a sudden change came over his face. His lips pursed up as his teeth clinched and ground against one another. The veins in his temples stood out like cords, and his drink-bedimmed eyes blazed with a new light.

"—— them!" he shouted. "Why didn't they clane them out? Why didn't they bring them to their knees? I that was there can tell all about it. Didn't I jump over the poor byes as they fell one by one and squads by squads. They died fightin,' an' p'raps 'twould be better for some of us if we'd died there too, rather than live to think uv it!"

He leaned forward, his head on his hand, and his clay pipe, dropping on the deck, smashed to pieces.

"What battle was that?" I asked, incautiously.

The red-coated man sat up as quickly as though a general officer had said "'Shun!" 'Who said anything about a battle, ye cub," he replied, savagely.

"Shut up!" suggested my friend from India, in an undertone. "Can't you see he's talking about Majuba. You can't get any fellow to talk about that show."

So we left the boat and tramped a mile or so to the camp, where Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.O.C., has a thousand men under his command for twelve days, in which time it is expected that they will become trained soldiers, fit to combat with the trained troops of Europe if necessary.

"The life of a soldier," as Charlie MacDougall used to say plaintively, before he got mixed up with this Jubilee business, "is one of extreme hardship"—and he had been in camp on Laprairie common himself. The life at Laprairie camp is certainly not one of slippered ease. Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.O.C., and Lieut.-Col. Roy, D.S.O., were up to their eyes in work, and the regularity with which all things were being carried out yesterday was testimony to their thoroughness.

Away over at the butts, the Hemmingford Rangers were blazing away at their Government practice with the new rifles. Capt. Fages, R.R.C.I., musketry instructor, brooded over them as a mother hen over her chicks, for the captain would feel worse about the damage to a new rifle than he would about the loss of his right eye. The 64th Voltigeurs, of Beauharnois, were at aiming drill, at which, by the way, theoretical bulls-eyes are as plentiful as leaves in Vallambrosia. Captain Piche was distinctly the most picturesque figure in camp. He is Adjutant of the 83rd, of Joliette. Mongeel—but he looked fine! Several young ladies looked on awe-stricken, as he superintended the work of his battalion at squad drill. War is a great thing. The 86th, Lieut.-Col. Dixon's corps, was at the manual exercise, and were doing it remarkably well, while over the whole lot Brigade Sergeant-Major Clooney exercised a marvellous superintendence.

Captain Leslie, of the Vics, who is one of the most important men in camp, inasmuch as he is a Supply Officer, had various seances with contractors during the afternoon, came back to the mess tent with a sigh as his duties ended, and looked longingly across the river to where the huge bulk of Mount Royal rose majestically over the city.

And as we came away we passed the guard tent where, next to the door, lay the red-coated man whose acquaintance we made early in the day. He was fast asleep, and the sun shining low under the raised tent curtain, struck full on his rich red nose. A pilot on a river boat caught the glint, blew his whistle, and turned her head to starboard. The sergeant of the guard humanely lowered the edge of the curtain, traffic was resumed, and we sprinted for the boat for town.

NEWSPAPER CHANGES.

Mr. G. A. Nantel, president and managing director of Le Monde, announces that the contract for printing, etc., with Mr. Berthiaume, of La Presse, expired on June 3; that he resumes the business control of Le Monde, of which he had reserved only political control, and that it will remove to the old offices on Notre Dame Street, and be printed on its own presses on August 1.

LATE CHURCH NOTICES.

The services at Dominion Square Methodist Church to-morrow will be conducted by Rev. J. J. Blyth. Rev. W. S. Barnes will preach at the Church of the Messiah in the morning, but there will be no service in the evening.

THREE NEW BOATS.

To Be Run in Opposition to the R. & O. Nav. Co.

WILL START NEXT WEEK.

The St. Lawrence River and Thousand Island Steamship Company.

An American Organization Which is Reported to be Backed by the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R. Co.

The long talked of opposition to the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company is an established fact. Next week three fine steamboats will be running between Kingston, Clayton, and Montreal.

They will run at present tri-weekly, but within a few weeks will make daily trips. The names of the steamers are the Empire State, America, and St. Lawrence.

The new organization is known as "The St. Lawrence River and Thousand Island Steamboat Company—the American line to Montreal."

The most interesting fact in connection with the new opposition—after the announcement that the line is in existence—is the rumor that the New York Central and Hudson River Railway is at the back of it. This was suspected from the first, but those who professed to know said there was nothing in the story.

Mr. G. H. Daniels, the general passenger agent of the N. Y. C. will be the general agent of the steamship line. The president is Mr. Henry Folger, and the traffic manager will be Mr. B. W. Folger, jr.

The boats will be fitted up in elaborate style.

It is also stated that it is only a matter of a short time when the company will continue the route down the river.

COUPLE DROWNED AT RICHMOND.

Canoe Overturned by the Swift Current on the St. Francis River—The Bodies Recovered.

Richmond, Que., July 3.—Mr. R. J. Mackenzie and Miss Alice Cleveland were both drowned last evening, while boating, by the upsetting of their canoe. The accident occurred at Jeffrey's Chute, about two miles above the town, a rather dangerous place on the St. Francis River. The swift current struck the canoe sideways, overturning it, and throwing both occupants into the water. Miss Cleveland clung to the overturned boat for a few moments, and, as she was slipping, Mr. Mackenzie, who was a good swimmer, and could easily have saved himself, tried to save her, when both were lost. Both bodies were recovered about two hours after. Miss Cleveland was the youngest daughter of the late C. C. Cleveland, M.P., registrar of the county of Richmond. Mr. Mackenzie was the brother of Mr. P. S. G Mackenzie, advocate. Both young people were great favorites in the town. The accident occurred in the same spot where Mr. Guy Simpson, of Montreal, was drowned four years ago when at the same time Miss Penfold, daughter of the manager of the Bank of British North America, Montreal, had such a narrow escape, and was saved by clinging to the upturned boat.

A SAILORS' EVENING.

The large crowd of sailors which gathered at the Institute last night thoroughly enjoyed the weekly concert. The programme was in charge of Miss Baker, assisted by Miss Althea Baker, Miss Ethel Griffin, Miss Gladys Griffin, Miss Hildred Coghlan, Miss Nooray Coghlan, the Misses Crawford, Messrs. Jack Rose, Clibborn, Ed. de Gruchy and Master Douglas de Gruchy. The following sailors took part in the entertainment, and were by no means the least interesting of the performers: Messrs. Jos. Toolan, steamship Lake Superior; George Price and John Flaherty, R.M.S. State of California, and Thomas Denman, steamship Milwaukee.

ST. PIERRE RIVER.

Now that the water in the St. Pierre river is getting low the effluvia is anything but nice, and the people of the Point are beginning to grow impatient with the civic authorities who allow the nuisance to continue in spite of continued protests and petitions.

CARRIAGE NUMBER EIGHT

IN THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

(Barry Pain, in London Chronicle.)

I see'd the Ry'le Awtill'ry pawss along, goin' strong;
I 'eard the bands a-plyin' of a song, good ole song;
And them drummers they wuks 'awd, 'undrid whacks ter ev'ry yawd,
And nort a single one of 'em whacks wrong.

I 'eard the guns a-rattlin' when they pawst, goin' fawst;
I wited from the stawtin' ter the lawst, very lawst;
Fur the creams with gold postillions whort was witted fur by millions,
Fur 'er that sits atop the Empire vast.

But there's one thing struck me most as I'd relite, shortly stite,
A kerridge which the progrem says was Ite, numbered Ite,
Wheer smilin' ter the crard and bowin' nowise prard,
Was them three kid princesses, most in white.

They sim'd no end delighted by the show, they did so.
They bowed as they'd bin taught ter, 'igh an' low, to an' fro,
But the thing that broke your 'eart, when yer see'd 'em look so smart,
Was 'the feelin', bein' kids, they couldn't know.

Couldn't know they'd soon grow sick o' Jooberlee—slime as me—
Years ter come, 'ud 'ear the cheerin' like a sea, summer sea,
And 'ud answer stiffly, slightly, with no fun in it, perlitely,
Nort like the 'appy children which they be.

Couldn't know they'd 'ave ter live beneath the light, public light,
And ev'ry man 'ud see if they was right, wrong or right—
Jest becos they never guesses whort it costs ter be princesses,
I forgits the show and sees 'em—kids in white.

Summer Resorts and Personal

VALOIS BAY.

Mr. Mundle moved out to Valois on Friday.

* * *

Mr. A. T. Wiley intends coming out to Strathmore.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. McGill have moved out to Strathmore.

* * *

Mr. Maybury was visiting Mr. Muir, Valois this week.

* * *

Mrs. Brodie spent last Saturday at Mrs. Hanna's, Valois.

* * *

The Misses Barlow spent Dominion Day with Miss McKenzie.

* * *

Mr. Frank Fraser was visiting friends in Valois on Thursday.

* * *

Mr. Fred Barlow wheeled out to Lakeside on Tuesday evening.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Mudge was at Mrs. Butterworth's on Dominion Day.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier and family are living at Mrs. Joli's, Valois.

* * *

Mr. A. Baile has taken a house in Strathmore for the summer.

* * *

Mr. Mackie and Mr. Buell were visiting at Mr. Virtue's last week.

* * *

The Misses Benjamins are stopping with Mrs. Wilson, Strathmore.

* * *

The Misses Fosters were out for a couple of days at Mrs. J. Paton's.

* * *

Mr. Hodgson has taken Mr. Nelson's house in Lakeside for the summer.

* * *

Mr. Henderson and family have moved out to their residence in Strathmore.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Allardice are staying at Mrs. Clarke's, Lakeside.

* * *

Miss Trenholme, of Montreal Junction is staying for a few days with Mrs. J. Paton.

* * *

Mrs. A. Charlebois, from Quebec, was visiting her mother, Mrs. Valois, last week.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Jarvis is once more here. He is staying at Mrs. Butterworth's, Valois.

* * *

Mr. Gordon Bowie and Mr. C. Brewster rode out to Valois on their wheels last Sunday.

* * *

There was no children's dance this week as Miss Riley came out on Dominion Day instead.

* * *

The boys of Lakeside have formed a jubilee club and intend rushing things this summer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gagnon with their family are expected at Miss Joly's by the beginning of July.

* * *

Mrs. Bock from St. Andre Avchin with her sister Miss Lauzon from Monte Bello was visiting her friends last Monday.

* * *

The weekly yacht race took place last Friday, resulting in another win for the Waterwitch sailed by Mr. Henry Paton.

* * *

There was one of the old time crowds at the dance last Saturday and it is hoped they will continue so for the rest of the summer.

* * *

The families de Bellefeuille, Themblay, Thibault, Curot, Letourneux, and Gervais have arrived in their cottages where they intend to pass a good time until October.

* * *

Reverend Abbe Bourassa, secretary of Laval University was visiting the family of Hon. Judge Papineau and officiated in the French chapel on the feast of Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

Mr. Jospeh Hudon with Mrs. Hudon and their family are enjoying a good season in their beautiful cottage, situated on the banks of Lake St. Louis.

* * *

The dance on Dominion Day was attended by the largest crowd so far this summer. Everbody enjoyed themselves and the strangers left feeling that there was no place like Valois to have a good time.

It takes a man who is a whole man, at least physically, to be a western cow-boy. His every-day life calls for great physical endurance, and upon some occasions this must also be backed by considerable nerve.

It would be a good thing for many a hard working business man if he could turn cow-boy for a couple of months each year. It would give him a chance to get the free, pure, invigorating air of the prairies into his lungs, a little steel into his muscles, a little edge to his appetite and a little of the calm of the boundless plains into his nerves. Unfortunately, the rush of modern business will not permit the average hard working business man to turn cow-boy even for a short time each year. The only resource left him, if he does not wish to break down prematurely, is to keep a watchful eye upon his health, and when he finds that he is getting out of sorts, let up a little on work, and resort to the best of all known tonics. That tonic is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promptly puts a worked out man into condition, because it starts at the right place. It begins by restoring the lost appetite. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the assimilation of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. By enriching the blood it nourishes and builds up every organ and tissue in the body. No man ever broke down with nervous exhaustion or prostration who resorted to this great medicine when he felt himself threatened by ill-health.

An honest dealer will not urge a substitute. There is nothing in the world "just as good," although avaricious druggists will sometimes say so for the sake of the greater profit to be made upon the inferior article.

There will be a concert and hop here on Tuesday evening, July 6th. The programme promises to be a very good one and Miss Riley will be out to furnish the music for the dance. A very large crowd from the city and places on the lake is expected.

* * *

Nearly the whole of Strathmore, Valois and Lakeside were at the Pointe Claire concert on Wednesday evening. It is hoped the Pointe Claire people will turn up in as good style at the concert here on Tuesday next. The party from Strathmore drove up in a bus and consisted of Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the Misses Hendersons, the Misses Barlow, Miss McKenzie, the Misses Lockerbys, Mr. W. Strachan,jr., Mr. F. Barlow and Mrs. Lockerby. There was also a bus load from Valois. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Tower, Mr. and Mrs. Virtue, Mrs. Southwell, the Misses Prowse, Miss E. Evans, Miss A. Butterworth, Miss M. Johnson, Mr. C. Virtue, Mr. McNally, Mr. J. E. Gatehouse, Mr. F. Rogers, Mr. B. Johnson and Mr. Harold Henderson.

* * *

ST. LAMBERT.

Mr. W. Tector has taken up his residence here for the summer months.

* * *

Mr. James Beatty, sr., of the Witness, has rented his house furnished and is now residing with his sister.

* * *

The tennis match last Saturday at Longueuil between St. Lambert and Longueuil Clubs was won by the latter club.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Johnston returned last night from a flying visit to St. John, N.B., whither he brought a bride along.

* * *

The storm on Monday afternoon last was very heavy out here, and did some damage to the small crops and fruit trees.

* * *

Some of the boys went to St. Johns on Dominion Day and entered in the races in the regatta. They won all they went into.

* * *

Mrs. A. Sullivan David and family joined Mr. David here on Thursday and they have taken up their residence on Victoria Avenue.

* * *

Mr. F. Crane formerly G.T.R. agent, of of Coaticook, was here for a short time on Dominion Day, and his friends were delighted to se him again

* * *

The St. Lambert Jr., Baseball Club played a friendly match with the Aberdeen Club, of Montreal, here, and defeated them by 11 to 6 on Dominion Day.

* * *

The streets were enlivened on Thursday evening by a Highlander—in full dress—playing a set of bagpipes which was something new to a good many of the inhabitants.

* * *

Mrs. David Leir paid a visit to Mrs. (Dr.) Hart on Thursday and during the evening delighted a few friends by her charming accomplishments on the piano. Mrs. Leir is a splendid pianist.

* * *

In the account of the illuminations for Jubilee on last Wednesday evening, the following gentlemen's names were omitted, among those who showed up well: Messrs. Andrews, Howard, McDonald, Trotter, Foulis and Corner, all of whom reside on Argyle Avenue.

* * *

The water and drainage by-laws were carried on Monday by a large majority. On the close of the poll Saturday evening the majority was on the wrong side, so it was deemed prudent to re-open the polls on Monday. It is said a good deal of Sabbath canvassing was done, strange to say.

* * *

The "special" had considerable trouble very early Dominion Day morning with a lot of tramps, but succeeded in running them out of the town. As the constable has been provided with a pair of "bracelets" (in steel), and a seven-shooter, it will now behoove tramps and ill-doers to look out for themselves.

* * *

The memorial service last Monday evening at St. Barnabas Church, for the late Mr. Clifford White was numerously attended and the church was crowded. The Ven. Archdeacon Evans, Canon Troop and Rev. Mr. Dart officiated. The musical portion was under the direction of Mr. Fred. Bourne, organist. A number of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew from Montreal attended as well as the members of the St. Lambert Boat Club, of which the late Mr. White was an honored member.

* * *

The bicycle is booming more than ever here, and now all that is required is the organization of a club to be affiliated with the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. There are upwards of forty or fifty wheelmen in St. Lambert at present, nearly all of whom pay their bicycle tax here. By forming a club now and joining the C.W. A. they would also be assisting in the movement for good roads. It is to be hoped that some of the enthusiasts will take hold of the matter, and if so, they deserve success.

* * *

LACHINE.

Mr. Archie McGillivray spent Dominion Day in Lachine.

* * *

Mrs. Kenrick, of Toronto, is the guest of her son, Mr. R. Kendrick.

* * *

Mr. Webber and family have moved out to their summer cottage at Lachine.

* * *

Mr. Higginson has sold his summer residence to Mr. Rawlings.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Baby's family have moved out to their pretty cottage here.

* * *

Mr. T. Spindlo and family are out at Lachine again for the summer months.

* * *

Mr. L. Levins four-oared crew defeated Mr. Edward's crew on Wednesday night.

* * *

Mr. Jack Moore has just sailed on the steamer Labrador to England on a business trip.

* * *

Mr. Schwartz, of Quebec, has been staying for some days past with Mr. C. Mussen at Lachine.

* * *

The many friends of Mr. Victor Magor will be glad to hear that he is out again, after a slight illness.

Mr. B. Harvey and Miss Harvey, of New York, are staying with their uncle, Mr. A. Manson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs and family have taken possession of their fine cottage near Stoney Point.

* * *

On Saturday last Mr. Jack Garth went up to the yacht club with a jolly party in his steam yacht the Iris.

* * *

Mr. Clark, of Lachine, succeeded in winning the yacht race at Dorval on Dominion day.

* * *

Mr. F. Bickerdike's crew was the winning one in the first race of the trial fours on Monday night.

* * *

Mr. A. O. Frye whose residence was destroyed by fire some time ago, is a guest at Pouliers for a few months.

* * *

Quite a number of the Lachine people went up to Pointe Claire on Wednesday night to attend the dance at the club house there.

* * *

Miss Brooks, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Brooks, formerly of Lachine, spent Dominion doy in Lachine, the guest of Mrs. Underhill.

* * *

Miss Kathleen and Master E. Kirkpatrick, of Montreal West, have been spending some days with Mrs. Bastable, of Broadway Avenue.

* * *

Miss Miles, of Vaudreuil, has been spending a few days, with Mrs. Underhill, Miss Lea, of Quebec, is also the guest of Mrs. Underhill.

* * *

Mr. A. F. Griffith has purchased from Mrs. Howley that fine lot of land adjoining his handsome residence on Brewster Avenue.

* * *

Since the electric cars have been running to Brewster Avenue, they have been greatly patronized by the Upper Lachine and Summerlea people.

* * *

Mr. Vincent Pelletier who sails with the Rev. Mr. Kittson in the twenty-foot rater, yacht races, is spending the summer at Lachine.

* * *

Since the Rev. Mr. Hewton has been rector of St. Paul's Church, Upper Lachine, there has been a great many improvements made around the church and grounds.

* * *

The Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club held a meeting on Tuesday night and have decided to send a four-oared shell and crew from Lachine up to Brockville and also to Toronto to compete in regattas.

* * *

The captain of the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club is doing his best to make things lively around the club house this summer, he has got all the shells and racing boats in good order, so as to give the boys a chance to practice.

* * *

Mrs. George Thornloe, wife of the Bishop, and Miss Fuller, of Algoma, who have been the guests of Mrs. R. C. Thornloe for sometime past left last week for Sherbrooke.

* * *

F. Bickerdike and H. N. Baird of the L. B. C. C., who succeeded in winning the tandem canoe and single paddle race at Toronto on Dominion day, have received many congratulations upon their plucky race.

* * *

Miss Mussen gave a delightful rapid party on Monday last. Among the guests were the Misses Strathy, Balfour, Jean Dawes, Magor, Mills, Henry, Claggett, Rachel Dawes, Edgar, Messrs. R. Balfour, E. Linton, C. Strathy, Schwartz, G. Carter, Mussen, Magor, and many others.

* * *

The erection of the rectory for St. Paul's Church, under the supervision of Mr. R. P. Barnes, architect, has commenced, and is to be completed by the autumn. In the meantime the rector and his family are occupying one of the new cottages on Arthur Avenue near the Upper Lachine G. T. R. station.

* * *

Some of the lady members of the Lawn Tennis Club have kindly undertaken to provide afternoon tea on Saturday. Last Saturday a very enjoyable tea was given by Mrs. John Magor, on the tennis grounds. It was no exception in the way of a success, and the refreshments were excellent. Among those present were: Mrs. Magor, the Misses Magor, Henry, Strathy, Mills, Jeffrey, Amos, Balfour, Lea, of Quebec, Messrs. H. L. Dinning, Berch, Strathy, Rev. R. Hewton, R. P. Barnes, Underhill, N. Grace, Magor, Towers, Balfour and great many others.

* * *

VALOIS.

Mrs. Butterworth rented this year the Idle and Wild Cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Decary, with her sister, Miss Pilet, are staying at the Mansion.

* * *

Dr. E. Valois is just recovering from a serious attack of rheumatism and expects to be able to go to his office next week.

* * *

The Merry del Val Cottage is greatly patronized. Among those staying there are Mr. and Mrs. Eaver, with Master Earver; Miss E. Johnson and Mr. Johnson, from Montreal, with their cousin, Miss Maud Johnson, from New York; Mr. and Mrs. Muir, Miss Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Gauthier, Miss Paulett, from New York. Among those expected for next week are Mr. T. M. Fortier and Mr. Granger, from Granger & Bros.

* * *

STE. ROSE.

On Dominion Day the opening hop of the Ste. Rose Boat Club was held at the club-house, and was a splendid success. The club, which is being managed by the Hiawatha War-Canoe Syndicate this season, has undergone quite a change. The club-house was very prettily decorated for the hop with Chinese lanterns, flags, bunting, etc., which gave it a very handsome appearance. Great credit is due the syndicate for the excellent manner in which the arrangements were carried out. The music, which was provided by Mr. J. Thurston Smith, gave great satisfaction. The following ladies and gentlemen were present:

Mrs. Chas. McLean, Miss McLean, Mrs. C. R. Corneil, Miss Corneil, Miss Allie Corneil, Miss Mildred Corneil, Mrs. W.A. W. Burnett, Mrs. Robertson, Miss Hill, Mrs. Andrew Darling, Mrs. N. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss L. Fraser, Miss Sissons, Miss J. Sissons, Miss Bonn, Miss B. Bonn, Mrs. Grace, Miss Grace, Miss L. Grace, Miss Lachance, Miss Mansfield, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mrs. R. Tait, Miss Tait, Miss Beaufield, Mrs. Dr. Brosseau, Miss Brosseau, Mrs. Easenhardt, Mrs. McAdam, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Kearley, Miss Kearley, Mrs. Rowett, Miss Rowett, Mrs. Ross, Miss A. Ross, Miss Maud Ross, Miss Meta Boxer, Mrs. Oxley, Miss Oxley, Mrs. McCurkey, Mrs. Hodge, Miss O. Hodge, Mrs. Henry Timmis, Miss Timmis, Miss McKinley, Mrs. John Kennedy, Mrs. Wm. Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Miss Flo Kennedy, Miss Morris, Madame Perrault, Mdlle. Perrault, Mrs. Fred. Laurence, Miss Laurence, Mrs. D. Fraser, Miss Law, Miss L. Robertson, Mrs. Geo. Wray, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell, Mrs. A. Snowdon, Mrs. Leonard

Mr. Charles McLean, Dr. Brosseau, Dr. Christy, Messrs. H. B. Tait, C. G. Ross, H. B. Robinson, W. A. Robinson, S. Smith, J. Johnston, C. Turner, T. Kennedy, Geo. McKlair, J. McLean, C. McLean, Jr., H. Grace. Charles Grace, R. Sissons, R. Sissons, Jr., — Laurence, — Kearly, Bell, Burnett, Timmis, A. Darling, Jas. Roberts, John Harrison, Chas. Corneil, James Corneil, Jos. Rowett, James Rowett, McConkey, W. Stuart, Charles Turner, McAdam, Foster, Leduc, H. Boon, R. Boon, E. Earl. H. Easinhardt, D. S. Loison, Joseph O'Riley, C. Robertson, V. Perrault, J. Perrault. C. Gagnon, John Kennedy, Hodge, Ed. Mansfield, William McKay, J. J. Carmody, John Taylor, T. Hodge, George Hodge, A. Snowden, M. J. Tansey, Hy. Russell, A. Russell, Dr. Filiatrault, J. E. Leonard, W. Stephenson, Jno. Stephenson, C. Pullen, Hill, W. Baptiste, Archie McInnies, Page, Hurtubise, Clarke, McLea, Desjardins, P. Robertson.

* * *

LONGUEUIL.

Mr. Arthur Gingras is off to New York for a holiday trip.

* * *

Miss Mountain has come to Longueuil for the summer months.

* * *

Miss Jessie Cookson has returned from her trip to the Gulf ports.

* * *

Mr. Holland may now be found at his pretty cottage near the river, on St. Sylvestre street.

* * *

The grounds will be suitably illuminated, and ice cream and refreshments will be provided in abundance.

* * *

The regular fortnightly bonnet hop of the Longueuil Boating Club will take place this evening (Saturday).

* * *

The B. C. H. met at the house of Miss McCall on Tuesday of this week and again on Friday afternoon at the club-house.

* * *

The Dominion's natal day was celebrated by an unusual display of bunting and many private residences were specially decorated.

* * *

The delightful weather on the first, induced a large turnout of boats, canoes and yachts and the bay was very lively all day.

* * *

Longueuilers will be glad to know that Mr. George Graham and family and Mrs. McGowan have returned to their summer residence on Guilbault Avenue.

* * *

Longueuil has apparently a widespread reputation as an excellent fishing ground if we may judge from the scores of people who come here with rod and line.

* * *

The Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's Church have notices up for a garden party to be held on Thursday, July 8th, upon the spacious grounds of Mr. James McClure.

* * *

The Tennis Club propose to play the return matches at St. Lambert on July 17th, when a series of singles, men's doubles, ladies' doubles and mixed doubles will be played off.

* * *

The central attraction of the evening's entertainment will be the performance by the Longueuil band of the excellent programme of musical sections prepared for the occasion.

* * *

The Boat Club concert at St. Lambert on Friday, June 25th, was the occasion of a most enjoyable drive from Longueuil, which was solely participated in by the ladies of the B.C.H.

* * *

In the mixed doubles Miss Alice Hamilton and Mr. Frank Matthews of Longueuil won from Miss McKenzie and Mr. J. H. Carson, 6—3, 6—3, and Miss Maud Shaw and Mr. A. E. Carmichael of Longueuil defeated Mrs. Harvey and Mr. J. E. Buchanan, 6—3, 8—6.

* * *

Considerable difficulty was experienced by the steamer Longueuil in running her late trips on Wednesday evening, owing to the dense fog which prevailed. A lot of bell-ringing and whistling, however, enabled the skilful pilot to run the ferry on time without mishap.

* * *

There is a project on foot to hold informal general meetings of the Boat Club once a month, with a view to keeping members in closer touch with the working committee. The first meeting we are informed on good authority is to be held on Wednesday evening, July 7th.

* * *

An effort was made to organize a picnic to St. Bruno for Dominion Day, but owing to the failure of the promoters to secure a permit granting access to the beautiful grounds and picturesque manor house of the old seigniory, the project fell through, much to the disappointment of many.

* * *

The whale which was recently captured at Vercheres caused quite a stir amongst local sportsmen for the two days of its sojourn in the vicinity of Longueuil. Many men in boats were out with guns trying to secure it, and not a few shots must have pierced the hide of the innocent jubilee visitor.

* * *

The last meeting of the present Protestant Board of School Commissioners took place on Wednesday evening. The retiring member this year is Mr. William Cooper, who for many years years has been indefatigable in educational matters. The election to take place on Monday next may, however, see him back at the post he is so well able to fill.

* * *

The Town Council have again posted their notices prohibiting bathing within the town limits under penalty of ten dollars. This action should tend to abate the nuisance to which all who use the water front are subjected. The bathing from the Grand Trunk wharves near the boat-houses of strangers from across the river is particularly objectionable.

* * *

The intercepting sewer which was laid laid along the river front two years ago by the corporation, for the purpose of carrying off the drainage from the side streets, has greatly improved the appearance of the beach, and is of inestimable value from a sanitary point of view. It is the good drainage and excellent water which helps to make Longueuil such a healthy place to live in.

* * *

The ladies of the B.C.H. dispensed tea and refreshments during the afternoon, their hospitality extending beyond the players and visitors from the transpontine suburb, to all who were present at the match. An impromptu hop during the evening proved a fitting climax to a pleasant day's amusement. The big 'bus load of visitors was sent away over the rough road to St. Lambert, with hearty cheers and counter-cheers.

* * *

The Longueuil Club was represented at the St. Johns regatta on Dominion Day. Entries were made for the four-in-canoe and tandem paddling races. The crew for the former event was composed of Messrs. J. H. Marcou, H. Wheatley, Don. Russel, and G. A. McCall; and Messrs. Marcou and McCall paddled in the tandem. In both races second place was secured, a good showing, considering the very little practice the boys have had this season.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blaikie gave a delightful party on Friday evening to the young ladies of the Hazel Club and others. Among those invited may be mentioned Miss Mildred Carmichael, Miss Maggie Carmichael, Miss Ettie Ahern, Miss Tottie Barton, Miss Maud Shaw, Miss Bella Davis, Miss Jessie Cookson, Miss Minnie Cookson, Miss Maud Logan, Miss Edith Glassford, Miss Gracie Walker, and Messrs. A. E. Carmichael, G. A. McColl, W. Sully, Claude Taylor, M. Anderson, Len. Marcou, Dan. Rusel, Bertie Cookson, Greg. Shaw and Percy Shaw.

* * *

The horse which drew the precious load was not a thoroughbred, neither was the vehicle used a modern one with pneumatic tires and ball-bearings; still there was lots of "fun on wheels" apart altogether from the enjoyment of the entertainment, to which, by the way, a Longueuil favorite, Mr. R. O. Thicke, contributed. The following, we understand, comprised the driving party:—Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Mrs. R. A. Elliot, Mrs. Harrod, Miss Moffatt, Miss McColl and the Misses Davis.

* * *

The Ladies' Guild was organized under the name of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mark's Church over a dozen years ago, under the presidency of Mrs. Abram Foster, and during the incumbency of the Rev. F. W. Webber, who came to the parish and preached his first sermon here on Trinity Sunday, May 20th, 1883, the Guild has been and still is one of the most energetic and beneficial of the societies in the town, and its existence as a factor in parish affairs is almost indispensible. Its present officers are :—The Rev. J. G. Bayli, B.D., honorary president; Mrs. Baylis, president; Mrs. Wilson, secretary; Miss McClure, treasurer.

* * *

Save for the high wind, Saturday last (26th) was an ideal day for outdoor sports. There was consequently a large attendance at the boat club-house to witness the friendly contest for the lawn tennis supremacy between St. Lambert and Longueuil. Both courts were kept in play, the new one being used for the first time. In the singles Mr. W. A. Dart of St. Lambert defeated Mr. H. C. Peiler, 6—1, 2—6, 7—5; Mr. S. F. P. Aldrich of Longueuil beat Mr. W. L. Dart, 6—2, 7—5; and Mr. Arnold Saunderson of Longueuil won from Mr. A. E. Harvey, 0—6, 6—4, 8—6. In the doubles Messrs. W. de Wolf and G. W. Dawson of St. Lambert defeated Messrs. C. J. Harrod and W. Sutherland, 6—2, 4—6, 6—2.

* * *

ST. ANNES.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Watt are spending a couple of weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Chief Hughes and family are out once more at their charming residence on the Pointe Claire road.

* * *

Mr. William Heath, of Stoke-on-Trent, England, spent the holiday on Thursday with Mr. Oliver Beckit at Clevelands.

* * *

Mr. J. Stevenson, of the C.P.R., and family are out for the summmer months, stopping at Sunnysides, the pretty cottage belonging to Mr. George Ransom.

* * *

The fine weather which has prevailed throughout the week has, along with the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee being over, brought the people out to this charming resort at last.

* * *

Quite a number came out from the city on Dominion day to enjoy a day in the country and also to take the steamer Sovereign on her trip down the Lachine rapids.

* * *

Mr. Charles D. Hanson and family are spending the summer here together with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Borlase at the cottage formerly owned by Alderman Clendinneng.

* * *

It is a pleasing fact to note that both the morning and evening services conducted by the Rev. J. Cattermole, in the church building on Grand Trunk Avenue, are being very well attended.

* * *

A fishing party, consisting of Messrs. Albert E. Rex, George F. Ransom, Charles Brown and Edward Johnson, left on Monday for a two days trip to Isle Auz Towite, a prettily situated island in the Lake of the Two Mountains, owned by Dr. P. E. Brown, and were singularly successful, arriving home Wednesday evening with two strings of fish. From all accounts their outing was an enjoyable one.

* * *

STANLEY ISLAND.

A very enjoyable party was given at Stanley Island Monday afternoon for Miss Gault, "Rokeby," Montreal, who is visiting her cousin, Mr. Archibald Gault, of Cornwall. The outing consisted of a very pleasant sail down the river from Cornwall on the steam yacht Ivy, arriving at Stanley Island about five o'clock, where a very well appointed dinner was served by the popular landlord of the Algonquin Hotel, Mr. J. R. Duquette. After dinner, the guests, following their several inclinations, indulged in bowling, dancing, canoeing, etc., until about nine p.m., when they took their departure back to Cornwall, congratulating themselves on having had a very enjoyable outing. The party consisted of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. A. Gault, Miss Gault, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. S. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. A. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Siddell, Miss Greenwood, Miss Liddell, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. A. L. Pringle, Northfield, Minn.; Mrs. Rubidge, Miss Shaver, Prescott; Mr. Frazer, Richmond; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cline, Miss Cline, Miss McIntyre, Dr. Harrison, Miss McLennan, D. B. McLennan, Q.C.

* * *

Recent arrivals at the Algonquin House have been: Mr. and Mrs D. A. McPherson, Miss Alice McPherson, Mr. Donald McPherson, Mr. Barclay McPherson, Mr. Wilfred McPherson, Mr. Stanley McPherson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Cottingham, Miss Gladdy Cottingham, Miss Joyce Cottingham, Master Walter S. Cottingham, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stevenson, Mr. Corliss J. Stevenson, Miss Lois Stevenson, Miss Glady Stevenson, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pont, Miss Pont, Mrs. E. H. Thurston, Miss Pearle, Miss Gault, Montreal; Miss Davis, Miss Agnes Davis, Mr. E. Lafontain, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gault, Miss Gault, Cornwall; Mr. and Mrs. S. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. A. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Star, Mr. D. B. MacLennan, Q.C., Mrs. D. B. MacLennan, Miss Greenwood, Miss Liddell, Mrs. Corbet, Mrs. A. F. Pringle, Mrs. Rubridge, Miss Cline, Miss MacIntyre, Dr. Harrison, Mr. S. B. Fraser, Miss MacLennan, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Pringle, Mr. H. Pringle, Mr. F. Pringle, Cornwall; Miss Shearer, Prescott; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Matthews, Fort Covington; Mr. and Mrs. George Caverhill, Miss Caverhill, Montreal; Mr. J. Lavergne, Q.C., M.P., Mrs. J. Lavergne, Miss Lavergne, Master A. Lavergne, Anthabaskaville; Mr. William Farrell, Jr., Mr. Arthur Farrell, Mr. Charles Farrell, Mr. A. F. Hogle Farrell, Mr. A. H. Wood, Harry S. Semple, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cline, Cornwall.

* * *

DORVAL.

Veterinarian Dr. A. P. Decary is now established at Dorval.

* * *

No more toll is to be paid at Dorval toll gates, and toll man has been removed.

* * *

The parishioners of Dorval are very well pleased over the success of Mgr. Bruchesi.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Allan spent Dominion Day at Dorval with his son, Mr. J. B. Allan.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Torrance spent Dominion day at Ste. Annes visiting friends.

* * *

Mr. A. C. Decary, N.P., and family are now located at their Dorval summer cottage.

* * *

Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton will spend a few days with Mr. George W. Hamilton on the island.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Meredith are at Dorval for a few days visiting Mr. Alexander Paterson and Mr. J. B. Allan.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Masterman is having improvements made to his Dorval residence and grounds. Mr. McDermit has charge of the work.

* * *

The Royal Golf Club members are taking advantage of the fine weather. The grounds were well decorated for the last few days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Heney have taken up their cottage at Dorval for the summer at one of the most beautiful spots in Dorval.

* * *

A large party of gentlemen were at the Forest and Stream Club Wednesday evening. The club was nicely decorated on the occasion.

* * *

Mr. Edward Applegarth, of Quebec, came up to spend July 1st, at Dorval with Mrs. Applegarth now at Mr. H. S. MacDougall's.

* * *

Rev. Th. Joubert, cure of Dorval, left last Monday for Monfort. He will be absent a few weeks, and is replaced by Father Phillips.

* * *

A large number of visitors and members were at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club on Thursday, and had a most enjoyable afternoon.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis are now located at their Dorval summer cottage. Quite a number of their city friends visited them last Thursday.

* * *

Mr. Justice Girouard, of Ottawa, with his son, Mr. D. H. Girouard, and Mrs. Girouard, were out here visiting friends. He also visited his Dorval residence, "Quatre Vents."

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer are now located at their Dorval cottage for the summer. Quite a number of ladies from the city came out Confederation Day, and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Hosmer.

* * *

CARILLON.

Mr. Archie McNaughton and sons, Ottawa, spent Sunday last at Bellevue.

* * *

Mrs. George Macrae and Miss Macrae are spending the summer at Bellevue, Carillon.

* * *

The Rev. Canon Norton has arrived at Bellevue where he means to stay for the summer months.

* * *

Mr. Tyre and family have taken Milncraig, Carillon, where they propose remaining until October.

* * *

Miss Roy, 631 Shenbrooke Street, spent last week at Bellevue, Carillon, previous to her departure for Murray Bay.

* * *

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

The list of arrivals at the Grand Hotel, Caledonia Springs, for the week ending the 1st July, 1897, is as follows:—A. A. Lamprey and wife, Lawrence, Mass.; Geo. H. Millen, Miss Millen, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pratt, Peter Casey, R. Lennox Blackburn, John Chamard, Robert M. Cox, Ottawa; J. M. McEvoy, T. O. Sadleir, London, Ont.; Hon. G. R. R. Cockburn, Thomas Hodgins, Samuel Jackson, Toronto; E. J. Scully, Windsor, Ont.; A. Hager, C. G. O'Brien, W. S. Hall, L'Original; Alex. R. Kirkpatrick, F. P. B. Brady, Smith's Falls; Dr. L. Y. McIntosh, G. B. Steadman, Apple Hill; J. Drinkwater, Winchester, Ont.; John Morrow, Hawkesburry, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. A. McDougall, Pembroke; Wm. McLennan, Turtle Lake, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. David, Hodgson, Lacolle, Que.; Mrs. C. W. Davis, Irasburg, Vt.; M. W. Snider, Miss Mabel Snider, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. Josiah Mitchell, Miss Harriet C. Clark, Belfast, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Shorey, Miss Shorey, R. A. E. Greenshields, Mrs. C. Martin, Miss Martin, Mrs. Phillips, Master McDevitt, F. Robertson, P. Casey, A. Crighton, Miss C. N. Macfarlan, Miss S. Macfarlan, C. F. Deacon. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Gordon, Master Archie Gordon, Miss McIntyre, Miss Margaret McIntyre, Henry Saxe, Miss Annie Saxe, Miss Dow, Miss J. Dow, A. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Badenach, W. G. R. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patterson, Miss Ethel Patterson, Mrs. Bagg, Miss Mitcheson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mulholland, Richard White, E. Lichtenheim, Miss Lichtenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Jonothan Hodgson, Mrs. George Starke, Comtesse Z. de St. Maurice, Dr. C. T. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Borland, infant and nurse, Master George W. Borland, Master C. P. Borland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barton, J. Fogarty, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yuile, Miss Martin, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Mrs. Rielle, M. T. Rielle, J. Robert Jacobs, Sam Harris, Mrs. McDougall and maid, R. Cowans, Mrs. J. M. Elder and child, L. Lichtenheim, Montreal.

STRATHMORE.

Mr. John Locarby is visiting friends in Strathmore.

* * *

Mr. Hamilton, of Montreal, was in Strathmore Friday.

* * *

Mr. Wiley, of Montreal, has moved to Strathmore for the summer.

* * *

The Misses Benjamin, of Montreal, are visiting friends in Strathmore.

* * *

The yachtsmen of the town are having their boats fixed up in good shape for the summer.

* * *

The Misses Davis, of British Columbia, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Duncan, of Strathmore, Que.

* * *

The hop at Lakeside, Thursday evening, was attended by quite a number of the ycung folks of Strathmore.

* * *

Miss Lilly, Miss Jessie and Miss Mabel Masterman, of Strathmore, left on the 28th inst. for Chatham, New Brunswick.

* * *

Mr. McGibbons' pony caused quite a little excitement Tuesday evening by running away. No damage was done however.

* * *

Quite a number of the young ladies and gentlemen of Strathmore attended the hop at Pointe Claire, Wednesday evening. They report a good time.

* * *

Among those who have taken up residence in Strathmore are the following:—Mr Wm. Strachan, Mr. D. Lockerby, Mr. R. Wilson, Mr. William McCaw, Mr. T. Williamson, Mr. T. Montgomery, Mr. Henderson, Mr. McGill, Mr. Duncan, Mr. White and Mr. Jones.

Before deciding on the locality for your summer vacation you will find it to your interest to make inquiries about the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, the new route to the far-famed Saguenay and the only rail line to the delightful summer resorts and fishing grounds north of Quebec, and through the Canadian Adirondacks to Lake St. John and Chicoutimi. Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers during season of navigation for Tadousac, Caouna, Murray Bay and Quebec. Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John has first class accomodation for 300 guests, and is run in connection with the Island House, at Grand Discharge, of Lake St. John, the centre of the "ouananiche" fishing grounds. Apply to the Ticket Agents of all principal cities. A beautifully illustrated Guide Book free on application.

Baseball Reporting.

(New York Press.)

Some of our dictionaries now publish in their appendices compilations of colloquial and slang words and phrases, but not all of them put together can equal the technical vernacular of the baseball reporter. His flights are short, but they are sibilant and impressive. His utter disregard of style reiterates his genius. What could be more daring than this: "Tiernan soaked the first pitch for three pillows and scored Van." We are to understand that Mr. Tiernan

BIG STRIKE ORDERED.

Circulars Issued Last Night to Coal Miners.

MINE OWNERS MAKE READY

Will Probably be the Largest Strike on Record.

Mine Owners Preparing to Fight the Men—Detectives Sent Out From Pittsburg.

Columbus, Ohio, July 3.—A general strike of miners of the United Mine Workers of America has been ordered for July 4 by the National Executive Board, whose headquarters are in this city, and also by the district presidents, as the result of the meeting held here June 24, 25 and 26.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 2.—The official circular ordering a national strike of coal miners in five States on July 4, was received at the district headquarters from Columbus, Ohio, at 10 a.m., and copies were at once sent out to the different mines. Action on this circular will be taken at the district convention of miners in this city to-morrow. There seems to be no doubt but that the delegates will come instructed to declare a strike.

The bituminous coal operators in the Western fields, frightened by the approaching conflict with their miners, have banded themselves together with the common purpose of smashing the coming strike at its birth. To this end they have employed more than 100 private detectives, and have scattered them over the great coal fields of Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, and Ohio. The detectives, it is said, have been ordered to collect evidence against the miners' leaders, so that injunctions can immediately be placed on the most dangerous. Conspiracy suits are hinted at. From one agency of this city twenty detectives left yesterday for the Ohio fields. Another agency sent ten men to West Virginia. Two others sent twelve men to Indiana. The Illinois field will be covered by a Chicago agency. The miners officials had word of the contemplated move on the operators' part, and as a result messages went out from the office of the United Mine Workers in Columbus to certain fields calling upon the local officials to get their men out if possible before the scheduled time, July 4. When the miners of five States refuse to go into the pits on next Monday there will be more skilled workmen idle than before at any one time in the past twenty-five years, or perhaps, in the history of American industry. There will be fully 150,000 coal diggers out. The failure to settle wage scales in the iron, steel and tinplate industry of the United States has already made 30,000 members of the Amalgamated Associations of Iron and Steel Workers idle, and has deprived their 40,000 unskilled helpers of work. Of these 80,000 skilled workers there are 20,000 tinplate men, 30,000 sheet rollers, 10,000 puddlers and finishers and 20,000 sheet workers.

SITUATION GROWING SERIOUS.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3.—The situation in the East Tennessee and Southern Kentucky coal mining sections is rapidly becoming very serious. There are now over 2,000 idle men in the Jellico district, and nearly the same number along the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. These men struck on May 1, and have done no work since. Few of them had any money saved up, and the majority are now suffering for the necessaries of life. All efforts to settle the strike have proved unavailing, and it is now admitted that none of the mines can be operated for several months. The strikers have so far made no attempts at violence, but as the suffering among them increases, it is feared that trouble will come.

APPEAL TO SENATOR MASON.

Chicago, July 3.—W. D. Ryan, secretary of the United Mine Workers of Illinois, has written an open letter to United States Senator Mason, in which he says: "The stand taken by you in behalf of the patriots of Cuba deserves the commendation of all liberty-loving people, but let me call your attention to the condition of 40,000 of your constituents, the coal miners of Illinois. The insane competition inaugurated by the coal operators has brought about a condition of suffering and destitution which was never equaled. We have been forced to accept reduction after reduction until the price now paid is so low that miners cannot earn an average of 75 cents a day, and the mines work only half time.

"Taking an average of a dollar a day, and three days' work a week, a miner earns $12 a month. With a family of five—a fair average—the wife has less than 3 cents for a meal, to say nothing of clothes, rent, etc. I doubt if any more lives have been lost in Cuba since the insurrection commenced than in the mines of Illinois during the same time, and I am certain there are no more women or children hungry in Cuba at present than among the families of the miners of Illinois. Do something to put the idle miners of Illinois to work at a fair rate of wages, and I will guarantee that every miner in Illinois will contribute at least one day's wages every month for the benefit of the down-trodden people of Cuba."

ACTIVITY IN WOMAN'S INVENTION.

Should the present pace hold the year through, 1897 will prove a banner year for women patentees. There has been unwonted activity during the past two months in the issuing of patents to women for various inventions, and their width of application indicates an assertion of independence of her stronger brother in a marked degree. Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents, head office, 185 St. James Street, note the following as some of the most important inventions to which women have recently turned their attention, and for which they have received letters patent.

Alice G. Hoyrasdt, Hudson, N.J., safety pin; Francis H. Gorrill, Newton, Iowa, hook and eye; Christina Mackie, Newark, N.J., a furniture polish; Sallie A. Seager, Alentown, Pa., nonrefillable bottle; Eva K. Hunter, Scribner, Neb., improved window screen; Caroline A. Stone, Allegheny, Pa., skirt supporting belt; B. Parry, Galesburg, Ill., support for wearing apparel; Eliazbeth G. Tebbutt, Albany, N.Y., self-measuring bottle; Mary R. Lucas, Omaha, Neb., skirt lifter, holder and adjustor; Mattie King, Plymouth, Mass., improved safety envelope; Johanna C. Samuel, New York, design for life preserver; Evangeline Gilmore, Hamilton, Ont., vegetable or fruit grater; Helen B. Rennie, Stratford, Ont., bicycle skirt adjustor and holder; Louise Schaefer, Oneida, N.Y., apparatus for making pattern; Jennie M. Secord, Rotterdam Junction, N.Y., a garment or shawl pin; Emma Taylor, San Francisco, Cal., machine for grinding bread or crackers; Natalie Schell, San Francisco, Cal., bust and body form for dressmakers' use; Mildred Elakey, Pittsburg, Pa., an improved gas or other explosive engine; Minnie E. Snyder, Brazil, Ind., vegetable sieve and strainer with interchangeable parts; Emily A. Clingman, San Francisco, Cal., device to prevent the overflowing of kerosene lamps.

THE COMING CONFERENCE.

Lieut.-Governor Chapleau to be Present at the Opening.

The Federal and Provincial Government and the City to be Officially Represented.

The central conference of American Rabbis, which opens next Tuesday at the Temple Emmanu-El, will be an object lesson of the toleration and liberality which prevail under the rule of Queen Victoria, and will testify that all classes and religions are equal under Her Majesty. Evidence of this will be furnished by the presence at the opening of the convention of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, who will thus demonstrate that, as representing the crown in this Province, he knows no distinction of religion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has delegated a member of his Cabinet to represent the Federal Government, and the convention will also be visited by Hon. Mr. Marchand, representing the Province, and by Mayor Wilson-Smith, representing the city. A good precedent in this line was established by Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, who attended a service at Rabbi Veld's Synagogue soon after their arrival in Canada. Her Excellency received a souvenir and the Governor-General delivered an address. There have been many other precedents which will not only be an endorsement of the very acts of both the Federal and Provincial Governments, but of the Catholic spirit shown by Sir Adolphe Chapleau, who, in conjunction with representatives of the two Governments and the chief magistrate of Montreal, has expressed his intention of welcoming men known for their liberality.

THE CONVALESCENT HOME.

Editor of The Herald:

Sir,—A summer home for convalescents! Do those who, with their gifts of money, clothing or food aid and encourage so many good objects, ever quite realize what a week or two of sea-breezes and wholesome food, with complete rest of mind, may mean to the hospital convalescent; to the bread-winner of a family, overworked, and perhaps in failing health; or to the delicate child whose parents cannot afford it the change of air needed to restore it to health? And to kindly heart is more than a reminder needed that an answer to this want really exists—that at Murray Bay, a pleasant sail down the St. Lawrence, the "Home for Convalescents" stands ready for all?

The cost of sending down and maintaining a patient at the Home has been reduced to a figure placing it within reach of all having a little means of their own—or those for whom friends have been raised up willing to assist. The parents are supplied with a return ticket between Montreal and Murray Bay at the cost of six dollars; from one to three dollars per week, according to circumstances, is the charge for board during their stay—the Home having no fund of its own, and depending upon the board-money and voluntary contributions for its running expenses.

The Convalescent Home is of long standing, and well-known, being managed by a committee of ladies and gentlemen from the leading cities in Canada and the United States. For more than twenty years it has opened its doors every summer, admitting hundreds of men, women or children, who, coming in great weakness have, after a few week's stay, gone home strengthened in body and hopeful in mind, ready to face life and take up work again. Who, thinking of all that this means before the approach of our long exacting winter, will not wish to help, if with but a trifle, in sending some of these needing ones—of whom 170 were benefited last summer,—to breathe for a short time the health-giving breezes sweeping in from the Great River of the north, and delight their tired eyes with its noble scenery?

Any subscriptions towards carrying on the work are most welcome, and always carefully applied. All such should be sent to the honorary treasurer, F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq., 730 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal.

(Signed) J. M. MURRAY.

Westmount, June 30th, 1897.

SOME G.T.R. CHANGES.

Toronto, July 2.—Some further changes are announced in the engineering department of the G. T. R. All the engineering work of the middle division will in future be under the supervision of Supt. Fitzhugh, at Toronto. H. Ferguson, Lindsay, is appointed general roadmaster and Henry Crawford, of Hamilton, is appointed master of buildings and bridges, both with headquarters at London. C. J. C. Rowley is appointed resident engineer at Toronto, and J. Baker, of Stratford, will come here as his assistant. The entire district will probably be rearranged.

SHIPMENTS OF WOOL.

Toronto, July 2.—The total shipments of wool and lumber out of Toronto last month show heavy increases over the previous year, owing to the anxiety of American buyers to get the stuff across the line before the new American tariff went into effect. Exports of wool last month were 943,972 pounds, valued at $134,490, against 93,243 pounds, valued at $18,517 in June, 1896. Exports of lumber last month were 1,495,500 feet, valued at $157,889, against 53,000 feet, valued at $6,650 in June, 1896.

Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours.

It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P. of Joliette, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it." It relieves in ten minutes.

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame, J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

The offices of the Lindeman Truss are removed from Canada Life to 13 McGill College Avenue. 'Phone 4402. Personal attention given, and every case guaranteed.

PERSONAL SIDE OF PRINCE OF WALES.

A Dutiful Son and a Loving Husband.

He Mingles With the Public, is Fond of Sports and Greatly Beloved.

In the July Ladies' Home Journal George W. Smalley writes interestingly of "The Personal Side of the Prince of Wales." "The domestic relations of the Prince," he says, "are not a topic for free discussion, but at least one may say that one source of the general regard for him is his bearing both to the Queen and to the Princess of Wales in public. Numerous public occasions have presented the Prince in an attitude of affectionate deference to the Queen which is plainly no matter of decorum merely, but personal—the son to the mother; and when the Princess was present—the husband to the wife.

"Those who know will tell you how deep has been the devotion of the father to his children from their infancy and youth, when the Prince used to be in the nursery early each morning, down to their present maturity. A word may be said also of his brotherly affection for the Empress Frederick, who has so narrowly missed, or at most nominally shared for a short three months, one of the greatest Imperial thrones in the world. It was her nearness to Homburg which was among the inducements that brought her brother there regularly. He was constantly at the old Schloss, where till her new palace ws finished she lived. The Empress was constantly in Homburg—her carriage, with its black horses, and the familiar Imperial liveries, always in front of the Prince's villa."

"Nothing has ever seriously affected the Prince of Wales' popularity. It is personal to a very great degree," Mr. Smalley writes. "As the Queen's son he has, of course, his own share of that loyalty which burns in all British hearts, but he has a great deal more than that. It is felt that he has done much, in very difficult circumstances, to earn the good will and even affection of the people whom he will some day address as 'my people.' He mingles with them, and is of them. Little things count for much. The crowds that gather about the gates of Marlborough House in Pall Mall in patient expectation of the exit or entrance of the Prince and Princess, are supposed to like a spectacle, and no doubt they do. They delight to behold them drive in or out in a gilded coach with an escort of the splendid Life Guards. But they like almost better to see the Prince drive awy in a hansom cab.

"The Englishman loves sport and games, and to the great body of the people the Prince seems a more engaging personage because he frankly gives the rein to his tastes for outdoor and indoor diversions. They gather in crowds to see him start for Epsom on Derby Day. They cheer him on the Downs and on Newmarket Heath. They back his horse, not a few of them because it is his. They like to see his name high among the winners of the year, as it now is, after a long course of ill luck on the turf. They like to think of him as the country gentleman at Sandringham, busy with the management of his estate, receiving guests, taking the lead in shooting and other amusements. They like to see him on horseback in Hyde Park, where he rides often. They like to see him at theatres, where they always recognize and often cheer him. In short, they like to think of him as one of themselves."

A TASTY SOUVENIR.

A very tasty souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee has been issued by the Ontario Accident Insurance Company of Toronto. The cover of their handy volume of reference is very artistic, and the book itself contains in addition to an article on the eventful sixty years, some statistics of Greater Britain, and "The Flowers," one of the best of Rudyard Kipling's patriotic poems in his collection entitled "The Seven Seas."

Up-to-Date.

As I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a courtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
In a tiny bonnet,
If I had but a wheel for two
I'd take you out upon it.

Little Jack Horner,
Scorched 'round the corner,
Colliding with all in his reach,
With terrible glee
He bowled over three,
And said, "Now ain't I a peach?"

—W.

HE DESERVES A MEDAL

Robert Martin's Story Told by a "Point" Police Officer.

Although Only 19 Years of Age He Has Already Saved More Than a Dozen Persons From Drowning.

"There lives in Victoria Town, a young man who ought to receive a Victoria Cross, or a medal of some sort," said Lieut. Taylor, of Police Station No. 9, to a Herald reporter the other evening. "This young man, Mr. Robert Martin, of 119 Forfar Street," continued the Lieutenant, "is a hero if ever there was one. He is only 19 years of age and yet he has been instrumental in saving a dozen or more persons from drowning. Five years ago when young Martin was only 14 years old he plunged into the canal and after a desperate struggle succeeded in saving the life of John McKay. Shortly after that, Mary Kelly, a young lady of Victoria Town, fell into the canal and Martin who was near promptly plunged in and rescued her.

"A little later, the young man was again the hero of a brave, a very brave deed. Two men, Arthur Houghton and George Hassam were attempting to row a boat under the Victoria Bridge when the current struck them, and they were both thrown into the water. Young Martin, who fortunatey for them was near, plunged into the rapids and soon had helped Houghton into the boat. Then he got into the boat himself, intending to paddle to the rescue of George Hassam, who could not swim and who was drifting down stream sixty yards away, but as both paddles had been lost when the boat upset and the wind was blowing hard up stream there was no hope of reaching Hassam in time with the boat. Seeing this Martin without a thought of the risk he was taking, plunged into the rapids and swam to the rescue. As he drew near Hassam cried 'For God's sake, come quick!' Martin did so, and reached Hassam as he was at his last gasp. The boat soon drifted down stream and Martin helped the exhausted man aboard, and getting in himself knocked out a boat seat and with it managed to paddle ashore. It was a brave deed, for in plunging into the rapids here Martin literally took his life in his hands. Michael Furlong is another man who owes his life to Martin's bravery, although I cannot at the moment give you the particulars of this case.

"Next Martin rescued a Jew, who had fallen in among the logs at the basin and was going down for the last time when the brave boy seized him. It was only on "Jubilee" Sunday that he plunged into the river at St. Helen's Island and rescued a young French boy. That, I think, you will agree, is a splendid life-saving record for a young man only 19 years of age, and yet he has figured in a number of other rescues from drowning, the circumstances of which I cannot at present recall.

"He certainly deserves a medal for his bravery but no one has called public attention to his case, and he is so modest that only his personal friends know of his exploits. There are few finer-looking men in the city than young Martin. He stands six foot and is well built. He is reputed to be one of the best swimmers in the city and runs like a deer.

An Ontario Lady Had Her Hands Poisoned.

Ladies' should remember that the Diamond Dyes are the only pure, true and unadulterated dyes in the world. The imitation dyes sold under various names have bulk enough, but three-fourths of the contents is composed of cheap and worthless ingredients most dangerous to use and handle.

Diamond Dyes, prepared according to scientific principles, are always the same in color and strength; these great advantages the women of Canada fully appreciate.

An Ontario lady writing about Diamond Dyes says:

"Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used; they are quite harmless to work with and never irritate the skin. I had occasion to use a package of common, cheap dye that was sold me as being equal to the 'Diamond,' but it proved a source of great trouble. After using it a severe rash appeared on my hands, showing it contained poisonous matter."

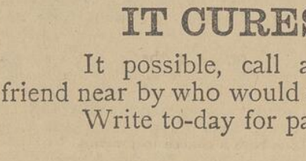
Barnato's Large Family.

Toronto Telegram: "If Barney Barnato has left a large fortune, he has also left a large family, and his sorrowing relatives are revealing themselves to the gaze of a sympathizing world at the rate of about twenty-five a day."

Free Book FOR Weak Men.

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN" is the title of a little pocket volume I have just issued, showing the effects of early abuse, or later excesses. Every weak man, single, married, young or old, should read it and get the benefit of my thirty years experience, as a specialist in the scientific treatment of **Drains, Losses, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele and Undevelopment.**

MEDICINES WILL NOT CURE.



I know the action of every drug that was ever prescribed, but let me say as physician to patient, as man to man, medicines at best will but stimulate. They do not tone. What we must employ is nature's own gift. We need go no further. Why not use that potent force which she so bountifully bestows upon us? The one element most important to life in man or beast—**ELECTRICITY.**—With my latest improved Galvanic Body Battery and Supporting Suspensory I combine a self-treatment which is positive and lasting.

ON MY PROFESSIONAL WORD I MAKE THIS STATEMENT: To weak men, young, middle aged or old, who may have the least foundation left to build upon, I promise a positive and permanent cure by the judicious use of my **ELECTRIC BELT.** More than 5,000 attested to this last year.

IT STOPS THE DRAIN IN 30 DAYS.

and causing a free circulation of blood to and through the parts, gives development and speedily cures.

"Your Belt cured me after everything else failed," writes Mr. G. H. Roberts, 24 Upper Park avenue, Montreal.

"The pains from which I suffered at the small of my back have all disappeared," Patrick Kelcher, Duke street, W.E., St. John, N.B.

"If anybody doubts your wonderful treatment have them write to me, and I will truthfully state the facts that your Belt is the only thing I ever got relief from." Jeremiah Ryan, 30 Champlain street, Quebec, Que.

"I shall be much pleased to reply at any time as to the beneficial effects of your Belt in my complaint." Samuel Sowler, Aylmer, Que.

"You can refer to me at any time for reference. Your Belt cured me four years ago, and my complaint never came back." Jas. Barrington, "Citadel," Quebec, Que.

I have THOUSANDS of testimonials at my office and will be pleased to let anybody read them over.

I FORFEIT $5,000 if the currents from my Belt are not felt immediately upon applying to the body. You wear it at night.

IT CURES YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

It possible, call and consult me free of charge, or probably you have a friend near by who would examine the Belt for you.

Write to-day for pamphlet and particulars.

Dr. A. Theo. Sanden,

156 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

OFFICE HOURS:—Nine to Six. - - - - Sundays—Eleven to One

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.

Notice of Dividend.

A dividend of two per cent. has been declared, payable at the Company's Office in Montreal, on the 15th day of July next, to shareholders of record the 30th June, 1897.

CHAS. P. SCLATER,
Sec. Treasurer.

Montreal, 17th June, 1897.

Have you seen our second-haud Pianos and Organs? The prices range from $28.00 upwards and the terms $3.00 per month and upwards. C. W. Lindsay, 2366 St. Catherine Street.

Old Magazine, New Name.

The beginning of a new volume of the Review of Reviews, is signalized by an expansion of the name of that very successful and widely-read periodical. It has now become the American Monthly Review of Reviews, with particular emphasis on the first two words. It seems likely enough that the public will speedily fall into the way of calling this magazine the American Monthly for short,. It is announced, however, by the editor, that the full and formal title will retain the words Review of Reviews.

Epp's Cocoa, Grateful and Comforting

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately-flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whetever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tins, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Limited, Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England."

The Old Kind.

"Have you bought any fireworks to celebrate with?" inquired Broncho Bob. "I should say I have," replied Derringer Dan; "four gallons."—Washington Star.

Business Faults.

"Have you noticed how Stubbins repeats himself?" "Yes; it is an atrocious habit—yesterday he tried to collect a bill of me which he had collected twice before."—Detroit Free Press.

Coleman's CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM SALT
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT. 6

G. A. HOLLAND & SON'S ITEMS.

JUNE, 1897.

Another big success. Away ahead of all former years. Reason is plain. We are right up to date in lines we handle; prices right; always enterprising. Talk common sense in our ads and in our business.

JULY must follow June

HALF PRICE.

A large lot of Cotton Canton Flannel, running at 5c, 6c and 8c, to be sold at Half Price. 2½c, 3c, and 4c. Was used for Jubilee Decorations.

FLAGS.—Half Price.

A lot of Union Jacks, Ensigns and Dominion Flags left over from Jubilee sales to be sold at **HALF PRICE.**

CROQUET SETS.—A splendid line of Hard Maple Croquet Sets to be sold at—4 balls, 75c; 6 balls, $1; 8 balls, $1.25.

Extra large Mallets and Sticks.....$2.00
Special line Mallets and Sticks.....$2.75

HAMMOCKS, Corded, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.
Paris Hammocks with pillow, $1.25 to $2.25. $3.25. $3.75.
—After careful comparison with other lines find these the best in the market

BICYCLES. A straight reduction of 25 per cent. discount
—On every bicycle in the place, Comets, Selbys, Norseman, Reliance, Viking.

BABY CARRIAGES. The balance of this year's goods to be sold off at 33 1-3 per cent. discount.
—This is a splendid opportunity,

WALL PAPERS. By far the largest department in the store, will continue to engage our best thought. Thousands of rolls of new goods to select from. No better time than July to do work.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON,

2411 St. Catherine Street.

Built on Honour.

Quality that Sells.
Quality that Stays Sold.
Quality that Pupularizes.
Quality that Wears.
Quality that Satisffes.

THE FAMOUS

Warwick Perfection 'Cycles — Embody such quality Thousands can testify to it.

Hampden Cycles — Are cheap only in price. They have no peer at — **$60**

—LOCAL AGENTS—
A. Ahern, 325 St. James St.
J. A. Denis.....236 Main St.
J. M. Smith, Y.M.C.A. Bldg.
A. W. Ward.....Lachine.
J. W. Stewart & Co., 23 Bleury Street.
J. A. Guimond, Cor. Mountain & Notre Dame Sts.

WARWICK CYCLE MFG. CO.,
54 Beaver Hall Hill.
MONTREAL.

Do You Want Good Bicycle Work Done?

The Montreal Bicycle Works are now equipped with a complete outfit of the Latest Machinery for the manufacture and repairing of Bicycles.

We also do enamelling and brazing in all its branches.

All work done by a master-mechanic, who holds recommendations from the largest firms in Canada.

If you are needing repairs of any sort come and see us.

Prices moderate and all work guaranteed. Yours truly,

L. MEYERS,
2515 St. Catherine St.

Bookbinding

Merchants who require blank books that will stand the wear and tear of daily use for a long time should place their orders for ledgers, journals, cash books, day books, etc., with The Herald.

None but the best workmen are employed in The Herald bindery, and none but first-class work is turned out. Let us give quotations.

Herald Publishing Co.

The Herald.

FOUNDED 1808.

DAILY EDITION.

SUBSCRIPTION — Twenty-five cents per month, $3.00 per year in advance.

603 Craig Street, Montreal.

Telephone Nos. { Business Office .....343 / Editorial Rooms....751

WESTMOUNT OFFICE—4228 St. Catherine Street. Tel. 5027.

REPRESENTATIVE IN QUEBEC AND LEVIS—E. E Cinq-Mars.

AGENT IN OTTAWA—For subscriptions and advertising, T. A. BURNS, 565 Sussex Street.

WEEKLY EDITION—A commercial and family newspaper. 75 cents per year.

UNION LABEL — Typographical — Montreal, No. 176

MONTREAL, JULY 3, 1897.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Readers of The Herald going out of town for the summer may have the paper sent to any address in Canada or the United States for twenty-five cents a month.

Leave order at office, or with any newsdealer.

MR. SIFTON'S DISMISSALS.

The Toronto Mail and Empire is indignant that two men who took part in the Riel rising in 1885 should have been appointed by Mr. Sifton to public office, and that five employes should have been dismissed by the same Minister, although they took part in quelling the rising.

If it could be shown that the appointments were intended as a reward for rebellion and the dismissals as a punishment for having borne arms in the service of Her Majesty, there would be some ground for the Mail and Empire's indignation. To show anything of the kind, however, is not attempted. Our contemporary states that the justification for the appointment of Nolin and Lepine (the Rielites) is a plea that they were misled in 1885. This is not the case. The only justification and the actual justification is their fitness for the positions to which they were appointed, and the country's need of their services. To pretend that because they were among the unfortunates whom Conservative misrule and neglect drove into rebellion in 1885, they should be permanently disqualified from holding public office is illiberal, and contrary to the spirit of the royal amnesty extended to all who had taken part in the rebellion. That amnesty was not intended as a half measure. It purged Riel's followers of the stain of disloyalty and restored them to their full status of British citizens. The appointment of Nolin and Lepine, far from requiring apology, may rather be commended as a politic step, which may assist in bringing about more harmonious relations between the Government and a not inconsiderate section of Her Majesty's subjects in Manitoba and the Northwest. With regard to the dismissal of the five men who happened to have been out with the volunteers in 1885, the Mail and Empire will have to show that they were dismissed without cause, if it desires to hold the Government up to censure—unless, indeed, it can establish the principle that a man who has served his country in the field is entitled to live ever afterwards at his country's expense, by being allowed permanently to occupy a position for which he may not be properly qualified, or for which there may be no necessity.

SIR WILFRID'S SPEECHES.

A London cable says:—"Sir Wilfrid Laurier's strong appeal for Anglo-American accord, which he made at the Dominion Day banquet last night, is exciting much talk to-day."

Admitting the correctness of this statement, it is difficult to understand, from the reports of Sir Wilfrid's speech which have reched us so far, why his remarks on the subject of friendly relations between England and the United States should attract any particular degree of attention. The Premier does not seem to have spoken otherwise than he might have been expected to speak. He, and the Canadian Liberal party as a whole, have always and in all places proclaimed their desire for friendly relations with the United States and their willingness to adopt measures by which trade between the countries could be stimulated, without any sacrifice of our independence. It is in the last degree important for Canada to remain friends with her neighbor to the south, and there can be nothing remarkable in the head of the Canadian Government proclaiming his desire to see peace and amity reign between two great nations, of one of which Canada forms an important part. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's utterances, since his arrival in England, have been clear and unmistakable, and not once has he shown any inconsistency or inclination to depart from the principles which he has, since his entrance into public life, steadily advocated.

Apropos of Sir Wilfrid's speeches since he landed in England, the following remarks by the Saturday Review are interesting:—"Mr. Laurier is undoubtedly the strong man amongst the Colonial Premiers now our guests. Although famous as an orator and a maker of phrases, he has kept his head much better than some of his colleagues and refuses to be lured into saying a word more than he means to say. England is strong in Canada to-day, as he told us at Liverpool, because sixty years ago she found a Governor strong enough to break through official red tape and to recognize frankly 'local pride, local interests, local aspirations.' And the time is approaching, as he pointed out, when that pride and those aspirations will develop further claims, when the Canadian and Australasian, having developed to the utmost their local citizenship, will demand as of right their share in that "broader citizenship,' which embraces the whole empire, and whose legislative centre must be Westminster Palace. The glowing sentence in which Mr. Laurier developed this idea fairly took the Liverpool audience off its feet and showed that, properly put, there is nothing in the idea of Devolution, federalism or 'Home Rule all round' to frighten the most rigid English Tories."

BICYCLE ORDINANCES.

A committee of the Detroit City Council has drafted an ordinance for the regulation of bicycle riding within the city limits, which should be satisfactory to wheelmen. The ordinance reads:

"Within the half-mile circle speed shall be limited to eight miles an hour, with a maximum of twelve miles an hour outside the circle; speed must be slackened at street crossings on which persons are standing; all vehicles must keep to the right; riders must pass waggons and wheels, going in the same direction, at the left; no more than three wheels may be ridden abreast, and every rider must keep at least one hand on the handle bar; wheels may be ridden on sidewalks only where streets are impassable and the speed shall not exceed five miles an hour."

An ordinance like the above should be adopted in Montreal and the vicinity, where old-fashioned ideas regarding the regulation of bicycles still prevail. It will be noticed that the ordinance does not require the bicyclist to carry a bell or a lamp, the fact being that experience has shown that these adjuncts, intended to ensure safety, frequently prove a source of danger, the bell, it is contended, being a source of confusion and consequent accident rather than of protection.

While on this subject, it might be well to draw the attention of the Westmount Town Council to the inconvenience resulting from its enforcement of its ordinance regarding the carrying of lamps at night by bicyclists. If, for example, a Montreal cyclist unprovided with a lamp be overtaken by the dark, while riding in from Lachine, he has to dismount on reaching Westmount limits and walk through the municipality, or run the risk of arrest. It may be questioned whether this ordinance as enforced against transient or passing cyclists is within the powers of the municipal corporation of Westmount, but be that as it may, the town ought to repeal the troublesome and, in our opinion, useless enactment. Westmount would do well to copy Detroit's sensible views.

CHEESE AND BUTTER.

Matters have been going somewhat against the cheese factorymen during the last week or so, but when prices ruling this time last year are taken into consideration, it is seen that they have no pronounced ground for complaint.

Cheese to-day is selling fully one cent to one and three-quarter cents per pound higher than in the early part of July, 1896, and as the production of cheese has been greater this year, more money has gone into the country.

The weakness in the situation at present seems mainly due to the depression across the water, which in turn seems largely the result of big supplies, of which Canada has contributed quite her share.

Between the butter market now and last year there is not much difference, and so far factorymen have realized about the same. But as is also the case with cheese, the exports up to date are greater than last year, and the returns are consequently larger. The price of finest creamery to-day is about seventeen cents, and that seems a fair figure.

A correspondent writes to The Herald asking why it is that the firemen of the city have not been furnished with the regulation supply of foot gear this year. He writes: "They should receive two pairs annually, one pair in spring, the other in the fall. They received none in the spring of '96, none in the fall of last year, and are as yet without any this spring. Who is to blame for this? Surely the citizens do not wish to present to the world the spectacle of their protectors of property and life going to their dangerous and not overpaid work barefooted." The reason for this state of affairs, we have been informed, is that there are no funds available for the purpose of buying the firemen their boots.

"The Senate, among other things, is being condemned for not insisting on going on with the Drummond County Railway investigation. It is a bad thing to put the hand to the plough and look back."—The Gazette.

Rather is it a bad thing to make charges before you are prepared to attempt their proof.

Ode for the Diamond Jubilee.

(By Clive Phillips Wolley, in Victoria, B.C., Province.)

With throats unsteady, eyes by love made dim,
Oh, Queen, the people of your last vedette
Turn towards their home and lift their hearts to Him—
Hearts that cannot forget.

We who have known no masters—who were hurled
By the old Wander Spirit of your seas
Into wild space to found another world,
We, Mother, bend our knees—

Not for ourselves. We scarce find time to pray,
Breaking new lands where feebler folk may glean—
Prayers for the night, deeds for our waking day.
Only "God save our Queen."

God save the Queen. Our dimpled children sing
The same grand anthem, with dear baby breath,
That rang to Heaven when Allan Wilson's ring
Taught men the Pride of Death.

God save the Queen. From formless isles, where wind
Storm-shadowed pathways of the homing seal,
Through driven spume, through fog banks murk and blind,
God hears the same appeal.

Thy workers' voices, many million strong,
Bear to God's throne the prayer of sixty years;
From wan white lips—through nights by pain made long,
A deeper note he hears.

Oh, Queen, thou knowest we have lived and died.
To set thy name all royal names above;
Sweet-hearted woman, more than Britain's pride,
Thou countest Britain's love.

Therefore, to-morrow, sons who stand apart,
In every realm within the Almighty's ken,
Hearing the throb that shakes a nation's heart,
Shall swell our great Amen.

THE RIOTS IN INDIA.

Hostilities Have Ceased for the Time Being.

COMPROMISE ARRIVED AT

Authorities Look Upon the Situation With Some Apprehension.

Fears Expressed that There Might be a General Outbreak of the Natives.

Calcutta, July 3.—The rioting has ended, a compromise on the plague measures having been arranged between the authorities and the rioters, whereupon the disturbances have immediately ceased. The absence of rain is causing the greatest anxiety throughout India.

London, July 2.—The newspapers of this city express anxiety at the occurences in India, intimating that the mass of the natives there are less content under British rule than was generally believed and that a rebellion of unpleasant proportions may be threatening. Constant communications are passing between the Indian and Home Governments.

Bombay, July 2.—The assassins of Lieut. Ayerat, of the commissariat corps, who was shot and killed by concealed natives while leaving the Governor's reception at Ganeshkind, on the evening of June 22, Jubilee Day, Plague Commissioner Rand being dangerously wounded at the same time, are still at large. The aggressive attitude of the natives prior to the shooting was remarked. There were whisperings of intending disaster to Europeans, and it is thought that the whole native community, including the police, had foreknowledge that something was going to happen. On Jubilee night a delayed anonymous letter arrived at Commissioner Rand's bungalow, saying: "You will die to-day and the Queen will die two days after. Many others will follow, and the soldiers will all be killed." Threatening letters have been received by other Europeans. During the progress of the plague, prominent Hindoos made violent accusations against the British soldiers, charging them with robbing, ravishing and ill-treating all who came in contact with them. The allegations that the Brahmins are responsible for the murders which have occurred are repudiated vigorously. The whole matter is causing the gravest disquiet in official circles.

CAUSE OF THE OUTBREAK.

The rioting arose out of the growing practice of the Mohammedans of seizing and refusing to pay rent for certain so-called mosques, built, contrary to the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, on ground belonging to infidels. The demolition of a mud hut, a so-called mosque, led to the outbreak. The rioters were continually reinforced, in response to telegrams sent up the country, in which they appealed to all true Mohammedans to come to the aid of their co-religionists. For forty-eight hours the police and military were repeatedly obliged to clear the streets. Detached parties of Mohammedans stoned Europeans wherever they found them, in some cases dragging them from their glarries. All telegraph lines were cut, and the buildings containing Europeans were besieged. There were many narrow escapes. The rioters shouted war cries and vile epithets and grossly insulted the European women. In several parts of Calcutta it is still dangerous for Europeans to go about, and it will remain so, owing to the nature of the compromise by which the riot was brought to an end. The trouble is greatly increased by the absence of the higher officials, most of whom are now in the hills. Those who remained behind hesitated to undertake the responsibility of extreme measures. The result was that the troops were not allowed to fire or to take the offensive, even when exposed to every kind of indignity and insult. Their behavior and self-restraint, under the circumstances, were admirable. It is understood that the compromise is based upon the unconditional surrender of the land, but it is believed that this concession will prove a standing menace to the safety of Europeans, as the rioters will celebrate the victory throughout all India. In spite of the cessation of the riots, the situation is regarded as extremely critical and it is felt that unless some official is invested with plenary powers during the absence of the governing authorities, European citizens will be compelled to act on their own responsibility.

SPORTS AT VALLEYFIELD.

Dominion Day Celebrated by Various Contests—Nationals Outclassed by Home Lacrosse Team.

Valleyfield, July 3.—The V.A.A.A. provided a full day's sport for their patrons on Dominion Day. Real 1st of July weather honored the day. In the morning a regatta was held on the bay, some of the contests being first class while others were minus of sufficient entries to make them interesting.

The principal attraction, however, was the lacrosse match between the Nationals and Valleyfields, which took place in the afternoon on the Queen's Park grounds.

There were nearly 1,500 spectators. Previous to and during the intervals of the lacrosse match a programme of sports was gone through. The principal events being won as follows:

Mile bicycle, open.—1, Lareux, Huntingdon; 2, Jaffery's, Montreal.

100 yards, open.—1, Lafleur, Valleyfield; 2, Ireland, Montreal.

The lacrosse teams were:

Valleyfield—Latour, goal; Lafleur, point; Pitre, cover point; Vezina, Lowe, M. Lavacque, defence field; Pitre, centre; Sullivan, McVicar, Grace, home field; L. Lavacque, outside, home; Mattiew, inside home.

Nationals—Montpetit, goal: Valois, point; Boyer, cover point; Dockum, Bissonette, Lemieux, defence field; Michaud, centre; Picard, Coussineau, Chisholm, home field; Walsh, outside home; Caldwell, inside home. Referee, C. Marcellin.

The bulk of those present, naturally, judging from the reputation of the teams, looked for a severe thrashing for the home team, and when the Valleyfield boys took the first game in half a minue they were perhaps justified in being rather surprised, thinking it was rather of a fluky nature; but when the second and third games fell to the home team in three and two minutes they were cheered to the echo. The next game went to the visitors, but they were outclassed altogether, in fact, outside of the sixth game the Valleyfield team did much as they pleased and finally won by seven goals to two. On the losing side Boyer and Valois, on the defence, played hard to stave off defeat and were a long way ahead of their companions. All the home team played fine ball, Lafleur and Pitre and MacVicar and Grace being the best of a very good lot.

Following is a summary of the games:

1st game...	....Valleyfield.....	....	½ min
2nd game...	....	"	.....3 min
3rd game...	....	"	.....2 min
4th game....	....Nationals.....	....	½ min
5th game...	....Valleyfield....	....	5 min
6th game...	.....Nationals.....	....	6 min
7th game...	....Valleyfield....	....	10 min
8th game....	...	"	.....14 min
9th game....	...	"	.....2 min

A GOOD THING FOR ROSSLAND.

Magnificent Water Power at the Kootenay Rapids Will be Developed by a Strong Company.

Rossland, B.C., July 3.—The Rossland district, in addition to the advantage of improved railway facilities, is about to have the benefit of cheap electric power. The West Kootenay Power and Light Company, Limited, which was recently organized for the purpose of developing the magnificent water power available at the falls of the Kootenay, ten miles from Nelson, has closed a contract for the hydraulic and electrical machinery to develop 2,000 horse power immediately, the ultimate scope of the undertaking being the utilization of the full power of the river at this point, estimated from 8,000 to 10,000 horse power. At the head of the company is Sir Charles Ross, Bart., who is largely interested in mining properties, and with him are associated Messrs. C. R. Hosmer, Frank Paul, and other influential and well-known capitalists. The services of Mr. Robert Jamieson, formerly engineer in charge of the Lilooet, Fraser River and Cariboo Gold Fields Company, Limited, have been secured to supervise the entire undertaking, and his wide experience in mining and engineering work of all kinds will ensure the most efficient working out of all the details and appliances necessary to apply the electric power in the most satisfactory manner for mining work. Some interesting details as to the electrical features of the scheme have been made known. The apparatus, which will be furnished by the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, is what is known as the three phase system, similar to that now being installed in the large power plant of the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Land Company, of Montreal. The initial generating plant will consist of two machines having a capacity of 1,000 horse power each, from which the current will pass through step up transformers raising it to 20,000 volts, the highest pressure as yet used on any electric transmission line. At this high pressure the energy will be carried to a sub-station at Rossland, a distance of thirty miles, where it will be reduced to a low pressure suitable for transmission to the motors used in connection with the different mining operations. The electric power will be used for operating tramways, hoists, pumps, ventilators, stamp mills, compressors, drills, etc., and will be sold at a price which, in comparison with the present high cost of power generated from coal, will ensure a greatly reduced expenditure in this direction by the different mining companies. The machinery is now in course of construction, and the plant is to be in full operation in the fall.

TWO FLAGS FLOATED SIDE BY SIDE.

Dominion and Independence Day Jointly Celebrated at Stanstead—Pleasing Spectacle.

Stanstead, July 2.—(Special.)—A grand international celebration was held here yesterday in which the villages of Stanstead and Rock Island, Quebec, and Derby Line, Vt., participated. July 4th falling upon Sunday the people on both sides of the line decided to unite in a Queen's Jubilee and American Independence celebrtion. The demonstration was along the usual line, a procession in the morning, sports in the afternoon and fireworks and illumination display in the evening. A large crowd of people were present, gathered from all parts of the surrounding country. It was a pleasing spectacle to see Canadians and Americans uniting in the observation of their two great national holidays, the flags of the two nations floating peacefully side by side and the National Anthems following one another and receiving the hearty response of the united peoples.

PIERCED IN THE EYE.

Evidence Given at Inquest Held at Toronto Upon the Body of W. D. Murdock.

Toronto, July 3.—The inquest upon the body of W. D. Murdock, the well-known criminal barrister, who died yesterday morning from injuries received in a playful fencing bout last Tuesday, was opened at Grace Hospital last evening. The evidence showed that deceased challenged a companion, Frank Lockwood, a well-known contractor, to fence with him with umbrellas both were carrying. Deceased made a lunge at Lockwood, who raised his umbrella to ward off the blow. Murdock stumbled forward and the point of Lockwood's umbrella entered the left eye, penetrating the brain. The wound was dressed and was not at the time thought serious, but as stated in earlier despatches, he gradually got weaker and died this morning. Lockwood himself testified, givng the account as stated above, and several others corroborated.

The enqury was adjourned until next Wednesday.

RETALIATION BY JAPAN.

Victoria, B.C., July 3.—Count Okuma, the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, of Japan, delivered himself as follows, at Shiduoga recently, with regard to the new tariff now being revised by American legislators: "Referring to the proposed customs duties, I may say that is a very important subject and bears upon te tea business of Shiduoki prefecture. I cannot make conclusive conclusions regarding the tariff, but I believe that the majority of the people of the United States are opposed to its coming into force. On account of the heavy duty to be imposed on tea an equivalent duty will be put on our chief articles of export, such as silks, sugars and carpets. This is an unpleasant fact to face, but there is no help for it. The proposed new tariff will affect Japan more than it will England, France and Belgium. It appears that the only course open is to warn America that Japan and other powers will reciprocate by imposing heavy duties upon her goods."

Bright Young Peter.

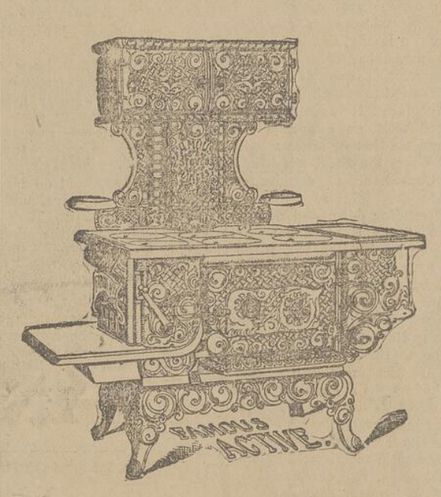
Fond Mother—"Oh, Peter, Peter, I thought I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday!" Peter—"But I call them the Salvation Army on Sunday."—Tit-Bits.

BOVRIL IN THE KITCHEN

For Soups, Gravies and Made Dishes surpasses everything.

FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE.

PERFECT BAKER



PERFECT BAKER

R. & W. KERR,
1908 & 1910 Notre Dame Street.

The New Week's News

Of household hardware is full of money-saving hints. Such thoroughly reliable hardware at such small prices is a rare happening—one of the possibilities that belong to this big business—and rightly appreciated by careful housekeepers. Variety, worth and low price are three graces that look out from every corner of our store.

We have just received a large consignment of hardwood Refrigerators in two sizes, The fact that they are late in arriving means a lucky money-saving for you. We'll sell them now at half price. We also have some metallic ice chests worth from $4.50 upwards. Preserving season is starting in and you'll need a preserving kettle. We have some enamel-lined ones which we are selling very cheap.

Ewan Hall Co.
Cor Notre Dame & Seigneurs St.

Walker's
PURE CANDY
2206 St. Catherine Street,
Second Door East of University.
202 ST. JAMES STREET,
and 239 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.
We make our Candy fresh daily as usual. SENT TO ANY ADDRES

Adams' Tutti Frutti Aids Digestion.
Some dealers try to palm off imitations to obtain a big profit. See that the trade mark name "Tutti Frutti" is on each 5c. package. Save coupons for latest books and prizes.

Have you ever tried Our line of
Undressed Shirts at 50c
We guarantee them to be the best shirts for the money ever put before the public
BLAIS & LOVE,
133 St. Peter Street.

Murphy Bros.
Opposite G.T.R. Depot,
Call in when going to the G.T.R. Station for a bottle of Scotch Whisky, De Kuyper's Gin, Seagram's Rye, Club Rye or other liquor
509 St. James Street,
Opp. G. T. R. Depot.

A Jubilee Sovvenir.

"This is the very latest out—the Victoria sailor hat."

"It is absurd to name a sailor hat for the queen—she couldn't wear one."

"Well, this is the kind she would wear if she could."

AMUSEMENTS.

QUEEN'S
MATINEES DAILY 10c.
Waite Opera Co.
SUMMER OPERA SEASON.
Nights 25c
All Seats Reserved
One Price
To-day and To-night... Bohemian Girl
And the Living Pictures.

THEATRE ROYAL,
SPARROW & JACOBS, - Managers.
Last TWO PERFORMANCES of the SEASON.
TO-DAY AT 2 and 8 P M.,
The London Belles Burlesque Company
Prices—10, 20 and 30 Cents.

THEATRE FRANCAIS
St. Catherine St., near St. Lawrence St
W. E. Phillips, Lessee & Manager.
Last times of the stock company in
The Planter's Wife.
And the best vaudeville bill of the season.
Saturday evening, July 3rd—Last appearance of the stock company, and farewell benefit to Miss Beryl Hope.
NOTE—There are still an ample number of excellent reserved seats at 35c for the benefit on sale at box office. Telephone 6616.

SOHMER PARK.
Every afternoon at 3 and evening at 8 this week.
Positively the last week of the greatest attraction ever brought to Montreal.
ROSSOW'S MIDGETS.
Bring the children. They will be astonished. Other attractions: Horace Barre, Canada's strong man; Mlle Mureal, the gay Parisenne; Abacco and Page, comedy exponents; Kate Rose, contralto.
Admission as usual, 10 cents.
See the Radiascope, new views.

M. A. A. A. GROUNDS.
Opening JULY 6 and all week,
HAND & TEALE'S PYRO-SPECTACLE,
SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.
300—PEOPLE—300.
Gorgeous, Magnificent, Sublime.
A HOST OF CLEVER SPECIALTIES.
GENERAL ADMISSION, 25 CTS.

The Finest Trip of the Season.
To Quebec & Return
FARE $1.00.
To Ste. Anne de Beaupre & Return,
FARE $1.35.
By Steamer Three Rivers on Aug. 28.
Concerts will be given on board by the band of the 65th Batt. Passengers will be allowed admission to Parliament Buildings at Quebec on Sunday 29th Aug. Meals furnished by the company at 35c each. Refreshments strictly temperate.
Programme will be published later.
H. R. PALMER, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY
The Regular Monthly Meeting of the above Society will be held in the St. Patrick's Hall, 223 McGill Street, on Monday evening, the 5th instant, at Eight O'Clock.
By order,
S. CROSS, Recording Secretary.

Bout De L'Ile Park.
Commonly known as Cushing's Grove.
Is only reached by means of the Belt Line Electric Railway. A twelve minute service is given every afternoon.
Take the Notre Dame or St. Catherine street cars and transfer at La Salle Avenue, Maisonneuve.

A. Frank Ibbotson, L.D.S.
Surgeon Dentist,
176 Bleury St., corner St. Catherine
Office phone, 3889. Residence phone, 3046.

Art Association
—PHILLIPS SQUARE.
GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS.
Open Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
ADMISSION--25 Cents.

Canadian Royal Art Union.
Free Classes in Art
Open October 1.
PUPILS MAY REGISTER at ONCE
Daily Art Distributions.
4 o'clock each Afternoon.
12.30 on Saturday.
238 & 240 St. James St.

The Bavarian
LIQUID MALT EXTRACT
—WITH HOPS—
THE NEW NUTRIENT TONIC.
A Genuine Medicinal Preparation — and Not LAGER BEER in disguise.
The Medical Hall,
COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Sq.
Headquarters for Prescriptions.

Notice to Consignees.

The Dominion Line (Elder, Dempster & Co.) S.S. Etolia, Evans, master, from Bristol, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO., Agents.

A. O. U. W. LACHINE LODGE, No. 14. Meets second and fourth Tuesday. J. RAMSAY, Master Workman. R. C. THORNELOE, Financier. N. P. MARTIN, Recorder.

The Herald is published by The Herald Publishing Company, 603 Craig Street, Montreal. James S. Brierley, Managing Director.

THE PREMIERS ARE IN DANGER.

Sir Wilfrid Says They Will be Killed With Kindness.

ANOTHER GRAND BANQUET.

Mr. Laurier Would Like to See Canadians at Westminster.

Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's Ball —Historical Quadrilles the Principal Features.

London, July 2.—The Duke of Connaught presided at a banquet given this evening by the Imperial Institute to the colonial premiers at the Hotel Cecil. Covers were laid for 600. Among those present were Lord Salisbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Selborn, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Loch, Mr. Goschen, the first lord of the Admiralty; Sir George Faudel-Philips, the Lord Mayor, and most of the colonial agents general.

The Duke of Connaught toasted the "United Empire," coupling Sir Wilfrid Laurier's name with the toast.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in responding, said that if the colonial premiers remained much longer in England they would all be killed by kindness. He admitted that the goal of his aspirations was to see Canadians of French descent sitting at Westminster. If he was a young man he would hope to realize that ambition; but to-day his only ambition was to get a denunciation of certain foreign treaties which were a blot on colonial development.

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S BALL.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire gave a magnificent fancy dress ball at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, to-night. It was an exceptionally brilliant affir, even for this season of brilliant social functions. Two thousand guests were present, and among them nearly every royal family in Europe was represented. The costumes were mainly those of the sixteenth century, being for the most part copied from portraits of the kings, queens and courtiers who flourished in Europe during the reign of Elizabeth. Along with these were personations of other historical or classical celebrities, such as the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Agrippina, Zenobia, Messalina, Juno, Minerva, Hebe and the Graces. The Duke of Devonshire received his guests attired in the garb of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. Among the guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Christian, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Sir Horace Farquhar, the Countess of Warwick, in a costume of the Marie Antoinette period; Lady Tweedmouth, in an Elizabethan costume; the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, both in Louis XI. style and the latter elegantly gowned in white satin and wearing emeralds and diamonds; the Duchess of Portland, in a dress of the time of Louis XIII.; Lord Charles Montague, Lord Crewe, Lord Stanley, Lady Mar, Lady de Grey, the Marquis San Vito, Lord Lathom, Marquis Hautpoul, Lady Cynthia Graham, Mrs. Rothschild, Comte de Mensdorf and the Earl of Dunham personating King Philip of Spain.

It may be said that London never before saw a scene so gorgeous. The rooms were transformed into a paradise of flowers. Everywhere were clumps and banks of beautiful roses and festoons of electric lights. After eleven o'clock the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived and were led by the Duchess of Devonshire to a dais at the end of the principal room, where they formed the centre of a brilliant group. The chief feature of the ball, aside from the dancing, which was desultory, was a procession of the varied characters led by the Duchess.

Supper was served in the garden in a huge tent, each table being arranged around a palm tree, whose branches were hung with electric lights. At the table of the Duchess were twelve guests, among them the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Fife, Mr. Balfour and Lady Randolph Churchill. At the Duke's table were the Princess of Wales, Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Marlborough. At the Duchess of York's table were Prince Charles of Denmark, Lord Halsbury, the lord chancellor, and Mr. Chamberlain. The procession to supper was led by the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire.

QUADRILLE COSTUMES.

The principal dancing features were the quadrilles. Each set was danced by ladies and gentlemen attired to represent a particular historical epoch. One quadrille was danced in costumes reproducing those of the Court of Queen Elizabeth; another reproducing those of the Court of Louis XIV., the men being dressed as officers of the Royal French Guards and of the Musketeeers. Other dancers represented Charles IX., Henri IV., Madame de Pompadour, Marie De Medici, Maria Theresa, of Austria, Gaspard De Coligni, the Duc de Guise and Catherine II. of Russia. The dances were the slow, stately minuetes and gavottes of the times to which the originals belonged, and the music for them was composed specially.

The Prince of Wales was dressed as a Knight Hospitaler, of Malta, in black velvet with Maltese crosses in white satin worked on his cloak and a satin brocade doublet; velvet trunks slashed with black satin, a high crowned hat with a large Maltese cross in diamonds in front and white ostrich plumes at the back. Around the hat was a silver chain. His Royal Highness wore the high boots which matched the costume. The Princess of Wales appeared as La Reine Margot, with a brilliant array of train-bearers, six courtiers of the time of Henri Trois, among them Lord De Grey, Lord Gosford and Lord Crewe. She was easily recognized, because she had not changed her customary style of dressing her hair. She wore a Paris-made gown of white and gold, with an Elizabethan ruff, and a heavy white train, gorgeously embroidered with gold, silver and colored jewels. Her other ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The immediate attendants upon Her Royal Highness were her three daughters and the Duchess of York, the latter looking very pretty in a pale blue dress embroidered in silver, with a high collar gemmed with diamonds. The Duchess of Connaught was robed as a lady of the Court of Charles II. in flowered brocade and shaded apricot velvet. Princess Victoria of Wales represented a lady of the Elizabethan Court, wearing a costume of blue and silver. The Duchess of Teck was costumed as the Electress of Hanover. The Countess Helena Von Gleischen portrayed Joan of Arc in armor, and the Duchess of Denvonshire received her guests as Zenobia.

THE BROOKLYN DEPARTS.

Southampton, July 2—The deputy mayor and sheriffs of Southampton, accompanied by the United States consul at this port, paid an official visit to the United States cruiser Brooklyn this afternoon. They were received by Rear-Admiral J. N. Miller and his staff, were entertained at luncheon and toasted the President of the United States and Queen Victoria. As the party left, the Brooklyn fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The cruiser is expected to sail for home at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

COMPARE WITH THE BEST.

London, July 2.—A reporter of the Daily Mail to-day had an interview at Aldershot with Gen. Nelson A. Miles, the representative of the United States army at the Jubilee. Gen. Miles, who attended the review to-day, said that he never saw a finer lot of troops. They would stand comparison with the best in the world. The alignment of the cavalry and artillery and their galloping were perfect. England might well feel proud of her army.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

A Workman Employed in the Blasting Operations Which Caused Young Ste. Marie's Death Arrested.

An inquest was held yesterday afternoon on the body of young Robie Garfield Ste. Marie, who was killed by a blast on Dominion Day. The family of deceased was present at the inquest, which was held at the Montreal General Hospital.

The first witness called was Dr. Wyatt Johnston, coroner's medical expert, who stated that deceased received a blow on the right side of the head, causing a gash, and that this was the cause of death.

Mr. Ste. Marie, Sr., testified that he was away at the time of the accident, but that he often complained of the manner in which the blasting was being done around there. Frequently stones were projected against the walls and windows of his house. Mrs. Ste. Marie corroborated this, and added that at the time of the accident the explosion seemed to be much more terrible that those of previous days.

Dora Ste. Marie, sister of the victim, stated that she never saw the workmen lay any planks over the spot where they were blasting.

Harry Ste. Marie, 7 years old, testified that he and his brother had not been notified of the explosion being about to take place, and explained how his brother had been struck.

These declarations were corroborated by neighbors, who said that during the process of blasting for the past two weeks no precautions whatsoever were taken for the safety of the public. After deliberation, the jury rendered a verdict blaming a workman named Brise for causing the death of young Ste. Marie, through negligence and lack of precautions. The man was immediately arrested, but was subsequently liberated on $1,000 bail.

TRADE RELATIONS

Between Great Britain and Her Colonies.

WHITHER DO THEY TEND?

Shall England Abandon Her Policy of Free Trade?

The Importance of the Utterances of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on This Subject— He Looks Beyond the Present.

(Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.)

What is to be the practical issue of all this Imperial fervour? That it must have some practical issue no one seems to doubt. Imperial Ministers vie with colonial statesmen in ardent protestations of mutual esteem and attachment to the cause of Empire, and every journal whatever its political creed, acclaims the spirit of the moment. Such unanimity cannot pass into nothingness and end in pretty compliments. In a few days or weeks there will be conferences in Downing street between the colonial premiers and Imperial Ministers. It will be a meeting of keen men of business not given to waste words or talk with no definite end in view. What, then, is to be the outcome of it all? We are all agreed—Britons at home and Britons from over seas—that the kinship of the British Empire is real and abiding. How can it best be cemented and made more a thing of daily use and value?

TRADE RELATIONS.

By general consent the question of trade relations stands in the forefront. For that we have to thank the Canadian Ministry. They have brought us all down from the clouds of rhetoric to plain matters of fact. They have struck the first blow for an Empire united by the bonds of mutual interest, commercially as well as politically, and the situation must be faced, and faced at once. Here, says Canada, is a preference to British goods. It is our Jubilee offering—a free gift made out of gratitude for all that you of the Mother Land have done for us in the past. But two treaties bar the way of that gift. Hence with one voice Colonial Ministers from Australasia and South Africa join with Mr. Laurier in demanding the revision of these treaties, and the press and public men of England give that demand their unanimous support. The treaties as they stand must go. They are out of all keeping with the spirit of the times.

But what then? To what is the removal of these trade shackles to lead? Here divergences begin. At the United Empire Trade League luncheon last week there was a general cry for the striking of a bargain between England and her colonies. The preference in colonial markets which Canada has made a free gift would, if the United Empire Leaguers had their way, be given in return for British duties against foreign products which compete with colonial products in British markets—a tax on foreign food stuffs and raw materials and a free entry to all that comes from the colonies. Mr. Chamberlain's suggestions contemplated some such British duties against foreign imports, but the colonies were to "better their offer" and abolish all duties against British goods. It was to be free trade within the Empire and protection against the foreigner. This free trade within the Empire the colonies say they cannot manage, and hence their counter proposal. Of course(both one proposal and the other are protective, but utterances of certain British Ministers have led to the belief that the Imperail Government might in the coming conferences be prepared to go some way in meeting such colonial advances. Lord Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, frankly avowed himself "a rank protectionist" at the league luncheon, and even the Duke of Devonshire—the bulwark of free trade within the Cabinet, as most men thought—spoke in Liverpool on Saturday as if it only needed a united colonial knocking at the Imperial door to secure the adoption of some such preferential proposal.

SIR WILFRID'S ATTITUDE.

It is at this juncture that Mr. Laurier has entered the discussion, and very momentous is the part he plays in it. "Offer us such a preference in British markets," he says in so many words, "and of course we shall not refuse it. It would be a boon to our producers for the moment, but would it last? Would it be to our benefit in the long run?

"Suppose England did such a thing and abandoned her free trade record. She would inevitably curtail the purchasing power of her people. And do you not think we should suffer from that, we who alone have natural resources enough to feed your millions from our fertile lands? . . . We know that buying more goods from England she will buy more from us and so develop trade, and the moment trade is developed Canada is benefited. At one time I might, perhaps, have thought something of a Zollverein, but when I reflect—no, it is not good policy, and England will not adopt it. We do not ask England to abandon free trade."

And so, in other words, says Mr. Reid, the Premier of New South Wales, who, like Mr. Laurier, comes upon the scene after all this preferential talk has had a fair run. "Possibly," he was asked, "you think the end is more likely to be attained through a Customs Union or a Zollverein?" and this was his reply:—

"I do not see any attractiveness in that. I consider that the stress of foreign competition is liable to throw the British Government and the British people into very dangerous devices. It seems to me that foreign competition can only be met in a way to maintain the strength of Great Britain by a further development of mercantile genius or taste and ability, for which there is room in England, and by all the thousand and one devices which are well known to an enterprising English manufacturer or merchant. But the woment you are thrown into schemes of what is called protection you admit that the battle is going against you, and you are practically beaten. You must meet competition by superior competition. You must meet merit by superior merit. That has been the maxim of British greatness and development up to the present time, and the new method of meeting it by strategy and by surrender and by barricades sees to me practically an admission that the time has come for the decadence of Great Britain. I do not think Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are practicable, and this absolves me from the necessity of going elaborately into them. But if I did do so, I should apply the same reasoning practically."

THE TRUE IDEAL.

Here, then, is the other ideal, and it must be admitted that it is an ideal more in consonance with the economic principles which have made England what she is—the pride of her colonies and the envy of her foreign rivals. Canada has made the first advance out of gratitude, and because she knows that in doing the handsome thing she is advancing her own trade interests. Buying more from England, England will buy more from her. Should her example be followed by the other colonies there will, say these Imperial free traders, be no need to talk of Zollvereins or lose the vantage ground which free trade has given England among the nations, and through England the colonies, with whom her ties are so intimate. That is the colonial free trade point of view, as seen by Mr. Laurier and Mr. Reid, and it is well that it should be made as clear as the protectionist view has been. The issue is a plain and a momentous one, and upon its decision the future of the Empire hangs.

LONDON GRAPHIC'S SKETCH OF THE BANQUET TO COLONIAL PREMIERS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

London Daily Graphic: Our illustration of the banquet to the Colonial Premiers on Friday night, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, gives portraits of the principal speakers on that memorable occasion. Perhaps the most important of the addresses which were delivered was that of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada. Referring to the Colonies as the absorbing topic of the day in the minds of thinking men, he said that, to the suggestion that Canada might some day be a nation of itself, his answer was, simply, Canada is a nation. Canada was free, and freedom was its nationality. Though it acknowledged the suzerainty of a sovereign, he was there to say that independence would give them no more rights than they had already. Sir G. H. Reid, in his speech, said that in Australia they were inclined to be Radical, but at present they were under very good guidance in London. (Cheers and laughter.) They were not afraid of political experiments and changes, but he was glad to say they maintained their attachment to the Empire with increasing steadiness. Sir George Turner said that the Colonies had inherited freedom from their ancestors, and intended to hand it down to posterity. Many gifts had been brought to Her Most Gracious Majesty during the Jubilee year, but they hoped to bring from their distant dominion before the end of Jubilee year a present to her and to the British nation of a "United Australia."

VOTING IN MAGDALEN.

Election for the Provincial House Taking Place To Day—How it Stood in '96.

Mint Cove, Magdalen Islands, July 3.—(Special.)—The election to fill the vacancy in the Provincial House is taking place to-day. The candidates are Mr. Charles Marcil, of Montreal, who has the endorsation of the Quebec Government, and Dr. Patrick Delaney, Independent Liberal. The weather is fine and the voting brisk. It is thought likely that Mr. Marcil will win, although Dr. Delaney should poll a good vote. Being the only physician on the Island, he is known by everybody. At the general election, on June 23rd, 1896, the vote stood as follows:

	Ennis (Con.)	Lemieux (Lib.)
Amherst	58	36
Amherst Basin	69	69
Entry Island	5	8
Etang du Nord	24	86
Etang Barachois	39	29
Etang Grindstone	46	31
Dune du Sud	22	50
Grand Entry	7	20
Grosse Isle	7	7
House Harbor	14	73
	291	409
		291
Majority for Lemieux		118

FARNHAM EXAMINATIONS.

Farnham, July 3.—(Special.)—A meeting of the Catholic Board of Examiners was held here on Tuesday, June 29th, in the study hall of the College, at which the following ladies passed their examinations and were awarded diplomas qualifying them as teachers:

French and English Model Diploma—Miss Nellida Voisard, with great distinction; Misses Rose Dupuis, Ida Bessette, Celina Giasson, Catherine Leblanc, with distinction.

French Model and English elementary diploma—Misses Regina Robert, Victorine Lebeau, Corine Monty, Anna Carreau, Aldarie Brosseau, with distinction; Misses Henricia Messier, Emma Cormier, Fedora Dasignon, Doloree Trepannier, in a satisfactory manner.

French and English elementary diploma—Misses Laura Murphy, Anne Brault, Flore Lapointe, M. Denis Cabana, Annie McCarthy, with distinction; Miss Annie Donnelly, in a satisfactory manner.

AN ILLICIT STILL.

An illicit still has been seized in the West End, and people who would never have been suspected of trying to defraud the government may be arrested at any moment. At a late hour on Wednesday night Officer Brabant of the Revenue Police, and Detective Cinq Mars found part of the still under a shed on Seigneurs street, and later on the rest of it was discovered in Leroux lane, off St. Martin street. Two barrels of molasses and other ingredients were also seized. Information was lodged yesterday against three persons who are implicated in the affair, as well as against some people who gave false information to the officers while they were working up the case.

LANCASTER LIBERALS.

The Annual Election of Officers Takes Place—Club in a Satisfactory Condition.

Lancaster, Ont., July 2.—The annual meeting of the Lancaster Young Liberal Club was held on Thursday evening. Besides ordinary routine business being transacted, the election of officers took place. This part of the proceedings were of special interest, owing to the fact that considerable work needs to be done preparatory to the holding of the Provincial elections. The club elected the following officers:

Honorary President—D. M. Macpherson, M.P.P.

President—S. Macpherson.

Vice-President—H. Collins.

Secretary—T. J. Wilkinson.

Treasurer—John Sutherland.

Executive Committee—A. S. McBean, Andrew McBain, J. Burns McLennan, John F. McLennan, and J. K. McLennan.

The club is financially and otherwise in a satisfactory condition. The club will give a complimentary moonlight excursion to the lady friends of the members of the club and visiting members of the Alexandria and Martintown Clubs. This will take place on July 8th.

For Sick Women

Has your doctor failed to cure you? I am an experienced woman's nurse, and I have A Home Treatment for your weakness which will not fail. I will forward full private advice and description FREE upon receiving your address with stamp. I wish to reach those women only who require assistance, hence I adopt this method, as I can explain fully by letter the action of my remedies.

Mrs. E. Woods, 578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

DEATH-STRICKEN SHIP.

"City of Para" Had Yellow Fever on Board.

Three-Fourths of the Passengers Were Attacked and Many of Them Died.

New York, July 3.—Passengers who arrived here last night on the steamship Alliance, tells a harrowing story of their experience aboard the Pacific Mail steamer City of Para, which left Panama for San Francisco on May 28. It seems that two days after clearing the Isthmus, yellow fever broke out among the crew and passengers of the big Pacific liner which caused a panic on board and resulted in the death of the commander of the vessel, Captain Martensen. Three-fourths of the passengers, it is said, were attacked by the dread contagion and at least a dozen of them died and were buried in the Pacific Ocean. When the vessel finally reached San Francisco the facts of the terrible voyage were suppressed and the sickness and deaths were attributed to tropical dysentery. But the passengers who came here say there was no mistaking the symptoms, which were plainly those of yellow fever. The steamer touched at San Salvador and a band bound for San Jose de Customela came on board. The band, while passengers were sick and dying, gave five-hour concerts each day.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN SUICIDES.

Fort William, Ont., July 3.—The young Englishman, W. H. Lapthorn, who attempted suicide at the Windsor Hotel last Wednesday night by hanging, threw himself into the Kamistiquia off the coal dock at West Fort William about nine o'clock last night and was drowned. Lapthorn arrived here last Saturday by boat, and appeared to be quite right in his mind, but evidently something bothering him. He said he came from Birmingham, England, and had only been in the country a few weeks.

THE HERALD MENU

MONDAY—JULY 5th.

BREAKFAST.

Blackberries with sugar and cream.
Baked eggs.
Breakfast biscuit and coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Cold corned beef sliced thin.
Thin bread and butter.
Red raspberries and cream cookies.

DINNER.

Fried chicken.
Flaked potatoes. Deviled tomatoes.
Green apple pie. Cheese.
Coffee.

Breakfast Biscuit—One pint of flour, one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder; sift the flour and baking powder together three times; one tablespoonful of lard rubbed thoroughly in the flour, one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Mix as soft as possible to handle with cold water; roll and cut into biscuit and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Fried Chicken—Take a spring chicken, dress and cut up as for pot pie. Steam for one-half hour, as this makes it more juicy and more evenly done; then fry in butter and lard mixed, a pale brown; sprinkle with one-half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper while frying.

Flaked Potatoes—Get potatoes as perfect as possible; boil in their skins in salt water for one and one-half hours; drain dry and peel; rub through a coarse sieve onto a hot dish before the fire. Do not touch them after this or the flakes will flatten out. Serve hot.

Deviled Tomatoes—Two or three large, firm tomatoes, not over ripe; cut them into slices half an inch thick and lay on a sieve. Make a dressing of one tablespoonful of butter and one of vinegar rubbed smooth with the yolk of one hard-boiled egg; add a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard and a fourth of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper; beat until smooth and heat to a boil. Take from the fire and pour upon a well-beaten egg, whipping to a smooth cream. Put the vessel containing this dressing in hot water while the tomatoes are being thoroughly broiled over a clear fire. Put the tomatoes on a hot dish and pour the dressing over them. Cooked in this way they are very nice with chicken.

Apple Pie—Crust: For one pie take two large handfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, a piece of lard the size of a turkey's egg, rub into the flour until smooth; mix with just enough cold water to roll. Filling: Take four or five large tart apples, pare, quarter and slice thin. Line the pie plate with the crust, place the sliced apples on the crust and season with three-fourths cup of sugar, a piece of butter size of walnut, a half a saltspoon of salt and a fourth of a grated nutmeg. Wet the edges of the under crust, place the upper crust over the apples and press very closely around the edge; prick the upper crust with a fork to keep from blistering. Bake slowly for half an hour.

Cream Cookies—One and two-thirds cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, three cups of flour. Do not roll too thin.

$80 $80
$85 CLEAR and PERFECT TITLES. $85
$90 High and dry Grounds; Churches and Schools; Wide Streets; $90
Trees and Sidewalks. $95 Liberal Terms; Easy Access, Etc. $95 Two Tramways.
$100
Or more according to Locality,
WILL BUY A FINE LOT AT
Amherst Park.
ONLY A FEW LEFT.
Secure One Before They Are all Sold.
Take the St. Denis and St. Henry Cars to the grounds, where our special selling agents will be daily to receive visitors. Further information can be had from the undersigned, at Head Office,
145 ST. JAMES STREET.
SAND FOR SALE. TELEPHONE 2618.
C. C. E. ROUTHILLIER, Sec.-Treas.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

NOTICE—During the months of July and August, our store will close at 1 p.m. Saturdays.

Novelties in Capes.
NEW SHAWL CAPES, in Fancy Tartan.
GOLF CAPES, in Fancy Tweed, from $3.50.
CHILDREN'S NAVY BLUE REEFERS, for seaside wear.

Ladies' Bathing Costumes,
In Black Lustre, Navy Serge, and Grey Flannel.
A Nice Bathing Suit, from $3.00.

Ladies' Bicycle Costumes.
In Linen Crash, from $5.00.
In Fancy Tweed, from $6.00.
A large selection to choose from.

Travelling Shawls.
In Great Variety!
GOOD ALL WOOL SHAWL RUGS, from $3.00.

Parasols.
In all the Leading Colors!
BLACK SATIN PARASOLS, from $1.75.
CREAM DURABLE SILK PARASOLS, from $1.45.
RED DURABLE SILK PARASOLS, from $1.00.
SHOT SILK PARASOLS, from $1.85.

Straw Hats.
A well assorted stock! Large variety of styles and colors at popular prices!
BOYS' HATS, to clear at 12½c.
LADIES' BLACK SAILOR HATS, at 20c.
MEN'S STRAW HATS, at 40c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
2343 St. Catherine St., Corner of Metcalfe St.
Terms Cash. Telephone 3833.

New Prices
. . . on . .
COLUMBIA BICYCLES
1897 Columbias. Reduced to $90.
THE BEST BICYCLES MADE.
1896 Columbias. Reduced to $75.00.
SECOND ONLY TO 1897 MODEL.
HARTFORDS
1897 equal to most $100.00 Bicycles, $65.00.
Record Bicycles, $65 and $50.
Belmont Ladies' $45

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices. What are they now?
W. H. FLIGG,
1740 Notre Dame St.

Pretty Teeth

are essential to the beauty of every woman. Bad teeth would make Venus herself homely. I can make you a beautiful set of teeth or make your teeth beautiful, whichever is necessary. Years of experience, improved methods, and the constant care and attention devoted to all branches of scientific dentistry, enable me to do the best work. Particular attention given to the restoration of facial expression and the removal of lines caused by extraction and the continued use of imperfectly constructed artificial teeth.

J. BARKER VOSBURGH,
Dental Surgeon,
2416 St. Catherine St. Tel. 3085.
(A few doors west of Peel Street.)

NEW POULTRY FOOD.

Green Cut Bones. One price, 20 lbs. for 50c. M. HEINRICHON, dealer in grain, 3643 Notre Dame Street., St. Henri, P.O. Box 22.

FIGURE IT OUT . . .
American Machines $120.00
Empire 55.00
A SAVING of $65.00
BY PURCHASING AN
EMPIRE TYPEWRITER
Superior in many features.
Simplicity, Durability,
Visible Writing, Strength.
Universal Keyboard
MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY
The Williams Man'f'g Co. Ltd.
SEND FOR . . . TESTIMONIALS. Montreal, P.Q.
—FOR SALE BY—
The Bishop Engraving and Printing Co., 169 St. James St. Mrs Bullock, (Shorthand Institute), 97a Temple Bld'g, 181 St. James St., and R. W. Kerr, 2230 St. Catherine St.

ASK YOUR DENTIST WHOSE
CARBOLIC TOOTH WASH
you should use for Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth and he will tell you
COVERNTON'S,
which is the ORIGINAL and BEST in the market. For sale by all druggists.
—PREPARED BY—
C. J. COVERNTON & CO.,
Cor. of Bleury and Dorchester Sts.

THE WHEEL EXPERTS.

Record Breakers Hard at Work at Chatham.

THE RESULTS YESTERDAY.

Montreal Bicycle Boys Win at Granby.

Echoes of Dominion Day Celebrations—General Sporting News.

Chatham, Ont., July 2.—The second day of the big C.W.A. meet, in progress here, was even more successful that was the first. Meet weather, only at rifle too hot, is prevailing, and everything is going along with the smoothness and precision of machinery. The officials are unanimous in the opinion that the meet is the most successful in the history of the association. The riders and fun-makers are enjoying themselves and are giving Chatham the hottest time she ever experienced. The festivities have not ceased to flow since Wednesday evening. During Thursday night scores of those who are here for sport paraded the streets with bands, songs, etc., and built immense bonfires that kept the fire department on the alert all night long. At 11 o'clock to-day the ever-popular cooks' parade was held and a merry troupe it was that joined. The costumes were ludicrous in the extreme and created a great deal of fun. The crowds favored the Athenaeums, of Toronto, but the judges awarded the prize to the Wanderers. The races at the track this afternoon were witnessed by over 4,500 people, who heartily applauded the record-breaking riders. In the five-mile professional the race was made in 10.54 4-5, a slice of almost a minute off the record. Tucker and Boake and Brown and Tolton pulled the riders along at a terrific speed. Harley Davidson did not maintain his record of yesterday, being beaten twice in hot finishes by T. B. McCarthy, and in the 5-mile race he did not get a place. For fouling in the preliminaries of the half amateur J. Graves was suspended for twenty days. C. W. Richardson, who was fouled by Graves, took the latter to task for it in the dressing rooms after the race and struck him. For this Richardson was suspended for ten days. There were no accidents during the day. The track was in prime condition and to this is largely due the fast time made by the riders. To-morrow at 9 a.m. the century road race, with a large number of entries, will start. To-morrow, Riddle, of Winnipeg; Moore, of Toronto, and Axton, of Brantford, will ride a series of races to decide who gets the trip to Scotland, given by the C.W.A. to the best amateur.

Half-mile, open, professional—T. B. McCarthy, 1; H. Davidson, 2; R. O. Blayney, 3. Time, 1.02 3-5.

One mile, handicap, amateur—R. Gardiner, Toronto, 50 yards, 1; A. D. Bain, Winnipeg, 50 yards, 2; J. H. Barnett, Toronto, 40 yards, 3; J. Branston, Winnipeg, 40 yards, 4. Time, 2.34 4-5.

Mile, open, professional—T. B. McCarthy, 1; H. Davidson, 2; Angus McLeod, 3. Time, 2.03 3-5.

Half-mile, open, amateur—C. W. Richardson, Toronto, 1; W. H. Verney, London, 2; F. J. Graves, Toronto, 3. Time, 1.05.

One mile, 2.30, professional—F. Westbrook, Brantford, 1; P. J. McIntyre, Cleveland, 2; H. Tolton, Galt, 3. Time, 2.13 1-5.

One mile, championship, amateur—R. E. Axton, Brantford, 1; F. A. Moore, Toronto, 2; F. J. Graves, Toronto, 3. Time, 2.04 4-5.

Five mile championship, professional—Argus McLeod, 1; Chris Greatrix, 2; T. B. McCarthy, 3. Time, 10.54 4-5.

Three mile team race, W. G. and R. trophy—Won by Wanderers, of Montreal, Couissirat, Tuft and Robertson. Time, 7.37 4-5.

MONTREALERS AT GRANBY.

On Dominion Day at Granby there was a programme of a baseball match between Granby and St. Johns, foot races, jugglers, and five bicycle races. Following are the results of the bicycle races :—

One Mile, Open.

First heat—
H. Cooke, M.B.C. 1
W. Black M.B.C. 2
W. Eaves, M.B.C. 3
Second heat—
H. Cooke, M.B.C. 1
A. McKillop, M.B.C. 2
McKenna, M.B.C. 3
Final—
H. Cooke, M.B.C. 1
McKenna, M.B.C. 2

Time—2.36 1-5.

One-third Mile, Open.

First heat—
Geo. Briggs, M.B.C. 1
W. Eaves, M.B.C. 2
McKenna, M.B.C. 3
Second heat—
Geo. Briggs, M.B.C. 1
H. Cooke, M.B.C. 2
McKenna, M.B.C. 3
Final—
W. Eaves, M.B.C. 1
H. Cooke, M.B.C. 2

Time—0.48 2-5.

One Mile Tandem.

Black and McKenna, M.B.C. 1
McKillop and Briggs, M.B.C. 2
Granby team. 3

One-third Mile Obstacle.

H. Cooke, M.B.C. 1
W. Eaves, M.B.C. 2
McKenna. 3

Track record, 2.24 1-5, made August 19th, 1896, by Jas. Drury, M.B.C., was lowered to 2.21 2-5, by A. McKillop, M. B. C., paced by Eaves and Briggs and Black and McKenna on tandems.

Granby holds the district race meet on August 18th and 19th.

LE MONTAGNARD CLUB.

The fixtures for next week are as follows: Monday night at 8½ p.m. sharp Blue Bonnets; Wednesday night, at 8½ p.m. sharp, around the two mountains; Saturday at 3 p.m. sharp St. Laurent, leaves starting place 1709 St. Catherine Street. As the St. Johns trip was decided to be the beginning for the competition of the cup offered by the Warwick Cycle Co., it was decided to postpone it to Monday night's turn out. All members deciding to take part in the above competition must start from the starting place and return to it, where the captain will check the distance done.

THE VICS CLUB RUN.

Riders belonging to the above club should not forget to ride to St. Johns this afternoon. The armory will be left at 2.30 for the Longeuil ferry. Any member wishing can take the 4.45 train to Chambly, meet the club there, and then proceed to St. Johns. The return trip will be made on Sunday.

ROWING AND SAILING.

CHAMPION DEFEATS HACKETT.

Winnipeg, July 2.—In a single scull race at Rat Portage yesterday between Jake Gaudaur and Hackett, the former won easily.

CORNELL ALL THE WAY.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y., July 2.—The last of the triangular college races on the Hudson was rowed this evening, and again Cornell is a winner. The race to-day was the most disappointing of the four, proving a hollow victory for the Cornellians. The crews were Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania. There were eight seniors in each boat, and the course was four miles. The water was rough, and Pennsylvania gave up the race at the second mile, being partly swamped. Columbia rowed a plucky race, but was no match for the Cornell boys, who romped home a winner by a dozen lengths in 20 minutes 47 4-5 seconds. Columbia's time was 21 minutes 20 2-5 seconds.

BASEBALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Buffalo, July 2.—Following are the results of to-day's games in the National League :

	R.	H.	E.
At Louisville—			
Louisville .. ..000010021—	4	12	1
Cincinnati .. ..001000000—	1	4	2
Batteries—Evans and Wilson; Rhines and Peitz.			
At New York—New York-Boston game postponed on account of rain.			
At Baltimore—			
Baltimore .. ..00000105x—	6	8	2
Washington .. ..000031000—	4	8	1
Batteries—Nops and Bowerman; King and Farrell.			
At Philadelphia — Brooklyn-Philadelphia game postponed; rain.			
At Chicago—			
Chicago .. ..0000502x—	7	9	1
Pittsburg .. ..003100000—	4	10	3
Batteries—Friend and Kittridge; Hawley and Merritt.			
At Cleveland—			
Cleveland .. ..411210130—13	18	2	
St. Louis .. ..000010000—	1	8	2
Batteries—Young and Zimmer; Hart, Coleman and Murphy.			

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Boston	41	14	.745
Baltimore	38	17	.690
Cincinnati	34	18	.653
New York	33	21	.611
Cleveland	29	27	.517
Philadelphia	28	30	.482
Pittsburg	26	29	.472
Brooklyn	26	29	.472
Washington	22	33	.400
Louisville	22	33	.400
Chicago	22	35	.385
St. Louis	11	.46	.192

TO-DAY'S GAMES.

Boston in New York; Brooklyn in Philadelphia; Pittsburg in Chicago; Cincinnati in Louisville; St. Louis in Cleveland.

EASTERN LEAGUE GAMES.

Buffalo, July 2.—Following are the results of the games played in the Eastern League to-day :

	R.	H.	E.
At Syracuse—			
Syracuse .. ..00040010x—	5	10	0
Rochester .. ..000000012—	3	6	3
Batteries—Malarkey and Shaw; McFarlan and Frary.			
At Toronto—			
Buffalo .. ..110000000—	2	3	2
Toronto .. ..10002300—	6	12	3
Batteries—Brown and Zahner; Williams and Casey.			
At Providence—			
Providence .. ..102320020—10	10	2	
Wilkesbarre .. ..000000000—	0	6	4
Batteries—Hodson and Dixon; Odwell and Diggins.			
At Springfield—			
Scranton .. ..3000000111—	6	9	11
Springfield .. ..1010001200—	5	8	7
Batteries—Meaney and Gunson; Mains and Duncan.			

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Buffalo	35	19	.648
Syracuse	33	19	.632
Springfield	27	25	.519
Toronto	28	26	.518
Scranton	25	24	.510
Providence	26	27	.490
Rochester	19	33	.365
Wilkesbarre	15	35	.320

LACROSSE.

ST. GABRIEL'S II.

The Second St. Gabriel's Lacrosse Club is the name of the latest addition to Point sporting organizations. This club was organized last Thursday evening with quite a large charter membership. The officers have been elected as follows: President, E. Lyons; 1st vice-president, T. Pennycade; 2nd vice-president, L. Rennie; secretary-treasurer, A. Johnson; committee, P. Flood, R. Daley, T. Sullivan, J. Hennessey, W. Quartz. Captain Lyons with a picked team of the new club will play a friendly game with the St. Rose Lacrosse Club this afternoon.

OLD ST. GABRIEL'S VS. OLIERS.

The old St. Gabriel's Lacrosse Club will play the Oliers this afternoon on the former's grounds, Grand Trunk Street. The St. Gabriels will be represented by the following: J. Hogan, goal; J. Warren, J. McIlwaine, H. Parker, J. Allen, J. Rowan, J. Harding, D. McGrath, M. Donnelley, M. Riley, J. Saunders, P. Flaherty and E. Buckley.

TWO MOMINION DAY GAMES.

Cornwall, Ont., July 3.—Dominion Day lacrosse matches were plentiful in this part of the country this year. The hottest kind of a contest took place in Lancaster between the Glengarrians and the Huntingdon team. The Glens just managed to win out by the close score of 6 to 5, the match was fast and the checking of both teams close and fast.

In Malone, N.Y., the Victorias of this town played an exhibition game with the St. Regis Indian team before an enthusiastic crowd of five thousand people. The Americans right across the border are evidently deeply in love with our national game. The match was a good hard game which the Indians won by speed and endurance. The score was 2 to 1. The Victorias complain of the decision of one of the umpires who appeared never to see a game except when the ball struck him. The Victorias who are a fast intermediate combination are endeavoring to arrange matches with outside teams and would like to hear from some of the crack Montreal teams.

CRICKET.

ENGLAND BEAT CANADA.

Sherbrooke, July 2.—(Special.)—In ideal cricket weather a match was played at Sherbrooke, on Dominion Day, between teams representing England and Canada, chosen from all the Eastern Townships. Although England won, the game was not so one-sided as the score shows, and it was probably owing to the magnificent innings of Bellin-Carter, who compiled 113 with only one chance at 97, that they did win. His bowling, too, was almost unplayable, until he tired. In the first over he did the hat trick, clean bowling three wickets in succession. Lawrie also made a good stand and his 38 were put together in fine style. For the Canadians Thompson, Hanson and Sparling reached double figures, and Palmer's bowling was very difficult at first.

England went first to bat and sent in Bellin-Carter and Lawrie. They seemed to collar the bowling and batted freely, knocking up 50 before Lawrie was clean bowled by Palmer for a well-played 38. Boyes joined Carter, but was caught after hitting a four. Kemp and Pilkington were both bowled by Palmer in the next over for 0. Jones played a good innings and remained 20 minutes, with Carter for only two, when he was bowled by Sparling. Shelton hit a four and a three and was caught off Sparling, Terry was run out for a brilliant 14, and Ackland for 13, then Senkler made 21 in good form. Carter meantime was hitting freely and hard and runs were coming apace. Fuller was last man in. Carter gave a chance in the long field but it was very high and would have been a splendid catch if it came off. However, Fuller was bowled shortly afterwards for 8 and Carter carried his bat out for 113, the best innings seen on these grounds. The innings closed for 223. The Canadians sent in Palmer and Pope to face Carter's bowling. Palmer was bowled first ball, and Pope's wicket fell in the same manner. Boyd and Barton were also disposed of in the same over, Barton being run out for 1. Sparling made 19 after good cricket and Thompson made 10. Hanson was bowled after a well played 11. Pearsall made a lucky four and the tail-enders compiled 20 between them, Biddle being not out for 7, and the innings closed for 72.

Following is the score:

England—First Innings.

Bellin-Carter, not out.. 113	
Lawrie, bowled Palmer 38	
Boyes, c and b Palmer.. 4	
Kemp, b Palmer.. 0	
Pilkington, b Palmer 0	
Jones, b Sparling 2	
Shelton, c Palmer, b Sparling 7	
Terry, run out 14	
Ackland, c Thompson, b Sparling 13	
Senkler, run out 21	
Fuller, b Hillsden.. 8	
Extras 3	
	223

Canada—First Innings.

Palmer, b Bellin-Carter 0	
Pope b Bellin-Carter.. 0	
Boyd, b Bellin-Carter.. 0	
Barton, run out 1	
Sparling, b Bellin-Carter 19	
Thompson, b Shelton.. 10	
Hanson, b Shelton 11	
Pearsall, b Boyes 4	
Hillsden, b Shelton.. 9	
Harrington, b Boyes.. 7	
Biddle, not out 4	
Extras 7	
	72

ANALYSIS.

Canada—First Innings.

	Balls	Maidens	Runs	Wick'ts
Bellin-Carter ..	20	3	2	4
Shelton	50	2	38	3
Boyes	30	1	25	2
England—First Innings.				
Palmer..	90	3	158	4
Sparling	70	1	50	3
Hillsden	10	0	12	1

PHILADELPHIA VS. HAMPSHIRE.

Bournemouth, Eng., July 2.—The cricket match between the gentlemen of Philadelphia and an eleven of Hampshire, which began yesterday was continued to-day. The Hampshire players were all out in their first innings for 281 runs.

At the close of play to-day, the Philadelphians, in their inning, had scored 97 runs for five wickets down.

MONTREAL VS. McGILL.

The following eleven will represent the Montreal Cricket Club in their match to be played on Saturday afternoon on the McGill grounds: J. J. Boyes, A. Browning, W. H. Burns, C. J. Crookall, Le B. M. Drury, W. Duckit, W. R. Gilbert, A. Hodgson, H. A. Jones, F. N. Southam and J. H. Watters.

KNOWLTON WAS BEATEN.

Knowlton, July 2.—(Special).—The Knowlton Cricket Club was defeated by the Sweetsburg-Cowansville C.C., here on Dominion Day. The score was 71 to 81. Play was from 9.30 a.m to 1.30 p.m. Dr. Pickel, Guy Boright and J Sears were bowlers for the visitors and Mills, Lynch and Graham filled that position for the home team. The largest score was made by Dr. Pickel who got 15 in each innings. Lynch for Knowlton got 10 in the 1st and 11 in the second.

QUOITING,

PAQUETTE DEFEATS McHUGH.

The challenge quoiting match, which was arranged for last Saturday between Mr. T. Paquette, of the Montreal Club, and Mr. J. McHugh, of the St. Gabriel Club, came off yesterday afternoon on the St. Lawrence Club grounds, Shaw Street. The match commenced at 5 o'clock, and was continued till after 7 o'clock. The following is the score throughout :—

Paquette.	McHugh.		Paquette.	McHugh
1	1	0	37	1 0
2	0	1	38	2 0
3	0	2	39	2 0
4	1	0	40	1—36 0—18
5	1	0	41	0 1
6	2	0	42	0 1
7	2	0	43	1 0
8	2	0	44	1 0
9	0	2	45	0 1
10	0—9	1—6	46	1 0
11	1	0	47	2 0
12	1	0	48	1 0
13	1	0	49	0 1
14	2	0	50	0—42 2—24
15	0	1	51	2 0
16	1	0	52	1 0
17	1	0	53	0 2
18	2	0	54	2 0
19	0	1	55	0 1
20	1—19	0—8	56	1 0
21	1	0	57	2 0
22	1	0	58	0 1
23	1	0	59	0 1
24	2	0	60	0—50 1—30
25	2	0	61	0 2
26	1	0	62	0 1
27	0	1	63	2 0
28	0	1	64	1 0
29	0	1	65	0 2
30	0—27	1—12	66	0 1
31	1	0	67	1 0
32	2	0	68	2 0
33	0	2	69	2 0
34	0	2	70	2 0
35	0	1	71	1—61 0—36
36	0	1		

At the 71st pitch, Mr. Paquette was declared the winner of the match, and he was got hold of and given a hearty bounce, amidst great cheering by his friends present.

Mr. McHugh, though beaten so badly is anxious to meet Mr. Paquette again and has offered to stake $10 a side on the result

TURF AND TRACK.

A LORILLARD-BERESFORD WIN.

London, July 3.—At the fourth day's racing of the Newmarket 1st July meeting to-day the Lorillard-Beresford stables 5-year-old gelding Dolabra, by Emperor, out of Dolinka, won an all-aged selling plate of 103 sovereigns. Mr. J. B. Keene's three-year-old bay colt St. Cloud II. won the Water Beach welter handicap plate.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY ENTRIES.

New York, July 3.—Sheepshead Bay entries for to-day's races:

First race, 5 furlongs—Harry Reed, Volter, 126; First Mate, 124; Nick, 120; Cleophus, 116; Yemen, 114; Hanwell, 111; Zanone, 110; Sunny Slope, 109; Regulator, 107; Eton Jacket, 99; Detective, 98; Loch Ness, Lambent, Chum, 96; Sensational, 88.

Second race, selling, 1 mile—Doggett, Tom Cromwell, 108; Cromwell, 106; Salvable, 103; Rondo, 101; Alvarado II., Wolhurst, Counsellor Howe, 98; Braw Lad, 91.

Third race, the June stakes, futurity course—Blarney Stone, 117; Mirthful, The Huguenot, Laudemann, 115.

Fourth race, one mile and a furlong—Don De Oro, 126; Octagon, 123; On Deck, 118; Elkins, 113; Regulator, 104; Bastion, 100; Loch Ness, 98; X Ray, 90.

Fifth race, six furlongs—Hand Press, Junior, 108; Fay, Ida, 106; The Dipper, 104; Intrinsic, Widower, Nosey, 102; Lucida, Gen. Maceo, 97.

Sixth race, free handicap hurdle race, 1¾ miles, over seven hurdles, on turf—McKee, 166; Flushing, 156; Forget, 147; Waltzer, 134; Tuxedo, 130.

RACING AT SHERBROOKE.

Sherbrooke, July 2.—The following are particulars of the two trotting events on the Exhibition Grounds Track yesterday:

2.28 Class.

R. H. P. (H. H. Ingram).... 1	1	1
Wager (Herb. Ingram).. 2	4	2
Blacksmith Boy (J. Boast).. 3	2	3
Commissary (R. H. Pope).. 4	3	4

Time—2.31½, 2.32¾, 2.29¾.

Named race.

Lucy P. (R. H. Pope).. 1	1	1
Sleepy Tom (C. L. MacDougall)....2	2	3
Gold Bar (A. Ingram).... 3	3	2
Lottie P. (H. H. Ingram).. 4	dr.	

Time—2.35, 2.37, 2.38.

ST. THOMAS RACES.

St. Thomas, Ont., July 2.—The closing of the St. Thomas Turf Club's summer race meet attracted a crowd of about 700. The sport was rather tame. Proctor had no trouble in winning the free-for-all, and Little Chief had things easy in the 2.29 pace. Nancy Grey, a rank outsider, won the 2.24 trot and 2.27 pace.

First race, 2.29 pace, $350—

Little Chief, Ottawa.. 1	1	1
Holland Boy, Toronto.. 2	2	5
Bonnie Pacer.. 6	4	2
Robert H., London.. 5	5	3
Sister Ethel, Stoney Creek.. 4	6	4
Shadeland, Duval, Delhi.. 3	3	ds.
Walter Wilkes, Kenyon.. .. ..ds.		

Time—2.21½, 2.23½, 2.21½.

Second race, free-for-all, purse $350—

Proctor, Toronto.. 1	1	1
Robert Russell, Brantford.. 2	4	3
Blinky Morgan, Cedar Springs.....4	3	2
Gold Ring, Aylmer.. 3	2	4
Jack Jewett, Kenyon.. 5	ds.	

Time—2.18½, 2.17, 2.20½.

Third race, 2.24 trot and 2.27 pace, purse $350—

Nancy Grey, Otterville....7	7	4	1	1	1	
Tom H., Cedar Springs....1	3	0	7	6	4	
Little Tex, West Lorne....2	1	6	4	7	3	
Big Fanny, Winona.. 3	2	0	5	3	2	
Nel C., Woodstock.. 6	6	3	2	2	r.o	
Roady, Chatham. 5	4	2	3	5	r.o	
Opera Bouffe, Stoney Creek.. 4	5	5	6	4	r.o	

Time—2.26¼, 2.24½, 2.24½, 2.27½.

MR. SEAGRAM BUYS YEARLINGS.

At a sale at Sheepshead Bay, N.Y., this week of thoroughbred yearlings from Mr. L. O. Appleby's Silver Brook farm, New Jersey, excellent prices were obtained, a total of twenty-four head bringing $14,875, an average of $619.79 each. The brother of Henry of Navarre, the chestnut colt by Knight of Ellerslie—Moss Rose, was purchased by J. S. Curtis, the South African millionaire, for $2,600, a rather low figure. Mr. J. E. Seagram, M.P., of Waterloo, Ont., purchased a number of the promising youngsters, which should greatly add to the prestige of the successful Canadian horseman's stable in a year or two. The following is a list of Mr. Seagram's purchases:

B c, by Knigh of Ellerslie—Favora..$1,300	
Gr f, by Knight of Ellerslie—Diadem 625	
B c, by Knight of Ellerslie—Clemency 525	
Ch c, by Knight of Ellerslie—Florence Bell.. 325	
Ch c, by Knight of Ellerslie—Lizzie Pickwick.. 300	
Ch c, by Knight of Ellerslie—Fiona.. 250	
B f, by Knight of Ellerslie—Scotia.. 200	
Ch c, by Tristan—Pensacola.. 100	

SALE OF LEIGH YEARLINGS.

Chicago, July 2.—Twenty-one Leigh yearlings at Sheffield sold for $9,315. The sales of those which brought $400 or more were: B c, by Kingston—Boabdella, M. F. Dwyer, $1,000; b.c., by Kingston—Lady Ballard, M. F. Dwyer, $1,600; br c, by Kingston—Forethought, M. F. Dwyer, $700; b c, by Bramble—Sister Sue, G. B. Havill, $400; br c, by Fonso—Austerity, Louis E. Zell, $400; ch c, by Kingston—Bogota, M. F. Dwyer, $1,100, and b c, by Kingston—Ella Blackburn, M. F. Dwyer, $1,000.

CHESS.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Orillia, Ont., July 2.—The chess championship tournament was continued here to-day with the following results:

Fourth Round.

McCarthy 1, vs Punchard 0; irregular, 28 moves.

Snellgrove 1, vs. Jones 0; Bird, 20 moves.

McGee, 1, vs. Christie 0; Vienna, 17 moves.

Rev. G. Grant 0, vs. Mavor 1; queen's gambit declined, 27 moves.

Narraway 1, vs. Goldstein 0; Ponziani 53 moves.

Eddie 1, vs. Hay 0; Ruy Lopez, 33 moves.

Saunders 1, vs. C. E. Grant 0; Falkber counter gambit, 53 moves,

Dafoe ½, vs. Corbould ½; Sicilian, 58 moves.

Judd 1, vs. Boultbee 0; Q.P. gambit, 32 moves.

Stephenson ½, vs. Davies ½; Q.G. declined, 59 moves.

Jackson 1, vs. Jemmett 0; Falbier leader counter gambit, 55 moves.

Beynon ½, vs. McKinnon ½; Ruy Lopez, 63 moves.

Fifth Round.

Rev. G. Grant 0, vs. Goldstein 1; double Ruy Lopez, 31 moves.

Punchard 1, vs. Jemmett 0; Ruy Lopez, 46 moves.

Eddis 0, vs. Jackson 1; Ruy Lopez, 49 moves.

Boultbee 1, vs. Dafoe 0; Sicilian, 31 moves.

C. E. Grant 1, vs. Jones 0; Scotch gambit, 39 moves.

McGee 1, vs. McCarthy 0; Vienna, 35 moves.

Saunders 1, vs. Mavor 0; King's B gambit, 28 moves.

Judd 1, vs. Snellgrove 0; queen's gambit, declined, 45 moves.

Davies 0, vs. Narraway 1; Scotch gambit, 53 moves.

Christie ½, vs Hay ½; Scotch, 75 moves.

Stephenson ½, vs. McKinnon ½; Lukestart, 61 moves.

Corbould ½, vs. Beynon ½; Vienna, 61 moves.

The following is the score up to date:

	Games won.
Beynon, Brampton.. 3	
Boultbee, Toronto.. 3	
Christie, Orillia.. .. .. ½	
Corbould, Orillia.. 3	
Dafoe, Belleville.. 3	
Davies, Montreal.. .. .. 2½	
Eddis, Toronto 3	
Goldstein, Toronto 2	
C. E. Grant, Orillia.. 1	
Rev. Geo. Grant, Orillia.. .. .. .. 1½	
Hay, Barrie.. .. .. 1½	
Jackson, Orillia.. 4	
Jemmett, Prescott 2	
Jones, Belleville.. .. .. 1½	
Judd, Hamilton.. 4	
Pro. Mavor, Toronto.. .. .. 2½	
McCarthy, Prescott.. 1	
McGee, Brockville 3½	
McKinnon, Grimsby.. 3	
Narraway, Ottawa.. 5	
Punchard, Toronto.. .. .. 2½	
Saunders, Toronto 3½	
Snellgrove, Orillia,.. .. .. 1½	
Stephenson, Orillia 2	

LAWN TENNIS.

CRACK ENGLISH PLAYERS COMING.

London July 2.—As a result of the meeting yesterday, of the Lawn Tennis Association of London, when the association was compelled, for financial reasons, to decline the American challenge, four good players will visit America on their own responsibility. They will start on July 17, and include J. S. Mahoney, the former champion; W. V. Eavee, and the Doherty brothers. Of the latter, R. F. Doherty, of Cambridge, won the championship on Wednesday last, when he defeated Mahoney by 6—4; 6—4; 6—3.

MONTREAL VS. COTE ST. ANTOINE.

What should prove to be a very interesting tennis match will be played this afternoon on the finely kept courts at Westmount, between teams from the Montreal and Westmount Lawn Tennis clubs. Play will begin about three o'clock. The Montreal L.T.C. will be represented by Messrs. F. Rolland, J. Norris, A. F. C. Ross, H. Molson and W. C. Hodgson.

NOTES OF SPORT.

There was a meeting of the committee of the St. George Snowshoe Club held last night when Mr. Frank Nash was appointed secretary to replace Mr. Rudolf who will leave for Cleveland in a day or so. The members then formed a party and bade bon voyage to the president of the club, Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields, on board the State of California.

THE CANADA SAILS FROM BOSTON.

She Had a Very Heavy Passenger List.

Dominion Line Said to Have Two More Handsome Steamers in Course of Construction.

Boston, July 3.—Well-filled with passengers and a large general cargo the crack Dominion liner Canada, Captain James McAuley, sailed from this port to-day. She was beautifully decorated, half, it was said, in honor of Dominion Day, and the other half in honor of the "Glorious" fourth, which will be celebrated so loyally here. There were 285 saloon passengers, many of whom were Canadians; 210 second cabin and a large number of steerage passengers, It was learned here that the Dominion Line have two new steamers in the course of construction, one to be named "The Dominion", specially for the Boston trade, to be ready by the fall; the other, a handsome freight and passenger steamer, after the model of the Scotsman, now in the St. Lawrence trade, for Montreal service next season. These steamers will be equipped with every modern convenience for up-to-date steamship service and the Dominion Line deserve congratulation.

BICYCLE REGULATIONS.

The Town of Westmount Not by Any Means Too Strict.

Nearly Every Large City in Europe and America Has More Stringent Laws in Regard to Lighting of Lamps.

Many remarks have been heard amongst wheelmen this season regarding bicycling restrictions in Westmount. What right has a town to make a by-law demanding that bicyclists shall each carry a lamp when wheeling within the town's limits? is often asked. The answer is, that the town's charter permits the corporation to regulate such traffic. The actual clause of the charter was shown to a Herald representative yesterday.

If then, Westmount police were to be what, for want of a better word, is called "nasty" it is within their province to arrest every wheelman who enters the town without a lamp burning. Have they done so? No, indeed, the best of good judgment has been exercised by Chief Harrison and his staff. The amendments to the town's charter dated December, 1895, read as follows: "The corporation have the right to govern and regulate persons using bicycles and other vehicles not drawn by horses." By-law No. 65 of the town was drawn upon this basis. To illustrate how well-posted Westmount officials and council are, the Chief of Police, Mr. Harrison, pointed out in passing, many interesting points from the by-laws of almost every city on the continent, as well as of England, France and Germany. In a short quotation from a paper published in London, Eng., called the Police Review and Parade Gossip, dated 1894, the law read that between the hours of one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, every licensed vehicle must carry a lamp, and that these restrictions came under the British Highways Act governing the whole country.

In Philadelphia, Chief Harrison pointed out from the city by-laws in his possession, that it was a distinct offence to curve or cavort about on a wheel, or to ride with arms folded or feet off the pedals, such actions rendering the wheelman liable to arrest. All wheelmen must there, conform to the laws of licensed vehicles; they must carry a lamp at night; must turn to the left always, and in every case give pedestrians right of way. In Washington, Chicago, New York, Toronto, and all large cities, wheelmen were restricted more, even than in Westmount.

Then turning to the continent, the by-laws of Paris were read, showing that there, all licensed vehicles, including bicycles, must bear a plate with the name and address of the owner, and must carry a lamp which must be lighted at sundown. They are bound to moderate speed in busy thoroughfares and at certain crossings, under heavy penalty to dismount and lead their wheels through the crowds.

In Germany the laws are equally strict, and it is safe to say that Westmount is only up-to-date in protecting its citizens.

Chief Harrison's knowledge of police regulations and limitations in all parts of the world is invaluable, and the town is fortunate in possessing such an efficient head for its police department.

NEWS NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

Quebec, July 3.—(Special.)—There was a sharp frost last Thursday night in L'Ange Gardien, and some of the adjacent parishes.

The market boat Etoile yesterday brought in the body of an unknown man which had been picked up floating in the river opposite Lotbiniere. It was placed in the morgue and an inquest will be held.

Major-General Gascoigne arrived in town from Ottawa and subsequently in company with Col. Wilson, crossed over to Levis and inspected the troops in camp there. The volunteers afterwards struck tents and began the homeward march, their allotted time under canvas having expired.

The up I. C. R. train parted in two through the breaking of a coupling pin at St. Joseph Thursday evening and the front half went on racing through space, while the rear portion came to a standstill. Fortunately no one was hurt and the accident was quickly discovered and set right.

H.M.S. Talbot will leave here on Monday next for Halifax.

Are You Nervous?
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—By experienced laundress, family's washing, by week or dozen. Shirts and blouses a specialty. Apply 74 Plymouth Grove, head of Canning. 156

WANTED—By a smart, clean woman, with first-class references, cooking or laundry work, or any other kind of house work, by the day or week. Address No. 69 St. Antoine Street. 150

WANTED—By a respectable young girl, work by the day. Address 66½ St. Urbain Street. 150

WANTED—General servant for small family. Apply, with references, at 24 Lincoln Avenue, off Guy Street, after 6 p.m. 152

WANTED—By a respectable woman, work of any kind by the day, also washing and mending to do at her own house. Address Mrs. L., 815 Craig Street. 153

WANTED—By a respectable woman, work by the day or week. Apply 12 Vallee Street. 150

WANTED—By a respectable middle-aged person, a situation as general servant

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.. Government Municipal and Other First-Class Bonds.

Suitable for Trust Estates, Banks, Insurance Companies and Permanen. Investment, bought and sold by . .

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker
British Empire Building.
1724 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
First-class Investments always on hand.

THE PAST WEEK IN BUSINESS

Everything Considered Trade Has Been Fairly Good,

A NUMBER OF ADVANCES,

An Important Decline in the Leading Cheese Market.

Conditions Not Materially Altered up West—Some of the Week's Features.

The Week's Changes.

Advanced	Declined
Oats	Cheese
Peas	Wheat
Buckwheat	Stocks
Bran	
Shorts	
Butter	
Lambskins.	

CONSIDERING the fact that the week was broken by another holiday, business has been fairly good. The more favorable weather has tended to help matters to a large extent, and some merchants note a little more enquiry. In dry goods there has been no falling off in the volume of business, adn grocers continue to note a steady consumptive demand. Trade in paints and oils keeps good, and in most other lines there have been no very important developments.

One disappointing factor, however, is the cheese market. Prices continue to show a declining tendency, and even the drop up to date will mean a lot to the farmers and dairymen up west. Butter on the other hand is a little firmer if anything, and prices are perhaps ½c or so better than last week. In grain the feeling has been generally firm, with advances in oats, peas and buckwheat. Bran and shorts are each $1 a ton higher, and hay keeps about

The reports on the Manitoba wheat crop continue of an encouraging nature, and on the whole the outlook seems considerably brighter than some time ago.

Trade in Toronto.

Toronto, July 1.—There is practically no change in the trade situation here this week. The warmer weather has led to more inquiries from the country for seasonable lines of dry goods, and this demand is likely to increase in the near future. Some progress is being made in the business of fall goods, although trade in that line can scarcely be expected to show much activity for some time. The wool markets are less active, owing to the fact that shipments to the United States have ceased. Hides are in demand and firm. Leather is still firm, and it is expected the demand will soon improve, as the stocks in country dealers' hands are small. There is an export demand for some lines of leather. The stocks of hog products here are now very light, and prices are firm, especially for long clear bacon and smoked meats. The markets for dairy produce are quiet. Cheese is weaker. Some surplus receipts of butter here are going into cold storage. There has been a fair demand for general groceries. A large business is expected to be done in sugars soon, as the season for preserving is aproaching. Country remittances are fair. In the city, payments are a little slow. The local money market is steady at 6 to 7 per cent. for mercantile discounts and 4 to 4½ per cent. for call loans.

Big Fruit Sales.

One of the features of the fruit situation during the week was the sale of mixed oranges and lemons in New York. It was the largest ever held in that city. The offerings comprised one full cargo of fruit, that of the steamer Thomas Melville, and portions of the cargoes of the steamers Tampico and Scindia, and amounted, in the aggregate, to 27,500 packages of oranges and 20,000 packages of lemons, or a total of 47,500 packages. Of this all but about 4,000 packages were sold. Ordinarily but one cargo is sold at one time, the quantity varying from 15,000 packages upwards. The largest quantity of oranges and lemons ever sold before at one time in a mixed sale is said to have been about 39,000 packages.

The season in Mediterranean fruit this year has not as a whole been satisfactory. The cool weather which has prevailed until recently has been unfavorable, and, although importations have been somewhat lighter than last season, prices have nevertheless been generally low. Within the past two weeks, however, there has been a material improvement in prices, which is generally attributed to the warmer weather, especially in the West.

The arrivals of Mediterranean oranges and lemons at New York from September 1st, 1896, to date, with comparisons for the corresponding period of the previous season, compiled from statistics of the Fruit Buyers' Union, follow :—

	Sept. 1, '96, to June 30, 1897.	Sept. 1, '95, to June 30, 1896
Oranges, cases....	177,000	127,000
Oranges, boxes....	370,000	484,000
Lemons, boxes....1,440,000		1,652,000

The Crops.

The news regarding the Manitoba wheat crop is more favorable. The weather has been somewhat warmer, and if it continues good there is every reason to believe that the yield per acre will be an average one. Thoman's report on United States crops makes the condition of winter wheat 81.5 against 77.7 last month and 71.9 last year. Yield 330,000,000, against 300,000,000, his estimate last month. He places California at from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Area of spring wheat of 14,543,000 increased 22 per cent. Condition of spring wheat 91.5, against 94.2 last month and 90.2 last year. Yield 229,000,000, total wheat crop area 38,473,397 acres, increased 8.9 per cent. Crop 559,000,000, against 427,000,000, the official estimate last year. Wheat in farmers hands 35,000,000, against 45,000,000 last year; total July 1 in the country 60,000,000. Area of corn 85,000,000 acres, increased 2.9 per cent.; condition 84.4, against 89.3 last year. Condition of oats 88.8, against 91.5 last month, and 93.8 last year; 19 per cent. of last year's oat crop or 138,000,000 bushels, still in farmers' hands.

Flour Very Quiet.

Some time now the flour situation has been very tame, and probably the only thing to set the market on its feet once more would be a good stiff boom in wheat. Millers say that business has been largely of a jobbing character, while prices have been very unsteady. Several days ago it was announced that millers were selling at a lower range, and the statement has been verified. Here is the existing range of values :—Winter wheat patents, $4.10 to $4.30; straight rollers, $3.65 to $3.85; and in bags, $1.70 to $1.85; Manitoba strong bakers', best, $3.85 to $4; Manitoba spring patents, best, $4.10 to $4.25.

Considerable flour is going out for export right along, but little or nothing has been done in the way of new business.

Local Stocks.

The bullish interests have been rather out of it this week, that is as far as controlling prices is concerned. For a few days at least there was an unmistakable disposition to hammer prices, and although the market did not yield to any extent there was no progress made in the other direction.

The actual amount of business done was small, and altogether the market presented a tame appearance in comparison with the week previous.

There were no features of any special importance. There was a little attention directed towards Rails, while Gas and some of the other leaders were for the time being practically neglected. Canadian Pacific was not much in evidence, although it continues its interesting course in the big market across the water. At one time it went as high as 66 1-2 in London, but that was the turning point, and the day after a slight reaction set in which carried the stock down a point. Grand Trunk also went up, and became likewise weaker on the same day that Pacific sagged off. Both securities, however, still exhibit a pretty firm undertone, as general conditions bearing on them are from all appearances still of a very favorable character. The Canadian Pacific net statement was issued during the week.

There was a little interest taken in bank stocks and in cottons, which now show quite a decline since the new tariff went into effect.

The money market remains just as easy as ever, call loans being quoted at 3 1-2 to 4 per cent.

The new Government rate of interest of three per cent. went into effect on the first of the month.

Foreign Notes.

Nansen, the explorer, has made many enemies among the Norwegian Secession ists by his behavior in Sweden. He did not scruple to speak of his "Swedish brothers," and did not behave like a man who despises royalty in the preence of kings.

The relations between the Pope and the Sultan are somewhat strained. His Holiness has repeatedly written to the Padisha, drawing attention to the condition of the Armenians. The Sultan, however, thinks the Pope is powerless to-day, and ignores his remonstrances.

West Turkestan is thinly populated, and has few schools. The Russian Government has now fitted up as schools a few railroad carriages, which remain at each station for a few weeks. The teacher lives in the carriage. The children are required to learn a lesson or two until the itinerant school again reaches their neighborhood.

The Italian Minister of Public Works is a practical man. He has abolished the "complaint book" which used to be a feature of Italian railway stations. Instead, complaints must be written on stamped sheets, which may be purchased at the station, and dropped in a box provided for that purpose. Thus the state will profit by these complaints, but as they cost money, people will be less ready to make them.

Many English manufacturers agitate for a revision of the foreign merchandise act. At present this act provides that foreign goods must be marked in plain letters showing the country of their origin. This has not decreased, but rather advertised the industries of some countries. It is now proposed that all goods imported into England should be marked "foreign made" only, without reference to the country in which they are manufactured.

Italy is said to contain more bigamists than any other European country. The church refuses to recognize civil marriage, the state does not regard a church marriage as binding. As the majority of people are Catholics, and would not tolerate any measure which had the appearance of encroaching on the rights of the church, it is impossible to pass a law providing for the punishment of any priest who should have performed a religious marriage before it has been made legal by a magistrate. The result is that large numbers of unscrupulous men take two wives, one in the eyes of the church and one in the eyes of the state.

THE LABOR WORLD,

Is Co-operation Crushing Out the Private Trader?

A GLASGOW OPINION.

Trade in Great Britain is Still Flourishing.

Some Labor Disputes—Engineers Still Agitating—Mine Owners and Compensation.

The subject of co-operation has recently aroused a more than usual degree of interest among the laboring and other classes, and the great onward strides in this direction made in recent years, has aroused criticism. Recently, the 29th annual congress of the co-operative societies of Great Britain and Ireland was held, and the membership was reported at one and a quarter millions, the capital at twenty-four millions sterling, a turnover of fifty-seven millions sterling, and an annual profit of six millions sterling were reported.

—

Commenting on these figures the Glasgow Weekly Herald points out that co-operation is slowly but surely squeezing out private traders. It further says:

Now it is unnecessary to discuss at present the economic aspects of the principle of co-operation as applied to industrial production, for that principle the co-operative societies are practically as far from adopting as private traders. The societies are simply shopkeepers on a big scale and under a misleading title.

So far from being a philanthropic movement it is one of intense selfishness, and its success does depend to a very large extent upon the legislative enactment which frees it from certain burdens of taxation that individual traders have to bear.

—

The Co-Operative Society is merely a joint-stock enterprise with special privileges, it continues, the shareholders in which are their own customers. There is nothing great or glorious about this. On the contrary, there is something the reverse of great and glorious in men earning money from individual traders and then employing it in the co-operative societies to the detriment of private trade.

Lord Provost Dewar was quite right in saying that if co-operation can cure ills it may create others. It has created others of so serious an economic nature that the attention of statesmen must be directed to the dangers before the community. Politicians who do not take the trouble to think the matter out, and who are blinded by the reflected Radical glamor of the days of the Rochdale Pioneers, wax sentimental and magniloquent in dwelling on the beauties of co-operation. Let them go down to their constituencies and see the havoc which it is working among that great economic mainstay of the country, the shopkeeping class—the largest kind of taxpayers we have.

TRADE STILL GOOD.

Trade in Great Britain is still flourishing. The Labor Department of the Board of Trade reports that during May the state of employment has continued to improve, the proportion of trade unionists returned as unemployed being less than in any month since the summer of 1890. The coal mining industry is better in almost every district than it was a year ago. Iron mining is also good and the pig iron industry is better. The same remark applies to steel works, puddling furnaces, and rolling mills, to engineering shipbuilding, and building trades. The tinplate trade shows a further falling of as do the furnishing trades; and in the spinning branch of the cotton trade employment has been only moderate. There is improvement in the bookbinding and printing and paper, boot and shoe, and tailoring trades.

BRITISH LABOR TROUBLES.

There is likely, to all appearance, to be a stoppage of the vast pig metal industry in Cleveland and the North of England, exceeding an output of three millions per annum. The blast furnacemen's executive on Monday, at a meeting at Middlesbrough, endorsed the previous vote of the men, and advised the handing-in of notices as the masters would neither give an eight-hours shift nor stop Sunday labor, under the plea that competition with other countries prevented their increasing the cost of production. Meetings of the men are to be held, but everything appears to indicate a strike.

—

The engineers to the number of 50 in the employment of Messrs. W. M'Kinnon & Co., Spring Garden Iron Works, Aberdeen, who struck work on Friday week in consequence of the action of the firm in dismissing two of the employes who had been told off by the men to ascertain whether engineering work was being done by laborers, resolved on Monday to resume work on Tuesday morning on the understanding that these two workmen referred to will be reinstated. Mr. George Ferguson, Glasgow, organizing secretary for the Operative's Union, conducted the negotiations on behalf of the men.

—

The blastfurnacemen at Middlesborough have failed in their efforts to secure an eight hours shift or cessation of Sunday labor. There is some talk of a strike threatened, but after the experience which this union obtained after the experience which this union obtained from their protracted dispute in the West of Scotland some years ago on the same subject, the better plan would be to try to arrange a national meeting between employers and workmen, with the object of coming to a general understanding. According to Mr. Hodge's report West Hartlepool branch of the Steel Smelters' Association have arranged to secure three sets of men for each day of 24 hours, which practically secures the eight hours day for them. A new branch of this society has been formed at Sheffield, and reports state that Scotch works are full of orders, trade being good at Newton, Bolton, Barrow, and the Midlands. The gain to the funds for the month has been £321.

ENGINEERS AGITATION.

A British correspondent writes as follows, concerning the engineers trouble : The engineers' agitation in London for an eight hours day without reduction in wages proceeds apace, and some 9,000 men are working under the new conditions. The United Society of Brassfounders have "funked" the movement. In the first instance they applied for admission into the committee with a view of participating in the demand, but later on, when there was a likelihood of a struggle they called a meeting of their members, who decided to take no action with the engineers. The plan of campaign which is to be brought into force consists, I understand of striking one shop after another, of those belonging to the Employers' Federation, but it is extremely doubtful whether the latter body will allow the shops to be thus singled out. There cannot be a doubt but that the large London employers consider the question of vital importance to the continuance of a large portion of their trade, inasmuch as if conceded it will mean an additional 12 per cent. to be added on to the disabilities under which they presently suffer in comparison with the North-East Coast, the Clyde, and Belfast. There certainly is much in this contention, which suggests that the matter requires the fullest consideration from the workmen engaged in London.

TYPOS AND MACHINERY.

The British Typographical Association has issued the preliminary notice for its representative meeting, which will take place in October. It is expected that on the questions of machinery, unemployed, and apprentices, discussion will take place of much value. By the way, speaking of the introduction of machinery, London just now is experiencing the usual results observable on the extension of mechanical appliances, as within the past few weeks a record has been made in the numbers employed, and consequently a corresponding record in the small amount required to pay the unemployed. Possibly Jubilee work may have had something to do with this satisfactory state of affairs, which, let us hope, may last long.

MINE OWNERS AND CORPORATION.

A large and influentially attended meeting of the Mining Association of Great Britain, called for the special purpose of considering the workmen's compensation for accidents bill, as amended in Committee of the House of Commons, was held at Westminster Palace Hotel, London, recently. The president of the association, Mr. Wm. Fletcher (Cumberland), occupied the chair, and amongst those present were the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Francis Powell, Sir Alfred Hickman, Colonel Blundell, Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Lawrence Hardy, Sir Benjamin Hingley and coal owners from all the districts of the kingdom.

The amendments which had been made in the bill were very fully discussed, and it was unanimously resolved that every effort should be put forward by the association to obtain further and important amendments in the bill, either in the report stage or in the House of Lords.

It was further resolved that the Prime Minister should be asked to receive a deputation prior to the report stage; and Lord Londonderry undertook to see his Lordship.

It was also resolved that the secretary should ask the coal owners associations in the various districts to convene meetings to consider the amendments required, and also to communicate with other associations of the employers in various industries, urging upon them the importance of full consideration of the proposals of the bill.

Irish.

"Well?" said the assistant in a chemist's shop to an Irishman, who pointed to a pile of soap. "I want a lump of that," answered the Irishman. "Thank you. Will you have it scented or unscented?" "I'll take it wid me."

Spring Poultry.

Customer—"What's the difference, Tom, between the roast fowl and the spring chicken?" Waiter—"There ain't none." Customer—"How do you make the spring chicken, then?" Waiter—"Give 'em less, and charge 'em more."—Fun.

CHEESE PRICES GOING LOWER.

The One Disappointing Feature of the Produce Situation—Values Are Higher Though Than Last Year.

Probably the most disappointing feature in the produce situation at present is the declining tendency of the cheese market.

During the past week prices at the leading cheese boards of the country and in Montreal have shown a net drop of ½c to ¾c a pound, and although this doesn't look very big on paper, it means a lot to the dairymen and farmers up west.

The depreciation is naturally the result of what the shippers term a "heaviness" in the consuming market. In Liverpool according to the cable received on the Board of Trade here prices have declined 2 shillings within the week, the quotation now standing at 42 shillings against 44 shillings. There is no doubt but that some of the weakness over there is the result of the immense amount of cheese that has been sent forward. With normal shipments from other sources of supply, Canada alone has already shipped over a million boxes, or quite 85,000 boxes more than during the corresponding period last year. Even if there were no other factors it is thought that this in itself would tend to somewhat depress the market.

Here are the prices paid at the leading boards this week and last :—

	This week.	Last week.		This week.	Last week.
Montreal	8 1-4 to 8 1-2	8 1-2 to 8 3-4	Stirling	8 to 8 1-16	8 7-16 to 8 5 8
Brockville	8 to 8 1-8	0 to 8 1-2	Tweed	0 to 8	8 7-16 to 8 1-2
Kingston	0 to 8	8 5-16 to 8 7-16	Belleville	8 1-8 to 8 1-4	8 1-4 to 8 3-8
Barrie	0 to 8		Ingersoll	no sales	8 1-4 bid
Picton	0 to 8 1-8	0 to 8 5-16	Camp'ford	0 to 8 1-16	0 to 8 5-16
Woodstock	0 to 8 1-8	0 to 8 3-8	Madoc	8 1-8 to 8 3-8	8 1-4 to 8 1-2

This time last year the Canadian produ well as they are now, in fact prices then we being made as low as 6½c.

cers of cheese were not faring nearly as re fully 1c to 1½c a pound lower, sales

R. A. ROSS, E.E.,
CONSULTING ENGINEER.
Specifications, Plans, Estimates and Supervision of Steam and Electric Plants, Power Transmission, &c.
Special Machines Designed. Arbitration and Expert Work a Specialty.
.....17 ST. JOHN ST.....
MONTREAL.

RAILROADS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The Seaside and White Mountains Special

The Finest Passenger Train in the World

Leaves Bonaventure Depot every Friday at 9 p.m., and runs through to Portland and Old Orchard Beach without change, reaching Portland at 7.15 a.m. and Old Orchard at 8 a.m.

Returning, the Seaside Special leaves Old Orchard Beach every Sunday at 7.55 p.m., and Portland at 9 p.m., for Montreal, arriving at 8.05 a.m. Monday, and leaves Montreal for Chicago at 8.30 a.m. every Monday, reaching Toronto at 6.25 p.m., and Chicago at 10 a.m. Tuesday.

Accommodation in this magnificent train can be secured at

GRAND TRUNK TICKET OFFICES,
MONTREAL.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

Leave Montreal by Grand Trunk Railway from Bonaventure Street Depot....	7.50	23.15
Leave Montreal by Canadian Pacific Railway, from Windsor Street Depot..		19.40
Leave Levis..	13.40	8.30
Arrive Riv Riviere du Loup..	16.45	12.55
Arrive Trois Pistoles ..	17.40	14.15
Arrive Rimouski..	19.00	15.43
Arrive St. Flavie.. ..	19.30	16.25
Arrive Little Metis....	19.52	16.50
Arrive Campbellton ...	22.35	
Arrive Dalhousie..	23.25	
Arrive Bathurst..	24.20	
Arrive New Castle.. ..	1.25	
Arrive Moncton	3.40	15.10
Arrive St. John	7.15	12.10
Arrive Halifax..	10.20	21.25

An express train will leave Montreal Friday evenings at 20.45 o'clock and run through to Little Metis, arriving there at 11.10 o'clock Saturday.

An express train will leave Cacouna on Sunday evening at 19.30 o'clock and run through to Montreal, arriving there at 7.20 o'clock Monday.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destination on Sunday.

The Buffet, Sleeping and other cars of express train leaving Montreal at 7.50 o'clock run through to Halifax without change.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive and those between Montreal and Halifax via Levis are lighted by electricity.

Through tickets may be obtained via. rail and steamer to all points on theLower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces.

For tickets and all information in regard to passenger fares, rates, of freight, train arrangement, etc., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,
Eastern Freight and Passenger Agent,
138 St. James Street, Montreal.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N.B.
17th June, 1897.

The Intoxicating Power of Whiskey

Is minimized and its revivifying power increased by diluting it with

"Stower's" Lime Juice Cordial

The only juice of the Lime preparation absolutely free from musty smell and flavor. All grocers sell it.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO.,
Montreal.
General agents for the Dominion.

PATENTS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Send a stamp for our beautiful book "How to get a Patent", "What profitable to invent," and "Prizes on Patents". Advice free. Fees moderate
MARION & MARION, EXPERTS,
Temple Building, 185 St James St., Montreal.
The only firm of Graduate Engineers in the Dominion transacting patent business exclusively

PATENTS ALL COUNTRIES
FETHERSTONHAUGH & Co
PROMPTLY PROCURED
CANADA LIFE BLDG Montreal.
Call or write for particulars.

Gold, Silver and Steel Eye-glasses And Spectacles.

OPTICIANS
HEARN & HARRISON
1640-1642 NOTRE DAME ST

BULMER & BULMER,
Builders, Carpenters and Joiners,
4230 St. Catherine Street.
Tel. 4655. Westmount.
Practical experience in all lines of building, and the manufacturing of all joiner work required therein. Also all lines of hardware in stock. Special attention to jobbing. Personal supervision to all our work. It will pay you to try us.

H. E. P. BULMER
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR.
4230 St. Catherine Street.
(Between Greene and Olivier Avenues.)
Tel. 4655.
Wiring for electric lights, burglar alarms, bells, fixture work, etc., a specialty. Repairing in all branches promptly attended to. All work will receive personal attention, and in every case satisfaction is guaranteed. Orders taken here for the supply of electric light. Give me a trial and I will give you satisfaction.

SUMMER RESORTS.

1,000 ISLANDS Most charming Resort
Island View House
Now open. Telegraph and telephone communication. For terms, apply to
THEODORE LEAR, Prop.
Rockport, Ont.

NO. 10
FOR
DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach — known by loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste and general depression.

Indigestion or Bilious Condition—caused by too heavy a meal, or fat, rich food; the tongue is coated; bad taste; headache.

Gastralgia, or Cramp in the Stomach—known by violent pain at the pit of the stomach, with nausea and vomiting.

Heartburn, or feeling of heat, or rising of hot, burning fluid in the throat; often caused by excessive smoking. No. 10 relieves almost instantly.

INFANTS,—For Teething, Colic, Crying and Wakefulness, use No 3.

All druggists. or sent for 25c, 50c or $1.

MEDICAL BOOK.—Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of all diseases mailed free.

Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SUNDAY SUBURBAN SERVICE

Special train leaves Windsor Station at 10.00 a.m. on Sundays for Pointe Fortune, Vaudreuil, Hudson and intermediate stations. Returning arrives Windsor Station, at 9.25 p.m.

Special train leaves Dalhousie Square on Sundays at 9.15 a.m, for
St. Jerome, St. Rose and Intermediate Stations.
Returning arrives Dalhousie Square at 9.45 p.m

Portland and Old Orchard Through Service.

Parlor Cars leave Montreal (Windsor Street) at 9 a.m. daily except Sundays, for Portland and Old Orchard.
Sleeping Cars leave Windsor Street, 8.20 p.m, daily, for Portland and Old Orchard.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.
Through Sleeping Car Service.

Every Friday until September 3rd, inclusive, a first-class sleeping car will leave Montreal (Windsor Street), for St. Andrew's, N.B., on St. John and Halifax express train at 7.50 p.m. Returning, will leave St. Andrew's following Monday, arriving Montreal Tuesdays, 8.30 a.m.

New Route to Caledonia Springs

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
129 St. James St., next to Post Office.

THE PEOPLE'S AUCTIONEERS

SALE
—OF—
Furniture, House Furnishings, Carpets.

The undersigned will sell at their Rooms, 241 and 243 ST. JAMES STREET, on
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 2,
—IN PART—
Neat Parlor, Dining Room and Bedroom Furniture. Large assortment of Axminster, Brussels, Moquet and Tapestry Carpets, made up in squares, and Carpets of various sizes, also by the yard; Curtains, Portieres, Chinaware, Crockery, Cutlery, etc.
Sale at two o'clock.
RAE & DONNELLY,
Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE.

Furniture and Upholsterers' Sundries.

All the goods damaged by fire and water at Renaud, King & Patterson's stores, Craig Street, will be sold at our Rooms, ST. JAMES STREET, on
THURSDAY, 8th inst., at 10 a.m.,
Parlor, Dining Room and Bedroom Furniture, Chairs, Tables, Easy Chairs, Springs, Buttons, Binding, Canvas, Linen, a large quantity of Silk, Leather and Hair Cloth Covering, Handles, Screws, Tacks and other goods. The insurance companies have given us orders to sell the above goods at any price.
MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

TRADE SALE OF GROCERIES.

We will sell at our Rooms, ST. JAMES STREET, on
THURSDAY, 8th inst., at 10 a.m.,
Without Reserve, all the Balance of N. Quintal & Sons

STOCK OF GROCERIES DAMAGED BY FIRE AND WATER.

Wines, Liquors, Canned Goods, Starch, Pickles, Flour, Teas of all kinds, Blacking, Mustard, Lobsters, Chocolate, etc., etc. Also two Bankrupt Stocks of Groceries, all First Class Goods, assorted in every line.
Also 3 Large Ice Chests, 15 Small Ice Chests, 3 Cash Registers, Brass Scales, Platform Scale weighing 2,500 lbs., Iron Pots, etc., etc.
MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

BANKRUPT STOCK FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

In the matter of W. E. SHORT, Montreal.
We have received instructions from the Curator, Mr. John McD. Hains, to sell by Public Auction, at the Store lately occupied by the Insolvent, St. Lawrence Street, Montreal, on
TUESDAY, JULY 6th, at 11 o'clock a.m., the following Assets of the above Estate:
Lot No. 1.—Stock in trade, consisting of Boots and Shoes, amounting as per inventory to $4,540.60
Fixtures 200.00
$4,740.60
Lot No. 2.—Book debts as per list. 799.60
Terms—Cash. Purchaser to deposit ten per cent. at the time of sale. Stock will be open for inspection on 3rd and 5th July. Inventory can be seen, and all information obtained by application to
JOHN McD. HAINS,
Curator,
43 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.
FRASER BROS., Auctioneers.
Montreal, 28th June, 1897.

Go to —
Wall & Walsh,
THE PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.
We have had a large experience in all kinds of Plumbing, such as Gas Fittings, Iron, Tin or Brass Work, putting up Gas Stoves, Electric Fittings, etc. We guarantee our work to be satisfactory and charges moderate.
WALL & WALSH,
562 Craig Street.

MILTON L. HERSEY, B.A.Sc.,
Consulting Chemist of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.
Instruction to Business Men and others in Assaying, etc.
ANALYSES AND ASSAYS
of Ores, Minerals, Coal, Cements, Steel, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Waters, Liquors, Foods, etc., etc. Examination of Processes. Superintendence. Counsel.
Telephone 2352.
Samples by Mail—1c per 4 oz.; lime, 24 oz.
16 ST. SACRAMENT ST., MONTREAL.

BROKERS, ETC.

A. FINLAYSON. A. GRANT
FINLAYSON & GRANT,
Custom House Brokers,
Forwarders and Warehousemen.
413 to 417 St. Paul street. MONTREAL
Bell Tel. 1303. P.O. Box 424.

W. H. WARREN,
ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE
38 Temple Building.
Special attention paid to auditing the books, closing entries and statements of joint stock companies.
Trust moneys kept in separate Bank Accounts and carefully administered.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.

BARRISTERS, NOTARIES, ETC.

CHRYSLER & BETHUNE,
Barristers and Solicitors.
Parliamentary, Supreme Court and Departmental Agents.
Solicitors in Exchequer Court.
19 and 20 Central Chambers.
OTTAWA, CANADA.
FRANCIS H. CHRYSLER, Q.C. C.J.R. BETHUNE.

GIBBONS, MULKERN & HARPER,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
Office—Cor. Richmond and Carling Streets,
LONDON, Ont.
GEO. C. GIBBONS, Q.C., P. MULKERN.
FRED. F. HARPER.

LEITCH & PRINGLE,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, Etc.
CORNWALL, Ont.
JAS. LEITCH, Q.C. R. A. PRINGLE.

MESNARD & DAOUST,
Architects,
Members P. Q. A. A.
103 St Francois Xavier St
Corner Notre Dame. Montreal
Telephone Bell : 2452.

J. R. WILLARD & CO
MEMBERS
Chicago Board of Trade.
New York Produce Exchange.
New York Cons. Stock Exchange.
We have purchased the Office of F. Bond & Co., at 1719 Notre Dame Street. We handle for cash or on margins,
STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS AND COTTON.
We have a direct private wire to our own office in New York, and to the Chicago Board of Trade. Our commission for complete trades is ¼ on Stocks and ⅛ on all Grain.
We are directly responsible for all orders given to, or margins deposited with, our Montreal Managers. Call and see them.
BOND and COMMONS,
Managers.

Belting.
YOU WANT IT.
I SUPPLY IT
Phone 250.
D. K. McLAREN,
24 Victoria Square.

JAPAN. JAVA.
MOUNT ROYAL.
RICE.
MILLS BRAND.
PATNA. BURMAH.
D. W. ROSS CO., Agents.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

SUPERIOR COURT, Montreal, No. 92.
In re LOUIS CARLE, of the City and District of Montreal, Insolvent.

In accordance with a judgment of the Superior Court, given at Montreal on the twenty-fourth day of June, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

The undersigned will sell by public auction to the highest and last bidder, on TUESDAY, JULY 27th, 1897, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, at their salesroom, No. 69 St. James street, Montreal, the following immovable properties, belonging to said insolvent, to wit :

1. A lot of land, situated in the parish of Ste. Ursule, in the Quarry concession, containing three acres in superficies, the frontage touching the millway and the depth lying along the banks of the marsh of the said mill, and on the western side to that of Widow Trudel or representatives, and extending to the bridge of the mill, now known and designated under number four hundred and thirteen (413) of the plan and book of reference for the cadastral register of the County of Maskinonge, for the said parish of Ste. Ursule, with the buildings on it erected.

2. A lot of land of irregular shape, containing four acres more or less, being formerly a part of number four hundred and forty-nine (449) on the official plan and book of reference of the registration Cadaster of the County of Maskinonge, for the Parish of Ste. Ursule; together with a flour mill, machinery and appurtenances, the dump, the water power, the bridge on it erected in order to facilitate access to the said mill, with the use of the two roadways on the north and on the south, the said lot designated more at length on the deed of sale made by the said Louis Carle to Francois Lambert, sr., farmer, of the said Parish of Ste Ursule, of the greatest portion of the said lot number four hundred and forty-nine, with the reserves above mentioned. The whole of the state in which it will be on the day of the sale.

The purchasers of the said lots will be obliged to pay the mortgages together with interest thereon, until the day of the sale. All taxes whatever their nature may be, which are due or may be imposed in the future, on the said property, with the ground rent thereunto attached. In addition to this, all the costs necessitated by the sale of such property, such as mentioned in detail in the account book which can be seen at the office of the curator

The terms of this sale are cash.

For all information apply to
J. M. MARCOTTE,
Curator
No. 81 St. James St., Montreal.
MARCOTTE BROTHERS
Auctioneers
Montreal, 2nd July, 1897.

W. REINHOLD,
Clearmont Farm Dairy,
Fresh Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, Fresh Print Butter, New Laid Eggs, and One Cow's Milk for Delicate Children a Specialty. Delivery free of charge. Orders by mail or telephone promptly attended to.
Sanguinet Street, St. Louis.
Telephone 6668.

The Lancashire Belt
Is the original of Camel Hair and other imitations, and has
Stood the Test for 36 Years.
Twenty-four International Highest Awards. The British Government, War Office, Admiralty, India and Colonial Offices, Foreign Governments and Railways etc., are supplied by this Celebrated Brand.
D. K. McLAREN, 24 Victoria Square, MONTREAL.

500 JOBS PROMISED

In the Montreal Court House Alone

IF MR. FLYNN HAD WON;

A Few Favorites Had Already Secured Positions.

But the New Attorney General Will Dispense With Their Services—Some Who Have Been Notified.

Promises are cheap, and they bring votes at times. That was why the Flynn Government promised five hundred people employment in the Montreal Court House after the elections. No one knows where such a large number would have been accommodated, or what they would have been given to do. It is stated that there is need for extra clerks in all the departments, but not a tithe of five hundred. Five hundred employes, in addition to those at present in the service, would hardly leave space for judges or litigants in the palace of justice.

Of course the promises might not have been kept; the Flynn Government was not particular in little matters of that kind. The list was kept till after the elections, when it was found that even these promises had not availed to stay the hand of Fate in Montreal. Then it was easy to disregard the promises so lightly and so lavishly made.

A few who thought themselves especially fortunate secured berths in the various branches of the Court House and settled down to work more or less steadily until yesterday, when the mandate of the Attorney-General went forth and they were obliged to leave.

Sixteen in all have gone so far, according to the Prothonothory, Hon. Arthur Turcotte, who informed The Herald reporter of the beneficient plans of the late Government. He added that extra clerks were needed in the Prothonotary's Office, but those referred to below had been appointed just before the election and so had to go. The Attorney-General looked on the whole transaction as a species of corrupt practices, hence his decision to cancel all such appointments.

Besides these a number of promised increases of salary have been stopped, and those who were on the list have gone back to the figure at which they stood prior to May 11th.

The following have been dismissed from the prothonotary's office :—F. X. Perras and Elie Maurault, deputies at $1,000; A. Jodoin, Lem, L. Corbeil and Louis Trudel, clerks at from $500 to $750; Adrien Cleroux, messenger at $400.

The Circuit Court offices lose the following clerks :—M. Chevalier, C. Gratton, Dubord, Girard, David.

A HEARTY WELCOME,

Members of Calvin Church Welcome Their New Pastor.

The congregation of Calvin Presbyterian Church, Notre Dame Street west, tendered an enjoyable reception to their new pastor, Rev. J. L. George and Mrs. George, last night. The social part of the affair was conducted in the basement of the church, which was crowded with a bright audience largely composed of young people. After Mr. and Mrs. George had received the members of the church and their friends a programme of vocal and instrumental music was carried out interspersed with short addresses by the city pastors present. Rev. W. R. Cruikshank congratulated the congregation in their choice, and mentioned that it was no unimportant part of the union that Mr. George was a Nova Scotian. The people of that Province were, he said, rapidly becoming an important factor in many ways in the life of the large centres of Upper Canada. Rev. G. C. Pidgeon and Rev. Principal MacVicar followed in congratulatory remarks to the congregation and pastor.

AS HE IN MONTREAL ?

A despatch from New York says that a well-known broker (giving the name) of New York, is short $100,000 in his accounts and is in Montreal. Neither the detectives, police, hotel-keepers or brokers have seen anything of such a man.

Embezzlers have, however, lived in Montreal before now, for many weeks before being found and it may be that the one in question is safely hidden for the time being.

HIS HEAD ALMOST CRUSHED.

Kingston, Ont., July 3.—(Special.)—Early this morning, G.T.R. inspector T. Sweetman was aiding in uncoupling cars and was disconnecting air pipes, when the engine backed up, catching Mr. Sweetman's head between the end of a vestibuled sleeper and the buffer beam of a coach. The backward movement of the engine was only momentary and Mr. Sweetman was relieved His head was badly cut and jammed, but fortunately the skull was uninjured. A doctor sewed up the wounds. Had the engine jammed the cars in its move, Mr. Sweetman would have been killed.

AUCTIONEERS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For particulars, see advertisements in another column.

RAE & DONNELLY—Sale of Furniture, etc., Friday, July 2, 243 St. James Street.
MARCOTTE BROS.—Sale of Groceries, Thursday, July 8, 69 St. James Street.
MARCOTTE BROS.—Sale of Groceries and Liquors, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 29 and 30, 69 St. James Street.
RAE & DONNELLY—Sale of Household Furniture, Carpets, etc., Tuesday, June 29, 243 St. James Street.
RAE & DONNELLY—Sale of Tweeds, Coatings, etc., Wednesday, June 30, 243 St. James Street.
SUCKLING & CO.—Sale of Dry Goods, etc. Tuesday, June 29, 1 Beaver Hall Hill.

Money Saved

By selecting your next suit from our fine assortment of importations now in stock. We are prepared to supply your every need in our line at shortest notice, giving positively the finest material and workmanship at surprisingly reasonable rates. It costs you absolutely nothing to examine our goods, which will convince you of their merits. Our style and fit are faultless, quality unsurpassed, and prices always at the lowest ebb.

Clifford & Ferris,
51 Phillips Square.

AMONG THE SHIPS.

A New Combination Formed Among The Steamship Companies—Allan and Dominion Lines Not in it.

The steamer Columbian, with an excursion on board, broke her paddle wheel at Cardinal yesterday.

The Dominion Line R.M.S. Vancouver, from Liverpool June 24th, passed Fame Point inwards at 8.30 p.m. Friday, July 2.

STEAMSHIP COMBINATION.

New York, July 2.—As the result of a series of conferences an important combination has been formed between the principal trans-Atlantic steamship lines for the maintenance of through rates for steerage passengers between points in Great Britain and the West. The lines that have entered into the compact are the Cunard, White Star, American, Anchor and several other smaller lines. The railroads in the arrangement are the members of the Western Passenger Association, including the Canadian Pacific, but excluding the Wisconsin Central, which refused to join. The Allan and Dominion steamship lines also refused to join this new body, which is called the Steamship Agents' Association.

PASSENGER LIST.

The following is a list of first-cabin passengers per Dominion Line Royal Mail steamer Vancouver, from Liverpool 24th June: Mr. Arthur Amos, Miss Alice Amos, Dr. L. E. Bacon, Mrs. Bolton, Miss Bolton, Mrs. John Bowers, Mrs. Bruck, Miss M. C. Chegwin, Mr. W. F. Coote, Mrs. William Crawford, Mr. R. Crawshaw, Mr. Serere Dumoulin, Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Fiske, Miss Forbes, Mrs. Forster, Miss Forster, Mr. Alexander R. Fraser, Rev. A. A. Gagnon, Miss Galpin, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss M. Higgs, Miss W. Higgs, Mr. E. F. T. Hodder, Rev. J. B. Houle, Mr. H. C. Hudson, Mrs. Hudson, Mr. G. H. Hutchinson, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss B. H. Hutchinson, Miss L. H. Hutchinson, Mr. H. S. Hutchinson, Mr. A. E. Kinder, Mrs. Kinder, Miss Featherstonhaugh and maid, His Honor Judge Kisbey, Mrs. G. A. Macagy, Mr. J. E. Macomber, Mr. F. Mallison, Miss Marescaux, Mr. G. W. Marsden, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Master Mason, Miss McFall, Mrs. Sarah A. McMahon, Miss Kathleen McMahon, Miss H. C. Milne Miller, Miss Grace Milne Miller, Miss Amy Murphy, Mr. R. E. Norton, Mrs. Palliser, Mrs. C. A. Palmer, Miss Laura Parrott, Miss Pearson, Mr. Charles Roe, Dr. E. F. Roy, Mr. Scanlan, Rev. J. J. Scully, Mr. W. B. Sellar, Mr. O. Smith, Mrs Smith, Miss Kathleen B. Stayner, Mr. Thomas S. Suiter, Mr. D. B. Taylor, Mrs. A. J. Williams and child, Miss J. A. Williams, Miss J. Wren.

IN AND OUT OF MONTREAL.

Arrived—July 2 and 3.

Barque Avola, 449, Martin, Porto Rico, June 10, Anderson, McKenzie & Co., molasses.
Steamship Antwerp City, D. Torrance & Co.
Steamship Innishowen Head, 1,987, Suffern, Belfast, McLean, Kennedy & Co.

The following steamers are due to-day : Bellona, Sardinian, Baltimore, Monte Videan, Hankow, Cameo, Statheim.

Sailed—June 3.

Steamship Strathgyle, 3,284, Jones, Glasgow, McLean, Kennedy & Co., general.
Steamship State of California, 2,637, Moore, Liverpool, H. and A. Allan, general.
Steamship Ottoman, 3,010, James, Liverpool, D. Torrance & Co., general.
Steamship Armenia, 3,500, Magni, Antwerp, J. Thom.

MOORED IN MONTREAL.

Steamships.

Milwaukee, 4755, Elder, Dempster & Co.
Strathgyle, McLean, Kennedy & Co.
Turret Court, 1197, Irwine, Kingman, Brown & Co.
Dunmore Head, Burns, McLean, Kennedy & Co.
Ganges, 1429, Dykes, R. Reford & Co.
Lake Superior, 2879, Stewart, D. W. Campbell.
Alcides, 2181, Davies, R. Reford & Co.
Hurona, 2150, Dorward, R. Reford & Co.
Pengore Head, 1619, Brennan, McLean, Kennedy & Co.
Campana, 1143, Demers, J. G. Brock.
Bernicia, 1,652, Howey, Carbray, Routh & Co.
Antwerp City, D. Torrance & Co.
Innishowen Head, 1,987, Suffern, McLean, Kennedy & Co.

Barques.

Bengal, 712, Larsen, McLean, Kennedy & Co.
Ocean, 492, H. Zakariason, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.
Nicanor, 392, Wolfe, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.

Barkentine.

Falmouth, 501, Marvey, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.
Avola, 449, Martin, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.

Schooners.

Severn, 446, Langelier, C. A. Boucher.
Fred H. Gibson, 418, Milbery, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.
Deerhill, 340, C. Burns, Anderson, McKenzie & Co.

OCEAN SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS.

Arrived—June 30.

Steamer.	At	From
Whitefield.....	Sharpness	Montreal

July 2.

St. Paul.....	New York.	Southampton
Spaarndam.....	Rotterdam ..	New York
Ems.....	Genoa..	New York
Britannic.....	Liverpool.. ..	New York
Taurie.....	Liverpool ..	New York
Fuerst Bismarck..	Hamburg ..	New York
Boston City.....	London	Montreal
Glenmoor.....	London	Montreal
Myrtledene.....	London..	Montreal
Springwell.....	Fleetwood ..	Montreal

Sailed.

July 1.

Steamer.	For	From.
Grangewood.....	Montreal	Penarth
Strathgarry.....	Montreal	Shields
Osmanli.....	Quebec	Liverpool

July 2.

Numidian.....	Montreal	Moville
Castlemoor.....	Montreal	London

One of the tidiest craft that makes Montreal is the palatial steamer Corsican, of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Line, plying between Hamilton and Montreal. The Corsican has always been a favorite with the traveling public, and this year bids fair to make herself even more so, a fact due to the general courtesy and kindness of its officers—Captain Esford, Mr. James Boyle, purser, and W. McIlroy, steward. Capt. Esford has been in the employ of the company twenty-four years and his services in many difficult capacities have always been highly spoken of by his employers. It is a compliment to his care and judgment that during this long service he has not met with an accident that has entailed any material expense on the part of the company. Dr. Boyle, the genial purser, is a graduate of Queen's University, Kingston, as is also Mr. McIlroy, and his staff of assistants. This year the boat has been entirely overhauled, many new improvements having been added in the way of settees, carpets, etc. The tasty manner in which the cabins, staterooms, etc., are kept reflects great credit on Mr. McIlroy. All the staterooms are supplied with electric bells and light, and heated by steam when occasion demands. The Corsican has always been noted for its elaborate menu and Mr. McIlroy sees that there is no room for complaint in this regard. The boat has this year a chef who spent three years at the Windsor Hotel, and for three years previous to that was employed in a similar capacity at the St. Lawrence Hall. Their Queen's Jubilee bill-of-fare was a compliment to the taste and skill of its steward.

AN EXPERT WANTED,

Hardware Men Desire Him to Look After Customs Matters.

The Metal and Hardware Association discussed at some length yesterday afternoon one of the grievances of the trade. It was pointed out that different rates of duty are charged at various ports of entry in the Dominion on the same classes of hardware. This of course results from the act being differently interpreted by different officials, but it is unfair to the general trade, and the Association is bent on having the matter properly regulated. They decided to point out to the Government the desirability of the appointment of an expert customs appraiser for hardware, the idea being that he shall be empowered to visit the several ports of entry in the country and see that uniform rates are charged on all classes of stock.

U. S. TARIFF TINKERS.

Senators Discussed the Reciprocity and Retaliation Clauses Yesterday—Final Vote Not Far Away.

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 3.—Reciprocity and retaliation were the two phases of the tariff bill to occupy the attention of the Senate yesterday to the exclusion of all other subjects. Both provisions were agreed to, although the debate on the reciprocity clause was protracted to 6 p.m. When the bill was first taken up the paragraph relating to nickel was changed, making the rates on nickel ore three cents per pound on the nickel contained therein; nickel matte, four cents per pound; nickel, nickel oxide, alloy, etc., eight cents per pound. This brought the Senate to the retaliatory clause, so called, providing that whenever any country pays a bounty on any article, then upon the importation of that article into the United States there shall be levied and paid, in addition to the duties otherwise imposed by this act, an additional duty equal to the net amount paid of such bounty or grant, however the same be paid or bestowed. When the vote was taken the clause was agreed to—33 to 10.

The reciprocity section was next considered. It was changed slightly by providing that the reciprocity treaties be made "by and with the consent of the Senate." In brief the section authorizes the President to negotiate commercial treaties, to extend not more than five years, and granting a "reduction of the duties imposed by this act to the extent of not more than 20 per cent. thereof," or for the transfer during that period of designated articles from the dutiable to the free list, being the natural products of such foreign countries and not of the United States. The amendment was agreed to, 30 to 18.

BOYS' BRIGADE CAMP.

A battalion camp of the Boys' Brigade will be held at Armstrong's Grove, Sorel, lasting from July 24 to 31, inclusive, and will be the boys' sixth year under canvas. Special attractions are being provided, and the officers are arranging to have two visitors' days, instead of one, as previously. The camp will be under the command of the Rev. Mr. Dart, battalion president; Capt. Nicholson, Capt. Fellowes, and Capt Nicholson, quartermaster. It is pleasing to notice that Sergt.-Major Fellowes, instructor 2nd Regt. C. A., has arranged to attend the camp during the whole time. The boys should certainly receive much benefit from his able instruction. Other officers are also expected to attend, and the boys are looking forward to a great time.

THE LATE ALEX. McLENNAN.

The sad news of the death of Mr. Alex. McLennan, son of Mr. Hugh McLennan, who died at Pincher's Creek N.W.T. on July 1, was received in Montreal with great regret. On June 22nd Mr. McLennan had the misfortune to be thrown from his wagon, and the injuries received proved fatal. The deceased gentleman, who was only 32 years of age was born in Montreal and educated at the high school. Some years ago he married Miss Harbison, of Louisville, who, with three children survives him.

GERMAN CABINET CRISIS.

Berlin, July 3.— The official Reichsazeiger this afternoon announces that Emperor William has sent an autograph letter to Dr. von Boetticher, the retiring vice-president of the Prussian Ministry and Imperial secretary of state for the interior, expressing special thanks for the devotion and loyalty with which he has so successfully administered his responsible offices, and concluding with the remark : "I intend to employ your tried powers elsewhere in the public service, and hope you will devote your distinguished services to me and the Fatherland for many years to come." As announced by the Associated Press yesterday afternoon, Count Posadowski-Wehner, the secretary of the Imperial treasury, was gazetted as the successor of Dr. von Boetticher as minister of the interior, and Dr. Miquel, the minister of finance, was gazetted vicepresident of the Prussian ministry, in succession to Dr. von Boetticher.

THE NEW STABLES.

The Board of Health is in session this morning to consider the giving out of the contract for the new stables for the scavenging department. There is only $7,000 at present available to defray the cost of the proposed new buildings.

HOSPITAL GOVERNORS.

The visiting Governors to the Montreal General Hospital for the week commencing on Monday are: Messrs. John Cunningham, R. W. McLaughlin, John Patterson and John Caverhill.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

During the months of July and August the Sunday evening services at St. Andrew's, church of Scotland, will be discontinued.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Premier Marchand, of Quebec, has written that he expects to be in Toronto to attend the national conference of Charities and Correction next week. A large number of judges is also expected.

The body of an unknown man has been found by a mounted police detachment near Battleford, supposed to be that of Robert Scholey, ex-sergeant Second Royal Artillery, who was drowned while mining at Saddle Lake last November.

The Rev. Wilhelm Moll, for several years pastor of St. Peter's German Lutheran Church, Dunkirk, N.Y., has resigned to accept the pastorate of a church in Ottawa.

Ferdinand Herve, a French-Canadian, 58 years old, attempted to kill Miss Rosina Droblet, 36 years old, also a French-Canadian, in New York yesterday. Herve afterwards shot and killed himself. The woman will probably die.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

Continued From Page 1.

The idea finds but little favor with the United States Bishops; but, some of the colonial bishops warmly advocate it. The question is probably too broad a one to be decided off-hand.

Dr. M. E. L. Godkin, editor of The Evening Post, of New York, has taken a house near Sheen for the season.

THE ABDICATION SENSATION.

The sensational stories circulated by a New York newspaper regarding Queen Victoria's alleged blindness and her alleged intention to abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales after the Jubilee festivities, which have just reached here by mail, are expecting great derision among the few newspapers which have deigned to notice the cruel and utterly unfounded reports.

Truth, referring to the ablication "sensation," says: "This very, very ancient flim-flam has been imposed upon credulous prints at regular intervals during the last thirty-four years. The Queen has no more idea of abdicating than she has of touring Central Africa."

Regarding the "sensation," cruelly engineered by the New York newspapers on the subject of the Queen's eyesight a high official who is in daily contact with the Queen, informs The Associated Press that the statement to the effect that Queen Victoria is almost totally blind is "an absolute untruth." He adds:

"For some years past Her Majesty's eyesight has been slowly failing, as is natural at her time of life. But, to say that she is afflicted with sudden blindness is absolutely untrue. It is more difficult for her to read fine writing and fine print than was formally the case; but Her Majesty still reads through two-thirds of all the documents sent to her. Indeed, no later than yesterday, she read several official communications and annotated them with her views."

AT THE THEATRES.

It is a curious fact that except a few musical farces the London Jubilee play bill was distinctly a foreign one. The Lyceum's attraction was and is Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gene." At the Haymarket after Theodore Banille's "Cringoire," we are to have to-night Dumas' "Mille De Belle Isle." Beerbohm Tree will impersonate Richelieu, not the great cardinal, but the Duke— the man of gallantry and amorous adventures. The Marquise, the lady of the Louis XV. court, around whom the plot revolves, will be played by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

Last Monday the Colonial Premiers, their families and suites attended, by invitation, of Sir Henry Irving, the performance at the Lyceum. After the performance Sir Henry held a reception on the stage in honor of his guests, who numbered about 50. To-night a similar function takes place at Her Majesty's Theatre, where the same distinguished colonials will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. The guests will occupy all the boxes and two rows of stalls, and, at the conclusion of "The Red Lamp," they will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Tree on the stage. Several other London managers have intimated their desire to extend similar courtesies to England's colonial visitors.

NICOLINI IS DYING.

There seems little doubt but that Nicolini is dying. He is suffering from Bright's disease and a complication of other disorders, and although he may live for months, he may die at any time. From a friend of Madame Patti, who has just returned from a visit to her at Craig-Y-Nos, the Associated Press learns that Nicolini is greatly changed in appearance. He is terribly emaciated, and spends most of his time in bed. He gets up occasionally, but is scarcely able to totter across the room without help. Both he and Mme. Patti are aware of the serious nature of his illness, and it is touching to see the absolute devotion of the two. Nicolini cannot bear to have her out of his sight for a moment. She sits by him nearly all the time. He does not like to be read to, or sung to, or talked to, but simply lies listlessly with his eyes following Patti around the room. Nicolini is an expert fisherman, and it was pathetic to see him the other day fingering a book of flies and saying regretfully, "just think of these fish."

Within the past few months eleven doctors have been at the castle consulting in regard to the case.

Madame Patti had made great preparations for entertaining this summer, but all guests, including the Princess of Monaco, have been put off.

A BRANCH AT LETHBRIDGE.

The Bank of Montreal, have decided to open a branch at Lethbridge, Alberta.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, are registered at the Queen's.

Miss Redmond, of Cornwall, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Carman, Church Street.

Mr. F. H. McGuigan, general superintendant of the Grand Trunk will return from the west to-night.

Mr. Donald MacMaster and family have gone to St. Andrews, N.B., for the summer vacation.

Mr. E. G. Payne, of Routh and Payne, insurance agents, Hamilton, accompanied by Mrs. Payne, is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. W. Wallach, and her mother, Mrs. Grant, left last evening for Cacouna, where they will spend some days at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Rev. Canon Racicot, vice-rector of Laval University, is likely to succeed Canon Bruchesi, the new archbishop as chairman of the Roman Catholic School Commissioners.

The Misses Helen and Alice Mowatt, Eddie and Ray Mowatt, and Messrs. Jos., Edward and Master Brookie Mowatt, of 130 Mackay Street, left this week for Cap a l'Aigle, to spend the summer. They will be joined in a couple of weeks by their parents, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Mowatt.

LACHINE LINE CHANGE OF TIME.

Cars leave Post Office every thirty minutes at hour and half-hour. Last cars connecting with boats to shoot the Rapids leave 7.30 a.m. and 4 p.m.; on

Too Busy to Stay Awake

Sounds odd, but it's true.

Business men nowadays cannot afford to stay awake nights. They need good refreshing sleep to keep going at their daily work, and no matter what the state of one's nerves, they can be soothed and sleep will come, and that without the use of drugs.

Pabst Malt Extract — the "Best" Tonic—will do it. A wineglassful of this preparation, a pure extract of malted barley and hops, will make sleep come without coaxing.

Doctors all over America recommend Pabst Malt Extract, as the great nerve tonic, appetizer and business man's help.

All good druggists sell it.

Montreal Branch

PABST BREWING CO.

66 McGill Street.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Coroner McMahon held an inquest yesterday on the body of a man named Napoleon Leduc, sixty years of age, who died at the jail on Wednesday from cerebral congestion. A verdict of natural death was returned.

During the month of June 6, 241 reports were received from constables on beat, 461 alarms were responded to, and 373 arrests were made, while the police attended to 43 fires, states Mr. Arthur Beliveau, operator in charge of the Patrol Signal Service. The different patrol waggons went out 461 times.

The members of the Finance Committee have been summoned for the despatch of business on Monday afternoon. It is the intention of Ald. Rainville to hold a series of meetings to clear up all important matters before the usual summer holidays, which will probably be taken after the next monthly meeting of the council on Monday, July 12.

A fast run was made by the Grand Trunk train from Levis last night, the 172 miles being done in a four and a quarter hours. The train which carried the members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, was delayed over an honr at Levis awaiting the Intercolonial, and the fast run was made to enable the engineers to connect with the 10.25 p.m. going west.

It is reported that the blight affecting apple trees in Ontario is now making its appearance in the vicinity of Montreal. Trees that in the spring presented a magnificent show of blossoms, promising a large yield of fruit, have completely changed their appearance. The leaves turned black and fell off, and the tree assumed a dead look, that indicates anything but a good crop. Gardeners do not understand the trouble it being a new one in their experience.

CANADIANS IN LONDON.

Mr. A. F. McIntyre, Q.C., writes to the Ottawa Journal as follows:

Editor Journal: Apropos of your cable account of the dinner commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Dominion day at which Lord Glencoe, the high commissioner presided, it may interest your readers to know that it was Mrs McLeod Stewart who conceived the idea of the annual celebration of the day by the Canadians resident in London and who might happen to be there at that season of the year.

The occasion was the coming of age of the Dominion, July 1st, 1888, when Mr. Stewart, Mr. Donald MacMaster, Q. C., and myself happened to be in London, and we formed a committee with Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G., as secretary. Mr. Stewart as mayor of the capital of the Dominion, occupied the chair, having Lord Knutsford the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, to his right, and Lord Lansdowne who had just then returned from his term of office as Governor-General, to his left, whilst Mr. MacMaster and I had the honor of filling the vice chairs. Among the invited guests besides Lord Knutsford and Lord Lansdowne were Lord Rosebery, Lord Lorne, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Hector Cameron, Q. C., Mr. Peter Redpath and several Canadians of note.

It is needless to say that the speeches of Lord Knutsford, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. McCarthy and MacMaster were highly eloquent and befitting the occasion, or that Mr. Stewart discharged the duties of chairman with much ability. Indeed a better chairman could not have been had. Altogether the first Dominion day banquet in London was a most happy event and one to be remembered.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

There is no doubt but the Waite Opera Company are rapidly becoming strong favorites in this city, as the patronage to the entertainments that are being presented by them daily at the Queen's Theatre, has steadily increased. "Chimes of Normandy" will be offered on Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday and Friday matinee, Gilbert and Sullivan's famous satire "Mikado." Thursday and Friday night the ever welcome standard musical opera "Maritana," with the full strength of the company. "Olivette" will be the selection for all day Saturday, which means a feast of laughter for all present.

THE BODY RECOVERED.

The body of John Tardiff, who was drowned off the steamer Quebec on June 23 was found at Quebec city yesterday. Mr. Wm. Tardiff, the brother, has gone down to bring back the body, which will be buried in Bowmanville, Ont. An inquest will be held by the coroner.

Seasonable Stylish Shirts

When your shirts cost just as much whether they are up-to-date and stylish or not, why not get the latest? We have now a complete line of colored and negligee shirts in the latest styles and colorings. The prices are 75c and $1, but they are of that blue blood quality which gives perfect satisfaction to the $2 shirt man.

MUNROE BROS.,
2246 St. Catherine Street.

WE HAVE THEM!
The Latest New York STRAW HATS!

PRICES RIGHT.
ALEX. NELSON & CO., 1864 Notre Dame Street.

VERY CHEAP Gloves,

Silk, Thread, Taffeta.

AND A NEW LOT OF
Gloves and Mittens

GLOVES. Silk, Thread, Taffeta.
MITTENS, Silk, Thread, Taffeta.

Very Cheap, Colored and Black, 10c, 15c, 25c, and Gloves of Green Cotton, 10c.

Corset with Suspenders and Double Laced to support the shoulders and avoid leaning forward. In use by young people.

Price $2.00.

Doll's Fans or Corsets GIVEN AWAY with Gloves and Corsets of 50c AND UPWARDS.

Healthy Summer Corsets in net, 45c AND UPWARDS.
Corsets for Children, 25c AND UPWARDS

$1.00 Kid Gloves, "Albani," 7 hooks, laced, colored (Fashion Plain) price $1.00
$1.25 Kid Gloves, "Albani," 7 hooks, laced, col'd (Embroidered Black) price $1.25

These prices are 25 per cent. below the value.

Specialty in high grades of Corsets, "P. N., P. D., D. & A., R. & G., C. B., W. C. C., etc."

J. B. A. Lanctot,

—152 St. Lawrence Street

Glove Manufacturers.

CROW'S NEST PASS RAILWAY.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned, at MacLeod, Alberta, will be received up to 16 o'clock, July 12th, for the grading of the first fifty miles, and up to 16 o'clock, July 15th, for the second fifty miles west of Lethbridge.

Profiles can be seen and further information obtained at the Office of the Company's Engineer, MacLeod.

M. J. HANEY,
Manager of Construction.

Ottawa, 2nd July, 1897.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Circuit Court, No. 5694. Telesphore Berube, Plaintiff, versus James Flement, Defendant. On the 12th day of July, 1897, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of said Defendant, No. 33 St. Etienne Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture, etc. Conditions cash. Jos. Thibault, B.S.C., Montreal, July 3rd, 1897.

A PAIR OF TROUSERS CHEAP.

Let me show you some of my spring and summer pantings. There is nothing that adds to the appearance of a man's dress so much as a stylish, well-fitting pair of trousers. Trousers don't cost much money and an odd pair can always be worn to advantage. I have goods in all the latest styles and at all prices. All goods personally fitted by C. W. Mayotte, 1594 Notre Dame Street.

DO YOU SMOKE.

If you want a really good cigar, one that will give you pleasure and make you forget your troubles ask for my brand. Only the best tobaccos kept in stock. Ross, 20 Chaboillez Square. (Agent for Fortier's Cigars and Cigarettes.)

FOR LACHINE AND THE RAPIDS.

All Notre Dame street cars connect with Park & Island cars. Take any car west on Notre Dame street.

FOR JUBILEE WEEK ONLY.

Very Fine Old Port Wine, per qt.. ..	50c
Canadian Wine, per qt..	20c
Canadian Club, per bottle..	85c
Walker's Imperial Rye, per bottle....	70c
Charles Duc & Co.'s Three Star Brandy	85c
John De Kuyper Gin, large.....	90c
John De Kuyper Gin, 3 half-pints....	55c
Key Brand Gin, small..	25c
Key Brand Gin, 3 half-pints....	50c

A full assortment of Flasks and Half Bottles on hand to choose from.

A. D. GILLIES,
430 St. James Street.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal.

In the Superior Court—No. 1462.

Raymond Prefontaine, member of Parliament, advocate, Queen's Counsel, residing in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, versus Dame Lucy MacDonald, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Donald Fraser McDonnell, of Port Arthur, in the Province of Ontario, and this latter, to authorize his wife to these presents, Victoria Eugene MacDonald, of the said City of Montreal, Albina Florence Macdonald, formerly of the same place, and now absent from this Province, Peter Duncan MacDonald, also of the same place, Edouard Lefebvre de Bellefeuille, of the said City of Montreal, in his capacity of Curator to Edouard de Bellefeuille MacDonald, also of the said City of Montreal, Interdicted, Defendants.

The Defendant, Albina Florence MacDonald, is ordered to appear within two months.

JOS. LOZEAU,
Dep. Prothonotary.

Montreal, 30th day of June, 1897.

Agreable to Taste.
Quick to Act.
Sure to Cure.
No Cure, No Pay.

Notice to Consignees.

The Allan S.S. Monte Videan, Fairfull, master, from London, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Agents.

Swimming BATHS

Open from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.

Laurentian

Continuous running water direct from the spring. Just the right temperature for an enjoyable plunge and swim.

Cor. CRAIG and BEAUDRY Sts.

Turkish BATHS

Open night and day.

20 Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 9 to 12.

90TH YEAR. No. 153. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897. PRICE ONE CENT.

BREAKING PRISON.

H. C. St. Pierre, Q.C., Tells a Story.

ELUDING THE "REBS.

The Great Criminal Lawyer Draws Upon His Memory.

The Time When He Was a Prisoner In the American War.

Among the ardent young Canadians who, sympathizing with Lincoln in his efforts to preserve the United States intact, and regarding as a new crusade the campaign against slavery, joined the army of the North in 1864, was a law student, who has since achieved enviable distinction at the Montreal bar. The student was Mr. H. C. St. Pierre, Q.C., the well-known criminal lawyer. He still bears himself like a soldier; but, in laying down the accoutrements of war and donning the peaceful toga of the courts, he has preserved none but the most genial and amiable traits that are developed during the rough but not necessarily coarsening adventures which life in camp and field offers. He is always pleased to tell of his experiences, of "the battles, sieges, fortunes," he has passed, and his agreeable style of narration, as well as his unaffected manner, marked by a complete absence of vanity, is always pleasing to his hearers, whose attention he can at all times command and retain, though he speaks for hours. The following story, for instance, will be considered by many to be more

MR. H. C. ST. PIERRE, Q.C.

extraordinary than many which owe their existence merely to the imagination of the novelist.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE GUARDS.

"The incident I am about to relate," said Mr. St. Pierre, "took place in the month of October, 1864, and forms part of a long series of adventures I went through during my prison life in the South, thirty-three years ago.

"I had, some time previously, been transferred, with a number of other prisoners, from Charleston's race ground to Florence, a small town in South Carolina, some twenty miles distant from the great Pedee River. In October there were already eight or nine thousand prisoners in a camp at Florence, and more were being brought in every day. We were destined to be lodged within the wooden walls of a stockade, which, at that time, was in course of construction at a short distance from the camp.

"One morning, as the result of a plan concocted during the previous night, some two hundred of us driven by hunger to a state of frenzy, rushed suddenly through our guards and made for the woods, which were about a quarter of a mile off. We dispersed in all directions in small groups of three or four, as chance happened to gather us. The group of which I formed part, was composed of two comrades and myself. After running for about an hour in the woods, we halted and held counsel together. We decided to push on right straight towards the north-east, and to reach North Carolina, if we could, where we expected to find assistance from the population, a good portion of which, we had been told, was somewhat in sympathy with the cause of the Union, and not altogether unfriendly to us. Our objective point was Wilmington, which was then in possession of the northern army. We knew that we had to cross the Great Pedee River, and that, in all probability, every bridge on that river would be guarded by some hastily organized squad of militiamen; but we decided to anticipate our enemies by cutting down the telegraph wires, and to attempt by a forced march to cross the river on a railway bridge before they had been made aware of our escape from the camp. This was a daring enterprise; keeping in mind, however, the old axiom that "fortune favors the brave," we resolved to try the venture.

RECAPTURED AT THE BRIDGE.

"I will not take up your time by giving the history of all our perils and narrow escapes on that eventful day. Suffice it to say that about one o'clock in the morning, we had reached the endless trestle-work that runs over the marshes spreading out along the southern side of the great Pedee river, and that after a most perilous march, by a sombre and cloudy night, over the ties laid on the trestle at an elevation of some twenty-five or thirty feet from the water below, we at last neared the railway bridge. Suddenly a squad of about a dozen men, emerging from some hiding place at the end of the bridge, came rushing upon us, shouting at the tops of their voices, 'Surrender, you —— Yanks,' We had no weapons, so resistance was useless, and an unconditional surrender was our only alternative. We were marched along the northern bank of the river, and the number of prisoners was gradually increased by additional captures until we were forty-one altogether. We reached our temporary prison the next day. It was a shed a few paces on the left hand side of the railway track, going north. The only means of entrance (at least the only one that we could see as we went in), was a sliding door right in front of the track. Having made sure that we were all in, the leader of our captors posted his force in the following manner: He placed two men in the rear of the shed, two in the front and one at each end. The remainder, or "corps de garde," was grouped together, opposite the entrance, on the other side of the track, within six or seven yards of the sliding door. He then told us that he was just going to Warren, some fifteen miles further north, to arrange about rations.

AN ASTONISHING FEAT.

"Now, the astonishing feat I am about to relate, consists in the fact that, out of this shed, thus guarded on every side by six men, and a "corps de garde" of over twenty more, in broad daytime, from nine o'clock in the forenoon to three in the afternoon, everyone of those forty-one prisoners escaped unperceived.

"Before I relate how the feat was accomplished, I must give two words of explanation. First, as to the shed and its surroundings. At the beginning of the war gunboats had been constructed near the mouth of the Great Pedee River, the railroad being utilized for the purpose of bringing in the materials necessary for the construction. As there was no depot near the river, the shed in which we were had been built on the northern bank to be used as a store room for these materials. In contrast to the southern side of the river which is a low ground over which the river overflows and spreads into an immense marsh, the northern bank is quite high and very steep. The ground on this side is a light greyish sand. After the beginning of the war the track was bordered near that shed by a forest of high trees; but these also had been utilized, no doubt, for the same purpose, and quite a number of them had been cut down. Gunboat building having ceased, the shed had been locked up and abandoned, and along the track young shoots had grown in profusion around the stumps of the cut trees, to a considerable height. On the rear of the shed, at a distance of no more than three feet from it, there was a siding track which was no longer used, and upon which an old dilapidated box car had been abandoned and left exactly opposite the middle of the shed. The box car had an opening on each side, which was provided with a sliding door. It was occupied by a negro and his wife, who used it as their cabin. They kept the sliding door shut on the side of the shed and used the other side for their entrance door. To get into their improvised cabin four planks had been propped side by side against the car, as a sort of stairway. Wild weeds and high grass had grown profusely and in thick clusters all around the shed, as well as under and around the old box car.

"So much for the shed and the topography of the place. Now for the habits of our friends, the "rebs," when they came in contact with us.

REBELS WERE BRAVE MEN.

"The Southerners were brave men and good fighters; but they (I speak of the country people) were as ignorant as the, were brave, and as talkative as they were ignorant. They never missed an opportunity of engaging in a discussion with us about the war, and this generally began with the question:

"Why do you 'uns come to fight we 'uns here for?"

The reply was never slow to come, and then the wrangling began. Being aware of their disposition to talk, it always was the easiest thing in the world for us to entice them into a lively discussion whenever we felt so inclined.

"With these explanations the sequel of my story will be now easily followed.

"After we had been in our prison ten minutes we noticed a big lot of old scraps and pieces of iron, of all shapes and sizes, which had been piled at the north-east corner. The shed was of oblong form, its greater length stretching along the track. The flooring was made of thick planks, laid lengthwise and reaching to the middle of the building, where they were nailed to a cross beam. We discovered that in addition to the door opposite the main track, there were two others, first a large sliding door on the rear similar to the one in front, which was closed by means of an iron bar thrown across on the outside, and a small door hanging upon hinges at the northern end, quite near to the rear of the shed. This latter door opened from the inside and was closed by means of a big lock fastened with screws.

"Through the slits between the boards which enclosed the building we could see the guards outside. We observed that the two sentries in the rear were walking their beat with a regular steady stride, facing one another as they came toward the middle of the building, opposite the old boxcar and then, after turning on their heels, receding, back to back, each as far as the corner he had come from.

"Now, anyone who has been a military man, knows that two sentries stationed as these were, will keep on pacing with regular step, sometimes for hours, without either stopping, turning round, or in anyway altering their gait. We were at once struck with the idea that a good chance of escaping was offered to us. For the purpose of giving us some fresh air and a little light, the sliding door in the front had been left partly open.

ESCAPED ONCE MORE.

"After holding a short consultation together, our plan of escape was quickly laid out. It was decided that a group of our people would gather close to the door and start a discussion with the guards around the camp fire, in order to engage their attention. This was easily effected. In less then ten minutes not only were the men around the camp fire engaged in discussion with the group near the door, but the two sentries posted at each end of the building, being attracted by the lively conversation, now same forward and stood leaning against the corners of the building, listening to the conversation. The position could not be better for us. With nine of the iron bars two or three planks of flooring were quietly lifted in the middle of the building close to the rear. It was then discovered that the shed was resting upon six posts planted in the ground, and that, between the flooring and the earth below, there was a space of two feet on the rear side. All around the building was a small embankment covered with thick grass and high weeds partly dried up, concealing the hollow space below.

"A little scooping with a piece of sheet iron soon sufficed to dig out a furrow deep enough to permit of one man reaching to the embankment at the rear of the building, oposite the old car. Watching the moment when the two sentries were walking with their backs turned to each

Continued on page 12.

DOROTHY'S DEBUT.

Her Account of Her Visit to the Queen.

A PRIVATE DRAWING-ROOM.

Dorothy Drew Was a Self-Possessed Little Debutante.

The Queen and She Chatted About Family Pet Names—The Queen's Present to Her.

Mr. Gladstone is one of Her Majesty's oldest servants. He is nearly ten years her senior, and he has spent the sixty years of the Victorian era in the service of his Sovereign and his country. Now, in the evening of his day, he has retired from the fierce strife, the ceaseless anxieties of public life, to spend his remaining days in the contemplation of things not of this world, and preparing, as he himself has said, for the life to come. And around him as he ponders on things eternal and invisible plays a little child, the joy and companion of his days, whose presence is like a sunbeam at Hawarden Castle. Dorothy Drew, small maid of seven summers though she be, has become an historic personage; her baby prattle has gladdened the heart of the greatest statesman of the age in the days of old age and infirmity, and her fame, all unknown to herself, has spread far and wide. Even to the very throne Dorothy's reputation as Mr. Gladstone's guide, philosopher, and friend, has risen, and the Queen, whose love for children is well known, was desirous of making the acquaintance of this important lady. The time is not yet that Mr. Gladstone's small granddaughter may kiss hands at Buckingham Palace in the orthodox fashion, but that Her Majesty decided, need be no obstacle. A special Drawing Room at which Dorothy Drew was the only debutante might be arranged at Windsor Castle. And thus it came to pass that on a recent May morning a letter reached Hawarden Castle inviting Dorothy Drew "to come and see the Queen," as the child herself puts it.

Dorothy's friends have reserved the chronicle of the event for the private archives of Hawarden Castle, but Dorothy's heart, when she returned from Windsor, was full of her visit to her Queen, and she confided freely all that happened to a friend in London. It is to this friend's kindness that we owe the following account of the little girl's reception at Windsor Castle.

INVITED TO SEE THE QUEEN.

When the letter from Princess Louise arrived at Hawarden Castle, one morning in May, saying that the Queen wished Mrs. Drew to take her little girl to Windsor Castle, Dorothy herself, though she was pleased with the idea of being taken to see the Queen, was not in the least excited. The experience of her little life has not yet made her acquainted with the nervousness and self-consciousness which haunts girls of thrice her age, even on being presented at an ordinary Drawing Room that can have nothing of the terrors of a private presentation such as this. Hence it was with perfect self-possession that she entered Kensington Palace, together with her mother, to be the guest of Princess Louise, who next day accompanied them to Windsor. Dorothy, in her account of the events of the two days, had forgotten nothing. Having been taught to be observant at all times, she noticed all the details of the journey, and told with great satisfaction of the ride to Kensington Palace in a hansom, of the private ceremony of afternoon tea in the dining-room, and of the apartments allotted to the visitors. Princess Louise, who came to greet Mrs. Drew and Dorothy, impressed the little girl by being dressed in a pretty blue tea-gown (or "dressing gown," as Dorothy put it), with satin ribbons hanging down. Lord Lorne, too, came to pay his respects to the small debutante and interested her by claiming some kind of cousinship.

At last, next day at noon, the journey to Windsor was undertaken, Dorothy remaining still pleasantly self-possessed and calm, remarking when the splendid pile of Windsor Castle came into view, that it was just as nice as Hawarden Castle. But now the real fun began. Windsor Castle might fail to impress, but the two white horses in the Royal carriage that met the visitors, the footman behind and the groom on horseback in front, were really exciting. And at the door of the Castle, so Dorothy related, Princess Beatrice met them, and the child paid the unique compliment to her of mistaking her for the Queen.

SEEN HER BUT NOT MET HER.

In a very natural and childlike way the little girl prattled on about Windsor; how she and her mother had a little sitting-room and a bedroom with big fires, and how the bed was all made just as if they were going to stay the night, whereas they were going back to London the same evening. Very quietly she described her luncheon at Windsor, which she proudly explained they had with "the grown-ups," among whom "the one who sat by me" (a lady-in-waiting) ingratiated herself greatly to Miss Dorothy Drew. But one of the incidents during the luncheon party with the Royal Household, which struck others as rather amusing, was entirely forgotten by the child. The lady-in-waiting next to her asked, "Have you ever met the Queen before?" "No, I have not," was the reply. "Haven't you ever seen her?" the lady asked again, and the answer came at once, "Oh, yes, I have seen her, but" (after a moment's pause) "she has not seen me."

Dorothy next related, with the pleasure of a child nearing the age when dress ceases to be a burden and begins to be an interest, how after luncheon she went back to the long, long corridor to her rooms to put on her new white frock and her white silk gloves, and how a great grand servant in red came to tell them the Queen was waiting. She took off one of her little white gloves, this little mite of seven, to touch her Sovereign's hand in proper Court manner, tripped once more along that long corridor, and inspected, at the entrance to the Queen's private apartments, "the Indian man whom the Queen likes very much." In another moment the little white figure, with its rosy face, its golden curls, and its great blue eyes, stood before the grey-haired kindly Queen, whose tenderness and affection for children have been the same through all the days of her life.

CHAT ABOUT PET NAMES.

The other day we heard a newly-knighted man of law relate his experiences at Windsor Castle, on the occasion of the official ceremony attaching to the conferring of a knighthood. Our new-fledged knight is not otherwise a man without courage and plenty of amour propre, but he confessed to abject nervousness during the ordeal of standing before Her Majesty. But Dorothy Drew suffered from no such feelings. She did not see, in the lady before her, the Queen on whose empire the sun never sets; the mighty monarch in the shadow of whose throne millions of subjects lead secure and happy lives; the Queen whose reign has been longer and more benevolent than that of any king or queen who has sat on the same throne before her—the child's innocent eyes saw only the white-haired lady, sitting before her in an arm-chair, not with a crown, but only with a white cap on her head, and a smile on her quiet, kindly face, as she stooped down and kissed her in return for Dorothy's best Court curtsey. The Queen asked Dorothy's name, and on further inquiry was also in-

Continued on Page 12.

OLD STYLE HAT JUST MADE NEW BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales has a new hat, and soon all the men of fashion in England will be wearing headpieces just like it. The Prince's new hat is in reality a copy of the beaver of long ago, and is amazingly like the traditional head-dress of Uncle Sam. The Prince of Wales invents his own styles as a rule. The bell-shaped stove pipe, so common a few years ago, was his conceit. The straight stove pipe, with the narrow brim, was also first worn by the Prince of Wales. The new old hat which the Prince is now wearing is not the shaggy thing of old, but a fine, sleek, glossy, black silk affair with an exaggerated bell-shaped crown, a wide band, and a very broad brim well turned up at the sides. It is strikingly jaunty and well becomes his style of face and the cut of his beard. This hat, it should be said, will not look well on young men, especially if they be slim, but it will without doubt draw its wearers largely from that description of fashion's followers.

A WAYWARD WIFE.

Strange Story Told to a Chicago Writer.

MONTREAL IS INTERESTED.

A Canadian Making a Voyage for His Neighbor's Sake.

Beautiful Woman Abandons Her Husband and Family—Sent to an Asylum—Now Cannot be Found.

The following interesting story appears in the Chicago Record and is signed by the Record's well-known staff correspondent William E. Curtis:

On Board Steamship City of Paris, at sea, June 10.—"Yes, I'm looking for the most beautiful woman in the world, and I'm not in love with her, either," said a gloomy passenger stroking his beard. "I don't mind telling you the story, and there is no objection to its publication, for that matter. It might assist me in my search, although she is not a person who would seek newspaper notoriety. Her husband is an old friend and neighbor of mine, and I've taken the trouble of a trip to Europe and the responsibility of looking hadn't loved her so devotedly, she never regard for him.

"If he'd been a stronger man, or if he hadn't loved her so devotedly, she never would have left home and this journey of mine would not have been necessary. I don't think Joe is so soft with other women, but you see, he's worshipped Anne since they were children, and whatever she says or thinks, is his religion.

"I don't like to give his other name; it wouldn't do any good to publish it, and it might add considerable to his sorrow if he saw it in print, but you have probably seen it in the London papers. Then, again, we must think of the children. He stays with them and puts them to bed every night, and teaches them to pray to God to take care of their mother—and that's why I think she's safe somewhere and well.

"No there never was any insanity in her family so far as Joe knows. Her father was a very respectable country squire in England, had a small farm and a few thousand pounds invested in the funds. Her mother was from similar stock—the daughter of a village curate—and there hasn't been anything crooked in either family, morally or mentally, as far back as traditions go Joe, you know, is the third son of the earl of Hong Kong. The old gentleman is still living, and as hearty as a buck, only he's too liberal in his notions to be popular in England nowadays. Through his father's influence Joe got a good job with the Canadian Pacific and settled down with his bride in British Columbia. So long as she was single, the countess of Hong Kong made a pet of Anne. They patronized her everywhere. They had her up as a prize beauty, and sugar wasn't sweet enough for her; but as soon as Joe fell in love with her and proposed to make her a member of the family like an honorable man, every blessed one of them would have broken a bottle of blue vitriol over her head with delight.

"For a time she was contented in her prairie home. The novelty hadn't worn off when the children came, and she saw a good deal of company when the road was new and the shooting and fishing were good. There was a party of swells out from London almost constantly, and as Joe is rich, and has a fine house as big as any hotel between Winnipeg and Vancouver, he always expected to put them up; so, except in midwinter, they were scarcely ever without one or more guests, and they generally spent January and February in Montreal and Ottawa, where Anne's beauty made her famous. Thus the time passed—it is now nearly ten years since Joe was married and came out, and I should say that Anne is at last nine and twenty,, but she doesn't look it by a dozen years.

"Flirt? No! not a bit of it. A good wife and a good mother, but vain and selfish, as most beautiful women are. They can't help it. A woman of her beauty is always talked about, more or less, for men will always be falling in love with her and making fools of themselves, but Anne was a model of discretion. Perhaps if she had been a little brighter, intellectually, and more ambitious socially, she might not have been as discreet, but she didn't seem to care for any one but Joe and the children, and didn't try to shine except in her own home. She seemed to be contented and happy.

"The change came suddenly. There wasn't a premonition. She said she wanted to run down to Montreal to do some shopping. Joe got her a pass over the railroad and gave her £500. He was a little surprised, when she asked for so much money, but he's rich, and if she had said £5,000 Joe would have forked it over without a word. She telegraphed her arrival at Montreal, and that's the last message of any kind Joe has ever received from her except a newspaper and a photograph. She appears to have taken the next train to New York, and the next steamer for England, and then turned up at the Savoy hotel. Joe sent her a telegram every day to the Windsor Hotel, at Montreal, and when the company notified him that they were all undelivered he wired me. I traced her to New York and the steamer, and then Joe came on to Montreal and cabled to his brothers in London. What induced them to take such a course I cannot say. I shall fathom their motives when I get to London or my name's not Plunkett. It was a heartless outrage, unauthorized and unjustifiable, and what makes a bad matter worse, she probably thinks they put her in the asylum by Joe's orders, and the poor fellow didn't even know where she was until he read an account of the investigation in the newspapers.

"Lunatic asylum? Well, I should say they did. As soon as they received his cablegram of inquiry those rascally brothers of Joe's, without consulting the earl or any one else, so far as I know, clapped her into a private institution on the certificate of a doctor who saw her less than ten minutes. The doctor—oh, he's being attended to; the women reformers are after him. I understand they have broken up his practice and will drive him into an asylum yet. He certified that she was suffering from serious mental aberration, and was incapable of caring for herself, and required constant care and close watching, So they locked her up in a cell and cabled Joe that she was ill but showed promise of early recovery.

"How long she might have remained there it is impossible to conjecture if it hadn't been for the women philanthropists who are always hunting for something to make a fuss about, and in this instance got some good material. They got wind of it through a discharged nurse, sent a committee to see Anne, applied in court for a habeas corpus and got a commission inquirendo de lunatico, which pronounced her a sane woman. Then she went into the show business as an awful example of the private-institution iniquity. The philanthropists were in clover. Anne's beauty, of course, made it a tremendous sensation, and all England got a notion that the country was full of asylums that were crowded with women as beautiful as she.

"Anne was even presented to the Queen, and by the Marchioness of Salisbury herself, the wife of the Prime Minister, and they say she is the most beautiful woman ever seen in Victoria's court. From some motive unknown she sent a marked copy of the Court Journal containing the announcement of her presentation to Joe, and shortly after he received her photograph in court costume, with three white plumes sticking up from her hair. That newspaper and that photograph are the only evidences Joe has had of the existence of his wife for more than seven months. You don't wonder that the fellow is heart broken.

"It's possible she hasn't received his letters, but scarcely probable. When Joe found he wasn't getting answers he took pains to send his letters through channels that would insure their delivery. That's one of the first things I'll find out when I get to London.

"Where is she? That's what I'm going to find out. She's vanished from the face of the earth. You see, people get tired of a fad in a few weeks, and as soon as the private commitment evil became a matter of parliamentary inquiry Anne was no longer an object of interest, and dropped out of sight. They induced her to bring an action for £50,000 damages against Joe's brother for false imprisonment, and then they dropped her. The last we heard of her was two months or more ago, when she visited an old friend of Joe's and asked for $200 to pay the lawyer's fees. Since then I cannot learn of any one who has seen her.

"Yes, if I can find her, I think I can persuade her to go home. I know I can unless the woman's nature is entirely changed and she is actually insane. I fear the latter may be true. No person in her right mind would so as she has done; but perhaps the reminiscences I can awaken, the photograph of the children and their prayers will fetch her to. She is very fond of me. I was one of the first friends she made in Canada. They stopped at my ranch when they arrived in the full of their honey-moon, and I took care of them for several weeks until Joe got his own shack up and his furniture, out from Montreal. Then I've lived neighbor to them ever since, am godfather to Anne and Joe better than anybody else. Anee and Joe better than anybody else. She calls me 'Uncle Dan.'"

The Herald reporter called on many Montrealers who should know if there is any truth in the story. While none of them know anything whatever about it they confess that it is quite possible that every word is true and they not know of it.

FROM HOCHELAGA.

How the Baseball Boys Won the Trophy From Maisonneuve.

English-Speaking Catholics Anxious to be Preached to in Their Own Language.

Probably the best game of amateur baseball yet seen in this city was played on the Exhibition grounds between the Emeralds of Hochelaga and the team from Watson, Foster & Co.'s paper factory, when the Emeralds won the handsome silver trophy awarded by the A.O.U.W. in honor of Dominion Day. The play from the beginning was smart and clean, and both teams deserve great credit. For the Emeralds, Couture pitched nine innings in almost faultless style. His coolness and judgment were equalled only by M. Doyle, who did some graceful and effective work at first base.

Scott was unable to catch for this match, but Whittleworth put up a great game in his place. In fact, all the men "held up their ends." McLaren, Phelan, W. Doyle, G. Duncan (the clever coacher), J. Fullum and Griffin. The proverbial duck's egg greeted the wall-paper men for four innings in succession, but notwithstanding all, the score of 16 to 11, was quite large for both teams had there not been errors among entirely to the state of the grounds. The wall paper factory's team looked fine in white suits, and showed themselves well worthy to compete for the trophy. Perron pitched with great accuracy, and mesmerized the Emeralds by shutting them out of runs for two or three innings. Young Geoffrion, the catcher, did good work, but when Bernard was pitching, he did not seem to understand his style as well as Perron's. The Emeralds ran up their big score under Bernard's twirling, but it must be acknowledged that Bernard is a promising young pitcher. Mongeau made a capable captain, and in general cases showed knowledge of baseball by sticking out for a point which was settled in his favor by referring to a book of rules. The other members of the team need not feel badly at losing the trophy, for they played good ball. They comprised J. Rennau, pitcher; A. Thibault, first base; E. Mongeau, second base; P. Blanchard, right field; A. Bernard, when not pitching, left field; J. Ryan, short stop, and C. Mongeau, catcher. W. Bramley, secretary-treasurer of the Emeralds, made a very satisfactory umpire. As both teams come from the East End, the Emeralds from Hochelaga and their opponents from Maisonneuve, some lively games may be expected during the summer.

The matter of English sermons for English-speaking Catholics of Hochelaga is still being mentioned, as tending towards a grievance. There is a large population of English-speaking Catholics who claim that they do not hear sermons in Enlish often enough. In the Carmelite Church a sermon in English has been promised for once each month, but even this is considered quite unsatisfactory for devout worshippers.

CONSUL-GENERAL.

Col. Turner, of Waterbury, Conn., the Man,

PROMINENT REPUBLICAN,

Was Pushed by His Friends for Montreal.

But Withdrew His Claims so as not to Embarrass President McKinley.

Col. Charles E. Turner, of Waterbury, Conn., who has been nominated by President McKinley, as Consul-General to Ottawa, was "slated" for recognition from the administration. The Waterbury American says of the nomination that "the united Connecticut delegation were behind him, and Senators Platt and Hawley, and especially Senator Platt, were very desirous of his appointment. At first it was thought that Mr. Turner would go to Montreal, but complications arose so that Mr. Turner's friends, to save President McKinley embarrassment in dealing with the Montreal Consulship, withdrew him from the candidacy for this place."

Col. Charles E. Turner is the son of the late Edward T. Turner, who was one of the leading business men of Connecticut. Charles was born in Plainville, August 28, 1862. His parents removed to Waterbury in 1863, and he has lived here all his life. He was educated in the Waterbury public schools and prepared for college in the Waterbury English and Classical School, after which he entered business life in his father's store in 1881. He became a

CHARLES E. TURNER.

junior member of the well-known firm of E. T. Turner & Co. in 1887. Mr. Turner continued in this capacity until the death of his father, when he became the sole proprietor of the establishment. He was married in 1886 to Miss Kate E. Seymour. Mr. Turner, like his father, has been a lifelong Republican, and has taken an active and prominent part in Connecticut politics. In the municipal government he served two terms in the Council Board, withdrawing at the end of his second term and positively refusing the nomination for Alderman, which was several times proffered him. Mr. Turner was strongly advocated by some of the most influential men of the party as the Republican candidate for Mayor, but refusd and used all his influence in the interest of the late Daniel F. Webster. He has been a member of the Republican town committee for several years, and its chairman for three years, resigning to become a member of the Republican State central committee from Waterbury district. His recent run against Senator Steele showed that he was remarkably strong in his district. With the nomination in his hands, Mr. Turner withdrew from the race and said that he would not be a candidate. Events transpired later that made him change his mind, and jumping into the field the last minute, so to speak, when the other candidate had the field worked over, he got half the delegates on the first and several succeeding ballots of the convention, after which one of the Turner delegates went to the opposition. In December, 1895, Mr. Turner was appointed on Col. Burpee's staff as paymaster of the Second Regiment with the rank of first lieutenant. He served in this capacity until December, 1896, when he resigned to accept the commission of colonel on the staff of Governor Cooke, commander-in-chief of the Connecticut National Guard. He has taken all the degrees in Oddfellowship and in Masonry, belongs to Clark Commandery and is a Shriner. Mr. Turner is one of the most popular men in the the State in the true sense of the term. He is widely known and is well liked. He is a pleasant, affable gentleman, says the American, who will do credit to the high position he is to occupy.

BICYCLE CHARGES.

A Table Showing the Amounts Which Will be Collected by the Railway Companies.

In connection with the recent decision of the railway companies to reduce the rates for carrying bicycles, the following table, showing the charges as they are based on the passenger fares, is of interest:

Passenger Fare.					Charge for Bicycle.
$ c.			$ c.		$ c.
		Under	10	.. ..	05
From	10	to	75	.. ..	10
"	80	to	1 50	.. ..	15
"	1 55	to	3 00	.. ..	20
"	3 05	to	5 00	.. ..	25
"	5 05	to	7 50	.. ..	30
"	7 55	to	10 00	.. ..	40
"	10 05	to	12 50	.. ..	50
"	12 55	to	15 00	.. ..	60
"	15 05	to	17 50	.. ..	70
"	17 55	to	20 00	.. ..	80
"	20 05	to	22 50	.. ..	90
"	22 55	to	25 00	.. ..	1 00
"	25 00	and over		....	Four per cent. of passenger fare.

IN THE AERIAL CHAPEL.

This morning, on the occasion of the feast of the visitation of the Blessed Virgin, mass was celebrated at half-past seven in the little chapel in the monument of the church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

For Younger Readers

Jickling's Experiences.

There was an old man with a weather-beaten hat, giving a puppy milk out of a broken saucer. He looked up, expecting to see some of the lower boys, who were his most constant customers, but on catching sight of a fellow in the eight, he rose from his stooping posture, and fingered the brim of his head-dress.

"Fisher, which is Mr. Jickling's dog?" asked Asheton, brusquely.

The man addressed as Fisher pointed to the beast, and added—apparently for his own private satisfaction, for he could scarcely expect that anybody else would concur in the remark,

"And a 'andsome dawg, too?"

"Is he paid for?" continued Asheton.

Fisher glanced at Jickling as if to know what this meant. Jickling wore such a hang-dog expression, that there was no making out. Asheton had taken out his purse, which was a manner of eloquence that Fisher seemd to understand. He cast a second look at Jickling and then said:—

"Yes, sir, but here be twelve shillings owin' for the keep and doctorin' of him. Very ill that dawg has been—took more than a bucketful of physic last holidays!' And as if to assent, the cur raised his head and piped the most doleful notes.

"Did Jickling tell you there were twelve shillings owing?" inquired Asheton of me.

I shook my head. Jickling seeming to apprehend a second edition of the box on the ear, backed to a prudent distance. But Asheton simply said:—

"It looks, Jickling, as if you had meant to sell Rivers this dog without telling him that he was virtually in pawn, and leaving him to find it out for himself after he had paid you the money; but as this pretty transaction was not completed, you are entitled to the benefit of the doubt."—"Now, pay Fisher."

In sulky silence Jickling fumbled for his purse, and presently muttered that there were only six shillings in it. Asheton looked for himself, and then said, he would pay the other six shillings, and did.

"And now, what's the sum you were to give Jickling, Rivers?" proceed he, looking hard at me.

"Fifteen-and-six," I answered, piteously.

"What a muff you must be!" he rejoined with a half-smile; and then turning to Jickling he said:—

"Well, Jickling, I shall buy your dog of you,—you may consider that I owe you nine-and-six."

"A'andsome dawg, sir," repeated Fisher with suppressed enthusiasm; "What's to be done with him?"

"Since you admire him so much, you may keep him," answered Asheton. "And now, you two," he continued, be back to college, and go off to the football field, "Your nine and six, Jikling, I shall give to Spankie. You told me at the beginning of the half that you owed him nothing. I've learned that you never paid him at all."

"I did pay him," grumbled Jickling, "Spankie has told you a lie."

But as if to render the discomfiture of Jickling complete that morning, we were no sooner out of Fisher's shop than who should come waddling down the pavement but this very Spankie, who immediately made a wheezy dart towards Jickling, and splutterer, in the fat way peculiar to him,

"Ah, Jickling, sir!" you're a bad lot, sir! Owed me ten bob, you did, sir; and never thought of giving me a sixpence on it. No, sir!—not you, sir!—catch you, sir!"

"There is no reason to excite yourself," said Asheton coldly to Spankie—for he evidently disliked to see an Eton fellow insulted in this pitiful way by a tart-seller—and he handed Spankie a half sovereign.

"This," said he, in a dignified tone that quickly brought Spankie's greasy hat from off his venrable head, "this is money I owe Mr. Jickling, and he has requested me to pay you. But for the future, mind you, whatever Mr. Jickling takes of you will be paid for there and then, you understand."

Spankie either did, or didn't understand, but he made a profound inclination of the head, saying:

"Yes, sir; of course, sir I always knew I could trust Mr. Jickling, sir. 'Ave a apple, Mr. Jickling. That's what I've just been to Windsor about, sir, to buy apples at the market, sir—a fine Ribstone—penny a piece, sir—pay me when you please ,sir."

Habit was so inveterate in Jickling that despite everything he had just gone through he actually stretched out his hand on hearing that a new credit was opened to him, and would have taken the forbidden fruit had not Asheton pushed him roughly by the shoulder, exclaiming:—

"You incorrigible young beggar, you! I declare there's no trusting you, even in one's sight. Now run off, and if I don't find you at football when I come, you'll see what will happen. As for you, Spankie, I warn you that if you trust Mr. Jickling again, I shall forbid him to pay you. Whatever he owes you I shall get from him, and hand over to my tutor to put into the poor box. You know I keep my word.

We played football, Jickling and I, that day; and were kept severely to that pastime on every subsequent holiday or half-holiday. Asheton reasoned that while playing football we were at least out of mischief.

But Jickling was not reformed by any means; and, before this could be effected, he had still one quagmiry scrape to wade through, which, whilst it almost cut his career of scrapes short to eternity, was indirectly the means of making him turn over a new leaf, much more decidedly and definitely than Asheton or anybody else would ever have dared to hope. This scrape was brought about by Windsor Fair.

IV.

Windsor Fair was an annual episode that enlivened the month of October. It was a three days' Saturnalia, during which the royal borough was turned upside down, and all Eton kept in a state of adventurous effervescence.

Eton boys were forbidden attending the Fair, owing to cheap gambling that was conducted by means of low roulette tables in a spot called Bachelor's Acre—but like many other prohibitions at Eton, this one was made, with a very complete knowledge on the part of the masters, that nobody had the slightest thought of paying any attention to it.

Now it stood to reason that Windsor Fair should be to Jickling the one bright date in the year's calendar. It was better than the Eton and Harrow match, and better than the 4th of June; for you broke no rule by going to Lord's or to Surly Hall, whereas in the Windsor Fair there was first the fun itself, then the pleasure of being vainly chased by a master you hated, then the ineffable delight of breaking rules—all three rolled into one—perfect bliss in short.

"We had scrambled down the bank by this time and were holding on by some tufts of grass. The water was quite deep under us, and turgid, and rapid. Opposite to us lay the Eton playing-fields. Jickling shivered; but I could see it was not for himself, but for me. He looked wistfully to see if the Master would not give up the pursuit; then, seeing that Mr. Jones (who, of course, could have no idea of what we were going to do) was close upon us, he muttered:

"We can't let ourselves be taken," floundered headlong in.

Even before I had risen to the surface, after following Jickling, I could hear the tremendous uproar of astonishment and consternation—and withal of admiration—that arose when Mr. Jones and his companions perceived what we had done.

The throng of old Etonians, roughs and street boys that had escorted the master, crowded on the banks, straining their eyes with genuine anxiety to see what would become of us, and surely thinking that we were not going to rise again. But when it was seen that we not only rose, but struck out for the opposite shore, as well as our water-filled clothes would allow us, loud cheers burst forth and rose in peal upon peal to encourage us.

Mr. Jones, who was not, at heart, a hard man, and whose sense of humanity was now getting the better of scholastic considerations, ran in dismay up and down the bank, shouting to us that if we would only come back, he would not report us. But we either did not believe him, or did not hear him, or thought that once in, it was as well to go the whole way.

Jickling was swimming a little in front of me—his tall black hat bobbing curiously above the water like a float. As we reached mid-stream, however, he slackened so as to let me come up to him, and faltered with a sudden intense expression which I shall never forget:

"Mind—you—swore—you could swim; so if anything happens, it won't be my fault will—it, eh, Rivers?"

"No," I gasped, not immediately understanding what he meant; but then it passed through me with an instantaneous flash—that we had both of us overrated our strength; that, worn out as we were we were making no headway against the stream; and that Jickling had said this, because he felt himself sinking.

He turned round once again, as if wanting to say something, with a terirble expression of anguish in his eyes; but his lips as they opened disapeared under water. I made a sort of unconscious clutch at him and he rose; but with all the strength he had left, he shook himself free, and gasped as the stream bore him out of reach.

"No, you'll drown."

And then—I remember no more—for I sank too.

It was rather more than a month after this, that Jickling and I were seated together in my room in my tutor's house, looking rather cadaverous—both of us—with our pale faces and close-cropped heads.

We had been within an ace of drowning. Lord Martingale, and some other old Etonians, had saved us; but brain fever had supervened, and once again—after escaping a watery grave—we had seen death face to face.

However, it was all over now. We were on the fair road to convalescence; and Rev. Mr. Jones was calling upon us every day to learn how we were, and to cheer us with a few minutes talk; for he had a good heart—this Mr. Jones—and took a liking to us after this terible adventure of which he was the unwilling cause.

It will scarcely be believed that, on recovering, Jickling showed himself what he had always been—that is, much more delighted at the exceptional character of his latest scrape, than thankful to Providence for the way in which he had come out of it.

(To be continued.)

The Reason Why.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry.
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school ;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction till you know the reason,
But I'm sure you think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard, in Churchman.

Blow Pipes for War.

The boy who shoots peas from a blow-pipe may not know that a blow-pipe of large make is an implement of warfare in South America. It is used by the Indian tribes on the west coast, and it varies in length from ten to fifteen feet, and is made from one of the many species of hollow canes that grow in the forests of those districts. Its ammunition is of two kinds: First, arrows tipped with poison; and, secondly, pellets of dried clay. But the greatest range of these overgrown pea shooters is seldom more than twenty-five yards and they do not shoot accurately, owing to the irregularity of the bore.

A really terrible blow-pipe is used by the Dyaks of the Malay archipelago. These weapons are made of hard wood, are eight feet long, and nearly one and a half inches in diameter, and have a spear head fixed to them, so that they serve the double purpose of a spear and blow-pipe. The is about a third of an inch, and is perfectly true throughout, while a thorn of the sago palm makes a natural arrow with a point almost as hard as iron. Feathered with pith and tipped with the deadly wourali poison, these arrowlets have an extreme range of eighty yards, and can be aimed accurately at an object fifty yards away.

Royal Playthings.

There stands in one of the rooms of Kensington Palace, London, an old faded doll house, a headless horse and a model of a ship. They are the toys with which Queen Victoria used to play when she was a little girl, about seventy-five years ago, says the Chicago Record. In another room not far away, there is a bronze plate, showing where the Queen of England was born.

Although Victoria was to become one of the greatest monarchs of her age and to reign longer than any other English sovereign she spent rather a dull time as a little girl. There were no companions with whom she could play, so her mother bought her a great many dolls, until she had a family of 132 of them. The name of each she entered in a book and wrote out its entire history, where it came from, how it lost its nose, how its dress was torn, and, finally, how its sawdust blood ran out and left it only a bunch of rags. With these dolls the little princess performed many ceremonies of state. Their feet were so fixed in a long board that they would stand up straight and she marched them around in many wonderful ways.

The Cross Girl.

There are some people who seem to have been born with a cross in their nature says a writer in the Scotsman, and to some extent it is their misfortune rather than their fault that they make disagreeable companions.

Still, there is such a thing as grumbling becoming a habit, and there are some girls I have known who persist in making themselves disagreeable, and who seem to like to be always setting their friends' teeth on edge.

The sour girl is the sort of whom it is said "she has risen off her wrong side," She is always rising off her "wrong side" simply because she has no right side. She has got into the habit of always looking at the dark side of things, and she shuts her heart against the sunlight of love. If she harbors a kind thought or does a good action she is almost ashamed of it, and when she laughs there is just a touch of bitterness in it, as if she would rather not have given way to such frivolity.

There is only one chance for the sour girl, and that is for her to meet a bright young fellow while she is still young and before her character is fully formed.

Under the brightness of his laugh and the warmth of his love she may thaw her frozen soul and become a good, sweet, loving woman.

If the sour girl only knew it, she is her own worst enemy. It is wonderful what one can do to throw off gloom and chronic depression if one only tries. To do so, one must give up thinking to much of one's self, and try to take an interest in the happiness of others. To be sour is to be selfish, and to be selfish is to lose all the best and highest gifts of life.

PUT TO THE TEST.

The Most Convincing and Absolute Proof Given.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure When Other Medicines Fail—What They Have Done for Others They Will do for You.

No remedy of modern times has offered more, or stronger proof of its sterling merit than has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cures are not those of people in foreign lands, but from all parts of our own country, and the statements made are easily verified by everyone in the vicinity in which the cures reported occur. When such proof as this is offered doubt must cease, and the medicine must be awarded the palm of superiority over all others. Every mail brings letters from grateful people in all parts of Canada, who have been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, sometimes after years of illness and after other medicines had failed, and it is the words of gratitude spoken by sufferers thus restored to health that has created the enormous demand this medicine has. The following letter is but a fair sample of hundreds constantly being received:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the medicinal value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a blood putifier and health restorer. For ten years I was a victim to a complication of troubles, beginning with quinsey and followed by rheumatism and bronchitis. My physicians told me the trouble had become chronic, and that every winter I would either have to house myself up or go to a warmer climate. Two years ago I was confined to my bed and room from February until May, under the doctor's care. One day while reading of the cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to try them, and I found a cure at last in this splendid medicine. I used a dozen boxes of the pills and I have never been better in my life than I am now, and I have not been troubled in any way with my old complaints since I discontinued the use of Pink Pills. As I have already stated, I was a sufferer for years, and during that period spent a small fortune in doctor's medicine and drugs, only to find in the end that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what all other medicines failed to do. When my friends, who know how often I was laid aside with illness, asked me what cured me, I am always happy to say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Yours gratefully,

MRS. J. A. McKIM,

Cataraqui.

Mr. and Mrs. McKim are among the best known and most esteemed residents of Cataraqui, Ont., Mr. McKim has been a travelling salesman for pianos and organs in the district in which he resides for upwards of twenty-five years.

What stronger proof than the above can be had for the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail? If you are ailing give this great medicine a fair trial and the result will not disappoint you. The public are cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations. Insist upon taking nothing but the packages which bear the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

One on Rosebery.

They tell this story of Lord Rosebery, who is a very bad shot: Not long ago he was on the Scotch moors, and, having unsuccessfully fired at a covey of birds that rose not more than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed: "It is strange that none of them fell! I'm positive that some of them must have been struck!" "I dinna doot," replied the keeper, with the usual freedom of his class, "that they were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sa easy."—Outlook.

Any Old Place.

"Once upon a time," says the Boston Herald, "Senator Cameron called upon President Lincoln at the White House in behalf of an applicant for a consulate who was a particularly pestiferous person to him. 'Where do you want to have him sent?' asked the President. There was a large globe in the room. The Pennsylvania Senator put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said, 'I do not know what my finger is on, but send him there.' And he was sent."

SHERIFF'S SALES.

F.F.—No. 1934—Dame Wilhelmina Buding de Montenach et al, es qual. vs. Emelie Viau.

A certain emplacement situate in the City of Saint Henry, District of Montreal, composed of the lot known by the number fifteen hundred and seventy-two (1572), on the official plan and in the book of reference of the municipality of the Parish of Montreal, containing fifty feet in width by sixty-four in depth on the north-east side, and forty-eight feet on the south-west side, forming a superficial area of two thousand eight hundred feet, all English measure and more or less, fronting on Langevin Street, save and except a small triangular piece expropriated from the northerly corner thereof by the Town of Saint Henry, for the opening of Saint Phillipe Street, said excepted portion containing four feet six inches at its base on said Langevin Street, by about 25 feet in depth from Langevin Street, along the north-east side of said lot and a superficies of sixty-two feet, and of a small triangular piece of land from off the southerly corner of the lot known by the number fifteen hundred and seventy-one (1571), on the official plan and in the book of reference of the municipality of the Parish of Montreal, measuring, said piece of land, about seven feet at its base on the rear or south-easterly boundary line of said lot by about thirty feet in depth and a superficial area of one hundred and twenty feet, all English measure and more or less; bounded on the north-west side by said lot number fifteen hundred and seventy-two (1572), herein before described, on the south-east side by lot number fifteen hundred and sixty-nine (1569), on the north-east side by Saint Philippe Street, said lot number fifteen hundred and seventy-two (1572), and part of lot number fifteen hundred and seventy-one (part of 1571), being contiguous and forming one and the same plot—with the buildings erected on said emplacement.

To be sold at my office, in the City of Montreal, on the NINTH day of JULY instant, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

C.W.—No. 201—William Clendinneng & Son, Debtor, and La Banque du Peuple, Petitioner, and Ambrose L. Kent et al, curator.

Seized as belonging to the said Insolvents, the following immoveables, to wit:

1.—A lot of land situate in the City of Saint Henri, forming part of lot number eleven (11), of the sub-division of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen (3413), on the plan and book of reference for the municipality of the Parish of Montreal, measuring one hundred and twenty feet in front by four hundred and eleven feet in depth in the western line, and four hundred and five feet in the eastern line; bounded in front by the Lachine Canal, in rear by Saint Ambroise Street, on the west by lot number twelve, of said sub-division of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, and on the east by lot number ten, of said sub-division of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan.

2.—A lot of land situated in the same place, forming part of lot number ten, of the sub-division of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, on the plan and book of reference for said municipality of the Parish of Montreal, measuring one hundred and twenty feet in front by four hundred and five feet in depth in the western line, and three hundred and ninety-five feet in the eastern line; bounded in front by the Lachine Canal, in rear by Saint Ambroise Street, on the west by lot number eleven, of said sub-division of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, and on the east by lot number nine, of said sub-division of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan.

3.—A lot of land situated in the same place, forming part of lot number nine, of said sub-division of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan and book of reference for the municipality of the Parish of Montreal, measuring one hundred and twenty feet in front by three hundred and ninety-five feet in depth on the western line, and three hundred and eighty feet on the eastern line; bounded in front by the Lachine Canal, and in rear by Saint Ambroise Street and by lot number eleven, of said sub-division of official number one thousand seven hundred and four, on the west by lot number ten, of said sub-division of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, and on the east by lot number eight, of said official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan—with building thereon erected.

4. A lot of land situated in the same place, of irregular form, having a superficial area of thirty-five thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, being part of lot number eight, of the subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan and book of reference for said municipality of the parish of Montreal; bounded in front by the Lachine Canal, in rear by Saint Ambroise Street, on the west by lot number nine, of said subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, and on the east partly by balance of said lot and partly by lot number seven of said subdivision of official number, three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan, as more fully described on the plan prepared by J. Emile Vanier, Provincial Land Surveyor, and dated 31st January, 1895.

5. A strip of land situated in the same place, known as lot number eleven, of the subdivision of official number one thousand seven hundred and four, on said plan and book of reference of the municipality of the parish of Montreal; bounded in front by Saint Ambroise street.

6. A lot of land situated in the same place bearing number twelve, of the subdivision of official number one thousand seven hundred and four, on the plan and book of reference for said municipality of the parish of Montreal; bound in front by Saint Ambroise street.

7. A lot of land situated in the same place, forming part of lot number thirteen, of the subdivision of the official number one thousand seven hundred and four, on the plan and book of reference for said municipality of the parish of Montreal, having a superficial area of one thousand seven hundred and twenty-two feet; bounded to the south by lot number seven, of the said subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, to the north by St. Ambroise street, to the west by lot twelve, of said subdivision of official number one thousand seven hundred and four, and to the east by the balance of said lot thirteen, of said subdivision of official number one thousand seven hundred and four of said plan.

8. A lot of land situated in the same place, forming part of number seven, of the subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, having a superficial area of two thousand four hundred and fifteen feet; bounded to the north by lot number thirteen, of said subdivision of official number one thousand seven hundred and four, on the west by lot number eight, of said subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, and on the east and the south by balance of said lot number seven, of said subdivision of official number three thousand four hundred and thirteen, of said plan and book of reference.

To be sold at my office, in the city of Montreal, on the TENTH day of JULY INSTANT, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

J. R. THIBAUDEAU,
Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Montreal, 2nd July, 1897.

SHIPPING.

CUNARD LINE.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

Calling at Queenstown.

Lucania	Sat., July	3,	8.00 a.m.
Etruria	Sat., July	10.	1.00 p.m.
Campania	Sat., July	17,	8.00 a.m.
Aurania	Sat., July	24,	noon.
Umbria	Sat., July	31,	3.00 p.m.
Lucania	Sat., Aug.	7,	noon.
Etruria	Sat., Aug.	14,	3.00 p.m.
Campania	Sat. Aug.	21,	11.00 a.m.

EXTRA SAILING.

Servia ..... Tues., July 6, 10 a. m.

The steamers of this line have for over fifty years an unequalled record for the safety and comfort of their passengers.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin, $75 and upwards. Second Cabin, $42.50 to $55, according to the season, steamer and accommodation.

Steerage tickets to and from all parts of Europe at very low rates.

Through bills of lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other ports on the Continent and for Mediterranean ports.

For freight and passage apply at the Company's Office, No. 4 Bowling Greer, New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO., General Agents.

THOMAS WILSON, Agent,
30 St. Francois Xavier Street,
BENJAMIN & WESTON,
10 Place d'Armes Square, Montreal.

JOHNSTON LINE.

Regular Sailings,

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Parkmore	about June 27
Baltimore	about July 3
Rossmore	about July 14
Barnsmore	about July 17
Oakmore	about July 21
Parkmore	about July 28
Baltimore	about Aug 2

Rossmore, Foylemore. Oakmore to follow.

For rates of freight, through bills of lading, and full information, apply to all railway agents; Wm. Johnston & Co., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Boston; 218 La Salle Street, Chicago; 208 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, or to

WM. JOHNSTON & CO., Ltd.,
Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

Ottawa River Navigation Co.

MODERN STEEL STEAMERS,
SOVEREIGN AND EMPRESS
Forming Daily Royal Mail Line,
SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.

between Montreal and Ottawa. Fare to Ottawa, single, $2.50; return, $4; do., round trip, rail and boats, $5. Most pleasant route to the

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Round Trip Tickets, going by C.P.R., Return by boat, $3.90; Boat Return, $3.60.

DAILY EXCURSIONS—Palace Steamer SOVEREIGN, to Carillon, Como, Oka, etc., $1. Take 8 a.m. train to Lachine, to connect with steamer.

Shoot the Rapids, 50c. Take 5 p.m. train for Lachine.

All boat round trip, via Ottawa, Rideau River, to Kingston, thence R. & Ont. steamer down St. Lawrence.

Tickets at 138, 137 and 178 St. James Street, Windsor and Balmoral Hotels, and Grand Trunk Station.

Magnificent new steel steamer DUCHESS OF YORK for excursion charter.

Market Steamer Princess, to Carillon, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 6 a.m.

Market Steamer Maude, to Papineauville, Tuesdays and Fridays, 6.30 p.m.

Company's Office, 165 Common Street.
R. W. SHEPHERD,
Tel. 1029. Managing Director.

Furness Line of Steamers.

MANCHESTER SERVICE — MONTREAL TO MANCHESTER.

S.S. Straits of Menai	June 19
S.S. Cynthiana	June 29
S.S. Antwerp City	July 3

And fortnightly thereafter.

Hansa-St. Lawrence Line.

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO ANTWERP AND HAMBURG.

S.S. Boston City	June 16
S.S. Carlisle City	July 14

And monthly thereafter.

For rates of Freight and all other information, apply to Earle & Massey, 6 Sherman Street, Chicago; J. H. Duthie, corner Yonge and King Street, Toronto, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., 17 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

R & O DOMINION DAY EXCURSIONS

Tickets will be sold on June 30th and July 1st, good to return till July 2nd at

SINGLE FARE,

Going on July 29th and returning July 2nd

FARE AND ONE-THIRD.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,
City Passenger Agent,
128 St. James Street, opp. Post Office.

SHIPPING.

DOMINION LINE

ELDER, DEMPSTER & COMPANY'S

Regular Line of First-Class Steamships

—MONTREAL
—TO—
BRISTOL (Avonmouth) and LONDON

Consisting of the following first-class Steamers:—

S.S. MILWAUKEE (new)	7317 tons
S.S. MONTCALM (bldg)	7,000 "
S.S. MONTROSE (bldg)	7,000 "
S.S. MONTEREY (bldg)	7,000 "
S.S. MONTEZUMA	6,357 "
S.S. MERRIMAC	4,117 "
S.S. QUEENSMORE	3,878 "
S.S. MARINO	3,819 "
S.S. ASHANTI (new)	3,400 "
S.S. BELGIAN KING	3,379 "
S.S. LYCIA	3,282 "
S.S. ETOLIA	3,270 "
S.S. MEMNON	3,176 "

Steamers of the above line are fitted up with all the modern improvements for carrying Live Stock, Butter, Cheese, Grain and every description of general cargo, and are intended to be despatched from Montreal as follows:

TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).

*S.S. ETOLIA	July 8
*S.S. LYCIA	July 15
S.S. ASHANTI	July 22
*S.S. MEMNON	July 29

And Weekly Thereafter.

*Steamers marked thus are fitted with cold storage.

TO LONDON.

S.S. BELGIAN KING	July 10
S.S. QUEENSMORE	July 24
S.S. MONTEZUMA	July 31
S.S. MARINO	Aug. 7

And Weekly Thereafter.

For rates of freight and other particulars apply to

ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO.,
219 Commissioners St., Montreal.

Toronto Agency:—
R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott St.

Chicago Agency:—
EARLE & MASSEY, 6 Sherman St.

DOMINION LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

VIA LONDONDERRY.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Scotsman	May 8 daylight,	May 9, 9 a.m
Labrador	May 22 daylight,	May 23, 9 a.m
Ottoman	May 29 daylight,	May 29, 2 p.m
Vancouver	June 5 daylight,	June 6, 9 a.m
Scotsman	June 12 daylight,	June 12, 2 p.m
Labrador	June 26 daylight,	June 27, 9 a.m

S.S. CANADA will sail from Boston 24th April, 29th May, and 3rd July.

Rates of passage, to Londonderry or to Liverpool:

First Cabin—$52.50 to $90.00 single; $105 to $180 return.

Second Cabin—$34.00 to $36.25 single; $66.75 to $69.00 return.

Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry, London, Glasgow, Queenstown, Belfast, $22.50 to $23.50.

Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.

For further information apply to any agent of the Company or to

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.
17 St. Sacrament Street.

BEAVER LINE

SUMMER SERVICE.

Montreal to Liverpool.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	From Montreal.
Sat., May 15	Lake Huron	Tues., June 1
Sat., May 22	Lake Superior	Sat., June 5
Sat., June 29	Lake Winnipeg	Wed. June 16
Sat., June 5	Lake Ontario	Wed. June 23
Tues., June 15	Lake Huron	Wed. June 30
Sun., June 20	Lake Superior	Wed. July 7

Weekly Thereafter.

Until further notice the steamers of this Line will call at Queenstown, during the summer season, for passengers, on the voyage from Liverpool only.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

FIRST CABIN—Single, $47.50, $50.00 and $60.00. Return, $95.00 and $114.00 according to steamer.

SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool or London, $34.00. Return, $66.75.

STEERAGE—To all points at lowest rates, including outfit.

For further particulars as to freight or passage, apply to

D. W. CAMPBELL, Mgr.
D. & C. MACIVER, Hospital Street, Tower Buildings, Liverpool. Montreal.

BLACK DIAMOND LINE

S.S. CAPE BRETON	2500 tons capacity
S.S. LOUISBURG	2450 tons capacity
S.S. CACOUNA	2090 tons capacity
S.S. COBAN	1350 tons capacity

The above A 1 Iron Steamships will run regularly throughout the season from

MONTREAL TO
Charlottetown, P.E.I.,
North Sydney, C.B.,
St. John's, Nfld

NEXT SAILINGS.

S.S. BONAVISTA	Monday....June 28
S.S. COBAN	Thursday..July 8
S.S. BONAVISTA	Thursday..July 15
S.S. COBAN	Monday....July 26

To be followed by other sailings at regular intervals of about every nine days.

These vessels have comfortable cabin accommodation. For freight or passage apply to

Peake Bros. & Co., Charlottetown, P.E.I.,
Vooght Bros., North Sydney, C.B.,
Harvey & Co., St. John's, Nfld., or to
KINGMAN, BROWN & CO.,
14 Place Royale, Montreal.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO.

(LIMITED.)

ST. LAWRENCE LINE.

SS. "CAMPANA," 1,700 tons,
Is intended to sail from Montreal on
MONDAY, JULY 5TH,
At 2 P.M.

And afterwards on every Alternate Monday during the season,

Leaving Quebec the day following at noon.

For FATHER POINT, GASPE, MAL BAY, PERCE, CAPE COVE, SUMMERSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN and PICTOU.

Has excellent accommodation for passengers. Electric lights and all modern comforts.

No cargo received after noon of Sailing Day.

Tickets for sale at all the principal ticket offices.

For Freight, Passage and Staterooms, apply to

J. G. BROCK & CO., Agents,
211 Commissioners Street.

Aberdeen Atlantic Shipping Co.

LIMITED.

Regular Service between MONTREAL, NEWCASTLE and ABERDEEN, sailing every three weeks.

S.S. Hankow, 3594 tons, from Montreal	July 9
S.S. Lord Gough, 3655 tons, from Montreal	Aug. 4

First-class accommodation for Live Stock, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Grain, and all kinds of Merchandise.

For rates of freight to and from above ports, and other particulars, apply to

MUNDERLOH & CO.,
General Agents for Canada.
61 St. Sulpice Street, Montreal.

SHIPPING.

ALLAN LINE.

Royal Mail Steamships.

Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal Royal Mail Service—Calling at Londonderry

From Liverpool.	Steamships.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
17 June	*California	3 July	4 July
24 June	Laurentian	10 July	11 July
1 July	Numidian	17 July	2 p.m. 18 July
1 July	*Parisian	24 July	2 p.m. 25 July

*Steamers marked thus are Mail Steamers, carrying all classes of passengers.

The Saloons and Staterooms are in the central part, where least motion is felt. Electricity is used for lighting the ships throughout, the lights being at the command of the passengers at any hour of the night. Music Rooms and Smoking Rooms on the promenade deck. The Saloons and Staterooms are heated by steam.

RATES—Cabin: $52.50 and upwards, according to steamer, location of, and number of persons in room. A reduction is made on Round Trip Tickets except on the lowest rate.

Second Cabin—To Liverpool, London, or Londonderry, $34.00 and $36.25 Single $66.75 and $69.00 Return.

Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast or Londonderry, including a plentiful supply of provisions, cooked and served, and every requisite for the voyage..... $22.50 and $23.50

Cape Town, South Africa..... $66.50

Glasgow, Londonderry and New York Service (from New Pier, foot of W. 21st Street, New York.)

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From New York.
25 June	State of Nebraska	9 July
9 July	Mongolian	23 July
23 July	State of Nebraska	6 Aug.

Rates—1st Cabin, $45 to $60; return tickets, $90 to $110. Second Cabin, to Glasgow or Londonderry, $25; return tickets, $44.75.

The Steamships Mongolian and State of Nebraska are not surpassed for excellent accommodation for all classes of passengers.

The Saloons are forward, Staterooms near the centre of the ship's promenade deck, the entire width of the vessel, and two-thirds of the length. Electric lights throughout, and electric bells in every stateroom.

London and Montreal Service.

From London.	Steamship.	From Montreal on or about
9 June	*Brazilian	27 June
16 June	*Monte Videan	4 July
23 June	Grecian	11 July
30 June	Ormiston	25 July

*These steamers are fitted with cold storage accommodation.

And Weekly Thereafter.

Glasgow and Montreal Service.

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
11 June	Peruvian	29 June
21 June	*Sardinian	6 July
25 June	Pomeranian	13 July
2 July	Buenos Ayrean	20 July

And Weekly Thereafter.

*This steamer is fitted with cold storage accommodation.

Liverpool, Halifax, Philadelphia and St. John's Service.

From Liverpool to St. John's and Halifax.	Steamships.	From Phila.	From St. John's or on about	From Glasgow.
2 June	Corean	24 June	29 June	
16 June	Siberian	8 July	13 July	

H. & A. ALLAN,
25 Common Street, Montreal.

FURNESS LINE.

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO MANCHESTER.

S.S. Baltimore City	May 25
S.S. Stockholm City	June 5
S.S. Straits of Menai	June 19
S.S. Straits of Sunda	July 3

And Fortnightly Thereafter.

Hansa-St. Lawrence Line

REGULAR SAILINGS—MONTREAL TO ANTWERP AND HAMBURG.

S.S. Carlisle City	May 21
S.S. Boston City	June 16
S.S. Carlisle City	July 14

And Monthly Thereafter.

For rates of freight and all other information, apply to Earle & Massey, 6 Sherman Street, Chicago; J. H. Duthie, corner Yonge and King Streets, Toronto, or to DAVID TORRANCE & CO., 17 St. Sacrament Street, Montreal.

Ulster Steamship Co'y,

LIMITED

"HEAD LINE"

Montreal and Quebec to Belfast and Dublin.

The following first-class steamers are intended to continue the regular service between the above-named ports:

S.S Torr Head	5,911 tons
S.S. Ramore Head	4,444 tons
S.S. Malin Head	3,467 tons
S.S. Inishowen Head	3,056 tons
S.S. Bengore Head	2,458 tons
S.S. Dunmore Head	2,229 tons
S.S. Teelin Head	1,667 tons
S.S. Glen Head	1,600 tons

PROPOSED SAILINGS.

Steamer.	For	About
S.S. Ramore Head	Dublin	July 1
S.S. Bengore Head	Belfast	July 4
S.S. Dunmore Head	Dublin	July 8
S.S. Malin Head	Belfast	July 8
S.S. Inishowen Head	Dublin	July 12
S.S. Torr Head	Belfast	July 21

To be followed by other steamers fortnightly. Through bills of lading granted from all points in Canada. For freight and other particulars apply to G. HEYN & SONS, Belfast, Managers Ulster Steamship Co., Ltd.; PALGRAVE, MURPHY & CO., Dublin; HAROLD KENNEDY, Quebec; WM. THOMSON & CO., St. John, N.B., or

McLEAN, KENNEDY & CO.,
Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET CO.

(Hansa-St. Lawrence Line.)

The only Direct Line between Hamburg, Antwerp and Canada, affording regular sailings.

SUMMER SERVICE.

| Ste

SHREWSBURY

By Stanley J. Weyman.

Copyrighted, 1897, by the Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The central figure of the story refers in the opening chapter to the death of his great patron, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the time being laid shortly after the restoration of King Charles II. There were certain aspersions on the loyalty of the Duke made, and these are to be explained away. It is with this object that the writer tells of the manner in which he came to meet the Duke of Shrewsbury. He was the son of a poor yeoman, but his mother being a woman of some refinement sent him to school, where he picked up the then unusual accomplishments of reading and writing. Returning to the farm, however, he finds his usefulness gone, and tiring at last of his enforced idleness, he takes the position of tutor in a wretched little school at Ware. The school is kept by Mr. D., whose wife is something of a termagant. While there, a new servant girl comes, and this unfortunate is the target for Mrs. D.'s abuse and blows. The young man sees the girl, who, despite her coarse clothes, is very beautiful. Companions in misery, they meet, and he falls desperately in love with her. She permits his advances, but on one occasion she tells him that she is no kitchen drudge, that she comes of better stock. In support of this statement, she tells a vague story of remembering as a little girl living in a big house in a city, and of playing with a necklace of golden beads. She wandered into the street, and saw a man running, while soldiers shot at him. She fell in front of him, and he picked her up, crying to the crowd, "Save the child." They helped him escape, but the girl remembered nothing more until she found herself in a little inn, shabbily dressed.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

It was an unhappy chance, explaining as well as accounting for such much of what follows that were I to enter into long details of the catastrophe it would be useless; since the judicious reader will have already informed himself of a result that was never in doubt from the time that my employer's departure at once provided the means of gratification, and by removing the restraints under which we had labored, held out the prospect of pleasure. Nor can I plead that I sinned in ignorance; for as I sat among the boys and mechanically heard their tasks, I called myself "Thief!" a hundred times, and a hundred to that; and once even groaned aloud; yet never flinched or doubted that I should take the money. Which I did, and—to cut a long story short—before Mr. D. had been three hours out of the house, and that evening humbly presented the whole of it to my mistress, who rewarded my complaisance with present kisses and future pledges, to be redeemed whenever she should have once more tasted the pleasures of the great world.

To tell the truth her craving for these, and to be seen again in these haunts where we had reaped nothing but loss and mortification, were a continual puzzle to me, who asked for nothing better than to enjoy her society and kindness as far as possible from the world. But as she would go and would play, and made my subservience in this matter the condition of her favor, it was essential she should win, since I could then restore the money I had taken. Whereas if she lost, I saw no prospect before me but the hideous one of detection and punishment. Accordingly when the evening came, and we had effected the same clandestine exodus as before, but this time with less peril, Mrs. Harris being a sleepy, easy-going woman, I could thank of nothing but this necessity; and far from experiencing the terrors which had beset me before when Dorinda would enter the inn, gave no thought to the scene or the crowd through which we pushed, or any other of the preliminaries, but had my soul so set upon the fortune that awaited us that I was for passing through the door in the hardiest fashion, and only paused when a hand gripped my shoulder and a rough voice exclaimed in my ear: "Softly, youngster; who are you that you poke in so boldly?. I don't know you."

"I was in last week," I answered, gasping with eagerness.

"Then you were one too many," the doorkeeper retorted, roundly thrusting me back. "This is not a tradesman's ordiary. It is for your betters."

"But I was in!" I cried desperately. "I was in last week."

"Well, you will not go in again," he answered coolly. "For the lady it is different. Pass in, mistress," he continued, withdrawing his arm that she might pass, and looking at her with an impudent leer, "I can never refuse a pretty face. And I will bet a guinea that there is one behind that mask.

On which to my astonishment, and while I stood agape between rage and contusion, my mistress, with a hurried word—that might have been a farewell, or might have been merely a request for me to wait, for I could not catch it,—accepted the invitation, and deserting me as lightly as possible, passed in and disappeared. For a moment I could scarcely, thus abandoned, believe my senses or that she had left me; then, the iron of her ingratitude entering into my soul, and a gentleman tapping me on the shoulder and saying that I blocked the way, I was fain to turn aside and plunge into the darkness to hide the sobs I could no longer restrain.

For a time, leaning my forehead against a house in a side alley, I called her all the names in the world; reflecting bitterly at whose expense she was here and at what a price I had bought her pleasure. Nor, it may be thought, was I likely to soon find some excuses for her. But a lover as he can weave his unhappiness out of the airiest trifles, so from very gossamer can he spin comfort. Nor was it long before I considered the necessity under which we lay to play and win, and bethought me that instead of finding fault with her for entering alone I should applaud the prudence that at a pinch had borne this steadily in mind. After which believing what I hoped, I soon ceased to reproach her; and jealousy giving way to suspense—since all for me now depended on the issues of gain or loss—I hastened to return to the door, and hung about it in the hope of seeing her appear.

This she did not do for some time, but the interval and my thoughts were diverted by a recontre as disagreeable as it was unexpected. In my mean condition I had made so few acquaintances in Hertford that I fancied I stood in no fear of being recognized. I was no little taken aback, therefore, when a gentleman plainly dressed, happening to pause an instant on the threshold as he issued from the inn, let his glance rest on me, and, after a second look, stepped directly to me, and, with a sour aspect, asked me what I did in that place.

Then, when it was too late, I took fright, recognizing him for a gentleman of good estate in the neighborhood, who had two sons at Mr. D.'s school, and enjoyed great influence with my employer, being by far the most important of his patrons. As he belonged to the fanatical party, and, in common with most of that sect, had been a violent exclusionist, I as little expected to see him in that company as he to see me. But whereas, he was his own master, and beside was there—which I learned afterward—to rescue a young relative, while I had no such excuse, he had nothing to fear and all. I found myself, therefore, ready to sink with confusion, and even when he repeated his challenge could find no word in which to answer.

"Very well," he said at last, nodding grimly. "Perhaps Mr. D. may be able to answer me. I shall take care to visit him tomorrow, sir, and learn whether he is aware how his usher employs his nights. Good evening."

So saying, he left me horribly startled, and a prey to apprehensions, which were not lessened by the guilt that already lay on my conscience in another and more serious matter. For such is the common course of ill doing, to plunge a man, I mean, deeper in the mire. I now saw not one ridge of trouble only lay before me, but a second and a third; and no visible way of escape from the consequences of my imprudence.

To add to my fears the gentleman on leaving me joined the same courtier who had spoken to Dorinda on the occasion of our former visit, so that to my prepossessed mind nothing seemed more probable than that the latter would tell him in whose company he had seen me and the details of our adventure. As a fact, it was from this person's clutches my master's patron was here to rescue his nephew. But I did not know this, and, seeking in my panic to be reassured, I asked a servant beside me who the stranger was.

"He," he said. "Oh, he is a gentleman from the temple. Been playing with him?" and he looked at me askance.

"No," I said.

"Oh," he answered, "the better for you."

"But what is his name?" I urged.

"Who does not know Matt. Smith, Esquire, is a country booby—that is you!" the man retorted quickly, and went off laughing.

Still this, seeing that I did not know the name, relieved me a little; and the next moment I was aware of Dorinda waiting for me at the door. Deducing from the smile that played upon her countenance the happiest omen of success, I forgot my other troubles in the relief which this promised, and I sprang to meet her. Guiding her as quickly as I could through the crowd, I asked her the instant I could find voice to speak, what luck she had had.

"What luck!" she cried; and then pettishly, "There, clumsy, you are pulling me into that puddle. Have a care of my new shoes, will you? What luck, did you say? Why, none!"

"What! You have not lost?" I exclaimed, standing still in the road; and it seemed to me that my heart stood still also.

"Yes, but I have!" she answered hardly.

"All?" I groaned.

"Yes, all; if you call two guineas all," she replied carelessly. "Why, you are not going to cry for them, baby, are you?"

CHAPTER VI.

But I was going to cry and did, breaking down like a child; and that not so much at the thought of the desperate strait to which she had brought me, though this was no other than the felon's dock, with the prospect of disgrace, and to be whipped or burned in the hand at the best, and if I had my benefit—but at the sudden conviction, which came upon me, perfect and overwhelming, that my mistress, for whom I had risked so much, did not love me! In no other way and on no other theory could I explain callousness so complete, thoughtlessness so cruel! Nor did her next words tend to heal the mischief or give me comfort.

"Oh," she exclaimed, flouncing from me with impatient contempt, and walking on the other side of the way, "if you are going to be a cry-baby, thank you for nothing! I thought you were a man!" and she began to hum an air.

"My God! I don't think you care!" I sobbed, aghast at her insensibility.

"Care?" she retorted indifferently, swinging her visor in her hand. "For what?"

"For me! or for anything!"

With a coolness that appalled me she finished the verse she was humming; then "your finger hurts, therefore you are going to die!" she said with a sneer. "You see the fire and therefore you must be burned. Why, you have the courage of a hen, a flea, a mouse! You are not worth the name of a man."

"I am man enough to be hanged," I answered miserably.

"Hanged?" quoth she, quite cheerfully. "Do you think that any man was ever hanged for three guineas?"

"Ay, scores," I said. "And for less!"

"Then they must have been cravens like you," she retorted, perfectly well satisfied with her answer. "And spun their own ropes. Come, silly, cheer up! A great many things may happen in a week! And if that vixen is back under a week I will eat her!"

"A week won't make three guineas," I said, dolefully.

"No, but a good heart will," she rejoined. "And not three, but thirty!"

"Only," she continued, looking askance at me, "you have not the spirit of a man. You are just Tumbledown Dick, as they say, and as well named as ninepence!"

It seemed inconceivable to me that she could jest so merrily and carry herself so gaily after such a loss; and I stopped short, in sudden hope and new-born expectation, and peered at her, striving to read her thoughts. "I don't believe you have lost them!" I exclaimed at last.

"Every groat, Dick!" she answered curtly, yet still in the best of spirits. "Never doubt that."

On which it was not wonderful that my disappointment and her cheerfulness agreed so ill that we came to bitter words, and, beginning by calling one another thankless and clutch-penny, rose presently to fool and jade, and eventually parted at the garden fence, where Dorinda, so far from lingering as on the former night, flounced from me in a passion, and left me without a word of regret. How miserably I stole to bed, and how wakefully I tossed in the close garret, I cannot hope to convey to my readers. Suffice it that a hundred times I cursed the folly that had led me to ruin, a hundred times went hot and cold at thought of the dock and the gallows; and yet, amid all, found in Dorinda's heartlessness the sharpest pain. I felt sure now, and told myself continually, that she had never loved me; therefore—at the time it seemed to follow—I deemed my own love at an end, and cast her off; and heaping the sharpest reproaches on her head, found my one sweet consolation—whereat I wept miserably—in composing a last dying speech and confession that should soften at length that obdurate bosom and break that unfeeling heart.

(To be continued.)

A Winner.

The Influence of Woman on Athletics.—"My! Isn't that a stunning girl!" "Yes, She won the intercollegiate cup for Yaleton last year." "What?" "Its' true. Princevard had the half-mile won easy, when Perkins saw her sitting in the front row of the grand stand and stopped to look at her."—Harper's Weekly.

THE CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Christ Church Cathedral—8 a.m. Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Cathedral Service and Holy Communion. All seats free. Rev. Canon Norton, D.D., rector of Montreal.

Church of S. John the Evangelist, corner St. Urbain and Ontario streets—Rev. Canon Wood, M.A., rector; Rev. Lenox I. Smith, curate. Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a.m. Matins, 10.15. Even-song at 7.

Church of St. James the Apostle—Rev. Canon Ellegood, rector. Morning prayer at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o clock.

Trinity Church—Morning prayer, 9 a.m. Holy Communion, 11 a. m. Preacher, Rev. C. T. James, Evening prayers, 7 p.m. All are cordially invited. Strangers welcomed and shown to seats.

St. Simon's Church, St. Henri, corner of Notre Dame and St. Elizabeth avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Rector's Bible Class and Sunday-school at 3 p.m. Services every Wednesday evening at 8. Rev. Frank Charters, rector.

St. Martin's—Rev. G. Osborne Troop, rector. 8 a.m., Holy Communion. Services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Children's services at 3.30 p.m.. Strangers welcomed

St. Stephen's Church, corner St. Paul and Inspector streets—Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D.C.L., rector. Morning service 11 a.m. Sunday-school and rector's Bible class for men and women at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Preacher at both services, the Rector. Service in the chapel at 8 p.m. on Wednesday.

Church of the Advent, corner of Wood and Western Avenue—Rev. Henry Kitson, rector. Services at 11 a.m and 7 p.m. All seats free.

St. Jude's Church, cor. Coursol and Vinet streets.—Usual services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible classes at 10 a.m., and 3 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dixon.

St. Thomas Church, Notre Dame street east. Morning service, 11 a.m. Sunday school, 3 p.m. Evening service, 8 p.m. J. Frederick Renaud, rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Stanley Street Church, near the Windsor hall.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school, pastor's class and Chinese school at 3 p.m. The C. E. S. meets on Monday at 8 p.m. Weekly meeting for prayer on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Strangers cordially invited. Rev. F. M. Dewey, M.A., pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Dorchester street.—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., pastor, will officiate at both services. Seats free at Sunday evening service. St. Paul's Mission, St. Charles street—Sunday school at 3 p.m. Evening service at 6.30 o'clock. St. Paul's Mission—Cornar Charlevoix and Charles Street, Sabbath School at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7. Hearty singing. All are welcome. Rev. W. Wilber MacCuaig, Church Missionary.

St. Gabriel Church.—Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Sunday school at 3 p.m. C. E. meeting at 8.15 p.m.

Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., pastor. Services will commence at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Rev. J. R. Dobson will preach at both services. Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Erskine Church, Sherbrooke street, head of Crescent street.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The pastor will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. C. E. Society Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Strangers and friends cordially welcomed.

Calvin Presbyterian Church, corner Notre Dame and Seigneurs Streets.—Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible class, 3 p.m. Chinese Sabbath school, 10 a.m. Monday, Y.P.S.C.E., 8 p.m. Wednesday prayer-meeting, 8 p.m. Strangers heartily welcome. Rev. J. Lyall George, M.A., pastor.

Westmount Presbyterian Church.—Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN.

The Advent Christian Congregation, Conservatory Hall, 2269 St. Catherine Street—Services discontinued till first Sunday in September.

BAPTIST.

Grace Church, Westmount—Services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. 3 p.m., Sunday school and Bible class. Weekly evening meetings as usual. Rev. W. H. Graham, Pastor.

First Baptist Church. — The pastor will preach at both services. Sunday school and Bible classes every Sunday at 3 p.m. Young People's Association every Monday evening at 8 p.m. Regular church prayer meeting every Wednesday, at 8 p.m. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

East End Baptist Tabernacle, 1006 and 1008 St. Catherine street.—Sunday services —Prayer service, 9.30 a.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preaching service, 7 p.m. Thursday evening, prayer service at 8 p.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 3 o'clock. A cordial welcome awaits you at all these services.

METHODIST.

St. James Methodist Church, corner St. Catherine and City Councillors Streets.—Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., pastor. Divine worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preaching by the pastor. Sacrament of the Lord's upper in connection with the evening service. Sunday School at 9.45 a.m. and 3 p.m. Public service in lecture room on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Epworth League on Saturday at 8 p.m.

Mountain Street Methodist Church, corner of Torrance Street—Rev Manly Benson, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preacher at both services, the pastor. Sunday-school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Monday, 8 p.m. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Dominion Square Methodist Church—Rev. T. Mansell, pastor. Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Prayer services on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. E. L. of C. E., Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers welcome to all services.

Centenary Methodist Church—Rev. D. C. Sanderson, Pastor. Morning Service, 11 a.m. Afternoon open session of Sabbath school. Evening service, 7 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Point St. Charles, 185 Congregation Street—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A. Services ,11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning subject, "The Foundation Laid." Evening subject, "Pressing Toward the Mark." All welcome. Sabbath school and Bible class, 3 p.m.

Calvary Church—302 Guy Street, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., the pastor, Rev. E. M. Hill.

Emmanuel Congregational Church,—Cor. Stanley and St. Catherine streets.—Pastor, Rev. E. C Evans, D.D. Morning service, 11 a.m., "The Power of the World." Sunday-school, Bible and Chinese classes at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. "The Progress of Religion During the Victorian Era." Seats free at all services.

Zion—Services at 11 and 7. Preacher, Rev. W. H. Warriner, M.A., B.D., pastor. Morning subject, "The Eternal and Unchangeable Christ." Evening subject, "Faith Better Than Sight." Communion after morning service.

Bethlehem Church, corner Clarke and Western Avenues—Rev. R. Hopkin, pas-

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

FIRST PRIZES—10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.

SECOND PRIZES—25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

NAME OF DISTRICT.
1 Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of these.
2 Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka and all Counties E. and N. of these.
3 Province of Quebec.
4 Province of New Brunswick.
5 Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

SEND THIS TOP PORTION

"SUNLIGHT" SOAP. WHY DOES A WOMAN LOOK OLD

$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

The bicycles are the celebrated Stearns, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

RULES. 1. Every month during 1897, in each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

The two competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch value $25.

2. The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

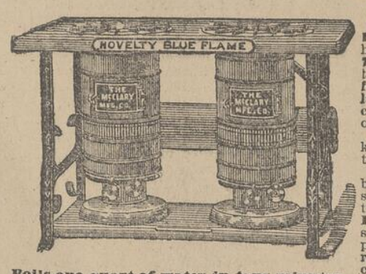
3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closed.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

BLUE FLAME Oil Cooking STOVES.

Safe and Durable 2 or 3 Burners.



Boils one quart of water in four minutes.

Burns with a **clear Blue Flame**, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. **Burners** are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes, as in an ordinary lamp. **Wicks** are **10** inches in circumference, and should last one year.

Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low.

Tanks situated away from burners, connected thereto with small tubes; the oil is thus continually cool, and prevents odor. **Frames and Tops** are made of steel, and cannot be broken. No perforated plates or braces surround the burners to retain any char or oil soakage, and thus preventing odor.

THE McCLARY MFG. CO.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

93 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

MONTREAL'S UPTOWN CONFECTIONERY

MR. ALEX. SCOTT

Has Opened his Refreshment and Ice Cream Parlors

At 2471 ST. CATHERINE STREET, NEXT TO OGILVY'S.

The premises have been especially designed for a first-class Confectionery and Refreshment Resort, where refreshing and cooling beverages, ice cream, etc., will be furnished by courteous attendants. Drop in some evening and enjoy the hospitality of Montreal's fashionable up-town restaurant. Mr. Scott will give careful attention to orders for wedding breakfasts, dinner parties, banquets, private suppers, picnic supplies, etc. We are satisfied that we can give every customer perfect satisfaction in quality and price.

ALEX. SCOTT, 2471 St. Catherine St.

DROPPED DEAD!

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease.

"A sad and sudden death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning."

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr Chase's Liver Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is a sure cure for coughs and colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.

LIVERPOOL, LONDON & GLOBE Insurance Company.

Canada Board of Directors:

Edmond J. Barbeau, Esq., - - - - Chairman
Wentworth J. Buchanan, Esq., Deputy do
A. F. Gault, Esq. Sam'l Finlay, Esq.
Edward S. Clouston, Esq.

Amount Invested in Canada, $ 1,350,000
Available Assets, - - - $ 53,169,135

MERCANTILE RISKS accepted at lowe urrent rates.

G. F. C. SMITH, Chief Agt. for the Dominion

SUB-AGENTS:
JOHN G. R. DRISCOLL, THOS. HIAM
GEO. R. ROBERTSON & SONS.

Special Agent French Dept.—CYRILLE LAINUR

NOTICE to the Debtors of JOSEPH JUNEAU, 3238 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Notice is hereby given that all Book Debts and Judgments which the said Joseph Juneau, Insolvent, holds against you for work or goods sold to you, have been sold to Jean F. Cote, Collector, 58 St. Gabriel Street, of Montreal, by Joseph Duclos, Curator of the Insolvent Estate, on the second of June, 1897, and that copies of the said acts of the said debts have been duly lodged in the Office of the Prothonotary of the District of Montreal, as required by law. Jean F. Cote, 58 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, 2nd July, 1897.

ELM MARKET, WESTMOUNT, 4151 St. Catherine Street, Corner Elm Ave.

W. H. KENWOOD.

The Old Reliable Family Meat Market. All kinds of Choice Meats, Poultry, Game, etc., on hand. Delivery everywhere. Table delicacies of all descriptions a specialty. Poultry and fish cleaned and delivered free. Bell Telephone 4857. Everything in season.

FOOD FOR THE SICK

The Diet Dispensary carefully prepares food for the sick at reasonable prices, thus facilitating and relieving the work of the household in the care of the sick. The poor are supplied gratis upon presentation of order from physician, clergyman or visiting nurse.

175 aST. ANTOINE STREET

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

St. Andrew's Church.—Morning service, 11 a.m. The pastor, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., will officiate. Evening service at 7 p.m. Young women's class and Sunday school at 3 p.m.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL.

St. Bartholomew.—The Rev. Charles R. Cook, will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 3 p.m. Mid-week service on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Protestant House of Industry and Homes, Longue Pointe.—At 2.45 o'clock p.m. divine service will be conducted by the Rev. G. C. Heine.

A Test of Merit.

"That is a wretched picture, and yet you praise it to the skies."

"Well, you see, it was painted by a fellow I know."

Sale of Linseed Oil Mills and Foundry.

Owing to the dissolution of the firm of J. & J. Livingston, linseed oil manufacturers, of Baden, Listowel and elsewhere, in consequence of the death of Mr. John Livingston, and for the purpose of winding up the partnership estate, there will be sold by Public Auction, at the

Village of Baden, Ontario, on Thursday, the 22nd Day of July, 1897,

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, the well-known Linseed Oil Mill Works and Foundry Property of the firm.

The Mills have been in operation about 25 years; have a crushing capacity of about 1,500 bushels per 24 hours; storage capacity of elevators and storehouses about 275,000 bushels of flaxseed; tankage capacity about 10,000 barrels.

The works are situated at Baden, a station on the main line of the G.T.R. (about 75 miles west of the City of Toronto), in the heart of the flax-growing district.

The foundry is well equipped for the manufacture of machinery required in the flax and oil business.

The lands comprise Lots 112, 113, 114, 119, 126, 127, 128, 166, 167, 168, 173, 174, 181 to 188, both numbers inclusive, and 201, according to a plan of the Village of Baden made by M. C. Scofield, P.L.S., registered in the Registry Office for the County of Waterloo.

Upon the above lands are erected buildings, which comprise:—Two Brick Oil Mills, 2 and 3 storeys respectively, fully equipped with modern machinery for manufacturing and shipping oil and oil cake; Elevators, Warehouses, Tanks, Foundry, Machine and Carpenter Shops, Electric Light Works, Boiler and Engine Rooms, Fire Protection Appliances, etc., etc. Facilities for shipping are afforded by special railway switch into the premises.

The property is wholly unencumbered.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. to be paid down at the time of the sale, and the purchaser will be required to pay 40 per cent. in addition on obtaining conveyance, balance to be payable in one and two years, with interest at 5 per cent., to be secured by mortgage on the premises.

Possession to be given on the 12th day of August, 1897, subject to arrangements to be made governing the taking over of the stock on hand of Oil, Barrels, Bags, etc., by the purchaser of the premises at a valuation, or its removal by the vendors by the 1st of January, 1898, and its storage and care in the meantime, without charge to the vendors. Proper facilities and access to the premises to be afforded the vendors for barrelling, handling and shipping.

Further particulars, plans of the property and buildings, and full information as to the business of the firm heretofore carried on in connection with the property offered will be made known on application to JAMES LIVINGSTON, M.P., Baden; McCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN, Solicitors, Toronto, or BARWICK, AYLESWORTH & FRANKS, Solicitors, Toronto.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 9th day of June, 1897, incorporating Robert Reford, merchant; Robert Wilson Reford, merchant; Andrew Drummond Reford, merchant; Samuel Bailey, clerk; William Arthur Coates, clerk, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, and William Inkerman Gear, clerk, of the Town of Longueuil, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, namely: To carry on in any places in the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere, the business of General Merchants and Commission Agents, and in connection therewith the operating of and carrying on business connected with Lines of Steamships, and other ships or vessels, with power to build, charter, lease and use Steamships, and other ships and vessels, and to purchase, own and sell the same or shares therein, by the name of "The Robert Reford Company," (Limited), with a total Capital Stock of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, divided into One Thousand shares of One Hundred Dollars.

Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 18th day of June, 1897.

R. W. SCOTT, Secretary of State.

RICHELIEU

The Prince of Table Waters.

PURE, SPARKLING, REFRESHING.

For Private Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and all first-class groceries. Telephone 1190

SHIPMAN & GRIFFITH, Funeral Directors and Embalmers, 2356 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL. Open Day and Night. Telephone 3020.

SEALE & SON. Funeral Directors and Embalmers. Cor. Beaver Hall and Dorchester Street. Bell Telephone, 3469. Montreal

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 206. Thomas Bellemare, Plaintiff, versus Joseph Poitras, et al, Defendants. On the 12th day of July, 1897, at seven of the clock in the forenoon, at the business place of the said Defendant, Edouard M. Leprohon, one of the Defendants, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of office fixtures, books, etc. Conditions cash. Olivier C. Coutlee, B.S.C., Montreal, July 3rd, 1897.

DEMOREST PATTERNS FREE TO HERALD READERS.

OUR GREAT PATTERN OFFER.

Valuable Cut Paper Patterns For Every Reader of The Herald.

HOME DRESSMAKING MADE EASY.

We have made arrangements with an old and reliable pattern house, whose styles are universally adopted by well-dressed people everywhere, by which we are offering free to the readers of The Herald, the Demorest Cut Paper Patterns. When purchased in the regular way, patterns cost from twenty cents to fifty cents apiece, consequently our offer makes every copy of this paper worth that amount extra. You do not need to write a letter; simply cut out the Pattern Order below and mail it according to the directions on it, and you will receive by return mail the pattern in the size chosen.

Five cents in Canadian stamps or money must be sent with each pattern to defray cost of mailing.

AN EVERYDAY FROCK.

1133—LINDA BLOUSE.

Sizes for 12 and 14 years.

A jaunty design for seashore and mountain gowns of heavy linen, duck or serge. The fitted lining of the sailor blouse can be omitted if desired, and a chemisette of tucked linen or cambric worn instead to fill out the V shield.

The model frock is made of Russian blue linen trimmed with white braid and a white linen chemisette. This blouse may be worn with any style of skirt.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

799—EDGEMERE SKIRT—Sizes for 12 and 14 years—This is a very popular style of skirt, cut with a gored apron front, and the remainder is in circle shape, with a bias seam down the back. The back is laid in two godet plaits, held in position by a narrow tape or elastic fastened on the inside. If the distended effect be desired, a deep facing of hair-cloth or crinoline may be used. Any of the popular woollens or cotton fabrics may be chosen for this model, and it can be worn with any style of basque, waist or coat.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

THE HERALD COUPON PATTERN ORDER

Entitling the holder to one DEMOREST PATTERN.

Cut out this Coupon, send it with Five Cents in money or stamps to Demorest Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Be sure and give your name and full address, number of pattern wanted, and choose one of the sizes that is printed with each design.

NAME.....

Number of Pattern. ..... Street or P.O. Box Number. .....

Size Desired. .....Town..... ...Province.....

Without this coupon your patterns would cost from 20 cents to 50 cents a piece.

AUCTION SALE OF Timber Berths.

Department of Crown Lands, (Woods and Forests Branch). Toronto, June 2nd, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT under authority of Orders-in-Council, Timber Berths as hereunder mentioned in the NIPISSING, ALGOMA, and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz.:—the Townships of Rathbun, Kelly, Davis, the North half of Scadding and that part of Hanner South of the Vermillion River, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of Coffin additional, and certain small areas on the Spanish and Bicotasing waters in the District of Algoma; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on Manitou Lake, and certain small scattered areas in the District of Rainy River, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa and Rat Portage.

J. M. GIBSON, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

HOTELS.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL

135 to 139 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

HENRY HOGAN, Proprietor.

The best known Hotel in the Dominion

THE ST. ELMO.

Cor. of McGill and Recollet Streets.

The Best 25c Dinner in the city.

BEST ALES, WINES and PORTER on Draught or in Bottle.

Polite Attention Prompt Service

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

Opposite Bonaventure Station.

This well-known hotel, so conveniently situated for travellers, is re-opened, under the management of Mr. Gedeon Forest. The table is first-class, and the cuisine under the charge of an experienced chef. Moderate charges and careful attention guaranteed. The dining room will remain open after the usual dinner hour every night from 8 to 12, on the European plan.

GEDEON FOREST, Proprietor.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,

MAX. BACHMAN

Hungarian Band every Sunday in Queen's Hotel Parlor 5 to 6

1 DINING ROOM--6 to 8.

Special Table d'Hote Dinner Sunday, 75 cents.

WOMAN'S REALM

THREADS AND THRUMS

Answers to Correspondents On Divers Subjects.

THE CHILDREN'S PETS.

Recipe for Making Strawberry Shortcake.

A Wheel on the Lachine Road—La Salle's Windmill at Lachine.

Up on one of the mountain roads the other night, we lingered to pull daisies and clover and buttercups and the night caught us. The darkness came so gradually, so softly, and yet so surely, that the lights were springing from the darkness while yet we seemed to see the twlight grays on the river. Bright and clear, with a metallic coldness burned the electric lights, softer and yellower, gleamed the gas lights, silvery, away in the sky beyond burned the earliest stars. The leaves were whispering together, a steamcar whistle sounded out in the west, a tug hooted and the rattle of belated carts and the whizz of the trolley came now and again as we leaned over a wall and looked down at the city, settling for the night.

What a paradise for bicyclists the Lachine road is. It had amused me to hear the glowing descriptions of it, and when my friends told me that if you went out by the Upper Road and came in by the Lower, it was down hill all the way. I privately concluded that was far too good to be an orthodox remark.

That is a splendid ride which takes you past green fields and quiet woods, along the banks of a river and through scattered villages. You feel the life that is lived there as you can never do by simply guessing at it. We braved a wire fence that let us into a buttercup meadow and then we were close beside the historic windmill, crumbling and patched, with empty sockets, where once its great arms used to be. Near it grew weigelia, that rosy-blossomed flower with the shining surface that looks as if it had been frosted over. And the merry party laughed and plucked the flowers and the afternoon sun shone on the gray old windmill and on the tiny square stone huts that huddled at its feet. And in and out of our heads there trailed the old stories of La Salle and "La Chine! La Chine!" as the voyageur called after him in derision for failing to find the watery way to China. Was it an accident, I wonder, that the weigelia—a shrub of Chinese birth was tangling its branches there or was it only that some one brought it as a rare bit of memory from a garden in the home land?

At the Upper Rapids we stood to watch the Corsican tossing a little in the foam and then away through the sunset light, with the odor of sweet clover and fresh tumbled water and sun-cured hay, into the outskirts of the city, where the whole population seemed to be sitting on its doorsteps, leaning from its windows and gambolling on its pavements.

—

CORRESPONDENCE.

(Address letters to Madge Merton, The Herald, Montreal.)

Bride: I have a suspicion you are not a bride at all, but a groom, and that you think it a very great joke to ask for cooking receipts in this column. I needn't give you mine, you know I could just copy one out of a book, but in case you should really want it, here is mine for strawberry shortcake. Two and a half cups flour, three and a half teaspoons baking powder, two rounded tablespoons of butter. Mix into soft biscuit dough, cut in two, roll in two thin pieces, lay one in your bake pan, butter it, lay the other on top. While it is baking prepare your berries, a quart crushed well and mixed with three tablespoons of fruit sugar. When your short cake is cooked, the upper layer will come easily from the buttered, under one, and the cake is much lighter than when you split it with a knife. Spread with the berries, sprinkle with sugar and serve. 2. Decidedly no. 3. I rather think your surmise is correct.

Greta: I quite agree with you that the handwriting delineation should not be allowed to monopolize the column, and I am quite ready to answer any other questions that I can, or discuss any subject. 2. I think you will generally find that the woman who tells you something about another woman which you mustn't tell, will be telling the other woman something about you, which she mustn't tell. Strange things have been revealed when such secrets were not guarded. One industrious gossip can set a whole community by the ears. 2. Your writing shows curiosity, self-reliance, order, sympathy and impatience.

Estelle de R.: I believe so. 2. You should decide all that before you are married. To my mind there is nothing quite so disgusting as a married flirt.

Harry: Sensitiveness, order, self-esteem, caution and ambition are shown in this writing.

Your Girl: I wouldn't wear it if I were you.

Mother: You may keep your house nice and neat, and orderly, and the windows may be darkened and there may be no flies swarming through doors left ajar by careless little folks, but bless your heart, when you've got it all fixed so, who will want to stay in it. Let the children have pets, white mice and black cats and dogs and caterpillars that are going to be butterflies and birds and all the rest of it. It will be good for them, and good for you too, for I think you must have fidgetting little ways that make you hard to live with.

A.M.B.—Originality, candor, unselfishness and executive ability are shown in this writing.

Will o' Wisp.—I think you will find that such a way does not pay in the end. Husbands are not bats. You need not expect to blind a man's eyes by any such trickery as you mention. Your writing shows determination, energy, executive ability, and a good deal of self-esteem.

Berthe.—The basswood tree is called the American linden, but it is not quite the same as the limes or lindens of the old land. The specimen you sent me is a calceolaria. Its home is South America, and the name comes from a word meaning shoe. It is shaped like a slipper you see, and is sometimes called slipperwort. I have only seen it in red, purple, and yellow, but I believe there are other colors.

A.—You are loquacious, cheerful, merry, self-satisfied and sympathetic.

Johnnie.—No, I must say I do not think your writing shows ambition, but you are persistent and are probably a genius in handling mechanisms of various sorts.

Well-Wisher.—Thank you, very much for all the kind things you say about the column and the paper. No, I have not yet made my trip to Quebec. Your clipping is a quaint idea. I wish more of us were satisfied to go from day to day, content to leave an honest day's work behind us and wait for the results.

Lucy Gray.—Charity, petulance, mirth and obstinacy are shown in this writing.

Madge Merton

KEEPING THE HOUSE COOL

By a Little Care Intense Summer Heat Can be Greatly Modified.

"How best to keep the house cool in summer is a grave problem," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "During the hot months the house is much more livable if artificial heat can be cut down to the minimum. Use the stove early in the morning, prepare certain foods that will keep well, and avoid the necessity of a big fire during the rest of the day. Bare floors are very much more pleasant in summer than straw matting, although the latter is preferable to carpets or rugs. Where one can command a water supply the house is measurably cooled by reducing the temperature of the pavement and grounds around by copious sprinklings. A goodly stream of new air should be allowed to sweep through the entire house morning and evening. The hot air of midday will condense quickly on cold walls and cause mould or dampness, consequently it should not be allowed to enter any portion of the house. All the rooms in the house should be kept scrupulously clean and neat.

"If the outside temperature is not appreciably lower at night than during the day it is almost impossible to keep sufficiently comfortable to obtain necessary rest. The sleeping rooms may be cooled by placing in the centre of each a tub two-thirds full of cool, or better, ice, water. This will absorb the heat of the room in a few hours, and will be found particularly helpful where there are children. If the heat continues during the night the changing of the water will preserve an even temperature in the room. Air your cellars at night when it is possible. Close them at nine in the morning and they will be cool and dry the entire summer. Exceptions to this rule are on windy days, as the rapid motion of the air does not allow condensation. Keep the cellar perfectly clean and fresh. Frequent coats of whitewash with plenty of lime are of the greatest value in summer."

Unwholesome Cold Drinks.

"A word should, perhaps, be said as to the unwholesomeness of the extremely cold water, tea, lemonade and other liquids, which are so extensively used throughout the United States, writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in July Ladies' Home Journal. These cold drinks reduce the temperature of the stomach, thereby checking digestion, and for this reason should be avoided during or immediately after meals. It cannot be denied that one may become a toper on non-intoxicants as well as intoxicants, and that it is very easy to create a strong desire for frequent draughts of any pleasant, cold drink. Where perspiration flows freely the effect is less serious, but in most cases the free use of cold draughts disturbs the stomach, and it would be much better if they were entirely given up. Teach your little ones, as well as yourself, to be satisfied with water at a temperature of fifty degrees, and to limit the amount of sweet drinks taken. In the evening, and possibly between meals, one might indulge now and then in a glass of lemonade, orangeade or currant punch. For a tennis-party the various mixtures like Oriental punches will appease the thirst, and iced chocolate served at luncheon is certainly an agreeable food, as well as pleasant drink. Cafe frappe comes under the same head."

DOROTHY'S DREW'S DEBUT.

Continued From Page 9.

formed of the fact that "at home" she was "Dorsie," and that she called Mr. Gladstone "papa," the whole word "grandpapa" having evidently proved too long in the busy life of Dorothy. Whatever shyness may have lurked in the heart of the child was entirely dispersed after a few minutes, and Her Majesty and her little subject exchanged confidences on the subject of family "pet names," which were communicated and received on either side with gratifying interest. The child was at such perfect ease that when the Queen put on her glasses and asked her to go to the other side in order that she might be seen better, Dorothy tripped smilingly across, no doubt with a soothing sense that "my new white frock" and "my white silk gloves" could bear inspection.

But the prettiest part of this pretty scene was yet to come, and the friend to whom Dorothy gave an account of the events of the day, repeated the child's charming account literally. "Then the Queen took a little jewel-case and she said, 'This is for you,' and I opened it and I saw a darling little brooch with a diamond V and a diamond R, and a turquoise I, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I curtseyed and kissed her hand, and said 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much. She kissed me again, and then she talked a lot to my mother, and then we went away."

It was a very beaming little girl who went back to her own rooms in Windsor Castle at the conclusion of her Special Drawing Room, and another pleasing and important feature in the programme was added, in Dorothy's opinion, when, the Royal carriage having taken her back to the station, "the train waited till we came and all the people took off their hats, and the footmen stood without anything on their heads."

TIRED WOMEN.

The world is filled with such. Tired from aching backs. This is the one predominating ailment of woman kind. Dr. Coderre's Plasters are no longer an experiment. It has been proven beyond a doubt that they will relieve backache when everything else fails.

Such a remedy is worthy of your consideration. It is one of the very few that actually does what it claims to do. 25 cents.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

South African Adaptation of Sermon on the Mount,

IS TROOPER PETER HALKET

Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell, of Great Interest.

Mr. Harding Davis' Success in His "Soldiers of Fortune"—New Book of Poems.

"Trooper Peter Halket," by Olive Schreiner (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

This is not a novel, it is not a character sketch. It is a South African adaptation of the sermon on the Mount.

With a pen which writes on the bare heart of the reader, the author has pointed out the wicked way of the foreigner who tramples on all the rights of all the men and women whose misfortune it is to be natives. The foreigner has the upper hand. He grinds his fellow creatures. True altruism is the keynote of the sermonette, and its application is nicely illustrated in the progress of the Story of Peter. He was an inconsequent trooper, who, according to his own story, was a little better in his dealings with women, a little more squeamish about corpses than his fellows.

One night when he had lost his way and sat lonely and nervous on a "koppje" before a brush fire he had kindled, a stranger came and sat beside him, and Peter queried him without success. Then he related his foul life-story and gloried in it, and the stranger seemed sad and pitiful, and his dark Jewish eyes were moist and his tone was grave as he told of the suffering natives, plundered, wounded, and martyred. They were all of his people he said, and so was the preacher, who stood before his blood-fattened congregation and dared to speak of the innocent victims they had robbed and murdered.

The stranger went his way, and Peter Halket found the road to camp and ever after that he was "not quite right," the boys of his troop said, for he acted as if he thought the "niggers" had rights.

His tragic death is an inevitable ending. It had to be so.

One would need to know South Africa politically to estimate the value of this reflection upon British protection. Olive Schreiner is a woman of keen sympathy, but she has too exact a reasoning faculty to reckon without her host. The need must have existed. She has probably turned to our eyes, a very soiled page of history. It is a daring thing to do, and if it be done for truth's own sake, it will meet a just recompense.

Some of the half-mystic writing is sublime. It is not style. It is inspiration.

And above and beyond all is the fact that it is not alone in South Africa that the powerful oppress the weak. Our own land is not free from the stain of oppression. It might be well if many a rich, if many a scheming man could be lost and sit all night in the lonely darkness and dream, or see and hear, what Peter Halket said.

LIFE OF D. J. MACDONNELL.

"Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell," edited by Prof. F. J. McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D. (Wm. Briggs & Co., Toronto.)

Any history of the early life and work of the fearless minister of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, would meet with eager appreciation by those who knew him. This admirably put forth work will be of great interest to the general public everywhere. It is more than a biography. It is a character-study etched by loving hands which were yet just ones. Appended to the biography are ten sermons and half a dozen prayers. Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Montreal, the deceased minister's sister, wrote the chapters dealing with his early life. Dr. Campbell furnished the details of "The Ecclesiastical Trial."

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

"Soldiers of Fortune," by Richard Harding Davis. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

If Mr. Davis' plan was to write a sweet love story, with adventure, rugged philosophy and flashing humor, a little business and wild-cat speculations, political corruption and an insurrection thrown in, he succeeded admirably. It is pre-eminently a love story and the whole world of readers loves a love-story—real young love. In the sweetness and tenderness of it it comes near two ideal ones. Howell's "April Hopes" and "Indian Summer." The girl, sweet heart, was so simple and so sincere and withal brave and fearless. The man was the one man she sympathized with and their courtship and marriage is a delight to the reader, who is worried from the first by the fear that he will select the wrong sister, for, with a reader's unfaith in authors, he does not feel sure what Mr. Davis is going to do about it. The humor of McWilliams, a man of business enterprise and little culture, a la the code of society, is a never-failing spring. Sometimes it is wit, pure and simple, sometimes it is a brawny bit of philosophy togged out in a humorous suit of clothes, but always it is entertaining.

The sympathies of the reader are with the madcap little sister of the acknowledged belle, for the latter has apparently everything in her favor except a heart. The character etching is unique but convincing and made perfect with little or no detail work.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE BEN BERIAH.

"The Pilgrimage of the Ben Beriah," by Charlotte M. Yonge, (MacMillan & Co., New York; Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto).

This is a carefully written tale of the journeyings of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan. The camp life, the family life, the little incidents of domestic interest, the marriages, the deaths, the wars and the miracles are dwelt upon with a wealth of description and details that make the book very interesting. The same absorption follows the author's pen here as in "The Heir of Redcliffe" over which the women readers bent and wept in other years.

The frailty of the half-hearted followers, the grumblings of the discontented, the bickerings of the jealous tribes are all humanized for easy recognizance by us of to-day. The ideal and the divine is seen in the grand old patriarchs and the mothers of Israel. It is unquestionably a work of more than passing interest. It has the language, the freedom, the sun and the odor of the desert.

NEW BOOK OF POEMS.

"The Lion, and the Lilies and Other Poems," by Charles Edwin Jakeway, (Wm. Briggs, Toronto).

The poem which gives its name to the book is a long one—six cantos, but the history and romance of it and the sometimes too florid word-painting hold the reade's attention. Father Daniel's Last Mess, The Death of Garnier, Pontiac at Home, Death of Brock, Death of Tecumseh and Laura Secord are the titles of some of the shorter pieces of verse.

ANOTHER HISTORY OF CANADA.

"The Victoria Diamond Jubilee History of Canada," by Wm. Peter Smith. (G. M. Rose & Sons, Toronto).

This book is built upon a humorous plan. It deals with the discovery, progress, politics and minor side-shows of Canada. In some of its funnisms it is cynical, but taken all in all it is very amusing. The public men are satirized, applauded, made fun of, and told the truth about. You can have several genuine laughs for 30c, the price of this unique production.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

John Stuart Thomson, whose recent book of poems, "Estabelle and Other Verse", has been so favorably received, was born in this city about twenty-seven years ago. He was educated in the public schools of this city where he laid the basis for later studies in classics and English literature. Mr. Thomson for some time had thoughts of entering the ministry and spent one or two summers conducting services in the neighborhood of Brighton, Ont., where his eloquence as a preacher made an impression which is still recalled in that district. Mr. Thomson also spent a few months in the Presbyterian College here, but finding his surroundings uncongenial, abandoned his purpose of following theological pursuits and is now devoting his main strength to letters in the city of New York. The Touchstone, of Lafayette, Pa., says of Mr. Thomson's book: "It would, indeed, be difficult to place a superior value upon any one of the poems contained, the book is of such a classic and even tone from cover to cover. Mr. Thomson is pre-eminently a poet of out-of-door life, and on every page fulfils that truest mission of poetry—of holding a mirror up to nature."

Dr. George Stewart, the well-known litterateur of Quebec, says: "I dipped into Mr. Thomson's book at once, and soon found myself unable to put it down until I had finished it. Mr. Thomson is to be congratulated upon the fine realistic pictures he has given us of nature in her various moods. The love poems are very sweet to the ear. I am very much delighted with his work which is tender and true."

NOTES.

The Grimsby Park, Ontario, Annual Booklet is out, and the directors have announced that no special attractions will be offered for Sundays, This departure will add much to the comfort of residents on the grounds.

The Hypnotic Magazine for June has some wonderfully interesting articles. "Education during sleep," by Sydney Fowler, the editor is an eye-opener.

The National Review gives an enthusiastic paragraph to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in an article called "A Colonial Chronicle."

Godey's Magazine for July contains a sketch by M. Bourchier Sanford called "Some woman writers of Canada."

"On Wings of Steel" is a wheeling song by H. H. Godfrey. The music has a vigorous swing, the words are the meterizing of every cyclist's thought and the chorus is a catchy one.

The Gift of Idleness.

Oh, take a day off when you can—
Don't wait to cross mountains and seas;
There's a holiday fit for a man,
Wherever there's sky and a breeze.

In the open lie healing and rest—
Thank heaven for so lavish a plan,
Great Nature gives over her best—
So take a day off when you can.

MOTHER and DAUGHTER

Enthusiastic in their Praise of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills.

It was our good fortune to secure the consent of both mother and daughter to the publication of the following letters.

Such well authenticated words will prove, we trust, a benefit not only to us, but to the world of sufferers who are blindly grouping for the light, the blessed light of health.

515 Main St., Manchester, N. H.

Franco-American Chemical Co.

Gentlemen.—For thirty years I was a sufferer from time to time with general weakness, at times being confined to the bed. I believe my illness was largely due to close application at dress making during my early life. My illness affected my head, causing it to ache terribly. I was also dizzy quite often, with severe pains in my neck, back and side, and more or less trouble with my stomach. An advertisement in a newspaper attracted my attention to Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. Although it seemed to describe my condition, I had but little faith at that time in anything. However, I decided to try the pills, and accordingly bought a box and commenced taking them in August '96. In one week, I experienced relief, and after four weeks I abandonned them with better health that I had known for years. I am a firm believer in the virtue of these pills, and have already advised several of my friends to use them.

Yours truly, Mrs Peter Lanois.

Witness, Jennie Perrault.

Mrs. Peter Lanois Miss Rosanna Lanois

The daughter's testimony is no less interesting; she writes as follows:

Franco-American Chemical Co.,

Gentlemen.—I was led to take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, through the advice of my mother, who had been a great sufferer for 30 years. Undoubtedly, I inherited my weakness from her, although an attack of La Grippe in the winter of 1893 aggravated my complaint.

The agony I endured from my aching head and back, no one can understand who has not been similarly afflicted. In addition to all this, I was very weak. As I have stated, my mother advised me to take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, which I did, commencing in December '96.

One week's treatment satisfied me that they were doing me good, and after two months I gave them up, as I believed myself cured. I am in good health, and shall never cease to recommend this valuable remedy whenever and wherever I can. For renewing ones strength, I am convinced that it is the best remedy known.

Yours truly, Rosanna Lanois.

Witness, Jennie Perrault.

The testimony of these estimable ladies, shows clearly that whether female weakness exists for a short or long period, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are a reliable remedy. Let every suffering woman take hope from this evidence, and no longer live under the bondage of this destroyer. The means are at hand, why do you wait? Is not the proof of its reliability sufficient? Are you better contented to go on and live your present life of misery than avail yourself of the relief provided.

NOW is the time, for delays are dangerous.

Further information relative to the diseases of women will be cheerfully furnished by our French Specialist, who will, at the same time, give you all the necessary advice for home treatment, absolutely free. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for sale everywhere, price 50 cts. per box, 6 boxes for $2.50, mailed on receipt of price. *These pills are sold in boxes only, never in bulk.* Address: FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., Medical Department. P.O. Box 2306, Montreal, Canada.

BREAKING PRISON.

Continued From Page 9.

other, a large square piece of the embankment was cut clean off, leaving a hole large enough for a man to pass through. "Then the active operaton of escaping began. As soon as the two sentries had their backs turned, this piece of turf would be quietly removed, grass, weeds and all, and, as quick as lightning, two or three prisoners would crawl out on their hands and feet, and hide themselves under the improvised stairway of the old box car, reaching thence some thick bushes and getting into the woods. In an hour's time the guards were changed, and this time the sentries walked in such a manner that we would start from the middle to the end of the building, while the other would start from the other end to the middle. Thus it was impossible for any of us to leave the shed without detection. Then a new plan was devised. By means of a little piece of sheet iron which we used as a turn screw, the lock inside the small door at the northern end of the building was removed. Then, selecting a moment when the two sentries in the rear were going towards the opposite corner we began to slip out as before. I got out through that side door. There were only ten or fifteen left in the shed when I escaped. I subseuently learned that they all managed to get away."

HIGH CLASS PIANOS.

The best pianos are the cheapest and the best value, and the best class of people are attracted by the best instruments, and the question of most people in buying an instrument is really to know which is the best, and the next question is how to arrive at a decision. What everyone says is generally true, and when this is applied to a very old maker it is almost indisputable.

Take the Chickering pianos for example. They are the oldest makers in America to-day, and have been established since 1823, and have always been considered the best in America.

The same remarks can also be applied to the Heintzman & Co. pianos of Toronto, in either of these makers.

If you want the best American or Canadian makers, you can make no mistake in either of these particulars.

Apply at C. W. Lindsay's piano warerooms, 2366 St. Catherine street.

Poet Laureate of Greater Britain.

Canadian Gazette, London, Eng.: Mr. Kipling was asked last week if he had any consoling message for his Canadian critics on the subject of his poem. "Give Canada my love," was his laughing reply, "and tell her I won't do it again." The poet of Empire was, by the way, not a little astonished at the United Empire Trade League luncheon last week to find himself dubbed on the guests' list as "Poet Laureate of the United Empire Trade League."

HEART RELIEF.

Eight Years Hanging Between Life and Death with Acute Heart Disease—And in 30 Minutes After Taking First Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relief Comes—What it Did for Alfred Couldry, West Shefford, Que., it Can do For Any Sufferer From the Same Cause.

"I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried, and failed to give me relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief, and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case while this great cure is to be had. I cheerfully sanction the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good."

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame, J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame St. Montreal's Greatest Store. July 3rd

"The Store that is Increasing Faster than any Store in Montreal To-day."

July Cheap Sale.

The largest sale of its kind in Canada, held only once a year.

Monday's Prices for Wash Fabrics.

The most popular and largest patronized department yesterday at the inauguration of our great July cheap Sale was Wash Fabric, every effort was made to please the vast assembly, no chance for monotony to creep in. Prices go lower with Kaleidoscopic rapidity. The values for Monday are incredible.

JULY CHEAP SALE NOW ON.

Shirt Waist Prints.

250 Pieces good shirt waist prints in excellent patterns and splendid colors, worth 8c a yard. July Sale Price.. .. .. 4½c

175 Pretty Light Shade Creponettes with fancy colored stripes and grass linen grounds, regular price 10c yard. July Sale Price.... .... 6½c

200 Pieces Stylish American Percales in White, Red, Blue, Green, Yellow and Pink, with stripes and scroll designs. Regular value 10c. July Sale Price.. .. .. 7c

200 Pieces Ripple Wash Fabrics, Pink, Blue, Yellow, etc., with Fancy scroll patterns, spots, etc. Regular value 12c. July Sale Price 9½c

170 Pieces Linen Colored Crepons, with bright stripes of Pink, Blue, Green, white also Black Grounds, with colored scroll patterns. Regular value 20c yard. July Sale Price.. 13c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., LTD.

JULY CHEAP SALE NOW ON.

Colored Dress Goods.

Good useful summer Dress Goods, in Plain and Fancy. Regular price, 12½c. July Sale Price 5c

Fancy Summer Tweeds, with mottled ground and fine stripe, Regular price, 23c. July Sale Price 13½c

Fancy Plaid Dress Goods, in a good variety of colorings, Regular price, 25c. July Sale Price 14c

Como Tweed with zigzag patterns, all new shades. Regular price, 35c. July Sale Price 18c

Escurial Cloth in choice designs, nice cool open weave. Regular price 85c. July Sale Price 59c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., Ltd.

Linen Towels.

Thousands of dozens of Linen Towels will be offered on Monday at about cost of manufacture, just to inaugurate this great Cheap Sale.

480 dozen all-linen Huckaback Towels, worth 5c. July Sale Price. 3c

300 dozen Heavy Oatmeal Linen Towels, Colored Borders and Figured Ends. Worth 9c. July Sale Price. 6½c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., Ltd.

JULY CHEAP SALE NOW ON.

Silver Silks.

Only a few more pieces of fashionable material, which has created quite a sensation in Montreal. They are perfection for Ladies' Shirt Waists, costumes, or Tea Gowns, in Black and Navy Grounds, with handsome scroll and floral designs in bright colors, also in brilliant stripes of heliotrope, gold, silver, green and yellow metal, a splendid washing material that will not fade or tarnish. Regular value 50c. July Sale Price.... .... 29c

120 Pieces light cool and stylish Organdie Muslins in Pompadour and Dresden designs. Regular value 30c yard. July Sale Price..... 22c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., LTD.

JULY CHEAP SALE NOW ON.

Black Dress Goods.

Figured Satin Soleil, in all the new designs. Regular price, 35c. July Sale Price.. .. .. 23c

Black Figured Mohairs, in large and small patterns, Regular price, 60c. July Sale Price.. .... 39c

Black All-Wool French Crepon, splendid effects. Regular price, 70c. July Sale Price 49c

All-wool Black Crepon, in large and small stripes. Regular price, 70c. July Sale Price... .. .. 52c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., Ltd.

JULY CHEAP SALE NOW ON.

Cottons at Cost Price.

10 bales of good strong useful Grey Cotton, just received direct from mill. The kind you usually pay 5c a yard. July Sale Price 2½c

5 cases Fine Lonsdale Cambric, special make for Ladies' Underwear, etc. Regular price, 12c, 36-in. wide. July Sale Price.. .. .. 8c

THE S. CARSLEY CO., Ltd.

☞Write for Summer Catalogue. Mail Orders Carefully Filled

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 192 to 194 St. James St., MONTREAL

Gagnon and Meunier

JULY CHEAP SALE.

We do not know if ours can be called a clearing sale in the proper sense of the word, since we have no surplus stock to clear, having done so during our last cheap sale, but we think a JOB CHEAP SALE is more to the point. During the last few weeks we have gathered all the jobs we could lay our hands on, in anticipation of our July Cheap Sale, for we meant to have our finger in the pie with the others, and now we can offer new seasonable goods at less than half the regular price, and in such quantities that all our customers will have the advantage of securing their share of the spoils.

FIRST LOT.

19,000 YARDS.

Next Monday we open the ball with nineteen thousand yards of wash materials, such as Fancy Figured Lawns, Fancy Figured Muslins, Dolly-Varden Cords, Pompadour Muslins, and Fancy Duck Suitings. These goods will be sold at about forty cents in the dollar. Regular prices are from 15c to 35c per yard. Our cut prices will be 9c, 10c, 11c, 12c, 13c, 15c. These goods are just the thing for present warm weather, and they are sweetly pretty.

SECOND LOT.

One case Pound Dress Linings, in all colors, which we will sell at 4c per yard.

THIRD LOT.

One case Pound Twill Linings, in all colors, worth from 10c to 15c per yard. Our price will be 6c per yard.

FOURTH LOT.

One case of Pound Linelette, in all colors. Same goods in stock marked 15c. We will sell them for 9c per yard.

FIFTH LOT.

50 dozen Buttercup Lace Collars. They are beauties. We bought them at half price. We will sell them at half price.

OUR LIMIT.

We limit our ad for to-day to the above goods. We will have occasion in our next to say something more about low prices.

GAGNON & MEUNIER,

129 and 131 St. Lawrence Main St.

MOTHS MUST GO!!

IMPROVED ANTI-MOTH PAPER.

This is the Genuine Moth Paper and has been before the public for 12 years, with increasing favor. See that you get it, for its merited success has brought worthless imitations. 10c per package, 3 for 25c.

Sold Everywhere and Manufactured Only by

REGENT PHARMACAL CO., MONTREAL.

CHILDREN'S TEETH

should be looked after early and frequently. Neglect in early life means artificial teeth in middle life.

NO MOTHER

relishes such a prospect for her little one. The safe way is to let us examine the children's teeth. Chances are nothing will be needed, but if decay has commenced, we'll stop it.

Modern dental science has wholly eliminated the pain.

J. BARKER VOSBURGH,

Dental Surgeon.

2416 St. Catherine St. Tel. 3085.

HARPER'S

RETAIL:

Stalls 24 & 25, St. Lawrence Market.

WHOLESALE:

8 St. Phillip Street.

PURELY PORK SAUSAGES and ThistleBrand HAMS and BACONS

Are Standards of Excellence

Buy from Advertiser and mention Herald.

FOR SALE.

At a Bargain.

Lot 30 x 75, brick house, shed and stable No. 148 St. Hypolite street. Apply at once, 13 Mitcheson avenue.

Twenty Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 13 to 20.

SUMMER FICTION SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

THIS WEEK'S NEW STORY

AT THE PISTOL'S POINT . . .

(Copyrighted, 1897, by the author.)

. . . By E. W. Horning

THE church bells were ringing for evensong, croaking across the snow with short, harsh strokes, as though the frost had eaten into the metal and made it hoarse. Outside, the scene had all the cheery sparkle, all the peaceful glamor of an old-fashioned Christmas card. There was the snow-covered village, there the church spire coated all down one side, the chancel windows standing out like oil paintings, the silver sickle of a moon, the ideal thatched cottage, with a warm, red light breaking from the open door, and the peace of heaven seemingly pervading and enveloping all. Yet on earth we know that this peace is not; and the door of the ideal cottage had been opened, and was shut by a crushed woman, whose husband had but now refused her pennies for the plate with a curse which followed her into the snow. And the odor prevailing beneath the thatched roof was one of hot brandy and water, mingled with the fumes of some rank tobacco.

Old Fitch was over 60 years of age, and the woman on her way to church was his third wife; she had borne him no child; nor had Fitch son or daughter living who would set foot inside his house. He was a singular old man, selfish and sly and dissolute, yet not greatly disliked beyond his own door, and withal a miracle of health and energy for his years. He drank to his heart's content, but he was never drunk, nor was Sunday's botttle ever known to lose him the soft side of Monday's bargain. By trade he was game-dealer, corn-factor, money-lender and mortgageee of half the village; in appearance, a man of medium hight, with bow legs and immense round shoulders, a hard mouth, shrewd eyes, and wiry hair as white as the snow outside.

The bells ceased, and for a moment there was no sound in the cottage, but the song of the kettle on the hob. Then Fitch reached for the brandy bottle, and brewed himself another steaming bumper. As he watched the sugar dissolve, a few notes from the organ reached his ears, and the old man smiled cynically as he sipped and smacked his lips. At his elbow his tobacco pipe and the weekly newspaper were ranged with the brandy bottle, and he was soon in enjoyment of all three. Over the paper Fitch had already fallen asleep after a particularly hearty midday meal, but he had not so much as glanced at the most entertaining pages, and he found them more entertaining now than usual. There was a scandal in high life running to several columns, and sub-divided into paragraphs labelled with the most pregnant headlines; the old man's mouth watered as he determined to leave this item to the last. It was not the only one of interest; there were several suicides, an admirable execution, a burglary, and—what? Fitch frowned as his quick eye came tumbling down a paragraph; then all at once he gasped out an oath and sat very still. The pipe in his mouth went out, the brandy and water was cooling in his glass; you might have heard them singing the psalms in the church hard by; but the old man heard nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but the brief paragraphs before his eyes.

ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND.
ONE CONVICT KILLED, ANOTHER WOUNDED, BUT A THIRD GETS CLEAN AWAY.

The greatest excitement was caused at Weymouth, yesterday morning, on the report being circulated that several convicts had effected their escape from the grounds of the Portland convict establishment. There appears to have been a regularly concerted plan on the part of the prisoners working in one of the outdoor gangs to attempt to regain their liberty, as yesterday morning three convicts bolted simultaneously from their party. They were instantly challenged to stop, but, as the order was not complied with, the warders fired several shots. One of the runaways fell dead and another was so badly wounded that he was immediately recaptured, and is now lying in a precarious condition. The third man, named Henry Cattermole, continued his course, despite a succession of shots, and was soon beyond range of the rifles. He was pursued for some distance, but was ultimately lost to view in the thick fog which prevailed. A hue and cry was raised, and search parties continued to scour the neighborhood long after dark, but up to a late hour his recapture had not been effected. Cattermole will be remembered as the man who was sentenced to death some years ago for the murder of Lord Wolboro's game keeper, near Bury St. Edmund's, but who afterwards received the benefit of the doubt involved in the production of a wad which did not fit the convict's gun. In spite of the successful efforts then made on his behalf, however, the authorities at Portland described Cattermole as a most daring criminal, and one who is only too likely to prove a danger to the community as long as he remains at large.

Fitch stared stupidly at the words for several minutes after he had read them through; it was the last sentence which at length fell into focus with his seeing eye. Henry Catermole at large! How long had he been at large? It was a Sunday paper, but the Saturday edition, and this was among the latest news. But it said "yesterday morning," and that meant Friday morning last. So Henry Cattermole has been at large since then, and this was the Sunday evening, and that made nearly three days altogether. Another question now forced itself upon the old man's mind. How far was it from Portland prison—to—this—room?

Like most rustics of his generation, old Fitch had no spare knowledge of geography; he knew his own countryside and the road to London, but that was all. Portland he knew to be on the other side of London; it might be 10 miles, might be 200; but this he felt in his shuddering heart and shaking bones, that near or far, deep snow or no snow, Henry Cattermole was either recaptured or else on his way to that cottage at that moment.

The feeling sucked the blood from the old man's vessels, even as his lips drained the tumbler he had filled with so light a heart. Then for a little he had spurious courage. He leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud, but it sounded strangely in the empty cottage; he looked up at the bell-mouthed gun above the chimney-piece, and that gave him greater confidence, for he kept it loaded. He got up and began to whistle, but stopped in the middle of the bar.

"Curse him!" he said aloud, "they should ha' hanged him, and I never should ha' been held like this. That'll be a good job if they take an' hang him now, for I fare to feel afraid, I do, as long as Harry Cattermole's alive."

Old Fitch opened his door a moment, saw the thin moon shining on the snow, but no living soul abroad, and for once he was in want of a companion; however, the voices of the choir sounded nearer than ever in the frosty air, and heartened him a little as he shut the door again, turned the heavy key, and shot both bolts well home. He was still stooping over the bottom one, when his eyes fell upon a ragged trouser leg and a stout stocking planted close behind him. It was instantly joined by another stout stocking. Neither made a sound, for their were no shoes to the catlike feet; and the stockings were remarkable for a most conspicuous stripe.

Then old Fitch knew that his enemy had found him out, and he could not stir. He was waiting for a knife to plunge into the centre of his broad, round back, and, when a hand slapped him there instead, he thought for a moment he was stabbed indeed. When he knew that he was not, he turned round, still stooping, in a pitiabe attitude, and a new shock greeted him. Could this be Henry Cattermole?

The poacher had been stout and thickset; the convict was gaunt and lean. The one had been florid and youthful; the other was yellow as parchment, and the stubble on the cropped head and on the fleshless jaw was of a leaden gray.

"That—that ain't Harry Cattermole?" the old man whimpered.

"No, that ain't, but 'twas once and means to be again! Lead the way in beside the fire. I wish you'd sometimes use that front parlor of yours; I've had it to myself this half-hour, and that's cold."

Old Fitch led the way without a word, walked innocently up to the fire and suddenly sprang for his gun. He never reached it. The barrrel of a revolver, screwed round in his ear, drove him reeling across the floor.

"Silly old fool!" hissed Cattermole. "Did you think I'd come to you unarmed? Sit down on that chair before I blow your brains out."

Fitch obeyed.

"I—I can't make out," he stuttered, "why you fare to come to me at all!"

"Of course you can't," said Catetrmole, ironically.

'If I'd been you I'd ha' run anywhere but where I was known so well."

"You would, would you? Then, you knew I'd got out, eh, old man?"

"Just been a-reading about it in this here paper."

"I see—I see. I caught a bit o' what you was a-saying to yourself, just as I was thinking it was a safe thing to come out o' that cold parlor o' yours. So that was me you was locking out, was it? Yet you pretend you don't know why I come! You know well enough. You know—you know!"

The convict had seated himself on the kitchen table, and was glaring down on the trembling old man in the chair. He wore a long overcoat, and under it some pitiful rags. The cropped head and the legs swinging in the striped stockings were the only incriminating features, and old Fitch was glancing from the one to the other, wondering why neither had saved him from this horrible interview. Cattermole read his thoughts and his eyes gleamed.

"So you think I've come all the way in these here, do you?" he cried, tapping one shin. "I tell you, I've walked and walked till my bare legs were frozen, and then sat behind a hedge and slipped these on and rubbed them to life again! Where do you think I got these rotten old duds? Off a scarecrow in a field, I did! I wasn't going to break into no houses and leave my tracks all along the line. But yesterday I got a long lift in a goods train, or I shouldn't be here now; and last night I did crack a crib for this here overcoat, and a bit o' supper, and another for the shooter. That didn't so much matter then. I was within twenty mile of you! Of you, you old devil—do you hear?"

Fitch nodded with an ashen face.

"And now do you know why I've come?"'

Fitch moistened his blue lips. "To—to murder me!" he whispered, like a dying man.

"That rests with you," said the convict, fondling his weapon.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Confess!"

"Confess what?" whispered Fitch.

"That you swore me away at the trial."

The old man had been holding his breath; he now expelled it with a deep sigh, and taking out a huge red handkerchief, wiped the moisture from his face. Meanwhile the convict had descried writing materials on a chiffoniere, and placed them on the table beside the brandy bottle and the tobacco jar.

"Turn your chair round for writing."

Fitch did so.

"Now take up your pen and write what I tell you. Don't cock your head and look at me! I hear the psalm singing as well as you do; they've only just got started, and nobody'll come near us for another hour. Pity you didn't go, too, isn't it? Now write what I tell you, word for word, or, so help me, you're a stiff un!"

Fitch dipped his pen in the ink. After all what he was about to write would be written under dire intimidation, and nobody would attach any importance to statements so obtained. He squared his elbows to the task.

"'I, Samuel Fitch,'" began Cattermole, "'do hereby swear and declare before God Almighty'—before God Almighty, have you got that down?—'that I, Samuel Fitch, did bear false witness against my neighbor, Henry Cattermole, at his trial at Bury Assizes, Nov. 29, 1887. It is true that I saw both Henry Cattermole and James Savage, his lordship's gamekeeper, in the woods at Wolborough on the night of September 9, in the same year. It is true that I was there by appointment with Savage, as his wife stated in her evidence. It is not true that I heard a shot and heard Savage sing out, "Harry Cattermole!" as I came up and before ever I had a word with him. That statement was a deliberate fabrication on my part. The real truth is'—but hold on! I'm like'y going too fast for you—I've had it in my head that long! How much have you got down, er?"

"'Fabrication on my part,'" repeated old Fitch, in a trembling voice, as he waited for more.

"Good! Now pull yourself together," said Cattermole, suddenly cokieng his revolver. "'The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand!'"

Fitch threw down his pen.

"That's a lie," he gasped. "I never did! I won't write it."

The cocked revolver covered him.

"Prefer to die in your own chair, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you one minute by your own watch."

Still covering his man, the convict held out the other hand for the watch, and had momentary contact with a cold damp one as it dropped into his palm. Cattermole placed the watch on the table where both could see the dial.

"Your minute begins now," said he; and all at once the watch was ticking like an eight-day clock.

Fitch rolled his head from side to side.

"Fifteen seconds," said Cattermole.

The old man's brow was white and spangled like the snow outside.

"Half-time," said Cattermole.

Five, 10, 15, 20 seconds passed; then Fitch caught up the pen. "Go on," he groaned. "I'll write any lie you like; that'll do you no good; no one will believe a word of it." Yet the perspiration was streaming down his face; it splashed upon the paper as he proceeded to write, in trembling characters, at Cattermole's dictation.

"'The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand. The circumstances that led to my shooting him I will confess and explain hereafter. When he had fallen I heard a shout and some one running up. I got behind a tree, but I saw Harry Cattermole, the poacher, trip clean over the body. His gun went off in the air, and when he tried to get up again, I saw he couldn't because he'd twisted his ankle. He never saw me; I slipped away and gave my false evidence, and Harry Cattermole was caught escaping from the wood on his hands and knees, with blood upon his hands and clothes, and an empty gun. I gave evidence against him to stop him giving evidence against me. But this is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!"

Cattermole paused, Fitch finished writing; again the eyes of the two men met; and those of the elder gleamed with a cunning curiosity.

"How—how did you know?" he asked, lowering his voice and leaning forward as he spoke.

"Two and two," was the reply. "I put 'em together as soon as ever I saw you in the box."

"That'll never be believed—got like this."

"Will it not? Wait a bit; you've not done yet. 'As a proof of what I say'—do you hear me?—'as a proof of what I say, the gun which the wad will fit, that saved Henry Cattermole's life, will be found—'"

Clattermole waited until the old man had caught him up.

"Now," said he "you finish the sentence for yourself!"

"What?" cried Fitch.

"Write where that gun's to be found—you know—I don't—and then sign your name!"

"But I don't know—"

"You do."

"I sold it!"

"You wouldn't dare. You've got that somewhere, I see it in your face. Write down where and then show me the place, and if you've told me a lie—"

The revolver was within a foot of the old man's head, which had fallen forward between his hands. The pen lay blotting the wet paper. Chattermole took the brandy bottle, poured out a stiff dram, and pushed it under the other's nose.

"Drink!" he cried. "Then write the

truth, and sign your name. Maybe they won't hang an old man like you; but, by God I sha'n't think twice about shooting you if you don't write the truth!"

Fitch gulped down the brandy, took up the pen once more, and was near the end of his own death warrant, when the convict sprang lightly from the table and stood listening in the centre of the room. Fitch saw him, and listened too. In the church they were singing another hymn; the old man saw by his watch, still lying on the table, that it must be the last hymn, and in a few minutes his wife would be back. But that was not all. There was another sound—a nearer sound—the sound of voices outside the door. The handle was turned—the door pushed—but Fitch himself had locked and bolted it. More whispers; then a loud rat tat.

"Who is it?" cried Fitch, trembling with excitement, as he started to his feet.

"The police! Let us in, or we break in your door!"

There was no answer. Cattermole was watching the door; suddenly he turned, and there was Fitch in the act of dropping his written confession into the fire. The convict seized it before it caught, and with the other hand hurled the old man back into his chair.

"Finish it," he said below his breath, "or you're a dead man! One or the other of us is going to swing! Now, then, under the floor of what room did you hide the gun? Let them hammer, the door is strong. What room was it? Ah, your bedroom! Now sign your name."

A deafening crash; the lock had given: only the bolt held firm.

"Sign!" shrieked Cattermole. A cold ring pressed the old man's temple. He signed his name, and fell forward on the table in a dead faint.

Cattermole blotted the confession, folded it up, strode over to the door, and smilingly flung it open to his pursuers.

THIS HOT WEATHER

You are Physically and Mentally Exhausted.

Paine's Celery Compound is the Great Builder and Recuperator.

As a rule there is no pain following physical and mental exhaustion and debility.

You know you are weak, faint, languid, have loss of memory, depression of spirits, with a wasting of flesh. Your troubles proceed simply from nervous exhaustion, and, though you are not suffering pain and agony, be assured your condition is extremely perilous, and demands immediate attention.

That wonderful stream (the blood) that runs to every part of the body, supplying the most minute nerves and tissues, is foul and poisoned. In your present conditon your blood is not a life stream; it is a stagnant pool of disease and death.

The healthy, hale and strong, that bear up during the hottest weather, and that are blessed with clean, pure blood and steady nerves, are the people who make use of Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that revitalizes the blood, that fortifies the nervous system, that gives perfect digestive power, sound sleep, and a new lease of life to those advanced in years.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly the great modern elixir of life, and no wonder that doctors approve of it and strongly recommend it.

Why go on in wretchedness and misery when such a medicine promises health, vigor and new life? We recommend you no untried remedy. Every bottle of Paine's Celery Compound is warranted to do the work it promises. There is health and life in every drop.

Success.

(Somerville Journal.)

The poet sat him down to write,
His paper pad was clean and white,
His pen was new,
His inkstand was fresh-filled with ink,
But O, when he began to think,
Ideas were few.

Somehow no inspiration came
To set his massive brain aflame,
No burning thought
Would fickle Erato bestow,
To make his lyric live and grow,
As lyrics ought.

Calliope was cold and grim,
And fair Thalia looked on him
With frowning mein.
So having no thought, old or new,
He wrote it up, and sold it to
A magazine.

On The Spur of Occasion...

From The Cornhill Magazine. ...By E. and H. Heron.

THE story was told to Plaistow, Vennering and myself in the moonlight on the banks of that exquisite reach of the Jhelum in Kashmir, known as the Chenar Bagh, or Garden of Plane Trees. It was told by the major apropos of the appointment of young Hedlam, of the Sikhs, to the command of an isolated fort up Gilgit way. Hedlam had departed abruptly in the morning, and Vennering, with whom he had chummed, was asked to join our party, whereupon he ordered his sleeping doongah to be moored in the neighborhood of ours, and the arrangement was complete.

Naturally the talk drifted in the direction of Hedlam and his appointment, and Mr. Marden Plaistow, M. P., theorist and advocate of every pro-native scheme that India and an irresponsible native press have ever tried to foist upon England, entered very eagerly into the discussion. He was a stout, flabby man, in search of ideas and information on Indian matters. He pestered us with questions and arguments, and disbelieved us most obstinately when we told him the plain, unvarnished truth.

"They should undoubtedly select an older and more experienced man to fill so responsible a position" Plaistow was saying dogmatically. He was anxious, as usual, to condemn the action of the Simla Government whenever possible.

"Why?" asked the major mildly.

It had taken him a hard five-and-twenty years of living and learning to acquire the knowledge Plaistow believed he could master inside of six months.

"It's a patent absurdity," remarked Plaistow, filling his glass with an air of judicial disapprobation. "A mere boy—not yet twenty-four! It's not fair to the boy himself, let alone the rest." Then, appearing to realize to the full the enormity of the official offence, he proceeded impressively: "But why—why do they do it? They can hardly expect a boy like that to govern and keep in check, direct, and administer a turbulent country half as big as Wales."

"On three hundred and fifty rupees a month, too," chimed in Lieutenant Vennering feelingly; "three hundred and fifty rupees a month, a batch of Sepoys, and a mud fort. On the cheap, isn't it?"

"The Government does not often err on the side of economy," replied Plaistow, "though in this case they certainly seem to be acting on the penny-wise principle. It is just part and parcel of their usual blundering." Then he turned abruptly to the major: "If the native element should——"

"But it won't," returned the major, with some asperity.

"Won't! Why not?"

"Never does, somehow."

Even Plaistow seemed struck with the major's conviction.

"I could cite instances," he said doubtfully.

"Instances may go to the deuce! Look at the thing broadly. We always do it, and it always turns out all right, except——"

"Ah, except!"

"Except it may cost a life or two."

"Still, it is hardly logical, you will allow?"

"No, its' not logical; it's better. It's positively diplomatic—though it is possible that the powers that be don't know that. It makes quite a nice little mathematical problem for the native mind. If the young and inexperienced sahib with twenty men can do a certain piece of work in a day, how long would it take the older and more experienced sahib with fifty men? See?"

"But," objected Plaistow, "you have admitted that the young and inexperienced sahib sometimes fails."

'Seldom fails," corrected the major; "though I admit he occasionally loses his life." He paused a moment before he went on. 'Then I believe there are other influences at work."

"What influences?" exclaimed Plaistow, hot on the scent of new information.

The major paused again. "It is hard to explain," he said at last. "Given the occasion, we invariably get the man. I could tell you a story."

"By all means," said Plaistow.

"But on the whole, I think the story had better not be told. It won't do you any good," continued the major, in a tone of which Plaistow failed to apprehend the full meaning.

"Fire away, major," interjected Vennering.

The major changed his position to rekindle his cheroot, and between the puffs began:—

"Very well, though it is quite an ordinary story—no exception at all, only to prove the rule, you know. It all happened up there," he continued, waving his hand in the direction of the Hindu Kush, "and the principal characters were an ugly native drum, a most villainous looking priest, and a very young subaltern.

"I needn't tell you his name. The fellows said he'd have forgotten it himself but for the saving influence of his aunt's letters—their addresses, I mean; he never got any further with them than the address. We called him the 'Bun'—I forget why. He had a round, wholesome, sunburnt face, and was a careless, light-hearted youngster with light eyelashes emphasized by a blink. Just the last sort of chap for an independent command among a newly annexed and turbulent tribe, one would have thought—that is, one who knew him at that date. Later at Childazai I began to think differently; but that's premature.

"The Bun was, in fact, the sort of fellow you meet by the dozen at any public school. Afterwards these rough drafts are elaborated in various ways with various results, and are liked or disliked accordingly. Here along the frontier we go the right way about bringing out any good the boys may have in them by making them stand on their own feet. In the lonely outposts, self-reliance and ready resource develop in the most unlikely cases and influence important issues, but their success is seldom heard of beyond the nearest cantonments. Such cases are too common to take notice of.

"The Childazais are, as you probably know, a hill-tribe, born and bred in the belief that they have an immemorial right to live by harrying the plains which lie below their fastnesses. They were in the habit of descending at intervals to carry of the crops and the cattle, as well as an assortment of women and children—the latter they sold as slaves over the border. Moreover, they were conveniently within reach of one of the principal trade routes through the mountains, where for generations they had waylaid and plundered the passing caravans to their hearts content and with practical impunity.

"After vainly trying to subsidize the tribe and so put an end to the incessant raids, and slave-dealing, and troubles of all sorts, which paralyzed trade on the road and turned the surrounding country into a desert, the Government at length resolved to compel obedience instead of paying for it. Accordingly, we made a quiet little expedition into the mountains to teach them manners.

"Afterwards we disarmed the tribes, gave them their orders, and retired, leaving a subaltern with a score or so of Pathans at Kalt, a fort commanding the only pass by which the tribes could descend into the lowlands.

"Things went on well enough for a time, and then rumors began to get around of renewed raids, and it was about this period the authorities saw fit to send the Bun up to serve his turn of sentry-go at Kalt.

"I was seedy that hot weather and had an extra term of leave, towards the end of which I found myself not so far from Childazai. I had been there with the expedition, and thought I should like to have a look at the old place and the Bun, Incidentally, also, I was rather curious to see how the Bun upheld his authority.

"Childazai is well up towards the roof of the world, as you know, and is not precisely an easy place to get at. But I reached it after some trifling misadventures, and was welcomed by the Bun with effusion.

"I found him very fit; he blushed and blinked much in the old way, and to a casual observer his responsibilities did not seem to weigh upon him.

"While we were waiting for dinner, he took me up on the top of the fort to have a look round. Kalt is not large. Its little square towers stand in the very eye of the pass on a short, rocky terrace, below which the torrent of the Somara roars through a narrow gorge between two sheer walls of granite hundreds of feet in height. The river-bed being impassable, the path to the plains zigzags over the shoulder of the ridge directly under the guns of the fort—a convenient arrangement, as the Bun remarked. The whole region is the most God-forsaken medley of black naked mountain-sides and gloomy ravines, swept alternately by seas of mist or bitter winds off the snows. Looking northwards the view is blocked by the tail-end of of one of the biggest glaciers in the world.

"In the mid-distance the Bun pointed out the principal village, where the irregular lines of flat roofs looked like a broad ruined stair, leading up to the squat tower of the rajah's castle.

"'See that dark thing on top of the tower?' asked the Bun, handing me his field-glass; 'that's the pet fetish of this cheerful neighborhood. It's a drum rimmed round with big garnets. It used to be beaten by propitious fairies or devils when a projected raid was destined to turn out lucky.'

"'It has been used lately,' I remarked.

"'No, but it's still there,' he returned.

"Directly below us across the gorge enclosing the unseen river, a frail bridge swung in the evening wind over a depth of black abyss. I didn't feel like trying it, and said so to the Bun.

"He gazed at it abstractedly, and agreed with me. 'I've been over it once or twice, but it isn't a pleasure. It's one of our highroads, and I've had it strengthened with ropes and slats, you see,'

"And then he took me down to dinner.

"'What have these beggars to do with magic drums?' I asked presently. 'I understood they were Mussulmans.'

"The Bun nodded.

"'Dissenters he explained as he tackled a second helping of a whole lean hen. 'They despise the Koran, and have a convenient schis of their own, under the dogmas of which they may drink wine and bedevil themselves generally. Their one golden rule consists in paying the pir—that's the high priest—handsomely, and he arranges the rest. Not half bad, you know, when you come to think of it.'

"'What do they believe in then?'

"'They believe in the devil and the drum—principally the drum—and the influence of the pir, with the bogies all round!

"These gorges, I remember now, are supposed to be peopled by demons and wizards,' I said, 'but I don't remember the drum.'

"'Of course not,' replied the Bun. 'You don't suppose they have left that around for the Tommies to fool with. They hid it. Why, it's the luck of the Childazais, so to speak, and the beginning of all evil in these parts.'

"After this we began to talk on the subjects men always talk of when they meet on the edges of the world—the 'Varsity match, golf, music-halls, and, lastly, we fell to discussing the chances of a row.

"'We're in for a bit of a storm here, or I'm much mistaken,' he said. 'The tribe is being flea-bitten into discontent.'

"'The pir?' I hazarded.

"'Naturally,' he returned. 'The pir is no end of a chap! In the old days he used to levy tithes on the loot of the caravans, and, in fact, on all the plunder these beggars brought back from their raids. I believe he has a ten-foot well crammed with treasure. I'd not like to meddle with it, by George, it is heavy with rusted blood! Now his income is paltry in comparison to what it was, and he fails to see the beauty of the embargo laid by the government on the outgoings and ancient customs of the tribe. There has been a good deal of grumbling and chafing this while past.'

"'You should report it,' I observed.

"'I have,' he answered; 'but you know what they always say—that they don't want to go to any expense in the way of sending up reinforcements, and hint that if I am worth my salt I should be able to keep the tribe quiet.'

"'So you should,' I agreed, with the proper amount of authority.

"'I wish you had it to do, then,' exclaimed the Bun boyishly, driven beyond the limits of his patience. 'I dare say I might manage the ruck, but when it comes to dealing with such an astute, daring old cadger as the pir, I tell you I feel pretty childish.'

"'Go up and talk to the rajah about it, I suggested.

"The Bun laughed scornfully.

"'Rajah be hanged!' he scoffed. 'The pir is head and shoulders the biggest man in this district. He holds the rajah and the headman in the hollow of his hand, especially as their desires jump with his admonitions.'

"'By the by,' I said, 'I forgot to mention a little incident which occurred on the way up. It has just struck me it may have some bearing on the present position. When we were crossing one of the lower passes we were overtaken by a gaunt hillman going all he knew in the teeth of the deadly cold wind without a rag upon him but his dhoti (waistcloth). I told my fellows to stop him if they could. They got round him, and asked him who he was and where he was going. He looked at me over their heads, and he had the burning eye of a fanatic. "The vultures are gathering," he said fiercely; "I go to the feast." With that he swung round on his heels and started up the pass——'

"The words were scarcely out of my

mouth when the Bun cut in, evidently much excited:

"Why the dickens did you not tell me that before?' he exclaimed; 'we're in for it.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'Oh, hang it all! I can't wait to enter into details now,' he replied, with some heat, 'but you may take it they are up to some extra deviltry. I've laid myself out to understand these Childazais. I can talk their lingo more or less, and my spies have been telling me of the expected arrival of Nunga—that's your friend. But I did not know he was here.'

"'Who or what is he, anyway?'

"The Bun pondered the situation with the air of a war-worn veteran, and then I saw that he had altered since we parted down country. At last he spoke, grimly enough:

"'Just what he said. It means, among other things, that the discontent has come to a head. Probably the pir has got wind of a fat caravan on the road, and that has hastened matters. I tell you, Lake, these hills will never be clean or quiet until the pir has a bullet through him, or is lying by the heels inside the jail at Lahore. There's going to be trouble, and you'll be in for it. Though I don't believe these Childazais will budge until the drum beats. After that, daylight will find them on the lower hills.'

"'They'll force the pass?'

"'They'll try,' said the Bun, rubbing his head, reflectively. 'What do you think should be done?'

"I didn't see that I had any call to play Providence to the Bun—so I replied that we should keep the pass—he could be Horatius, and I would be the other two.

"The Bun grinned with an effort.

"'The Horatii hadn't to face matchlocks, which alters the case a bit,' he rejoined, and filled up a big pipe with dry Indian tobacco, which he smoked for a while in silence.

"'Look, here, Lake,' he said, when he had apparently made up his mind to some course of action, 'as you are here, I'll leave you in command of the fort, and I'll go out and make a reconnoissance with Durda Khan.'

"For some time I followed the Bun, as he moved about the fort, giving orders and making necessary arrangements. The latter included the preparation of some torches and fire-balls of resinous wood.

"'You see,' he explained, 'we'll need some light to shoot by if they try to rush the pass. My word, we'll have them on the hop.'

"After midnight he started with Durda Khan, who had the reputation of being an A1 cragsman, and he certainly looked, when got up for the expedition as desperate a cut-throat as you would care to trust your life to on a lonely road.

"The long hours dragged by. The night was thick and stormy, and, on thinking over our situation in solitude, I decided that the lookout was not particularly hopeful.

"Kalt was by no means a silnet spot, The wind whistled and shrieked down the valleys, and the thunder of the water seemed to grow louder and more threatening as the night deepened, while every now and then a distant rattling roar told of some landslip or fall of stones in the nullahs around.

"Suddenly, as I listened, in a lull of the storm a new sound arose. Two or three dull booming notes floated down the forge, followed by a long reverberating roll of drums. This was repeated three times, and the deep-mouthed din seemed to leap and crash across the chasms. It was the most inspiriting and warlike call to arms I have ever heard.

"I had no need to be told what it was. The war-drum of the Childazais had spoken, and the revolt was fairly afoot. But where was the Bun? I began to be seriously uneasy about him. It is acknowledged that a little bloodshed heartens the beginning of a raid, and a decisive step, like the cold-blooded murder of an English officer, leaves small room for repentance, as the tribes well know, and is useful besides in deciding waverers.

"From the ramparts nothing was visible in the darkness. The wind had lulled, only a chill breeze moaned like a sick child about the walls. Presently it carried to me a sinister intimation. From far away came the clear ring of steel, and a soft minor clatter as of wooden-hafted spears, and then a continuous hum. This ceased, and for a long time nothing but the voices of water, wind and rock could be distinguished.

"An hour and a half passed; still we waited and listened, till I heard the sharp, distinct fall of a single stone from the crest of the cliff to the north. Instantly I gave the order to light up.

"In a moment a flare of torches shone out over the terrace and pathway above the fort, making all as clear as moonlight.

"Not a living soul was to be seen, for all the hum of life which seemed to pervade the air. Then from the dimmer shadows of the track a muffled hillman crossed the path where it widened to meet the terrace, as a weasel crosses a road.

"I watched him till he disappeared, when a voice behind me said gently, 'The pir.

"I turned quickly. It was the Bun, wet and bedraggled, but still the Bun, safe and sound.

"'My son, I did not expect you, I said, greatly relieved. Now that you have come, may I ask what you propose doing?'

"'Sending them home,' he answered quietly, as if that performance was the simplest thing in the world. 'Lake,' he added if anything should happen, you know, hold on, don't let 'em pass! I've sent a message to Gilgit.'

"'What's going to happen?'

"'The Lord knows. It's touch and go,' he replied, and left me.

"Meantime the Childazais had issued in crowding ranks from the narrow track, some dropping from the surrounding crags, till they filled the little terrace from end to end. Then they came to a dead stop, and contemplated the rusty muzzles of two old seven-pounders of obsolete mechanism and uncertain efficacy which faced them from the fort. On the other side was the clear drop of something like five hundred feet into the blackness, where the Somara foamed, full fed with melting snows, between her close set precipices.

"'Go forward, my brothers!' called out a commanding voice.

"The crowd sidled forward with the movement of a flock of sheep. From the fort no one spoke, but one of the gunners lit an additional torch, and stuck it through an embrasure into an iron ring outside. The strong blaze threw the rocking sea of fierce, upturned faces into sharp relief, while behind the scarred beetling heights shone wet and glistening.

"Again the order was given to advance, but a muttering from the front answered that the path was shut.

"A tall figure in a flowing choga raised itself on an outcropping ledge of rock.

"'My brothers, fear not! Go forward!"

"Of course it was the pir, who, confident that we would not be the first to draw blood, showed himself without concern.

"'Forward, men of the Childazais; has not the drum beaten?

"The crowd gathered itself for a rush, when a single word like a pistol shot rang across the pass.

"'Stop!'

"I recognized the Bun's familiar tones, but could not locate them for some seconds.

"'Look, men of Childazai!' he went on, 'the drum has indeed been beaten, but it was for the victory of the Sircar.'

"At this astounding statement every eye was turned upon him. He stood on the swaying bridge of twigs, the torch held by Durda Khan at his back making a patch of light about him. The tearing wind of the gully had carried away his cap, and his tow-colored head was very much in evidence.

"'He lies, my brothers! Has not the drum spoken from the towers of Childazai? The powers of the air are with us,' shouted the pir, in return.

"'Nay, Childazais, believe not such foolish speech. The powers of the air have given the drum to the great queen, that she may reign over you in peace forever. Behold!'

"He stooped and raised a bulky object in his arms. The light shone full upon it, and I perceived it was a large drum, around which ran a flash of red sparkles, as it was raised.

"A groan of mingled dismay and baffled purpose rose from the tribesmen. It was clear they recognized their fetish. The whole throng swayed, growling, then paused. In the momentary hush I heard a snapping of breech-actions.

"The Bun raised the drum higher against his breast.

"'Shoot! he said calmly.

"The high-hammered guns were held on the cock, but none fired.

"The Bun took advantage of the hesitation.

"'Your pir has deceived you,' he cried. '"Behold!" said he, the drum beats that the people of the mountains may go down and harry the lowlands." And he knew not that the drum beat on the towers of Kalt for us.'

"The pir's face was a sight to watch. To say that it had been beaten by his own orders at Childazai would have been to give himself away; the only course left open to him was to throw suspicion on the genuineness of the article. This he proceeded to do, but the Bun merely bade the tribe send to see if their drum were still in its old place.

"There was a long pause. The frail bridge swayed in the breeze, and I did not envy the bun his position.

"'If any man shoots,' he added significantly, 'I will fall into the river with your drum, and then the Childazais must be forever accursed. Is it not so? Eternal night and storm will ravage the mountains and ye will die in the dark. The spirit of the drum will torment you, and wipe out the great tribe of the Childazai as a man wipes away a crawling fly on a wet day.

"Then it was that I put the wrong end of my cigar into my mouth. I had not given the Bun credit for so much imagination.

"The pir saw things were going against him, and he made a bold stroke. Besides, in his case, familiarity with the drum had bred contempt, no doubt.

"'Shoot,' he yelled; 'I will charm away the curses, and the powers of the air will give the people of the Childazais another drum.'

"But the tribesmen are a conservative race, and his proposal was not received with favor. The older men gathered into a group and consulted.

"'What would you have us to do, sahib?' asked an old head-man at last; for of course the rajah did not care to appear too prominently in so risky an affair.

"'Give up the pir and the rajah,' replied the Bun; 'and after that I will carry your drum into the fort in safety. Then the tribe will bring me their arms, and leave them in my care until the government gives orders. If these things be faithfully done, then will I, in three days, return to you your drum unharmed. Choose now, oh Childazais.

"I was pleased with the Bun. He was developing qualities.

"After a good deal of parleying this was arranged, and before the sun rose over the mountains the Bun's demands were complied with to his entire satisfaction. The rajah and the pir were safely immured in the fort, and an assorted pile of weapons—matchlocks, express rifles, French and Russian-made guns, jezails, tulwars, and so on—encumbered the ground floor of the tower by the eastern gate.

"'Rather a job lot,' commented the Bun, as he looked them over. 'Yet some of these chaps are very pretty shots; the thought of it made me feel queerish out on that bridge.'

"Meanwhile I examined the drum. As far as appearance went, it was a fraud—a ramshackle, weather-beaten fraud—that I remarked that the issues of life and death occasionally hang on shaky pegs.

"'How the mischief did you secure the thing?' I asked.

"'Durda Khan,' he answered shortly.

"After this he ate an indecently hearty breakfast, during which he made only one remark, to the effect that it was a jolly good plan to have a hostage or two, and that he rather thought things would now straighten themselves out a bit in the hills. Which they did. That's the story.

The major dropped back into his chair, and silence fell upon us.

Presently Plaistow said:

"Of course, that young man got promotion?"

"Well," returned the major, with some hesitation, "I am inclined to think that he did."

"You should have made it your business to see to it," exclaimed Plaistow. "A lot can be done through the papers."

The major laughed oddly.

"A lot was done through the papers. They got hold of some version of the affair, and the howling faction at home were rather down on the Bun in consequence."

"And the pir?" asked Plaistow.

"Spent twelve months in Lahore jail, and then some one at home worked a petition for his release."

Plaistow moved uneasily in his chair. It seemed he had begun to regard release petitions in a new light.

"As I said, certain people were down on the Bun, and said he had acted in a reprehensible and high-handed manner, and in the teeth of the racial and religious prejudices of the people."

"He did extremely right!" ejaculated Plaistow. "The lad was a hero."

The major smiled.

"They championed the pir to some purpose. England's enemies can always find an English champion. The pir was let out, and at once he struck a bee-line for the hills. No doubt he felt he had a duty to fulfil. The howlers said that forgiveness had melted his heart, and foretold that he would make a typical ruler of a savage tribe. They were quite right, as it happened. He was peculiarly typical."

I fancied that Plaistow's cheek looked very white in the moonlight. He was staring up at the dim bulk of the Takht-i-Suileman with its temple crown.

Perhaps the devil prompted me to speak.

"How so?" said I.

"He arrived in the hills late in October," continued the major. "Early one November morning a search party found the Bun stiff and stark, beached on a pebbly bank of the Somara, a couple of miles below Kalt. There were four bullets in his body, each with a garnet core. They concluded, rather hastily, I fear, that this was the pir's handiwork. At any rate, the government tried to bring the crime home to him, but failed to do so."

"And is that the end?" I asked again.

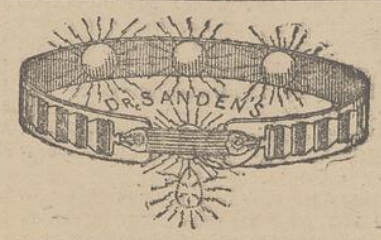
"Not quite. Subsequently Durada Khan asked for a month's leave to attend to certain urgent private affairs. During his absence the pir went out for a stroll one day, and has never come back yet."

The snow, far away, and the water, at hand, glimmered under the waning moon. After a short interval, Plaistow went off to his tent without a word.

Then the major stretched himself, said good-night, and left us.

Vennering and I remained smoking a little while longer. As we separated, Vennering spoke in a carefully lowered tone.

"Shouldn't wonder if the name of the M.P. who headed that petition business for the pir wasn't Plaistow," he said.



WASTE OF VITAL FORCE

In men has drained the sweetness from millions of lives. It unfits men for business or pleasure, and makes life loathsome to those who suffer from it. If you would be strong in mind and body, if you would throw off the fetters of wretchedness caused by the mistakes of your life, let us explain to you how it can be done in Nature's own way—by properly applied ELECTRICITY. This is the essence of Vital Force, and when infused into the body by DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, made for MEN ONLY, it will renew the vigor in the weakened parts and restore manhood. We desire especially to see or hear from those who have not found relief from medicines and other treatment. Dr. Sanden's medical work, "Three Classes of Men,"—pocket edition, FREE upon application—explains the marvellous success of electricity in these cases.

Address DR. SANDEN, 156 St. James Street, Montreal. Office hours, 9 to 6; Sundays, 11 to 1.

The Cooked Meat Store,

579 Wellington Street, Pt. St. Charles.
(Right at the Subway.)

is re-opened for the Sale of Choice Cooked Meats, Confectionery, Home-made Bread, Pastry, Pies, etc. Pic-nic Baskets will be one of our specialties. A Lunch Room in connection. Please favor us with a call.

THE GROVE,

Beaconsfield.

These handsome cottages (furnished) will be rented for $150.00 each.

Board, each, per week $6.00.
" Children, " $3.00.

Will be open by Saturday, 15th inst.

Apply at the Merchant's Lunch Rooms,
24 Hospital Street.

F. UPTON, Prop.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the Inventor of Chlorodyne, and the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—Times, July 10.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic, etc.

☞ Caution—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" in the stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., London, Eng. Sold at 1s 1½d; 2s 9d.

THE TWO BARKS.

A Tale of the High Seas.

By A. Conan Doyle in McClure's Magazine.

CAREENING was a very necessary operation for the old pirate. On his superior speed he depended both for overhauling the trader and escaping the man-of-war. But it was impossible to retain his sailing qualities unless he periodically—once a year at the least—cleared his bottom from the long trailing plants and crusting barnacles which gather so rapidly in the tropical seas. For this purpose he lightened his vessel, thrust her into some narrow inlet where she would be left high and dry at low water, fastened blocks and tackles to her masts to pull her over on to her bilge, and then scraped her thoroughly from rudderpost to cutwater.

During the weeks which were thus occupied the ship was, of course, defenceless; but, on the other hand, she was unapproachable by anything heavier than an empty hull, and the place for careening was chosen with an eye to secrecy, so that there was no great danger. So secure did the captains feel that it was not uncommon for them at such times to leave their ships under a sufficient guard and to start off in the long-boat either upon a sporting expedition, or, more frequently, upon a visit to some outlying town, where they turned the heads of the women by their swaggering gallantry, or broached pipes of wine in the market square, with a threat to pistol all who would not drink with them.

Sometimes they would even appear in cities of the size of Charleston, and walk the streets with their clattering sidearms, an open scandal to the whole law-abiding colony. Such visits were not always paid with impunity. It was one of them, for example, which provoked Lieutenant Maynard to hack off Blackbeard's head and to spear it upon the end of his bowsprit. But, as a rule, the pirate ruffled and bullied and drabbed without let or hindrance, until it was time for him to go back to his ship once more.

There was one pirate, however, who never crossed even the skirts of civilization, and that was the sinister Sharkey, of the barque Happy Delivery. It may have been from his morose and solitary temper, or it is more probable that he knew that his name upon the coast was such that outraged humanity would, against all odds have thrown themselves upon him, but never once did he show his face in a settlement.

When his ship was laid up he would leave her under the charge of Ned Galloway, her New England quartermaster, and would take long voyages in his boat, sometimes, it was said, for the purpose of burying his share of the plunder, and sometimes to shoot the wild oxen of Hispaniola, which, when dressed and barbecued, provided provisions for his next voyage. In the latter case the bark would come around to some pre-arranged spot to pick him up and take on board what he had shot.

There had always been a hope in the islands that Sharkey might be taken on one of these occasions, and at last there came news to Kingston which seemed to justify an attempt upon him. It was brought by an elderly logwood-cutter who had fallen into the pirate's hands and in some freak of drunken benevolence had been allowed to get away with nothing worse than a slit nose and a drubbing. His account was recent and definite. The "Happy Delivery" was careening at Torbec on the southwest of Hispaniola., Sharkey with four men was,, buccaneering on the outlying islands of La Vache. The blood of a hundred murdered crews was calling for vengeance, and now at last it seemed as if it might not call in vain.

Sir Edward Compton, the highnosed, red-faced governor, sitting in solemn conclave with the commandant and the head of the council, was sorely puzzled in his mind as to how he should use this chance. There was no man-of-war nearer than Jamestown, and she was a clumsy old fly-boat, which could neither overhaul the pirate on the seas, nor reach her in a shallow inlet. There were forts and artillerymen both at Kingston and Port Royal, but no soldiers available for an expedition.

A private venture might be fitted out, and there were many who had a blood-feud with Sharkey—but what could a private venture do? The pirates were numerous and desperate. As to taking Sharkey, and his four companions, that, of course, would be easy if they could get at them, but how were they to get at them on a large, well-wooded island like La Vache, full of wild hills and impenetrable jungles. A reward was offered to whoever could find a solution, and that brought a man to the front who had a singular plan and was himself prepared to carry it out.

Stephen Craddock had been that most formidable person, the Puritan gone wrong Sprung from a decent Salem family, his illdoing seem to be a recoil from the austerity of their religion, and he brought to vice all the physical strength and energy with which the virtues of his ancestors had endowed him. He was ingenious, fearless and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, so that when he was still young his name became notorious upon the American coast.

He was the same Craddock who was tried for his life in Virginia for the slaying of the Seminole chief, and although he escaped, it was well known that he had corrupted the witnesses and bribed the judge.

Afterwards, as a slaver, and even, as it was hinted, as a pirate, he had left an evil name behind him in the Bight of Benin. Finally he had returned to Jamaica with a considerable fortune, and had settled down to a life of sombre dissipation. This was the man, gaunt, austere, and dangerous, who now waited upon the governor with a plan for the extirpation of Sharkey.

Sir Edward received him with little enthusiasm, for in spite of some rumors of conversion and reformation, he had always regarded him as an infected sheep who might taint the whole of his little flock. Craddock saw the governor's mistrust under his thin veil of formal and restrained courtesy.

"You've no call to fear me, sir," said he; "I'm a changed man from what you've known. I've seen the light again of late, after losing sight of it for many a black year. It was through the ministration of the Rev. John Simons, of our own people. Sir, if your own spirit should be in need of quickening, you would find a very sweet savor in his discourse."

The governor cocked his Episcopalian nose at him.

"You came here to speak of Sharkey Master Craddock," said he.

"The man Sharkey is a vessel of wrath," said Craddock. "His wicked horn has been exalted over long, and it is borne in upon me that if I can cut him off and utterly destroy him, it will be a goodly deed, and one which may atone for many backslidings in the past. A plan nas been given to me whereby I may encompass his destruction."

The governor was keenly interested, for there was a grim and practical air about the man's freckled face which showed that he was in earnest. After all, he was a seaman and a fighter, and, if it were true that he was eager to atone for his past, no better man could be chosen for the business."

"This will be a dangerous task, Master Craddock," said he.

"If I meet my death at it, it may be that it will cleanse the memory of an ill-spent life. I have much to atone for."

The governor did not see his way to contradict him.

"What was your plan?" he asked.

"You have heard that Sharkey's barque, the Happy Delivery, came from this very port of Kingston?"

"It belonged to Mr. Coddington, and it was taken by Sharkey, who scuttled his own sloop and moved into her because she was faster," said Sir Edward.

"Yes; but it may be that you have never heard that Mr. Codrington has a sister ship the White Rose, which lies even now in the harbor, and which is so like the pirate that, if it were not for a white paint line, none could tell them apart."

"Ah, and what of that?" asked the governor keenly, with the air of one who is just on the edge of an idea.

"By the help of it this man shall be delivered into our hands."

"And how?"

"I will paint out the streak upon the White Rose, and make it in all things like the Happy Delivery. Then I will set sail for the island of La Vache, where this man is slaying the wild oxen. When he sees me he will surely mistake me for his own vessel, which he is awaiting, and he will come on board to his own undoing."

It was a simple plan, and yet it seemed to the governor that it might be effective. Without hesitation he gave Craddock permission to carry it out, and to take any steps he liked in order to further the object which he had in view. Sir Edward was not very sanguine, for many attempts had been made upon Sharkey, and their results had shown that he was as cunning as he was ruthless. But this gaunt Puritan with the evil record was cunning and ruthless also.

The contest of wits between two such men as Sharkey and Craddock appealed to the Governor's acute sense of sport, and though he was inwardly convinced that the chances were against him, he backed his man with the same loyalty which he would have shown to his horse or his dog.

Haste was, above all things, necessary, for upon any day the careening might be finished, and the pirates out at sea once more. But there was not very much to do, and there were many willing hands to do it, so the second day saw the White Rose beating out for the open sea. There were many seamen in the port who knew the lines and rig of the pirate bark, and not one of them could see the slightest difference in this counterfeit. Her white side line had been painted out, her masts and yards were smoked to give them the dingy appearance of the weather-beaten rover, and a large diamond-shaped patch was let into her foretopsail.

Her crew were volunteers, many of them being men who had sailed with Stephen Craddock before; the mate, Joshua Hird, an old slaver, had been his accomplice in many voyages, and came now at the bidding of his chief.

The avenging bark sped across the Caribbean Sea, and, at the sight of that patched topsail, the little craft which they met flew left and right like frightened trout in a pool. On the fourth evening Point Abacou bore five miles to the north and east of them.

On the fifth they were at anchor in the Bay of Tortoises at the island of La Vache, where Sharkey and his four men had been hunting. It was a well-wooded place, with the palms and underwood growing down to the thin crescent of silver sand which skirted the shore. They had hoisted the black flag and the red pennant, but no answer came from the shore. Craddock strained his eyes, hoping every instant to see a boat shoot out to them with Sharkey seated in the sheets. But the night passed away, and a day, and yet another night, without any sign of the men whom they were endeavoring to trap. It looked as if they were already gone.

On the second morning Craddock went ashore in search of some proof whether Sharkey and his men were still upon the island. What he found reassured him greatly. Close to the shore was a boucan of green wood, such as was used for preserving the meat, and a great store of barbecued strips of ox-flesh was hung upon lines all around it. The pirate ship had not taken off her provisions, and therefore the hunters were still upon the island.

Why had they not shown themselves? Was it that they had detected that this was not their own ship? Or was it that they were hunting in the interior of the island, and were not on the lookout for a ship yet? Craddock was still hesitating between the two alternatives, when a Carib Indian came down with information. The pirates were in the island, he said, and their camp was a day's march from the sea. They had stolen his wife, and the marks of their stripes were still pink upon his brown back. Their enemies were his friends, and he would lead them to where they lay.

Craddock could not have asked for anything better; so early next morning, with a small party armed to the teeth, he set off under the guidance of the Carib. All day they struggled through brushwood and clambered over rocks, pushing their way farther and farther into the desolate heart of the island. Here and there they found traces of the hunters, the bones of a slain ox, or the marks of feet in a morass, and once, towards evening, it seemed to some of them that they heard the distant rattle of guns.

That night they spent under the trees, and pushed on again with the earliest light. About noon they came to the huts of bark, which the Carib told them, were the camp of the hunters, but they were silent and deserted. No doubt their occupants were away at the hunt and would return in the evening, so Craddock and his men lay in ambush in the brushwood around them. But no one came, and another night was spent in the forest. Nothing more could be done, and it seemed to Craddock that after two day's absence it was time that he returned to his ship once more.

The return journey was less difficult, as they had already blazed a path for themselves. Before evening they found themselves once more at the Bay of Tortoises, and saw their ship riding at anchor where they had left her. The boat and oars had been hauled up among the bushes, so they launched it and pulled out to the bark.

"No luck, then!" cried Joshua Hird, the mate, looking down with a pale face from the poop.

"His camp was empty, but he may come down to us yet," said Craddock, with his hand on the ladder.

Somebody upon deck began to laugh. "I think," said the mate, "that these men had better stay in the boat."

"Why so?"

"If you will come aboard, sir, you will understand it." He spoke in a curious, hesitating fashion.

The blood flushed to Craddock's gaunt face.

"How is this, Master Hird?" he cried, springing up the side. "What mean you by giving orders to my boat's crew?"

But as he passed over the bulwarks, with one foot upon the deck, and one knee upon the rail, a tow-bearded man, whom he had never before observed aboard his vessel, grabbed suddenly at his pistol. Craddock clutched at the fellow's wrist, but at the same instant his mate snatched the cutlass from his side.

"What roguery is this?" shouted Craddock, looking furiously around him. But the crew stood in little knots about the deck, laughing and whispering amongst themselves without showing any desire to go to his assistance. Even in that hurried glanced Craddock noticed that they were dressed in the most singular manner, with long riding coats, full-skirted velvet gowns, and colored ribands at their knees, more like men of fashion than seamen.

As he looked at their grotesque figures he struck his brow with his clenched fist to be sure that he was awake. The deck seemed to be much dirtier than when he had left it, and there were strange, sun-blackened faces turned upon him from every side. Not one of them did he know, save only Joshua Hird. Had the ship been captured in his absence? Were these Sharkey's men who were around him? At the thought he broke furiously away and tried to climb over to his boat, but a dozen hands were on him in an instant, and he was pushed aft through the open door of his own cabin.

And it was all different to the cabin which he had left. The floor was different, the ceiling was different, the furniture was different. His had been plain and austere. This was supmtpous and yet dirty, hung with rare velvet curtains, splashed with wine stains, and panelled with costly woods which were pocked with pistol marks.

On the table was a great chart of the Caribbean Sea, and beside it, with compasses in his hand, sat a clean-shaven, pale-faced man with a fur cap and a claret-colored coat of damask. Craddock turned white under his freckles as he looked upon the long, thin, high-nostriled nose and the red-rimmed eyes which were turned upon him with the fixed humorous gaze of the master player who has left his opponent without a move.

"Sharkey!" cried Craddock.

Sharkey's thin lips opened and he broke into a high, sniggering laugh.

"You fool!" he cried, and, leaning over, he stabbed Craddock's shoulder again and again with his compasses. "You poor, dull-witted fool, would you match yourself against me?"

It was not the pain of the wounds, but it was the contempt in Sharkey's voice which turned Craddock into a savage madman. He flew at the pirate, roaring with rage, striking, kicking, writhing, and foaming. It took six men to drag him down on to the table—and not one of the six who did not bear the prisoner's mark upon him. But Sharkey still surveyed him with the same contemptuous eye. From outside there came the crash of breaking wood and the clamor of startled voices.

"What is that?" asked Sharkey.

"They have stove the boat with cold shot, and the men are in the water."

"Let them stay there," said the pirate. "Now, Craddock, you know where you are. You are aboard my ship, the Happy Delivery, and you lie at my mercy. I knew you for a stout seaman, you rogue, before you took to this long-shore canting. Your hands then were no cleaner than my own. Will you sign articles, as your mate has done, and join us, or shall I heave you over to follow your ship's company?"

"Where is my ship?" asked Craddock.

"Scuttled in the bay."

"And the hands?"

"In the bay, too."

"Then I'm for the bay also."

"Hock him and heave him over," said Sharkey.

Many rough hands had dragged Craddock out upon deck, and Galloway, the quartermaster, had already drawn his hanger to cripple him, when Sharkey came hurrying from his cabin with an eager face.

"We can do better with the hound," he cried. "Sink me if it is not a rare plan. Throw him into the sailroom with the irons on, and do you come here, quartermaster, that I may tell you what I have in my mind."

So Craddock, bruised and wounded in soul and body, was thrown into the dark sailroom, so fettered that he could not stir hand or foot. But his Northern blood was running strong in his veins, and his grim spirit aspired only to make such an ending as might go some way towards atoning for the evil of his life. All night he lay in the curve of the bilge, listening to the rush of the water and the straining

ot the timbers, which told him that the ship was at sea and driving fast. In the early morning some one came crawling to him in the darkness over the heaps of sails.

"Here's rum and biscuits," said the voice of his late mate. "It's at the risk of my life, Master Craddock, that I bring them to you."

"It was you who trapped me and caught me as in a snare," cried Craddock. "How shall you answer for what you have done?"

"What I did I did with the point of a knife betwixt my shoulders.

"God forgive you for a coward, Joshua Hird! How came you into their hands?"

"Why, Master Craddock, the pirate ship came back from its careening upon the very day that you left us. They laid us aboard, and, short-handed as we were, with the best of the men ashore with you, we could offer but a poor defence. Some were cut down, and they were the happiest. The others were killed afterwards. As to me, I saved my life by signing on with them."

"And they scuttled my ship?"

"They scuttled her, and then Sharkey and his men, who had been watching us from the brushwood, came off to the ship. His main yard had been cracked and fished last voyage, so he had suspicions of us, seeing that ours was whole. Then he thought of laying the same trap for you, which you had set for him."

Craddock groaned.

"How came I not to see that fished main-yard?" he muttered. "But whither are we bound?"

We are running north and west."

"North and west! Then we are heading back towards Jamaica."

"With an eight-knot wind."

"Have you heard what they mean to do with me?"

"I have not heard. If you would but sign the articles——"

"Enough, Joshua Hird! I have risked my soul too often."

"As you wish. I have done what I could. Farewell!"

All that night and the next day the Happy Delivery ran before the easterly trades, and Stephen Craddock lay in the dark of the sailroom, working patiently at his wrist irons. One he had slipped off at the cost of a row of broken and bleeding knuckles, but, do what he would, he could not free the other, and his ankles were securely fastened.

From hour to hour he heard the swish of the water, and knew that the bark must be driving with all sail set in front of the trade wind. In that case they must be nearly back again to Jamaica by now. What plan could Sharkey have in his head, and what use did he hope to make of him? Craddock set his teeth, and vowed that if he had once been a villain from choice he would, at least, never be one by compulsion.

On the second morning Craddock became aware that sail had been reduced in the vessel, and that she was tacking slowly, with a light breeze on her beam. The varying slope of the sailroom and the sounds from the deck told his practised senses exactly what she was doing. The short reaches showed him that she was manoeuvring near shore and making for some definite point. If so, she must have reached Jamaica. But what could she be doing there?

And then suddenly there was a burst of hearty cheering from the deck, and then the crash of a gun above his head, and then the answering booming of guns from far over the water. Craddock sat up and strained his ears. Was the ship in action? Only the one gun had been fired, and though many had answered there were none of the crashings which told of a shot coming home.

Then, if it was not an action, it must be a salute. But who would salute Sharkey, the pirate? It could only be another pirate ship which would do so. So Craddock lay back again with a groan, and continued to work at the manacle which still held his right wrist.

But suddenly there came the shuffling of steps outside, and he had hardly time to wrap the loose links round his free hand when the door was unbolted and two pirates came in. "Got your hammer, carpenter?" asked one, whom Craddock recognized as the big quartermaster. "Knock off his leg shackles, then. Better leave the bracelets—he's safer with them on." With hammer and chisel the carpenter loosend the irons.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Craddock.

"Come on deck, and you'll see." The sailor seized him by the arm, and dragged him roughly to the foot of the companion. Above him was a square of blue sky cut across by the mizzen gaff, with the colors flying at the peak. But it was the sight of those colors which struck the breath from Stephen Craddock's lips. For there were two of them, and the British ensign was flying above the Jolly Rodger—the honest flag above that of the rogue.

For an instant Craddock stopped in amazement, but a brutal push from the pirates behind drove him up the companion ladder. As he stepped out upon deck his eyes turned up to the main, and there again were the British colors flying above the red pennant, and all the shrouds and rigging were garlanded with streamers.

Had the ship been taken, then? But that was impossible, for there were the pirates clustering in swarms along the port bulwarks, and waving their hats joyously in the air. Most prominent of all was the renegade mate, standing on the foc'sle head, and gesticulating wildly. Craddock looked over the side to see what they were cheering at, and then in a flash he saw how critical was the moment.

On the port bow, and about a mile off, lay the white houses and forts of Port Royal, with flags breaking out everywhere over their roofs. Right ahead was the opening of the palisades leading to the town of Kingston. Not more than a quarter of a mile off was a small sloop working out against the very slight wind. The British ensign was at her peak, and her rigging was all decorated. On her deck could be seen a dense crowd of people cheering and waving their hats, and the gleam of scarlet told that there were officers of the garrison among them.

In an istant, with the quick perception of a man of action, Craddock saw through it all. Sharkey, with that diabolical cunning and audacity which were among his main characteristics, was simulating the part which Craddock would himself have played, had he come back victorious. It was in his honor that the salutes were firing and the flags flying. It was to welcome him that this ship with the governor, the commandant, and the chiefs of the island were aproaching. In another ten minutes they would all be under the guns of the Happy Delivery, and Sharkey would have won the greatest stake that ever a pirate played for yet.

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

"They are edging away," said the boatswain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they can recognize you, with your hand on the guy, and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Heh, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung himself off the carpenter, and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already half way to the sloop. Sharkey dwelled long upon his aim before he fired. With the crack of the gun the swimmer reared himself up in the water, waved his hands in a gesture of warning, and roared out in a vocie which rang over the bay. Then, as the sloop swung round her headsails, and the pirate fired an impotent broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling grimly in his death agony, sank slowly down to that golden couch which glimmered far beneath him.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame, J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

A Pun.

"Back your judgment, if you think that's the horse that will win out," jeeringly remarked the dirty, greasy spectator at the races. "Money talks, and I am mighty nigh made of money to-day."

"You do seem to be rather a filthy looker," assented the other man, looking him over.—Chicago Tribune.

A DAKOTA SKETCH.

By James A. Morley, Montreal.

FOR days a hot sirocco wind had been blowing over the prairie, drying up the sloughs, withering the grass, and yellowing the little grain that had escaped the ravages of the grasshoppers, gophers, and jack-rabbits. To Eastern eyes, it was a dreary, treeless waste, canopied by a cloudless sky of intensest blue, that enveloped one with light, painful in its unrelief of any shade.

Slowly following the trail, mounted on a bronco, rode Silas Hunt, on his way home to his little shanty on "No. 9." Jack, the bronco, carefully avoided the badger holes, and walking with drooping head, was apparently as dispirited as his master; for with that subtle instinct possessed by most of our four-footed friends, the horse knew that his rider was ill at ease. Next to the mule, the bronco, the offspring of the mustang, and domesticated horse, is credited with possessing more pure cussedness than any other beast of burden; but Jack was faithful, sure and affectionate.

Silas Hunt was long of limb and sinewy; his face, shaded by a broad-brimmed sombrero, and toned by the sun and wind into a picturesque terra-cota tint, was frank and honest deep, blue eyes, pathetic in their expression as a mediaeval saint, and white teeth that gleamed under a bronze-colored mustache, made a picture worth an artist's transferring to canvas.

As the shanty came into sight, Silas gave a long sigh and a prolonged whistle as a signal to his wife of his return. Jack relieved of his saddle, proceeded to roll with genuine equine satisfaction, and after a deep drink at the trough trotted into the corral, and was immediately joined by his companion, a favorite black mare, the pride of the prairie far and wide.

"Ah, my beauty! Jack first and then Si, eh, old girl!" as the mare after giving Jack a whinnied greeting, laid her head affectionately on Silas Hunt's shoulder.

Next to his wife and child, Silas loved the beautiful creature whose glossy coat, dainty limbs, gracefully arched neck, thin dilating nostrils, and soft brown eyes, were in the estimation of Silas Hunt, above price; and yet, Beauty was to exchange owners to-morrow.

Unattractive as the exterior of a settler's first shanty must necessarily be, the interior is often more so. The scant furnishings of Elmira Hunt's little home consisted of the barest necessities. A few wooden chairs, a rough unplaned table, a stump bedstead, and a huge stove were materials utterly unresponsive to any form of grace out of which even a woman with her inherent love of prettiness could not evolve any beauty.

Elmira Hunt was a tall, slim, shadowy, woman; young and had once been handsome; but now the slender, bowed form, scanty, faded hair; large, dark eyes, in whose sorrowful depths, one could read a story of patient endurance were all indications of an almost hopeless resignation. Ill-health, adverse fortune, and a morbid conscience were depressing influences, under which the poor creature at times only fitfully rallied.

Elmira stepped to the door calling Silas to dinner with a fain "coo-ee."

How hot it was; the fierce heat striking the face like a blast from a furnace.

Silas plunged his head into a tin bowl of water, which stood on a wooden bench outside the door, calling to Elmira for a towel, with a "Great Scott! this beats Sahary!"

"'Taint no use, Elmiry. I'm jest clean discouraged; Dakoty's played out; what the hoppers ain't eat the hail's jes' pounded in the groun'. Dan Loundes sez he'll trade his pra'rie schooner for the shack; what d' ye say, 'Miry?"

Poor Elmira looked round the room, which, in spite of its bareness, was still home, its rough unplastered walls papered with pictures sent by friends in the East, that baby was just beginning to understand by pointing out all the horses and dogs.

"He'll miss 'em so, Si," she answered, regretfully. "Still, if there ain't no way out of it, an' ye think we can do better, I'm willin'; but, Si, ye'll be able to pay the store bill, won't ye? I couldn't bear to go away owin' ennybody."

"I've thought it all out, Miry, and Larkin's too willin' to take the black mare fer the store bill, and some s'plies as well."

"Oh, Si! Ye'd never part with Beauty," cried Elmira, in amazement; for she remembered how Si had sold his 'coon-skin coat the previous winter, nearly perishing with the awful cold, to buy hay for his favorite.

"Don't say enny more, 'Miry," interposed Si; "I can't stan' it. I made Larkin take his Bible oath he'd use her well, an' I'll work like blazes down to the mines an' buy her back. Tom's bin hankerin' this long spell to hev her, an' 'twon't be good fer him if he sells her unbeknownst; I'd foller her clear to the coast. Now, ef ye think ye kin manage it, I'd like to start We'n'sday, 'Miry. An' now eat a bit," he added, putting a piece of tender prairie chicken on her plate, "an' don't git downhearted. Dan Grant sez I kin git two dollars a day at the mines, an' ef Colorady don't pan out, well, we'll go East an' see the ole folks. 'Tennyrate I guess I could git the ole place at the mills, an' find lots o' backers fer Beauty, fer she'd knock spots off some of them clumsy fence jumpers down East."

"Oh, Si! I wish ter gracious ye would go back," and Elmira pushed her chair back from the table, started up excitedly, and threw herself into her husband's arms, the bright color coming into her sallow cheeks, and her eyes brightening, at the bare possibility of a sight of the old home, for which her heart was hungering with a fierce despairing hunger undreamt of by Si, whose whole energies, for the last four years, had been spent fighting against terrible odds, drought, the plague of grasshoppers, and now, what seemed the last crowning stroke of cruel fortune, a devastating hailstorm.

"Pore 'Miry, I didn't know as how ye felt so bad," responded Si, returning the embrace with a close hug in his strong brawny arms, "but I've a pile to do 'tween this and night, an' mus' be off."

"Look at baby first, Si," said Elmira, leading the way into the tiny bedroom, where, in a little home-made cradle, slumbered a perfect specimen of babyhood, whose pink and white loveliness, dimpled limbs, and smooth, satiny skin would have been thought inestimable treasures in many a stately but childless home.

"Aint he jes' beautiful, Si?" said Elmira, tenderly brushing baby's golden curls aside.

"There ain't no discount 'bout that," answered Si, kneeling down and kissing the soft, chubby hand, as it lay on the spread; and as baby gave signs of awakening, Si, obeying an impressive gesture from Elmira, tip-toed out, Elmira following him to give some parting instructions.

So they were to seek another home. The "Golden West" had proved a fast-fading illusion, and instead of the waving fields of grain which should have rewarded Silas Hunt's labors, scarce a blade of green was visible; even Elmira's vegetable patch was eaten up.

Elmira's busy day was drawing to a close, and now, wearied with the extra duties of packing her few belongings, and cooking for the long journey, she drew the splint-bottomed rocker out on the stoop, picked up the baby, who had been clamoring for attention for the last hour, and seated herself where she could see the earliest approach of Si, coming over the bluff.

"I aint goin' to lose heart while I hev you an' papa, am I precious? An' yet I think 'tis most broke," she added, tightening her hold of the plump little body. And as visions of her girlhood's home rose before her, the loved faces of dear friends, the cool, green meadows, the grateful shade of the old elms in the lane, the little minnow brook, the old, red school house, her name carved on the desk by Si, and the weather-beaten meeting-house, in whose choir she and Si had joined in singing the old familiar tunes, the strains of old Mear, Hebron and Martyrs still sounding in her ears, even baby's sweet cooings and gurglings were only a temporary solace to the weary-hearted woman.

Presently, on top of the bluff, in silhouette against the sky, appeared a white horse, drawing a buck-board in which was seated a woman, who, on nearer approach, Elmira recognized as her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Grant.

"I'm reel glad to see ye, Mis Grant," said Elmira, depositing baby on a shawl which she had spread on the ground, and hurrying to meet her visitor.

"Now Mis Hunt, I aint goin' to put up the horse," as Elmira proceeded to unbuckle the harness, "jes' tie him up to the pos,' 'fore I git down. I kin hitch up a team, ekal to enny man," she added laughing, "but I tol' Dan as how I'd be home 'fore sundown, an' I wuz that s'prised when I heard ye wuz goin' way so sudd'n like, thet I thought I'd jes leave the chores and come straight over."

"But Mis Grant, I 'lowed y'd come to

stay the evenin'," protested Elmira as she reluctantly re-hooked the traces.

Mrs. Grant was large, ponderous, and exceedingly fat, and slowly descended from the vehicle which relieved of her weight sprang up, overturning a jar whose juicy contents began to trickle through the bottom of the buck-board.

'There now, aint thet too bad; enny other woman could git out of a kerrige w'hout things jumpin' up like a jack'n a box. We jes' want mixin' up, Mis Hunt; I'm too fat, an' you're too slathy. I hadn't ennythin' wuth bringin', but thought mebbe a little p'esarve would be kin' o' tasty; an' them's the las' o' the plums we got down the Cheyenne las' summer, an' we travelled mos' a mile fer ev'ry plum, I reck'n."

"Thet's so, Mis Grant, an' yer real kin"; but do come in, 'tis good to hev a woman to talk to onct in a while, fer tho' I'm powerful sot on Si, one can't onburden ones min' to a man even ef 'tis yer own husban.' An now," added Elmira, as she handed her guest a fan, "ef you'd keep an eye on baby I'll steep a cup o' tea."

"Jes so," assented Mrs. Grant, "you go right on with what ye wuz doin' an I'll keep baby goin.' An' I hope ye hevn't hed enny bad feelin' spells lately, Mis' Hunt."

"Well, I dunno es I feel much better. I wuz hopin' es how Elder Munger would come this way, 'fore we go; 'times I feel es ef I never should git no comfort Mis Grant. 'Tis hard fer us wimmen, 'thout enny church privi'liges outen the prairie, an' Si don't take much 'count o' religion, an' he's kin' o' oneasy 'cause I will ask a blessin' on the victuals an' pray—out o'season more'n in season, Si sez. An' I'm a sinful woman, Mis Grant," continued Elmira in trembling tones. "I ain't got courage to be doused under the water uther, an' af the las' baptism' Elder Munger sed es how it wuz the las' call he reck'ned."

"Well, I don't 'low es how Elder Munger knows the hull o' the Lord's bisness," Mis. Grant drily responded, 'an' es the slues es all dried up, I wouldn't worry ef I wuz you, Mis Hunt, bout baptisin' ennyway. Elder Munger's a tole'ble smart man, but he ain't no call to scare folks outen their wits, with his firs' an' las' calls. An' the neighbors all 'low you're a good woman, Mrs. Hunt."

"Oh no! Oh no, Mis Grant. I ain't a mite good; I re'lise I'm a mis'rable sinner," and Elmira with a choking cry sank into a chair, covering her face with her thin, nervous hands.

"Now, see here Mis Hunt," going over to Elmira, and patting her soothingly on the soulder, "yer jes' gittin' 'stericky: 'tain't yer soul thet's out of order, 'tis dyspepsy an' a weak stummick. Why, ye'd want to be an elephant 'sted of the weak woman ye are, ef you're goin' to carry yer little sins roun' with ye all the time; jes' give the Lord a chance to heft 'em. I'm on a solid rock, I am, an' don't feel no 'casion to be teterin' up an' down, never knowin' which end I'm goin' to settle on. Now ye jes' lay down Mis Hunt an' I'll git the supper, an' tend baby; an' after ye've got somethin' in yer stummick, you'll feel better. There's nothin' makes a body so low-spirited, ez goin' without yer reg'lar meals." And kind-hearted Mrs. Grant bathed Elmira's face, drew the little table beside the bed, pouring out her cup of tea and buttering her toast, encouraging Elmira just to taste the Cheyenne plums, until she succeeded in bringing a smile to the worn face, an infusing a portion of her own cheerfulness into the tired, sorrowful heart of her hostess.

That same evening, Mrs. Grant confided to her husband her opinion, "Thet Si Hunt, good feller ez he is, don't know straight up, to think o' takin' thet sickly wife o' his'n 'cross prairies. Ef ther s'plies don't fail 'em the cow will; how kin the critter travel all day an' give milk? Then the baby 'll starve; an' you mark my words, Dan. ef thet baby dies, Elmiry Hunt 'll never hol' up her head agin. Then Si 'll go roun' cussin' his bad luck, 'cause things don't pan out to suit him. Thet high-headedness ez Si Hunt's besettin' sin, I call it; he's conceity 'nuff to think he kin take holt of the reins o' all creation, an' guide 'em clear up to the jedgement day, an' manage things jes' a leetle bit better than Providence itself. Then them mines, I 'low, ain't no place fer a woman; tho' Mis Hunt sez how Minervy Craddick an' her husban' ez there; an' Minervy keeps a boardin'-house, an' will be glad to hev Mis Hunt to help. Minervy's 'bout in her el'ment, I guess. Fightin', an' swearin', an' layin' a man out onct in a while won't scare Minervy; but pore Mis Hunt, its amazin' how little sense some folks hez. But I low 'taint no airthly use to give advice," and with a snuff of disapprobation, and a deep feeling of pity for her neighbor, Mrs. Grant fell asleep.

A few hours later, the moon arose, flooding the vast waste of prairie with its cool, white light. The intense heat of the day was succeeded by a cool breeze, which swept over the bluffs, rustling the long, coarse, reed-like grass of the slues, and brought a grateful sense of coolness to the cattle in the corral, whose occasional, slight movements and deep breathings were the only sounds that broke on the profound stillness. The moon's silvery light transformed the whole scene into one of melancholy beauty; beside the tiny shack and sod barn, there was nothing to cast a shadow over the far-reaching expanse; its solitariness was as painful as if one had been alone in mid ocean. All was quiet within the little shack; tired limbs and weary hearts at rest, in blessed oblivion of what the future might hold in store for weal or woe.

The next two days passed, as such days will, in hurried unrest and ceaseless activity on the part of Silas Hunt, whose brain was filled with visions of future prosperity, success which he did not altogether expect to achieve by delving at the mines. In imagination following little shady bypaths, plans suggested which he hesitated to submit to his wife's approval. To Elmira, days full of dread apprehensions, and uncertainties, as to the outcome of this new venture. Burdened with secret fears, she found in Mrs. Grant a tower of strength, on which to lean and infinite comfort in her sympathy. To wise counsels, Mrs. Grant also added many little

The early morning was chill and grey as the little party set off on the long journey in the canvas-topped vehicle, Jack in the shafts, and Holdstein, the brindle cow, on whom baby's well-being depended, tethered behind. With a plentiful supply of quilts, mattrass and pillows, Si had arranged a comfortable bed in the bottom of the waggon for Elmira and the baby. A small trunk, containing their wardrobe, a camp chair, the parting gift of Mrs. Grant; pail, kettle, frying-pan, tin cups and plates, a bag of flour, and other necessaries filled the remaining space.

Now, as they halted a moment on the top of the bluff, the mottled grey clouds were suddenly tinged with yellow light, and then to richer, warmer glows of crimson; and, as Elmira glanced backward, the bright sunbeams glistened on the window of the little shanty with friendly brightness, as if inviting her return.

For some days the travellers proceeded in comparative comfort, as they followed the river in its almost straight course through the Dakotas, until Pierre was reached; then, diverging west, the large cattle ranges of the eastern part of Wyoming were traversed, the occasional ranches offering a most opportune chance of rest for Elmira and baby, the hospitable ranchers, genuine cowboys, giving them a hearty, effusive welcome. For a woman was a rare sight early in the seventies, and a real, live, kicking, crowing baby a still more startling one.

"Jes' think of it, Jim, ye'l hev' to slick up to-night. It's mighty nice to hev a woman roun' now an' agin, an' es to the kid, he's as han'some es a picter, an' goll-durned cute, too."

"Yes,' answered Jim, "an' yer bet yer boots them folk es no hobos."

After supper Peter, the cook, suggested some music, "jes' to 'muse the kid, yer know," so the stable lanterns were mustered and slung at convenient points. Elmira, with needle and ball of yarn, was seated at a table, heaped up with socks of divers colors, and in different stages of dilapidation, which she was industriously darning, glad to be able in some measure to return the kindness of their warm-hearted entertainers.

So Jens produced his violin, playing a wild, sweet Norwegian air, the rise and fall of the melody, filling his own heart with memories of the far north land, then, merging into a native dance, the strains grew shriller and faster, until Jim followed by Pete, Charlie and gentleman George, took the floor, bowing to imaginary partners, the heels of their heavy cow-hides marking the time with vigorous emphasis. Then, as baby's blue eyes closed in sheer weariness from the unwonted excitement; the good-natured cowboys changed the programme, and told thrilling stories of western life, Sam Blake's ghost of Bloody Gulch in the Black Hills playing a prominent part, the sharp bark of the coyote, heard in the awesome intervals of silence, accentuating the narrative, till Elmira, shrinking closer to Si, begged them "for the land's sake to stop, for she wouldn't be able to sleep a wink that night."

The early morning found them on the trail again, freshened and heartened for the remainder of the journey. For the first time for many days the sun did not show his face, and the sky continued dark and lowering, in spite of Si's prognostications for a clear, bright day. At noon a sudden chill wind arose, followed by a cold, drizzling rain, a sharp contrast to their last night's comfortable quarters. Si urged Jack to increased speed, hoping in a couple of hours to reach the Belknap stock range; but Holdstein's plaintive, distressed moo-ings obliged him to halt.

It was growing colder and darker, and Si looked anxiously around, hoping to discover a shelter; but nothing met his gaze but a dark grey, misty waste. Elmira parted the curtains of the tent-like top which covered the waggon peering forth with a white anxious face.

"Aint we pretty nigh the ranch, Si?" she asked, shivering with fear and cold.

"Oh, yes, we're all right, 'Miry, only Holdstein give out; an' I'll jes' give the cattle a bite, an' you keep snug with baby, an' cover up warm. P'raps I'd best make for the ranch, an' loose the critter, an' hunt her up in the mornin'."

Although Si spoke reassuringly to his wife, he had lost the trail, and would be obliged to wait until the skies cleared or for sufficient moon or starlight to direct his course.

Elmira was glad to creep under shelter again but baby was fretful and refused to be soothed with the accustomed lullabies. So far on the journey baby's comfort had been fairly attended to; the water in the river had been sufficiently warm in which to bathe him and at the different stopping places each one vied with the other in their endeavor to contribute to baby's wants and necessities.

The hours wore slowly away and night settled down on the little party; Elmira's anxiety about baby swallowing up all her other fears. Towards morning, she sank into a troubled sleep, only to be awakened by a cry from baby; the little voice which Pete, the cow-boy, had likened to the sweet pipe of the meadow-lark, was hoarse and rang with a rasping sound, that made the mother's heart stand still with horror. Elmira sprang up to find baby's tiny hands hot with fever, the fair curly head rolling from side to side, the flushed cheeks, parted lips, and heaving chest, all telling of the painful effort to obtain breath.

"Si! Si! Baby's dyin'!" Elmira shrieked. "We mus' move on. Find the ranch, Si, Quick! Quick! My God! He can't git his breath. Oh, my baby! My baby!"

Poor Si started out of his fitful slumbers, staggered to his feet, hurriedly harnessed Jack. But which way should he turn? Not a star to be seen. Nothing, but the black dome above and darkness all around. Elmira was still in ignorance that they were lost and urged Si in despairing tones to go on.

"Yes! Yes! But jes' wait a minit, 'Miry, till I I git some milk fer baby," and as Si, milking Holdstein, leaned his head against her warm side, a choking sob rose in his throat.

"Ef baby should die?" With shaking hands and whitening face, he gave the cup of warm milk to Elmira; but it was in vain. She could only moisten the tiny mouth, the throat was fast closing, and only painful moans issued from the fevered lips. Was this to be the end?, To lose her baby! She thought her heart would have broken when she parted from her widowed mother, home, friends in the far East; then, only the other day, her tears had fallen when she threw her arms round Beauty's neck and kissed the white star on her forehead. But, now, her baby dying, each labored breath getting fainter, the little body cruelly convulsed, no more laughter in the sweet blue eyes, already growing dim, the sunny curls damp with the dews of death; even as she asked her tortured heart the question, the little arms were thrown upwards, a faint gasp, a parting sigh, and all was ovr.

Elmira bowed her head in anguish, clusping the tiny form to her breaking heart, thinking that with the passing away of the little life, cruel fate or Providence had done its worst.

A little later, Si, sitting with bowed shoulders, holding the reins loosely in his hands, letting Jack plod along at will, trusting that instinct would guide him to some shack or corral, felt a tight clutch on his arm and looking into Elmira's face knew that baby was dead. Si, unmindful of the lapse of time, and burdened with painful thoughts, never knew how long he sat there, until Jack suddenly stopped. Where were they? The character of the prairie was entirely changed. Sage-brush covered the ground, the short buffalo grass had disappeared. Standing up on the seat he discovered a lake in the distance, dark and sullen-looking; he would water the cattle, at any rate, But Jack on reaching the edge of the lake—Si loosening the head-stall—refused to drink.

"Alk'li!" ejaculated Si, "Jack, yer oughter hev known better. We'll jes' hev to trail back."

Cautiously lifting the canvas and looking in the waggon he found Elmira beside the baby, its little cold face pressed closely to her own, the dead child scarcely whiter than the living mother, both figures so quiet, that Si's heart gave a great bound and then suddenly seemed to stop.

Good God! was he bereft of all? But as a long, shuddering moan broke from the pale lips of his wife, Si turned away, heavy sobs shaking his strong frame, as the tempest rends the mighty oak.

Some hours were spent in retracing their footsteps and once out of the sage-brush Si deemed it wiser to remain until the sun should once more shine upon them. And now a painful duty awaited poor Si; having missed their way, it might be days before they came to a ranch or meet with a human being. Once Si attempted to move the baby from Elmira's arms, but she held the little stiffening form the more closely, gasping in faint tones, "I can't—I can't—leave him here—all alone Si—wait till we git to the ranch."

Another night passed, and a glorious morning dawned, and as the eastern sky began to glow and flush with beauty, Si's eager gaze was at last rewarded, for there, not more than a mile away, were the house and barns of the Belknap Range, the windmills showing clearly cut against the sky. It was the very irony of fate; had they known of help so near baby might have been saved.

When Si drove up and briefly told his sad story, the hard faces of the men who had gathered around him softened, desperadoes as some of them were, and willing hands tenderly carried baby into the house, pitying eyes resting on the still waxen face. Elmira and Si were kindly and hospitably cared for. At sundown they dug the grave under the shade of the one cotton-wood tree that embellished the place, one of the men having roughly fashioned a coffin during the day. As they gently laid the tiny body in its last resting-place, the foreman, Tom Belknap, sank to his knees and stumblingly repeated the Lord's Prayer, telling the men afterward, as they talked the matter over, "that he wuz all-fired glad thet he didn't brek down, fer thet pore woman's sake. He hadnt' fergot how his sister 'Mandy's little gell died in Montana, without doctor, parson, or pra'r, tho' he guessed, an' wuz durned sure, little white souls like thet went straight up," to which sentiment the rest all assented.

Elmira never recovered from the effects of her bitter loss; for days she lay in the little shack adjoining the larger building in which the men ate and slept. Her white face grew whiter, her dark mournful eyes startingly larger, utterly crushed and broken, never complaining, only the poor patient sorrow-burdened heart was broken. Si offered to work to pay for their accommodation, but the good-natured ranchmen would accept of no service.

"Ye jes' 'tend to yer pore wife, an' we'll do all we ken fer ye."

Tom Belknap took his fastest mustang and galloped all the way to Cheyenne City to bring a doctor.

"Ye jes' fix the woman up doc', an' we'll foot yer bill."

"An' what d'ye think the gul-darned fool did, Bill? Instid o' mixin' her up suthin' to help her, Doc' jes' stan's an' looks te her an' sez to hisself kin' o' onder his breath, 'Ye can't min'ster to a min' at ease.'"

"Mebbe 'twas a charm," suggested Bill.

"No 'twant thet nuther. Bet yer sweet life, I kim pooty nigh knockin' the stuffin' outen him tho'. He tole me afterwards thet the pore gell's heart wuz jes' broke, busted when her baby died."

A week later, one brilliant moonlight night, Si, almost dazed with grief, sat by the bedside holding Elmira's wasted hand in his.

"I aint—no d'rections—to give ye, Si," in answer to Si's question "ef there wuz nothin' he could do."

"I jes'—want baby—put inter—my arms—close—close Si. He aint gone—so long—thet he'll fergit me—my little baby."

Sometimes she wandered and talked of home, her sister who died years ago, her sorrow at the loss of Beauty, them "dretful mines," and once in a weak faint voice, crooned a lullaby, rocking her poor wasted arms too and fro.

Just before the dawn she started up with wide open eyes, filled with a glad surprise, and said:

"Kiss me ,Si—I hev baby now."

* * * * * * * *

Si left his few effects and Holstein in Tom Belknap's care, and in company of Bill Nutter struck out for the mines. One evening, just at supper-time, Si and Bill walked into the bar of the Hotel Colorado, kept by Jim Craddock.

"Ef this ain't the beatenest, to think thet Elmiry Hunt hed ter die out'n the prairie," said Mrs. Craddock, "I allus did 'low 'Miry hedn't much spunk; but I ain't got no time fer dead folks, an' I wanted help in the wu'st way. I hev to hustle, I hev, Si Hunt, yer bet yer bottom dollar."

"Nex'! nex! D'yer want it straight, Sam Luke? Ye'll be on the jamboree nex'."

"An' ter think I meant to bring Elmiry and baby here."

At the Club.

Dobson—"Jones hasn't been around to the club for two weeks. Wonder what the matter is?" Hobson—"Why, his folks are all away at the seaside, and he can rest just as well at home."—Judge.

A Nineteenth-Century Abduction.

NEWTON Pynes is a small village, or rather town, on the borders of Dartmoor. Owing to the various causes, principally the absence of large houses and the depreciation of property, the natural leaders of the people were conspicuous by their absence. Little wonder, therefore, was it that the advent of the purchaser of the whole district should be regarded by the inhabitants with great joy.

A man of enormous wealth, under thirty and unmarried, Mr. Vivian added to his many gifts that of wide and broad-minded generosity. Tall and well-built, and already an M.P., the world lay at his feet. However, instead of spending his time in the pursuit of pleasure, he made a hobby of politics, and was at this time busy in furthering the candidature of his college friend Davis, who aspired to add M.P. to his name also.

This brought Vivian fairly often to his Newton Pynes estate on flying visits, as his duties in the House kept him closely occupied. At the close of any political meeting in the vicinity he was in the habit of driving to Newton Abbot, twelve miles distant, which was more convenient than occupying his own house at Newton Pynes for a few nights. Newton Pynes had some few months before received as a resident, a Mr. Edwards, an artist of no mean talent, who, although he did not exhibit publicly, still enjoyed occupying himself with painting. He took a house known as Wray Barton, about one mile and a half from the town—a large rambling building, surrounded with a very pretty park. His household, conducted in a very chic style, consited of a groom and a valet and his wife, These did the entire work of the house to perfection, and Edwards became the mainstay of the festivities (very mild indeed though they were) of Newton Pynes. He played a capital rubber, sang a good comic song, and was the life and soul of any party to which he was invited. Standing six feet high and of great strength, he looked every inch a gentleman; and his massive, clear-cut face, as a rule, looked smiling enough.

Had, however, his special cronies, the doctor and the lawyer, seen him sitting in his study one winter evening, they might have thought that his face belonged to someone else, so altered was the expression. He was talking to his two servants; and, curiously enough, all were smoking.

"When does Vivian come, did you say?" he was saying to the groom.

"He presides at a smoker to-morrow night; the crier was calling it as I came from the village."

"Is everthing ready—the room, the carriage, and all that?"

"Make your mind quite easy, Edwards. The gin is well set and only wants the bird to come along."

The following night the first smoker held in Newton Pynes took place. All the village turned out, and Vivian in the chair seemed to act as a stimulus upon all the performers. Edwards, by a happy imitation of the old Devonshire dialect, secured an uproarious encore, which he took by inviting the chairman to sing.

During Vivian's song, Edwards, who was sitting near one of the exits, quietly left the hall. It was nearly ten o'clock, and the concert was to end at 10.30. A carriage and pair stood at the entrance, which was to take Vivian to Newton Abbot, en route for London.

II.

It was a rough, squally night, with the wind howling in the south-west—such a night as the vicinity of Dartmoor often experiences. Vivian, having been escorted to the carriage by his cheering tenants and friends, had started on his long drive. A good traveller, he at once composed himself to sleep, and so far succeeded that he was just dozing off when a loud cry for help made itself heard, even above the storm. Instantly pulling the check-string of the landau, he let down the window.

"What was that, driver? I heard a cry for help. Did you run over anything?"

"No, sir. What shall we do? I cannot leave my horses; they wouldn't stand."

"I'll get out and go back; wait a few minutes."

At this moment the cry was once more repeated. Springing out of the carriage, he ran down the dark road in the direction of the sound. Suddenly tripped up, he fell in the road, and before he could utter a cry a rough gag was thrust in his mouth, and a deep voice informed him instant death would result if he struggled.

He felt a sharp point against his neck, and, like a sensible man, made no struggle.

In the meantime, a third man quietly sauntered up to the carriage, opened the door, and called out:—

"It's nothing; drive on." The driver, who, with lighted lamps glaring in his eyes, could see nothing behind, whipped up his horses and trotted off. No sooner had he started, than the man in the carriage, kneeling on the cushions, put his feet, then his legs, out of the open window. Without a second, he was, in another minute, on the step. Waiting until the carriage jolted over some newly-laid metal he quietly dropped off.

On went the unconscious driver as fast as his horses would go to Newton Abbot.

Hurrying back, the man rejoined his companions, who, with their prisoner, now erect, but gagged and pinioned, waited in the road.

Suddenly they saw a light approaching them, and Vivian was urged down a side turning, just in time to see a coachful of his supporters with lamps go singing by.

At the end of the lane a dogcart with a well-trained horse was waiting for the party. Vivian, still most carefully held, was put by sheer force in the cart, and then the other three got in.

In less than ten minutes they drove into the courtyard of a house quite close to the road, as Vivian could see easily enough. He was requested to alight, and then conducted by two of his captors into the house.

Still gagged, but not otherwise hurt, he went down stairs into what seemed to be the kitchen. The taller of the two men, who were both masked, dragged up the carpet and disclosed a trap-door. Vivian's heart sank as he feared the worst. Some rough stairs became visible, down which the unwilling man was forced and the trap door again closed. Suddenly the soft glow of the electric light illuminated the passage, which was roughly boarded, and was evidently a rough anteroom. So it proved to be, for on opening a door, a room twelve by fourteen became visible. Lined throughout with match boarding stained and varnished, it had no window or any outlet. Neatly furnished, with a small bed, it looked like a bachelor's room. A few books were on the table, and a bunch of incandescent lights suffused a soft light throughout the chamber.

One man instantly left the room, leaving Vivian and his captor alone. Still without a word, he skilfully undid the straps that effectually prevented Vivian from speaking and using his arms, and then removed his own mask. For a moment the two men looked at each other, when Vivian, who had been wondering where he had heard the deep voice of the strongest man, recognized Edwards, the Newton Pynes mainstay!

III.

"May I ask," demanded Vivian indignantly, "what is the meaning of this tomfoolery, Mr. Edwards?"

"There is no tomfoolery about this job. Do you think I have lived in this hole of a village for months for pleasure? Do you think a man of my calibre enjoys hearing some local busybodies sing at a village smoker? No, sir. I wanted to make your acquaintance, and that is why you are here.

"Nicely lodged, you see! This room took my friends and myself two months to make. We took out some tons of stuff—solid gravel, most of it. The light you have is from our brook; I was an electrical engineer before I took to this. No escape, you see; your air is renewed by these shafts, and we feel quite comfortable about you."

Vivian saw the truth of the last portion of this speech. Escape was impossible, that was evident.

"Well, Mr. Edwards; may I ask what it is you intend doing with me?"

"Now, Mr. Vivian, that is really sensible of you. Just this: keep you here until the sum of £50,000 is paid for your ransom."

"Great heavens! You're joking, man!"

"I never was more serious in my life. If you refuse, as I feel sure you will, you will stay here until you do consent. I should give you a week. I must be off, though, now; so, good-night." As Vivian made no answer, he left him to his thoughts and went out. No sooner had he gone than Vivian rushed out after him into the passage, but found the heavy trap-door fastened down. Gloomily he inspected his quarters. A tiny lavatory was in a corner of the passage, with a large bath. From the completeness of the arrangements he saw that there was no prospect of a speedy release, and with an exclamation of fury, he re-entered his bedroom. Feeling quite secure as to his safety, he undressed, and donning the pyjamas placed for him, got into bed, after turning off the electric light.

Early in the morning he was aroused by the quiet entry of an irreproachable valet, who brought in tea and hot water. With an effort he recalled his thoughts, and addressed the servant.

"How much will it cost to get out of this prison? You know you are incurring great risk?"

"Certainly, sir. I believe £50,000. Shall I shave you, sir?"

"Oh, get out! I'll do it myself."

Quietly and quite deferentially the servant left, and Vivian, for really the first time, realised his position. Thoughts of his friends, his mother's anxiety, all came over him, and, after dressing, he made a settled endeavor to escape, only to become thoroughly satisfied of its utter impossibility. He realised at last he was in the hands of no ordinary outlaw, but a Napoleon of his craft.

IV.

In the meantime, his disappearance had caused widespread alarm and fear, which the papers rather increased than allayed.

On the arrival of his carriage at Newton Abbot, his absence had been at once detected and the alarm raised, and a search was at once organized.

Telegrams next morning were sent to the chief police agencies for skilled detectives, and the whole country-side was in a ferment. Newton Pynes was intensely agitated. Mr. Edwards raised at once a large search party, and the woods were drawn, but drawn blank. He was instrumental in obtaining the services of a great London detective, who confessed he was at fault. The "Western Thunderbolt," in its current issue, shrieked as follows:

"A pretty pass England has come to, when a young and wealthy man is abducted from his carriage on the Queen's highway. Where are the police? Their vaunted excellence has now an opportunity of showing itself. What can be the object—murder or robbery, or both? This crime has evidently been planned beforehand, or else the driver of the carriage is an accessory. In any case, the abduction is unique, and we hope will remain so."

Meanwhile Vivian spent a restless day. Mad with impatience, realizing what was being said and done out of doors, he scarcely touched the excellent food placed before him.

At five o'clock he heard someone descending his stairs, and Edwards, with a bundle of papers, entered the room. For a wild moment the idea of flying on his captor surged through his brain, but its utter uselessness restrained him. Edwards seemed to divine the idea, for he said, soothingly:

"Come, Mr. Vivian, don't be foolish; pay the money, and out you go at once."

"You know I haven't got the money, or even a cheque-book with me."

"Come, that's ungenerous! We don't stoop to search your pockets. Come, sit down and listen."

Taking a cigar out of his pocket, he lit and offered one to Vivian, who took it.

"Now, these are our terms. You write a letter to your banker, requesting him to bring the money himself to an address I shall give you. Tell him that if any pursuit is attempted, or any espionage ordered, your life will be the forfeit. Yes, you start; but am I the man to fail in this matter? No, sir; I am not. Notes will do, as I do not fear you will attempt to repudiate your bargain. I shall take your letter up myself, and probably call at the bank for the cash. Then I shall return here and release you, so as not to endanger myself.

Lost in amaze at the cool daring of the man, Vivian thought for a few minutes.

"Yes, I am beaten; and, although I think it is a vile robbery, I will pay. If I had been told a week before that I would have given in after twenty-four hours, I should have laughed."

"Ah," quietly replied Edwards, "you have never been in solitary confinement before. When you get out your friends will wonder at your temporary absence, but you will keep your own counsel."

"But suppose I inform the police?"

"Well, so you may. You are now, I believe, twenty-eight—I am forty. Do I look like a man to forgive readily? Besides, with the money I have at my disposal, I could hire, even from the gaol, men who might prevent you from reaching forty."

Vivian, although no coward, may well be forgiven if he registered a vow to blot out these miserable hours from his memory for ever. He went to the table, and wrote to his lawyer and confidential agent a long letter, Edwards, meantime, lazily making rings with his cigar smoke.

At length it was finished, and, with a half smile, he handed it, unsealed, to Edwards, who, without reading it, sealed it with wax.

"Are you not going to read it?"

"I! No. Why should I? If I do not return in due course my friends would suspect treachery, and——"

He paused, and, wishing Vivian good-night, he left him to his thoughts.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, Mr. Drage—Vivian's most trusted adviser—was informed a visitor wished to see him on urgent business. On entering the room, Edwards locked the door, to the lawyer's astonishment, and then coolly seated himself.

"To what do I owe the honor of this early visit, sir?"

"Well—has Mr. Vivian been found yet?"

The lawyer started, and scrutinized eagerly Edward's face.

"No; do you know anything about him?"

"Read that!" said Edwards, as he placed Vivian's letter before the anxious lawyer, who tore it open.

Edwards stood before the fire watching him like a cat, ready to spring at any time should he try and ring the bell.

The lawyer looked up, and steadily gazed at his antagonist.

"You know the contents of this letter?"

"Roughly."

"Do you think for a moment I shall help you to rob my employer in this way?"

"Well, I rather think you will. Now, look here, Mr. Drage! There is no time for fooling; unless I get back to Newton Pynes before seven o'clock with the money—that gives you just three hours—well, you may have no employer."

For a moment Drage hesitated, and then prepared to go out.

"I will await your return with the money," said Edwards coolly.

V.

The "Western Thunderbolt," in its issue of the next morning, contained the following:

"Discovery of the Millionaire."
"Capture of the Gang."
"Suicide of the Leader."

"The disappearance of Mr. Vivian has only been surpassed in romance by the story—tragical enough—of his reappearance. About nine o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. Drage—Mr. Vivian's man of business—was surprised by receiving a visit from a man named Edwards, residing at Newton Pynes. This worthy handed Mr. Drage a letter from the missing gentleman. With incredible assurance, he informed the lawyer that, unless an enormous sum was paid as ransom Mr. Vivian would be murdered, and added that he was expected back at seven o'clock with the money.

"It seems Mr. Vivian was removed from his carriage, and interred at a house called Wray, about a mile from Newton Pynes, in an underground cellar. He had passed his word that no pursuit was to be made or the gang interfered with. Mr. Drage, however, fortunately, is a man of character. Seeming to acquiesce in the inevitable, he went out to procure the money. The criminal secure in the knowledge that no train went West for three hours, waited with cynical coolness for his return. Hurrying at once to Scotland Yard, a detective and ten plain-clothes policemen were secured for instant service. A special train was procured at Paddington, and the G.W.R.'s officials started the party off one hour and a half before the usual train.

"Meanwhile Mr. Drage procured the money and handed it to the man Edwards. He suspected nothing, and left the house exulting.

"The detective, on arriving at Exeter, was met by a wagonnette and four horses, previously ordered by telegram, and the whole party, personating an excursion, quickly covered the fourteen miles between Exeter and Wray. Stopping the carriage at the gate of the house, the detective went in to inquire the way. The man-servant who answered, the door, whilst engaged in answering the question, was felled to the ground. In a minute the whole party were in the house, and the rest of the gang easily secured. They sullenly enough disclosed the underground prison, and Mr. Vivian, to his extreme delight, was soon liberated.

"The prisoners being secured, Edwards's arrival was anxiously expected. At length he came, and, quite unsuspiciously, walked into the trap prepared for him. He made a desperate resistance, and nearly killed the detective; and, before he could be prevented, had blown out his brains.

"We congratulate all concerned on this break-up of a most dangerous gang; and we are heartily rejoiced over this audacious criminal's death."

The Expensive Banquet that was Furnished to His High and Mighty Lordship, Archbishop Baldwin of Treves.

An Invitation

By Robert Barr.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by the Author.)

(Concluded.)

"There will be some confusion at the gate," he said, in a low voice. "Escape then if you can. Ride for Treves as you never rode before. Stop not to fight with any; everything depends on out-stripping pursuit. Take what horses you need wherever you find them, and kill them all if necessary, but stop for nothing. This ring will be warrant for whatever you do.

"Tell my general to invest this castle instantly with 10,000 men, and to press forward the siege, regardless of my fate. Tell him to leave not one stone standing upon another, and to hang the widow of Starkenburg from her own blazing timbers. Succeed, and a knighthood and the command of a thousand men awaits you."

"I will succeed or die, my Lord."

"Succeed and live," said the Archbishop shortly.

As the horses slowly labored up the zig-zagging road the view along the silvery Moselle widened and extended, and at last the strong gray walls of the castle came into sight, with the ample gates wide open. The horsemen in front drew up into two lines on each side of the gates without entering, and thus the Archbishop, at the head of his little band, slowly rode first under the archway into the courtyard of the castle.

On the stone steps that led to the principal entrance of the castle stood a tall, graceful lady with her women behind her. She was robed in black, and the head dress on her snow-white hair gave her the appearance of a dignified abbess at her convent door. Her serene and placid face had undoubtedly once been beautiful, and age, which had left her form as straight and slender as one of her own forest pines, forgetting to place its customary burden upon her graceful shoulders, had touched her countenance with a loving hand. With all her womanliness there was, nevertheless, a certain firmness in the finely molded chin that gave evidence of a line of ancestry that had not been any too deferential to those in authority.

The stern Archbishop reined in his black charger when he reached the middle of the courtyard, but made no motion to dismount. The lady came slowly down the broad stone steps, followed by her feminine train, and, aproaching the elector, placed her white hand upon his stirrup, in mute acknowledgment of her vassalage.

"Welcome, prince of the church and protector of our faith. It is 100 years since my poor house has sheltered so august a guest."

The tones were smooth and soothing as the scarcely audible plash of a distant fountain, but the incident she cited struck ominously on the Archbishop's recollection, rousing memory and causing him to dart a quick glance at the countess, in which was blended sharp inquiry and awakened foreboding, but the lady, unconscious of his scrutiny, stood with drooping head and downcast eyes, her shapely hand still on his stirrup iron.

"If I remember rightly, madam, my august predecessor slept well beneath this roof."

"Alas, yes," murmured the lady sadly; "we have ever accounted it the greatest misfortune of our line that he should have died mysteriously here, peace be to his soul."

"Not so mysteriously, madam, but that there were some shrewd guesses concerning his malady."

"That is true, my lord," replied the countess, simply. "It was supposed that in his camp upon the low lands by the river he contracted a fever from which he died."

"My journey by the Moselle has been of the briefest. I trust, therefore, I have not within me, the seeds of his fatal distemper."

"I most devoutly echo that trust, my lord, and pray that God, who watches over us all, may guard your health while sojourning here."

"Forgive me, madame, if within the shadow of these walls, I say 'Amen' to your prayer with some emphasis."

The Countess Laurette contented herself with bowing low and humbly crossing herself making no verbal reply to his lordship's remark. She then beseeched the archbishop to dismount, saying something of his need of rest and refreshment, begging him to allow her to be his guide to the Ritter Saale.

When the archbishop reached the topmost step that led to the castle door, he cast an eye, not devoid of anxiety, over the courtyard to see how his following had fared. The gates were now fast closed and forty horses were ranged with their tails to the wall and silent riders on their saddles. Rapid as was his glance, it showed him his guard huddled together in the centre of the court, his own black charger with empty saddle the only living thing among them that showed no signs of dismay. Between two of the hostile horsemen stood his captain, with doublet torn and his headgear awry, evidently a discomfited prisoner. The archbishop entered the gloomy castle with a sense of defat tugging down his heart to a lower level than he had ever known it to reach before, for in days gone by, when fate had seemed to press against him, he had been in the thick of battle and had felt an exultation in rallying his half-hearted-couraged followers, who had never faile dto respond to the call of a born leader of men. But here he had to encounter silence, with semi-darkness over his head, cold stone under foot and round him the unaccustomed hiss of women's skirts.

The countess conducted her guest through the lofty knight's hall, in which his lordship saw preparations for a banquet going forward. An arched passage led them to a small room that seemed to be within a small turret hanging over a precipice, as if it were an eagle's nest. This room gave an admirable and extended view over

The archbishop took her unresisting hand, and bending, raised it to his lips.

the winding Moselle and much of the surrounding country. On a table were flagons of wine and empty cups, together with some light refection, upon all of which the archbishop looked with suspicious eye. He did not forget the rumored poisoning of his predecessor in office. The countess asked him with deference, to seat himself; then pouring out a cup of wine she bowed to him and drank it. Turning to rinse the cup in a basin of water which a serving woman held, she was interrupted by her guest, who, now, for the first time, showed a trace of gallantry.

"I beg of you, madame," said the archbishop rising and taking the unwashed cup from her hand, he filled it with wine, drinking prosperity to herself and her house. Then, motioning her to a chair he said, seating himself: "Countess von Starkenburg, I am a man more used to the uncouth rigor of a camp than the dainty etiquette of a lady's boudoir; forgive me, then, if I ask you plainly, as a plain man may, why you hold me prisoner in your castle."

"Prisoner, my lord," echoed the lady with eyebrows raised in amazement, "How ill are we served by our underlings if such a thought has been conveyed to your lordship's mind. I asked them to invite you hither with such deference as a vassal should hold toward an over-lord. I am grieviously distressed to learn that my commands have been so ill obeyed."

"Your commands were faithfully followed, madame, and I make no complaint regarding lack of deference, but when two-score armed men carry a respectful invitation to one having a bare dozen at his back, then all option vanishes and compulsion takes its place."

"My lord, a handful of men were fit enough escort for a neighboring baron did he visit us, but for a prince of the church all my retainers are but scanty acknowledgment of a vassal's regard, I would they had been 20,000 to do you seemly honor."

"I am easily satisfied, madame, and had they been fewer I might have missed this charming outlook. I am to understand then that you have no demands to make of me, and that I am free to depart accompanied by your good wishes."

"With my good wishes now and always, surely, my lord. I have no demands to make; the word ill befits the lips of a humble vassal, but being here——"

"Ah! But being here——" interrupted the archbishop, glancing keenly at her.

"I have a favor to beg of you. I wish to ask permission to build a castle on the heights above Trarbach for my son."

"The Count Johann, third of the name?"

"The same, my lord, who is honored by your lordship's remembrance of him."

"And you wish to place this stronghold between your castle of Starkenburg and my town of Treves? Were I a suspicious man, I might imagine you had some distrust of me."

"Not so, my lord. The Count Johann will hold the castle in your defence."

"I have ever been accustomed to look to my own defence," said the archbishop dryly, adding, as if it were an afterthought, "With the blessing of God upon my poor efforts."

The faintest suspicion of a smile hovered for an instant on the lips of the countess that might have been likened to the momentary passing of a gleam of sunshine over the placid waters of the river far below, for she well knew, as did all others, that it was the habit of the fighting archbishop to smite sturdily first and ask whatever blessing might be needed on the blow afterwards.

"The permission being given, what follows?"

"That you will promise not to molest me during the building, nor afterward."

"A natural corollary. 'Twould be little worth to give permission and then bring up 10,000 men to disturb the builders. That granted, remain there anything more?"

"I fear I trespass on your lordship's patience, but this is now the end. A strong house is never built with a weak purse. I do entreat your lordship to cause to be sent to me from your treasury in Treves 1,000 pieces of gold, that the castle may be a worthy addition to your province."

The archbishop arose with a scowl on his face, and paced the narrow limits of the room like a caged lion. The hot anger mounted to his brow and reddened it, but he strode up and down until he regained control of himself, then spoke with a touch of hardness in his voice.

"A good fighter, madam, holds his strongest reserves to the last. You have called me a prince of the church, and such I am, but you flatter me, madam. You rate me too high. The founder of our church, when betrayed, was sold for silver, and for a lesser number of pieces than you ask in gold.

The lady, now standing, answered nothing to this taunt, but the color flushed her pale cheeks.

"I am then a prisoner, and you hold me for ransom, but it will avail you little. You may close your gates and prevent my poor dozen of followers from escaping, but news of this outrage will reach Treves, and then, by God, your walls shall smoke for it. There will be none of the Starkenburgs left, either to kidnap or to murder future archbishops." Still the lady stood silent and motionless as a marble statue. The elector paced up and down for a time, muttering to himself, then smote his open palm against a pillar of the balcony and stood gazing on the fair landscape of the river and rounded hill spread below and around him. Suddenly he turned, and looked at the countess, meeting her clear, fearless gray eye, noticing for the first time the resolute contour of her finely moulded chin.

"Madame," he said, with admiration in his tone, "you are a brave woman."

"I am not so brave as you think me, my lord," she answered coldly. "There is one thing I dare not do. I am not brave enough to allow your lordship to go free if you refuse what I ask."

"And should I not relent at first there are dungeons in Starkenburg where this proud spirit, with which my enemies say I am cursed, will doubtless be humbled."

"Not so, my lord. You will be treated with that consideration which should be shown to one of your exalted station."

"Indeed! And melted thus by kindness. How long, think you will the process take?"

"It will be of the shortest, my lord, for if, as you surmise, rumor should get abroad and falsely proclaim that the archbishop lodges here against his will, there's not a flying baron or beggared knight in all the land but would turn him in his tracks and cry to Starkenburg, 'In God's name, hold him, widow, till we get our own again!' Willingly would they make the sum I beg of you an annual tribute, so they might be certain your lordship were well housed in this castle."

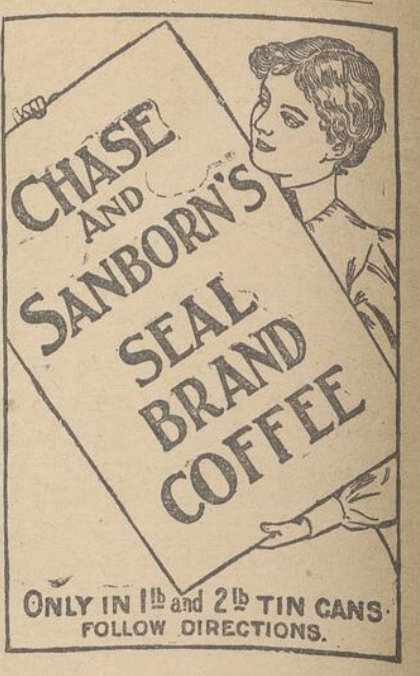
"Widow, there is truth in what you say, even if a woman hath spoken it," replied the archbishop with a grim smile on his lips and undisguised admiration in his dark eyes. "This cowardly world is given to taking advantage of a man when opportunity offers. But there is one point you have not reckoned on. What of my stout army living at Treves? What of the arch, when the keystone is withdrawn? What of the sheep, when the shepherd disappears?"

"My lord, you do yourself and your great military gifts a wrong. Through my deep regard for you, I gave strict command that not even the meanest of your train should be allowed to wander till all were safe within these gates, for I well knew that did a whisper of my humble invitation and your gracious acceptance of the same reach Treves, it might be misconstrued, and although some sturdy fellows would be true, and beat their stupid heads against these walls, the rest would scatter like a sheaf of arrows suddenly unloosed and seek the strongest arm upraised in the melee sure to follow. Against your army, leaderless, I would myself march out at the head of my two score men without a tremor at my heart; before that leader, alone and armyless, I bow my head with something more akin to fear than I have ever known before, and crave his generous pardon for my bold request."

The archbishop took her unresisting hand, and bending, raised it to his lips with that dignified courtesy which, despite his disclaimer, he knew how well, upon occasion, to display.

"Madame," he said, "I ask you to believe that your request was granted even before you marshalled such unanswerable arguments to stand, like armored men, around it. There is a stern and stringent law of our church which forbids its servants suing for a lady's hand. Countess, I never felt the grasp of that iron fetter until now."

Thus came the strong castle above Trarbach to be builded, and that not at the expense of its owners.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—For several years I suffered so severely from neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely, which entirely cured the neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly, and I now have a good head of hair.

Springhill. WM. DANIELS.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT