CHAPTER I.

MISS OCTAVIA BASSETT.

Slowbridge had been shaken to its foun-

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of everything." a sensation to give Slowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Slowbridge was not used to sensations, and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private distrust, if not with open disfavor. The new mills had been a trial to Slowbridge a sore trial. On being told of the owner's plan of building them, old Lady shillings. Theobald, who was the corner-stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge, was said; by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage, and on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling began to issue her orders. because he was afraid to stay away.

"With mills and mill-hands, 'her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill and get one somewhere." owner, when chance threw them together, -" with mills and mill-hands come murder, massacre, and mob law." And she said it so loud, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and fearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins (it was at one of the tea-parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill-hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill-hands were presty regular in their habits, and even went so far as to send their children accepted the tracts left weekly at their doors, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills, and was just sett. ling itself to sleep—the sleep of the just again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

It was Miss Belinda Bassett who received the first shock. Miss Belinda Bassett was a decorous little maiden lady, who lived in a decorous little house on High street (which was considered a very genteel street in Slowbridge). She had lived in the same house all her life, her father had lived in it, and so also had her grandfather. She had gone out, to take tea, from its doors two or three times a week, ever since she had been twenty, and she had had her little teaparties in its front parlor as often as any other genteel Slowbridge entertainer. She had risen at seven, breakfasted at eight, dined at two, taken tea at five, and gone to bed at ten, with such regularity for fifty years, that to rise at eight, breakfast at nine, dine at three, and take tea at six, and go to bed at eleven, would, she was firmly convinced, be but "to fly in the face of Providence," as she put it, and sign her own death-warrant. Consequently, it is easy to imagine what a tremor of excitement seized when. one atternoon. as she sat waiting for her tea a coach from the Blue Lion dashed—or, at least, almost dashed—up to the front door. a young lady got out, and the next minute the handmaiden, Mary Anne, threw open the door of the parlor, announcing, without the least preface:

"Your neice, mum, from 'Meriker." Miss Belinda got up, feeling that her knees really trembled beneath her.

In Slowbridge, America was not approved of-in fact, was almost entirely ignored, as a country where, to quote Lady Theobald. "the laws were loose, and the prevailing sentiments revolutionary." It was not considered good taste to know Americans, -which was not unfortunate, as there was none to know,—and Miss Belinda Bassett had always felt a difficulty in mentioning her only brother, who had emigrated to the United States in his youth, having first disgraced himself by the utterance of a blasphemous remark that "he wanted to get to a place where a fellow could stretch himself and not be builted by a lot of old tabbies." From he day of his departure, when he had left Miss Belinds bathed in tears of anguish. she had heard nothing of him, and here upon the threshold stood Mary Anne, with delighted eagerness in her countenance, repeating:

Your neice, mum, from 'Meriker!" And, with the words, her neice entered.

Miss Belinda put her hand to her heart. The young lady, thus announced, was the pressies, and as the same time the most extraordinary-looking, young lady she had ever seen in her life. Slowbridge contained nothing approaching this neice. Her dress was so very stylish that it was quite startling in its effect, her forehead was covered down to her large, pretty eyes themselves, with ourls of yellow-brown hair, and her slender throat was swathed round and round with a grand scarf of black lace. She made a step forward, and then

stopped, looking at Miss Belinda. Her eyes suddenly, to Miss Belinda's amazement, filled with tears. "Didn't you," she said,—"Oh dear, didn't

you get the letter?"

"The-the letter!" faltered Miss Belinda. "What letter, my-my dear?"

"Pa's," was the answer. "Oh, I see you didn't." And she sank into the nearest chair.

putting her hands up to her face, and beginning to cry outright. '1-am Octavia B-bassett," she said.

"We were coming to surp prise you, and travel in Europe, but the mines went wrong, and p-pa was obliged to go back to Nevada. "The mines?" gasped Miss Belinda.

"S-silver mines," wept Octavia. "And we had scarcely landed when Piper cabled. and pa had to turn back. It was something about shares, and he may have lost his last dollar!

Miss Belinds sank into a chair herself. "Mary Anne," she said, faintly, "bring me a glass of water."

Her tone was such that Octavia removed her handkerchief from her eyes, and sat up to examine her.

"Are you frightened?" she saked, in Miss Belinda took a sip of the water brought by her handmaiden, replaced the

glass upon the salver, and shock her head Slowbridge, from Lady Theobald down.

"Not exactly frightened, my dear," sh to—to collect myself."

to wipe away a sudden new gush of tears. "If shares intended to go down," she until we got over here, and then spoiling

"Providence, my dear, —" began Miss Belinda.

But she was interrupted by the re-entrance of Mary Anne.

"Six!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "Whose are they ?"

"Mine," replied Octavia. "Wait minute. I'll go out to him."

Miss Belinda was astonished afresh by the alacrity with which her neice seemed to forget her troubles and rise to the occasion.

You will have to get another man," she said. "You might have known that. Go And when the man went off, grumbling a

little, and evidently rather at a loss before such peremptory coolness, she turned to Miss Belinda. "Where must he put them?" she asked.

It did not seem to have occurred to her not very generously proportioned in the once that her indentity might be doubted, matter of train, there was no rival establishand some slight obstacle arise before her. "I am afraid," faltered Miss Belinda, her own way; and, at least, it could never be said that Slowbridge was that five of them will have to be put in the attic."

And, in fifteen minutes, five of them were put into the attic, and the sixth—the biggest of all stood in the trim spare chamber, and pretty Miss Octavia had sunk into a puffy little chintz-covered easy-chair, while her to Lady Theobald's free school, and newly found relative stood before her, making the most laudable efforts to recover her equilibrium, and not to feel as if her head was spinning round and round.

#### CHAPTER II. "AN INVESTMENT, ANYWAY."

The natural results of these efforts was that Miss Belinda was moved to shed a few

"I hope you will excuse my being too startled to say I was glad to see you," she "I have not seen my brother for thirty years, and I was very fond of him." "He said you were," answered Octavia, and he was very fond of you, too. He mind not to let you hear from him until he a diamond clasp. was a rich man, and then he thought he would wait until he could come home, and surprise you. He was awfully disappointed when he had to go back without seeing

"Poor dear Martin," wept Miss Belinds, gently. "Such a journey!"

Octavia opened her charming eyes in sur-"Oh, he'll come back again!" she said. And he doesn't mind the journey. The journey is nothing, you know."

"Nothing!" echoed Miss Belinda. "A voyage across the Atlantic nothing? When one thinks of the danger, my dear .--- " Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much.'

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled, "Dear, dear, dear!" And, for some moments, she could do nothing but look at her young relative in doubtful wonder, shaking her head with actual

But she finally recovered herself with a

little start. "What am I thinking of," she exclaimed. remorsefully, "to let you sit here in this way? Pray, excuse me, my dear. You see

I am so upset." She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest, tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" she inquired. calmly.

The fact was that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earthquake, and result in tremor, confusion and tears. It was true she herself had shed a little parlor, behind her own tea-service, tear or so, but then her troubles had been with her hand upon her own tea-pot, hearaccumulating for several days; and she had not felt confused yet.

When Miss Belinds went down-stairs to superintend Mary Anne in the tea-making. and left her guest alone, that young person glanced about her with a rather dubious expression.

'It is a queer, nice little place," she said. But I don's wonder that pa emigrated, if they always get into such a flurry about little things. I might have been a ghost." Then she proceeded to unlock the big trunk and attire herself.

Down-stairs Miss Belinda was wavering between the kitchen and the parlor, in a kindly flutter.

"Toast some muffins, Mary Anne, and bring in the cold roast fowl," she said. "And I will put out some strawberry jam. and some of the preserved ginger. Dear me! Just to think how fond of preserved ginger poor Martin was, and how little of it he was allow to eat! There really seems a special Providence in my having such a nice to. He often laughed at me for buying stock of it in the house when his daughter comes home."

In the course of half an hour everything was in readiness, and then Mary Anne, who had been sent upstairs to announce the fact. came down in a most remarkable state of delighted agitation, suppressed ecstacy and her father, but her recollections of him were amazement exclaiming aloud in every fea-

"She's dressed, mum," she announced, an' 'll be down immediate," and retired to a shadowy corner of the kitchen passage, that she might lay in wait unobserved. Miss Belinda sitting behind the tea-ser-

vice, heard a soft, flowing, silken rustle sweeping down the stair-case and across the hall, and then her neice entered.

"Don't you think I have dressed pretty quick?" she said, and swept across the little parlor and sat down in her place, with the at the Sherbrooke Fair yesterday, which calmest and most unconscious air in the

There was legends that she received her patterns from London, and modified them said, "but so amazed that I find it difficult to suit the Slowbridge taste. Possibly this was true, but, in that case, her labors as Octavia put up her handkerchief again modifier must have been severe indeed, since they were so far modified as to be al- yesterday to a Witness reporter. "He from Harpers Basar: together unrecognizable when they left don't know what home is. How should said, "I don't see why they couldn't go Miss Chickie's establishment and were he? Why, look here, this is a kind of forms in which cold bathing is most fredown before we started, instead of waiting borne home in triumph to the houses of her plan of the night baker's week: Sunday, quently practiced, at least by those who do patrons. The taste of Slowbridge was quiet—upon this Slowbridge prided itself and Friday nights he works twelve hours, both of sea and river, during the summer especially—and, at the same time, tended Then on Saturday morning he goes home. "The man from the Lion, mum, wants to did not cut good silk into useless strips about 3 or 4 and he isn't all rested yet. often distressing even at the higher temknow what's to be done with the trunks. Which could not be utilized in after time, Then, maybe, he takes his wife out for a perature just mentioned, is soon succeeded. There's six of 'em, an' they're all that 'eavy and it was only when, after a visit to Lonas he says he wouldn't lift one alone for ten don, Lady Theobald walked into St. James' little time to read the Saturday Witness cold on entering it seems much warmer. one Sunday, with two gores on each side, and some book. But he never feels tresh. that Miss Chickie regretfully put scissors He's always tired out with his unnatural member of good society possessed a sub- he sleeps late, as he must get rest for Sunstantial silk gown of some sober colour, day night's work, and having slept on years' tea-parties, descended to the grade of "second-best," and so descended, year The girl ran to the front door as if she was by year, until it disappeared into the dim quite used to directing her own affairs, and distance of the past. The young ladies had their white muslins and natural flowers. which latter decorations invariably collasped in the course of the evening, and were worn during the latter half of any festooning and adorning them after designs emanating from her fertile imagination.

> condition of mind when her fair relative took her seat before her. What the material of her neice's dress was, Miss Belinda could not have told. It was a silken and soft fabric of a pale blue colour; it clung to the slender, lissome young figure like a glove; a fan-like train of great length almost covered the hearth-rug; there were plaitings and frillings all over it, and yards of delicate satin ribbon cut into loops in the most recklessly extravagant

If they were a little short in the body and

ment to sneer, and Miss Chickie had it all

Judge, then, of Miss Belinda Bassett's

vulgar or overdressed.

Miss Belinda saw all this at the first glance, as Mary Anne had seen it, and, like Mary Anne loss her breath; but on her second glance, she saw something more. On the pretty, slight hands were three wonderful, sparkling rings, composed of diamonds set in clusters; there were great solitaires in the neat little ears, and the thickly didn't write to you, because he made up his plaited lace at the throat was fastened by

> "My dear," said Miss Belinda, clutching helplessly at the tea-pot, "are you-surely it is a-a little dangerous to wear suchsuch priceless ornaments on ordinary

Octavia stared at her for a moment, uncomprehendingly. "Your jewels, I mean, my love," fluttered Miss Belinda. "Surely you don't wear house."

"Does it?" said Octavia. "That's queer."

And she looked puzzled for a moment again.

Then she glanced down at her rings. "I nearly always wear these," she remarked. "Father gave them to me. He gave me one each birthday for three years. He says diamonds are an investment, any way, and I might as well have them. These," touching the ear-rings and clasp, ' were given to my mother when she was on the stage. A lot of people clubbed together and bought them for her. She was a great favourite."

Miss Belinds made another clutch at the handle of the tea-pot.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed, faintly. 'On the-did you say on the-

"Stage," answered Octavia. "San Francisco. Father married her there. She was awfully pretty. I don't remember her. She died when I was born. She was only

The utter calmness and freedom from embarrassment with which these announcements were made almost shook Miss Belinda's faith in her own indentity. Strange to say, until this moment she had scarcely given a thought to her brother's wife. and to find herself sitting in her own genteel ing that this wife had been a young person who had been "a great favourite" upon the stage, in a region peopled, as she had been led to suppose, by gold-diggers and escaped convicts, was almost too much for her to support herself under. But she did support herself bravely, when she had time

"Help yourself to some fowl, my dear," she said, hospitably, even though very faintly indeed, "and take a muffin." Octavia did so, her over-splendid hands

fashing in the light, as she moved them. "American girls always have more things than English girls," she observed, with admirable coolness. "They dress more. have been told so by girls who have been in Europe. And I have more things than most American girls. Father had more money than most people; that was one reason, and he spoiled me, I suppose. He had no one else to give things to, and he said I should have everything I took a fancy things, but he never said I shouldn't buy

them. "He was always generous," sighed Miss Belinda. "Poor, dear Martin!

Octavia searcely entered into the spirit of this mournful sympathy. She was fond of not pathetic or sentimental.

"He took me with him wherever he went," she proceeded. "And we had a teacher from the States, who travelled with us sometimes. He never sent me away from him. I wouldn't have gone if he had wanted to send me-and he didn't want to," she added, with a satisfied little laugh.

# (To be Continued).

Col. Rhodes, Commissioner of Agriculture in Mr. Mercier's Cabinet, was insulted he attended to open in his official capacity. The town of Szegedin, Hungary, is again

A HARD LIFE OF IT. A Montreal Breadmaker's Week as it is

Now and as it Might Be. "Home? Why, the baker doesn't know what home is," said a night baker Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday not dwell in cities; but the temperature can't sleep soundly all Saturday nightto speak of he has with his people. Then, is still more outraged. She gets her pay, though, in undermining the health. It is, as I said, a fight for sleep, and the time for it is to get a good sleep.'

### Take Our Advice and

Wear a small neat pin in your knotted scarf; wear a larger one with a puff. Wear a low-crowned hat with a sack

Wear pearl-gray gloves with black or rhite stitching on the backs for full dress. Wear half-hose supporters with low-cut Wear only the best qualities in black

seaside and dark colored ones in the mountains.

Wear your trousers easy at the hips, and pull them up a little about the knees whenever you sit down .- Men's Outfitter.

### Italians as Barbers.

The rapid growth of Italian barber shops in New York city is alarming the old-time barbers. The Italian five cent shops are now to be found not only in "Little Italy" and the other quarters in which them often. I declare it quite frightens swarms of Italians have taken up their but the "good alone are free." That which me to think of having such things in the abode, but also in other localities up town, is vicious will never go free without making down town and on both sides of the city. attack upon the very foundations of our For many years a great part of the trade freedom. We may never fail to make phers, who now find it hard to compete with the Italians even when they charge a dime for using the lather, brush and razor.

## On Advertising.

"Advertising is to a genuine article what manure is to land—it largely increases the product. Thousands of persons may be reading your advertisement while you are eating or sleeping or attending to your business; hence, public attention is attracted, new customers come to you, and if you render them satisfactory equivalent for their money they continue to patronize you and recommend you to their friends.' P. T. Barnum.

"It is a fact that many of the best pro prietary medicines of the day," said the late Dr. J. G. Holland in "Scribner's Magazine," "are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." Failure of eyesight, ficele appetite, headache, extreme wakefulness, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, gradual failure of strength and dropsical swelling-these are symptoms of kidney disease. If you neglect the symptoms you will eventually have Bright's Disease. Warner's Safe Cure is the only specific which has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature said: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

## The Man of It.

Wife-John, don't you want some of these plums for lunch? They're some I put up.

the pits in. Wife-But, John, these plums have no has any fun. New York Weekly.

Husband-Oh, that's so; they haven't. I knew there was something about them I didn't like.

Bad For His Business.

First Stranger (at the theatre)—That was a short wait between those acts, wasn't Second Stranger—Yes; too short.

First Stranger-Don't you like short Second Stranger-No; I keep the saloon under the theatre.

#### But They Have Talent, Theatrical Manager-You surely don't

expect to succeed on the stage solely on account of your beauty? English Society Woman-Yes, but I do. know of scores of actresses who succeed and they aren't one bit good looking.

According to a French physiologist the wing of the ordinary housefly makes 330 strokes in one second; the wing of the bumble bee, 240; the wing of the honey bee, 190; the wing of the wasp, 110; the wing of the dragon fly, 28; the wing of There was in Slowbridge but one dress.
The head of the making establishment. The head of the establishment—Miss Letitia Chickie, destablishment—Miss Letitia Ch

THE DELIGHTS OF BATHING.

iome Practical Advice for Those Summe

River bathing and sea bathing are the

ing at the Seashore. It is from the pen of a well-known writer that the following valuable advice comes

and autumn months, are as often those of toward economy. When gores came into He's got to sleep eight hours, at least, and the temperature bath in its lower ranges fashion, Slowbridge clung firmly, and with more because he doesn't get to sleep right (68 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit) as of the cold some pride, to substantial breadths, which away I can tell you. Well, then he gets up bath. The sensation of chill on entering. walk, and, after supper, perhaps, he gets a by a warm glow; the water that felt so and the reaction of the blood to the surface, especially if the bather take active into her first breadth. Each matronly night work. Sunday morning, of course, exercise by swimming or diving, produces such a feeling of comfort that the temptation is often to overdo the bath and to risk its which gown, having done duty at two Saturday morning and afternoon he tonic effect by remaining in the water too long. It is far better to enter a cold bath it stands to reason. Well, he may get up when you are well warmed than to cool off Sunday noon, unrefreshed from his series according to the dull routine prescription of naps, and this afternoon is the only time of the books. To cool off before you enter the water is simply to reduce your power after his tea at half-past 4 or so, he feels of resisting the cold. For a cold swimming happiest of any time in the week. This bath such as I have defined it fifteen doesn't last for long, because he must go to minutes in stream or sea will generally be festive occasion in a flabby and hopeless the shop at 6 or 7 o'clock. The night enough, though persons of strong constitucondition. Miss Chickie made the muslins, baker's life is one long fight for sleep. He gets home say at half-past 6 or 7, goes to than twice. Practiced swimmers or bathbed in the family bedroom that his people ers are a rule for themselves in such mathave just got through with, tosses about in ters. A cold bath indoors should not genperspiration for perhaps an hour, and then erally last over five or ten minutes, because sleeps-after a fashion. What with the the active exercise of swimming is wanting. flies, the close atmosphere, the noise of the The bath should be followed immediately children and the sewing machine, not to by strong frictions with coarse towels, speak of the street noises, outraged nature and a prompt resumption of one's clothing. The best time of the day for a cold bath is about three hours after either the morning or mid-day meal. The aged, delicate culture and pleasure in life is comparatively and the very young should not use cold nil. Look at the average working man-he baths, nor should those affected with heart sleeps and works naturally; he knows what disease, nor the anæmic, except with great care and moderation. They are essentially a tonic for strong and a stimulant curative for sluggish temperaments.

#### A Transformation Scene.

A recent visitor to the top of Pike's Peak found the signal service officer melting snow for his water supply, the only one he gets. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the visitors Wear light colored flannel shirts at the sitting in their shirt sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep oool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass: the summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice, and snow, and silence.'

### Vice and Liberty.

"Our vices are digging the grave of our liberties" is a sentence which has passed into a proverb. Vice clamors for license: istinction between tolerating an error and tolerating a vice. Man has rights of belief with which the community has no concern, but his actions are public property. Actions that tend to individual or social degeneracy are criminal, and crime may neither be ignored nor sanctioned, for vice so permitted becomes powerful, and finally omnipotent over the rights and liberties of the people. - Canada Citizen.

## The Better Half.

There is no justice in hanging women, for no woman has ever had a fair trial in Canada, in England or in the United States, because women are not tried by a jury of their own sex, but by a jury of men. It is an outrage and a crime and ought not to be committed against a woman any more than a man. A man has to be tried by his peers. Men are not the peers of women.—Ex.

## In the Early Dawn,

Proprietor of Museum-I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interests so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a

Manager-Sh-h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room, and she told menot to wake her until half an hour before show time.

## Not Disturbed.

Railway Official—M'sieu, your valet has has been run over and cut into a dozen pieces!

Languid Englishman—Haw Be good enough, please, to bring me the piece that haw-contains the key of my hat-boxhaw!

## About the Size of it.

Small Boy-Papa, why do the newspapers make such fun of John Wanamaker? Papa (a great stateman)—Oh, its because Husband-No, I don't like plums with he's such a queer Dick-always goes to church regularly, and never gets tight or

## A New Species.

Tramp-Please, mum, won t you let me

Hous keeper-You git out, or I'll call the

"Have a piece of soap?" "Sakes alive! Come in and stay to dinner.

The Swiss Federal Council states that it has learned with great dissatisfaction that an illegal arrest of five American citizens had been made by the police at Berne. It added that measures have been taken to prevent the recurrence of such cases.

Governor Lowry, of Mississippi, has ssued warrants for the arrest of Muldoon, Wakely and several other individuals who were prominently connected with the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. Governor Lowry's intended victims will sternly resist extra-

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who was removed yesterday to Galway jail, is seriously ill. He requested the attendance of his own physician, which was refused, and the TELEGR

Prince Bisn flammation of The Bow Pa Mr. Gladston The Third pe Rev. Dr. Suthe It is reported ray Canal is in

Mr. Justice for some mont Brant, Oxfor in Galt yester

grievances.

East Elgin Lit bearer for the I the 15th Octobe Right Hon. H pointed Secrets seat in the Cabi Selby Grandy was arrested ve from his employ Mrs. Maybric the infirmary in

now occupies a Mr. Robert Fl Conservatives of candidate for th Five thousan threaten to stri vance of 10 per A resolution superannuation ing of the Tor night.

Desertions are war ships since rence: 22 were: Jean Rouillar St. Anne from 3 with a piece of n at Levis yesterd

Theodore Ve driver, has been mitting an inde Quirona, a 17-ye Marshall Norr at Swift's wharf fell off. His les ternal injuries w Pere Hyacinti divine and orate absolute want, as

for his support. The schooner stone laden for '. in a gale yesterd is a total wreck. After the 13,0 from President (

18,000 empty counted. Other sumed. A census of ing houses in P week revealed t ers and 174,000 places.

The French G lar to the bisho warning them th part in the electi ceeded against. The regents Natalie not to a scheme of establi garia as a private Lieut. Laurie,

lege, Kingston, w Egypt, is down Assouan, but is r One hundred a a national memo have already been Award will meet Shocks of earth throughout Weste tions were specia

It is complaine Battery, Kingston the Orangemen of Government, but walk in the I. C. day. A convict nam ten years' senter from St. Vincent

night. He is an

Nantes. No dam

of his whereabo ered. Mr. Badenock, of England, has i Orangemen thre unite in opposing establishing a Ca land.

The Railway Council will give Esplanade questio ment Engineer engineers of the in city of Torento. A Long Toront Foote was yeste

months in the Cer guilty to felonious Catharine Stewart a man who wa Dachess street. Last Sunday as and family, of their way home f.

ran away, upsetti. rig. None were Henry Canning John Howe at the night, July 11th, i carbolic acid on h ston Wednesday At the Police Con

trate adjourned th An explosion oc stone pit of the Midlothian, Scoth astrous consequer entombed. Four ered. It is belie in the pit are dead The residence Westminster, has times within the rokes, a quantity brella and a wooll

at different times