Was it acting on this suspicion that you went up to London and nearly frightened poor Mrs. Otis to death?",
"I was acting on no suspicion—I rarely act

on that. I was acting on certainty. I knew the grave in Castleford churchyard to be a the grave to be a fraud-the tombatone lying even more than tombstones usually lie. I knew that grave held an empty coffin." "May I ask how?"

"May I am plest manner possible. I employed a resurrectionist, and I opened the ployed We raised the coffin, opened that, and grave. We raised the coffin, opened that, and found, as I told you—nothing." "You did this?"

" I did this." She sat and looked at him-wonder, not unmixed with a species of amusement and ad-

miration, in her face. "And you call yourself my friend. Captain O'Donnell, you're an extraordinary

"No; I don't see it," he answered coldly. "It wasn't anything very extraordinary. from the hour I discovered your identity with the New York actress my suspicions were aroused. You had never given up the stage and buried yourself alive at Scarswood in the capacity of governess without some powerful latent motive. That motive I conpowerium issues intonivo. That motive I con-fess I felt curious to discover. Then you made love to Sir Arthur Tregenna—I beg your pardon—permitted him to fall in love with you. Katherine smiled once more. As Sir Arthur had long before been signed, gealed, and delivered over to Lady Cecil clive, and he seemed powerless to help himgelf, I felt called upon to help him. He is my friend, you know, so also is his affianced Then you played ghost-oh yes you did, Lord Ruysland saw you-and frightened Sir Peter to the verge of insanity. Altogether you were too dangerous a sort of pergon to be allowed to go on without a short pull-up from some one. Destiny, I suppose, set me on your track—I didn't care about hunting you down, as you call it, and I gave you fair warning. You scorned all I could say; so, as a last resource, I went to London to induce Mr. Otis to cast his influence into thescale. You have proved more desperate and more dangerous than I supposed. "Sir Peter is as nearly mad as it is possible

to be, out of a straight-jacket, over his losses. For the last time I come to warn you-you are accused of cl. a ing at cards, of placing a pistol at Sir Peter's head, and threatening his life." Again his listener smiled as she recalled Sir Peter's ghastly face of fright. "It is an actionable matter to carry deadly weapons. and threaten the lives of her Majesty's liege subjects. Then you have worn male attireyou have secreted a dangerous lunatic, to the terror of the neighborhood; in short, the list of your evil deeds is appalling. The police Castleford, armed with a search-warrant, will be here to-day or to-morrow at the furthest to search the premises-you will be arrested, imprisoned, and tried. Miss Herncastle, Miss Dangerfield—1 beg of you avoid this. Fly while there is yet time, and save your-

She looked at him searchingly-earnestly. "Captain O'Donnell, I wonder why-I cannot understand why you should take the trouble to come here and say this. You dislike me with a cordiality there is no mistakingyou have shown me very little quarter hith-erto; what object have you in all this? Why should you endeavor to save a woman you hold in aversion and contempt? a woman, in short, whom you hate?"

"Whom I hate!" he repeated quietly. "Since when have I told you I hated you? I do not hate you—very far from it; and if I held you in aversion and contempt I certainto warn you. I have heard Katherine Danger-Commonplace women would have sunk under stoop to cunning, to plotting, to guilt. Katherine Dangerfield I pity you—from my soul I do; and with my whole heart stand before you your friend. It is not too late yet; pause while there is yet time, on the road you are yet treading, and go back."

There was no mistaking his earnestness the generous glow of his face, the friendly warmth of his tone. She had turned a way from him and was looking out at the golden morning sky.

"Go back she repeated bitterly. " Is there ever any going back in this world! Six years ago I might have listened; to-day it is too

"It is never too late while life remains. It is only the turning point in your destiny. As yet you have been guilty only of follies not of crimes.-Katherine "-her face flushed all over as he pronounced the name. She turned to him a sudden, surprised, grateful glance. "Katherine," he held out his hand, " for what I have said and done in the past forgive me. Let me be your friend, your brother, from this hour. I pity you, I admire you. You have been wonderfully brave and clever. Lay down your arms-give up the fight. Which of us can battle against Fate! Give me your hand give me your promise. I cannot, I will not leave you until you do."

She covered her face with her hands, her breast heaving, the color burning in her face, moved to the very depths of her soul, with a passion of which he did not dream.

"I am taking Rose to France," he continued, coming nearer, his voice wonderfully gentle. "Come with us-you will be safe there. You have been sadly wronged, I know; but life deals hardly with us all. You know my sister's story—you know how her youth has been wrecked by the same hand that blighted yours. Let that be a bond of sympathy between you. Come with us to France; the friend to whom Rose goes will also shelter you. She means to work for her living, teaching in a French school; drudgery, perhaps, but she insists upon it and I think myself labor is an antidote to heartbreak. Come, Katherine-you have fought long and well, and nothing has come of it.

Give it up and come with Rose." Her hands dropped from her face; something in the last words seemed to rouse her. She looked at him steadily.

"And nothing has come of it?" she repeated. "That is your mistake, Captain O' Donnell. Something has come of it. I wouder what you would say if I told you-

"Tell me and see." I confess," she went on, " to all the crimes laid to my charge. I am Katherine Danger-

field; I have been buried and risen from the dead, and with that resurrection my nature seemed to change. I have brooded on one, present time. The meeting was unanimous subject—my wrongs—until I believe my against fusion. brain has turned. I fled from the house of my true and toyal friend, Henry Otis, and went to America. I begame the New York to 13, passed a Bill requiring that India, met with a sad and premature are infested, so that cleanly feeding is a prenetress you so clevery troopined. From all telephone and selegraph wires in New death by drowning. The boy was a beauti-New York I wrote to Mr. Algebraid Mr. Yerk city be hid under ground. ful and bright child of five years. At about duced with filthy feed.

and Katherine Dangerfield to be one and the Gaston Dantree died, to bury him decently if he lived, to furnish him with money to quit England; if he lived, and reason did not return, as he feared, to send him to Bracken Hollow-not to an asylum. I wanted him cared for; I had heard horrible stories of insane asylums. I knew Hannah would be good to him for my sake. When all hope was at an end, Mr. Otis obeyed, and for nearly five years poor Gaston Dantree has been the ghost of Bracken Bollow. As a rule he is quiet and harmless, but there are times when his cries are terrible, when he tries to escape from his reom. He has to be watched unceasingly. All these years I remained in the New World I worked hard in my profession, and rose. I made money and I hoarded it like a miser. Day and night, stronger and stronger with each year grew the determination to return, to keep my vow. I tell you I believe there were times when I was insane on this subject. Death alone could have held me back. I waited patiently while burning with impatience; I worked; I hoarded, and at last my day came. I returned to England; I made my way into the family of Sir Peter Dangerfield; my revenge

> "That, as you know, is not many weeks ago. it was a losing game from the first—I was playing to lose. Iknew my secret could not remain undiscovered, but I dared all. Fate had taken my part in one way. I had a double motive in returning-one, my vengeance on him; the other, to discover my parentage. I had a clue; and strange to say, in working out one I was was working out the other. You know what followed-I played ghost -Lord Ruysland was right-and terrified the master of Scarswood as I think he was never terrified before. I paid midnight visits to, Bracken Hollow I dared not go in the daytime. You remember all about that, no doubt. There was an unused entrance by which I came in and out Lady Dangerfield tyrannized over and insulted me from the first: I have rewarded her. I think. And I have personated Gaston Dantree, and won Sir Peter's idolized gold. Why I personated Dantree I hardly know. Sir Peter was too blind to recognize me, and the whim seized me. How long I might have gone on, how it would have ended but for your recognition of me-your suspicion and discoveries, I don't know. 1 owe you no grudge; you were doing your duty, and I honor you for it. For Sir Arthur, you need not have been so much atraid; it was a triumph to take him from Lady Cecil-to anger Lady Dangerfield; but bad as I am, I don't think I ever was base enough to marry him, even if he had asked me. He had never wronged me, and I only waged war with those who did."

(To be continued.)

in THE POST the Serial "Charlie struggle that ensued was desperate. Talk Stuart and his Sister," one of the most charming Stories ever pub- whip the British now.a-days, but they lished and written by one of the were nothing to those Efferinghins—which most charming Stories ever pubpurest and most charming of translated into English means land-grabbers. authors.

THE LATE EARL BEACONSFIELD. London, April 27.—The most remarkable incident in Lord Beaconsfield's burial was Mr. Gladstone's conspicuous absence. The last special train to Hughenden was kept waiting for some moments for him, but he did not appear. When it became generally known that he was not at the funeral the greatest surprise was expressed. Mutual enquiries on every hand failed to elicit the reason for the slight upon the ly should not take the trouble of coming here | lead Earl. The general opinion was that some unpleasant jucident must have hapfield's story-a strange, sad story; and I be- pened in the last three or four days. The lieve her, even in this hour, to be more sinned | Promier's absence from the funeral has against than sinning. She has made one great | brought into particular prominence his mistake—she has taken retribution in her own omission last night to pay the mark of re-weak hand—she has forgotten who has said spect in the Commons which is usual in the Vengence is mine; I will repay!' I believe case of statesmen of high rank, namely to a great and generous nature has been warped. | move an adjournment of the House till a late hour in the evening, accompanying the mothe blow; being a woman of genius she has tion with a few words upon the career of the risen and battled desperately with fate. And dead statesman. Mr. Gladstone did not when a woman does that she fails; she must come to the House of Commons till two hours after the sitting began. It is said that he missed the train, but when he did come he made no reference to Lord Beaconsfield. This caused considerable talk in the House.

> The St. James' Gazette comments severely on the incident, coupling this slight with the absence from the funeral. They seem to be more than a mere coincidence, and will be generally so regarded till some explanation is made.

London, April 29.-Lord Beaconsfield's will, published in the papers to-day, leaves all personal estate, including copyright works, to Sir Nathaniel Rothschild and Sir Philip Rose in trust, and Hughenden to his nephew, Mr. Coningsby Ralph Disraeli, of whom he said some time ago:—" He has the stuff of a man in him, and I will give him a chance to become one." The Times says editorially :-- What will be the future of the family and the home a generation hence? Will the owner of Hughenden be a plain country gentleman, or will a new Disraeli merge from politics in the twentieth century to dazzle the multitude and seize the holm of power?" The most interesting part of the will, however, relates to the literary trust committed to Lord Rowton, His Lordship's faithful secretary, leaving him discretion to publish any or all papers, in full assurance that he will scrupulously respect every confidence reposed in him and allow nothing to he published calculated to in ore the public service or to inflict needless pain on those who are living or the families of those who

OBJECTIONABLE CLASS OF EMI-

GRANTS. LONDON, April 26.—Zurich advices state that Consul Mason, of Basle, has detected and sent back to his Commune another assisted emigrant, an inebriate and half crazy convict. named Camastrat, who, after serving two terms of imprisonment, had been shipped to Chicago by his native Commune of Thusis, week. Canton of the Grisons. Morally this was a worse case than that of the Swiss woman, whose case will be remembered. Camastrat was caught in Basle on the 23rd inst.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

London, April 26 .- A meeting of the Great Western Railway Co. was held to-day. Colonel Grey, cnairman, speaking of fusion said the estimated saving of £200,000 yearly was greatly exaggerated, and that fusion, except that of the capitals of the two Companies, would be illegal. The saving, by the absence of competition, would be very slight as there was very little competition. It was unadvisable that any terms of fusion should be entered into between the Companies at the

The New York State Legislature has, by a'

Letter from the Planet Uranus.

ADVENTURES OF MYLES O'REGAN. MR. EDITOR,-In my last letter, so burried was I, that I was not in a position to go into particulars. I gave you an imperfect general outline of affairs as they stood at Spitzkop Hill, intending in my next to go into details and show you how, if circumstances had not interfered, we would and could have made eternal smash of the Boers. Circumstances are cruel things, and not at all to be trusted, and hence it was we (the British and myself) who had to run for our lives, with the Boers (malisons on them) hot-foot after us. I never thought I was such a pedestrian, and I am now sorry, that instead of trying to build up a new and pure religion at Lachine I did not cope with O'Leary and Ennis for the belt in New York, and for more reasons than one, as the sequel of this most veracious of letters will amply prove. Not that I was by any means the best runner; far from it. Captain got ahead of the whole of us, beat us all hollow, and I could hear him while going at his awful pace, exclaim now and then—for the wind was coming from his direction-"Go in, boys; stick to them my gallant Britons; show them by your facial configuration what majestic fighting men you are; give them the bayonet," &c.

It was all very fine, Mr. Editor, letting us to give them the bayonet, when in fact we had already given them rifle and all in order to be able to run the faster, but I suppose Captains will talk and give words of command be they ever so swift of foot and slow of tongue. As for myself I struck boldly out for the great Desert of Sahara, the great lone solitude where there were neither Boers nor Land Leaguers. I never looked back while striding over Central Africa, passed the Gabel el Komri or Mountains of the Moon without meeting any accident worth recording, and thought myself all safe when I arrived at the southern boundary of the great desert until I encountered a number of horsemen mounted on elephants. I halted and they did precisely the same. I looked at them and they looked at me. I knew that if I retired they would follow and perhaps kill me and hence, although I had been fasting for over seven weeks and had not closed my eyes during the whole time, I resolved to advance and brave the worst The blood of an ex-Irish landlord mounted to my eyes and I grew desperate. Besides those elegant men were evidently landlords themselves and would respect an aristocrat. I therefore advanced towards Sahara keeping my bayonet (I had saved that sharp instrument) firmly grasped in my right hand. The cavalry opened to let me pass, but when I was in the midst of the Next week will be commenced two wings they closed in upon me and the about the Boers, talk about the Afghans, talk about any tribe that can I fought like flector and Julius Casar put together; I caused blood to flow around me in streams, but it was of no avail; I was eventually vanquished with the cry of O'Regan Aboo and Rule Britannia agitating the African air. I ran one fellow through the eye, another through the ear, a third between the 26th and 27th ribs, and would, I sincerely believe, have eventually triumphed had not the cowardly wretch of a chief come behind me and pierced me through the shirt collar with his spear. I expired without a groan.

> Dear Mr. Editor: viewing things on your planet from this distance what a contemptible lot of wretches you are. Why, in my eyes, a mouse, an elephant and man are about the same size, and are of the same importance, the only difference being that the mouse is more trical in build t hile the man is the more knavish and lazy. All mice and most elephants work for their hash,-but I am going before my story. When I died I hardly knew what to do with myself. The feeling was so novel, you know. No master; no servant; no rifle; no Beaconsfield; no canal, nothing but the disembodied spirit of your humble correspondent, Myles O'Regan, formerly an Irish Baronet. The time allowed me to regulate my feelings was but limited, only in fact the one millionth fraction of a second. People in the other world, judging from my own experience, do things, and think things, faster than the finest streak of lightning. While I thought I was moving upward through the air all alone there was all the time beside me a kind of shadow, though of course it was not a shadow at all. I was not aware of its presence until, on turning the corner of a planet, I struck against something, and, on looking to see what it was, I discovered I had a companion. When I say struck I speak in an earthly sense, for otherwise you could not understand me. There is no striking in the other world, strictly speaking; the meeting of spirits is like the confluence of waters, or the eighs of unhappy lovers.

Said I: "Can't you go your own way, friend, without disturbing poor O'Regan." Said he: "I am your guide to your destination."

"Yes!" and where, pray, may that be if the question is not unpolite?

"The Planet Uranus."

"Indeed) lots of reople round there?"

"Very few; about a dozen in fact." "And why am I going there?"

"Simply this: You are one of the few individuals who have lived on the planet Dirtians (what you called the earth) who started a new religion without gaining a single disciple."

"Well, well. Is it a good kind of place to live in ?" "You speak profanely. There is no such thing as living in Uranus. But here we

are. Mr. Editor, I prevailed upon the phantom to deliver the letter to you, and I hope, if he' is agreeable, to keep you posted on the doings of our small coterie here, once every

> Yours respectfully, MYLES O'REGAN.

Uranus, April 27, 1881.

ADVERTISING CHEATS.

It has become so common to write the boginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to

their value will ever use anything else .-Providence Advertiser. THE SAD FATE OF A CHILD.

half-past eleven o'clock he left his nurse to ramble and play in the garden in rear of the residence, which is situated at 104 St. Alexander street. The child was not gone five minutes when his absence was perceived, and the nurse was sent to look after him. She searched around the garden, and brought back word that he was not to be seen. Growing anxious, the family, assisted by the servants, instituted a thorough search, but all in vain. Finally, a figuran from the Station on St. Catherine street came across a hole about two feet square, which was quite close to the summer house, and which proved to be an opening to an underground waste water tank. were at once brought to bear on this dreadful and awful spot, and a general fear was felt by all that it would give the key to his absence. Or looking down into this dingy tank, his little straw hat was seen floating; this confirmed the fear that the boy was drowned. The fireman at once ran to the station and procured a hook, with which on his return to the scene, he began to probe for the body. The hook finally stuck and the fireman slowly brought the liteless body to the surface. The spectacle was a sorrowful one and at once filled the house hold with grief. The mother of the boy being very ill was not informed till sometime after the mournful occurrence of the sad loss of her child. The news was telegraped to the Hon. Mr. Starnes, who is at

ST. GABRIEL.

A FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT. Last week a farewell complimentary concert, under the auspices of the Irish National Land League of St. Gabriel's parish, was given by Mdlle Rosa D'Erina, in the St. Gabriel Academy Hall. Notwithstanding the very short notice of 48 hours given of this entertainment, the audience filled the hall, and the programme proved to be as replete with talent as it was productive of pleasure. Last week we had to chronicle the unlimited success which attended the concert given by the St. Gabriel Young Men, and now, at the risk of becoming monotonous, we must say that the performance of last evening is as worthy of the same favorable comment and praise. In fact. what could be more flattering to the Gabrielites than the following which fell from the lips of several of the guests: " How is it that in Montreal we cannot command such an array of talent for our

concerts as on every occasion graces and honors the platform of this village hall?" In the absence of the President, Mr. John Lynch, Mr. P. H. Herbert saw that all the arrangements were carried out. The programme was opened with a choras from the "Pirates of Ponzance," by the pupils of St. Gabriel's Academy. It was charmingly rendered, and was remarkable for the good time kept and the harmony of the sweetly blended voices. They also sang, during the course of the evening, Moore's melody, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," and other selections. The rendition of these choruses denoted careful training and musical taste. The pupils were under the direction of Mdlle.

Rosa D'Erina. Mr. Evans next appeared on the stage. This gentlemen is a thorough delineator of the funny side of life; his words are most tickling to the ear; his comic ways and facial counterfeits undermine the sedateness of the audience and throw it into convulsions of laughter. His efforts in this line seemed to have been rather successful, as he was encored and re-called, as very few seldom are.

A selection from "Il Trovatore," by Verdi, was then rendered by Mr. Lefebvre, whose voice is as powerful as it is agreeable. He also sang, with pure effect, "La Mort d'Abal" from Bordeze, and was roundly applauded.

Madame Brunet favored the audience with a difficult composition on the piano, and Mr. John Shea sang the "Warrior Bold" in good style, and was encored.

As Mddle. Rosa D'Erina stepped on to the stage, she was greeted with enthusiastic plaudits, for the audience anticipated that a special treat was in store for them by Erin's prima donna. And no one was deceived, for she gave her musical and vocal abilities full scope, and brought them to accomplish, with a nure, rich voice and exquisite feeling, beautiful selections from several of the masters. The Trendition of Gounod's Ave Maria was simply perfect. She also favored the audience with several Irish serio-comic ballads which were rewarded with prolonged applause, and which proved her title to the Queen of Song." Her organ and plane soles

were also fully appreciated. Mr. J. J. Curran was then kindly introduced and requested to deliver an address. Mr. Curran, on rising, began his address by alluding in the most flattering terms to the excellent programme and the telented performers of the evening. His word of praise was especially directed towards the pupils of the Academy who had so well distinguished themselves and who demonstrated the fact that the Irish people had a genius for music. and that what had been said of our forefathers in that connection was by no means exagger. ated. He would, therefore, dwell for a few minutes on the subject of Harmony. Mr. Curran treated this subject in a neat, short and humorous manner, much to the delight of the audience.

At the close of the performance Mr. Evans was called on the stage and tendered a suit-ble present for his kind services. He returned his thanks in a bashful way. On the whole, the entertainment was an exceedingly pleasant one, and its success must be greatly attributed to the efforts of Messrs. J. Lynch and James McNamara, and also to the junior members of the organization.

PARASITES OF THE PIG.-Pigs are infested

with many parasites besides trichina, or the spiral flesh-worm. This is a very small worm that is found imbedded in the flesh and never in the fat, and is curled up in a small cyst of an oval shape. Here they stay until the flesh is outen by an animal, when the cyst is dissolved, and the worm escapes from it in the intestines, matures and breeds there, and peg, between the Syndicate and South-westproduces young, all within nine days. The young worms then penetrate all through the tracks. muecles, finding resting-places and forming the cysts around them. Another parasite is known as measles—this is a small white crat larger than the triching, which exists also in the muscles. It is a larval state of Fiumen Regium. a tape-worm, and is produced from the eggs of the tape-worm that are swallowed with dung of dogs, rats, or cats. There is also a flesh-worm found in the muscles and fat of the loins, and one which inhabits the kidneyu. All these parasites inhabit the flesh or tissues. give them one trial, as no one who knows Besides these, there are several species of worms which inhabit the intestines, and a all those only the trichina and the measles, or tape-worm, are injurious to persons who At noon Friday, a terrible affliction visited swallow them, but as they are destroyed by the family of the Hou. Henry Scarnes. One of thorough cooking, injury can only occur by Revenue, the salary of which is £2,000 a year, his grandsons, Henry Reginal Mitchell Innis, carelessness. Lastly, pigs can only become and his brother Ralph was, at his request, son of Captain Innis of the 65th infested with these worms by being permitted appointed by Lord Chancellor Cairns, in 1867, regiment, which is at present stationed in to est dead animals or the dung of dogs that

BREVITIES.

The Czarina is seriously ill. The Earl of Fingall is dead at the age of

Hon, James Skead is reappointed to the Dr. Edwin Turcott has been appointed

Professor in the Laval College. Lord Roseberry has given £500 to the funds of the Scottish Musical Society.

Hobart Pasha and Baker Pasha will shortly proceed to England on furlough. The War Department has no information

that a Ute outbreak is imminent. The Red River is still rising and is now higher than at any time last year.

It is rumored that Governor Overton, of the ndian Nation, was killed on Sunday.

The telegraph is at last to be introduced in China, between Shanghai and Tient-sin. Chief-Justice Ritchie has been elected Preident of the Art Association of Canada.

The Duke of Argyle has an article in the Nineteenth Century opposing the Land bill.

The contract for Indian supplies has been

awarded to J. Baker & Co., of St. Louis, Mo. More than 3,000 applications are now on fyle in the State Department for Consulships.

enter the conference for the suppression of It is said that Hon. Wm. Macdougall has

A Paris despatch says France declines to

declined the Lieut.-Governorship of British Columbia. The German Government have discovered

plot of revolutionists to assassinate Prince Bismarck. General Louis Von Benedek, the Austrian

commander in the war of 1866, died at Gratz April 27th. A London cable says Mr. G. B. Hall, of

Quebec, has received the first prize of £200 at the Art Union. A grand military review of the active

militia of the Maritime l'rovinces is to be held at an early day. The King of Greece in a letter to the Czar

has expressed his willingness to accode to the wishes of the Powers. Nihilist proclamations have been discovered in Easter eggs distributed through the

streets of St. Petersburg. Baron Albert Grant has reuted Abbotsford House, near Melrose, the well-known resi-

dence of Sir Walter Scott It is said that the return of Mr. Irvine for Carlton, N.B., is to be contested at the instigation of Sir Leonard Tilley.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has been sentenced to imprisonment for life for complicity in the Nihilist plots.

The sale of the Panama Railway to the Panama Canal Co. has been concluded. The price is said to be about \$17,000,000.

David Gilmour was re-elected Reeve of the

Town of Trenton, Opt., April 26, by 141 majority, over L. U. C. Titus, barrister. The police at Cork report that a comparatively small quantity of arms has been sur-

rendered there under the Arms' Act. The Toronto Branch of the Irish Land League has decided to send \$100 through the

Irish World to the Treasurer in Paris. The prize for the best poem on Calderon, offered by the Spanish Government, has been adjudged to Dr. Edmond Dores, of Zurich.

It is understood that Blaine will bring the Monroe doctrine prominently forward as part of the foreign policy of the Administra-

Quebec lumbermen are commencing to manifest considerable anxiety as to the scarcity of water in all the streams of the Pro-

The British barque Woodlands, Capt. Malloy, from New York, April 3, for Gloucester, was abandoned at sea on April 15. Crew gaved.

H.M.S. Northampton, Sir L. McClintock, will return to Halifax early in May, on ac-Bermuda.

Hon. John G. Palfrey, formerly Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, Postmaster of Boston, and editor of the North American Review, is dead.

The Baroness Bourdett-Coutts' husband will contest Southwark in the Conservative interest at the next election with Captain Bedford Pim.

Mesers. J. & P. Lyons and Thomas Dunn, of Ottawa, have signed the contract for the construction of the new Parliamentary Buildings in Winnipeg.

A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Monsigner Prouix was chanted at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Tuesday April 26th.

Joubert, the Boer commander, has been inciting his followers to renew hostilities in case the Royal Commission should annex any large

portion of their territory. Edward Botterel, doorkeeper of the Dominion Senate, is dead. He served 24 years in the army, and since 1836 has been in the

public service of Canada. A. W. Ogilvie & Co., the extensive Montreal wheat buyers, are preparing to enlarge their mill on the line of the Southwestern

Railway near Rock Lake, Man. It is understood that, in addition to the Wimbledon Team, fourteen men from the Canadian Artillery will visit Shrewsbury, England, to compete in the matches there.

Lately arrived English colonists in Winnipeg have purchased ten thousand acres of land west of the Turtle Mountains from the South-Western Railway, at four dollars per

Private enterprise is about erecting an immense grain elevator at Port Douglas, Winniern Railway tracks and convenient to both

The Aurora, of Rome, announces the discovery, not far from Bagdad, of the remains graves. of a Babylonish city, situated in the bed of the famed ancient canal, the Nahr Molka or

Later correspondence issued respecting the Greek frontier line, between Lord Granville and the British Ambassador at Athens, contains an explicit warning that no help is to be expected from England if the advice of

the Powers is rejected. Lord Beaconsfield had two brothers - James, parasite which lives in the blood vessels. Of deceased, and Ralph. He never associated with any of his kindred, but he appointed James, in 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Commissioner of Inland deputy clerk of the House of Lords, the salary of which is £1,200. They both, particularly James, bore a strong likeness to their remarkable brother.

A FORGOTTEN ASSASSINA-TION.

The Murder of Gustavus Adolphus.

[From the Lends Merenny] To-day, "the Czir storpal" I hav been said that since the day when Henry IV. fell under the knife of Ravilliac, no assassin has been successful in his attacks on royalty. That is not true. Gustavus Adolahus III., King of Sweden, fell mortally woulded by a masked assassin at a hall given to this king's honour on March 18, 1792. Gustavus had made himself absolute, and overchrown the aristocracy. Ankarstrom, then a "fedrikar" in the Blue Guards, was the avenger, but the plot was widespread. He escaped for a time -a very short. Pistols found in the ballroom were declared by a gunsmith to have been ordered by him from England. Ankarstrom was asleep in bed when the lieutenant of the police took him. This man, Jiljensparre, then proceeded to arrest others, who, since the ball at the opera house, had been going about talking loudly, and asserting that the king's assassination was only the work of some French Revolutionist. One had the audacity to come to court; but as the presumptuous lie passed his "It is among the French we should seek the culprit," a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and the Baron d'Armfelt replied, "To the shame of my country, it is a Swedish noble who has done the deed -one of the Blue Guards!" "Is he discovered?" said the man, after a pause. "Yes," replied M. de Jiljousparre, fixing his eye on him; "I arrest you, Count Ribang, as his accomplice." Other arrests followed. One man hung himself as the soldiers surrounded his house; Baron Bjelke was found poisoned in his room. Gustavus was so deeply hurt at the trenchery displayed by some whom he had known that he declared he wished to know no names. Mortally wounded, he lingered for many hours, displayed great firmness, and the utmost selfpossession. He passed away early in the morning of March 29, 1792—that month

Adolphus III., and Alexander II. By the 18th April the trials were over. Three nobles were banished, some were scquited, others pronounced "not proved guilty:" but Ankarstrom, the strange assassin, heard his fearing sentence with the most astonishing saugfroid. "I wished to kill the king, but not to torment him," he said, and turned to his psalmbook, believing himself to be a martyr sure of an enternal roward. When the salvos of artillery announced the king's death, he threw himself on his knees -uThank God, he suffers no more, and my task has been accomplished!"

which now thrice has witnessed the violent

death of sovereigns-Julius Casar, Gustavus

The punishment of Ankarstrom lasted for four days; three times he endured fifteen blows at different places in the city on three consecutive days; the sufferings cansed were described as great, yet he maintained his composure. On the fourth day, first his hand, then his head was cut off, his remains were quartered and left exposed on four wheels. As he considered himself a martyr his party made this his shrine, till at last the Government had the bones removed. It is added by the biographer that the sound party of the once-affronted nobility forgave Gustavus for the abolition of the Senate in 1772, for the triple reason that his administration had been glorious abroad, firm at home. and that he had been chivalrous and honorable in most of his dealings. A melancholy balo surrounded his end, and a sufferer must always meet with the sympathies of his

follow-mon. It has been thought that this short account of the end of a conspiracy might be of interest to the public now, as it seems to have been entirely forgotten just at present.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"strain "-The bridge of a fiddle.

"Neuralgia" is the charming name borne by a charming girl. Her fond mother found it on a medicine bottle, and was captivated with its awootness.

It is said that pork fed on Cincinnati count of the prevalence of typhus fever in whiskey is never afflicted with trichinosis. When the parasites get a whiff of the whiskey they take pity on the pig and leave.

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birchrod, can you decline a kiss ?" "Yes," said the girl, dropping a perplexed courtery, "I can, but I hate most pluguily."

A scientifically disposed contemporary has discovered that burning the bunghole of a kerosone barrel with a red hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear. No woman is ever so deeply immersed in

the mysteries of differential calculus that she will not spare an hour or two to talk new bounet with the woman next door. A poem headed "Adrift" came to this office

yesterday, and was allowed to drift right along out of the window. We never interfere with pooms when they are adrift. It should be noted that a man with a walking-stick, moving on with a double-

quick pace, is not to be confounded with a There is a Frenchman living at Marseilles who enjoys the singular distinction of having outlived seven wives. A widow boasts that

if he marries her, he'd never outlive another A stranger to law courts hearing a judge call a serjeant "brother," expressed his surprise. "Oh," said one present, they are

brothers-brothers-in-law. A man advertising "lodging to let," said, they are peculiarly valuable to early risers Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers

being kept on the adjoining premises. A Monitor Indian, who was recently convicted of murder, expressed his opinion of the lawyer who defended him, with delicious frankness: "Lawyer too much talk! Heap fool!"

A wag has truly said, that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think that they had got into the wrong

Consumption Cared.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful ourative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering follows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of chargo, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y. and there is no special 12-60w-G: was The second of the street of the