WITH MY PIPE.

When the wind blows coul act the black December night, And the oak logs pile the chimney, and the fiame is leaping bright; When witch tales are in order, and the chil-dren cease their play, I light my pipe contentedly and puff and puff

Puff, puff, puff!
Through the wind to the casement cuff; full pipe of tobacco rings me happiness enough eep the time for dreaming? Well, I dreams awake; my dreams awake;
I love the varying visions that a result of smoke can make;
The scent of my tobacco makes, him reconciled to stay
In a world which hath no sor rew bist a pipe

puff away. Puff, puff, puff!
Let the world go sr woth or rough,
A pipe of rich tob
Brings me happi asse enough.

In the blue smoke round me carling rise the Coralina lines,
The sunlight on the meadows and the ripple
on the rill's;
And the valleys of Virginia seeme to blossom with the May,
And I lear the reapers singing as I pull and
pull away.

Puff, puff, puff!
What thought fortune should resulf?
A pipe of fine tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

Old friends I love come smilling through each misty wreath that curls;
I hear the fiddle's music, see the red lips of the girls;
The srow's of life's December have a rainbow-tinted ray, bow linted ray,
And a sweet face I remember makes me sigh
and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff! Life is rosy, life is rough; But a pipe of sweet tobacco Brings me happiness enough

But I smile, for I'm contented, and no vision When the frosty air is scented with old-tim tobacco-smoke;
The girls I loved are married, and their golden locks are gray;
Be my blessing to them carried as I puff and

Puff, puff, puff!
Let the wind the casement cuff;
A pipe of rare tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.
Frank L. Stanton.

OLIVE, COUNTESS FRAMLEIGH; OR LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

By RICHARD RUSSELL. T.

Earl Framleigh, of Winsdale Court, county Son erset, was a man of sixtythree years when he retired from lucrative post, which he had held, im the Indian civil service.

appearance his lordship was of the most approved type of government official; tall, urbane, and reserv ed, with a strong innate sense of his

He had been a bachelor all his life, but having recently succeeded to the family title and estates, he turned his thoughts to matrimony, thinking that his high position in the world, as a of the realm of Great Britain, made it imperative that he should select a suitable lady for his countess The qualifications which he deemed essential for the lady to possess were, in his opinion, few and simple; namely, youth, wealth, and beauty!

The Earl was a man of much decision of character, and having determined on a line of action, never ered or recalled a word that had once his lips; and such were the proud characteristics of his ancestors, down to the remotest time that a Framleigh could be traced, and that was to the days when the fierce and haughty Normans swayed fair England's destinies. Still, there is never a rule, whether it be good or bad, to which an excention o and the exception, in this instance, lay with the last Earl, who was a wild and reckless spendthrift; and it was entirely owing to his thoughtless habits that the present holder of the title driven to the desperate expedient of seeking a young, beautiful, and wealthy lady upon whom to bestow the proud title of Countess Framleigh. The Earl himself was 30 excessively proud of his family title that he could not imagine the possibility of any single lady in all the land refusing the chance of becoming the Countess Framleigh!

The Earl's only fear was lest he himself would have to stoop to lower caste than his own from which to choose the future Countess; as he was well aware that members of the English aristocracy are noted, as a rule, for clinging to their wealth and posssions with as much tenacity as limpet holds on to a rock! But on the hand, they betray no disinclination to marry their sons to the daughters of rich merchants, who, by their shrewdness and energy, have accumulated a pile of hard cash through the medium of trade!

It was at the house of Lady Wilmington where Earl Framleigh first met Olive Langton, the only daughter of Amos Langton, who, until recently, was the senior partner in the great firm of Langton, Browne and Company, foreign produce merchants, of Philpot lane, in the city of London.

Olive Langton was a girl of twenty years, tall and dark-haired; and though her beauty of face and grace of figure were unquestionable, yet the cold imperiousness of her demeanor awed the young men into silence, and it was whispered that she had never received an offer of marriage! It is true that twelve months ago rumors were rife of an engagement between Olive Langton and Basil Fairford, a bright and happy young fellow, who was a subordinate clerk in the board of trade; with a salary of four or five dred per annum only; moreover Basil was the son of a country gentle man; whose greatest distinction was that of being able to place the letters M. P. after his name, by reason of his representing an agricultural constituency in the imperial parliament: whereas Mr. and Mrs. Langton were resolved that their daughter should marry a title; for none but a man who could boast of an Earl's coronet or a ducal crown, in esse or posse, would satisfy the ambition of Olive's par-

It was not Olive's beauty that first attracted Lord Framleigh, but the disdainful pride she displayed in all her actions, and when he heard that she was the sole heiress of a quarter million of money, he at once determined to give the lovely girl the first

chance of beco aing the future Coun

The Earl's proposal for their daugh ter's hand was received with great, though seep satisfaction by Mr. and Mrs. angton, and by Olive herself impressive calmness, as if such desguished offers were hers by ght, and nothing more than an or dinary occurrence on which she could not condescend to bestow more than

passing attention. In accordance with the Earl's ex-pressed desire, an early date was fixed for the marriage ceremony, and it was not till the day drew nigh that Olive's thoughts reverted to her old lover, Basil Fairford, when, with head bowed low, quivering lip, and pallid cheeks, she sighed again, and yet again!

It may be that an inner conviction smote her hard, that the engagement into which her parents had entered with the old Earl was nothing less than a heartless compact, of which she herself was the victim!

Love she had read of in old romances Love that could sorrow, but never fill, Built her own palace of noble fancies All the wide world like a fairy-tale!

But from the moment when the Earl yould place the plain gold ring upon her finger, her life henceforth would be closed against love's influence forever. And now her future days loomed dark and weary before her, for whenever the name of her young time ne to her memory, she l-owed her head and heaved many a sad and

II.

The marriage is solemnised, the wed ding feast over, and the last guest gone, and now Olive is Countess Framleigh—a cold, stately; and beautiful vomas. But no one may see the mouldering ashes of the old love, woman. which cannot be extinguished; and least of all her husband, the proud, grey-haired old Earl!
To all around she appears calm and

motionless! England had changed so greatly luring Lord Framleigh's long pojourn in India that, instead of returning to his own familiar home, he felt as a stranger in a strange land, for the new democracy, so thought his lordship, had created a topsy-turveydom, and there had arisen many new questions which, by reason of his high position, he was bound to study and master, therefore it became necessary for him to engage the services of an educated and well-informed gentleman to fill the important position of his private

secretary, and therefore his lordship caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Times, and this brought forth many applications from all sorts and conditions of men. Among other applicants for the all important post was Basil Fairford.

The Earl and Countess were at Winslade court when the answers 'o his advertisement reached the earl's hands. "There is one application," remarked his lordship to Lady Olive, "from

a man who says that he is known to Lady Wilmington." "Indeed," replied her ladyship, in a careless and indifferent manner; "and

pray what is the man's name?"

The earl glanced at the letter and replied-"Basil Fairford! Do you know him, Lady Olive?" the earl asked his

I think that I may have met nim at Lady Wilmington's once or twice, and he is thought to be a rather clever young man; his age about five and twenty. But is not that too young for

what you require?" "Not at all," replied the earl, "for I absolutely require the services of a young man, and he must be well connected, and the fact of Mr. having had some experience in a govment office is also greatly in his favor. And I really feel inclined to try Mr.

Fairford!" "Do so, by all means," said the countess, "if you think him a suitable person;" and Lady Olive sighed wearily, as if she were tired of the subject.

It was in this manner that Basil Fairford came to live under the same roof as Olive, Countess Framleigh; but it was not altogether fortuitously that this was brought about, for Basil very seldom read the advertisements of a newspaper, and probably the earl's would have escaped his attention entirely but for the fact that it was sent to him anonymously, cut from a copy of the Times, and gummed on to a half sheet of note paper, put into an envelope addressed to Basile Fairford, Esq., and forwarded through the post. It was this peculiar circumstance that induced Basil to make application for the appointment; and he did so more from curiosity than with any hope of success. "Perhaps thought he, "my letter may call forth an answer, which will give a clue to the person who sent the advertisement

He closely scanned the superscrip tion upon the envelope, but altogether failed to recognize the handwriting and the only communication which he received was a letter from the earl himself, wherein he offered the apent to him, and which Basi now felt bound to accept.

All men, however sceptical they may profess to be, feel some slight belief in the hand of Fate or Fortune; and most men have a dim and shadowy belief in the supernatural; for it avai but little how scientific and materialistic a man may be, he cannot always divest his mind from the notion that there are more things in heaven and earth than the wisest philosopher ever

And so it was with Basil Fairford. He had not sought this secretaryship, and he did not wish for it; but to re fuse it would be tantamount to slighting the smiles of the goddess Fortuna, and would probably be the cause of calling forth her terrible frowns. And, moreover, he was young, of a what romantic turn of mind; and, finally, he would not feel sorry to shake the dust of Whitehall from his shoes, Therefore he was pleased to accep the appointment which the earl had offered to him.

The first time that he met Lady Olive, after he had entered upon his new duties, his heart fluttered un-

easily, and he feared lest his emotion should betray itself; but by an effort of self-will, he managed to restrain his feelings; and she gave him her hand in a cold and impassive manner.

'I think we have net before, have we wot, Mr. Fairford?" she said, with as little animation as one might expect from a lay figure, suddenly endowed with the power of speech.
"Yes, my lady, we have," replied gently touching the tips of her fingers,

having determined to say no more than effquette required. And so days and weeks passed away. Basil striving hard to keep down his heart, and to teach himself to regard

stranger in the land to him. She seldom spoke to Basil, and only upon the most ordinary topics; and he was concise in his replies; and always allowed the subject on which he spoke to die away as soon as possible

the countes as if she were the veriest

But never once did she allude to the past, or speak of the feeling which in the old days had existed between him and her; and she soon made it manifest, to Basil only, that she expected silent homage and obeisance on his part; and she addressed him as "Mr. Fairford," and never once reminded him of the days now passed away, never to return again. But for all his aching heart, Basil

ould not help gazing upon her super lative beauty in silent admiration. Sometimes he judged her as cold and cruel; and fancied she purposely spoke to him on ordinary and trivial matters, as if to remind him of the impassable barrier which was now

placed between him and her.
"She wishes me not to forget," thought Basil, savagely, "that she is the wife of an Earl; while I am only her husband's secretary, glad to receive his quarter's salary!"

In this way month followed month, and Basil's heart grew sad and weary; for his very soul was enthralled by the beauty of the Countess; and he was powerless to shake off the fetters galled him to the quick whic'

Countess continued cold and pasionless; and, so thought Basil. seemed to delight in watching his inward pain, and making his poor heart bleed.

Once Basil actually determined to relinquish his appointment as the Earl's secretary; but at the last moment his courage failed; for the spell of his lady's beauty was so irresistible that he could not break his bonds as under; and he would rather endure the pain he suffered daily, than run the risk of never seeing her again.

Like a troubadour of old, he could write songs in praise of his lady's beauty, while he adored her in secret and at the same time he deemed it almost sacrilege to brush the hem of

It was the evening of a dinner party at Winslade Court, and Basil was alone in the library. The night was hot and sultry, and the library window vas wide open.

The Countess had not joined the guests; but she now came from her bou- the Times, and when he thinks of it, oir,dressed in pure white satin, with a diamond necklace encircling her throat, and a gold pendant, studded emeralds and rubies upon her with breast; her dark hair gathered off her face and forehead, and adorn ed with one large white rose.

Insetad of going direct to the diningroom, she gently opened the library door, and as Basil turned from the bookshelves, she appeared before him as a beautiful vision, and for a moment he gazed upon her in speechless wonder and admiration!

She smiled, and softly murmured his name:

This was the first time she had called him by his Christian name since he had become the Earl's secretary. Her softly murmuring voice recalled the glad old days to his memory; and his senses reeled as if intoxicated with delight! Time and place were alike forgotten; and he hastened to her side, almost blinded by her beauty, and the dazzling gems with which she was bedecked.

She looked up wistfully into his eyes, when Basil bowed his head till his lips touched hers.

And thus, momentarily, they were oblivious to all around—till a faint cry recalled them, and Basil glanced towards the window, and there saw a pale, scared face; he saw it but for a moment, for there came a sound as if some one had fallen to the ground.

The sight which Basil had seen at the open window came upon him with the startling vividness of a flash of lightning: and he was alarmed, for he had recognized the face as that of the

Basil rushed from the room, ran across the lawn, and upon the path, by the side of the library window, covered the body of the Earl, who had fallen prone upon the ground, and was now-Dead!

Basil next sought the Earl's valet, an old and faithful servant, who had en in India with the Earl.

The evening being hot, close, and sultry, the Earl had strolled through the grounds with the object of enjoy the cool and refreshing night air and had sauntered down the path by the library window, when one glance through the open window was suffi-cient, for he had seen Basil's head bent low over the countess as they stood side by side together! Palmer, his lordship's valet, summe

up the case in a few words. "My dear master," said Palmer, "has for long suffered from an old plaint-heart disease-and he must suddenly have heard or seen some-thing which greatly startled him, and instantly the heartstrings snapped, and my dear master must have fallen lown dead! For his physicians

hocks to the system !" Palmer never learned what the sight was which caused the fatal spasm to

ways cautioned him against sudder

the Earl's heart. Basil hastened to the assistance the Countess, who had swooned, and now lying insensible couch: while the servants, scared, ran to and fro, without knowing what

they did. Basil explained to the frightened guests that the Earl was suddenly taken ill, when one and all fled away from Winslade court, and in a few hours the grand old house was covered with the darkness of the night.

If you have a sewing machine, a clothes wringer or a carpet sweeper (all new inventions of modern times), it's proof that you can see the usefulness of new things.

Is a NEW SHORTENING, and every housekeeper who is interested in the health and comfort of her family should give it a trial. It's a vegetable product and far superior to anything else for shortening and frying purposes. Physicians and Cooking Experts say it is destined to be adopted every kitchen in the land. This is to suggest that you put it in yours now. It's both new and good. Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.

Made only by THE N. K. PAIRBANK COMPANY. Wellington and Ann Sts. MONTREAL.

and a death-like stillness prevailed VII.

The Earl's mortal remains were laid by the side of those of his ancestors in the churchyard of the crumbling old church of the village of Winslade, and the young and beautiful Countess sincerely mourned his loss!

And in testimony of her grief she had an elaborate white marble entablature erected over the Earl's grave; and this handsome work of sculpture may be seen to this day; and it is never looked upon without eliciting the admiration of the beholder and expressions of sympathy for the Countess in her great bereaveger also turn of the service

Thirteen months after the Earl's demise, Lady Olive made Basil Fairthe happiest man in all the world, for it was then that she consented to become his wife.

In Basil's estimation, Lady Olive is peerless woman, but he could never earn who it was that had sent the advertisement, which was cut he quietly murmurs Deo favente. (The End.)

THE JURY DISAGREE.

Justice Charles' Summing up of the Case Against Oscar Wilde.

Eail Refused and a New Jury Will be Summoned to Try the Case.

London, May 1.-In the Old Bailey today Justice Charles summed up the ness for bridging the river. case against Oscar Wilde and Alfred Taylor. The justice, in so doing, said that counsel for the prosecuti acted wisely in withdrawing the charge of conspiracy brought against Wilde, as he, Justice Charles, would have counselled the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty" on that specifi-He admitted that there was corroboration of the witnesses, but the jury, he added, would have to weigh the characters of the men like Parker, Wood and Atkins, whom Sir Edwar Clarke, in the justice's opinion, properly described as blackmailers. justice also urged the jury not to be influenced by Wilde's writings, saying that many great men had written in-decently. The jury must exercise their own judgment as to whether Wilde's letters to Lord Alfred Douglas breathed an unnatural passion, and also said, the relations between Shelly and Wilde would be an interest ing matter for the jury's judgmnt. The jury retired at 1.30 p. m.

After lunch the jury resumed their deliberations and afterwards returned, announced that there was no possibility of coming to an agreement as to a verdict. Counsel for the prisoners then made application for bail, but his request was refused and a fresh

jury will probably be summoned. When the news of the disagreement reached the outside of the court com, there was great excitement among the crowds in the streets, and he extra editions of the evening newspapers, which were issued within a minutes after the result of the trial became known, were bought up quickly by throngs of people who surounded the newsboys. Then Sir Edward Clarke, counsel for Wilde, asked for bail. Justice Charles said the application must be made in chambers.

RUSSELL SAGE AND HIS TROUBLES.

Henry Clews the other day told a characteristic story of Russell Sage. "I was going uptown by the elevated with Mr. Sage, about four or five years ago," he said, "and we got talking about the changes in the fashions and how they travelled in a circle. Trousers, for instance, I said, were sometimes tight at the knee and big around at the feet; sometimes big at the knee and small a the bottom; sometimes small throughout their length and sometimes large; and then, in a few years, the shapes were repeated. Mr. Sage listened attentively. I met him a few days ago and he said: 'Clews, do you remember what you said that day about fashions in trousers repeating themselves?' Yes,' I answered. 'Well, that's true,' he said, slapping his leg; 'now, here's the pair of trousers I had on that day, and I've been wearing them, waiting to see if you were right; and, sure enough, the fashion has just come around again.' "—New York Press."

A mural table tin honor of Louis Pasteur was unveiled in the Normal school in Paris, at which he was edu-

BRITONS! STAND. FIRM.

George Hawkesworth A mstrong, Hamilton By our great Alfred—petriot sublime!
The morning star 'A error's darkest time!
By Edward, for barolc deeds revered,
By Cressy's fam's, to Britain still endeared!
By Henry—before whose valor proud
The lofty plume of humbled Gallia bowed!
Britons! Stand firm!

By honors gained on Blenheim's fatal plain!
By those in victory's arms at Minden slain!
By him—the warrior of the patriot glow,
Whose ebbing life-blood stained Canadian snow,
When your own Wolfe, by all your spirit fired
Triumphant fought, exulted, and expired!
Britons! Stand firm!

By him, firm leader of the intrepid host, Who braved the perils on Iberia's coast. Thy name, O Moore, through long succeeding years,
Will claim the tribute of thy country's tears;
By whose firm faith, in countless dangers In spirit lofty, and by death unmoved!
Britons! Stand firm!

By Nelson—who aye matchless in the fight,
Made Gallia own you of resistless might,
And pouring on her head destruction's flame,
Closed in its dreadful blaze a life of fame!
When the red star of conquest and of power
Beamed in effulgence on his parting hour!
Britons! Stand firm!

By every hour, when storm-presaging skies Will bid the watchers of your land to rise, And set a sign of fire on every height, And on the mountains raise, with patient might,
Prepared, if summoned, in its cause, to die,
The banner of your faith, the cross of victory!
Britons! Stand firm!

CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

The Fight for the Ford of the Swat River.

Brilliant Achievement - Crossing Shandur Pass -News of the Captives.

(London Telegraph, April 18.) Full despatches have arrived at Jalala by native post of the brilliant little engagement upon the Swat river last Sunday, and the stupendous labor in volved in getting the baggage animals, guns and stores over the Malakand Pass after the Swatis had been driver

from their sangars and dispersed. The scene in the Pass was one of owling confusion. Officers vied with laborers to hurry up the baggage; but the pass was at times hopelessly blocked. The mules could do the climb, but occasionally one getting fractious would set all the others going, and, despite the best of packing, stores would go flying down the ravine. Then all advance was stopped until things were in order again, when the yelling, goading and shouting made the entire pass one pandemonium.

camels gave the greatest The When confronted with the trouble. obstacles they had to surmount, they simply lay down, and it required a powerful amount of persuasion to get them to make another effort. Some part of the pass equals the slope of a roof of a house, and the whole way was strewn with rocks and boulders. Many animals succumbed and were killed, to put them out of their misery, and before the summit was reached some men were carrying a load as heavy as that of the exhausted ani-

The leading brigades as they open ed out into the Swat valley after this exertion, and two smart fights besides. were not composed of particularly fresh regiments, but the men were well seasoned, and though tired to their full limit the sick list was a small one. Saturday was devoted to reconnoitering, and the order was given overnight for all the Bengal sappers and miners at the front to be in readi-

There were only three companies altogether available, and half of thes were at work improving the road in the pass, but the remainder were early at the river side with improvised pontoon and materials for bridging the

On the British side the force exposed on the river bank was no more than necessary for the work. The variou regiments of the first and second brigades were in support, occupying strategic points covering the river. The Swar was swollen by heavy rains and melting snow. The stream ran down rapidly, and the sappers started their work under conditions of great difficulty.

Before the first pontoon had been actually launched upon the river the enemy's marksmen commenced firing from the opposite shore. Their forces rapidly increased after the firing commenced, and the tribesmen who had een guarding other fords against a sudden attempt on our part to cross were seen hurrying to the scene of ac-

Some horsemen came down the valley too, but did not approach the ford. and before the British guns came into action the enemy had quite a respectable torce to oppose us.

The King's Own Borderers were the first to open fire from an eminence above the ford; whilst the tribesme from the opposite heights kept up a steady though a far less heavy fire in reply. The Maxim gun was brought into play, and worked along the heights which the enemy lined with some effect. The white garments of the foemen quickly disappeared behind cover, but the continuous pufi's of smoke and the splintering of the ponoon as the bullets struck showed that

they were not done with Then the guns of the Eighth Mountain battery and the Fourth Sikhs came into action, the shells from the guns doing considerable execution. Nevertheless, Umra Khan's men stuck to their ground, and General Water-field had the 15th Bengal infantry, the Ludhiana Sikhs, brought up ford, and the action threatened to lead

to a heavy engagement. The stone bulwarks behind which the enemy sheltered stood a lot of knocking about from the guns, and though the infantry and Maxim fire was such that the enemy could not show himself prominently without being hit. seemed that the whole day would be

gone before we secured the passage. General Low, however, was quite equal to the emergency. The 11th Bengal Lancers, the crack cavalry regiment of the Indian service, was ordered to make a detour to an upper ford and by attacking the enemy on his flank and rear to create a diversion. Colonel Scott started with his men upon their exciting task, and meantime

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW **ABOUT** HORSE-NES?

If you could get from your nearest merchant or druggist something that was a sure destroyer of worms, a cure for distemper, scratches, swelled legs that would thoroughly purify your horse's blood and leave him with a skin bright and glossy as an otter's would you think 25 cents too much to pay? MANCHESTER'S. TONIC POWDER fills the bill. Retail, all merchants druggists. Wholesale, T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.

the fusilade was kept up untiringly from our side.

The headmen directing the enemy were occasionally seen waving flags, and inciting the men to renewed efforts when they appeared to be flagging or dismayed at the casaulties around them.

The commander of the force, Mohammed Shah, brother to Umra Khan, was mounted, and from time to time shouted his directions to the subordinate chiefs.

The engagement had been proceed ng some hours, and there were some observers who said that the enemy's fire was giving out, and that they were falling back, when suddenly the greatest' commotion was observable mongst them, and in a moment they were flying over each other in their

The explanation was simple. Lancers had forded the Swat and reached the enemy before Mohammed Shah had any dream of a foe other than those firing upon him from the opposite bank. The Lancers had workd round the heights and burst upon the enemy's cavalry in the valley like whirlwind. The infantry on the heights were perfectly safe, so far as the troopers were concerned, but they did not realise this. The horsemen could not have reached them if they had tried. Still, there it was. dreaded cavalry were driving like a cloud across the valley. A panic seized the tribesmen in an instant, and

they fled at their utmost speed. The Lancer charge across the valley drove the enemy's cavalry from their ground, and then, wheeling about, the troopers went up the valley at the gallop, breaking up each little knot of tribesmen and piercing

every man who made a stand. There was but the faintest sign of fight left in the enemy. Flight was the one object, and the Lancers gave them no rest. As the fugitives separated and scattered so the regiment opened out, Majors Heath and Drummond leading their respective squadrons in the task of completely sh ing the enemy. The work was thoroughly carried out. Umra Khan will not derive much comfort from the fugi-

tives' tale of disaster. The entire affair was excellently conceived and most brilliantly carried cut. General Low has personally complimented Colonel Scott upon his achieve-

ment.

ing apace, and the brigades are to push on without delay. THE ELBE DISASTER.

The bridging of the river is proceed-

Mate and Lookout Man of the Steamer Crathie Guilty of Gross Negligence.

Lowestoft, Eng., May 1.-The coroners' jury which has been investigating the cause of the North German Lloyds steamship Elbe after a collision which occurred early on the morning of Janary 30th last, returned a verdict today of gross negligence upon the part of the mate and look-out man of the British steamer Crathie, which ran into and sank the Elbe. The two mentioned, as shown by the testimony of Sharp, the steward of the Crathie, were found by him in the galley of the steamer when the steward went on deck, although on the port side of the Crathie were a number of lights, which the steward then believed to be on fishing boats. The three men stayed in the galley until the collision oc curred. In spite of this, owing to the absence of evidence from the survivors of the Elbe, the jury found that there was not sufficient proof that the Crathie was solely blamable for the collision, and on the question of standing by the rule of the road, the jury exonerated Captain Gordon, the commander of the Crathie, from

Lady (engaging nurse)-Have you any experience with children? Irish woman-Oh, yis mum. Oi used to be a child mesilf wanst.

The banks of the United States during the year 1894 lost over \$25,000,000 by theft.

A Spanish paper in the Pyrenees regularly suspends publication in hot weather.

Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist in the BRITAIN'S

Is Asked on Or land

Delegates Well P of Their Rec

St. Johns, N.

(Cor. M

gates have Lake reached morning, so th stration of any Of course they regard to the delegates are the courtesy a them on all h ception left no is impossible to cordiality and hospitality with ceived, and the minded courtes tiations were Though they ca under pressure our late disaste one refusal to was nothing in mind them of test degree. T equals, as am an independen softened many The delegates the attentions them, and decl presentatives they were the tinguished cou made evident desires union. most unanimit subject among Should confede it cannot be sa fault has been For I am cont that the very be granted have A STIRRI

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