

PAUL VANE'S WIFE

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Which way shall I go?—which way?" Emma cried, anxiously. But what is that far ahead of her, that white figure flying swiftly as if pursued by invisible foes? It is the one she sees and Emma, light of foot, dashes on in pursuit. As she begins to gain unmistakably on the fugitive she hears hoarse cries, and sees Vivian throwing her arms wildly outward as though feeling her way. Suddenly Emma almost sinks to the ground in despair. The white figure has swerved suddenly aside from the broad road leading over Natural Bridge to the left, and is making for the high precipice. Unless some hand shall stay her, the blind girl will be dashed to pieces on the cruel, jagged rocks over two hundred feet below. It is a moment of such awful peril as but seldom comes to any one in a lifetime, and Emma, shocked and helpless, can not move to avert the danger. She sees Vivian ahead of her, sees the white form poised dizzily on the verge of the bridge, the dark gloom beneath her seeming like the pathway down to hell. A night bird cries shrilly in the near distance, almost freezing the blood in her veins with an unnatural terror. With a desperation born of despair, Emma shakes off the weakness seizing upon her, and, dashing wildly forward, gains so rapidly on Vivian, that just as she is about to take the fatal step into the awful chasm Emma grasps her white robe with a frantic clutch. Alas! the frail white fabric slips through her nervous hands. Vivian totters, falls over the dizzy height, and a cloud of earth and stones, loosened by her weight, falls with a hissing sound into the rushing current below. Emma fell to the ground with her hands before her face, and but for the fact of her wild shrieks reaching the ears of the young physician as he came by on his midnight rounds, poor Vivian must have perished in that dark hour, and this story of a young wife's trials would never have been written. He threw himself from his horse and hurried to the scene, finding Emma still lying on the ground, sobbing wildly. "She is dead! She is dead!" She has thrown herself over the precipice!" she wailed, and Dr. Charley, rushing to the brink, peered down into the midnight gloom. A cry of joy came from his lips, and Emma started up in wonder. "What is it?" she cried, with new hope. "She is here! Her garments have caught on the sharp rocks of an old pine, and held her safe. Courage, Emma; we may save her yet!" he cried; and as she crept nearer, he added: "Quick, Emma! kneel down here by me and hold me tightly about the feet while I draw her up and draw her up. Steady, now, and keep a tight grasp, for it will mean death if you let me go!" Emma needed no urging to exert all her strength to save the woman her carelessness had imperilled, and Dr. Charley's brave effort for the whole thing was successful. A few minutes of anxious suspense, and Vivian lay pale and deathlike before them. Lifting her gently in his strong arms, that trembled still with the exertion of raising her from her dangerous position, he held her as though a human pendulum between earth and sky, the young physician placed her before him on his horse Doc, and just as he had carried her from the graveyard before, he bore her again to the ramshackle cottage in that wooded lane, where with the weeping and remorseful Emma, who atoned for her night's folly by many months of careful nursing while the mysterious stranger hovered on the borders of the spirit land. Brain fever followed on this night's exposure, and the winter snows had melted under the sunshine of spring, and summer's roses had blossomed and faded again, ere the heavy clouds that had so long enveloped her mind cleared away and Vivian awoke to the bitter sorrow that was to shadow her after life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Paul Vane, the handsome, grave rector of Forest Church, was a man of a heart-broken and a loving wife. No crushing was the blow to his health and spirits that his friends urged him to leave the scenes of his married happiness and his later bereavement, and seek diversion in strange lands. A long-desired trip to the Holy Land recurred to his mind when travel was suggested to him, and he lost no time in starting, for each day that he spent now in Lisle was torture to his heart. Even the deep sympathy of his friends who surrounded him only deepened his pain, for their whole theme was Vivian, and every utterance of her name made his heart-wound bleed afresh. In those first bitter days, Mrs. Lisle and her proud granddaughter could not do enough to show their sympathy for his sorrow. Grandmother came every day to sit by his sick-bed, always bringing dainties to tempt his flagging appetite, while the more poetic Lorraine sent flowers each morning, and more than once came herself in the carriage with Mrs. Lisle, and would flutter into the sick-room, cool and fair in her dainty robes, with such softness in her eyes and sighs upon her lips that no one could doubt the sincerity of the grief she pretended to feel over Mrs. Vane's death. "I loved her as I would have loved a sister, had Heaven blessed me with one," she told the rector, and how could he doubt it when he knew that every day she visited Forest churchyard to place fresh flowers on the new-made grave where the bride of one brief, happy year slept in peace with the lost hope that had so brightened the last months of her sweet life. The last day before he sailed, what a siren was this fair Lorraine, with her midnight orbs burning in her lace mouchoir to hide their triumphant gleam as she pretended to sob: "I will care for your wife's grave, Paul—I may call you Paul, may I not, dear friend, now that this sorrow which we share in common has drawn us nearer together? Fresh flowers shall be placed on it every day. Will you not remember this? and whenever your thoughts turn to that sacred spot, think of Lorraine weeping daily beside it and praying that Heaven will send you solace for your cruel sorrow." Her full, rich voice broke in a bitter sob, and he pressed the hand she extended to him in grateful emotion, answering: "God bless you, Lorraine, for your hearty sympathy! I always knew your heart was warm and true, in spite of all that envious slanders said. Now I realize all your goodness, although I cannot find words to express my gratitude. But pray for me, Lorraine, as you promised, for I am too wretched yet to ask God for comfort."

The lurking, dark eyes looked up tenderly at him, and the white, jeweled hand pressed his warmly before she let it fall to her side again. He had come up to Arcady to bid them all good-bye before he sailed, and Lorraine had a parting gift for him—a small sealed package which she asked him to carry upon his person until he was far out at sea. "When you are half way across the broad Atlantic, open it and see if you find any comfort in this keepsake," she said, daintily, but with demure, down-dropped eyes, whose coquetry no one fathomed except Gordon Hall, who was watching her closely, and whose mad passion for Lorraine gave him the clue to her action. Gordon Hall had stayed on at Arcady when all the other guests were gone, held in chains by a master passion that was consuming his soul. He worshipped the dainty coquette, Lorraine, and would have said his soul to the evil one to possess her. But he knew that her love was not for him, for his keen instinct told him that the girl loved the new-made widower with all her heart. This slight dandy, Gordon Hall, with his graceful form and saturnine face, had the instincts of a fiend when his jealous fury was aroused. Lorraine had tampered with fire when, in her irrepressible thirst for conquest, she had stooped to win his heart, which she held of no more value than a broken toy. He stood aside, watching, with a sullen, lowering gaze the by-play between the pair—the handsome, sad young widower, touched and unconsciously admiring, and the girl so beautiful, so sentimental, so dangerously sympathetic. "The man is a fool, for all his learning!" Gordon Hall grumbled darkly to himself. "Does he not see that the wretched coquette is winding her spider-like toils around him with such consummate art that he can never get free? She loves him, and to whom in a foreign land even a prince bent the knee in vain. Yet she stoops to this canting country person just for a face and form of princely beauty and a voice whose tones are like music to his ears? He is a fool, like me. She will marry him when his year of mourning is expired, and I read the meaning of those subtle eyes of hers. Mrs. Lisle will be ready to help it on, too, in the fond belief that he will save Lorraine's wicked soul from the Evil One, who justly own it!" He gnashed his teeth in the rage that possessed him, and when it became his turn to bid farewell to the rector he wasted scant courtesy upon his rival, as he called him in his thoughts with unutterable fury. Lorraine was glad that he took a sudden departure, and she was glad when he left, for she was growing very tired of her devoted admirer, and in blissful unconsciousness of his vengeful spirit, hoped that she had seen the last of her rejected swain. She wanted to be alone for awhile to exult over her triumph. "How unconsciously grandmere helped me out!" she thought, with an amused smile. "She made him promise to write us often, and she told him an aside that his influence had improved me so much that she was sorry to have it withdrawn. Then he told her he would write me sometimes, and that he would always remember to pray for his friend Lorraine. Ha, ha! How it amuses me to see how cleverly they all help me to my victory." She left as certain of success as if she were already Paul Vane's wife. He would soon forget the insipid wife he mourned so bitterly now. Lorraine bid her up at this moment till the blood came, in fierce jealousy of the dead. How she hated sweet Vivian, even in the grave, to whose gloom her vengeance had pursued her; out when she went, for Lorraine's sake, each day to place flowers on the lonely grave, she shuddered with superstitious awe lest she should be confronted by the woman she had murdered; and Annie Seasholtz, her little maid, knew that Lorraine was a wretched sleeper—that her dreams were strange and wild, for she would cry out in her sleep of murdered people and terrible spectres that haunted her night and day. Soon after Paul Vane's departure Lorraine received a letter that took away some of the exultation of her joy. It was from Joe Murray, who had written her from Mountain Lake to tell her of the rescue of Colonel Fairlie, and his terrible illness. Lorraine was white with baffled fury when she found that Colonel Fairlie was alive, not lying at the bottom of the river, as she had hoped and believed. "He can do me no harm, but I hate him! I wish that he had been drowned!" she thought, vindictively, and tore the letter into a hundred fragments, "I will not let you know from me that I live. I hope he may die, after all, of the wound on his head!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Paul Vane did not travel alone to New York when he left Virginia, for his two staunch friends, Willie Benner and Frank Barrett, accompanied him, the former glad of an excuse that presented itself at the moment for clearing the journey of the moody rector, the latter, "I must go to New York on business relating to my poems in the 'Prestige Companion.' I mean to publish them soon in a book," he said; and Frank Barrett readily consented to go, too. So it was several days later that they saw him off, watching with hearts full of sympathy the tall form leaning against the steamer's rail and the white hand waving them a mournful adieu. He was on the sea; he was on his way to foreign lands, seeking oblivion from an almost unbearable sorrow; yet his heart turned back with warm yearning of love to the little grave where he had planted, the day before he left home, the tall, climbing moonflowers his darling they would creep up the white marble shaft and cling lovingly about that sweet name—Vivian.

(To be continued.)

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Beware of cheap imitations. Get the World over in One Day. See

CANADIAN WOMAN SHOT DEAD.

Daughter in Alabama Thought She Had Taken Cartridges From Gun. Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 30.—Mrs. C. J. Shanahan, wife of a contractor on extension of Louisville & Nashville Railroad, fifteen miles south of Birmingham, last night shot and killed her mother, Mrs. Rachel McKillam, of Canada, here on a visit. The killing was accidental. Mrs. Shanahan removed cartridges from a gun, she thought, but one shell remained. In snapping the trigger, Mrs. McKillam was killed. The body will be sent to Toronto, Ont., for burial.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1908

NOW FOR THE

Greatest Month of February

THIS BUSINESS EVER EXPERIENCED

DO SAY that we have planned for an immense month's business would be stating it mildly. We have planned for February the greatest selling events in the experience of this grand store. Our programme for the first day, to-morrow, will do store-crowding duty. It should attract a great throng, for who can resist the temptation of such bargains. Every item is a strong one, the biggest and best we could muster for your attention. The selling in every department will start at 8.30 sharp. COME EARLY.

Saturday, A Sale of Gloves

8-Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$1.98. Trefousse, the celebrated French Kid Glove, in 8-button length, Mousquetaire, in greys, tans, blacks, whites, all sizes, guaranteed quality, regular \$2.50, for Saturday only \$1.98

12-Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$2.49

Made of selected skins, the 12 button Trefousse, a beautiful fine French kid, in all the leading shades, perfect fit and guaranteed, regular \$3.25 quality, for \$2.49 Saturday only.

16-Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$2.79

Beautiful evening shades in Trefousse 16 button Kid Gloves, pinks, skies, niles, helios, also resedas, nays, red, old rose, flax blue, myrtle, champagne, greys, tans, browns, all sizes, our regular \$3.50 Glove, for \$2.79 for Saturday only.

Boys' and Misses' Kid Mitts 79c

Fine Kid Mitts, heavily fleeced, lined, with fur tops, regular \$1.00, for 79c pair.

Ladies' French Kid Gloves 89c pr.

Fine French Suedes and Glace, P. K. sewn and round seam, 2 dome fastener, come in tans, moders, greys, blacks, whites, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 pair, odds and ends of regular lines, clearing Saturday \$89c pr.

36-Inch Ivory Tub Silk 59c

Regular 75c. A limited quantity only of this Silk to go on sale at the above price; a natural Habutai Silk in ivory shade, a perfect washing quality and a full yard wide, worth 75c yard, on sale to-morrow \$59c

A Good Buying Chance in the Dress Goods Section

\$1.25 Priestley's Black Voile for 89c

Just passed into stock a big shipment of Black Voiles in a nice medium mesh, crisp finish, and a splendid bright black. This is the most popular material for stylish and serviceable Dresses and Skirts, and will be in great demand for the coming season so don't overlook this opportunity to secure a length at a good reduction. Regular value \$1.25, on sale to-morrow at \$89c

\$1 Silk and Wool San-Toys at 69c

Here is a great bargain for you in pretty silk and wool material for a stylish afternoon or evening dress, 44 inches wide, and shown in good shades of fawns, greys, greens, navy, sky, cream and black, our regular \$1 quality, on sale to-morrow for 69c

Great Saturday Sale of Millinery

All Ladies' Dress Hats in green, tans, blue, red, etc., trimmed with flowers, wings and feathers, regular \$7 and \$9, Saturday, half price \$3.50. Black and White Feathers, on sale Saturday half price.

Flowers, Foliage, in all colors, on sale Saturday half price.

Extraordinary Bargains in Blouses and Underskirts

\$2.25 Waists at \$1.49

New dainty White Lawn Waists, made with dainty all-over embroidery front, open back or front, worth regular \$2.25, Saturday's sale price \$1.49

\$5.00 Silk Waists at \$2.29

White and Black Japanese and Taffeta Waists, back and front nicely tucked, open back or front; also a line of Brown and Navy Taffeta Silk Jumpers, worth regular \$5, Saturday's sale price \$2.29

\$4 Moore Underskirts at \$2.49

Black Moore Underskirts, made with accordion pleated flounce and finished with frill, worth regular \$4, Saturday's sale price \$2.49

Baby Dept.

30c Booties at 15c

Infants' Red Booties, worth regular 30c, Saturday only 15c

\$1.25 Shawls 98c

Honeycomb Shawls, 14 yards square, regular \$1.25, Saturday 98c

Bargains for Men

Saturday we will sell pure Scotch Wool Underwear at a great reduction. The regular price is \$1, Saturday 59c

A special sale of Boys' Shirts, soft fronts, light and dark colors. Saturday we will sell them at 25c, regular price 50c

Men's Cashmere Socks; a hundred dozen to be sold, at 23c, regular 35c

Boys' Sweaters, a bargain, sizes from 20 to 36, Saturday 69c, regular \$1.35 and \$1.50

Men's Silk Ties, Saturday will sell at 12c, regular 35c and 50c

Best Bargains in Blankets

Wool Blankets at Saturday's prices should interest you. Our prices are the lowest; the goods are of the best quality.

Regular selling price \$5.00, for Saturday \$3.19

Regular selling price \$5.75, for Saturday \$3.98

Regular selling price \$6.00, for Saturday \$4.25

Regular selling price \$7.00, for Saturday \$5.35

Flannelette Blankets, double bed size, grey or white bodies, blue or pink border, best heavy quality; regular \$1.45, Saturday \$1.22

Largest size Flannelette Blankets (grey), blue or pink border; regular \$1.65, Saturday \$1.38

Window Shades

Window Shades, cream, green or red, mounted on best rollers, complete with brackets, nails and ring pull; regular worth 65c, Saturday \$43c

White Window Shades, with insertion, size 37x72, complete with good roller, insertion white Irish point, 3/2 inches wide; brackets and nails complete; regular value \$1.15, Saturday \$88c

Clearing of Oak Poles 28c

Regular size for ordinary window, 1 1/2 inches thick, complete with rings, ends and brackets, very special Saturday \$28c

Oak Screens \$1.18

3-fold Oak Screens, filled with art muslin in dainty conventional designs, colors green, red and blue; regular value \$1.65, Saturday \$1.18

Many lines of Screens to be sold cheap. Clearing out odd patterns.

Snappy Prices for Saturday

Flannelette Sheetting 36c

72-inch Flannelette Sheetting, warm, fleecy finish, worth 50c yard, Saturday 36c

Towels 50c pr.

Extra Large Hemstitched Huck Towels, pure linen, firm, absorbent weave, worth 65c pair, for 50c

Sheetting 30c

Extra Fine Quality Unbleached Tull Sheetting, round, even thread, bleaches easily; can't be beat for wear, 37 1/2c value, for 30c

Pillow Cotton

42 and 44-inch Plain Pillow Cotton, round, even thread, worth 20c, for 17c

Pillow Shams

One-piece Pillow Shams, 30 x 60, fresh, hand embroidered work \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75

Nainsook 18c

42-inch Nainsook, fine, soft finish, a special underwear quality, worth 25c pair \$18c

Odd Napkins 15c

60 dozen Odd Napkins, 5/8 size, pure linen, worth \$2.75, slightly imperfect, Saturday 15c

Flannelette 12 1/2c

Extra Heavy White and Cream Flannelette, warm, fleecy finish, special 12 1/2c

Special Sale of Corsets

Corsets \$1.25

5 dozen Straight Front Corsets, made of fine imported white coutil, with abdominal strap attached at front and buckled on hip, suitable for stout figures, and having medium bust, sizes 19-inch to 28-inch, worth regularly \$1.50, for Saturday \$1.25

Corsets 50c, reg. 75c

Another shipment of our special 75c Corset, with long hip and high bust, in white or drab, and steel filled, having suspenders attached at front, sizes 18-inch to 26-inch, for Saturday 50c

Ready to Wear Dept.

Women's Winter Coats \$3.98

FOR THREE HOURS ONLY ON SATURDAY MORNING we will offer 12 Black and Dark Grey Cloth Coats at the above price. They are strictly up to date, beautifully tailored and lined. They are worth \$9.50 and \$10.50, while they last on Saturday morning \$3.98

Children's Ulsters \$2.49

A good assortment of colors, light and dark shades, almost every size, all nicely tailored and trimmed. They are worth \$5.50, clearing at \$2.49

Cloth Capes \$1.98

Cloth Capes, full ruffle style, in dark shadow tweeds. These Capes make excellent wraps. They are very long, all sizes, regular \$6.50, clearing at \$1.98

Extraordinary Price Smashing on Women's Furs and Fur Garments

With months of winter weather yet to come, this announcement should meet with an enthusiastic response.

We Cannot Enumerate All the Items, These are Merely Hints:

\$125 Persian Lamb Coats \$75.00 \$60 Mink Stoles \$39.50 \$175 Persian Lamb Coats \$145.00 \$52.50 Mink Muffs \$37.50 \$50 Fur-lined Coats \$32.50 \$10 Grey Squirrel Tie \$5.50

LIBERATES HER.

MRS. ANGELINA ANSELONE ACQUITTED IN SECOND TRIAL.

Fiery Plea Sways Jury—Defendant's Lawyer Wins Quick Verdict by Appeal to Statute Not in Books.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—The "unwritten law" was upheld in the second trial of Mrs. Angelina Anselone for the murder of Philip Ferreo, who, it is alleged, pursued her with his attentions after he had succeeded in turning her husband against her. In the former trial a jury deliberated all night and then convicted her, and she was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. Only eighteen minutes were required yesterday for the jury to find her not guilty.

Judge Windes anticipated the verdict, apparently, when, just before it was announced, he stated from the bench that if there was any demonstration of approval or disapproval over the jury's finding those responsible would be subject to punishment. Assistant District Attorney John T. Fleming, who presided over the case, was not sorry, either, because, when privately questioned upon the probable character of the verdict, he said it ought to be acquittal.

Barasa Makes Fiery Address. The outcome of the case, it is said, was due largely to the address of Attorney Bernard P. Barasa. He attacked the methods of the police and those of the State's attorney, and laid great stress upon the fact that the defendant was a good woman and merely was protecting her honor.

Alexander Locasio, a special officer for the law department of the city attorney's office, was an important witness for the defence. Locasio was a regular city patrolman when the crime was committed last August, and testified he then was examined by the State's attorney, but he could not give testimony favorable to the prosecution.

"This woman, in the presence of her husband, threatened to kill this man," began Attorney Fleming. "She went out for that purpose and purchased a revolver. A week before she killed him she fired a shot at him, but missed him. Finally she saw him coming down the alley, slipped downstairs, and lay in wait for him and shot him as he passed unaware. Many of these foreigners are of good behavior in their native land, but believe this is a free country, where they can do as they please."

Defends Her "Right to Kill." "You have the right to kill any man or woman who comes into your family

to break it up," said Attorney Barasa. "She was not a champagne imber, not a chorus girl, nobody's mistress, but a mother whose honor was at stake. This wrecker of homes, after poisoning the mind of her husband against her, believed he had gotten her in his power and became so persistent in his advances that she was forced to kill him."

"There must be no prejudice against her because she is a foreigner. The foreigners from all over the world made this country, and if it had not been for the good old Columbus the country never would have been discovered. Her confession was tampered with and she was made to say words she never uttered, as he said she never understood the interpreter at the police station."

"Every dollar that has been put into this defence has come out of my pocket. I won't draw a cent from it. I heard about her conviction and was moved by a spirit of pity."

"Pay no attention to the inscription on the headstone of Ferreo's grave, which reads 'Died in self-defence.' The inscription ought to be 'Killed by the hand of Almighty God for ruining other men's homes.'"

The jurors were visibly affected when Barasa finished his address and there were no perceptible changes when, in opening his rebuttal, Attorney Fleming said: "For an hour and a half we have had a mixture of spaghetti and macaroni; now I'll give you twenty minutes of facts."

Both sides were satisfied with the court's charge to the jury. The talesmen got the case at 4:35 o'clock, after which Judge Windes ordered adjournment until 6 o'clock. Eighteen minutes after leaving the court room the jury signified its readiness to report by rapping on the jury room door. The verdict was received as soon as Judge Windes was located.

Judge Windes thanked the jury, and then signed the formal order releasing the prisoner. A score of friends greeted her at the jail door.

Barasa's interest in the case first was aroused by Mrs. Frederick W. Freer, wife of the artist, who had visited Mrs. Anselone in her cell in the county jail. Mrs. Anselone at that time had with her little Maria, her four-year-old daughter, who has been locked up with her since last summer. When the verdict was announced Mrs. Freer was waiting in court with Mrs. Era Clark, of the Chicago Missionary Society; Miss Mary G. Hennessy, Miss Anna E. Murphy, Mrs. Mary Niemeyer, matron of the jail, and a representative of the Italian Consulate. Mrs. Anselone wept when the verdict was translated to her and kissed each of her friends. Plans have been made to send her back to her home in Italy.

LEADER OF JAMESON RAID RESIGNS

SMALL MAJORITY.

FIRST TEST OF STRENGTH IN THE BRITISH COMMONS.

Unionists Join Socialists—Motion of Censure on Unemployed Question—John Burns Deprecates Indiscriminate Charity.

London, Jan. 10.—The first vote taken at the new session of Parliament gave the Government the comparatively small majority of 49. It was on a Labor amendment to the address in reply to the King's speech, regretting that in view of the lack of employment was defeated by a vote of 195 to 146. The Socialists and Laborites lustily cheered this encouraging result of their first tussle with the Government.

By far the best speech of the Ministerial side was made by John Burns, president of the Local Government Board, who, in defending the administration of the powers the Government possesses under existing Acts, roundly condemned indiscriminate charity as advocated and adopted by some well-meaning persons. He incidentally referred to the bill the Laborites proposed to introduce in reference to the unemployed, as promoting universal pauperism, tempered by the Local Government Board.

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HAD BOTH FEET FROZEN.

Brakeman Campbell Waited to Flag Train.