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REARY'S OFFICE.

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acres, more or less, viz:
marked Thomas Hooper
the shore at the head of
a stake marked south
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enement, Nooka Sound, Sept.

THOMAS HOOPER.

given that thirty days
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acres, more or less, viz:
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W. A. WARD.

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Dr. J. Collins Brown
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Dr. J. Collins Brown
of Chlorodyne
the defendant Freeman
and he regretted to say
in to—Times, July 15

THE STORY OF FRANCIS DOE.

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(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.

As the day went on, therefore, I looked eagerly for Mistress Anne's return, but she appeared no more, though I maintained a close watch on the cabin door. All the afternoon, too, the duchess kept away from me, and I feared that I had seriously offended her, so that it was with no very pleasant anticipations that, going into that part of the deckhouse which served as a common room, to see if the evening meal was set, I found only the duchess and Master Bertie prepared to sit down to it. I supposed that something of my feeling was expressed in my face, for while I was yet half-way between door and table my lady gave way to a peal of merriment.

"Come, sit down and do not be afraid!" she cried pleasantly, her gray eyes still full of laughter. "I vow the lad thinks I shall eat him up. Nay, when all is said and done, I like you the better, Sir Knight Errant, for your scruples. I see that you are determined to act up to your name. But that reminds me," she added in a more serious vein. "We have been frank with us. You must be equally frank with us. What are we to call you, pray?"

I looked down at my plate and felt my face grow scarlet. The wound which the discovery of my father's treachery had dealt me had begun to heal. In the action, the movement, the adventure of the last fortnight, I had well nigh lost sight of the blot on my escutcheon, of the shame which had driven me from home. But the question, "What are we to call you?" revived the smart, and revived it with an added pang. It had been very well, to theory, to proudly discard my old name. It was painful in practice to be unable to answer the duchess: "I am a Cluado of Coton, nephew to Sir Anthony, formerly esquire of the body to King Henry. I am no unworthy follower and associate even for you," and to have instead to reply: "I have no name. I am nobody. I have all to make and win." Yet this was my ill fortune.

Her woman's eye saw my trouble as I hesitated, confused and doubting, what I should reply. "Come," she said good naturedly, trying to reassure me. "You are a gentle birth. Of that we feel sure. I shook my head. "Nay, I am of no birth, madam," I answered hurriedly. "I have no name, or, at any rate, no name that I can be proud of. Call me—call me, if it please you, Francis Carey."

"It is a good name," quoth Master Bertie, pausing with his knife suspended in the air. "A right good Protestant name!" "But I have no claim to it," I rejoined, more and more hurt. "I have all to make. I am a new man. Yet do not fear!" I added quickly as I saw what I took to be a cloud of doubt cross my lady's face. "I will follow you no less faithfully for that!" "Well," said the duchess, a smile again transforming her open features. "I will answer for that, Master Carey. Deeds are better than names, and as for being a new man, what with Paget's and Cavendish's and Spencers, we have naught but new men nowadays. So cheer up!" she continued kindly. "And we will poke no questions at you, though I doubt whether you do not possess more birth and breeding than you would have us think. And if, when we return to England, as I trust we may before we are old men and women, we can advance your cause, then let us have your secret. No one can say that Katherine Willoughby ever forgot her friend."

"Or forgive her enemy overquickly," quoth her husband naively. She rapped his knuckles with the back of her knife for that, and under cover of this small diversion I had time to regain my composure. But the matter left me sore at heart and more than a little homesick. And I sought leave to retire early. "You are right!" said the duchess, rising gracefully. "Tonight, after being out in the air, you will sleep soundly, and to-morrow you will be a man, with a faint smile. 'Believe me, I am not ungrateful, Master Francis, and I will diligently seek occasion to repay both your gallant defense of the other day and your future service.' She gave me her hand to kiss, and I bent over it. "Now," she continued, "do homage to my lady, and then I shall consider that you are really one of us and pledged to our cause."

I kissed the tiny fist held out to me, a soft pink thing looking like some dainty swan's bill. Master Bertie cordially grasped my hand. And so under the lamp in the neat cabin of that old Dutch boat, somewhere on the Waal between Gorcum and Nimuegen, we plighted our troth to one another, and in a sense I became one of them.

I went to my berth cheered and encouraged by their kindness. But the interview, satisfactory as it was, had set up in my little excitement in my brain, and it was long before I slept. When I did, I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in the hall at Coton, and that Peterkin was standing before me, the dais looking fixedly at me with gentle, powerful eyes. I wanted to go to her, but I could not move. Every dreamer knows the sensation. I tried to call to her, to ask her what was the matter, and why she so looked at me. But I could utter no sound. And still she continued to fix me with the same, sad, reproachful eyes, in which I read a warning, yet could not ask its meaning.

I struggled so hard that at last the spell was in a degree broken. Following the direction of her eyes, I looked down at myself and saw fastened to the breast of my doublet the knot of the velvet which she had made for my sword hilt, and which I had ever since carried in my bosom. More, I saw, with a singular feeling of anger and sorrow, that a hand which came over my shoulder was tugging hard at the ribbon in the sash, so that I could see the moment I could not move nor do anything to prevent it. At last, making a stupendous effort, I awoke, my last experience, dreaming, being of the strange waking idea was the sash, so that I drew out my arms and cried aloud and not asleep. "Light!" I exclaimed, trembling in the intensity of my relief as I looked about and welcomed the new familiar surroundings.

"It was only a dream. It was!" I stepped abruptly, my eyes falling on a form lurking in the doorway. I could see it only dimly by the light of a hanging lamp, which smoked and burned redly overhead. Yet I could see it. It was real, substantial—a waking figure. Neverthe- less a faint touch of superstitious terror still clung to me. "Speak, please!" I asked. "Who is it?"

"It is only I," answered a soft voice, well known to me—Mistress Anne's. I came in to see how you were," she continued, advancing a little, "and whether you were sleeping. I am afraid I awoke you. But you seemed," she added, "to be having such painful dreams that perhaps it was as well I did."

I was fumbling in my breast while she spoke, and certainly, whether in my sleep I had undone the fastenings or had loosened them intentionally before I lay down—though I could not remember doing so—my doublet and shirt were open at the breast. The velvet knot was gone, however, in that tiny inner pocket beside the letter, and I breathed again. "I am very glad you did awake me!" I replied, looking gratefully at her. "I was having a horrible dream. But how good it was of you to think of me, and when you are not well yourself too!"

"Oh, I am better," she murmured, her eyes, which glistened in the light, fixed steadily on me. "Much better. Now go to sleep again, for a happier dream to you. After tonight," she added pleasantly, "I shall no longer consider you as an invalid nor intrude upon you."

And she was gone before I could utter a word of thanks. The door fell to, and I was alone, full of kindly feelings toward her and of thankfulness that my horrible vision had no foundation. "Thank heaven!" I murmured more than once as I lay down. "It was only a dream."

Next day we reached Nimuegen, where we staid a short time. Leaving that place in the afternoon, 24 hours' journeying, partly by river, partly, if I remember rightly, by canal, brought us to the neighborhood of Arnhem on the Rhine. The 1st of March, but the opening month belied its reputation. There was a bright sun, a softness in the air, and a consequent feeling of spring, which was especially grateful to me, in whom the sun of health was beginning to shine again, and we were still there when one of those gorgeous sunsets which are peculiar to that country began to fling its hues across our path. We turned a jutting promontory, the boat began to fall off, and the captain came up, his errand to tell us that our journey was done.

We went eagerly forward at the news and saw in a kind of bay, formed by a lakelike expansion of the river, a little island green and low, its banks trimly set with a single row of poplars. It was perhaps a quarter of a mile every way, and a channel one-fourth as wide separated it from the nearer shore of the river, to which, however, a long narrow bridge of planks laid on trestles gave access. On the outer side of the island, facing the riv-

er's course, stood a low white house, before which a sloping green terrace, also bordered with poplars, led down to a tiny pier. Behind and around the house were meadows as trim and neat as a child's toys, over which the eye roved with pleasure until it reached the landward side of the island, and there, deserted, nestling in green gardens, a tiny village of half a dozen cottages. It was a scene of enchanting peace and quietude. As we slowly plowed our way up to the landing place, we saw the rabbits stand to gaze at us, and then, with a flick of their heels, dart off to their holes. I marked the cattle moving homeward in a string and heard the wild fowl rise in creek and pool with a whirl of wings. I turned with a faint smile to my neighbor. "Is it not lovely?" I cried, with enthusiasm. "Is it not a peaceful place—a very garden of Eden?"

I looked, to see her fall into raptures such as women are commonly more prone to than men. But all women are not the same. Mistress Anne was looking, indeed, when I turned and surprised her, at the scene which had so moved me, but the expression of her face was sad and bitter and utterly melancholy. The weariness and fatigue I had often seen lurking in her eyes had invaded all her features. She looked five years older—no longer a girl, but a gray faced, hopeless woman, whom the sight of this peaceful haven rather pained of safety and repose.

It was but for a moment I saw her so. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes—though I saw no tears in them—and with a petish exclamation turned away. "Boo! Boo!" I thought. "She, too, is homesick. No doubt this reminds her of some place at home or of some person. I thought this the more likely, as Master Bertie came from Lincolnshire, which, he said, had many of the features of this strange land, and it was conceivable enough that she should know Lincolnshire, too, being related to his wife."

I soon forgot the matter in the excitement of landing. A few minutes of bustle and it was over. The boat put out again, and we four were left face to face with two strangers, an elderly man and a girl, who had come down to the pier to meet us. The former, stout, bluff and red faced, with a thick gray beard and a gold chain about his neck, had the air of a man of position. He greeted us warmly. My companion, who hung behind him, somewhat shyly, was as pretty a girl as one could find in a month. A second look assured me of something more, that she formed an excellent foil to the pliant brightness and keen vivacity of the dark hair and nervous features of Mistress Anne. For the Dutch girl was fair and plump and of perfect complexion. Her hair was very light, almost flaxen indeed, and her eyes were softly and limpidly blue—grave, innocent, wondering eyes they were, I remember. I guessed rightly that she was the elderly man's daughter. Later I learned that she was his only child, and that her name was Dymphna.

He was a Master Lindstrom, a merchant of standing in Arnhem. He had visited England, and spoke English fairly, and being under some obligations, it appeared, to the Duchess Katherine was to be our host.

We all walked up the little avenue together, Master Lindstrom talking as he went to husband or wife, while his daughter and Mistress Anne came next, gazing each at each in silence, as women when their first meet will gaze, talking stock, I suppose, of a rival's weapons. I walked last, wondering why they had nothing to say to one another.

As we entered the house the mystery was explained. "She speaks no English," said Mistress Anne, with a touch of scorn. "And we no Dutch," I answered, smiling. Here in Holland I am afraid that she will have somewhat the best of us. Try her with Spanish."

"Spanish! I know none." "Well, I do—a little." "At home," Where is that? And she eyed me still more closely. "Where is your home, Master Carey? You have never told me."

But I had said already more than I intended, and I shook my head. "I mean," I explained awkwardly, "that I learned it in a house I once had. Now my home is here. At any rate, I have no other."

The Dutch girl, standing patiently beside us, had looked first at one face and then at the other as we talked. We were all by this time in a long, low parlour, warmed by a pretty fireplace covered with glazed tiles. On the shelves of a great armchair, at one end of the room, appeared a fine show of silver plate. At the other end stood a tall linen press, and even the graining of the windows and the handles of the doors were of hammered ironwork. There were no rushes on the floor, which was made of small pieces of wood delicately joined and set together in a brightly polished. But everything in sight was clean and trim to a degree which would have shamed our great houses at Coton, where the rushes sometimes lay for a week unchanged. With each glance round I felt a livelier satisfaction. I turned to Mistress Dymphna.

"Sennorita," I said, mastering my noblest accent. "Bese los pies de usted! Habla-usted Castellano?"

Mistress Anne stared, while the effect on the girl whom I addressed was greater. I had looked for, but certainly of a different kind. She started and drew back, an expression of indignity and of something like angry ruffling in her placid face. Did she not understand? Yes, for after a moment's hesitation, and with a heightened color, she answered, "Si, senor." Her constrained manner was not promising, but I was going to open a conversation if I could, for it looked little grateful of us to stand there speechless and staring, when Mistress Anne interposed. "What did you say to her? What was it?" she asked eagerly.

"I asked her if she spoke Spanish. That was all," I replied, my eyes on Dymphna's face, which still betrayed trouble of some kind, "except that I paid her the usual formal compliment. But what is she saying to her?"

It was like the Christmas game of cross questions. The girl and I had spoken in Spanish. I translated what we had said into English for Mistress Anne, and Mistress Dymphna turned it into Dutch for her father, an anxious look on her face which need not have troubled me. "What is it?" asked Master Bertie, observing that something was wrong.

"It is nothing—nothing!" replied the merchant apologetically, though as he spoke his eyes dwelt on me curiously. "It is only that I did not know that you had a Spaniard in your company."

"A Spaniard?" Master Bertie answered. "We have none. This," pointing to me, "is our very good friend and faithful follower, Master Carey, an Englishman."

"To whom?" asked the duchess, smiling gravely. "I am greatly indebted to her. I hurriedly explained the mistake and brought at once a smile of relief to the mynber's face. "Ah, pardon me, I beg to seech you," he said. "My daughter was in error. He added something in Dutch which caused Mistress Dymphna to blush. "You know," he continued, "I may speak freely to you, since our enemies are in the main the same—you know that our Spanish rulers are not very popular with us and grow less popular every day, especially with those who are of the reformed faith. We have learned, so to speak, their language, but we love them none the better for that."

"I can sympathize with you indeed," said the duchess impulsively. "God grant that our country may never be in the same plight, though it looks as if it were. It is Spain! Spain! Spain! and nothing else nowadays!"

"Nevertheless the emperor is a great pious monarch," rejoined the Arnhem merchant thoughtfully, "and could he rule us himself we might do well. But his dominions are so large he knows little of us. And, worse, he is dying, or as good as dying. He can scarcely sit his horse, and rumor says that before the year is out he will resign the throne. Then we hear little good of his successor, your queen's husband, and look to hear less of it. I fear there is a dark time before us, and God only knows the issue."

And alone will rule it," Master Bertie rejoined sulkily. This saying was in a way the keynote to the life we found our host living on his island estate. Peace, but peace with constant fear for an assailant and religion for a supporter. Several times a week Master Lindstrom would go to Arnhem to superintend his business, and always after breakfast he would take his horse and go riding for an hour or two. Things were going badly. The reformers were being more and more hardly dealt with. The Spaniards were growing more despotic. That was his constant report, and then I would see him, as he walked with me in orchard or garden or sat beside the stove, cast wistful glances at the comfort and plenty round him. I knew that he was in fact, as he himself would have said, a tyrant, who would have been a tyrant in any government, would they have been the times that were coming from the violence of an ill paid soldiery? The answer was doubtful, or rather it was too certain. I sometimes wondered how he could patiently foresee such possibilities and take no steps whatever to prevent them. At first I thought his patience sprang from the Dutch character. Later I traced its deeper roots to a simplicity of faith and a deep religious feeling, which either did not at that time exist in England or which was only among people with whom I had never come in contact. Here they seemed common enough and real enough. These folks' faith sustained them. It was a part of their lives, a bulwark against the fear that otherwise would have overwhelmed them. And so we

an extent, too, which then surprised me. I found, as time went on, that the duchess and Master Bertie shared this enthusiasm, although with them it took a less obtrusive form.

I was led at the time to think a good deal about this, and just a word I may say of myself and of those days spent on the Rhine island—that whereas before I had taken but a lukewarm interest in religious questions, and while clinging instinctively to the teaching of my childhood had conformed with a light heart rather than annoy my uncle, I came to think some- what differently now, differently and more seriously. And so I have continued to think since, though I have never become a bigot, a fact I owe perhaps to Mistress Dymphna, in whose tender heart there was room for charity as well as faith, for she was my teacher.

Of necessity, since no other of our party could communicate with her, I became more or less the Dutch girl's companion. I would often of an evening join her on a wooden bench which stood under an elm on a little spit of grass looking toward the city and at some distance from the house. Here, when the weather was warm, she would watch for her father's return, and here one day, while talking with her, I had the opportunity of witnessing a sight unknown to me in England, but which year by year was becoming more common in the Netherlands, more heavily freighted with menace in Dutch eyes.

We happened to be so deeply engaged in watching the upper end of the reach at the time in question, where we expected each moment to see Master Lindstrom's boat round the point, that we saw nothing of a boat coming the other way until the flapping of its sails as it tacked drew our eyes toward it. Even then in the boat itself I saw nothing strange, but in its passengers I did. They were swarthy, mustachioed men, who in the hundred poses they assumed, as they lounged on deck or leaned over the side, never lost a peculiar air of bravado. As they drew nearer to us the sound of their loud voices, their oaths and laughter reached us plainly and seemed to jar on the evening stillness. Their bold, fierce eyes, raking the banks unceasingly, reached us at last. The girl by my side uttered a cry of alarm and rose as if to retreat. But she sat down again, for behind us was an open stretch of turf, and to escape unseen was impossible. Already a score of eyes had marked her beauty, and as the boat drew abreast of us I had to listen to the ribald jests and laughter of those on board. My ears tingled and my cheeks burned. But I could do nothing. I could only glare at them and grind my teeth.

"Who are they?" I muttered. "The cowardly knaves!" "Oh, hush! hush!" the girl pleaded. She had retreated behind me. And indeed I need not have put my question, for though I had never seen the Spanish soldiery I had heard enough about them to recognize them now. In the year 1555 their reputation was at its height. Their fathers had overcome the Moors after a contest of centuries, and they themselves had overrun Italy and lowered the pride of France. As a result, they had many military virtues and all the military vices. Proud, bloodthirsty and licentious everywhere, it may be imagined that in the subject Netherlands, with their pay always in arrears, they were indeed people to be feared. It was seldom that even their commanders dared to check their excesses.

Yet when the first flush of my anger had subsided I looked after them, odd as it may seem, with mingled feelings. With all their faults they were few against many, a conquering race in a foreign land. They could boast of blood and descent. They were proud to call themselves the soldiers and gentlemen of Europe. I was against them, yet I admired them with a boy's admiration for the strong and reckless.

Of course I said nothing of this to my companion. Indeed, when she spoke to me, I did not hear her. My thoughts had flown far from the burgher's daughter sitting by me and more with my grandmothers' people. I saw in imagination, the uplands of Old Castile, as I had often heard them described, hot in summer and bleak in winter. I pictured the dark, frowning walls of Toledo, with its hundred Moscovite popples, the castles that crowned the hills around, the gray olive groves and the box clad slopes. I saw Palencia, where my grandmother, Petronilla de Vargas, was born; Palencia, dry and brown and sun baked, lying squat and low on the plain, the eaves of its cathedral a man's height from the ground. All this I saw. I suppose the Spanish blood in me awoke and asserted itself at sight of those other Spaniards. And then—then I forgot it all as I heard behind me an alien voice, and I turned and found Dymphna had stolen from me and was talking to a stranger.

(To be continued.)

HIDDEN TREASURE.

(From the Montreal Star.)

Mr. John Murphy, of Anderson street, is in receipt of a strange letter which was somewhat puzzling to him. It is in French with a strong Spanish coloring, and is dated from Havana. It bears the postmark of that city and is dated October 5, and is signed "Juan Campos." The letter is a very lengthy one and in it the writer states that some months ago, previous to the outbreak of the rebellion he was a cavalry captain in the Spanish service and that he was induced to join the Cuban Republic committee for the purpose of overthrowing the Spanish yoke and establishing a Republic in Cuba. He states he was induced by 600,000 francs of the funds of the regiment, together with 200,000 francs which were subscribed and instructed to proceed to New York to purchase arms and ammunition.

Campos states that he had no sooner reached New York than he heard that the plot had been discovered, and he feared capture came to Montreal, where he remained for some months. While here he claims that he placed 800,000 francs, which he had converted into United States notes, in an iron chest which he concealed in a hole in the ground. After the capture of Campos, he remained at this place, and there it had not been long in Cuba when he was captured by the Spanish authorities and brought before a council of war. He was found guilty of desertion and embezzlement and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a Spanish fortress at Barcelona.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. The ex-captain is anxious to recover the money that he says he left near Montreal, and for that purpose wants Mr. Murphy, or some one in his confidence, to go to Cuba to arrange with Campos to deliver up the treasure. Campos alleges that he dares not confide in a Spaniard for fear of being betrayed and being locked up in the military prison. He is willing to put in

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one-third of his fortune if Mr. Murphy will only go to Cuba, and bring the seventeen year old daughter back to Canada, so that she may be present when the money is unearthed. The ex-captain will also hand over the map hidden in the valise with the false bottom, and after Mr. Murphy has taken his share of the money he is to see Miss Campos back to New York on her way home. Mr. Murphy is enjoined to the greatest secrecy.

The letters are to be addressed to Mr. Enrique Garcia, Calle Monserrat, 87 (safe) Habana. Inside of this letter is to be placed another letter addressed to Mr. Juan Campos, cell No. 9, Military Prison. Accompanying the letter is a printed extract from a Spanish newspaper, giving an account of the proceedings before the court martial and the degradation and sentence of Captain Campos.

FAILURE STATISTICS.

In their statement for the third quarter of 1895, Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co. state that the total number of commercial failures in Canada was 432, with assets of \$2,512,931 and liabilities \$3,390,218. For the first half of the year there were 907 failures, with assets of \$5,178,323 and liabilities \$6,537,985. During the last quarter Quebec had 192 failures, with liabilities of \$2,009,642 and assets \$1,471,741. Ontario having 175, with \$633,564 assets and \$910,574 liabilities. British Columbia during the same period had 16 failures with \$241,677 assets and \$224,776 liabilities. Of these the war manufacturing concern with \$2,000 liabilities and assets of the same amount, while there were 14 trading failures with assets \$269,677 and liabilities \$252,776. Only one banking concern became insolvent during the quarter. It was in Ontario; its liabilities were \$20,000 with assets of \$10,000. In the whole of Canada the insolvent trading concerns of the quarter numbered 325 with assets \$1,497,737 and liabilities \$1,973,938, and 105 manufacturing establishments with assets \$1,014,194 and liabilities \$1,891,280.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mathews desire to extend their hearty thanks to curious friends who attended the funeral of their daughter, and hope their curiosity was fully satisfied.