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APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE IN RUSSIAN TURKESTAN.

Earthquake's Victims at Andijan Estimated at Over 5,000.

Shocks Continue With Increased Violence—Water in the Wells Disappears and it is Feared the Site of the Town Will Collapse—Treasury in the Ruins and is Being Excavated for—Camping at the Railway Station in 500 Cars—Soup Kitchens Opened and Inhabitants Aided to Leave the District.

Ashkabad, Russian Turkestan, Dec. 29.—Even the worst of the reports of the recent earthquake at Andijan quit under estimate the appalling loss of life. A telegram today from the scene of the catastrophe puts the number of victims in the native quarter of the town at 4,000.

Already 800 corpses have been disinterred from the ruins. The work of excavation progresses slowly. The state treasury, containing five million roubles, is in the ruins, and excavations to get the money are

NEWS IN BRIEF CANADIAN.

Ex-Mayor E. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, is dead. Train loads of hard coal are arriving in Toronto.

The Ontario Beekeepers' Association has decided to form a honey exchange, to manage the selling of the product.

Hon. John Costigan will introduce a resolution in the Commons at the coming session reaffirming sympathy with the Irish cause.

Farmers of Rathwell district, Man., are sending Mr. Arthur Sheppard to England and Scotland to secure men for next season's work.

The Technical and Public School Boards have appointed committees to confer with the Minister of Education regarding Toronto's schools.

The Toronto City Solicitor has given the opinion that the proposed lease of a site to the Toronto Street Railway Company must be submitted to the Corporation.

Chasney B. Miller, who was formerly a resident of Toronto, but of late years resident in Southern California, died at Los Angeles a few days ago.

Mr. Treat shipping agents think that the increase announced in ocean freights only applies to traffic to Canada, and will not affect east-bound shipments.

Manager Paine, of the Ontario Power Company, promises to be supplying Toronto and other points with electric power from Niagara within a year.

An order-in-Council has been passed by the Manitoba Government, affiliating the Provincial College of Manitoba with the University of Manitoba.

Mr. A. Patriarche has been appointed traffic manager of the Canadian division of the Pere Marquette Railway, and Mr. T. Marshall, assistant general freight agent.

The charges brought by the Toronto Retail Merchants' Association against R. J. Fleming, as assessment commissioner, have found no support in the Investigating Committee.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association have secured the services of Mr. Watson Griffin, a well known journalist and writer on tariff affairs, to conduct their campaign for tariff revision.

The action of Police Magistrate Courbois, of Vancouver, in imprisoning a number of Japanese immigrants for violation of a Provincial statute that had been disallowed is receiving the attention of the Department of Justice at Ottawa.

The Ontario Government decided to rearrange the license districts in New Ontario. At present there is one district for Algoma, one for Nipissing, etc. The new divisions will be practically coterminous with the electoral divisions.

Edward P. Morris, a member without portfolio of the Newfoundland Ministry, has been appointed Minister of Justice in Premier Bond's Cabinet in succession to W. H. Horwood, who has been appointed Chief Justice.

A report comes from the Pacific coast that the Imperial Government's dry dock at Esquimalt is to be enlarged, and that the Canadian Government will be asked to assist in making it the largest dry dock on the Pacific.

Three Donkhorob-Ivan and Simon Ribebon and Paul Flandy, of the Canadian west—have arrived at St. John, N. B., to meet a brother Donkhorob, Peter Vergin, who, they say, recently escaped from Siberia, after 18 years' exile.

Search is being made for the bodies of Miss Lizzie Bourdage and Miss Clara Jackson, who lost their lives in the Victoria Hotel fire, Quebec, Maurice Frigon is acclaimed as a hero. He rescued four women and a child from the fire.

order to be able to cope with fuel situation, as affecting the Montreal City Council will be Provincial Legislature for body cut into four pieces," which

were, with the head, at the disposal of the Crown. The sentence was not carried out in the case of Mr. Frost, for an act of George IV's, time gave to the sovereign the power to mitigate the punishment. The convicts under this were sentenced to transportation for life, and sent to Australia, where they lived until 1856. An act of amnesty was granted to them in that year, and along with William Smith-O'Brien and others they returned to England. Mr. Frost died in 1877, in the 87th year of his age.

STARTLED THE VENEZUELAN. An Eye-Witness Describes Seizure of Vessels.

IT WAS A DARING FEAT Blushed—Little Party Walked Up to Gun-Muzzles and Brushed Prisoners Aside—Rescue of Prisoners.

From a passenger on the Red D Line steamship Philadelphia from La Guaira and who will not be quoted because of his business interests in Venezuela is obtained the complete story of the seizure of the Venezuelan war vessels in the harbor of La Guaira on the evening of December 31st. The man saw every detail of the attack and took memoranda.

This is the story in the passenger's own words: "Three o'clock on the afternoon of December 31st was looking forward to very expectantly, for the reason that the German and British war vessels had been ordered to leave the harbor by the Venezuelan Government."

"The harbor was as silent as a stretch of ocean waste. Not a craft was stirring, not a person on deck. Every one was waiting. Some supposed that the war ships would fire upon the city."

Two Boats' Grace Was Granted. "Promptly at five o'clock, just when the sun was shining down behind a bank of purple clouds, which tipped the hills of La Guaira, launches were seen putting out from the German and British ships, which were at anchor about three hundred yards from the pier where the tiny Venezuelan navy lay and rooked."

Eight launches were presently seen hurrying shoreward, one German, four British, each occupied by thirty marines. Relief was felt because it was believed that the united forces were only to take the Custom House, as they had threatened."

"Shortly after the launches got under way the German gunboat Panther was seen putting out from the pier, which was snuggled together very close to shore, the launches slackened speed. Then their courses were changed. The course of the Panther was swerved also, so as to keep the small craft in the lee of her guns."

"On board the General Crespo and Totumo there was no sign of life. It seemed that in a second—and, in truth, it was but little longer—the launches were swarming about the pier, which was dotted with British and French merchant steamers, the Oosun, which was afterwards returned."

The small craft glanced alongside the vessels, and the marines, like a lot of monkeys, clambered up the ships' sides and to the decks. A catwalk hung at the side of each and as he stepped upon the deck his rifle was at his shoulder. It was a bold and picturesque coup. Had the Venezuelans resisted there would have been a chance for a pretty scuffle of the kind which Nelson and John Paul Jones knew considerably about, but the Spaniards skulked."

"It was all a surprise to them, a dreadful surprise, and if there is one thing in the world which will undo a South American soldier it is surprise. They did not for a moment expect the marines would dare to attempt boarding gunboats, even though there advance was supported by the guns of the Panther."

"And so the Venezuelans, instead of making a stand, instead of driving the clambering Germans and British back with the knives and rifles they held in readiness, fled to the bows of the ships. They scampered down the decks like rabbits and plunged into the sea. The one hundred yards of water between vessels and the shore was dotted with Spanish marines splashing and spouting."

"Those who did not jump were lined up and made prisoners. Not a shot was fired not a blow struck with a sword or cutlass. It all seemed like a mimic warfare. It lacked but the pyramid of sightseers and the band playing popular airs."

"While the two warships and the French merchantman were being boarded a squad of British marines had landed at the dock in which the Venezuelan torpedo boat Margarita was undergoing repairs."

Destruction of the Torpedo Boat. "The few marines who were on the Margarita fled precipitately from the pier and disappeared. Instantly the fragile craft was black with British marines, who tore down her smokestack and battered in her decks with heavy hammers."

"They went about their task of destruction with a vengeance, and in five minutes after they landed on her she was a complete wreck. They dismantled her dynamite gun and took it aboard their launch, which in turn conveyed it to the Retribution."

"The crews of half the launches had busied themselves cutting the cables of the Crespo, the Totumo and the Oosun, and thus, almost before the capture had been completed, the

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"Where am I?" he exclaimed, in the well-known language of persons who find themselves lost; but there was no response, and he looked around for a button to press. It was quite chilly in the place, and as he shivered around looking for the button all in vain, he began to kick. For Jonah was a kicker from Kikapoo. If he had not been, he never would have landed where he was at that moment.

"By cripes!" he growled, as he stumbled about. "This must be a flat 'im in, and the junior hasn't turned on the steam yet," and he kicked more vigorously than ever. It was real kicking, too; and about the fourteenth time his foot hit the wall where he thought the door ought to be. A smothered voice, in protest, reached him from somewhere through the ceiling.

"Say," it grumbled, "let up on that, will you?" "What's the matter with you?" caromed Jonah on the voice. "Is this a hotel or a cold storage warehouse?"

"It's neither," said the voice, apparently coming down a tube. "It isn't a private residence, is it?" inquired Jonah, in some alarm. "How the mischief did I get in?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the voice in an amused tone. "Well, where do you keep the matches? It's darker than the inside of a cow here," Jonah insisted. "Haven't got any."

"Well, send me up a candle." "Can't send up anything." "Why not?" "You're not up; you are down."

"Oh," growled Jonah, "I'm in the cellar, am I? I wondered why the place was so damp. Send me a cocktail to take the chill off." "Got no cocktails!"—this very gruffly.

"Oh, come off," gibed Jonah; "this isn't a cold water joint, is it?" "Rather," and a snickering laugh was heard down the tube, or whatever it was through which the voice came from above.

Jonah was quiet for a few minutes. "Say," he called, presently, "haven't you got an elevator?" "What do you want with an elevator?" came the muffled voice. "It's easy enough getting down, as you may have noticed," he explained, "but how am I going to get up?"

"Oh, I'll attend to that," and Jonah could hear a gurgling chuckle struggling down the tube. "Haven't you got a fire-escape?" inquired Jonah, still dissatisfied. "Don't need it," gurgled the voice, chuckling again.

"Where's the bathroom?" "Right next to you on the outside," responded the voice. "Well, send me some towels and I'll take 'em," said Jonah. "The only reply was a chuckle. 'Say you,' called Jonah. 'I'm hungry. What are you going to have for dinner?'"

"Fish," laughed the voice. "This ain't Friday, is it?" "No." "Then I want something else." "There isn't anything else," growled the voice. "If you think you've struck a delicatessen shop, there's another think coming to you."

"Send it along then!" shouted Jonah, "here doesn't seem to be anything else coming to me. This is the worst shobang I ever went up against." "No answer."

"Say," Jonah called in a minute, "where am I going to sleep? There isn't room here for anything but a folding bed, and I'll be dinged if I'll sleep in one of those deadfalls, sure." "What's the matter with the floor?" inquired the voice. "It hasn't got any carpet on it," jollied Jonah.

"It will have before you get a bed?" "That's all right," said Jonah, with defiance. "I'll sleep in the bathtub. It won't be the first time." "Oh, will you?" sneered the voice. Jonah was quiet again for a brief season.

"Say you, up there," he called, "well, what is it?" came a sleepy response. "Put me down for 7 o'clock in the morning, will you? And don't let the boy forget it. I've got to catch the bat for Ninevah. Do you hear?" "Oh, you'll be called all right," replied the voice, and although Jonah wasn't half satisfied, his subsequent efforts to raise the office were futile.

The Editor Will Pull Through. A Missouri editor who is about to pull up and leave for lack of support, sarcastically remarks in passing that editors don't need money. "Don't worry about it," the editor," he says, "He has a charter from the State to act as door-mat for the community. He'll get the paper out somehow, and stand up for you when you run for office, and he about your pigeon-toed daughter's tacky wedding, and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a \$4-a-week job, and weep over your shrivelled soul when it is released from your grasping body, and smile at your giddy wife's second marriage. He'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but the editor will get there somehow."—New York Tribune.

"How is your friend the carpet stealer?" asked the mat. "Ain't," cried the Persian rug, "I'm over! He shook me for a girl with money."—Princeton Express.

INHUMAN MOTHER'S CRIME

Cut Her Child's Throat With Table Knife.

CONFESSED TO COURT MATRON At the South-west London Police Court, Ada Kirke, the Battersea laundress, was brought up on remand to answer the charge of murdering her 18-months' old child.

Mr. Rowe, who appeared for the Treasury, announced that since the last leaving the woman had confessed to Mrs. Wilmott, the court matron.

On the night of the murder, prisoner who occupied a room in Auster Road, Battersea, went out shopping with her brother and his wife, saying, "I've tucked the baby in. She will go to sleep, bless her heart." They returned together, three hours later, and no sooner had the prisoner entered her room than she cried out, "Good God, some one has been in my room!" and ran back, screaming into the street.

The child was found lying on the bed with her throat cut and a blood-stained table-knife beside her, while several papers were scattered about the room.

When first arrested the mother protested that she was innocent, but after being remanded for Monday she told the matron, "I should not have done it, if Fred (meaning her uncle) had not laughed at me when I told him my condition."

She is a single woman, and was again about to become a mother. Continuing her confession, the prisoner said, "I cut her throat with a table knife at five minutes to six and left her. God knows I loved my baby, and I hope I shall be allowed to see her once more."

Frederick Kirke, the woman's uncle, denied that he laughed at her as she had stated. An officer who had examined the pieces of paper scattered about the room, said that they were "ordinary love letters" written to the woman by a man some years ago.

Prisoner, who made no statement in court, was committed for trial. —London Budget.

OYSTERS POISONED MANY.

Dean of Winchester One of the Victims. London, Dec. 22.—The Very Rev. William R. W. Stephens, Dean of Winchester, died yesterday from typhoid fever. It is supposed that he contracted the disease at a mayoral banquet at Southampton on Nov. 10th from eating oysters that were contaminated with seawater. Several of the guests who attended the banquet are ill, and two others have a ready died.



WHAT DID THE DOCTOR MEAN? Patient (after giving the doctor three collars and receiving a prescription)—But suppose, doctor, this doesn't cure me? Doctor—In that case, come back and I'll relate you again.

She Knew it Beforehand. Dick Sloboy (Joyfully)—Great news, Guess! Cousin May—I give it up. Dick Sloboy—Nellie has promised to marry me. Cousin May—Pshaw! That's no news. She asked me a month ago if I would be her bridesmaid.—Philadelphia Freeman.

JONAH AND HIS WHALE.

Splash! and Jonah was overboard, good and hard. Something happened just then with a snap, and Jonah found himself in an interior finished in pale pink, not quite salmon, but something in that tone. His surroundings were somewhat unusual, but Jonah was a travelling man, and was not surprised very greatly by anything he had to put up with, or at.