

NO FRETS...

NO WORRIES,
NO DOUBTS,
NO FEARS.

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A Lover's
GERALDINE
Romance.

"If indeed you insist on going up to see Mrs. Morrison, I will take the liberty of accompanying you," he said in a tone so strong and so calm, that she suggested of secret power, that she faltered, and, instead of persisting, said: "Have you seen her?"

"Not yet," he answered, quietly. "I was afraid, after what Miss Otway said at dinner, that the sight of me will do her more harm than good. However, if it would set your mind at rest—"

"No!" said she, sharply; and then she paused. It was the first time she had met Dr. Ledbury alone, and the total change of his manner toward her bewildered and alarmed her. He was no longer stately and cold, reserved, courteous; his face and attitude expressed nothing but insulting defiance. She considered for a few moments as she stood under his impertinent scrutiny, and then she raised her head and said quietly:

"It is very good of you to take such an interest in the poor old thing, Dr. Ledbury, and I dare say you are right about the excitement. I will get the vicar to come and see her, and I can give you my word his discourse are not of an exciting kind," and, with a smile, she turned away.

But he followed her.

"Mrs. Morrison, if you will allow me, I have something to say to you." His voice was raised above its usual almost inaudible tones, and sounded harsh and strident.

But she pretended not to hear, and hastened along the corridor toward the front staircase, on which she could hear her husband's footsteps coming up. At that moment, in her anxiety to escape from the doctor, who, in those few moments, had made a profound impression upon her by the unexpected assumption of the boldness in look and tone, she was ready to welcome the appearance of anyone to break up the tete-a-tete. But before Capt. Morrison came in sight, Dr. Ledbury had already entered in a couple of strides, and whispered close to her ear, as she shrunk away:

"Why put it off? I tell you I will speak to you alone, and the sooner you give me an opportunity the better it will be for—someone you are interested in."

"You had better say what you have to say to my husband, whom I shall at once inform of your remarkable change of manner."

"Oh, do so, by all means! Tell your husband—your loving husband—that I have insulted you; and then he will kick me out of the house, and I shall be free to set about some business."

She gave a cry, started forward, and almost fell against her husband, who had just set foot on the top stair.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" he asked.

For a moment she hesitated, confused and breathless, as her husband drew her toward him and looked anxiously into her frightened eyes. Then, glancing behind her, she saw that Dr. Ledbury had disappeared, but the influence of his hard face and voice was upon her still, his last words had borne a horrible meaning to her, and she dared not disobey him. Her husband was caressing her, not prepared for any awful disclosure.

"What is the matter?" he repeated, whispering the words close to her ear.

"Oh, nothing! I came upon you unexpectedly," she stammered.

"Well, I'm not an ogre! To whom were you talking? I heard someone talking."

"Only Dr. Ledbury. He told me I had better not disturb Mrs. Symes; I thought I should just have come to go and see how she is before dinner. Now I must go and dress."

After the first moment of impulsive gladness to get away from Dr. Ledbury, her usual restraint toward her husband had returned.

"You are in a great hurry to get away from me," said he, with some bitterness, without, however, releasing her. "Look here, you are so frank in your undilutedness as to be loyal to yourself in your disloyalty to me, that they haven't been able to make me hate you or even really doubt you; yet: but if you persist in repulsing me

—me—your husband—whom you seem to forget you have sworn to love as well as obey, why, why, I shall end by cutting somebody's throat—my own. For that I don't suppose you would mind!"

"Yes, I should, Philip—yes, I should!" cried she hurriedly. "I must tell you; I—I wanted to speak to you this morning, but I couldn't get the chance. I had something very important to say to you."

The words froze on her lips, for as she stood there, with her husband's arm round her, and with one of her hands laid persuasively on his shoulder, her face lovely with the light and color which the excitement of confusion brought there, a step behind her made her start, and her husband withdrew his arm. Dr. Ledbury appeared, smiling urbanely, from the turn in the corridor.

"Have you dropped a letter, Mrs. Morrison?" he asked, in his usual soft voice, and with his usual dignified manner.

Geraldine could not repress a slight start and a still more tell-tale rush of blood to her face. Her husband noticed both signs, and his dark face became livid as hers became red. The doctor proceeded importantly, apparently noticing none of these things:

"Because I have just picked up a letter from the floor; I don't know whose it is."

Before he handed it to her, Geraldine had entirely recovered herself, and was able to take it from him with an air of perfect indifference. It was a half-sheet of a letter from which the beginning was missing; it was in an unknown hand, and the signature was that of a man she had never heard of.

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Canada's Penitentiaries.

Report on the Prisoners and Their Management.

Ignorance and Intemperance as Factors of Crime.

Ottawa, June 10.—The report of the Minister of Justice for the year ending June 30, 1896, was laid on the table last night, and is not pleasant reading for those who think that crime is upon the decrease in the Dominion. The following was the total penitentiary population on July 1, 1896, and July 1, 1895:

Ottawa	577	577
St. Vincent de Paul	336	336
Dorchester	192	192
Manitoba	86	86
British Columbia	88	101

Totals 1,277 1,301

The increase during the year is equal to 6½ per cent, and in the past two years has been more than 10 per cent. Only one successful escape occurred during the year. The record of pardons during the past three years was: 49 in 1893-4, 73 in 1894-5, and 52 in 1895-6.

By provinces the numbers were:

No. to each	Number.	Population.
Ontario	492	2,7
Quebec	227	2,7
Nova Scotia	111	2,7
New Brunswick	41	2,7
Prince Edward Island	21	1,9
Manitoba	86	3,0
British Columbia	113	2,1
Northwest Territories	14	1,6

Total for all Canada, 1,301 2,8

Fifty per cent of the sentences are for terms of less than five years. Life sentences constitute 4 per cent. Of the total number of prisoners 128 were under 20 years, 625 between 20 and 30, 348 between 30 and 40, 161 between 40 and 50, 81 between 50 and 60, and 49 over 60. The number and proportion of convicts of the various large religious denominations are:

Denomination	No.	Per cent.
Roman Catholics	643	47.25
Church of England	288	21.37
Methodists	290	21.53
Presbyterians	112	8.23
Baptists	73	5.35
Buddhists	14	1.02

Of the total number of convicts 937 are natives of Canada, 138 of the United States, 132 of England, 57 of Ireland and 34 of Scotland.

IGNORANCE AND INTEMPERANCE

Intemperance does not seem to be so common a failing of the professional criminals as it used to be. The bulk of the penitentiary population, as of some other classes of prisoners. There are 122 total abstainers, 76 temperate persons, and 823 intemperate.

An examination of the list of offences shows that about 20 per cent of the sentences were against the person, 70 per cent against property, and 10 per cent against the public generally. About one-third of the total number is for larceny. Prisoners guilty of murder are of manslaughter constitute about 5 per cent. A striking feature of the returns in this regard is the undue proportion of thieves generally. About 40 per cent of the total number are for larceny, and who consequently constitute about 4 per cent of the population of the country, but embrace 36 per cent of the total number of offences. Practical farmers and skilled mechanics constitute a very small percentage.

WITH ENGLISH MONEY.

Vast Coal Fields in Tennessee and Kentucky Being Bought Up.

Cincinnati, O., June 10.—The English syndicate has secured an option on all the coal fields in the Cincinnati Southern Railway territory, formerly owned by the Cumberland River Railroad and Coal Company. It consists of enormous coal fields with railroads along the Cumberland River near Point Burnside and extending seven miles along the Cincinnati Southern Railway.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 10.—In the coal and iron lands in East Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, the syndicate has secured an option on all the coal fields in the Cincinnati Southern Railway territory, formerly owned by the Cumberland River Railroad and Coal Company. It consists of enormous coal fields with railroads along the Cumberland River near Point Burnside and extending seven miles along the Cincinnati Southern Railway.

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A Terrible Vigil.

Along All Winter on the Great Bird Rock in the St. Lawrence.

Mrs. Campbell Tells the Tragic Story—Husband and Two Hunters—Carried Out to Sea on the Ice.

A tragic story from the lonely light-house on Great Bird Rock, far out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 50 miles northeast of the Magdalen Islands, reached North Sydney, N. S., by the schooner Rob Roy a few days ago. The supply steamer of the Dominion Government, which visits the light-houses, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence on May 5. The rock is precipitous and rugged, and has no beach, its storm-battered sides sinking perpendicularly into the sea. The supplies are hoisted by a derrick to a ledge of the rock.

The skipper of the government steamer was surprised to see a gray-haired woman standing alone on the ledge. He did not recognize her at first glance, a close view convinced him that she was the wife of the light-house keeper, Angus Campbell. She was apparently aged, and was alone on the ledge. The skipper had seen her three months before. Then there was not a trace of whiteness in her hair, and she was a plump and handsome woman. The skipper looked up from the deck of the steamer, and when he was within hailing distance he shouted:

"Where's the old man?"

"This answer came back in tremulous tones:

"Angus is dead, and so are Jim Duncan and George Bryson."

The skipper of the steamer, but straightway had the derrick rigged and was hoisted up to the ledge. Mrs. Campbell told her husband and the latter two professional seal hunters, had been lost, and how, for more than two months, she had kept lonely vigil on the rock.

Campbell and his friends went out from the rock with their spears to hunt seals on the morning of Feb. 27. It was a cold day, and there was no open ice in the neighborhood of the light-house in any direction. Seals had been seen on the ice day before yesterday. Mrs. Campbell was somewhat reluctant to leave her husband and the latter two professional seal hunters, but she was a woman of strong will, and she had to go.

"Suppose I am, Maggie," he answered, laughing, "I shall come back here, and even if I don't, you are able to take care of the light."

The three men started across the ice. The ice was thin, and they were not long in reaching the seals. They were hunting for some time, and then they were blown by the wind, which had been blowing from the eastward, shifted to the southwest. This is a dangerous wind in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and it was blowing with great force. The men were blown off the ice, and they were carried out to sea on the ice.

Mrs. Campbell became alarmed and hoisted the danger signal flag. She saw the hunters hurrying toward the light-house, and she realized that their danger even before the flag fluttered from the light-house. They were a mile or more from the light-house, and they were carried out to sea on the ice.

Mrs. Campbell was in the light-house when the reverberation of the cracking of the ice reached her ears, and she saw her husband and his companions were safe. The cracking was followed by the breaking up of the field of ice into floes, which began drifting slowly seaward. Mrs. Campbell, realizing her helplessness, simply stood on the ledge, and cried. Her husband waved his hands at her. She fell on her knees and began praying as darkness set in. Then she went into a faint, and she responded. He was then so far out and the twilight was so deep that his motion was hardly visible.

Mrs. Campbell remained awake all night, mechanically lighting the oil lamp, and ever if I don't, you are able to take care of the light."

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