WAS THERE A MURDER ?

Belleville Agitated by the Rumor of a Grave Crime.

A MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

A Belleville despatch says: North Hastings just now is in a state of unusual excitement over the recent revelations which were made in connection with the St. Ola tragedy, on Sunday, October 4th, in which John Haleston is alleged to have shot his wife and then committed suicide in the woods by blowing out his brains. The circumstances of this crime were somewhat shrouded in mystery, and the fact is only now being brought to light that the man came to his death by foul means. John Haleston lived a few miles from St. Ola, in the township of Limerick. He was a son of Thomas Haleston, who lives in Elzevir township. The victim's domestic relations were not of the happiest, and frequent quarrels ensued between the man and his wife, in which Thomas, aged 20, sometimes took part. When the shooting took place the pair were living together and their relations are said to have been unusually pleasant. On Saturday night, October 3rd, a dispute is said to have arisen over two calves. The son wanted to remove the cattle, while the father refused to allow him. A brother-in-law named Cooper was present at the time. Bitter words ensued, which led to blows. The facts concerning the struggle which took place in the lonely cabin in the wilds of North Hastings are somewhat obscure. It is alleged, however, that a gun and shovel were broken over the father's head. Next morning the neighborhood was startled with the announcement that John Haleston in a quarrel had shot his wife, after which he had taken to the woods and committed suicide. Thos. Haleston, the father of the dead man, comes out with the startling announcement that he believes his son was the victim of foul play, and implicates his grandson, Thomas, and Cooper, who are alleged to have left the neighborhood, and were last seen near Bancroft. The old man Haleston, acting on the advice of Coroners Sutton, of Madoc, and Pomeroy, of Tweed, came to Belleville on Saturday last and interested the County Crown Attorney in the matter. He made an affidavit before Mr. J. J. B. Flint, P. M. here, setting forth the above facts. He further alleges that the wife was not injured, and after remaining in bed a short time was able to be about. On Sunday the body was locked in a room in the house, and friends were not allowed to see it. Two sisters and two brothers of the deceased were not allowed to view the remains when a request to that effect was made, and when they returned next morning to attend the funeral the dead man had been removed from the house, and is alleged to have been buried in a swamp at 4 o'clock in the morning. While confined to her bed the wife communicated with the father and asked him to forgive her, that she had done all she could to prevent it. Acting on the facts as furnished, the County Crown Attorney has written to Dr. Pomeroy to make a thorough investigation. The body will be exhumed. A Provincial detective will likely be put on the case.

IS THIS ANOTHER MURDER?

The particulars of a murderous assault to-day reached the city, and with it came the news that the victim had died from the effect of the injuries received. On Thursday last a bee was given on W. Casey's farm in Tyendinaga township, more than twenty miles from Belleville. During the day the men partook freely of liquor, and at night all left for home except Patrick and Darby Naphon, Bart Ford and Patrick McGinnis, who were considerably under the influence of liquor. Between the two Naphon men there has long existed a feud. It was not long before they got into a dispute and came to blows. The men clinched, when Bart Ford attempted to separate them. McGinnis, seeing Ford take a hand in, picked up a heavy club and said he would kill the whole three if they did not stop quarrelling. With this he struck Ford a terrible blow on the top of the head, which would have felled an ox. McGinnis followed it up with a second blow. The victim's skull was crushed, and the blood rushed from his eyes, nose, ears and mouth in a sicken manner. As soon as possible he was carried to Lonsdale, where he was taken to the residence of Dr. Whitman. The unfortunate man never recovered consciousness, and died to-day. McGinnis was arrested and lodged in jail here.

A TORONTONIAN MURDERED.

Found Dead in a Tough Place, with 37 Stab Wounds.

An Indianapolis despatch says: The dead body of a man with 37 stab wounds in the breast, side, head, and the body otherwise horribly mutilated, was found yesterday in the worst part of the city of Greencastle, about 40 miles from here. A party of tramps had been seen in the neighborhood the day before, and an empty car was discovered absolutely covered with blood. Last night a despatch from Terre Haute announced the capture there of a tramp named William O'Brien, who confessed that he was with the man who did the murder, but denied taking any part in the deed. O'Brien says the dead man's name was Matt. Shea, of Toronto. He said that he and three others were with Shea at Greencastle, and he also declared that Shea told him that certain leading Irishmen in this country would give a pile of money to see him (Shea) dead, as he knew too much about the Cronin murder which startled Chicago about two years ago. O'Brien claims that Shea, who was then in Toronto, was in communication with the Clan-na-Gael. He says the men who murdered Shea had fallen in with them two days before in a Greencastle saloon, and he claimed to be perfectly ignorant of their names. They fought with Shea in the car where all were going to sleep, and he then ran out and hid himself in the stable, being afraid that they would kill him as well as Shea. Shea's body has been buried in the Greencastle potter's field.

IN THE NORTH SEA.

A Barque's Crew's Terrible Experience—Nine Perished.

A London cable says: News was received here to-day that the British barque Kate Sancton, Capt. Evans, which sailed from Shields on Nov. 4th for Pensacola, was abandoned in a sinking condition in the North Sea on the 11th inst. The vessel encountered terrific gales while proceeding on her voyage, and was badly damaged by both the wind and sea. Her sails were torn into shreds, her yards and masts went by the board, and everything movable about the decks was washed away. The barque was strained so much in the raging sea that she soon commenced to make water fast, and although the crew worked with desperate energy at the pumps they were finally compelled to give up the hopeless task and take to the boats. The men had a terrible experience, and nine of them died from the effects of their long and exhausting exposure to the elements.

How They are Defrauded.

A London cable says: Startling evidence has been laid before the Labor Commission in regard to the condition of the operatives in the textile trades in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Of the [illegible] scant wages, ranging from s[illegible] shillings weekly upward, a system of [illegible]entless fines absorbs a large percentage. It appears the manufacturers hold the workers responsible for spoiled material. A single fine sometimes absorbs the whole week's pay, and any excess of fine over wages is carried forward until the whole fine is worked off. Truck abuses supposed to have been suppressed are still in active existence, and the Factory Acts are openly defied.

Hamilton's Population and Vacant Houses.

The assessor's figures show the population of Hamilton, including the new portions, to have been 46,767 when the assessment was taken. In No. 1 ward the population was decreased 473 by the extension; in No. 2, 134; in No. 3, 269, and in No. 7,915, making a total of 1,610. The whole increase over last year's figures was 1,353.

The returns show that there are only 710 vacant houses in Hamilton, most of them in outlying sections in which houses have been built in advance of the demand. Of the 710,46 are assessed at less than $400, 344 between $400 and $1,000 and 320 over $1,000. In this respect the city is better off than the Assessment Commissioner expected, and in much better shape, proportionately than Toronto.

Food For Thought.

Philadelphia *Press*: It may be true that some are not as black as they are painted, and it is equally a fact that they are not as white as they are whitewashed.

The kind of women who would make their husbands obey and stand around are the kind of women who don't have any.

ELOPERS CAPTURED.

McCord Courted a Toronto Heiress But Stole His Friend's Wife.

LOCKED UP IN DETROIT.

A Detroit despatch says: Nine years ago Theo Pinkney, a well-to-do young man living in Toronto, was married to Miss Emily Renicks, daughter of prominent and highly respected parents in Montreal. Pinkney was twenty-one years of age, and his bride was a beautiful blonde of seventeen. The couple settled in Toronto, went out a good deal in society, and lived happily. Pinkney was deeply in love with his wife, who appeared to fully return his affection. Three children, all boys, resulted from, and seemed to further bless, the union.

A year ago Wm. Arthur McCord, a cousin and old friend of Pinkney, came to Toronto from Quebec, and entered the law office of Ross, Cameron & McAndrew as a student. Young McCord was small in stature, with blonde hair and moustache, and rather insignificant in appearance. He was welcomed into the Pinkney household and was treated with every consideration. As his salary was very small Pinkney frequently advanced him money. Pinkney further took him to the theatre and introduced him to his many friends. In August last Pinkney, who is assistant manager of the Farmers' Loan & Savings Company, took a six weeks' vacation and went up the lakes, finally reaching Chicago. His wife, who had remained at home, wrote to him at Chicago, saying that possibly his mother had written to him, saying that she (Mrs. Pinkney) was too intimate with McCord. If he (Pinkney) thought they were too intimate she would leave the house. Pinkney was startled and puzzled by the letter. He cut his vacation short, hurried home, and found that his wife and McCord had been criminally intimate. However, he did not wish to have a sensation over the matter, and told Mrs. Pinkney that for the sake of her family and the children she had borne him he would do nothing if McCord would leave town. She should still live in the house and bring up the children as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Pinkney consented, and McCord apparently left town. A short time after he reappeared.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Pinkney and McCord left Toronto together, taking a considerable quantity of baggage and about $100, which had been given to Mrs. Pinkney by her husband at different times. They came to Detroit and stopped at Rice's hotel as man and wife. A few days later they went to Fenton, Mich., where Pinkney and McCord have a cousin named Goodfellow, a school teacher. Goodfellow had never seen Mrs. Pinkney, and when McCord introduced her as his wife the matter was taken without question. After a two-weeks' visit in Fenton the couple decided to return to Detroit. Pinkney in the meanwhile had traced the eloping couple, and seemed to be well posted on their movements. He came to Detroit, accompanied by his brother John Pinkney, and when McCord and Mrs. Pinkney stepped off the train this afternoon they were accosted by the two Pinkneys and two police officers. There was quite a dramatic scene, Pinkney nearly losing control of himself in his rage.

The elopers were taken to the Central Station with their baggage. Pinkney said he did not wish to prosecute his wife for adultery, but wanted to prosecute McCord for taking some of his (Pinkney's) property from Toronto. An examination of the trunks showed enough articles belonging to Pinkney to make out a case, and the couple were locked up.

Later, accompanied by officers, McCord and Mrs. Pinkney went to Gies' hotel to get supper. They were met by the two Pinkneys.

"You brute," said John Pinkney, addressing McCord, "do you know that when your mother heard of your villainy, she was so shocked that she now lies at the point of death?"

McCord exhibited a great deal of anxiety at this and set up a piteous wail.

"Quit your blubbering," almost shouted Thos. Pinkey. "I can't stand any of your sentiment. Did you stop to think of your mother or me or any one else when you were betraying my friendship, when you were tearing my wife away from me?"

Pinkney then decided to prosecute the couple for adultry. He says that McCord, while betraying his confidence, was courting a Toronto heiress, worth $250,000, with the apparent hope of winning her. He declines to name the young lady. He says that McCord and Mrs. Pinkney conspired to have Mrs. Pinkney get all his (Pinkney's) property and then do away with him.

McCord claims that Pinkney was unfaithful to his wife, and that this had caused trouble between the couple.

A TORONTO BOY IN TROUBLE.

Charged With Systematic Thieving—Other Crooked Work.

A Detroit despatch says: Fred. J. Wyld, 21 years old, whose parents live in Toronto, who until yesterday morning was in the employ of Dr. Leonard, John R. street, as a clerk, was arrested and locked up. Two or three months ago he took the key to the money drawer in the doctor's safe a locksmith and had a duplicate made. This he has used on various occasions since to abstract small sums from the doctor's drawer. He was entrusted with the custody of the depot for surgical instruments in the Leonard building, and it is charged he has sold two cases of instruments for which he never turned in the money. Some time since he purchased a bicycle on contract from the Anderson Manufacturing Company. Later he sold the machine, and exhibited to the buyer a receipt from the Anderson Manufacturing Company. This receipt, which Mr. Anderson has in his possession, he claims to be a forgery, and says the machine has not been paid for.

OBJECT TO AN INQUEST.

A Coroner's Posse Fired Upon by an Angry Family.

A Dublin cable says: A singular affair is reported from Stewartstown. Mrs. Boyle, who lived in the outskirts of that town, died suddenly a night or two ago, and the circumstances of the case as reported to the coroner seemed to call for his official services. Accordingly he summoned a jury and proceeded to the house of the deceased. He was accompanied by a few policemen. On arriving at the house the officials found Mr. Boyle, the husband of the deceased, standing guard armed with a shotgun and supported by his three sons, who had provided themselves with pitchforks and other weapons. The Boyles refused entrance to the house, and when the policemen attempted to force their way in Boyle fired at them, but fortunately with no effect. Not being prepared for such a vigorous resistance, the posse withdrew from the scene. The Boyles afterwards barricaded the house. The authorities will send a large force to make a decisive move.

Lives in a Saloon.

A big green parrot hanging in a downtown saloon is possessed of a wonderful faculty. He sizes up every customer that comes in with an unerring eye, says the Philadelphia *Record*, and comments on the legal age of the applicant for a drink. The bird rarely makes a mistake, and when passing judgment uses two set phrases. If a person comes in who is not of age, the parrot, without an instant's hesitation yells out: "Hello, boy, get out!" But if a man comes in who is undoubtedly of legal age the wise bird calls out: "Hello, old man, what will you have?" When a strange dog comes in the bird yells "Rats!" and when a cat makes its appearance the invariable salutation is: "Scat, you hussy!"

Queer Cure for Fits.

A Sedalia, Mo., despatch says: Sheriff Smith was the recipient of a singular letter yesterday. It was from an Olathe, Kas., man who requests that the sheriff send him two feet of the rope with which Thomas A. Williamson was hanged, Oct. 31st. "I want it to cure fits with," the Kansan says, "and if you will comply with my request I will impart information that will make you your fortune." As the rope is owned by Sheriff Hornbeck, of Cooper County, the Kansan's request cannot be complied with.

A Pleasant Time.

Brooklyn *Citizen*: Mr. Willing—I called on Miss Mushae last evening.

De Staff—What did she have to say?

Mr. Willing—Oh, about as usual, her dog barked all the evening.

Their Weak Point.

Washington *Star*: The prohibition party cannot logically expect to bring out "a full vote."

About 8,500 women are employed in the British Post-office, or one to every eight men employed.

The Emperor of Austria is always in uniform, except when he goes out shooting.

A HAMILTONIAN'S WOES.

He Embarks on the Matrimonial Sea Only to Get Shipwrecked.

MARRIED TO ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

A Cleveland despatch says: A man appeared at the Police Prosecutor's office at the central station Thursday and asked for a warrant for his wife upon the charge of bigamy. His name is C. W. Smith, and his occupation that of a fancy painter and decorator. He came to this city about two weeks ago. He said that his life was a wandering one as he never remained very long in one place, and that he came here from Ashtabula, where he had been working on a church. His home and relatives are in Hamilton, Ont., which place he left not long ago. About three weeks ago he went to Ashtabula in search of employment, and was engaged shortly after his arrival. On Friday, Oct. 23, he met at the St. James Hotel, where he was staying, a young domestic employed there, by the name of Lydia Anna Russell. The young woman was comely, and Smith lost his heart to her at once. He wooed with such success that on the following Wednesday they went before a Justice of the Peace and were married. Mrs. Smith is nineteen years of age and the painter felt that his cup of joy was full. They immediately removed to Cleveland and engaged a suite of rooms near the corner of Bank and Lake streets, where the honeymoon was spent.

The young wife appeared happy and joyous and for a few days all went well. But soon a cloud seemed to have fallen over the spirits of the young woman, and she was pressed by her husband to divulge the cause. For several days she would not speak, but finally on Wednesday of last week she revealed to him the reason of her sadness. She was not his legal wife, she said, for she had another husband living, and, more than that, a little daughter, 3 years old, was with its grandmother in Chicago. She was married to a man named Frank E. Dowd, at Lenox, O., about four years ago, but he deserted her. Smith had grown deeply in love with the woman he supposed to be his legal wife, and her story was a severe blow to him. Had he been alone in the world, he said he should not have minded so much, but his relatives in Ontario are respectable people and he thought it his duty, for their sakes, to free himself from the disgrace that he felt must at present be attached to his name. When asked if he could produce proof of the woman's former marriage, Smith replied in the negative, but said she would swear to the fact that it was true. This did not satisfy the requirements of Police Court practice, and the warrant was refused. Smith was seen at his room last night and appeared to be broken down by the sad tide his affairs had taken. He said he should have committed suicide, such was his grief, but was deterred by the thought that it was the only unpardonable sin. His eyes filled with tears and his voice became husky as he recited the tale, and his woe is evidently no unreal thing to him. He does not know what he shall do next. He affirms that he has not the least particle of sympathy for the woman, while he weeps bitterly over her deception.

REV. GEORGE SENTENCED.

Convicted of Seduction and Abortion he Gets Fifteen Years.

A Catskill, N. Y., despatch says: The jury in the celebrated George case returned a verdict last night of guilty, after being out one hour and twenty-five minutes. The judge at once imposed a sentence of fifteen years at Dannemora. The prisoner addressed the court in his behalf in a clear voice, denying he had anything to do with the abortion, and saying he had been misrepresented and unjustly convicted.

The indictment charged him with manslaughter in the first degree in causing the death of Lotta Townsend, his adopted daughter, by a criminal operation. Dr. De-Grand Erway, the physician who attended the girl, was also indicted on the same charge. He was bailed for $6,000, and returned to his practice in Leeds.

Lawyer Osborn told the jury the story of Lotta Townsend's life in Leeds, and of her ruin and subsequent death. He told them how she had obtained a place as dining-room girl at Mr. Vedder's boarding-house during the summer of 1890 by the influence of Rev. Mr. George. Then, when the season for summer boarders closed in September, she went one Saturday afternoon to Mr. George's home at the parsonage, to live with him as his adopted daughter.

Mrs. George was away, and Mr. Osborn emphasized that part of Mr. George's statement in which he says, "nothing happened that night," referring to the first night that Miss Townsend slept at the parsonage. Mr. George told in his statement what happened the next night and the events that finally led to the girl's death, but the prosecution has a very different story to tell of the way in which Rev. Mr. George prayed at the girl's bedside that Sunday evening and told her that it was God's will that she should yield to him.

Then came the story of the girl's trouble and the operations that were performed by Dr. Erway in the presence of Rev. Mr. George, and of the girl's death on Jan. 20th, after great suffering. Then Mr. Osborn outlined the prosecution and asked the jury to weigh carefully the ante-mortem statement of Lotta Townsend, made as she stood on the threshold of eternity, and the contradictory statement made by George as he faced State's Prison."

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The Girl Model of Millais' "Cherry Ripe" Missing.

A London cable says: The police of this city and the continent have since September 22nd last been investigating the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful young girl generally known in her own circle as "Cherry Ripe," from the fact that she was the "original" of, that is to say, she sat for, Millais' celebrated picture, "Cherry Ripe." The real name of the beautiful girl is Blanche Barrett, and for some time previous to her disappearance she had been sitting for the great painter and other artists. Miss Barrett, however, was always accompanied by her mother, and is not known to have formed the acquaintance of any person unknown to her mother. On September 22nd "Cherry Ripe's mother applied to Magistrate Denman at the Wandsworth Police Court for assistance in finding her daughter. Mrs. Barrett said that during the afternoon of the day previous to the young girl's disappearance a neighbor heard screams in the house, and saw "Cherry Ripe" rush out of doors, pursued, apparently, by a man. Since that time the beautiful model has not been heard of. The magistrate, at the instance of Mrs. Barrett, gave the police the following description of "Cherry Ripe": Fourteen years of age, very tall and well-developed, dark eyelashes, dark brown hair, fair complexion and Grecian features. A story, possibly untrue, is in circulation to the effect that the girl has been abducted and taken to the United States. It is even added that the New York police have been asked to investigate some clues which recently came into the possession of the police. The murder theory has also been advanced, but is now abandoned. The only clearly ascertained facts in the case are that "Cherry Ripe" disappeared on September 22nd last, and that she has not been found in spite of the efforts of the police.

Near Salem, Mass., on Wednesday Farmer Samuel Wilkinson, while in the woods counting ties with a gun in his hand, caught the hammer on a twig and the weapon was discharged, killing Mr. Wilkinson's 14-year-old son, who accompanied his father.

The genuine Shetland pony is infrequently imported to America because of its cost. It can be bought for from $25 to $60 on its native heather, but the expense of getting it to the coast and then across the Atlantic makes it high priced here.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, in one of his lectures dwells with much emphasis on the importance of general knowledge in the matter of hecking coughing and sneezing. He states that coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the upper lip in the neighborhood of the nose, and sneezing may be stopped in the same way.

The storm which raged in Boulogne and vicinity for two days has done a great deal of damage in the town and along the coast. Many fishing boats were caught in the gale far from port, and as they have not yet returned, grave fears are entertained that some of them have foundered.

A water-proof miner's boot has the uppers made of rubber, while the soles consist of selected leather, which can be filled with any kind of nails or protectors, in the same manner as the ordinary leather boot.

OVER ONE HUNDRED HURT.

Many Killed and Wounded by a Bull Fight Grand Stand Crash.

A Rome cable says: A terrible accident happened to-day in Castel-a-Mare, a city on the Bay of Naples. A large number of spectators had gathered to witness a series of bull fights, which were to take place in the arena of the circus at that place. While one of the contests was in progress and the people had been worked up to a high state of excitement by the struggle between the infuriated animal and its tormentors, the circular tiers of seats from which the spectators were viewing the sport became weakened, and a large section of the structure, containing 500 persons, suddenly collapsed and carried the people down with it. Those seated on the wrecked spot had no chance to make any attempt to escape. There was first a terrifying tremor and lurching of the structure, and then before anyone had a chance to realize the danger there was a horrible grinding, tearing noise and the seats gave way beneath the terror-stricken people, and they could only utter a cry of alarm when all were precipitated with a terrible crash to the ground below. Instantly a scene of the greatest excitement and confusion ensued. Those of the spectators who were uninjured, as soon as they could recover from their fright, hastened to render whatever assistance was possible in rescuing the unfortunate people in the ruins. Those buried in the debris, who had not been rendered unconscious, were shouting piteously for help, but although the rescuers worked heroically, it required a considerable time before all the injured could be extricated from the jumble of torn and splintered wood-work. Finally all were got out, and surgical assistance was obtained for the large number of those who were bruised and cut and had bones broken or fractured. Nearly every one who went down with the falling portion of the structure received a wound of some kind. When the large force of physicians who had been summoned had concluded their labors, it was learned that one hundred of the victims were seriously injured, and that in twenty cases it was feared that the wounds would have a fatal result.

OUGHT TO BE GRATIFIED.

A Youth Pushes a Companion to Death—Wants to be Hanged.

A London cable says: Weymouth has a sensation in the arrest of a youth named Wise, 17 years of age, on a charge of murder. Wise is one of the apprentices belonging to H. M. training ship Boscawen, at present anchored off Weymouth. Yesterday wise and another boy obtained liberty to visit the shore. They strolled along the cliff, and finally reached a point where they were 70 feet above the narrow stretch of shore beneath. Here the boys stood talking in the most friendly manner, when suddenly and without provocation or warning Wise placed his hands against his companion, and exerting all his strength, shoved him over the edge of the cliff. With a shriek of terror the doomed lad clutched at the air in an attempt to save himself, and then fell with frightful velocity on the rocks below. Unconcerned at the terrible crime that he had committed, Wise wended his way back to the vessel. The officers made enquiries as to the whereabouts of his companion, when Wise told them he had pushed him over the cliff. Search was made, and the body of the boy was found at the place indicated by Wise His skull had been fractured by striking on the rocks, and he had received other terrible injuries. He was alive, but died in a short time. Wise takes the whole affair nonchalantly, and laughs and jokes as though he had no heinous crime upon his conscience. He discussed the question of being hanged, with avidity, and appears overjoyed at the prospect of meeting his death by the rope on the gallows. Before he murdered his friend he had often expressed a desire to be hanged. Some time ago Wise made a confession that he had murdered a boy, but no belief was placed in what he said, as there was no evidence to support his statement. The prisoner has hitherto borne a good character. The only possible reason that can be given for the murder is that Wise is affected with a morbid desire to obtain notoriety, or that he is insane.

WRECK OF THE ENTERPRISE.

Heroism of Female Convicts in the Work of Rescue.

A London cable says: Further particulars received here this morning from Calcutta say that when the storm burst the steamer Enterprise was caught unprepared, and was blown with terrific speed on the shore. She dashed upon the rocks lying opposite the female convict prison, and the waves swept clean over her. The wreck was seen by a number of female convicts who were seeking shelter from the fury of the gale, and they at once started for the shore. Slowly they forced themselves against the storm, grasping rocks and other things to prevent them from being literally blown away. At last they reached the shore. Here, nothing daunted by the thundering rush of the waters, which at times swept high above their heads, they formed a human life line, the woman grasping the other's hand. Then the bravest of the party rushed into the sea and grasped a struggling form seen twirling and twisting in the water, and, aided by her companions, dragged ashore one of the men who had been swept from the Enterprise. Again and again the women entered the water, and each time they returned with a man, who, had it not been for their heroic aid, would surely have been drowned. Of the 83 men comprising the officers and crew of the Enterprise only six were saved, and all of these were dragged from the water by the female convicts. Every English officer, and every English member of the crew of the Enterprise were lost.

MISS LULU RETURNED.

She Said Aies' Wife Told Her She Could Have Him.

A Fort Erie despatch says: A rather unusual incident occurred here to-day, when Officer Griffin, of the Ontario Police Force, and Officer Dickerson, of the Buffalo police, located the now famous Dayton, Ohio, elopers in the Sherman House, at the International Bridge. The lady in the case is Miss Lulu Devore, a beautiful blonde, 19 years old, and an heiress. The man gave his name as Graham. His real name is George Aies. He is married and the father of two children, is 31 years old, with dark complexion, a hooked nose, and anything but handsome or manly. He throws the whole blame of the matter on the girl. He claimed that she induced him to come with her. But Aies seemed to have an eye to the main chance, and it is said he communicated with the girl's lawyers as to how her funds were invested, and if any of the money was getatable. When the young lady was confronted with her uncle she positively refused to return home with him, saying that George's wife told her before leaving home that she could have George, as she did not want him. After considerable persuasion and promise that her friends would withdraw a warrant for the arrest of Aies in Buffalo she consented to go, and went on the 8 p. m. Michigan Central mail train for Buffalo, bathed in tears. Aies remained in his normal condition.

He Got the Money, Too.

A Rochester despatch says: Frank Alex, 27 years old, was married last Thursday to Mrs. Robert Kirpatrick, a widow of 80 summers and a bank account of $50,000. The couple have gone to Hamilton, Canada, on a wedding tour. This is the fifth bridal tour Mrs. Alex has taken." The bridegroom was formerly a presser in a Hamilton tailoring establishment. He and his giddy young bride visited this city last week. Frank set them up for the boys on all the alleys.

A Warning to Employers.

Brantford *Expositor*: The truant officer has made up his mind to rigorously enforce the provisions of the Public School Act, even to the prosecution of employers who employ children under school age.

The German Government has ordered the expulsion from Africa of Eugene Wolff, correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, on the charge of sending sensational stories.

Wolf's periodic comet is moving southwest through the constellation Eridanus, which is the next southwest of the familiar constellation of Orion. The comet is slowly receding from the earth and sun, so that its light is diminishing, but we will be able to follow it for several months yet.

The difficulty of finding a suitable bride for the crown prince of Russia seems to grow greater as time goes by. One of the latest reports is that he is soon to be engaged to his cousin, the Duchess Olga, of Wurtemberg. The young man is not particularly attractive. The imperial family of Russia fear that he will eventually succumb to consumption, which has already afflicted his younger brothers.

TALKS WELL OF US.

Lady Aberdeen's Trip Through Canada With a Kodak Ended.

DAYS SPENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Canada is a Great Country and Has a Great Future.

(From "Onward and Upward" for November.)

And now we have come to the last part of the trip through which I have endeavored to act as your conductor. And if I have felt myself inefficient in that capacity during the earlier parts of our journey, still more do I feel the impossibility of doing justice to all the glories of the scenery through which we shall now pass. For even the prairies of the Northwest prove themselves to be not so limitless as they appear to those traversing their vast extent day after day, and one night, as we peep out of our berths behind the closed blinds of the car, we find ourselves standing still at the very foot of the Rockies. In the conflicting light of the stars and early dawn, we see ourselves guarded by three high purple peaks, known as the Three Sisters, and we feel ourselves once more safe at home in the bosom of the mountains. Soon the heavy engine which is to pant up the steep inclines in front of us comes, and hooks us on, and all day long, as we clamber the snow-covered Rockies, and steam on slowly through the heart of the Selkirks, along the Columbia river, and the wild waters which sweep down the Kicking-Horse Pass, and pass under the shade of the crags of huge "Sir Donald," we rush about from side to side, and from end to end of our car, attempting, if not to photograph or sketch, at least to imprint some memory of the magnificent panorama unrolling itself before our eyes. But all in vain! There is such a thing as being surfeited with fine scenery, and it is a transgression against nature to hurry, as we did, through these glorious scenes. All that remains now is a remembrance of towering snow-capped peaks rearing themselves up in all their strength above us, and stretches of mountains changing in the varying light of sun and cloud, from palest blues and greys to rich tones of yellow and red and purple, as we come nearer, and as the autumn foliage shows itself blending with the deep browns and bluish-green colors of the waters foaming below. To appreciate scenery such as this frequent halts should be made, and time should be allowed for the eye and mind to drink in and realize what is before them. Solitude too, and deep, unbroken stillness, are needed, if you would be in harmony with these surroundings, if you would have nature lead you up irresistibly to nature's God, if you would be able from your heart to bow yourself down and say:

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thee, wondrous fair! Thyself, how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sits above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works, yet these
Declare Thy goodness beyond thought
And power divine.

This year we hope to be able to stop at various places on this route, for a day at any rate, and perhaps then I shall be better fitted to be your guide on some future occasion. The only halt we did make in these regions we enjoyed immensely. It was at Banff, where the Government are forming a National Park, twenty-six miles long by ten broad, and where the C. P. R. have put up a most comfortable hotel, 4,000 feet above the sea, overlooking the lake. The hotel is about one and a half miles from the station. Our train arrived at the station about 1 a. m., and we shall not soon forget the brisk drive in the bright, frosty air, over snow-besprinkled grounds, amidst snow-covered mountains, with stars glimmering overhead. The hotel is a prettily-designed wooden building, capable of accommodating a hundred guests, and in the large entrance hall a huge log-fire, crackling away on an open hearth, bids welcome to weary travellers from East and West, whatever hour of the night they may arrive. Well, we had what is termed in America "a lovely time" at Banff. The sun shone brilliantly, the air was exhilirating, and we made the most of our one day. We walked, and we sketched, and we kodaked—we visited the hot sulphur springs, which are much resorted to by invalids, and which boil out of the ground at different degrees of temperature from 92 degs. to 90 degs. Some of these look most tempting to the bather, the clean green-blue water bubbling into a large pool enclosed by high rocks, and the rays of the sun glinting through the opening above. And in the afternoon Captain Harper, one of the inspectors of the Mounted Police, came round with his break and four-in-hand, and took us for a drive round the park, charioteering us most skilfully up and down the steep roads, winding round Tunnel Mountain, and showing us many beautiful views.

The time for departure came all too soon, and as we were standing near the station in the darkness, waiting for the arrival of the train, I heard a familiar Aberdeenshire voice putting the question, "Do you remember 'Titabouite'?" "Remember 'Titabouite'! I should think we did! The voice belonged to a daughter of one of Lord Aberdeen's Tarland tenants, and we found that she and her sister had both come out to Canada. One was engaged at the Banff Sanatorium, the other was with her brother on one of Sir John Lister-Kaye's farms, and both said they liked the country. It was a touch of home where we had least expected it, but it was by no means a solitary experience. Wherever we went, it seemed as if we met "oor ain folk," and these same folk seem generally to get "the guiding o't." That reflection should do more than fill our hearts with pride of old Scotland, it should bring home to those of us who are parents the additional responsibility of being parents of children who belong to a race who seem bound to rise to high position and influence wherever they may go, the world over. The thought that the destinies of countries far away may one day largely rest in our children's hands should fill us with a noble ambition for them, that they may be able to say with others who have gone before—

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
Against the foes of man.

Undoubtedly Scotchmen have largely had to do with the making of Canada, and happily they have for the most part left their mark on her for good. We find their names much associated, too, with the making of this wonderful railway, by means of which all this marvellous scenery is witnessed. Look at the picture we give you of a specimen of a good road in these parts before the railway came, and then see the iron road cut through, or cut out of the sides of perpendicular cliffs, the workmen in some cases having had to be lowered by ropes from above in order to get at their work. From side to side of rushing waters the train crosses on trestle bridges like that of which we give you an illustration, and finds its way along ledges of rock, twisting and turning in every direction on the brink of the precipices below. On some parts of the road great wooden erections, called snow-sheds (something of the character of tunnels), have had to be put up to protect the line from snow in winter. By this means the road is scarcely, if ever, blocked, even during heavy falls of snow. And, thus, by one device and another, and by the exercise of constant, vigilant inspection, this railway, though covering such an extent of country, and though having to face so many perilous places, can, up to the present time, thankfully record that they have only lost the life of one passenger, and that was in consequence of his standing on the steps of the car after being warned by the conductor not to do so.

I could tell you much of the glimpses we caught of life in British Columbia, of the Indians spearing the salmon, of the Chinamen washing the sand for gold, of the villages of both Indians and Chinese, which are quite different to any other we had seen, and the curious burying-places, high up in the trees, which the Indians make for their dead. But I prefer to wait until I have seen more of all this, and will then gladly give you a paper or two, exclusively on British Columbia, if you should wish it.

I will only ask you on this occasion to come straight on to the cities of Vancouver and Victoria, and take a look of these before we part.

At Vancouver we were most hospitably entertained by the Mayor, Mr. Oppenheimer, and his wife, and, in addition to this, the Scotch and Irish residents combined together to give us a most hearty and kindly reception one evening. In this way we heard much of all that was doing in the place, and of its wonderful growth since the disastrous fire which utterly annihilated it five years ago. Within three months after the fire four hundred houses had been erected, and the progress has since been so rapid that there is now a population of 13,000. This is the more remarkable when we reflect that the site on which the town stands was covered with a dense forest of enormous pines, such as we now see just outside the limits of present habitations. Their great roots have to be removed, and the heavy wood and dead timber have to be cleared at an enormous expense before the land can be utilized, yet a great part of this forest is already parcelled out into building blocks, and is selling at a high price. And where the Douglas pine and the cedar flourished undisturbed but a few years ago, handsome streets are now formed, lighted with electric light, and supplied with electric tram-cars. Most of the buildings are of wood, but there are a few principal streets where only stone or brick buildings may be erected. Great foresight is also being shown by the municipal authorities in matters of sanitation and drainage, unlike some new towns, where such matters have been left to chance; and even in these early days a Public Park has been set aside with a circuit of ten miles, called after the present Governor-General, the Stanley Park.

We had the advantage of being shown some of the country round Vancouver by an old friend whom I had often seen during my childhood at my father's home in Inverness-shire. He came out here three years ago to see if this would be a good place for his sons, and liked it so much that he never went back, but sent for his family to join him. As he pointed out to us, the peninsula on which Vancouver is situated on either side of her beautiful harbor is bound to be built over and to become exceedingly valuable as the city develops under the increase of trade which must of necessity come, through its being the terminus of the C. P. R., and commanding the shortest route to Japan, China and India, by the new magnificent steamships which are now running. Just ten weeks ago, the advantage of this route over any other was demonstrated by the Japanese mails reaching Queenstown in twenty days from leaving Yokohama. You may imagine the pride of the Vancouver people at seeing the Empress of Japan sail proudly in after a nine days' voyage from Yokohama.

The atmosphere of hope and faith in the future of their country makes British Columbians a very delightful people. There is a spirit of enterprise in the air which, coupled to natural advantages, makes success a certainty. This belief in the future was rather amusingly illustrated by a huge sign-board which we found stuck into the ground on the borders of a dense forest, with no house in sight. The notice ran thus:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune
This is the tide of your life!!
Invest in the city of the future, Steveston,
And become

A MILLIONAIRE.

I wonder whether we shall find the city of Steveston an accomplished fact this year?

We must tear ourselves away from Vancouver and its beautiful surroundings with regret, and embark in the "Islander" for the five hours crossing to Victoria, under Captain Hulden's care. See Mount Baker raising its head high above the sunset clouds, all in a golden glory, and seeming isolated far above all the rest of the common world below. And there, opposite, are the peaks of the famed Olympic Range, standing in a deep blue against the sky, only hidden here and there by a light mist curling about their sides. So we sail out of Vancouver, and the sunset fades into moonlight over a delightful calm sea long before we reach Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. Is it indeed Victoria and Vancouver Island where we have arrived? Has not the "Islander" lost her way and brought us by a short route back to England, and landed at Torquay? The resemblance has almost a touch of the ridiculous in it—the same scents, the same sort of greenness all round, the same sort of ferns and foliage and surroundings, and on that day, at any rate, the same moist feeling in the air, developing later on into a steady downpour. Then English voices and faces abound, and English customs predominate so largely that the illusion would be complete if we were not recalled to our whereabouts by the presence of the Chinese pigtail everywhere.

The residents of British Columbia would be hard put to it if it were not for these same Chinese. Domestic servants are very difficult to get, and even when obtained often give themselves such airs that the mistresses are glad to return to the Chinaman, who will act as cook, housemaid, waiter, groom and gardener, all in one, without giving any trouble. Girls, however, who do come out, and are ready to work and do what they are told, get very high wages. Labor generally is very dear. An ordinary laborer will get 10s. to 12s. a day, and mechanics and masons get as much as 16s. to 20s. a day.

We much regretted that the steady rain prevented us from seeing all the beauties of the place. But the Governor of British Columbia and Mrs. Nelson and Sir Joseph and Lady Crutch were ready to help us to see all that could be seen. As it was, the Governor kindly drove us down to the magnificent harbor of Esquimalt, three miles from Victoria, the head