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Badly Crippledory of the Craft.

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NOR GENERAL.

l has again taken up nment House here. ving arrived by the om Vaucouver. untess of Abardeen Lady Marjorie Gor don, Dr. Gibson (His and Mr. William

the Governor-Gen en were Lieut. Col. ilberforce, ADC C.; the Bishop o Baker, Hon. C. E acob, private secre-ernor Dewdney. His Excellency's de here was no public uard of honor was waiting and drove which has been neral's disposal by ewdney. This even-al and his Countess ospital ball at the Lady Aberdeen and present at the per operette, the is to be given under U.W. hall. Lady w attend the annual Council of Women inaugurated here forts.

-Half the village of ance from this town, nce by fire yesterday engine and bucket elpless to cope with loss, including all otels and many prints to \$50 000, with



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Constipation, curing bying complaint, while orders of the stomach, regulate the bowels.

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[CONTINUED.]

"I am commonly called Francis Carey, and I am an Englishman." The subdean -he was a pale, stout man, with gloomy eyes-had hitherto been looking at me in evident doubt, but at this he nodded assent, and averting his eyes from me gazed meditatively at the roof of the hall, considering apparently what he should have for breakfast

"You are charged," said the president slowly, consulting a document, "with having assaulted and wounded in the highway last night one Heinrich Schroder, a citizen of this town, acting at the time as lieutenant of the night guard. Do you admit this, prisoner, or do you require

'He was wounded,'' I answered steadily, "but by mistake and in error. I supposed him to be one of three persons who had unlawfully waylaid me and my party on the previous night between Emmerich and Wesel.'

The subdean, still gazing at the roof, shook his head with a faint smile. The other magistrates looked doubtfully at me. but made no comment, and my words seemed to be wasted on the silence. The president consulted his document again and continued: "You are also charged with having, by force of arms, in time of peace, seized a gate of this town and maintained it and declined to surrender it when called upon so to do. What do you say to that?"

'It is true in part," I answered firmly. "I seized not the gate, but part of the tower, in order to preserve my life and to protect certain ladies traveling with me from the violence of a crowd, which, under a misapprehension, was threatening to do us a mischief."

The priest again shook his head and smiled faintly at the carved roof. His colleagues were perhaps somewhat moved in my favor, for a few words passed between them. However, in the end they shook their hears, and the president mechanically asked me if I had anything further to

'Nothing!" I replied bitterly. The ecclesiastic's cynical heedlessness, his air of one whose mind is made up, seemed so cruel to me, whose life was at stake, that I lost patience. "Except what I have said," I continued, "that for the wounding, it was done in error, and for the gate seizing, I would do it again to save the lives of those with me. Only that and thisthat I am a foreigner ignorant of your language and customs, desiring only to pass peacefully through your country. 'That is all?" the president asked impassively.

"All," I answered, yet with a strange tightening at my throat. Was it all? All

I could say for my life? I was waiting, sore and angry and desperate, to hear the sentence, when there came an interruption. Master Lindstrom, whose presence at my side I had forgotten, broke suddenly into a terrent of impassioned words, and his urgent voice, ringing through the court, seemed in a moment to change its aspect—to infuse into it some degree of life and sympathy. More than one guttural exclamation which seemed to mark approval, burst from the throng at the back of the hall. In another moment, indeed, the Dutchman's courage might have saved me, but there was one who marked the danger. The subdean, who had at first only glow ered at the speaker in rude astonishment, now cut him short with a harsh question. 'One moment, Master Dutchman!" he "Are you one of the heretics who

call themselves Protestants?" "I am. But I understand that there is here liberty of conscience." our friend answered manfully, nothing daunted in his fervor at finding the attack turned upon himself.

"That depends upon the conscience, the priest answered, with a scowl. "We will have no Anabaptists here nor foreign praters to bring us into feud with our neighbors. It is enough that such men as you are allowed to live. We will not be bearded by you. So take warning! Take heed, I say, Master Dutchman, and be silent!" he repeated, leaning forward and clapping his hand upon the table.

I touched Master Lindstrom's sleeve, who would of himself have persisted, and staid him. "It is of no use," I muttered. That dog in a crochet has condemned

mo. He will have his way!" There was a short debate between the three judges, while in the court you might have heard a pin drop. Master Lindstrom had fallen back once more. I was alone again, and the stained window seemed to be putting forth its mystic influence to infold me, when, looking up, I saw a tiny shadow flit across the soft, many hued rays which streamed from it athwart the roof. It passed again, once, twice, thrice. I peered upward intently. It was a swallow flying to and fro amid the carved work

Yes, a swallow, and straightway I forgot the judges, forgot the crowd. The scene vanished, and I was at Coton End again, giving Martin Luther the nest for Petronilla, a sign, as I meant it then, that I should return. I should never return now. Yet my heart was on a sudden so softened that, instead of this reflection giving me pain, as one would have expected, it only filled me with a great anxiety to provide for the event. She must not wait and watch for me day after day, perhaps year after year. I must see to it somehow, and I was thinking with such intentness of this that it was only vaguely I heard the sentence pronounced. It might have been some other person who was to be beheaded at the east gate an hour before noon. And so God save the duke!

CHAPTER XVI. They took me back to the room in the tower, it being now nearly 10 o'clock. Master Lindstrom would fain have staid with me constantly to the end; but, having the matter I have mentioned much in my mind, I begged him to go and get me writing materials. When he returned, Van Tree was with him. With a particularity very curious at that moment, I remarked that the latter was carrying some-

Where did you get that?" I said sharply and at once. . "It is your haversack," he answered, setting it down quietly. "I found the man who had taken possession of your horse and got it from him. I thought there might be something in it you might

"It is my haversack," I assented, "but was not on my horse. I have not seen it since I left it in Master Lindstrom's nouse by the river. I left it on the pallet in my room there, and it was forgotten. searched for it at Emmerich, you remember.

"I only know," he replied, "that I disovered it behind the saddle of the horse you were riding yesterday."

He thought that I had become confused and was a little wrong headed from exeitement. Master Lindstrom also felt But there was nothing wrong with my

wits, as I promptly showed them. "The horse I was riding yesterday?" continued. "Ah, then, I understand. I was riding the horse which I took from the Spanish trooper. The Spaniard must have annexed the baversack when he and

his companions searched the house after our departure.' "That is it, no doubt," Master Lindstrom said. "And in the hurry of yester-

day's ride you failed to notice it. It was a strange way of recovering one's property-strange that the enemy should have helped one to it. But there are times -and this to me was one-when the It is only the mob cry it out. strange seems the ordinary and commonplace. I took the sack and slipped my hand through a well known slit in the lin-Yes, the letter I had left there was ing. still there—the letter to Mistress Clarence. I drew it out. The corners of the little away and sounded vague and distant. packet were frayed, and the parchment was stained and discolored, no doubt by the damp which had penetrated to it. But the seal was whole. I placed it, as it was, in Master Lindstrom's hands.
"Give it," Isaid, "to the duchess after-

ward. It concerns her. You have heard us talk about it. Bid her make what use she pleases of it.

I turned away then and sat down, feeling a little flurried and excited, as one and shook it wildly, and I saw Van Tree about to start upon a journey might feel— not afraid nor exceedingly depressed, but braced up to make a brave show and hide hasty leap from the scaffold was rising prince of Spain and the queen of England. what sadness I did feel by the knowledge beside me with a good natured smile. As that many eyes were upon me, and that if at a signal, every face now turned to- king of France and the soldan of Turkey! more would be watching me presently. At the far end of the room a number of people had now gathered and were conversing together. Among them were not opened somehow, and I found myself in a emperor! Go tol Go to, Master Subdean! only my jailers of the night, but two or three officers, a priest who had come to offer me his services and some inquisitive gravely and kindly—what smiles there these people are not what you think them. gazers who had obtained admission. Their curiosity, however, did not distress me. On the contrary, I was glad to hear the stir and murmur of life about me to the

I will not set down the letter I wrote to the duchess, though it were easy for me to do so, seeing that her son has it now. It contains some things very proper to be said by a dying man, of which I am not would not be meet for me to repeat here. Enough that I told her in a few words who I was and entreated her in the name of whatever services I had rendered her to let Petronilla and Sir Anthony know how I had died, and I added something which would, I thought, comfort her and her husband—namely, that I was not afraid

or in any suffering of mind or body. The writing of this shook my composure a little, but as I laid down the pen and looked up and found that the time was come I took courage in a marvelous manner. The captain of the guard-I some minutes of grace—came to me, leaving the group at the other end, and told me gravely that I was waited for. I rose at once and gave the letter to Master Lind-Dymphna and Anne were not forgotten; and then, with a smile—for I felt under all those eyes as if I were going into battle—I said: "Gentlemen, I am ready if you are. It is a fine day to die. You know," I added gayly, "in England we have a standstill and were proverb, 'The better the day the better the

have a good death, Sir Captain. "A soldier's death, sir, is a good death." he answered gravely, speaking in Spanish and bowing.

Then he pointed to the door. As I walked toward it I paused momentarily by the window and looked out on the crowd balay. It Allad the sunit strewn with rushes protruded itself-with heads from wall to wall, with faces all turned one way-toward me. It was a silent crowd, standing in hushed awe and expectation, the consciousness of which sent a sudden chill to my heart, blanching my cheek and making my blood run slow for a moment. The next I moved on to the door, and bowing to the spectators as they stood aside began to descend the nar-

row staircase. There were guards going down beare me, and behind me were Master Lindstrom and more guards. The Dutchman reached forward in the gloom and clasped my hand, holding it as we went down in a

firm, strong grip.
"Never fear," I said to him cheerily, looking back. "It is all right." He answered in words which I will fiet rite here, not wishing, as I have said, to

make certain things common. I suppose the doorway at the bottom was accidentally blocked, for a few steps short of it we came to a standstill, and almost at the same moment I started, despite myself, on hearing a sudden clamor and a roar of many voices outside

'What is it?''. I asked the Dutchman. "It is the Duke of Cleves arriving, I expect," he whispered. "He comes in by the

other gate." A moment later we moved on and passed out into the light, the soldiers before me stepping on either side to give me place. The sunshine for an instant dazzled me, and I lowered my eyes. As I gradually raised them again I saw before me a short lane formed by two rows of spectators kept back by guards, and at the end of this two or three rough wooden steps leading to a platform on which were standing a number of people, and above and beyond all only the bright blue sky, the roofs and gables of the nearer houses showing dark

against it. I advanced steadily along the path left for me and would have ascended the steps, but at the foot of them I came to a standstill and looked round for guidance. The persons on the scaffold all had their backs turned to me and did not make way, while the shouting and uproar hindered them from hearing that we had come out. Then it struck me, seeing that the people at the windows were also gazing away was passing the farther end of the street, and a sharp pang of angry pain shot stan through me. I had come out to die, but it." that which was all to me was so little to these people that they turned away to see

a fellow mortal ride by! Presently, as we stood there, in a pit, as it were, getting no view, I felt Master Lindstrom's hand, which still clasped mine, begin to shake, and turning to him I found that his face had changed to a

deep red, and that his eyes were protruding with a kind of convulsive eagerness which instantly infected me.

"What is it?" I stammered. I began to tremble also. The air rang, it seemed to me, with one word, which a thousand tongues took up and reiterated. But it was a German word, and I did not understand it.

"Wait, wait!" Master Lindstrom exclaimed. "Pray God it be true!" He seized my other hand and held it as though he would protect me from sometroubled, as he told me afterward, at see thing. At the same moment Van Tree ing me taken up with a trifle at such a pushed past me, and bounding up the steps thrust his way through the officials on the scaffold, causing more than one fur robed citizen near the edge to lose his balance and come down as best he could on the shoulders of the guards.
"What is it?" I cried. "What is *t?"

bried in impatient wonder. "Oh, my lad, my lad!" Master Lindstrom answered, his face close to mine and the tears running down his cheeks. "It

'A pardon?" I echoed. Aye, lad, a pardon. But it may not be

shoulder. "Do not make too sure of it. My heart made a great bound and the ecclesiast eemed to stand still. There was a loud is pardoned." surging in my brain, and a mist rose before my eyes and hid everything. The clamor and shouting of the street passed The next instant, it is true, I was myself

leaning on my friend 'Well?" I said faintly. 'Patience! Patience awhile, lad!" he

answered. But, thank heaven, I had not long to surprise. vait. The words were scarcely off his tongue when another hand sought mine he travels," the priest answered hastily. before me, his face radiant with jey, while

out a paper. "In the name of the duke!" he said. speaking in Spanish in a clear, loud voice. A pardon!

I muttered something, I know not what, nor did it matter, for it was lost in a burst | himself confronted on a sudden by the of cheering. When this was over and silence obtained, the magistrate continued: 'You are required, however, to attend the ashamed-God forbid!-but which it duke at the courthouse, whicher we had better proceed at once.'

"I am ready, sir," I muttered. A road was made for us to descend, and walking in a kind of beautiful dream I passed slowly up the street by the side of the magistrate, the crowd everywhere willingly standing aside for us. I do not know whether all those thousands of faces really looked joyfully and kindly on me as I passed or whether the deep thankfulness which choked me and brought the tears continually to my eyes transfigured them and gave them a generous charm not their own. But this I do know-that think that out of a compassionate desire not to interrupt me they had allowed me softer than ever before; that the clouds trailing across the blue expanse were things of beauty such as I had never met before; that to draw breath was a joy and to move delight, and that only when the strom, with some messages in which dark valley was left behind did I cop pre hend its full gloom-by heaven's mercy. So may it be with all!

At the door of the courthouse, whither numbers of the peor le had already run, the press was so great that we came to a though in all good humor before, even deed!' So it is well to have a good day to with the aid of the soldiers, we could be emerged, I found myself again before the table and saw-but only dimly, for the light now fell through the stained window directly on my head—a commanding figure standing behind it. Then a strange thing happened. A woman passed swiftly round the table and came to me and flung her street, save where a little raised platform arms round my neck and kissed me. It was the duchess, and for a moment she

hung upon me, weeping before them all. "Madam," I said softly, "then it is you who have done this!" "Ah," she exclaimed, holding me off from her and looking at me with eyes which glowed through her tears, "and it

was you who did that!" She drew back from me then and took me by the hand and turned impetuously to the Duke of Cleves, who stood behind smiling at her in frank amusement. "his," she said, "is the man who gave

his life for my husband, and to whom your highness has given it back.' "Let him tell his tale," the duke an swered grave, 'v. "And do you, my cousin sit here beside n'e." She left me and "alked round the table,

and be came forward and placed her in t hush of wonhis own chair amid a gree. der, for she was still mean, - clad and showed in a hundred places the mastains of travel. Then he stood by with his hand on the back of the seat. Bu was a tall, burly man, with bold, quick glancing eyes, a flushed face and a lou'd manner—a fierce, blusterous prince, as have heard. He was plainly dressed in a leather hunting suit and wore huge grantlets and brown boots, with a broad leaved hat pinned up on one side, yet he looked a

Somehow I stammered out the tale of the surrender. "But why, why, why, man," he asked, when I had finished, "why did you let

them think it was you who wounded the burgher, if it was not?" 'Your highness," I answered, "I had eccived nothing but good from her grace, I had eaten her bread and been received into her service. Besides it was through my persuasion that we came by the road which led to this misfortune instead of by another way. Therefore it seemed to me right that I should suffer, who stood alone and could be spared, and not her husband."

"It was a great deed!" cried the prince loudly. "I would I had such a servant. Are you noble, lad?" I colored high, but not in pain or mor-

tification. The old wound might reopen, but amid events such as those of this and taking no heed of me, that the duke a noble family, may it riease your highness," I answered modestly, "but circumstances prevent me claiming kinship with

He was about, I think, to question me further when the duchess looked up and said something to him, and he something to her. She spoke again, and he answered. Then he nodded assent. "You would fain. stand on your own feet?" he oried to me. "Is that so?

"It is, sire," I answered.

"Then so be it," he replied loudly, looking round on the throng with a frown. "I will ennoble you. You would have died for your lord and friend, and therefore I give you a rood of land in the common graveyard of Santon to hold of me, and I name you Von Santonkirch, and I, William, duke of Cleves, Julich and Guelders, prince of the empire, declars you noble and give you for your arms three swords of justice and the motto you may buy of a clerk. Further, let this decree be enrolled in my chancery. Are you satis-

fled?" As I dropped on my knees, my eyes sparkling, there was a momentary disurbance behind me. It was caused by the abrupt entrance of the subdean. He took in part of the situation at a glance—that s, he saw me kneeling before the duke, but he could not see the Duchess of Suffolk, the duke's figure being interposed. As he came forward, the crowd making way for him, he cast an angry glance at me and scarcely smoothed his brow even is cruel if it be not true! Cruel! They to address the prince. "I am glad that your highness has not done what was reported to me," he said hastily, his obeisance brief and perfunctory. "I heard an true," he said, putting his arm about my uproar in the town and was told that this man was pardoned.'

"It is so!" said the duke curtly, eying the ecclesiastic with no great favor. Only in part, I presume," the priest ejoined urgently, "or, if otherwise, I am sure that your highness has not received

ertain information with which I can furnish you. again, but my knees were trembling un-"Furnish away, sir," quoth the duke, der me, and I stood flaccid and unnerved, awning. "I have had letters from my lord bishop

of Arras respecting him."
"Respecting him!" exclaimed the prince, starting and bending his brows in Respecting those in whose company

"They are represented to me as dangerous persons, pestilent refugees from England a man whom he had knocked down in his and obnoxious alike to the emperor, the "I wonder you do not add also to the ward me. A dozen friendly hands passed growled the duke. "Pish! I am not gome up the steps amid a fresh outburst of ing to be dictated to by Master Granvelle cheering. The throng on the scaffold -no, nor by his master, be he ten times second, as it seemed, face to face with the | You forget yourself, and so does your maspresident of the court. He smiled on me ter the bishop. I will have you know that seemed to be on all those faces!—and held | Call you my cousin, the widow of the consort of the late queen of France, an ob noxious person? Fie, fie! You forget your-

> He moved as he stopped speaking, so that the astonished churchman found smiling, defiant duchess. The subdean started, and his face fell, for seeing her



I would he were hung with his own tapesthe duke's presence he discerned at once that the game was played out, yet he rallied himself, bethinking him, I fangot through the throng. When I at last cy, that there were many spectators. He made a last effort. "The bishop of Arras"- he began.

'Pish!" scoffed the duke, interrupting "The bishop of Arras"— the priest re-

peated firmly. "I would he were hung with his own tapestry!" retorted the duke, with a brutal laugh.

"Heaven forbid!" replied the ecclesiastic, his pale face reddening and his eye darting baleful glances at me. But he took the hint, and henceforth said no more of the bishop. Instead, he continued smoothly: "Your highness has, of course, considered the danger-the danger, I mean, of provoking neighbors so powerful by shielding this lady and making her cause your own. You will remember.

"I will remember Innspruck!" roared the duke in a rage, "where the emperoraye, and your everlasting bishop, too---fled before a handful of Protestants like sheep before wolves. A fig for your emperor! never feared him young, and I fear him less now that he is old and decrepit and, as men say, mad. Let him get to his at Chicago. watches and you to your prayers. If there were not this table between us, I would pull your ears, Master Churchman!"

"But tell me," I asked Master Bertie as stood beside his couch an hour later. w did the duchess manage it? I gathered from something you or she said a short time back that you had no influence with the Duke of Cleves."

"Not quite that," he answered. 'e and the late Duke of Suffolk had noted 't to do with wedding the prince's sis-King Henry 13-14 years back, is it? ter to far we might have felt confident protection. But the marriage of his ill, or turned out short, and turned on of Cleves was divorced, and Queem Anna 't a little less confident on -well, we fe particularly as he has the that account, 'rong, passionate man.' name of a heards im in it!" I said, smil-"Heaven keep h not told me yet what

ing. "But you have happened." 'l asleep this morn-"The duchess was sta ou may suppose. ing, fairly worn out, as her. She got up when a great noise awore learned it was and went to Dymphna and she went to the duke's trumpets. Them the window, and seeing few pear why this streets to welcome him inquire. hat and was. Dymphna broke down at told her what was happening to ; and that you were to die at that very She went out straightway, without 30Vering her head-you know how imper tilous. she is-and flung herself on her kine e in the mud before the duke's horse as he tered. He knew her, and the rest your o an

guess.' Can guess? Ah, what happiness it was Outside the sun fell hotly on the steep red roofs, with their rows of casements, and on the sleepy square in which knots of people still lingered, talking of the morn ing's events. I could see below me the biguard which Duke William, shrewdly was mistrusting the subdean, had posted in front of the house, nominally to do the duchess honor. I could hear in the next room the cheerful voices of my friends. What happiness it was to live! What happiness to be loved! How very, very good and beautiful and glorious a world seemed the world to me on that old May morning in that quaint German town which we had entered so oddly!

As I turned from the window full of thankfulness, my eyes met those of Mistress Anne, who was sitting on the far side of the sick man's couch, the baby in a cradle beside her. The risk and exposure of the last week had made a deeper mark upon her than upon any of us. She was paler, graver, older, more of a woman and less, much less, of a girl. And she looked very ill. Her eyes, in particular, seemed to have grown larger, and as they dwelt on me now there was a strange and solemn light in them, under which I grew

"You have been wonderfully preserved," she said presently, speaking dreamily, and as much to herself as to me. "I have, indeed," I answered, thinking she referred only to my escape of the

But she did not

There was, firstly, the time on the river when you were hurt with the oar," she continued, gazing absently at me, her hands in her lap, "and then the night when you saw Clarence with Dymphna. "Or, rather, saw him without her," nterposed, smiling. It was strange thatshe should mention it as a fact, when at the time she had so scolded me for making

the statement. "And then," she continued, disregard. ing my interruption, "there was the time when you were stabled in the passage, and, again, when you had the skirmish. by the river, and then today you were within a minute of death. You have been wonderfully preserved!" "I have," I assented thoughtfully.

The more as I suspect that I have ton thank Master Clarence for all these little adventures.' "Strange-very strange!" she muttered

oving her eyes from me thanshe might fix them on the floor,

What is strange? The abrupt questioner was the duchess. who came bustling in at the moment. What is strange?" she repeated, with a eightened color and dancing eyes. "Shall tell you?" She paused and looked orightly at me, holding something concealed behind her. I guessed in a moment, from the aspect of her face, what t was—the letter which I had given to from both press and public, being constantly Master Lindstrom in the morning, and which, with a pardonable forgetfulness, I

had failed to reclaim. I turned very red. "It was not intended for you now," I said shyly, for in the letter I had told her my story.

'Pooh, pooh!'' she cried. "It is just as I thought. A pretty piece of folly! No," she continued as I opened my mouth, am not going to keep your secret, sir. You may go down on your knees. It will be of no use. Richard, you remember Sir Anthony Cludde of Coton End in Warwick-

"Oh, yes," her husband said, rising on his elbow, while his face lit up, and I stood bashfully shifting my feet. "I have danced with him a dozen times. years ago!" she continued, her eyes spar-

kling with mischief. "Well, sir, this gentleman, Master Francis Carey, otherwise Von Santonkirch, is Francis Cludde, his 'Sir Anthony's nephew?"

"Yes, and the son of Ferdinand Cludde whom you also have heard of, of whom he less''-She stopped and turned quickly, interupted by a half stifled scream. It was a scream full of sudden horror and amazenent and fear, and it came from Mistress Anne. The girl had risen and was gazing at me with distended eyes and blanched

some awful portent or some dreadful threat. She did not speak, but she began, without taking her eyes from me, to retreat toward the door. "Hoity, toity!" cried my lady, stamp-

off-gazing, indeed, as if she saw in me

ing her foot in anger. "What has happened to the girl? What''_ What, indeed? The duchess stopped still more astonished, for, without uttering a word of explanation or apology, Mistress Anne had reached the door, groped blindly for the latch, found it and gone out, her eyes, with the same haunted look of horror in them, fixed on me to the last.

(To be continued.) THE WOMEN'S COUNCIL

Aberdeen addressed the women of Vancou. anything else. Perhaps it will become necver at Dunn hall last night, being introduced to the large audience by Lady Reed. duced to the large audience by Lady Reed. there will be trouble; but there will be no fighting. She will find a way to retrace Councils of Vancouver and Victoria for their work in connection with the duty on opium, and the valuable statistics they had compiled for the National Council of Women countries, more than any other two in the for Canada, at the instance of Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Congress of Women The Countess advised attention being

given to the collection of statistics, as they will be included in the year book Canada. The good work of the local branch in sending literature to settlers and miners throughout the province was also alluded to. Her Lordship congratulated the Local Council in their choice of Mrs. McLagan to repre sent them in Toronto at the recent congress and spoke in praise of the splendid_report Mrs. McLagan had presented at the Toronte meeting. Matters of more general interes were then touched upon, and it was stated that at the instance of the National Council inspectors were appointed for factories in which women were employed. Lady Aberdeen urged the local council to support the Minister of Education in his expr sire to legislate in favor of manual instruction in schools. The case of women prisoners was referred to.

It was mentioned that the following matters are to be taken up by the Local Councils this year: To ascertain facts regarding the degeneration of teeth of the children of the present generation; and to consider the question of the restriction of the working nours of women and children; repression of the dissemination of pernioous literature Such literature it had been abundant's proved found it way into the hands of children, and parents were warned to watch close ly what their children read. An extract wa read descriptive of the aims of an association known as the Parents' Educations Union.

At the conclusion of Lady Aberdeen's address a hearty vote of thanks was tendered His Excellency proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Reed for so ably presiding at the

A most enjoyable evening was pleasantly terminated by the presentation of a beautiful bouquet to the Counters of Aberdeen by I. I. J. M.'s Consul Nosse. The floral tritte was presented by Mrs. McLagan and s intended to express the friendly rela-s existing between England and Japan. THE HYAMS TRIAL.

Contention by the Crown That the Warehouse Was Occupied to Bring About the Death of Wells.

Constant Surveillance of the Jury by a Special Staff of Police Officials.

TORONGO, Nov. 6. - (Special)-In his address to the jury in the Hyams trial to-day B. B. Galer, crown prosecutor, brought forcibly before them the fact that the large insurance which Hyams had placed on the life of Willie Wells would necessitate the payment of premiums exceeding \$30,000 in twenty years. As the Hyams brothers had no visible means of meeting such premiums, only one possible object could have been in view, and that was to bring about the early death of Wells, in order to secure the insurance. Hyams had rented a warehouse in which scarcely any business was done, and engaged a typewriter whose sole duty it was to address envelopes which never left the office. This was cited to show that the occupation of the warehouse was for the sole purpose of causing Wells' death by means of the elevator weight.

Dr. King was the first witness called by the crown. He was medical adviser for the Hyams, and stated that on the day of the coident Harry Myams came to his office and told him that a man was injured in the warehouse. King on his arrival at the warehouse found Hyams terribly agitated. He described the condition of Wells' body, which, he said, was quite warm. The bedy looked as if it had been dragged to the position it was in on account of the straightemed condition of the limbs. The head of the body was inclined towards the elevator shaft. The condition of the skull was fully described, showing that more than one line of force had produced the fractures. King was subjected to three hours cross examination and admitted that at the time ha fully believed it was an accident. He said the long wound on the forehead could have been produced by a sharp edged instrument, but not by a chise! or hammer as the Crown had formerly contended. The condition of the skull was cor sistent with the story of the accident as described by the the time. The jury is carefully guarded under the surveillance of a special staff of constables.

CHANDLER'S WAR-WHOOP.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The declaration of Senator Chandler that war between the United States and England is inevitable," and that such a war "can not come too soon," will hardly be endorsed by any considerable number of intelligent citizens. It is easy to talk about the possibility of war and to boast of our milipary resources and our ability to whip any nation in the world, but the sober truth is that we are not spoiling for a night. It is not to our interest to provoke an experience of that sort. The policy of peace is the one best adapted to our condition and to the circumstances which govern our material welfare and prosperity. We have better uses for our surplus energy than to sacrifice it in a saruggle for military glory. There are many other and better ways in which our national strength can be asserted and our pational honor advanced. The only war that could be justified on our part would be one from which there could be no escape by and mischievous, therefore, for men like Chandler to raise a war cry and seek to make an occasion for hostilities with some other nation. That sort of talk is unpatricheeks and hands stretched out to keep me otic, because it tends to do the country harm, and it should be condemned by reputable newspapers of all parties.

There is a certain lack of cordiality between the United States and England, a kind of hereditary disposition to take opposite sides; but this does not imply that either of them wants to make war on the other. They are so closely associated in a financial and commercial sense that it would be a sort of insanity for them to appeal to the sword for the settlement of any dispute or misunderstanding. Their rivalry is not of the kind that is calculated to engender warlike feeling and purposes. They are bound together by ties of blood, language They are and sentiment not only, but also by considerations of self-interest that affect all classes and determine the drift of public opinion. It is not likely, therefore, that there will be VANCOUVER, Nov. 6.—(Special)—Lady any war with England about Venezuela or essary to remind her that she is going too far, and to notify her that she must halt or self-respecting manner. In short, these two world, are amicably related, and there is no reason to believe that they will ever again go to war with each other on any account.

HAWAII AND SAMOA.

AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Nov. 6 -According to mail advices received to-day from Honolulu, cholera has ceased entirely in Hawaii and the port is clear from infection. Advices from Sames announce that all is quiet there.

QUEBEC, Nov. 5 .- Mr. Beaugrand, proprietor of La Patrie, Montreal, has withdrawn his parliamentary correspondent as a result of the difference between himself and Hon. Mr. Marchard, leader of the

opposition. TORONTO, Nov. 5.—The Grand Trank railway has been compelled to discontinue the suburban service in the western district after running for fifteen years. The service has been abandoned through lack of patronage owing to the success of the electric service.

BIRTH. BOOTH—In this city, on the 3rd November, the wife of Godfrey W. Booth, of a daughter.

MARRIED PRICE-CORPLELD—At St. Barnabas church, on the 30th inst., by Rev. J. B. Haslam, Chas. T. Price, som of the late Chas Price, of Quenington, Gloucestershire, England, to Uatherine Corfield, daughter of the late Thomas J. Tresidder Corfield, Esq., of St. Day, Cornwall. England.

REBORNE—October 3ist, at No. 3 Carr street, Raymond Charles, second son of F. T. Sherborne, aged 4 months and 11 days. ssi—At his residence, 119 Cornorant street on the 1st instant, Carlo Rossi, a native of Lombardy, Italy, aged 69 years.

HINSTON—At his residence, No. 28 Simcoe street, on the 4th instant, James Johnston, a native of Orkney Islands, aged 63 years. TEINBERGER — At Glenford Avenue, Lake District, on the 6th inst., Annie, beloved wife of Wm. Steinberger, Jr.