

The Advance to Ladysmith

Boers Retiring Before British Troops Marching to Relieve General White.

Our Losses at William Grange Were 14 Killed and About 50 Wounded.

Cheering News from Natal and Cape Colony--Methuen Captures Honeyest Kloof.

(Associated Press.) London, Nov. 27.—None too soon for the British has come the news of an improved outlook for them on both the eastern and western sides of the South African republics, as constant small reverses were arousing keen resentment against the authorities here. This was evidenced by the result of the Wandsworth election to the London County Council on Saturday, when the previous Conservative plurality of 310 was converted into a Liberal plurality of 232, though the Conservatives made war an issue and their candidate was a military officer.

The Belmont Victory. To General Methuen, it appears, belongs the first real British victory in the present war, as Belmont was the first battle after which the British advanced instead of retreating.

The fact that General Methuen was forced to fight a second pitched battle near the scene of the first, shows that the Boers were not demoralized at Belmont, but quickly rallied and with unabated courage met the splendid assault of the British naval brigade at Graspan.

The excellent military qualities displayed by the Boers in these two fights were no doubt partially derived from the training of Commandant Albrecht, a former officer of an Austrian army.

Fifty Miles from Kimberley. Presumably General Methuen has already resumed the march northward. When last heard from he was still nearly 50 miles from Kimberley, and doubtless an action will have to be fought at Modder River before "Diamondopolis" is reached.

There is some doubt as to what is meant by the statement that the Boers are falling back on Warrenton, which is fifty miles north of Kimberley, unless the dispatch was intended to fall into British hands in the hope of misleading General Methuen.

The latter, however, is said to be far too cautious to be caught by such a trick, and it can be confidently anticipated his column will sweep solidly forward in spite of the determined resistance with which he will meet.

Boer Treachery.

It seems that the conclusion must be reluctantly reached that the Boers are deliberately in their misuse of white flags. On the top of Gen. Methuen's warning, and other evidence comes the statement of Correspondent Knight, who arrived wounded at Capetown, saying he accompanied a detachment of the Northampton Regiment, when a force of Boers, 300 yards distant, was surrounded, and displayed a flag. The officer commanding the Northampton gave them the order to rise, when the Boers deliberately fired wounding Knight and others.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

Burgbers Falling Back on Weenan—Our Casualties at Beacon Hill—British Advance.

London, Nov. 27.—The war office has received the following dispatch from Buller, dated Pietermaritzburg, Natal, Nov. 28th:

"Hildyard, from Estcourt, made a successful attack on November 23rd, with three battalions, one field battery, a naval gun and 700 mounted troops, on the enemy occupying Beacon Hill, which dominated Willow Grange, and had interrupted his communications. As a result of the operations, the enemy is retiring and the railroad and telegraph lines have been restored between Estcourt and Weston."

"Our loss was about 14 killed and 50 wounded."

"Hildyard has advanced to a position near Frere, as he hopes to cut off the enemy who is believed to be retiring on Colenso via Weenan."

"Barton from Weston has advanced to Estcourt."

"As soon as communication is restored I will telegraph particulars."

"So far as I can make out the opera-

tion is one for which Hildyard and the troops deserve much credit.

"The railway is now open to Frere."

The Boers Retiring.

London, Nov. 27.—The colonial office has received the following dispatch from the governor of Natal, dated Pietermaritzburg, Sunday, Nov. 26:

"The Boers are retiring on Weenan. Our troops are occupying a ridge three miles northward of the Mooi river."

"It appears that the Boers have found our position too strong, and are retiring towards Ladysmith with the loot they have collected."

"The river is in flood."

"Buller has arrived."

"Telegraphic communication with Estcourt was restored early this morning."

General Advance Ordered.

Estcourt, Nov. 26, Sunday.—The railway bridge at Frere, spanning a wide stream, has been destroyed by Boers, who are reported to be retiring rapidly.

A general advance upon Colenso has been ordered, and a flying column has left here to intercept the Boer raiding parties.

A reliable messenger from Ladysmith says he gathered from the Boers that they had proposed a combined attack all over the country for to-day.

Gen. Joubert is expected to stoutly dispute the passage of the Tugela river.

Our Losses.

Durban, Nov. 26, Sunday.—Latest reports of General Hildyard's losses at the Beacon Hill engagement show fifteen men killed and 72 wounded.

The West Yorkshire regiment suffered heavily.

Major Hobbs was captured and several men are missing.

A pigeon message from Colonel Ian Hamilton and Duff at Ladysmith, undated, reports all well.

Another naval contingent from the British first-class cruiser Terrible, with two 4.7 inch guns, started for the front to-day.

METHUEN'S MARCH.

Honeyest Kloof Has Been Captured by British Troops—Boers Retiring on Warrenton.

Capetown, Nov. 27.—(Afternoon).—It is reported that General Methuen has captured Honeyest Kloof, ten miles north of Graspan, and two million rounds of ammunition.

Boer Casualties at Belmont.

Durban, Nov. 26.—(Sunday).—Dispatches from President Kruger and Gen. Joubert, found on a Boer prisoner, said the Boer losses at Belmont were ten killed and forty wounded.

It added that in order to reassure the burghers it had been deemed necessary to fall back on Warrenton.

CASUALTIES AT GRASPAN.

Killed and Wounded Number One Hundred and Five—The Queen's Message to the Naval Brigade.

London, Nov. 27.—The commander-in-chief at the Cape has sent the admiralty an additional list of casualties among the British naval brigade engaged at the battle of Graspan as follows: Midshipman Hoddart, of the cruiser Doris, and 399 sailors and marines killed; thirteen petty officers and seamen, and 76 non-commissioned officers and marine men wounded, total casualties 105, including the names of those already cable.

The following message has been telegraphed to the commander-in-chief at the Cape:

"The Queen desires you to convey to the naval brigade present at the action at Graspan Her Majesty's congratulations on their gallant conduct and at the same time express the Queen's regret at the losses sustained by the brigade."

"An Act of Courtesy."

Washington, Nov. 27.—The British ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, has informed the Secretary of State that in view of a doubt which appears to exist as to whether Her Majesty's government recognize that the hostilities now in progress in South Africa constitute a state of war between Great Britain and the two South African republics, he has been directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to inform the Secretary of State, as an act of courtesy, that the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, having declared war against Her Majesty the Queen, a state of war has actually existed since the 11th of October between England and the South African Republic and the Orange Free State.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY SOLD.

(Associated Press.) London, Nov. 27.—Lord Ardilaun (Arthur Edward Guinness) has purchased Muckross estate for \$300,000. Muckross estate includes the Lakes of Killarney. Advances yesterday said the estate had been bought by Baron Avagh, a nephew of Lord Ardilaun.

The Story of the War

From Capetown to Pretoria, by the Author of "With Kitchener to Khartum."

The Noted Daily Mail Correspondent Writes of "A Pastor's Point of View."

Burgbersdorp, Oct. 14. The village lies compact and clear-cut, a dot in the wilderness. No fields or orchards break the transition from man to nature; steep out of the street and you are at once on rock-ribbed kopje or raw veldt. As you stand on one of the bare lines of hill that squeeze it into a narrow valley, Burgbersdorp is a checker-board of white house, green tree, and grey iron roof; beyond its edges everything is the changeless yellow-brown of South Africa. The Boer goes down into the streets and Burgbersdorp is an idyll of Arcady. The board, dusty, unmetalled roads are steeped in sunshine. The houses are all one-story, some brick, some mud, some the eccentric corrugated iron, some with whitewash, many fronted with shady verandahs. As blinds against the sun they have lattices of wattle down every street—white-blossoming laburnum, poplars, sycamores.

Despite verandahs and trees, the sunshine soaks down into every corner—generally, languorously warm. All Burgbersdorp basks. You see half a dozen yokes of bullocks with a wagon standing placidly in the street.

Too Lazy Even to Swish their tails against the flies; pass by an hour later, and they are still there, and the black man tonight, who has hardly shifted one leg; pass by at evening, and they have moved on three hundred yards, and are resting again. In the daytime hens peck and cackle in every street; at nightfall the barking yelp bums with crickets and bullfrogs. At morn come a flight of locusts—first yellow-white scouts whirling down every street, then a pelting snowstorm of them high up over the houses, spangling the blue heavens. But Burgbersdorp cares nothing. "There is nothing for them," said a farmer, with easy satisfaction, "the best killed everything last week."

British and Dutch salute and exchange of shots. The British are stockholders and men of business; the Boers ride in from their farms. They are big, bearded men, loose of limb, shabby dressed in broad-brimmed hats, corded trousers and brown shoes; they sit on their horses with a rocking-chair cantor erect and serene, unheeding, rough, half-savage, their tanned faces and blue eyes express easy good-nature.

Sluggish Stubbiness, dormant, fierce. They ask the news in soft, lisping Dutch that might be a woman's; but the lazy imperiousness of their bearing stamps them as free men. A people hard to rouse, you say—and as hard, when roused, to subdue.

A loitering Arcady—and then you hear with astonishment that Burgbersdorp is famous throughout South Africa as a stronghold of bitter Dutch partisanship. Rebel Burgbersdorp, they call it in the British centres, and Capetown turns anxious ears towards it for the first intimation of insurrection. What history its stagnant annals record is purely anti-British. Its two principal monuments, after the Jubilee fountain, are the tombstone of the founder of the Doppe Church—the Ironsides of South Africa—and a statue with inscribed pedestal complete put up to commemorate the introduction of the Dutch tongue into the Cape parliament. Marvellous comments add to the monument's sanctity, the stonemason out of £30, and it is certain that one of the gentlemen whose name appears thereon most prominently now languishes in goal for hand. Leaving that point for tonight.

Rest of Burgbersdorp's History consists in the fact that the Afrikaner Bond was founded here in 1881. And at this moment Burgbersdorp is Bonding the Bond; the revered gentleman who edits its Dutch paper and dictates its Dutch policy sits out week after week of wretched poetry, and Schreiner for machinating to keep patriot Afrikaners off the oppressing Briton's throat.

I want to see this renowned pastor, who is professor of a school of Doppe theology. He was short, but thick-set, with a short but shaggy grey beard; in deference to his calling, he wore a collar over his grey flannel shirt, but no tie. Nevertheless, he turned out a very charming courteous old gentleman, well informed, and his political bias was meliorated with an irresistible sense of humor. He took his own side strongly and allowed that it was most proper for a Briton to be equally strong on his own. And this is more or less what he said:

"Information? No, I shall not give you any; you are the enemy, you see. Ha, ha! They call me rebel. But I seek you, my friend, is it natural that I—L. Hildyard here, Dutch Afrikaner, since '90—should be as loyal to the British government as a Britisher should be? No, I say be."

Loyal? To One's Own country. I am law-abiding subject of the Queen, and that is all that they can ask of me.

"How will the war go? That it is impossible, quite impossible, to say. The Boer might run away at the first shot and he might fight to the death. All troops are liable to panic; even regular troops; much more than irregular. But I have been on command many times with Boer; and I cannot think of any other than brave man. Fighting is not his business; he wishes always to be back on his farm with his people; but he is brave man."

"I look on this war as the sequel of 1881. I have told them all these years, it is not finish; war must come. Mr. Gladstone, whom I look on as greatest British statesman, did wrong in 1881. If

he had kept promises and given back country before the war, we would have been grateful, but he only gave it after war, and we were not grateful. And English did not fight that last year, generous, only giving independence after war, though they had a large army in Natal; they have always a show of remorse."

"The trouble is because the Boer have never had confidence in the English government, just as you have never had confidence in us. The Boer have no feeling about Cape Colony, but they have about Natal; they were driven out of it and they think it still their own country. Then you took the diamond fields from the Free State. You gave the Free State independence only because you did not want trouble of Basuto; but then you beat the Basuto—myself, was there and it was very hard and it lasted three years—and then you would not let us take Basutoland. Then came annexation of the Transvaal; you were strong advocate of federation, but after that you took confidence after all this in British government?"

"I do not think Transvaal government have been wise; I have many times told them so. They made great mistake when they let people come in to the mine. I told them, this gold will ruin you; you remain independent you must remain poor. But when that was done, what could they do?"

If They Give the Franchise. Then the Republic is governed by three four men from Johannesburg, and they will govern it for their own pocket. The Transvaal Boer soldier, but he, English, only than Johannesburg Republic.

Well, well, it is the law of South Africa that the Boer drive the native north and the English drive the Boer north. But the Boer can go north no more; he has no food for two days. I say to him: 'You are Free State burgher; you have the benefit of the country; your wife is Boer girl; it is your duty to fight for it.' I am law-abiding Brit subject, but I believe my son will not be hurt. You, sir, I wish you good luck—good luck for yourself and your corresponding. Not for your side; that I cannot wish you."

At All North, Best 15.—"Hail! Who goes there?" The tin figure, black in the moonlight, in breeches and puttees, with a broad-brimmed hat looped up at the side, brought up his carbine and bared the entrance to the bridge. Twenty yards beyond a second trim black figure with a carbine stamped to and fro over the plankings. They were of the Cape Police, and there were four more of them somewhere in reserve; across the bridge was the Orange Free State; behind the Boer soldier, but he, English, only than Johannesburg Republic.

The river shone silver under its high banks. Beyond it, in the enemy's country, the veldt, too, was silvered over with moonlight and dotted thickly with shadow from the kopjes. The night to the right, over a rise and down in a dip, they said there lay the Rouxville camp of 300 men. That night they were to receive 700 or 800 more from Smithfield, and thereon would ride through Allal on the way to cut up the British half-battalion at Stormont. On our side of the bridge slouched a score of Boers—waiting, they said, to join and conduct their kinsmen. In the very middle of these an island of garish naphtha lighted the street, a pair of women and children, the only showing of civilization.

Up the hill, through the town, in the bar at the big English hotel, peered the British soldier, but he, English, only than Johannesburg Republic.

A fat man, thunderously nursing a Lee-Metford sporting rifle. I've done my best. With fifty men I'd have held this place against a thousand Boers, and not ten men's jail."

A thin-faced man (piping): We haven't got the rifles. Every Dutchman's armed, and how many rifles will you find among the English?"

Fat man (shooting home bolt of Lee-Metford): And who's for what? I've left my property in the Free State and odds are I shall lose every penny I've got—what part of all over—and come here on to British soil, and what do I find? With fifty men I'd hold this place—"

Thin-faced man: They'll be here to-night, old De Wet says, and they're to come here and slambok the Englishmen. Who've been talking too much. That's what comes of being loyal!"

Fat man: Loyal! With fifty men—brown-faced, grey-haired man (smoking deep-bowled pipe in corner): No, you wouldn't."

Fat man (playing with sights of Lee-Metford): What? Not keep the bridge with fifty men—"

Brown-faced, grey-haired man: And they'll cross the old dam, and be on every side of you in ten minutes."

Fat man (grounding Lee-Metford): Ah! Well—"

Thin-set man: But we're safe enough. Has not the government sent us a garibaldian? Six policemen? Six policemen, gentlemen, and the Boers are at Pieter's farm; and they'll be here to-night and slambok—"

Thin-faced man: Where are the troops? Where are the volunteers? Where are they—"

Brown-faced, grey-haired man: There are no troops, and the better for you. The strength of Allal is in its weakness. (To fat man.) Put that gun away."

Thin-faced man, thick-set man, and general chorus: Yes, put it away."

Thin-faced man: But I want to know why the Boers are armed and we aren't? Why does—"

Our Government—"

Brown-faced man: Are you accustomed to shoot? Thin-faced man (faintly): No. Fat man (returning at putting away Lee-Metford): But where do you come from? Brown-faced man: Free State, same as you do. Lived there five-and-twenty years. Thin-faced man: Any trouble in getting away? Brown-faced man: No. Field-cornet was a good old fellow and an old friend of mine, and he gave me the hint—"

Thin-faced man: Not much like ours! Why there's a lady staying here that's friendly with his daughters, and she went out to see them the other day, and the old man said they'd stop here and slambok—"

Fat man: Gentlemen, drinks all round! Here's success to the British arms! All: Success to the British arms! Thick-set man: And may the British government, not desert us again! Fat man: I'll take a shade of odds about it. They'll never trust in Chamberlain. It'll be just the same as it was in '81. A few reverses and you'll find they'll begin to talk about terms. I know them. Every loyal man in South Africa assents. (General murmur of assent.) Hotel-keeper: Gentlemen, drinks all round! Here's success to the British arms! All: Success to the British arms! Thick-set man: And where are the British arms? Where's the army corps? Has a man of that army corps left England? Shilly-Shally, as Usual.

South Africa's no place for an Englishman to live in. Armored train blown up, Mafeking cut off, Kimberley in danger, and General Buller—what? O yes—General Buller leaves England to-day. Why didn't they send the army corps out three months ago? Brown-faced man: It's six thousand miles—"

Thin-set man: Why didn't they send them just after the Bloemfontein conference, before the Boers were ready? British gov—"

Brown-faced man: They've had three rifles a man with ammunition since 1896. I (timidly): Well, then, if the army corps had left three months ago, wouldn't the Boers have declared war three months ago too? All except brown-faced man (loudly): No! Brown-faced man (quietly): Yes. Gentlemen, bedtime! As Brand used to say, "All 'al rijk kome!" All (fervently): All 'al rijk kome! Success to the British arms! Good-night! All go to bed. In the night somebody on the Boer side—or elsewhere—goes out shooting, or loses off his rifle on several grounds; two loyalists and a refugee spring up and grasp their revolvers. In the morning everybody wakes up unshambled. The hotel-keeper takes me out to numerous points whence Pieter's farm can be reconnoitred; there is not a single tent to be seen, and no sign of a single Boer.

It is a shame to smile at them. They are really very, very loyal, and they are excellent fellows and talking, men. Allal is a nest of green on the yellow veldt, speckled, well-furnished, with Marechal Niel roses growing over trellises, and a scheme to dam the Orange River for water supply, and electric power, are quite unimpaired. But their position was certainly humiliating. But seeing that it could not be helped unless Britain is to keep a standing garrison of 30,000 men in South Africa—seeing, also, that the Boers hold themselves the righting and talking, men—the money-making and talking, men—it would perhaps be rather better if colonial Englishmen used the rifle a little more and the tongue a little less.

G. W. STEEVENS.

The Trade of China

President McKinley Will Send a Special Message to Congress on the Subject.

Does Not Want Territory, but a Fair Field and a Fair Contest.

(Associated Press.) New York, Nov. 27.—President McKinley has a surprise in store for Congress, says the Washington correspondent of the Press. He proposes to take up the Chinese question and handle it in a radical manner from the view point of trade expansion.

It is said that a special message, following the annual communication to Congress will continue the discussion of the subject, and deal with it in greater detail.

The President will call the attention of Congress and the country to the opportunity which is opening for the upbuilding of vast commercial relations with China. He will advise, in the most urgent language, the advisability of the United States retaining and increasing its share of the trade of China. It is not understood that he will recommend the acquisition of territory on the Asiatic mainland to accomplish this purpose. He is satisfied to keep our new possessions in the Orient as a basis for commercial operations, but will say that we must insist upon a fair field and a free contest in the international game of commerce.

TRIAL OF WEIR. Counsel Address the Jury—Verdict May be Reached To-Day.

(Associated Press.) Montreal, Nov. 27.—Evidence in connection with the charge against a resident Weir, of the Bank of Ville Marie, is all in.

Donald McMaster, counsel for accused, commenced his address to the jury this morning. It is expected he will conclude in time for Solicitor-General Fitzpatrick to commence his address on behalf of the prosecution.

Mr. McMaster made a strong appeal on behalf of the accused, declaring it was not likely that a man of Weir's age, seventy-seven, would wilfully make a crime of the commission of a crime, and that the suspension of the bank, left the institution just as it was and called in the services of Mr. Garand, a banker, which fact indicated that the president had nothing to conceal, and when proved the accused was not a criminal.

The verdict may be reached by midnight.

HUNTING FOR MILLER.

New York, Nov. 25.—Wm. F. Miller, the ostensible head of the Frankish syndicate, disappeared yesterday, having learned that the Kings county grand jury had indicted him for conspiracy with intent to defraud and that a bench warrant had been issued for his arrest.

His brother, Louis H. Miller, called on the syndicate, was taken by court to-day and held in \$1,000 bail to answer the charge of having aided his brother in defrauding creditors.

All day a crowd of excited depositors held the fort at 124 Ford street. The crowd was made up largely of women. Some of them had remained throughout the entire night, hoping that "the young Napoleon of Finance" would return with his extraordinary dividends, and say them their interest on their principal.

All the banks in the city were notified by police to-day to hold any money in their possession, deposited to the account of William F. Miller, until the Frankish syndicate, pending the development in the indictment of Miller and Leslie. The trust companies also set about to keep an eye on certain banks and trust companies where Miller is supposed to have money on deposit.

Notwithstanding the fact that Miller had placed \$100,000 in the German consulate, the acting German consul-general, K. Bueza, said to-day that Miller had not deposited any money with the consulate, and that he had no knowledge of the matter. According to Wall street bankers nearly all of the country depositors of the syndicate left both principal and interest in the concern and will lose all they have invested.

CANADIAN TICKS.

(Associated Press.) Kingston, Nov. 27.—Ellen Murphy, aged forty, an imbecile, is dead, the result of falling down the elevator shaft in the Hotel Dieu hospital yesterday.

Toronto, Nov. 27.—Thomas Kerr, Inspector of the Standard Life Assurance Co., this city, and one of the best known insurance men in the Dominion, died suddenly on Saturday night.

Hull, Que., Nov. 27.—The preliminary trial of Albert Latourville, charged with murdering Wm. Reid, of Ironsides, is proceeding here.

Ottawa, Nov. 27.—Lady Minto, who has been absent in England for six weeks, arrived home yesterday.

Brantford, Nov. 27.—T. H. Prestop, proprietor of the Expositor, has been chosen by the Liberals of South Brant to contest the seat rendered vacant by the resignation of Hon. A. S. Hardy, ex-premier.

Montreal, Nov. 27.—Vivian Wurtelle, brother of Justice Wurtelle of the Court of the Queen's Bench, died at St. David de Sorel this morning.

Georgetown, Que., Nov. 27.—K. Turner Bonbridge, well known here, committed suicide at noon today. Domestic troubles are believed to be the cause.

NEW SOUTH WALES CROP.

Sydney, N. S. W., Nov. 27.—The Herald estimates that the year's wheat crop will result in a probable exportable surplus of over 3,000,000 bushels, and anticipates the yield to be 0.5 bushels an acre, against 7 bushels in 1898, giving a total of 13,000,000 bushels.

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