BATTLESHIP SHOT TO PIECES

DIVERS DISCLOSE THE DIRE WORK OF JAPANESE CRUISERS.

The Sunken Transport Kow-Shing an Appalling Sight Awful Work of Torpedo, Shot and Shell—The Rooms 'Tween Decks Packed With Hundreds of Dead.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 2.—Advices from Chefoo, received by steamer to-day, say divers have been at work on the Chinese transport Kow-shing, sunk by the Japanese cruisers off the Yalu. They report that the vessel is an appalling sight, as she is literally torn to pieces with shot and shell.

There is no doubt of her having been sunk by a torpedo, as there is a large, ragged opening in her port, bilge into an dthrough one of the bunkers. She is riddled all about the water line with big shot holes, and from the top of her foremast down to the water line there are the marks of the machine-fire gun.

About half way up the mast, where the riging joins, is badly torn by small projectiles. Probably many poor wretches climbed up there to be slaughtered. The mainmast is gone, possibly injured by the firing. Her decks are torn up and splintered throughout, and marks of machine-gun and shell fire cover the ship from end to end. particularly about the funnel casing, which is badly riddled. The 'tween decks are ful lof dead, many of the rooms being packed, especially on the starboard side, where hundreds of poor wretches had crawled to escape, if possible, th pitiless storm of projections.

The North China News comments on this as follows: Any unnecessary sacrifice of life or property is not legitimate warfare. It is barbarous, and there was not the slightest excuse for sinking this ship. She was a good, safe prize, and could not possibly escape. At the worst, her rudder might have been shot away; but to fire torpedoes, to pound away with shot and shell from two, eight and six-inch guns, to haul down a shower of nitrals from machine guns on a small steamer crowded with human beings, was an act which we need not now characterize.

SCOTCH COLLIERY FLOODED.

Fears Entertained That a Score of Lives Have Been Lost.

London, Aug. 2.—A despatch from Saltcoats, a town on the Bay of Ayr, Scotland, says that the Auchenharvie colliery, near that place, was flooded to-day, and that it is feared that a score of persons have perished. No details are given.

A later dispatch says that the disaster was caused by water breaking out from old disused workings. At the time the dispatch was sent the water was still rising in the mine. About 90 miners were at work when the accident occurred. Most of them escaped, but 14 were known to be still in the mine and it is feared that all have perished.

Local Jottings.

Dr. Dwyer, medical superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital, is ill in bed.

Mrs. L. A. Conrad: Secretary Hill, 82 King-street east, will give you all information.

Rev. R. R. Ball has been appointed by the General Conference pastor of Chestnut-street B.M.E. Church.

St. Margaret's Church will have their annual excursion next Monday to Niagara Falls via Chippewa, Chicora and the New York Central Railway.

The St. Louis Sanctuary boys have made a gratifying presentation and address to Rev. Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, for his many kindnesses to them.

Mrs. Kate Hickey, who was stated in court to be a fortune-teller, was yesterday sent to jail for a month for larceny of a gold ring from a baby's neck.

Those houses that handle "L. & S." brand of ham, bacon and lard, do the largest trade, because they buy the goods that best please their customers.

The council of the Board of Trade met yesterday for routine business. The following new members of the board were elected: Jacob Baety, furniture, and John B. Betzner, button manufacturer, both of Berlin.

The secretary of the Bricklayers' Union has notified the Builders' Exchange that unless an agreement for 36 cents an hour be signed all members of the union will be called off all work next Wednesday morning.

Mary Rebecca Abbott was sent to the Mercer for six months yesterday on a conviction of stealing a valise from Mrs. Gorman. May had six previous convictions against her, one of which was for horsestealing.

Charles Robb, who was struck by a baseball bat on Dominion Day, was unable to appear in court yesterday. It is said that the blow has mentally unbalanced him. His alleged assailants, Peter McCann and John Smith, have been remanded for another week.

Suckling & Co. have three fine stocks for sale en blod for Wednesday, Aug. 7: A. E. Rondot, Ambersburg, general dry goods, $12,000; C. Berkell & Co., Arthur, general dry goods, $5000, also groceries and boots, $1400; George Adams, Toronto, clothing, boots and shoes, $4000.

When William Julien stood up in the dock before Magistrate Kingsford yesterday he had regained his senses, and expressed a desire to settle with Frank Elmore for the latter's wheel, which he threw into the lake from the deck of the steamer A. J. Tymon Thursday evening. He was given a week to do so, and in the meantime is at liberty on his own bail.

Mr. Henry A. Knowles, a retired Yonge-street druggist, died suddenly at his residence, 26 Shannon-street, on Thursday evening. Drs. King and Scott attributed the cause to paralysis of the brain. Deceased was 56 years of age and a native of Guelph. He leaves a widow, three daughters and two sons.

By permission of Lieut.-Col. Mason and officers, the Royal Grenadier Band, under the direction of Mr. Waldron, will play the following program at Island Park this (Saturday) afternoon, from 3 to 5.30: March, "Reign of Peace"; "Dance of the Elves and Gnomes"; overture, "Crown Diamonds"; barn dance, "Happy Darkies"; selection, "Lucrezia Borgia"; valse, "Sousa"; Mexican dance, "Bewitching Eyes"; "Reminiscences of Rossini"; "Dance of the Shadows."

Program of sacred concerts at Hanlan's Point, on Sunday, Aug. 4, by Mr. Griffin's band. In the afternoon: Grand processional march, "Silver Trumpets"; overture, "The Puritan"; adagio, "Sacred Melody"; trombone solo, from "Stabat Mater" selection from Handel's works; cornet solo, "Sognal"; andante, "Sacred Melody"; prayer, "I Will Extol Magnify Thee"; song, "Adieu Marie." In the evening: Grand processional, "Saint Savious"; fantasia, "Haydn"; song, "The Fountain"; trombone solo, "Religious Melody" (Cujus Anigram); fantasia, "Mendelssohn." (Interval of five minutes.) Cornet solo, sacred; prayer, "Remember Thy Servant, O Lord"; selection, "Reminiscences of Handel"; sacred song, "Ave Maria."

Will Not Reduce Governor's Salary.

London, Aug. 2.—A despatch from Brisbane says that a motion made in the Queensland Assembly to reduce colony was rejected by a narrow majority.

THE ABSURD STORY OF P'TITE LOUISON.

A Charming Little Tale by Gilbert Parker.

The five brothers lived with Louison, Pontiac, and Medallion came to know them first through having sold them, at an auction, a sale of an adjoining farm. He had been invited to their home, intimacy had grown and afterwards, having a severe illness, he had been taken into the household and kept there until he was well again. The night of the arrival Louison, the sister, stood with a brother on either hand—Octave and Florian—and received him with courtesy more stately than usual, an expression of the reserve and modesty of her single state. This maidenly dignity was at all times shielded by the five brothers, who treated her with a constant and reverential courtesy. There was something signally suggestive in their homage, and Medallion concluded at last that it was paid not only to the sister but to something that gave her great importance in their eyes.

He puzzled long and finally decided that Louison had a romance. There was something in the way they said "P'tite Louison," in the way they avoided all gossip regarding marriages and marriage feasting, in the way P'tite Louison's opinion was accepted instantly as final, with triumphant and satisfied nods on the part of all the brothers, and with whispers of "How clever!"—"How adorable!" "Such beauty!"

P'tite Louison affected never to hear these remarks, but looked complacently straight before her, stirring the spoon in the bread and butter. She was quite aware of the adoration in which she was held, and she gracefully accepted the fact that she was an object of interest.

Medallion had not the heart to laugh at the homage of her brothers, nor at the outlandish sister, for though she was angular and sallow and thin, and her hands were large and red, there was a something deep in her eyes, a curious quality in her carriage which commanded respect. She had ruled these brothers, had been worshipped by them for nearly half a century, and the romance they had kept alive had produced a grotesque sort of truth and beauty in the admiring "P'tite Louison," an affectionate name for her greatness, like the "Little Corporal" for Napoleon. She was not little either but about the middle height, and her hair was well streaked with gray.

Her manner towards Madellion was not marked by any affectation. She was friendly in a kind, impersonal way, much as a nurse cares for a patient, and she never relaxed a sort of old-fashioned courtesy, which might have been trying in such close quarters were it not for the real simplicity of the life and the spirit and lightness of their race. One night Florian—there were Florian and Octave and Felix and Isidore and Emily—the eldest drew her aside from the others, and they walked together by the river. Florian's air suggested confidence and mystery, and soon, with a voice of hushed suggestion, he told Medillion the romance of P'tite Louison. And each of the brothers at different times during the next two weeks did the same, differing scarcely at all in details or choice of phrase or meaning, and not at all in general facts and essentials. But each, as he ended, made a different exclamation.

"Voila! so sad, so wonderful! She keeps the ring—dear P'tite Louison! said Florian, the eldest.

"Alors! she gives him a legacy in her will—sweet P'tite Louison!" said Octave.

"Mais! the Governor and the Cardinal admire her—P'tite Louison!" said Felix, nodding confidently at Medallion.

"Bien! you should see the linen and the petticoats!" said Isadore, the humorous one of the family. "He was great—she was an angel—P'tite Louison joli!"

"Attends! what love! what history! what passion!—the perfect P'tite Louison!" cried Emile, the youngest, the most sentimental. "Ah, Moliere!" he added, as if calling on the master to rise and sing the glories of this daughter of romance. Isadore's tole was after this fashion:

"I ver' well remember the first of it, and the last of it—who can tell? He was an actor—ah, so droll, that. Tall, ver' smart, and he plays in theatre at Montreal. It is in the winter. P'tite Louison visit Montreal. She walk past the theatre and as she go by she slip on the snow and fall. Out from a door with a jump come M'sieu Hadrian, and pick her up. And when he see the pretty face of P'tite Louison his eyes go all fire, and he clasp her hand to his breast."

"'Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!' he say, 'we must meet again!'

"She thank him and hurry away quick. Next day she is skating, and she try to do the dance of the Blue Fox upon the ice. While she do it, some one come up swift, and catch her hand, and say, 'Mademoiselle, let's do it together—like dat. It take' her breath away. It is M'sieu Hadrian. He not seem like the other man she know, but he have a sharp look, he is smooth in the face and he smile kind like a woman. P'tite Louison, she give him her hand, and they run away, and every one stop to look. It is a grand sight. He laugh and his teeth shine, and the ladies say things of him, and he tell P'tite Louison that she look ver' fine and walk like a queen. I am there that day and I see all, and I think it damn good. I say 'That P'tite Louison, she beat them all,'—I am only twelve years old then. When he leave he give her two seats for the theatre, and we go. By gosh, that is grand thing—that play, and M'sieu Hadrian, he is a prince; and my lord, I will marry out of my state, and where my heart go, not as the state wills,' he look down at P'tite Louison, and she go all red, and some of the women look at her, and there is a whisper all round.

"'Nex' day he come to the house where we stay, but the cure come also pretty soon and tell her she must go home. And so we come out home. Well, what do you think! Nex' day M'sieu Hadrian come too, and we have damn good time—Florian, Octave, Felix, Emile, they all sit and say: 'Parfoitement!' 'Ci,ci!' to him all the time. Holy, what fine stories he tell! And he talk about P'tite Louison, and his eyes get wet, and Emile say his prayers to him—by gosh, yes I think. Well, at last, what you guess? M'sieu he come and come, and at last one day he say that he leave Montreal and go to New York, where he get a good place in a big theatre; his time in Montreal is finish. So he speak to Florian and say he want to marry P'tite Louison, and he say, of coure, that he is not marry and he have money. But he is a Protestant, and the cure at first ver' mad, by gosh! But at last when he give a hunder dollars to the chunch, the cure say yes. All happy that way for while. P'tite Louison, she get ready quick—holy, what fine things had she, and it is all to be done in a week, while the theatre in New York wait for M'sieu. And he sit there with us, and play on the fiddle, and sing songs and act plays and help Florian in the barn, and Octave to mend the fence, and the cure to fix the grapevines on his wall. And he show me and Emile how to play sword sticks; and he pick flowers and fetch them to P'tite Louison and show her how to make an omelette and a salad like the chef of the Louis Quinze Hotel, so to say. By gosh, what a good time we have, but first one and then another, he get a sob in his throat when he think that P'tite Louison go to leave us, and the more we try the more we are damn fools. And that P'tite Louison, she kiss every one and say to M'sieu Hadrian, 'Charles, I love you, but I cannot go. He laugh at her, and say: 'Voila, we will take them all with us.' That night a thing happen. The cure come and he look ver' mad, and he frown, and he say to M'sieu Hadrian before us all: 'M'sieu, you are married?'

"By gosh, that P'tite Louison get pale like snow, and we all stand round her close and say to her quick: 'Courage, P'tite Louison,' M'sieu Hadrian then look at the priest and said: 'No, M'sieu; I was married ten years ago; my wife drink and go wrong and I get divorce; I am free like the wind.'

"'You are not free,' the cure say quick, 'once married, married till death. The Church cannot marry you again, and I command Louison to give you up.'

"P'tite Louison stand like stone. M'sieu turn to her. 'What shall it be, Louison?' he say. 'You will come with me?'

"'Kiss me, Charles,' she say, 'and tell me good-by till—till you are free.'

"He look like a madman. 'Kiss me once, Charles,' she say, 'and let me go.'

"And he come to her and kiss her on the lips once, and he say, 'Louison, come with me. I will never give you up.'

"She draw back to Florian. "Good-by, Charles,' she say. 'I will wait as long as you will. Mother of God, how hard it is to do right!' she say, and then she turn and leave the room.

"'M'sieu Hadrian, he gave a long sigh. 'It was my one chance,' he say. 'Now the devil take it all.' Then he nod and say to the cure: 'We'll thrash this out at Judgment Day, M'sieu. I'll meet you there—you and the woman that spoiled me.'

"He turn to Florian and the rest of us and shake hands, and say, 'Take care of Louison. Thank you, Good-by.' Then he stare towards the door and stumble, for he look sick. 'Give me a drink,' he say, and begin to cough a little—a queer sort of rattle. Florian give him a big drink, and he toss it off. 'Thank you,' he say, and start again, and we see him walk away over the hill ver' slow, and he never come back! But every year there comes from New York a box of flowers, and every year P'tite Louison send him a Merci, Charles, mille fois. Dieu te garde.' It is so every year for twenty-five year."

"Where is he now?" asked Medallion.

Isadore shook his head, then lifted his eyes religiously. "Waiting for Judgment Day and P'tite Louison," he answered.

"Dead!" cried Medallion. "How long?"

"Twenty years."

"But the flowers—the flowers?"

"He left word for them to be sent just the same. The daughter, the child of the other woman, sent them."

Medallion took off his hat reverently as if a son were passing from the world, but it was only P'tite Louison going out into the garden.

"She thinks him living?" he asked, gently.

"Yes, we have no heart to tell her. And then he wished it so. And the flowers kep' coming."

"Why did he wish it so?"

Isidore mused a while. "Who can tell? Perhaps a whim. He was a great actor—ah, yes, sublime!" he said.

Medallion did not reply, but walked slowly down to where P'tite Louison was picking berries. His hat was off still.

"Let me help you, mademoiselle," he said softly. And henceforth he was as foolish as her brothers.

GILBERT PARKER.

A Rare Instance.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true that the death of two half-sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British Minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654, and had a daughter born to him in 1655, who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children, who grew up and married, but all of them died before their father, and without issue. Sir Stephen, not wishing his large fortune to fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of 98 years and died in 1825, that is, 170 years after the death of her oldest sister. She saw Queen Victoria when the latter was a child, while her half-sister was carried in the arms of Oliver Cromwell.

Cycles as Passenger Vehicles.

Public cycles as passenger vehicles have appeared in the streets of London. Whether they are tricycles or quadricycles we are not informed, but they are said to be operated by two men, and to have hireable seats for two passengers besides. For many years past, or long before the pneumatic tires made the bicycle a machine of practical use, the London butchers and green grocers, and various other tradesmen have used the tricycles, driven by lusty boys usually, for the delivery of small articles.

Next Week at Hanlan's.

The celebrated English artists, the three Sisters Don, and Messrs. McPhee and Hill, bar performers, in conjunction with the Sexton Brothers and Willie Edwards, open the amusement season at the Point on Monday evening. From the number of artists combined with their great ability, the patrons of Manager Conner's shows should have a great treat in store for them. Remember these performances are given on an elevated stage in front of the grand stand in the new athletic park, commencing at 9 p.m. sharp.

No Other Remedy

No other remedy cures Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., so promptly and quiets pain so quickly as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a pocket doctor for tourists, travelers, etc. 246

Broke His Leg While Playing.

Ten-year-old Richard Shaunessy, who lives with his parents at 435 Dovercourt-road, was playing on a gate at the Western Cattle Market shortly before 6 p.m. yesterday, when the gate fell upon him, breaking his leg in two places. His injuries are being attended at the Hospital for Sick Children.

COL. FAIRHOLME'S WIFE.

The rupture was all about a two-acre field. Col. Fairholme, J. P., wanted it to fill out a dent in his ring fence, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head.

"And you can consider your engagement at an end, sir" the Colonel wrathfully informed his nephew and heir. "No daughter of that sneak's shall be mistress of Broadwater."

Then Evelyn and Dick held a council of war on a neutral stile.

"I've had similar instructions," said the girl. "They're very much incensed at present, but it won't last. Within six weeks somebody will be giving a reconciliation dinner party. I know the dear old things so well."

But before the month was out Col. Fairholme was on his way to Australia.

During the first few weeks after his arrival in Melbourne he communicated regularly either with his maiden sister or with Dick. Then there was a gap for a couple of mails, and Dick was getting uneasy and meditating a cable of inquiry when the anxiously expected letter arrived.

'My Dear Boy—I have a piece of news for you which, I daresay, will surprise you very much. After being a confirmed bachelor for nearly 60 years I have found my better-half at last. I made her acquaintance at the table d'hote here and we were married last Monday.

"The lady is a great deal younger than myself, and I may say, without boasting, as charming in disposition as she is in appearance. You cannot fail to like her, and I am sure you will both be the best of friends.

"We are leaving in a fortnight by the Ormuz, so you will know when to expect us. HORACE FAIRHOLME.

"P. S.—Please break the news as gently as you can to your aunt.—H.F."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Dick.

"A young wife! Well that squashes my position at Broadwater," he summed up, mentally, with a sigh. "But of course, the dear old man was perfectly right to do as he liked. I couldn't expect him to remain a bachelor on my account. If only it weren't for Mabel! 'm no match for Miss Warburton of Bellworth now."

And he sighed again heavily, and the future loomed very dark, for he loved the girl with all his heart.

The colonel did not leave at the time he had specified, after all. A few days after the letter came a brief note for Dick:

"Just a few lines to catch the mail. There is a tiresome delay in the final arrangements, and I find that I cannot leave as soon as I hoped. As the berths are already booked for Ormuz, Adele will come on alone with her maid. Meet her at Southampton. I shall follow by next Orient boat."

Dick wondered a little at the arrangement, but did not fail to meet his uncle's wife when the time arrived. She was a tall woman of 28 or 30, undeniably handsome, and desirous of winning the good graces of her husband's nephew.

Nevertheless, Dick did not take a fancy to her. In fact, she rather repelled him. However, she quite won Miss Fairholme's simple soul by complimenting her upon her housekeeping, and refusing to interfere with such admirable management; also she professed a great interest in the estate.

"I am so fond of the country," she told them, "and your English scenery is so picturesque and homelike. I promise myself a ramble every morning before breakfast.

But one day Dick saw something which gave him the curious notion that after all, it was not the beauties of nature that attracted her. He saw Mrs. Fairholme walking briskly down the road outside to meet the postman—there was only one delivery in that part of the world—who was about to leave the Broadwater letters at the lodge. She stopped the man, and he gave her an envelope which she opened and read on the spot.

"Hum!" he reflected. "So Mrs. Fairholme is so anxious about her correspondence that she takes the trouble to go out and meet it at 7.30 A. M.!"

That afternoon he was at the village postoffice, and the postmaster, who was also the grocer, happened to be serving himself.

"I saw a letter for you with the Melbourne postmark on it this morning, sir," he said, with the license of an old tenant. "I hope the colonel's well?"

"William" confirmed the statement emphatically, and furthermore volunteered the information that the new mistress of Broadwater had met him on the highway, near the lodge gates, and requested him to hand the letter over to her.

"Thanks," said Dick lightly. "Of course, Mrs. Fairholme has forgotten to give it to me. I'll ask her to give it to me. I'll ask her about it."

Conscious of her duplicity, Dick could scarcely force himself to be civil to her. But she appeared not to notice his moroseness, and in the evening after dinner she rose from the piano suddenly, as though on impulse.

"By the way," she said, "have you the key of the strong room, Dick? I meant to ask you before and forgot. I should so much like to see the family jewels. Your uncle told me that he has some wonderful rubies, which he brought from India. Bring them down, there's a dear boy!"

The "dear boy" obeyed without the best grace in the world, and Mrs. Fairholme admired the jewels and played with them all like a child with a new toy. But the rubies seemed especially to captivate her fancy.

"They are magnificent!" she said, and her eyes were almost as bright with excitement as the gems themselves. "I never saw anything like them. And the diamonds are fine, too. But those old-fashioned settings are horrible. I shall have them all reset at once. Do you know the address of a good jeweler's?"

"Linklater of Bond street is one of the best, I believe. But if you will excuse me saying so, don't you think the matter will keep till the colonel's return? I'm not sure that he would care to have them altered."

"O, he won't object if it is my wish," she said sweetly. "I am going into the town early to-morrow. I shall wire myself to Linklater's to send one of their people to fetch them."

He quietly ran up to London in the morning, and paid a visit to Mr. Linklater, to whom he explained the circumstances, and requested that the stones should not be unset until they heard from the colonel himself.

"But, my dear sir," the jeweler said. "I know nothing of these jewels. No such telegram as you mention has been received by us."

The September afternoon was waning when he got back to Broadwater, and Mrs. Fairholme, superb in a velvet dinner gown, swept across the hall to greet him.

"You tiresome fellow," she said playfully, "where have you been all day? The man from Linklater's has been here since 3 o'clock, waiting for you to come home with the strong room keys."

There was a moment's pause, wherein a dozen wild ideas flashed through Dick's brain. It was evident that Mrs. Fairholme had merely used the pretext of wishing the jewels reset in order to get them out of the house.

"O, of course; I forgot. He has come for the jewels, hasn't he? I'll fetch them."

But when he reappeared his hands were empty.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Fairholme," he said, coolly, "but I've mislaid my keys. I hope I haven't dropped them out of doors."

"I don't think it will be much use searching for them," she replied, with an unpleasant laugh. "I shall have a locksmith down from London the first thing in the morning. And the jeweler's man shall wait."

Dick wrote out a telegram and gave it to a groom with a sovereign. "Send it off at once, Rogers, And keep a still tongue in your head."

The message ran as follows;

"To Col. Fairholme, on board the Australian mail steamer Oratave, at Naples:

"Return overland. Imperative business. Please don't fail. DICK.

If the Colonel obeyed he would be at home in three days; that is to say, four days before he would have arrived under ordinary circumstances—four days before he was expected by Mrs. Fairholme.

When the locksmith arrived, Dick had a little private conversation with him, and a banknote changed hands. As the result, the man told Mrs. Fairholme that the job was a long one, and that he could not undertake to accomplish it under three days.

The mysterious man who was not from Bond street went away, and on the third afternoon returned; but the strong room door was not opened yet. The workman was awaiting instructions.

About 5 P. M. there was a rattle of wheels in the avenue, and somebody rang the front door bell.

The next moment the colonel, in traveling cap and ulster, stepped into the lamplight. She shrieked and sprang to her feet, overturning the bamboo table with a crash.

"Col. Fairholme!" she gasped wildly.

"Home already!"

"Mrs. Bellarmine! Bless me, what a remarkable thing! Why, I thought I had left you in Melbourne!"

"Then, she's not your wife!" cried Dick, aghast.

"My wife!" exclaimed his uncle, perplexed to irritability. "You know very well I have no wife, sir! I met this lady and her husband in Melbourne, and they very kindly nursed me through my bout of influenza. I told you so in my letters."

Of course the "man from Linklater's" was her husband, and the pair of adventurers, knowing the colonel's plans, had taken advantage of his illness to intercept his letters, forge substitutes to serve their own ends, and make this bold attempt to steal the famous rubies.

The Colonel beamed upon his nephew.

"And what shall I do for you, Dick, for saving my rubies?"

"You can repay me very easily if you like, sir. Call upon Sir George Warburton."

The Colonel made a grimace. But he went. And within two months Evelyn's prophesy was fulfilled.

MUST ANSWER FOR PITEZEL'S DEATH

Almost Certain That Holmes Will Be Tried in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2.—It is said to be almost an assured fact that Holmes will be tried here for the murder of Benjamin Pitezel. One of the counsel for the prosecution said to-day: "I think we will have all the evidence necessary to hang the fellow. The circumstantial, if not the positive evidence, we have now in our possession to the gallows. At least we can give is enough, I believe, to send Holmes him life imprisonment."

SEARCHED QUINLAN'S ROOMS.

New Evidence Against Holmes and Quinlan Found by the Police.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—The police this afternoon madean examination of the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Puinlan. Chief Badenoch refused to tell what evidence was procured. "You may say, however," he said, "that we have found some new evidence which is very damaging to both Holmes and Quinlan. It is the most important we have yet found." The chief announced that at the conclusion of today's digging, the work of excavating in the cellar of the Holmes' building would be stopped.

TRANS-AFRICAN TELEGRAPH.

Cecil Rhodes Confident of a Line From Egypt to the Cape.

Capetown, Aug. 2.—In the Cape Colony House of Assembly to-day, Prime Minister Rhodes, in answer to a question, said that an overland cable between Cape Colony and Egypt would certainly be built, eventually of Great Britain would recognize her obligations by clearing the Soudan of the Mahdists. Parliament was prorogued to-day.

The Wabash Railroad

Is now acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, quickest, best route from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Old Mexico, California and all west and southwestern points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. It is the great trunk line, passing through six states of the Union, and making direct connection with 119 other railroads. Tickets and time-tables of this great railway from any railroad agent, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, n.e. corner King and Yonge-streets, Toronto. 246

Ho! For Seashore.

Grand excursion via Lehigh Valley from Suspension Bridge to Atlantic City, or Cape May, Thursday, Aug. 8, only $10 the round trip. Train leaves 5.20 p.m. Tickets good 10 days. ed

The Canadian Office and School Furniture Company, Limited.

Preston, Ont., Nov. 26, 1894.

Bernard Lindman, Esq., Toronto.

Dear Sir,—It is now about three months ago since I first ntoiticed that a cure of my rupture was being effected by the use of one of your Wilkinson Trusses, and now I am fully convinced that the cure is both complete and effectual. I have on several occasions within the last few weeks taken long walks without truss or support of any kind, and have every confidence that my rupture, which, as you are aware, was of a very severe description, is now permanently healed, and I can assure you that I feel deeply thankful for the beneficial results. I have already recommended your appliances to several of my friends similarly affected.

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. MICKLER, Supt.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

CHOICE PLUMP

POULTRY

Received fresh daily. Chickens are selling at 50c per pair and upwards. Call and examine our stock.

R. BARRON,

726-728 Yonge-Street

Cor. of Czar-street.

Best Goods

Lowest Possible Prices

Prompt Delivery

JAMES GOOD & CO.,

220 YONGE-STREET.

TEL. 424.

ERRORS OF YOUNG & OLD

Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, permanently cured by

Hazelton's Vitalizer

Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Night Emissions, Dyspepsia, Seminal Losses, Excessive Indulgence, Drain in Urine and all ailments brought on by Youthful Folly. Every bottle guaranteed. Call or address, enclosing 3c stamp for treatise,

J. E. HAZELTON,

Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Yonge-street, Toronto, Ont.

TO RENT

$17 A MONTH WILL RENT 93 Brendalbane-street, 10 rooms, hot water heating; all modern improvements. Alan C. Thompson & Co., 72 Victoria-st.

AUCTIONEERS.

HAMILTON TEBBS, AUCTIONEER, CENtral Auction Mart, 275 Queen west, opposite McCaul, desires consignments of any class of merchandise. Goods converted into cash expeditiously. Sales at private houses receive careful attention. Prompt settlements. Advances on goods consigned for absolute sale. Confidential.

MEDICAL.

"DOWNTOWN OFFICES" OF DRS. NATtress, Henwood & Temple, Janes Building, N.E. corner King and Yonge-streets.

DR. SCHAEFER'S SPECIFIC—PRIVATE diseases of men permanently cured by Dr. Schaefer's world renowned remedy for (Gonn.) Complete cures effected; medicines sent to any address. Write the Schaefer Medicine Co., room 4, Dominion Bank Chambers, corner College and Spadina-avenue, Toronto, Canada.

EDUCATIONAL.

BARKER'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL, corner Yonge and Bloor, the place for Stenographers. Circulars free.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TOronto—Canada's Greatest Commercial School. Shaw & Elliott, Principals.

STORAGE.

STORAGE — BEST AND CHEAPEST IN city. Lester Storage Co., 369 Spadina-avenue.

BUSINESS CARDS.

FOR FIRE ESCAPE APPLIANCES APPLY G. Hayes, 8 Edward-street, Toronto.

ENGLISH RIDING SCHOOL — EARLY morning and evening classes during summer months. Riding taught in all branches. Pupils schooled carefully over jumps. Tourists personally conducted around city on horseback. Apply 72 Wellesley-street.

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD IS FOR sale at the Royal Hotel newsstand, Hamilton.

NELSON R. BUTCHER & CO., CANada Life Building, Toronto; Shorthand Writers; Smith Premier Typewriters; Graphophones and Phonographs. Machines rented and supplies.

OAKVILLE DAIRY—473 YONGE-STREET—guaranteed pure farmers' milk supplied, retail only. Fred Sole, proprietor.

HOTELS.

GRAND UNION HOTEL, ORILLIA, Ont. Close to G.T.R. Station. Terms $1 per day. W. W. Robinson, proprietor.

RUSSELL HOUSE, ORILLIA—RATES $1 to $1.50 per day; first-class accommodation for travelers and tourists. F. W. Finn, proprietor.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL, Cor. Winchester & Parliament-st

Every accommodation for families visiting the city; take Winchester car from Union Station to the door; terms moderate.

JOHN H. AYRE, Manager.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL

135 to 139 St. James-street, Montreal. 246

HENRY HOGAN, Proprietor.

The Best Known Hotel in the Dominion.

Established 80 Years.

FUR WORK . .

No Branch Stores

It will pay you in every way to have your FURS REPAIRED and RESTYLED now.

A call on us will prove right prices.

JAS. H. ROGERS

Cor. King and Church-sts.

CATTO'S

Have met the demand for

-RARE GOODS-

by a Special importation of

GOLF HOSE

BICYCLE HOSE

CREPONS — Black and Colors.

BLOUSE WAIST SILKS—The Dainty.

GAUFFRE—In Crepe Effects, stripes and fancies.

—LOOK—

at display of TOURIST ESSENTIALS in west window—Tartan and other Wool Wraps, Rugs and Shawls.

John Catto & Son,

Dry Goods Only

KING-STREET

(Opposite the Post Office)

TORONTO.

Going Away Soon?

When you go, be sure and call at Bain's to get a good supply of cheap summer books to read when it is too hot for anything else.

We keep in stock all the new novels and all the popular books of the day. Telephone 1680 or call at 36

BAIN'S, 53 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.

JUNE PRICES:

75c. PER DOZEN.

SOME MORE,

SOME LESS.

JUNE ROSES.

SWEET PEAS, CARNATIONS.

DUNLOP'S,

5 King-st. w. and 445½ Yonge-street.

HELP WANTED.

TRAVELER WANTED — WHOLESALE Clothing. Apply personally or by letter to John Calder & Co., Hamilton.

LOST.

STOLEN—BICYCLE NO. 29071, BRANTFORD '95. Reward at Dr. Watson's, Sherbourne-street.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

KENNY'S CELEBRATED HAIR RESTORER cleanses and stimulates the scalp, beautifies, strengthens and prevents the hair falling out, preserve the color, removes dandruff and positively cures baldness. 395 Queen-street west. 246

FINANCIAL.

THE EDINBURGH LIFE ASSURANCE Company are prepared to lend money at 4½ per cent. on first-class security. Apply to Kingstone, Wood & Symons, solicitors and agents for the company, 18 King street west, Toronto.

A LARGE AMOUNT OF PRIVATE FUNDS to loan at low rates. Read, Read & Knight, solicitors, etc., 75 King-street east, Toronto. 246

LARGE AMOUNT OF PRIVATE FUNDS TO loan at 5½ per cent. Apply Maclaren, Macdonald, Merritt & Shepley, 23-30 Toronto-street, Toronto.

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGES, life endowments and other securities. Debentures bought and sold. James C. McGee, Financial Agent, 5 Toronto-street. ed

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

H. S. MARA, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE Licenses, 5 Toronto-street. Evenings, 356 Jarvis-street.

MUSICAL.

P. W. NEWTON, TEACHER OF BANJO, Guitar and Mandolin. Private lessons. Thorough instruction. All Jennings' splendid banjo music. Clubs conducted reasonably. Studio: Nordheimer's, 15 King-street east, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Evening lessons only at residence, 3 Irwin-avenue, off Yonge-street.

ART.

J. W. L. FORSTER, PUPIL OF MORN. Bougereau. Portraits in Oil, Pastel, etc. Studio, 81 King-street east.

LEGAL CARDS.

CLARKE, BOWES, HILTON & SWABEY, Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Janes Building, 75 Yonge-street. J. R. Clarke, Q.C., R. H. Bowes, F. A. Hilton, Charles Swabey, E. Scott Griffin, H. L. Watt.

LOBB & BAIRD, BARRISTERS, SOLicitors, Patent Attorneys, etc., 9 Quebec Bank Chambers, King-street east, corner Toronto-street, Toronto; money to loan. Arthur F. Lobb, James Baird.

GEORGE H. KILMER, BARRISTER, SOLICitor, etc., 10 King-street west.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES—We have a large stock in beautiful designs, fitted with our patent steel cushions, or club cushions, as desired, also full size English Billiard Tables with the extra low quick English cushions; can also furnish at low figures good second-hand tables. Our stock of ivory and composition balls, cloth, cues, etc., is complete; also everything in the Bowling Alley line, such as balls, pins, marking boards, swing cushions, etc. Estimates given for alleys on application. Send for catalog and terms to Samuel May & Co., 68 King-street west, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE PATENT JUST GRANTed for the Dominion of Canada; big money can be made if put on the market at once. For all particulars apply to J. C. Van Scyke, 195 River-street, Detroit, Mich.