

THE STORY OF FRANKIE

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

I am told by people who have been sick that the sound of the waves beating against the hull comes in time to be an intolerable torment. But had this been it can be nothing in comparison with the pains I suffered from the same cause as I recovered my senses. My brain seemed to be a cavern into which each moment, with a rhythmic regularity which added the pangs of anticipation to those of reality, the sea rushed, booming and thundering, jarring every nerve and straining the walls to bursting and making each moment of consciousness a vivid agony. And this lasted long—how long I cannot say. But it had subsided somewhat when I first opened my eyes and dully, not daring to move my head, looked up.

I was lying on my back. About a foot from my eyes were rough beams of wood disclosed by a smoky yellow light, which flickered on the knotholes and ridge joints. The light swung to and fro regularly, and this adding to my pain I closed my eyes with a moan. Then someone came to me, and I heard voices which sounded a long way off and promptly fell again into a deep sleep, troubled still, but less painfully, by the same rhythmic shocks, the same dull crashings in my brain.

When I awoke again, I had sense to know what caused this and where I was—in a berth on board ship. The noise which had so troubled me was that of the waves beating against her forefoot. The beams so close to my face formed the deck; the smoky light came from the ship's lantern swinging on a hook. I tried to turn. Some one came again, and with gentle hands arranged my pillow and presently began to feed me with a spoon. When I had swallowed a few mouthfuls, I gained strength to turn.

Who was this feeding me? The light was at her back and dazzled me. For a short while I took her for Estrella, my thoughts going back to one bound to Cotton and skipping all that had happened since I left home. But as I grew stronger I grew clearer, and recalling bit by bit what had happened in the boat, I recognized Mistress Anne. I tried to murmur thanks, but she laid a cool finger on my lips and shook her head, smiling on me. "You must not talk," she murmured. "You are getting well. Now go to sleep again."

I shut my eyes at once as a child might. Another interval of unconsciousness, painless this time, followed, and again I awoke. I was lying on my side now, and without moving could see the whole of the tiny cabin. The lantern still hung and smoked. But the light was steady now, and I heard no splashing without nor the dull groaning and creaking of the timbers within. There reigned a quiet which seemed bliss to me, and I lay wrapped in it, my thoughts growing clearer and clearer each moment.

On a sea chest at the farther end of the cabin were sitting two people engaged in talk. The one a woman, I recognized immediately. The gray eyes full of command, the handsome features, the reddish brown hair and gracious figure left me in no doubt, even for a moment, that I looked on Mistress Bertram. The sharer of her seat was a tall, thin man, with a thoughtful face and dreamy, rather melancholy eyes. One of her hands rested on his knee, and her lips as she talked were close to his ear. A little aside, sitting on the lowest step of the ladder which led to the deck, her head leaning against the timbers and a cloak about her, was Mistress Anne. I tried to speak and after more than one effort found my voice. "Where am I?" I whispered. My head ached sadly, and I fancied, that I was languid to raise my hand to it, that it was aged. My mind was so far clear that I remembered Master Clarence and his pursuit and the fight in the boats and knew that we ought to be on our way to prison. Who, then, was he? The man whose length of limb made the cabin seem smaller than it was? Not a jailer surely? Yet who else?

I could compass no more than a whisper, but faint as my voice was they all heard me and looked up. "Ah, the elder lady cried sharply, seeming by her tone to direct the other to attend to me. Yet was she herself the first to rise and come and lay her hand on my brow. "Ah, the fever is gone!" she said, speaking apparently to the gentleman, who kept his seat. "His head is quite cool. He will do well now, I am sure. Do you know me?" she continued, leaning over me. I looked up in my eyes and read only kindness. "Yes," I muttered. But the effort of looking was so painful that I closed my eyes again, with a sigh. Nevertheless my memory of the events which had gone before my illness grew clearer, and I fumbled feebly for something which should have been at my side. "Where is—where is my sword?" I made shift to whisper.

She laughed. "Show it to him, Anne," she said. "What a never die it is! There, master knight errant, we did not forget to bring it off the field, you see." "But how," I murmured, "how did you escape?" I saw that there was no question of a prison. Her laugh was gay, her voice full of content. "That is a long story," she answered kindly. "Are you well enough to hear it? You think you are? Then take some of this first. You remember that knave Philip striking you on the head with an ear as you got up? No? Well, it was a cowardly stroke, but it stung him in the chest, for we had drifted, in the excitement of the race, under the stern of the ship which you remember seeing a little before. There were English seamen on her, and when they saw three men in the act of boarding two defenseless women they stepped in and threatened to send Clarence and his crew to the bottom unless they steered off."

"Ha!" I murmured. "Good!" "And so we escaped. I prayed the captain to take us on board his ship, the Framingham, and he did so. More, putting into Leigh on his way to the North, he took off my husband. There he stands, and when you are better he shall thank you."

"Nay, he will thank you now," said the tall man, rising and stepping to the berth with his head bent. He could not stand upright, so low was the deck. "But for you," he continued, his earnestness showing in his voice and eyes—the latter were

almost too tender for a man's—"my wife would now lying in prison, her life in jeopardy and her property as good as gone. She has told me how bravely you rescued her from that cur in Clevesham, and how your presence of mind baffled the watch at the river-side. It is well, young gentleman. It is very well. But these things call for other returns than words. When it lies in her power, my wife will make them. If not today, tomorrow, and if not tomorrow the day after."

I was very weak, and his words brought tears to my eyes. "She has saved my life already," I murmured. "You foolish boy!" she cried, smiling down on me, her hand on her husband's shoulder. "You got your head broken and I must make the best of it. The wife and I will take care of you, and send you back if you will, or you shall still come with us, as you please. Be content to go to sleep now and get strong. Presently perhaps we shall have need of your help again."

"In a few hours we shall be at Dort in Holland," she answered. "But be content. We will take care of you and send you back if you will, or you shall still come with us, as you please. Be content to go to sleep now and get strong. Presently perhaps we shall have need of your help again."

"I will go on with you, if you please," I answered at once. "I, too, cannot go home." And as I said this Mistress Bertram also came up, and I took her hand in mine—which pretty nearly choked me, so strangely thin I scarcely recognized it—and kissed it. "I will come with you, madam, if you will let me," I said. "Good!" she replied, her eyes sparkling. "I said you would! I do not mind telling you now that I have a great deal to say to you when we return to England, as God will, may, and soon, you shall not regret your decision. Shall he, Richard?"

"If you say he shall not, my dear," he thought I was speaking at her enthusiasm, "I think I may answer for it." I was struck then, as I had been before by a certain air of deference which the husband assumed toward the wife. It did not surprise me, for her bearing and manner were such that I could not but have seen, stamped her as singularly self-contained and independent for a woman, and to these qualities, as much as to the rather dreamy character of the husband, I was content to ascribe the peculiarity. I should add that a rare and delicate beauty was constantly displayed on her part toward him, and that of any semblance of unseemliness.

They saw that the exertion of talking exhausted me, and so, with an encouraging nod, they passed about me, and in a few minutes later a couple of English sailors, one belonging to the Framingham came up and with gentle strength transported me, under Mistress Anne's directions, to a queer looking wide beam boat which lay all the while in the water, and which, as I thought, was no more than a huge tub. I was drawn into it, and a large quantity of water, but had a great expense of sail when all was set. There was a large deckhouse, gay with paint and clean, and a cabin below, and a compartment at one end of it, which seemed to be assigned to our party. I was soon comfortably settled.

Exhausted as I was by the excitement of sitting up and being moved, I knew not what to do, and for the next two days and nights I was so weak that I could not get up, and sometimes awoke to wonder where I was. But the meals and the vague attempts at thought made scarcely more impression on my mind than the sleep. Yet all the while I was so weak that I could not get up, and sometimes awoke to wonder where I was. But the meals and the vague attempts at thought made scarcely more impression on my mind than the sleep. Yet all the while I was so weak that I could not get up, and sometimes awoke to wonder where I was. But the meals and the vague attempts at thought made scarcely more impression on my mind than the sleep.

Fortunately the weather was mild and warm, and the sunshine fell brightly on the wide river and the wide plain of pasture which stretched away on either side of the river, and there only by a windmill, a farmstead, a church, a church, the brown sails of a barge or at most broken by a low dike or a line of sand dunes. All was open, free, all was largeness, space and distance. I gazed all day long at the wide river, and there were pacing the deck forward, came to me. He noticed the wondering looks I cast round. "This is new to you?" he said, smiling.

"Quite, quite new," I answered. "I never saw anything so flat and yet in its way so beautiful." "You do not know Lincolnshire?" "No." "Ah, that is my native county," he said. "It is much like this. But you are better than I am. My wife and I, and my wife have been discussing whether we shall tell you more about ourselves. And, since there is no time like the present, I may say that we have decided to visit you in Lincolnshire."

"All in all, not at all," Mistress Bertram added brightly. "I murmured my thanks. "Then, first, to tell you who we are. For myself, I am plain Richard Bertie of Lincolnshire. My wife is something more than appears from her name—or—with a smile—from her present not too graceful dress. She is—"

"Stop, Richard! This is not sufficiently for me to recover my breath. I have the honor to present to you, my young man, she went on, laughing merrily and making a very grand courtesy before me. "Katherine, duchess of Suffolk."

I made shift to get to my feet and bow to her, and she forced me to sit down again. Enough of that, I said lightly, "until we go back to England. Here and for the future we are Master Bertram and his wife. And this young lady, my distant kinswoman, Anne Brandon, must pass as Mistress Anne. You wonder how we came to be straying in the streets alone and unattended when you found us?"

I did wonder, for the name of the gay and brilliant Duchess of Suffolk was well known even to my ears. Her husband, former husband, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, had been not only the one trusted and constant friend of King Henry III, but the King's brother-in-law, his favorite, and the best friend of the King's England and queen dowager of France. Late in his splendid and prosperous career the duke had married Katherine, the heiress of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and she had been a most beautiful, young and handsome. After her husband's death she had made England ring with her name, first by a love match with a Lancashire squire, and, secondly, by her fearless and outspoken defense of the reformers. I did wonder indeed how she came to be wandering in the streets of London, an object of a chance passer's curiosity and pity.

"It is simple enough," she said dryly. "I am rich, I am Protestant, and I have an enemy. When I do not like a person, I speak out. Do not, Richard." "You do indeed, my dear," he answered, smiling.

"An enemy! Who spoke out to Bishop Gardiner? What do you know Stephen Gardiner?" "I do not know," he replied, with heavy

assurance in a voice. "A week's rest and quiet will restore you to strength, and then the burden will be on the other you the child. As for your own sake I give you the advice, because your future is so uncertain. If you are certain, let me repeat it. A his brow clouding over, "and if our companion may expose you to fresh dangers. We are refugees from King Edward. That you probably guess. Our plan is to go to France, where are many of our friends, and where we could live safely until better times. You know how that plan is frustrated. Here the Spaniards are masters. Prince Philip's people, and if we are recognized we shall be arrested and sent back to England. Still my wife and I must make the best of it. The wife and I will not follow us for some days, and then we will be in the cities of Holland which we have friends here, protect us for a time. Now you know something of our position, my friend. You can make your choice with your eyes open. Either way we shall not forget you."

"I will go on with you, if you please," I answered at once. "I, too, cannot go home." And as I said this Mistress Bertram also came up, and I took her hand in mine—which pretty nearly choked me, so strangely thin I scarcely recognized it—and kissed it. "I will come with you, madam, if you will let me," I said. "Good!" she replied, her eyes sparkling. "I said you would! I do not mind telling you now that I have a great deal to say to you when we return to England, as God will, may, and soon, you shall not regret your decision. Shall he, Richard?"

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For I had started at the name, after which I could scarcely have concealed my knowledge of it would. So I answered simply, "Yes, I have seen him." I was thinking how wonderful this was. These people had been utter strangers to me until a day or two before, yet now we were all looking out together from the deck of a Dutch boat on the low Dutch landscape, united by one tie, the enmity of the same man. "He is a man to be dreaded," the duchess continued, her eyes resting on her bag, which lay asleep on my bundle of rugs, and I guessed what fear it was had tamed her pride to flight. "His power in England is absolute. We learned that it was his purpose to arrest me and determined to leave England. But our very household was full of spies, and though we chose a time when Clarence, our steward, whom we had long suspected of being Gardiner's chief tool, was away, Philip, his deputy, gained a clew to our design and watched us. We gave him the slip with difficulty, leaving our luggage, but he dogged and overtook us, and the rest you know."

I looked at her with admiration, I knew, she stood in my eyes. She looked, as she stood on the deck, an exile and fugitive, so gay, so bright, so indomitable, that in herself she was at once a woman and an ornament of better times. The breeze had blown her hair loose, and she looked here and there a tress of her burn hair. No wonder Master Bertie looked proudly on his duchess.

Suddenly a thing I had clean forgotten flashed into my mind, and I thrust my hand into my pocket. The action was so abrupt that it attracted their attention, and when I pulled out a packet—two packets—there were three pairs of eyes upon me. The seal dangled from one of the packets. "What have you there?" the duchess asked briskly, for she was a woman and a warrior. "Do you carry the deeds of your property about with you?"

"No," I said, unwilling to make a small sensation. "This touches your grace." "Hush!" she cried, raising one imperious finger. "Transgressing already? From this time forth I am Mistress Bertram, remember. But come," she went on, eyeing the packet with the seal inquisitively. "How does it touch me?"

I put it silently into her hands, and she opened it and read a few lines, her husband peeping over her shoulder. As she read her brow darkened, her eyes grew stern. "Bertram's face changed with hers, and they both peered suddenly at me over the edge of the parchment, suspicion and hostility in their glances. "How came you by this, young sir?" he said slowly, after a long pause. "Have we received Peter to fall into the hands of Paul?"

"No, no!" I cried hurriedly. I saw that I had made a greater sensation than I had bargained for. I listened to tell them how I had met with Gardiner's servant at Sir Strickland's house, and how I had possessed of his credentials. They listened of course. Indeed they laughed so loudly that the placid Dutchman, standing at the head of the boat, and with his hands in their breeches pockets, stared open mouthed at us, and the kindred on the bank looked mildly up from the knee deep grass.

"And what was the other packet?" the duchess asked presently. "Is that it in your hand?" "I answered, holding it up with some reluctance. "It seems to be a letter addressed to Mistress Clarence." "Clarence!" she cried. "Clarence!" feeling the hand she was extending. "What? Here is our friend again, then. What is it? You have opened it?"

"No." "You have not? Then quiet, open it!" she exclaimed. "This, too, touches us, I will bet a penny. Let us see at once what it contains." Clarence indeed! Perhaps we may have him on the hip yet, the arch traitor!"

But I held the pocketbook back, though my cheeks reddened, and I knew I must seem foolish. They made certain that the letter was a communication to some person, probably to Clarence himself, under cover of a feminine address. Perhaps it was, but it bore a woman's name, and it was sealed, and, foolish though I might be, I would not betray the woman's secret. "No, no!" I said, confused, awkward, stammering, yet withholding it with a secret obstinacy. "Pardon me if I do not obey you—if I do not let this be opened. It may be what you say." I added, with an effort, "but it may also contain an honest secret, and that a woman's."

"What do you say?" cried the duchess. "Here are scruples!" At that her husband smiled, and I looked in despair from him to Mistress Anne. Would she sympathize with my scruples? I found that she had turned her back on us and was gazing over the side. "Do you really mean," continued the duchess, tapping her foot sharply on the deck, "that you are not going to open that, you foolish boy?" "I do, with your grace's leave," I answered.

"Or without my grace's leave! That is what you mean," she retorted pettishly, a red spot in each cheek. "When people will do as they please, I am always grateful. I dared not smile, and I would not look up, lest my heart should fall me and I should give her her way.

"You foolish boy!" she again said and sniffed. "I was wrong when my head she went away, her husband following her obediently. I feared that she was grievously offended, and I got up restlessly and went across the deck to the rail on which Mistress Anne was leaning, meaning to say something which should gain for me by sympathy, perhaps her advice. But the words died on my lips, for as I approached she turned her face abruptly toward me, and it was so white, so bagged, so drawn, that I uttered a cry of alarm. "You are ill!" I exclaimed. "Let me call the duchess!"

She gripped my sleeve almost fiercely. "Hush!" she muttered. "Do nothing of the kind. He is wanted in Providence, R. I.; Syracuse, N. Y., and other American cities on similar charges.

"I was full of pity for her and reproached myself accordingly. "What a selfish brute I have been!" I said. "You have watched by her night after night and nursed me day after day, and I have scarcely thanked you. And now you are all yourself. It is my fault!"

She looked at me, a wail smile on her face. "A little, perhaps," she answered faintly. "But it is chiefly the water. I shall be better presently. About that letter. Did you not come to speak to me about it?" "Never mind it now," I said anxiously. "Will you not lie down on the piazza?" "Let me give you my place," I pleaded. "No, no!" she cried impatiently, and seeing I read her by my impatience I decided. "The letter," she went on. "You will open it by and by?" "No," I said slowly, considering, to tell

the truth, the strength of my resolution. "I think I shall not." "You will, you will!" she repeated, with a kind of scorn. "The duchess will ask you again, and you will give it to her. Of course you will!"

Her tone was strangely querulous, and his glances at me. But I thought only that she was ill and excited, and I fancied it was best to humor her. "Well, perhaps I will," I said soothingly. "Possibly. It is hard to refuse her anything, and yet I hope I may not. The girl—it may be a girl's secret."

"Well!" she asked, interrupting me abruptly, her voice harsh and unamiable. "What of her?" She laid her hand on her bosom as though to still some secret pain. I looked at her, anxious and wondering, but she had again averted her face. "What of her?" she repeated. "She did not answer. She stood a moment, then, to my surprise, she turned away without a word, and merely content to follow walking slowly away. I watched her cross the deck and pass through the doorway into the deckhouse. She did not once turn her face, and my only fear was that she was ill, more seriously ill, perhaps, than she had acknowledged.

(To be continued.)

CONFESSIONS BY TORTURE

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a letter from its correspondent in Kuching, detailing the difficulties attending communication with Foochow, and describing the trial of a prisoner implicated in the outrages upon missionaries. When the court is ready, the writer says, the accused man is brought in, handcuffed. He is invariably in appearance, and has the wild, ghastly look of a starved man, which he really is. The prisoner opens the proceedings by swearing that he was nowhere near the scene of the massacre, and then the torture begins. The man is first compelled to kneel with his bare knees upon a coil of chain. His head is dragged back, and his pigtail is fastened in a rack high above his head. A pole is then thrust across his legs, and two soldiers stand on each end of it, crushing the man's knees into the coil of chain.

The British consul could not stand this method of extracting testimony, and insisted that it be stopped. This was done, so far as the proceedings in the court room were concerned, but for an hour after the strike of the tortured prisoners could be heard coming from an adjoining room, where the torture was continued. When the magistrate wanted to hear the confession of a prisoner, the prisoner was brought back into the court room. If he held back his confession a threat to resume the torture was usually sufficient to cause him to tell all he knew. Beside the torture described, the prisoners were beaten with bamboo sticks until their yells were horrible to hear. One prisoner appeared in the court room unable to walk from a beating he had received, and was unable to kneel because his knees had been broken by the chain links, and his thighs had been lacerated by the bamboo rods. The midst of such misery, cakes, fruits, tea and wines were served and partaken of by the native officers, who did not understand why the foreigners present pushed these delicacies aside, refusing to touch them. The correspondent declares that the powers ought to demand justice without torture, reaching a mandarin as promptly as a man who works in the field. The whole business, he says, lies at the door of the corrupt officers.

WINNIPEG WININGS.

WINNIPEG, Oct. 12.—(Special)—Candidates for the next Manitoba legislature are already looming up. Lieutenant Windross, of Rabbit Point, expresses his intention to contest Woodlands at the next election as an Independent Conservative.

James Watson, one of the best known engineers in the C.P.R. service, died this morning at the general hospital from appendicitis.

Sir William Van Horne and party go West to-morrow. Sir William when interviewed on his arrival here yesterday, said he did not contemplate building a new station here or constructing any branch lines in the province for some time; neither was there any likelihood of a reduction of freight rates, or interference in the grain trade by elevators. The company policy did not encourage the building of warehouses for storing grain. President Van Horne endorsed the government's action on the grain mixing business, but declined to express an opinion on the advisability of farmers holding wheat for higher prices. He, however, expressed confidence in the ability of the company to move grain as fast as offered.

TORONTO TOPICS.

TORONTO, Oct. 12.—(Special)—A farewell service was held at the college of St. John the Baptist church last night to half a dozen missionaries departing for China. They are Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Stillwell, Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Priest, and Mrs. Pearl Smith, M. D. All the gentlemen are graduates of Macmaster university.

The water pipe of Toronto junction burst this morning and the supply which the city has been receiving from town as well as the town's own supply is cut off. The break may be repaired to-night.

J. Arthur Brand, the plucky challenger for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club's cup, is in the city on a pleasure trip.

John Connor, an American, arrested a few days ago on a charge of swindling, was convicted in the police court to-day, but sentence was deferred till Monday. The records of this man show him to be one of the slickest crooks who have ever appeared in Toronto. He is wanted in Providence, R. I.; Syracuse, N. Y., and other American cities on similar charges.

MONTREAL MATTERS.

MONTREAL, Oct. 12.—(Special)—The Methodist mission board's annual meeting closed yesterday to meet next year at Halifax. The Japan trouble was again discussed and apparently satisfactorily settled. Rev. Mr. Cassidy stated to the board that he was placed in a very trying position. He wished to say to them that all he could do as a leader of the peace of the church would be done. Rev. Dr. Williams and Dr. Sutherland united in commendation of the frank, manly statement of Rev. Mr. Cassidy. The sum of \$19,160 was appropriated for domestic missions in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. The grain and feed establishment of W. L. Hogg & Co., Notre Dame East, was entered by burglars last night and an attempt made to blow open the safe. All the desks and drawers in the place were rifled, but only a small amount of money was secured.

THE ROYAL CITY.

Its Magnificent Exhibition Visited by Thousands of Delighted Visitors.

Presentation of Prizes by Lady Aberdeen—Some Very Notable Exhibitors.

New Westminster, Oct. 12.—(Special)—The Westminster fair is at an end; the Royal City is doffing her gala garb, visitors have left or are leaving the city, and the citizens are settling down to the usual routine of business. Thousands have visited the fair from all sections of the province and the universal opinion is that the exhibition was a great success. The exhibits in the industrial department were exceedingly creditable, and in the agricultural department they were all more than good.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended a concert given in St. Leonard's hall last night in aid of the hospital fund. Every seat was occupied, and so crowded were the aisles that the management was obliged to cease selling tickets.

The programme consisted of the most select music, the performers being the leaders in the musical circles in the Royal City. Lord Aberdeen made a short address commending the performers, and referring to the pleasant time spent by him at the fair. The prizes and diplomas awarded were presented by Lord and Lady Aberdeen in the main building of the exhibition Thursday evening. A large crowd gathered to see the ceremony and to listen to the speech from the Queen's representative.

FOUR FOR FALCONER.

He Gets Four First Prizes for Sauces, Vegetables and Pickles.

Four first prizes in canned vegetables, tomatoes, peas and beans, the same for catsup, vinegar and pickles, and cider. This is the record of the enterprising pickle and preserve man, J. H. Falconer of Victoria. The jams and jellies of this firm were also highly commended by the most competent judges, so that Mr. Falconer cannot but feel highly gratified at the success he has achieved at the Royal City. The exhibit was not large but was neatly arranged and made attractive by a large lettering sign that drew the attention of visitors who looked around the display with interest. Both he and his assistants busy asking questions. They admired the display and agreed with the judges in the opinion of the excellence of the articles shown. Lord and Lady Aberdeen honored Mr. Falconer with a visit and commended the exhibit in terms of highest approval.

BAMBOO BABY BUGGIES.

A Fine Display of Bamboo Buggies at a Terminal City Firm.

Attractive, indeed, was the exhibit of Jim & Tamara, the popular proprietors of the Japanese store, Vancouver. Their exhibit consisted entirely of bamboo work made up into chairs, tables, book-shelves, music-holders, stools, bedroom suites, baby carts, baby cots, and an almost unlimited number of other household articles, both artistic and useful. Visitors minutely inspected the finely finished bamboo work, commented favorably upon it, and invariably leave it they had placed an order with this enterprising firm of the Terminal City. Long before the exhibition closed the firm had sold its entire exhibit, and had orders for as much more. The firm is a well-known house, and does business at 72 Cordova street. Vancouver. Their trade has increased in leaps and bounds since the present time they stand in their line without a peer in the province.

TOOK THE GOLD MEDAL.

O'Keil & Morris Secure Three First Awards at Westminster's Exhibition.

The exhibit of the O'Keil & Morris Fruit Preserving Company, was one of the finest displays of British Columbia fruits shown. The manner in which they were put up spoke for itself. The fruits from which the preserves were made were grown in the province, and canned by Mr. O'Keil, manager of the company, who has had over 20 years' experience in the leading houses in Great Britain, and who won the gold and silver medals at the International preserves and fruit competition in London, and was one of the leading houses in Europe were competitors. At Westminster this popular preserving house was awarded a special gold medal for excellence of quality and the artistic manner in which the fruit was exhibited. They also secured the first award for canned fruits, and the first for confectionery. Lord and Lady Aberdeen paid a personal visit to the exhibit, and passed the highest of encomiums upon it, at the same time giving a very substantial order for preserves for their own table.

AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

M. R. Smith & Co. Take A Gold Medal for Their Biscuits.

M. R. Smith & Co., the biscuit manufacturers of Victoria, were again to the front with an exceedingly creditable display of biscuits of all shapes, sizes and flavors. The display occupied a large floor space, and was one of the most attractive exhibits of the fair. Ginger snaps, jumbles, oatmeal cakes, soda crackers, fancy mixed, arrowroot, Abernethy, currant tops, tea biscuits, sugar biscuits, coconut taffy biscuits, and fruit biscuits are only a few of the endless varieties of biscuits exhibited by this well known house. The display was very neatly arranged and showed considerable artistic skill. But it did not need to show skill in artistic arrangement to beguile the eyes of the visitor. Everyone who went to the fair had to taste the goods, and the bread of Smith's biscuits; they were given away free with a cup of deliciously blended tea at the Hudson's Bay Co.'s exhibit. Thousands taste them, and in every case a favorable report was given. Many had known the biscuits before, but those who had not did not take long in coming to the conclusion that the article placed in the market by M. R. Smith & Co. equals any and surpasses most imported goods in the same line, and is far less costly. The firm will bring to Victoria the gold medal for biscuits and fancy biscuits, display as well as quality, given by the association.

Everywhere We Go

We find someone who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are saying "Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me and my friends. Taken Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious diseases, and the blood is pure and the system in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier."

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic for everyone who tries them. 50c per box.