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AVENCED AT LAST Or. a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH." [COPYRIGHT. 1890.]

Armida seemed as though she could not take her eyes from the sight which lay before her. It was not rugged or romantic, such as Armida had known in her own country—it was purely English -a grassy valley along which flowed the Thames, hemmed in by sloping hillsides covered with parks and ancient prests. She thought it was the most pleasing and entrancing sight she had ver beheld. As far as the eye could reach the waters of the Thames could be seen winding through the valley like a silver ribbon. On the sides of the quiet river the hillsides were covered with luxuriant foliage of the brightest hues, and the surface of the river was flecked with little pleasure craft, whose gay-colored canopies added to the brightness, if not the grandeur, of the scene. and then a few bars of a sprightly

eatch or glee would be wafted upon the gentle breeze from the pleasure-seekers on the water below. Eugene allowed Armida to revel in the exceptional beauty of the scene for a time and then approached gently the subject nearest his heart. He did it clumsily enough, but with the utmost confidence that he would be successful in his suit.

"Miss Delaro," he said, hesitatingly, "I have brought you here to tell you

something." Armida looked at him quizzingly, and eaid. "It must be something of a very important nature if you found it neces sary to bring me all the way here for the purpose of telling me." Yes, it is, indeed. I wanted to tell

you that—I love you," he said.

These were probably the very last words which Armida would have expected to hear from his lips, and all at once she recognized that she had acted anwisely. In the next few seconds she accused herself of numberless unwise actions to which she had fever given thought before. She blamed herself for leading this young man on to such an extent and in a moment bitterly repented that she had not acted with more discretion. All these thoughts were chasing each other with frightful rapidity through her mind, and she was trying to formulate a reply when Eugene

my passion?" he asked. Still Armida could not answer, though she knew that Eugene would in a few seconds misin-terpret her meaning for a silent consent

f she did not speak.
At last, with an effort, she gathered her senses and replied: 'Eugene, you have made a great mistake; such a ought has never entered my head. I admire you, respect you, but love you-

"Then your actions have belied you," said Eugene, rudely.
"If they have it has been contrary to

my intentions," replied , the beautiful "I would not for the world have

"That is a pretty speech to make ow," said Eugene. "You ought to now," said Eugene. have thought of that in the by-gone months and not have deluded me," he continued in a passionate manner, and



"MISS" DELARO, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU

HERE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. old her how she had led him, by her kind and sympathetic actions, to think she must have some greater regard than friendship for him, and assumed the injured air of one who had been greatly vronged. But it made no change in Armida: she admitted the truth of his assertions, but insisted that it could not change her sentiments.

Eugene pleaded, but his strenuous efforts were of no avail, and it vas with heavy heart and a jealous mind that currences of the evening to her mother, Eugene and his father were closeted together in another part of the city.

"I am convinced it is nothing but my poverty which keeps that girl from ving me; she is as proud as an old Spanish countess, but I will humble r yet. You can count on me to lend all the assistance you require in securing that fortune which lies waiting for an owner, and the sooner we commence

the better." So spake Eugene. Persuasion had failed to destroy the young man's morals, but the greenyed monster had gained an easy ictory over his good intentions.

'Now you are talking sense, my boy. We will get to business at once. I have man ready to go to New York and I low he will act fair and square and ide with us when the time comes. the sooner you get that handwriting the better. If you have any smartnes at all about you you can easily do it, and we must have the writing to carry he thing through." These were the s which Eugene's answer elicited.

listened attentively and asked: Well, what do you propose to do?" The first step will have to be taken "," said Emerick, "but I will make grestion. The man who is to perte Percy Lovel is an expert pen man and can easily learn to sign his name like the Englishman, but you must get the copy; and the best means |

I know will be this: -von had better maintain your pleasant relations with the Delaros and tell Armida that you made a great mistake which need not sever your friendship. You will then be speedily reinstated in your former position with the family. Then some afternoon—the sooner the better—try and persuade that fat old Blodger, whom you say is with them, to take Armida and his fat boy to the exhibi-tion, or anywhere out of the way, and you can stay to keep Mrs. Delaro company. If you do not make an oppor-tunity during that time to get one of

"Yes," replied Eugene. "That appears to be a feasible plan, and the least we can do is to give it a trial." So they parted on this understanding, little thinking under what auspices their next meeting would take place.

CHAPTER XX. When Eugene next called on Armida he did as his father had suggested. He told her that he had made a great mis-take and asked her permission to re-main on friendly terms so that he might continue to improve himself under her tuition and guidance.

Armida gladly consented and he was

once more welcomed to the Delaro cir-

He did not again see his father for several days, and was therefore unable to report, but fortune favored his plans and one afternoon when Eugene was feigning hard study with Armida, Mr. Blodger came bouncing into the room and announced that he was going to see the matinee performance at the West show and invited them all to accompany him. Armida at once accepted the invitation and so did her mother, but Eugene made the excuse that his head ached.

"All the more reason why you should go," said Blodger. "It will drive your headache away.".
Still Eugene would not be persuaded

and Armida put it down to sulkiness. The excursion was not to be spoiled, however, by his refusal. Mrs. Delaro suggested that he should stay at home and "keep house," as she playfully termed it. This was exactly what Eugene wanted, and nothing could have suited him better. So he readily consented, and the party went out leaving

him to act as he pleased.

Mr. Blodger was in his element. He took the little party through the American Exhibition; pointed out those things in which he was especially inter-ested, and finally they reached the Wild West show and entered a private box which Mr. Blodger had already engaged. The performance, so familiar to most Americans, commenced. Every thing went along pleasantly, and every-body was delighted, until the show came to a close. After it was over the originator of it, Hon. Buffalo Bill, held one of his celebrated receptions, while the visitors interested themselves in exam-ining the tents of the Indians, the buck-

ing bronchos and all the paraphernalia of the Wild West.

At last when every thing had been seen Mr. Blodger and his party turned to go. As they did so a disturbance sud-denly took place near where they stood and two men could be seen struggling on the ground. The one seemed many years younger than the other and he was evidently holding on to the older man with an embrace which he intended should be lasting. With true English instinct the crowd gathered around the two men to see the fight, but when they noticed the disparity in age they mur-mured: "Shame! Shame!" Still nobody tried to part them until a burly police-

man pushed his way through the crowd and endeavored to part the combatants. With the help of a bystander he raised the struggling men to their feet, but still the younger man held on and would not loosen his hold.
"I will not let him go," he cried. till the younger man held on and a bundle of Bank of England notes in yould not loosen his hold.

"I will not let him go," he cried.

The people thought him crazy.

At mistake about it all," said Armida.

"There is no mistake at all, miss."

He was brought into the cage to see carbille, but the conjugates soon poties.

first it seemed to be only a drunken squabble, but the onlookers soon noticed that each of the men were well dressed locked him up at the police station, and "Alphonse, they say you are not and then they knew that something be will be taken before the magistrate husband. But it is not true, is it?" more serious than a momentary quarrel must be the cause of the disturbance. The younger man who cried out so loud-ly was flushed and hot; his cheeks and neck were red as fast flowing blood could make them; but the older man was pallid with the sickly hue of death.

This was only the commencement of the trouble, however. The crowd had a delectable treat in store for them. Mrs. Delaro was about to retreat from the spot when she heard and recognized a voice she knew well. She at once turned and raising her vail looked toward where the burly policeman stood holding his two prisoners. There she beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Without a word to her panions she ran towards the policeman and elbowing her way through the he went back to town. That night as
Armida was tearfully relating the oc-

and cried out:
"Percy Lovel! You alive? In Heaven's name, what is the matter?" Percy turned his eyes towards her and in the same moment gave the man he held a powerful twist which brought his face in contact with Mrs. Delaro's,

and shouted: "Do you recognize him?"

Did she? Ah, this was the supreme moment of years of anxiety and pent-up hatred. Throwing her arms back

the situation and in less time than it in future." takes to write it he had manacled the "But when

traordinary movement on her part ple at the house said he had accompa-meant, and as Mrs. Delaro followed the nied you."

"Hush child-the man who murdered your dear, dear father many years ago, the man whom he trusted, Leon Val-

Armida had almost forgotten that her father had been murdered, but this was no time for explanations, and Armida did not ask for one, but she did ask: "Who is that man walking on the left of the policeman, mother?" "Percy Lovel, my dear, whom we have so long mourned as dead."

Then, without any regard to appearances, the impetuous girl rushed after that Englishman's letters you are not quite as active and smart as I think you heartiness that gave both him and her



"LEON VALASQUEZ! MY HUSBAND'S MUR DERER!"

have smothered Eugene's hopes for-ever had he withesed the deep genu-ineness of her welcome.

A moment later the policeman took

his prisoner into the office, and Mrs. Delaro and her party followed. During all the time the prisoner did not utter a word. He was allowed to sit down, and when once he raised his blanched, terror-stricken face, Armida immedi- about all that had transpired during his

room crying and sobbing: "Oh, Mrs.
Delaro, they have taken Mr. Bregy to
the police station, and there has been
terrible trouble here."
"Taken Mr. Bregy to the police station—why what do you mean?" asked
"The word in the was going there."
"Then he did it to mislead you," said
Armida, "for he is now in jail awaiting
removal to America to be tried on a
charge of murder."
"What! my husband a murderer?"

Mrs. Delaro.

As well as she could, in her excited state; the girl related how one of the porters, in passing the door which was slightly ajar, had seen Mr. Bregy standing over Miss Armida's writing desk trying to open it. The man watched trying to open it. The man watched woman.

Mrs. Delaro was immediately struck with the beautely struck was immediately struck. trying to open it. The man watched Mrs. Delaro was immediately struck him until he had opened it and when with an idea. "Ah, he has deluded you Mr. Bregy had his hat on ready to leave into believing it in order to rob you he rushed in and seized him. The of your fortune," she said.

porter naturally felt justified in placing him under arrest as he caught him with a bundle of Bank of England notes in go and see him."

in the morning."

"I am not your husband, and never Still Armida could not believe it, and have been," he said, in almost indisin the morning." was determined to go and see Eugene; tinct tones, but as she could not go alone, she ac-cepted Mr. Blodger's offer to accompany she said.

South America up to the encounter at out of the room in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXI.

"This afternoon I determined on in-dulging in a little recreation and at-tended the Wild West Show. Just as I Leon Velasquez's power of evil had was coming away, the man whom we were each looking for (though until Leon Velasquez were identical) crossed my path, and, as I had previously honest merchant, his active mind had honest merchant, his active mind had

useless efforts which they had made to capture the villain. "Now," said Mrs. with a tragic air, she exclaimed in joypelaro, "that I know that he is safe in
ful accents: "Leon Velasquez! My the hands of the law, I feel that I can husband's murderer! Thank Heaven, we spend the closing days of my life in meet at last!"

If the words had been magic they could not have had aquicker or stronger influence on the policemat. He was instantly awakened to the seriousness of the only friend upon whom we can rely in less time than it.

"But where is our dear old friend, Mr.

takes to write it he had manacled the accused man, and was bearing him off towards one of the offices, telling Mrs. Delaro and Percy to follow him.

Mr. Blodger, Armida, and Stephen Blodger, Jr., had immediately followed Mrs. Delaro to ascertain what the example of the percy with a stonishment.

"No." replied Percy. "I stayed only a short time in New York, and the people of the

policeman, Armida drew near to her and excitedly asked: "Mother, dear, what does all this mean?" to her quiet graveyard of his native town in what does all this mean?"

"It means, my child, that we have run him to earth at last—oh, at last, at last."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"To ne has long open had to rest in the quiet graveyard of his native town in New England." As she spoke these words Percy was silent, and it was many minutes before he could control his voice to speak. When he did his words

choked and husky-"Would to God that he had lived to see this villain brought to justice! So my staunch old

friend is gone from us!" More than an hour elapsed before Armida and Mr. Blodger returned. When they did return Armida was in sorrowful mood, and said that she had seen Eugene. He had admitted burst-ing open the desk, but insisted that he did not want the money. What he did desire he would not tell.

"What shall we do, mamma?" she asked. "He must not go to prison. Think of the disgrace." "We will consult a lawyer in the

rning and see what we can do about

it," responded her mother. That night was the happiest Mrs. Delaro had spent for many a year, and long and steadily did she talk with Percy



"I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND AND NEVEL HAVE BEEN.

ately recognized it. long absence, while Leon Velasquez and "Mother, that is Mr. Emerick; there his dupe languished in prison.

must be some mistake."

'No mistake, my child. I know Leon brought up for an examination. Mrs.

Velasquez's face too well to ever for.

Delaro in a firm voice related the his-Welasquez's face too well to ever forget it."

Meantime, cabs had been ordered, and the prisoner, accompanied by two policemen, entered one, while the party, and they drove away from the immense crowd, which had gathered to the police station. The charge was entered, and Mrs. Delaro and Percy were instructed to appear next day and give their evidence against the prisoner.

The entire party then returned to the hotel together. Mr. Blodger, who was considerably mystified and wished to hear the whole story, decided to accompany the party, and of course he had to take his heavy-weight son along with him.

When they were once in the wines have a firm voice related the history of the murder and swore to the identity of the prisoner. So positive and straightforward did her evidence seem that it appeared hardly necessary to call Percy Lovel. Still he was placed in the witness box and gave an account of his adventure in South America. He also told about the final clew of the silver-charm which had satisfied him as to the identity of the prisoner. The also told about the final clew of the silver-charm which had satisfied him as to the identity of the prisoner. The same day Eugene Bregy was brought up at another London police court and, despite the efforts of the lawyer employed to defend him, he was sent to jail for a short time.

All this time his anxious mother was expecting news of him at Nice, where

one of the elegant suite of rooms which expecting news of him at Nice, where Mrs. Delaro occupied. Armida was the she at last grew tired of waiting and first to speak—

came to London. The first place she first to speak—
"Where is Mr. Bregg?"...Did he not went to was the address which Armida say he would wait until we returned?" had given her. While Armida gladly "Probably he felt too unwell to re-welcomed the poor woman, it was with main and went to his hotel," said her a sorrowful heart that they told her the mother, but no sooner had she uttered story of the last few days. "But Mr. the words than her maid came into the Emerick is in New York," she said.

"Then why did you say you were?

"I wanted your money," was the cool While she was away on this errand
Percy Lovel told Mrs. Delaro his story,
from the time he had left New York for
mind at rest. But she had to be carried

"For the past week," he proceeded,
"I have been trying to find you. I have
sought you at most hotels and examined
the register at the American Exchange,
but could not secure any trace of you.

"Tis not my will that evil be immortal." It is well for us that, while on
this earth every thing good and beautiful is short-lived, passing speedily away,
evil and wrong are also but a question
of time, and have their end. "All

spread itself over a long and busy life-time—had held full sway from the day recently I had no positive grounds for he had entered his teens until his hair supposing that Julius Emerick and was turning gray. With the exception was turning gray. With the exception made up my mind that I would capture him if he ever came within sight of me, I at once grasped him. The rest guilty; had robbed men of the hardearned accumulations of years, and Then they fell to talking of the many women of their virtue; had stained his

hands in blood until murder came lock to a butcher; he had drawn better leave the prisoner again, until I leave retribution grind—so surely—so surely—natures down to evil and made crime him in a felon's grave. I want to know so surely—aye, and so quickly, so much the study of his life. But the day of all the time that he is safe." retribution was fast closing in upon im. The murder of Mario Delaro was said Mrs. Delaro.

Soon to be avenged, and before long he would realize the awful instinct of the control of the c soon to be avenged, and before long he would realize the awful justice of the old Mosaic law—"A life for a life."

And yet how poor a recompense. Robbed of her life happiness when it was just her instance of the real part of the sunny to assert itself. All the sunny to assert itself. Robbed of her life happiness when it Consequently, arrangements were was just beginning to assert itself, all completed and a few days later the ment now, and unless his would-be that the victim's widow received in reparty started for Liverpool.

turn was the knowledge that retribution

had finally overtaken the one who had

The ship on which their passage had

robbed her of her treasure. to earth a monstrosity who had at last fallen into her hands through sheer ac-

derful machination of an unrelenting mine."

Never until now had Velasquez re flected on the possible results of the re-pulsive acts of his life. His immunity from discovery had only tended to harden his soul and he had ever been prompted by one impulse only—greed for wealth—which when acquired had never brought him any genuine pleasure. He had never once stopped to think of the price his victims paid to

satisfy his own insatiate desires. He had been absorbed in self and had lived a life in which none others shared a part. But now that the hellish conceits of his debased mind could only spend themselves on four prison walls, he was forced to think.

Leon Velasquez, running riot as one

of the most active of the devil's em-missaries, had never paused to think of the exactness with which God's mills grind all, had never thought it worth his while to consider that those who es-cape the mills the longest are in the end ground more quickly and relent-lessly. He was in the mills now and the great stones were beginning to revolve; so closely, so surely increasing the speed of their revolutions every mo-ment, never to cease grinding until the grist should be fine as the finest powder. His nights grew restless, sleep almost forsook him, and the little

snatches of napping which he did sometimes secure were only fitful slumbers disturbed by horrible dreams which brought to his mind in turn like a moving panorama, the scenes of his devilish acts. Bold as he had been through life, he now shuddered under the shadow of the gallows, and so fear ful was the mental torture that at times he wished that the end might be speedy.

When the bolts shot into their sock ets across his prison door all hope fled, and he knew full well that he would, after all these years of liberty, meet the penalty of his greatest crime. From the hour of his arrest he had been moody, and entirely ceased to speak to those who approached him. He neither ex-pressed a hope of escape nor murmured at his fate. Some imagined that the terrible visions of a just punishment were perhaps the cause of his silence, though others avowed that he was only meditating a bold and final plunge for liberty. Be that as it might, he per sisted in a morose reticence.

While he lingered in prison Mrs. De-laro and her friends were taking a rest from the intense excitement at a pretty little English watering place, trying in dy in which they must take an import-

ant part.

Mr. Blodger had been completely outdone by the scenes he had witnessed.
He made a hurried determination to return to America and never again assist at such exciting performances. He re-ceived so severe a nervous shock that all the poetry of his soul was crushed out, and he was compelled to postpone for an indefinite period the writing of an ode to Father Thames, in which he had avowed his intention of putting a vast amount of research, labor and thought. The world was thus robbed of another

literary gem.

He was true to his word, and a week after Velasquez's incarceration Mr. Blodger's little party of friends accompanied him to Euston station and bade him "God speed" on his journey home.
About five weeks later Mrs. Delaro, Armida and Percy returned to London to meet the American detectives, who had arrived with the extradition papers. It required but a short space of time to perfect the arrangements for Velasquez's removal to California soil, where the filling and it became apparent beyond law required that he should take his a peradventure that before many more trial for the crime of murder. Every- minutes the "Dunrobin Castle" body concerned was anxious to start as soon as possible, and it was arranged that the prisoner should be taken by



HERE PERCY PROFFERED & SUGGES TION."

mind." said her mother.

obbed her of her treasure.

And, compared to Valasquez, what a tle." It was an unpopular steamer and And, compared to valasquez, what a tle." It was an unpopular steamer and fearful price had she paid to secure repeated by the secure repe of the most enjoyable which could have

With this kind of weatner they were favored until they passed the Fastnet Point, when a deep fog settled on them. This in turn passed away by the evening end of which time they encountered a storm and were tossed about in a violent manner for days together. The old steamer which carried them was none too good a seaboat at the best of times, but now she acted in a most eccentric manner and seemed entirely at the

Neither Mrs. Delaro nor Percy had as yet fel: alarmed, but Armida, who was, in the most favorable weather, only a poor sailor, experienced terrible tortur and claimed her mother's attention all the time. What with the state of the weather and the cries and means which rose from the emigrants in the steerage, the "Dunrobin Castle" was any thing but the pleasantest place on the Atlan-

For days together the raging storm continued, and it was not until the slow old boat had been ten days at sea that the tempest subsided. When it did there was a worse danger in store for them. They were on the Newfound-land banks in a fog, so thick that the officers on the bridge were entirely unable to see the ship's nose as she plunged through the heavy swell left by the storm. The fog-whistle's con-tinuous roar only added to the general onfusion which reigned on board, and when the responding whistle of a pass-ing steamer was heard it only increased the dread and apprehension of the pas-sengers. After about thirty-six hours of this commotion the people quieted down and many seemed to have become as much accustomed to it as old seadogs with the experience of a life-time But at daybreak one morning a dull, heavy thud was felt through the vessel, and a second later shrieks and cries rent the air, which would have made the heart of any listener other than an old sea captain stand still. Then followed a few moments of suspense which was quickly changed to horror when the

engineers ran up on deck shouting:
"The ship is filling. To the boats!"
Then followed the rush of hurrying, scurrying humanity from the steerage terror plainly graven on every face, while over and above the noise and confusion rang out the resonant tones of the Captain's voice shouting orders to the boatswain. The force of habit appeared even on that scene of danger as while they lowered the life-boats from their davits. Louder than all these sounds and far above the general excitement reigning on the "Dunrobin Castle" could be heard the shrieking whistles of the steamer which had struck her, and which was rounding to, in order to give all possible assistance in saving the lives of those on board the

fast sinking boat. It was not long before the unknown steamer was almost alongside, and then commenced the work of transferring the passengers—not an easy matter in a raging sea. The patience of the officers was tried to the utmost. Strong, rude men would try to push women and children aside in their wild efforts to be first to enter the life-boats, only to be driven back by the ship's officers at the noses of their revolvers. Occasionally one more daring than the rest would thrust a woman aside and try to pass her, but with a blow from the butt end of his re senseless, with the promise of similar treatment to the next who should dare

to make the attempt.

All this time the ship was rapidly the same steamer as the others, and no but this difficult task was finally according made any demur to this except plished. The last load was being taken but this difficult task was finally accom-Armida. When she heard the decision and none but the officers were sur ishing up the companion ladde

edly exclaiming: "We can not reach the prisoner! What shall we do?" "That should have been thought of sooner," said the Captain. "Follow n he shouted. "We will rescue him if it

is possible." "Let him go," said one of the detec-"He'll be hung anyhow." the Captain knew that although the prisoner was accused, he was not yet found guilty and his brave heart would not permit him to leave even such a cur as Velasquez to a horrible death with-out an effort to rescue him.

Accompanied by one of the officers the big-hearted commander hurried down the steps on to the cabin deck. from whence he attempted to descend to the lower deck on which Valasquez was confined. But brave as the old Captain was, there was an obstacle in the way which even he was powerless to overcome. The water was up too high and the rescuers could go no something dreadful will happen—he further. Already the imprisoned man must be driven back to his bunk near "What nonsense you talk, my child. the top of the room in which he was Such absurd forebodings never enter my confined; the wretched prisoner could not pass out now alive, and certainly Here Percy profered a suggestion. "If not pass out now alive, and certainly Here Percy profered a suggestion. "If no could reach him. Doubtless he you ladies would prefer sailing on some was alive—just alive—his life's span women of their virtue; had stained his span hands in blood until murder came their vessel, I will secure passage for now to be measured by moments. Now natural to him as the killing of a bul-, you. For my part, I do not wish to he could see how relentlessly the mills of more quickly sometimes than ever those who manipulate the machinery of the mills can foresee. Almost Velasquez had paid to the uttermost the penalty

cuers at once retraced their steps they might go down with it, so with regrets the Captain led the way to the deck Sorrowfully he took his life-boat, and, as the sailors pulled the waiting steamer the "Dunrobin cident (as the greater part of the world been wished for. There was a delight-would say), though there are those who would see in such an accident the won-temperature was agreeable.

Castle" settled on her beam ends and sank in old ocean with a mighty rush, temperature was agreeable.

than that of man, Leon Valasquez. it was too grand a death for so mean a man—to exchange the ignominy of the gallows and the felon's grave in a prison of the next day, and they were once more steaming under sunny skies. But only for about twenty-four hours, at the end—a lonesome, solemn end, for the man who had lived in tumult and excitement all his days to meet the Grim Monster and Great Avenger alone with his torturing memories of the past—to know, while the merciless flood closed over him, that he died unmourned and

unregretted.

Perhaps it was a poor satisfaction to the widow of Mario Delaro to know that her husband's murderer, the destroyer of her happiness, was never convicted of his crime—but when Leon Velasques. one of the meanest villains who ever-trod this earth, went into the unseen world to meet his Maker, it surely was a powerful illustration of that infallible

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience stands He watting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Not long ago a small wedding party

passed down the carpeted steps of a church in New York City. The principals of that party were a handsome, sunburned man of forty years and a lovely woman many years younger.
They seemed very happy—they were very happy. They were Percy Lovel and his wife—whom we have known so long as

Armida Delaro. On the same day there left, from one of the poorer French lodging houses near Leicester Square, London, a funer-al hearse and one mourner's carriage. In that hearse lay the body of Emilie Bregy, and in the carriage was a man who looked the picture of misery—his name was Eugene Bregy—a living example of "what might have been."



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WATFORD, ONT. My daughter, after a severe Scarlet Fever, was completely broken down, spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills with