THE SENOR TALKS OF SPAIN.

The Consul-General of Quebec Meets a Number of City Merchants—Before the Board of Trade.

His Excellency Senor Baldasano Topete, Consul-General for Spain in Canada, who is in the city with the object of interesting merchants in trade with the country of beautiful donnas, well-tuned guitars and delightful madrigals, met a number of the council of the Board of Trade at luncheon at the National Club yesterday afternoon. Mr. J. E. Thompson, the vice-consul, at whose invitation the party assembled, occupied the chair. Others present were: J. I. Davidson, president of the board; Hugh Blain, first vice; H. N. Baird, second vice; E. A. Wells, secretary; John Loye, M.L.A., John Taylor.

His Excellency is a member of a distinguished Spanish family, three of his relatives having been admirals in the Royal Navy. Personally he has been concerned in many important events in the history of the land of bull fights. He was one of the deputation that offered the crown of Spain to Amadeno, and was also attached to the embassy to Siam. For some time he represented Spain at Singapore, afterwards at New Orleans and for eighteen months has been stationed at Quebec. For his services he has received decorations from Portugal, Italy, Siam, Liberia and Spain.

The Senor is a polished gentleman of great intellectual acumen, and happily presented his views on the benefits likely to accrue from the establishment of direct trade between Canada and the Spanish possessions, including the Argentine Republic, the land of the gentle breezes. Apart from the extraordinary richness of the natural productions of the South American provinces, her manufactures have made remarkable development. Those present were charmed with the Senor's conversation and concurred in his views as to the benefits likely to accrue from direct communication with Madrid, Valencia, Manilla, Barcelona, etc., and it was decided to call an open meeting of the council of the Board of Trade for Tuesday afternoon, when His Excellency will deliver an address.

As pointed out in yesterday's World, the principal imports would be hemp, oil, fruits, cork and wines, while the exports from this country would be fish and timber.

The indefatigable vice-consul, Mr. Thompson, has promised to secure a large consignment of the natural and manufactured products of the Spanish possessions for exhibition at the Industrial Exhibition this year.

The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs is doing everything possible to interest his country in the matter and is being ably assisted by Mr. Pashella, who went there from Canada for the purpose.

By-the-way, the Cortes Saturday passed a bill in favor of universal suffrage under which every native and naturalized citizen of 25 years of age can vote.

Josephine Jottings.

It is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It is a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, croup, etc.

MRS. GEO. WARD, Josephine P.O., Ont.

To cure croup give 10 to 30 drops of Yellow Oil on sugar outer-sally, and rub the throat and chest with the Oil. It never fails.

JUNCTION JOTS.

A Generous Council Grants $350 to the Mechanics' Institute—Church News—Re-Mayor Clendenan on the Warpath.

A social in connection with the Presbyterian Church will be held at the residence of Mr. H. Brunnar to-night.

The W.C.T.U. will give an "at home" good Friday evening in the Reform rooms.

Councillor Laughton has been confined to his house for a week.

Heintzman's band will give a concert in James' Hall April 9.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trade four new members were added to the association.

A baseball club has been organized with these officers:

President—D. Bles.
Vice-President—D. W. Clendenan.
Secretary-Treasurer—Dr. Perfect.
Captain—Fred Hinton.

Mr. D. W. Clendenan, who is to oppose Dr. Gilmour in the Ontario elections for East York, held a rousing organization meeting in Campbell Hall last night.

Mayor St. Leger and Reeve Peake are in Ottawa, being the deputation appointed to interview the Government in regard to the needs of the Junction for better postal facilities.

The concert given by the Davenport-road Methodist Church in St. Mark's Hall was well patronised, and the program, consisting of music, tableaux and recitations, took the audience by storm.

"Clandeboye," the residence of Mayor St. Leger, was the night before he left for Ottawa the scene of a pleasant surprise party. A host of young ladies and gentlemen brought along provisions and an enjoyable evening was spent.

Evangelistic services are being still continued in Annette-street Methodist Church, the results having been so satisfactory as to greatly encourage the pastor, Rev. W. J. Barkwell.

An anniversary tea-meeting was held last night in Royce-avenue Baptist Church. Refreshments and an excellent program were provided. The Sunday services were well attended. Mr. A. T. Gregory of Parkdale preached in the morning, Rev. J. Alexander of Dovercourt-road Baptist Church in the afternoon, and the pastor, Rev. F. E. Taylor, in the evening.

Owing to the absence of Mayor St. Leger, First Deputy Reeve Tamblyn presided at yesterday's meeting of the council. It was decided to purchase the necessary lands for the extension of Main-street. A grant of $350 was given to the Mechanics' Institute. A bylaw to license livery stables was passed, the fee being fixed at $20. Cartage licenses were fixed at $10 for wagons drawn by two horses and $5 for wagons drawn by one horse. Mr. Amos Bean was appointed street commissioner at a salary of $400 a year.

One or two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove dyspepsia and drive away that extreme tired feeling which causes so much distress to the indigestious and persons of sedentary habits. Mr. W. E. Ellis, druggist, Fenelon Falls, writes: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well and giving good satisfaction."

MUST BE MARKED "C.L.P."

General License Inspector Awde's Latest Bylaw About Dogs.

It is a poor meeting of the City Council when General License Inspector Awde has not a bylaw in the hands of Markets Committee Chairman Frankland for adoption. Last night's meeting was no exception to the rule. This time it was in the shape of an amendment to the dog bylaw and was adopted. It ran as follows:

Every owner of a dog shall, annually, on or before May 1, cause the same to be registered, numbered, described and licensed in the office of the General Inspector of Licenses and shall cause the dog to wear around his neck a collar, to which shall be attached a metallic plate having raised, cast, or stamped thereon the letters "C.L.P." (city license paid) and the figures indicating the year for which the said license has been paid and a number corresponding with the number under which the said dog is registered, and every such owner shall pay for such license, metallic plate and registration, for each male $1 and for each female $5 if registered before July 1, and if registered subsequent to July 1 (except dogs brought into the city after July 1) for each male $2 and for each female $6. Every license shall expire on April 30 next after the date thereof.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms if neglected develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession and a cure will be effected.

Funeral of a Customs Official.

The funeral of Mr. Robert Wilson, late of the Inland Revenue Department, took place yesterday to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Rev. John Burton of the Northern Congregational Church conducted the services. Mr. Wilson was 69 years of age, a Yorkshireman by birth, and had lived in Markham and Toronto since 1832. He was at the post of duty on Friday and died suddenly of heart disease on Saturday. Mr. George Wilson of The Port Hope Daily Guide, Mr. John Wilson, Toronto, Mr. Henry Wilson, Markham, brother-in-law, deceased; Mr. Edward Major, brother-in-law, Mr. A. T. Middleton, son-in-law, were the chief mourners. Inspector Morrow, Collector Stratton and other Excise officers were present.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

Dilworth Choate, the reporter who concealed himself in the room where the jury in the Flack case were deliberating and took notes on the proceedings, was sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment and fined $250 for criminal contempt.

Ex-Sheriff Flack of New York has been sentenced to two months in the county jail and $500 fine, Lawyer Meeks to one month in the county jail and $500 and W. L. Flack to four months' imprisonment in the penitentiary and $500. A stay was granted pending an appeal and the defendants were each held in $7500 bail.

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

latter were drawn over almost to the wrist. But he would not answer. He had a deeper fear than this. He feared to break the horrid oaths by which he was to the scheming priest.

One more pull upon the chain, and the man's feet were clear of the floor. His whole weight now bore upon his thumbs, and he groaned in the agony of torture. He bore it a few moments, but his coward soul could bear no more.

"Oh, God! Down! down! Let me down!"

"But answer. Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I—I—don't—"

"Hold, thou false-hearted villain!" shouted Valdimir, in a voice of thunder. "This is the last of this torture; but when we take you from here we can put you into a state compared with which the pain you now experience is real joy! Each particular limb shall be wrenched all out of shape, and your very eyes shall start out like—"

"Down! down! Oh, great God, down!"

"Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I'll tell you—I'll tell if you spare me!"

"Tell me first!"

There was a moment more of hesitation—one single moment—and then the miserable wretch gave up.

"He's in the old bath-house."

"Ha! Where!"

"In the old bath near the river—on the Tula pass—in one of the vaults!"

"Very well. Let him down."

The chain was slacked up, and Frederic Viska was once more upon his feet. He trembled yet, for there was pain in his arms.

"Now carry him out," ordered Valdimir, "and bring the other one in."

In a few moments more Lesko Totma was before the strange tribunal. He trembled fearfully, for he had been where he could hear his companion's groans without hearing what he said.

"Lesko Totma," spoke the monk, in a low, deep tone, "we have given you time for thought, and maybe you have your memory brightened by this time. Now, where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I don't know."

"Ah—you still forget, eh?"

"I never knew."

"A most strange forgetfulness, I must confess. Let the interpreters be adjusted!"

"Oh—mercy! Don't murder me!"

But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and conical cups were adjusted, and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self-acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very presage of the place, so dark and dismal, had more effect upon his mind than it had upon his companion.

At a second pull of the chain he groaned and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, base wretch," the monk said, "If you do not tell me where the young gunmaker is I'll have you torn limb from limb! Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh, let me go! Let me go! I'll tell all!"

"Then tell. You leave not this place alive until you have told!"

"He is—oh, God! He is—in the old bath!"

"Where?"

"The duke's bath—on the Pass of Tula!"

"Whereabouts there?"

"In the lowest, furthest vault. Oh, spare!"

Valdimir waved his hand, and the quaking wretch was freed from his torture.

"Now, conduct them both to the dungeons, and lock them up. They must not run as large for the present. Let them be secure."

"No, no," cried Viska, who had been brought back. "You were to let me go if I told you."

"Not free, sir," said Valdimir.

"But you have no right to hold me thus. I am nearly dead with pain now where you have torn my hands in pieces. By the—"

"Silence, dog! My authority here is my power. My right is my might. I have you, and I will keep you. Were I to let you go I might not have the power to catch you again, as legal officers could. Lead them off, and then we'll turn our attention to the Duke's Bath!"

CHAPTER XV.

Ruric Nevel could keep no account of time. Darkness, and darkness only, dwelt with him in his prison house—darkness so utter that the only effect of opening the eyes was the nervous reality of the motion. In fact, 'twas lighter with the eyes closed than with them opened, for when tightly closed there were peculiar fantastic shapes floating in the imagination, and even this was a relief; and then there was a sort of kaleidoscopic succession of colors when the lids were tightly pressed, that seemed grateful to the nerves, and gave variety to the mind. But when the eyes were open only a penetrable blackness was present, within which there were no shapes—no forms—save the one form of utter chaos.

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs, and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement; and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink, and thus make his escape; but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the end of life!" he murmured to himself as he paced slowly to and fro across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting-place! And thou, loved one—oh, thou fondly cherished, wildly worshipped being, thy smiles can shine no more for me! Oh, Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bosom, and thou mayest remember me when I am gone. Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, oh God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!"

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth; but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another's.

"And must it be so?" he continued, after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas! she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet—she may carry the old love with her always. She may never forget it. Oh, could I but once—"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet—and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremity of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterwards the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blind by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty, and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the humpbacked priest, Savotano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him, and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others—one who held the lantern—"we have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Ha! Say ye so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow—."

"As you say."

Thus speaking the man assisted the priest to his feet, and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were nearly up. He started to follow them, and had nearly gained the top, when a quick, lightning like shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and with a dull, crashing sensation he sank down. He realized that he was turned over, and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try and force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed up now, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll go with us. We won't force you if you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth. "What mean you?"

"You'll see when you get there. But there's no time to waste; so come.

What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission, and prepared to follow his conductors. But they left him not to follow as will. They took him by either arm, and thus led him away. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. For here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they came to a large circular apartment, in the centre of which was a deep basin where, in years gone by, people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the lantern, and the chill wind came moaning through the cracks and crevices in the decaying masonry.

"There," spoke one of the guides, as he set his lantern upon the top of the broken column; "we will stop here."

The words were spoken in a sort of hushed unmerciful tone, and Ruric felt then strike fearfully upon him. He gazed upon the man who had spoken, and he saw that he was preparing to throw off his pelisse, which he had thus far worn. As soon as this was off, he moved to where his companion stood, and commenced whispering.

"Ha!" shouted the villain, in a voice of thunder, as the prisoner made a bound for the door. "