The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

W. C. ANSLOW, | Our Country with its United Interests. | EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

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PROFESSIONAL.

Law & Collection Office.

C. J. Thomson,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

Commissioner Newcastle Civil Court.

Creaghan Building.

Newcastle, N. B.

Thomas W. Butler.

Attorney & Notary Public,

Fire, Life, & Accidental Insurance Agent. Collecting and Conveyancing Promptly attended to. Office over T. Russell's Store, facing the Public Square,

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SPECIALITY.

DISEASES OF EYE EAR & THROAT

Office: Cor. Westmorland and Main Streets Moncton.

Moncton Nov. 12 1884.

MUSICAL TUITION.

Miss Edith Troy,

Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, is now prepared to take pupils in

PIANO FORTE, PIPE ORGAN, and VOCAL CULTURE.

Terms on Application.

Newcastle, June 6th, 1893.

HOTELS.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

MONCTON, N. B.

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A. N. Peters, Prop'r.

Heated by Steam throughout. Prompt attention and moderate charges. Telephone Communication with all parts of the city.

April 6th 1889.

EFFECT OF CO-OPERATION.

An Offer of Momentous Interest.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY WITH THE UNION ADVOCATE FOR $1.75.

Our readers will be pleased to know that we have made special arrangements by which the UNION ADVOCATE and the FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR of Montreal together, may be had for $1.75.

The Family Herald is the greatest weekly family newspaper in the world, and has been wonderfully successful. So greatly has it grown that its publishers have had to enlarge it to sixteen pages, and even now it is hard to get all the good things in. No family can afford to do without the Family Herald, for not only does it amuse and instruct but it repays its subscription price many times over. All the successful farmers, breeders and dairymen endorse it because they find in it advice and instruction that is priceless to them, and which they can get nowhere else. Housewives find it a valuable aid to thrifty housekeeping. The young folks are enraptured with the pages given them. It contains matter to interest every member of the family.

Every subscriber, at no cost to himself, has his life insured for $500 against death by railway accidents.

You can get the Family Herald with its premium and free insurance, and The UNION ADVOCATE for $1.75. This is an offer so generous that everybody should accept it.

Sample copies may be seen at the ADVOCATE office; or they will be forwarded upon application to the Family Herald Publishing Co., Montreal.

Seasonable Goods IN Sterling Silver.

Blouse Sets,
Belt Buckles,
Belt, Stick and Hat Pins.

Souvenir Spoons,

Ladies' Long Silk Watch Guards. Gentlemen's Fobs.

New Goods Just In.

H. WILLISTON & CO., JEWELERS.

Newcastle, N. B., June 16th.

Intercolonial Rl'y.

On and after Monday the 22nd June, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Will leave Newcastle.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted,)	1.30
Through express for Quebec, Montreal	4.25
Accommodation for Moncton and St. John	11 00
Accommodation for Indiantown	14.30
Accommodation for Campbellton	15.00

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager,

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 18th, 1895.

Get your PRINTING done at the "ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

Kill the Bugs.

A Fresh stock of PURE PARIS GREEN

Just Received at MACKENZIE'S.

HELLEBORE.

I have secured a lot of Extra Strong and Strictly Pure Hellebore.

MACKENZIE'S

Beef, Wine & Iron, Pint bottle $1.

MACKENZIE'S

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA, guaranteed three times the strength of ordinary Grocery Store Ammonia, Pint Bottles 15cts.

Porus Strengthening Plasters 15c each, 2 for 25c.

Bring your prescriptions to

N. R. Mackenzie, Chemist & Druggist.

Newcastle, June 15, 1895.

Sash And Door Factory.

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle,

Window sashes and frames, Glazed and Unglazed,

DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOULDINGS, Planing and Matching, etc.

H. C. Niven.

Newcastle Jan. 2, 1895.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

I have just received a fine assortment of the above which I will sell cheap. You will find them all fresh and new.

SEED ONIONS, SEED CORN,

all kinds.

I have also on hand a supply of

CALSOMINE and MARBLEINE,

also Whiting, Plaster of Paris, White wash and other Brushes, just what is wanted at this season of the year.

GEO. STABLES.

Newcastle, April 20, 1896.

TIN WARE, ETC

The subscriber has in stock the following

GOODS

which along with a full supply of home made tinware of the best quality, will be sold at

Rock Bottom Prices.

The stock comprises:

Steam Cookers, Preserving Kettles, Dish Pans, Cake pans with loose bottoms, Cake Pans both round and square, Mixing Pans, Dust Pans, Wash Pans, tin and granite Tea Pots, Dinner Pails, round and oval, Quick Meal Fry Pans, Iron Fry Pans, Grocers' Scoops, Thumb Scoops, Spice Boxes, Power Egg Beaters, Diner Horns, Skewers, Wire Plate Handles, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Victor Flour Sifters, Oil Cans, Saucepans in tin and enamelled ware, Gravy Strainers, Milk Strainers, Nutmeg Graters, Bread Graters, Stove Pipe Thimbles for ball and ceiling, Stove Pipe Collars, Stove Pipe and Elbows, Bake Pans—all sizes, Ice Cream Freezers, Pie Plates, Slop Pails, galv. and tin Water Pails, galv. Steel Sinks, etc.

Call and see these goods in the Gifford Store, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in tin and sheet iron. Particular attention paid to

Roofing in TIN and FELT

Stoves repaired and set up, and repairs in tinware performed at short notice. Call and see my stock.

FRANK MASSON.

Newcastle, April 11, 1896.

POTATO BUGS.

Pure Paris Green and Potato Bug Finish

AT THE

Salter Brick Store.

JNO. FERGUSON

Newcastle, June 16th, 1896.

Tuning and Repairing.

J. O. Biedermann, Pianoforte and Organ Tuner.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Regular visits made to the northern Counties of which due notice will be given.

Orders for Tuning etc. can be sent to the Advocate Office, Newcastle.

J. O. BIEDERMANN.

St. John, May 6th, 1894.

Sugar Cured Hams, Roll Bacon, Lard in Tubs & Pails

John Hopkins, St. John N. B.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

"A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color."—H. W. Haselhoff, Paterson, N. J.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT MOST REFRESHING AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

Ladies Favorite

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Manufactured by The Cook Co., Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich., is the only known safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in *"the hour and time of need."* Any druggist who reads this is requested to inclose two postage stamps, with her address, for

Free Sample

and full particulars, which we will send by return mail in plain, sealed envelope.

An old physician, 35 years continued practice treating diseases of women, has charge of the office, and can be consulted by letter or in person. Address our main office

THE COOK COMPANY, Room 3—No. 253 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

☞ Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion of Canada and United States for One Dollar per box.

SPRING MEDICINE

is what you need now, and Street's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla with Iodide of Potassium is the best.

Try a bottle, and be convinced. For

COUGHS AND COLDS

use Street's White Pine Expectorant.

A sure Cure. Price 25 cts.

We have the farmer's favorite in Condition Powders. Large package 25cts.

Prepared only at

The Newcastle Drug Store, E. Lee Street, Proprietor.

Newcastle, March 23rd, 1896.

GET YOUR SHAVING & HAIR-DRESSING —Done at— **M. P. Smith's,**

Two doors East of Newcastle P. O.

We have the latest improvements.

We carry a choice line of Havana Cigars and Cut Tobacco.

Also Agent for Globe Steam Laundry and Dye Works.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Newcastle, April 27th, 1896.

BLIND JUSTICE

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

"Let her be," he said to me calmly, "she will come to her senses in time. Where is this Steve on whom she calls like a bird for her mate? Bah! she will forget him and call on me just as lovingly before she is many months older. She was born to wear rich clothes—not such woollen rags now disfigures her. Tell her that I will enrich him also if she will leave him, and they will both live to bless me, for there is no such thing as love when the body starves."

I gave no heed to him, but turned to Judith.

"Do not send this man away in anger," I said; "the key to the mystery of Seth Treloar's death is locked in his breast, and the only fingers that can steal or wile it away from him are yours."

Judith thrust back the loosened mass of bronze hair from her face, and looked up.

"What 'ud 'ee have me do?" he said. "I'm jest mazed, an' how do' ee naw but he be a liard? Him warnt here when Seth Treloar died, an' how can' un knaw aught about it?" she added, exercising the common sense that excitement had for a time driven from its stronghold.

"What I cannot tell you," said I, "though he can. You ask me what you are to do—something harder, probably, than you have either skill or strength for."

"What be it," asked Judith, looking at me with somber, distrustful eyes.

"Fool him, I said with energy. "Does a captive thrust from him the hand that contains his ransom? Hide your detestation of his offer, let me tell him that you must have time to think over his proposals, and meanwhile I will watch him, and try to surprise his secret."

"I canna do't," cried Judith with heaving breast, and as I looked at her, I realised that she was morally and physically incapable of acting a part that the majority of women would have filled with consummate ease.

"How could I sarve 'un so?" said Judith reproachfully, "an' after Seth Treloar hev chated 'un livery way, an' broffed 'un here on a ful's erran? M'appen, too, 'twar this man's gold as war found i' th' belt."

"Yes," I said, "he sent it as a marriage gift to you, but Seth never meant it to reach your hand."

"Awh!" said Judith, "'tis safe eno', an' 'ee'll see it be paid back to 'un, won't 'ee? Poor sawl," she added with all a Cornish woman's sense of justice, "him ha' got summat t' complain o' anyways."

She looked at the Styrian not unkindly as she spoke, and his face softened so instantly that I saw how he would be as wax in her hands, had she but the skill and the courage to handle him.

At that moment the door opened and Stephen Croft came in.

Pale, haggard, the ghost of his former self, he yet looked beautiful as a god compared with the repellant but picturesque figure of the Styrian, at the sight of whom he stood still, arrested by surprise, while Judith with a cry of joy ran forward and,

"Like a loose blossom on a gusty night,"

fell into the arms that involuntarily closed around her.

The church had banned and the law had cursed the pair, yet methought I never saw more purely loving man and wife than these twain, upon whom the Styrian gazed with sullen eyes, and face disfigured with passion and jealous rage.

"This man," I said, in answer to Steve's enquiring glance, "is the Styrian of whom Seth Treloar told Judith. When Seth did not return he came over here in search of him, and also on another and more mysterious errand."

"An' what may that be?" said Stephen, his face suddenly growing stern and an angry light coming into his blue eyes, while Judith pressed closely to him, closely as a loving woman might cling.

"He came to fetch Judith," I said, "Judith whom he believed to be Seth's sister, and who had been promised to him as his wife."

"Awh!" said Steve with a fierce laugh, "'ee can tell 'un t' get along home to wance, him have coned a bit late i' th' day, for more reasons nor one."

Fondly he smoothed Judith's hair as he spoke, and over her head the two men exchanged looks of hatred and defiance, that in Stephen were strongly mingled with triumph.

"He is not to be despised," I said; "this man knows the true secret of Seth Treloar's death, and a word from him would open those prison gates and make Judith a free woman."

Stephen's arms slipped from Judith, and he stood looking at me with dazed eyes, too deeply stunned for joy or more than partial comprehension.

"Be 'ee t' make a fule o' me?" he said at last; "'ee had always a bee i' yer bonnet, an' how can him knaw aught o' what 'un warnt here t' see?"

"Awh!" said Judith taking his hand, "true enuff is't. I allus sed they was up t' tricks wi' th' pison, an' furrin folks has queer ways, but what iver him knaws, my dear, us wont hear a word on't."

"Eh!" said Stephen, "him can spake for 'ee an' wunnot? But I'll jest make 'un!"

"Naw," said Judith, pulling him back, "he sets too big a price 'pon it for we. What do 'ee think it be?"

Stephen's breast heaved as Judith's face of mingled love and scorn told him the truth, and the hot blood rushed into his own.

"How dare 'un," he cried, "t' make bargains wi' a poor sawl an' play pitch an' toss with her life, all for his own bit o' pleasure," and with clenched fist and fury in his eyes he advanced on the Styrian.

"Peace," I cried, arresting his arm while the two men, of about equal stature, but utterly dissimilar looks, glared at each other like wild beasts about to spring, "when he came to the hut he did not even know of your existence. Blame Seth Treloar, not him."

Stephen's arm fell to his side, but his eyes still shone hatred. As to Judith, I caught a look on her face then that at the moment shocked me in so good a woman, for so might look a lioness who saw her mate punish a bold usurper of his rights.

With difficulty I drew Stephen aside, where his angry eyes could not rest on his rival, and Judith followed us and stood behind him.

"You are both acting like fools," I said impatiently; "instead of conciliating this man, you are defying him to do his worst. If he goes away in his present mood, Judith's last hope of being saved goes with him.

"Has 'ee a mind t' wheedle 'un? said Stephen, instinctively drawing Judith closer, and with all his jealous heart in his eyes.

She only laughed for answer, and out of pure devilry, as I suppose, clasped both her arms round Stephen's neck and kissed him.

It was the last straw. With a furious oath the Styrian stamped his foot and battered with his clenched fists on the door till a gaoler came.

Cursing, he strode over the threshold, and groping his way as one blind got free out of the cool, but quickly as I followed, I could not come up with him, nor did I see him again that day.

CHAPTER XII.

Wandering from cliff to cliff aimlessly as my thoughts went beating hither and thither, my most abiding sensation was one of anger against Judith for her impolitic conduct. She might surely have temporized with the Styrian, have led him on, at no hurt to herself, till she had willed from him some hint or clue to his secret, but instead of this she had deliberately maddened him by her passionately displayed love for Stephen, and so flung away her last chance.

And yet, when at night all I returned to find the hut still empty, I decided that he had gone back to his own country as suddenly as he had left it, and bitterly out of heart I sat down by the cold hearth, thinking of the hopes that had sprung in me so lately as that morning.

Something, too, of Judith's doubts in this man's power to save her assailed me now; after all, might he not have been affecting a knowledge that he had not, solely to obtain a sight of the woman he so passionately coveted.

He might have been, but I felt convinced that he was not. And a sense of baffled fury filled me at the thought of him, on his way back to Styria, carrying the undivulged secret that would have made the two most miserable people alive the happiest, while from me would have been lifted an intolerable burden that would haunt me to my life's end.

Judge, then, of my joy when at dusk I heard the latch lifted, and saw standing in the aperture of the door a tall shape, whose dishevelled hair and muddy clothes bore witness to the violence of the physical and mental exercise that had racked it, and when the haggard wretch sank into the corner before me, I could almost (in the sudden relief his return afforded me) have found it in my heart to pity him.

But I gave no sign of such weakness, and went on smoking my pipe as though he were not present, and, while I did so, resolved upon my plan of action.

His sullen looks were bent downwards, but expressed no shame, only the silent rage of a man unaccustomed to be beaten, and loathing the pain that his baulked desire inflicted upon him.

Presently I rose, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and going upstairs collected a few necessaries I had there, put them in a portmanteau, and bringing it down proceeded to add certain other trifles that were lying about it, then fastened it, and placed it ready by the door with my overcoat and rug, then resumed my seat opposite the Styrian and spoke.

"I am going away," I said, "but you are at liberty to use this place as long as you please. Jake will bring you all you require."

Worn out as he was, the Styrian's eyes pierced me as he said.

"Why are you going?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Why should I stay?" I said, "I have neither the wish nor the heart to see a woman hanged for a crime that she did not commit, a woman whom a word from you would save."

The Styrian laughed hirshly.

"Is your blood so cold in your country?" he said, "do you always throw the women you love into the arms of other men? Living, she would be his; dead she is as much mine as his."

"Not so," I cried, "since you have possessed neither her heart nor her. Go home, go home to your own country and hold up your head there if you can with the memory for ever with you of the coward's deed you have done over here."

"It is I who have been deceived," cried the Styrian with heaving breast, "I came honorably to make her my wife, only to find that I was befooled by a scoundrel whom I had housed and fed when he was destitute, whom I taught and enriched till he had almost forgotten his former miserable estate, and who rewarded me as you know."

"What he did is no business of hers," I said, looking him full in the face with bitter contempt, "and all the sins of his mis-spent life would weigh as nothing in the balance of your blood-guiltiness, for if she dies, you are her murderer."

"You are mad" said the Styrian sullenly, "the law of your country found her guilty, and your laws are just. I have lied to you, and I could not save her if I would. You think that Seth Treloar and I knew some secret about arsenic that enabled us to take it with impunity—why then did he die from an overdose of it.

"God knows," I said bitterly, "your confounded juggling with the cursed stuff is beyond me—but probably by some oversight he had not his antidote with him."

A flitting smile of contempt told me that I had missed the mark, then the Styrian said calmly,

"He never carried, for he never needed, an antidote."

I shrugged my shoulders and yawned, as one utterly weary of the subject.

"I give it up," I said, indifferently, "I have wasted far too much time on the matter already. May I expect to see you on my return?"

"That depends upon when you come," said the Styrian, "Look you—she is a fool. On the one hand life and riches with me, on the other a horrible death and nothing—not even her proud fisherman for company. All to-night she will think and think, to-morrow I will go to her and she will answer me differently. Eh?" he added in a harsh note of interrogation.

But I made him no answer, only nodding my head to him in a curt farewell to him as I went out.

It was pitch night by now and the breakers below the cliff seemed rolling to my very feet, but above their sound I heard the clashing of rough bolts and bars with which the Styrian hastened to barricade the hut.

Then I saw the blinds pulled down and heard the shutters close, and I had the curious feeling of being turned out like a dog from my own hearth as I stood in the darkness without. But I was hungry and had besides some arrangements to make, so, after concealing my bag and rug in a cleft in the rock hard by, I pursued the winding path that led down to Trevenick, and was soon inside the cheerful hostel that I had more than once before visited.

Smile's awaited me, and a good homely dinner followed in due course, during which I saw many a shy glance stolen at me by the buxom landlady, as in the village I was looked upon as almost a wizard for the part I had played in bringing Judith to justice.

"So you'm got a visitor up to th' hut, sir," she said, as she set my modest dessert before me.

"A friend of Seth Treloar's," I said.

"Awh," she said looking grave, "better fo' 'un poor sawl if 'un had bided 'mongst them as wished 'un no narm. Who'd iver ha' thought Judith 'ud turn out sich a devil? For sure but Seth war a neler-do-weel, an' niver happy but when he was torsticated, but nuthin' him ever took did 'un th' harm' that wan cup that Judith gied 'un when he comed home, not knawin' she war wi' child by anither man."

"You have always believed her guilty," I said.

"Yes, she luv'd Steve powerfu' eno' to do anythin' so's them two shouldn't be divided, but part they'll have to now, befo' long."

But I did not feel quite so sure of that parting as an hour later I climbed the steep path that led to the Smuggler's Hole.

CHAPTER XIII.

I stood still to listen outside the hut, but all was silent, no glimmer of light showed through the cracks of the crazy old shutters.

Evidently the Styrian had a little anticipated his usual time for retiring, and presently he gave an oral proof of it, for a distinct sound of snoring reached me, and I smiled at discovering the quarter whence it issued, being no less a place than the bed-room up stairs, which he evidently preferred to the shake-down I had made up for him below.

No sound could have pleased me better. He slept with barricaded doors, secure as he supposed in a fortress, and with not the smallest fear of surprise to keep him awake. Exhausted as he was his slumbers were likely to be profound, and my spirits rose as I went round to the back of the hut, and lit the lantern with which I had taken care to provide myself at the inn.

The door of the small outhouse or lean-to abutted readily to my touch; I closed it behind me, and looked through the narrow grating I have before mentioned, into the room beyond. The embers on the hearth still glowed, but the place was in total darkness, and at once I opened the secret door, and stepped in.

Overhead came the long regular breathing of the Styrian, for awhile I stood listening, then I removed my boots, darkened the lanthorn, and with the utmost caution proceeded to creep up the stairs that ended in an open space, in one corner of which stood the bed upon which my unbidden guest had disposed himself.

He was fully dressed, so much I saw in the narrow blink of the lanthorn I permitted myself to uncover, and bitter disappointment seized me, for I knew that the thing I sought was actually on his body, and that my chances of taking it from him were small indeed.

He lay on his back, one arm, with the hand open and empty, thrown behind his head, the other hidden beneath the coverlid with which he had half wrapped himself.

At a little distance from the bed was a chair, and upon this I sat down to think, but thought availed me little. Nothing short of overcoming him by sheer physical strength that out-matched his (which I did not possess), could wrest from him that little box in which he found nourishment and strength, and in the fellow to which Seth Treloar had found death.

Alone I could do nothing, but with the help of Jake—Jake whose movements would certainly have awakened the sleeper, I might by good luck have bound and robbed him, but I was alone, unarmed, and my wit failed me.

I may have sate there a minute or an hour when with a half groan he turn'd on his side, and suddenly threw out an arm that fell sheer across my chest and rested there.

It had all the weight of a blow, and I trembled under the shock, it was so horribly unexpected; but as the moments passed, and his regular breathing convinced me that he slept, I gradually shifted the lanthorn and cautiously stole a ray of light that showed me his strong fingers closed tightly on the horn box that I was perilling my life to steal.

Even had I the strength to unlock that iron grasp, he carried arms, and would shoot me like a dog before I could escape. Involuntarily I thought of those snake charmers and Hindoo jugglers who, by the skilful use of a feather, are able to make a sleeping man change his attitude or release his grip upon whatsoever he holds, but I had no such power to make flaccid this man's muscles, and in sheer helplessness and desperation I sate for what seemed to me a lifetime with that heavy arm weighing on my breast.

What real length of time elapsed, I cannot say, but suddenly he turned with a heavy groan, as if some spectre troubled his sleep, and his arm fell to the ground with a dull thud, then he fell to snoring loudly and regularly as before.

Kneeling down I ventured on a tiny shaft of light that showed me his relaxed hand lying on the ground, palm uppermost, with—and the sight of it nearly took my breath away for joy—the horn box loosely held in the relaxed fingers.

For once in my life I rose to the emergency of the moment, and without hesitation slipped the box from beneath that nerveless touch, and stole away.

But I had reckoned without that in stinct, belonging of right only to animals, but found in savages and men who live almost entirely in the open air; an instinct that becomes developed almost into a sixth sense, that keeps sentinel over the others while they sleep, and gives instant warning of danger.

On the instant the Styrian awoke, found his hand empty, and held his breath to listen for the slightest sound that might give evidence of a stranger's presence. Then he swept his hand along the floor as thinking he might have dropped what he missed, and, not finding it hurled his huge weight out of bed, and I said to myself, "Now, if he possesses a light I am a dead man," and listening for the striking of a match, that, thank God! did not come.

I heard instead a click, ominous enough, and doubting if in the darkness he so accurately knew the position of the staircase as to cover it successfully, I stooped down, and, getting on my hands and knees, crawled to the stair-head with all the speed I could command.

Instantaneously, with the first sound I made, came a shot that passed directly over my head, and then the boards groaned under the Styrian's weight as he dashed across the narrow room towards me, just missing my heels as I slid down the stairs, checking my too rapid descent by grasping the low hand-rail that on one side guarded them.

He fired again with the same result as before, and then come thundering after me, but I had the start, and knew that if I could reach the secret door (which I had left open) I was safe.

But even as I slipped through it, a sharp report and a stinging sensation in my right shoulder told me that I was hit, and I had barely drawn the door closed behind me, when he fell against it with a crash that shook the whole place.

I heard him cursing and raging on the other side, completely baffled by my disappearance, and probably not aware that he had winged me.

Softly I slipped out at the other door, and sped down the winding path at the top of my speed, never drawing breath till I reached the nearest cottage, where lived a fisherman with his three stalwart sons, all soundly asleep, and with difficulty awakened.

(Continued on last page.)

General Intelligence.

THE NEW Q. C.'S.

The city is full of stories about the new Q. C.'s.

All the King street west tailors have sent out circulars to the hundred and odd from Ontario offering them Q. C. coats, red bags and silk gowns at special rates. A London, Eng., tailor has also been busy through his Toronto representative in canvassing them. It is said Sir Oliver Mowat, the new Minister of Justice, is enough of a protectionist to insist on the Canadian tailors being given a preference. If the newly-honored do not do this he will take them into his most serious consideration.

The day before yesterday a well-known citizen entered the Albany Club at luncheon. A broker ran up to him and said: "Mr. Blank, you can have the best in the house, what'll it be?" "Why is this?" asked the astonished citizen. The reply was: "Because you're the only fellow that's come in here to-day, who isn't a Q. C."

A Canadian Q. C., registered at the Hotel Brunswick, New York, the other day as John Smith, Q. C., Montreal. An inquisitive guest asked the clerk what Q. C. meant. He replied: "I do not know, but it's something that most of the people from Canada write after their names.'—Toronto *World*.

CARE OF THE BICYCLE CHAIN.

IT SHOULD BE REMOVED AND WELL CLEANED WITH COAL OIL.

Few riders realize the importance to the bicycle of a well lubricated and flexible chain. If one-half the care which is bestowed on the bearings of the bicycle were devoted to the chain there would be fewer tired muscles after bicycling exercises. One will find owners of wheels taking them apart and cleaning the cones and polishing the ball bearings, even going so far as to dissect the pedals for a little dust, and yet pay little or no attention to the chain; while in the matter of draft the latter counts more than all the rest of the bearings combined. Every one of the numerous links in this chain has a bearing, and every one of these bearings is likely to get stiff with dust and wear. As soon as the metal gets to wearing against metal or a little grit is introduced into the joints the chain will begin to run stiff and hard. It will snap and jerk and the wheel will be tiresome to propel. This can be avoided only by careful cleaning and lubricating. The exertion used in cleaning is returned sevenfold in garnered strength to the rider.

The chain should be taken from the wheel and coal oil poured over the joints and on the sprockets. Then a careful wiping with a cloth will remove nearly all the dust. The joints should be worked by whipping on the floor until they are perfectly flexible. It is a good plan to keep an open can of lubricating oil into which the chain may be plunged and allowed to remain for some time—over night if convenient. When it is taken out the oil should all be removed with a cloth, wiping as clean as possible to prevent the adherence of dust. After the sprockets are scrupulously clean put on a small amount of stiff lubricant, and you will be surprised at the difference in the running of the wheel.—Chicago *Chronicle*.

SAW FOR THE FIRST TIME.

AN OLD MAN IN PEMBROKE SHOCKED BY THE EXPERIENCE.

Blind people's first experience of sight is curious. An old man in Pembroke, Ontario, who was born blind, received his sight by the removal of a cataract. When the bandage was first removed, the patient started violently and cried out as if with fear, and for a while was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in his life he looked upon the earth. The first thing he noticed was a flock of wild sparrows. In relating his experience he said that he thought they were teacups, although a few moments afterwards he readily distinguished a watch which was shown to him. It is supposed that this recognition is owing to the fact that he heard it ticking. The blaze from a lamp excited the most lively surprise in his mind. He had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near wanted to pick it up. When night approached upon the day when he first used his eyes he was in a fright, fearing that he was losing the sight which he had so wonderfully found after sixty years of darkness.

A GIGANTIC ELECTION FRAUD.

Le Courrier du Canada, one of the leading French journals of Quebec, brings information of an ingenious and widespread fraud by the Liberals in that Province in the recent elections for the purpose of persuading the electorate to give their support to Mr. Laurier. This was the purchase of votes by means of fictitious bank bills, Le Courrier gives details. At St. Anne de Lapocatiere, in Kamouraska, the morning of the election, an elector went to a well known merchant and asked him to change a bank-note of $50. The merchant examined the document and said to his customer, 'My friend, that's worth nothing.' 'How is that?' replied the other. 'Why,' said the merchant, 'This note is only a specimen of the paper money issued by the Confederate States in 1864 during the American Rebellion. It was worth very little during the war, and it is worth nothing at all now.' 'Well,' replied the habitant,' 'I got that last night for my vote from a canvasser for the Liberal candidate.' Two hours afterwards, says Le Courrier, the news spread through the parish, and, in consequence, in place of a majority of 25 the Conservative candidate had 50 at the close of the polls. These fraudulent bills were distributed in Kamouraska, L'Islet, Bellechasse, Montmorency, Temiscouata, Montmagny, etc., and consisted of bills of $5, $20, $50 and $100.

Le Courrier describes one of these instruments placed in the hands of an elector of Kamouraska. It is ornamented with the portrait of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern States and reads as follows: Five years after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States, and the United States, the Confederate States of America will pay to the bearer on demand $50. Richmond, Feb. 19th. 1864.—C. Wedmill (for Registrar,) A. Caldwell (for Treasurer.)' Similar bills were spread throughout the County of Kamouraska to the extent of thousands of dollars of pretended value. Representatives of Le Courrier have traced these false notes in the parishes of St. Pacomd, St. Anne, Riviere Ouelle, Mont-Carmel, St. Fleuthere, etc. In the County of Montmorenci the Hon. Mr. Casgrain has in his hands numbers of these bills which were given to the electors of St. Anne de Beaupre and other parishes.

'It is little wonder in the face of this bold and gigantic swindle' says the Ottawa Citizen, 'that a majority of the constituencies pronounced in favor of Laurier. The facts are only too thoroughly in harmony with the tactics followed by the same party in the past. The pretence that the government has been fairly beaten is sufficiently refuted. It will become the duty of the Conservative party to expose in the courts the scandalous methods by which their opponents secured support in the Province of Quebec.'

ANGLO-VENEZUELAN DISPUTE.

LONDON, July 21.—The proceedings in the House of Commons this afternoon forcibly illustrate the strong feeling among large sections on both sides of the House, that the Venezuelan dispute must not be allowed to drift. Sir William Harcourt, as the leader of the Opposition, asked for a special day for the discussion of South African affairs, his desire being to emphasize the complicity of Cecil Rhodes and his colleagues in the Jameson raid proved, and to voice the growing Liberal disgust that Mr. Rhodes is not placed side by side with Jameson on trial in London. 'An even more urgent question,' Sir Wm. Harcourt said, 'is the Venezuelan dispute. The Prime Minister has invited an expression of public opinion on the subject and the opinion of the House of Commons ought to be at once expressed.' (Liberal cheers.) Mr. Balfour fenced with the question, being very anxious to fulfil his pledge that the House should rise for the grouse shooting and urged that the Venezuelan question, if not in a critical state, was still under diplomatic discussion. Some of the Ministerialists think that the Marquis of Salisbury should have a free hand, but there was an ominous silence in many parts of the Government side of the House. Mr. Balfour thereupon added that he would confer with Sir William Harcourt. The Opposition mean to press for a day. It is believed that a large majority of the members of the House of Commons think that no minor differences should obstruct a speedy agreement and that this country should go far in the way of concession to secure a permanent arbitration treaty.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22.—Mail advices from Demerara, up to July 8, indicate that the British have not by any means abandoned the survey of the road through the disputed territory on the border of Venezuela. A special force of twenty armed men, under command of Police Inspector Shaw, left Gagetown, June 24, under instructions to protect the surveyors. It is stated that force is not to be opposed to force, and in the event of a large body of hostile Venezuelans presenting themselves, the officer in charge has explicit instructions to retire without any resistance.

BURNS' CENTENNIAL.

DUMFRIES, Scotland, July 21.—The town was decorated and en fete to-day upon the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the death of Robert Burns, the poet, who died July 21, 1796. There was an enormous procession in the forenoon, in which delegates from Burns' Clubs in all parts of the world took part. The procession, which also included shepherds and plowmen, marched from the Auld Brill to the Mausoleum, where the body of Burns lies. Here the delegates were received by Lord Rosebery and the former, together with many others, laid wreaths on Burns' grave. After this ceremony there was a public luncheon.

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