

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER III.

"The crying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than shedding tear of gore."

She was as good as her word. By the next evening they have all learned to smile upon her, by the end of the third week they have all learned to positively court her society which is fresh to the last degree. Yet still they are a little awkward with her, and a little uncertain as to her ulterior designs for their welfare.

As for Mrs. Billy, she is very well pleased with herself so far, and with her growing relations with them, and having no special designs in view, does not trouble herself to invent any.

One day, toward the end of this first eventful three weeks, she walks into the school-room rather aimlessly, to find Margery there and the children.

"You here, Margery? Why, what are you doing?" asks she. She is dressed in a pretty white gown of some soft warm material, the days being still a little chilly, and is looking cool and fresh and radiant. Margery, on the contrary, has a rather crushed appearance, and is distinctly worn and openly miserable.

"Teaching the children," she answers, shortly.

"Ah!" says Mrs. Daryl, surveying the hot cheeks of the three with evident surprise. Blanche, it appears to her, is full of tears; May just bereft of them; Margery herself seems on the very brink of them.

"What on earth are you doing it for?" asks Mrs. Daryl, slowly.

"Because, however poor they may be, they must not grow up altogether savages," returns Margery with some sharpness. Her irritation has not arisen out of the presence of her sister-in-law, but is rather due to the extreme exhaustion born of a long and fruitless argument with the twins, who have obstinately declined to take to heart the fact that twelve and nine make twenty-one.

Perhaps Mrs. Daryl, grasps the truth of the situation, because the amiability of her demeanor is undiminished as she sinks into a chair by the table and settles herself, Parisian robe and all, to business.

"Here! Give one of them to me," she says briskly.

"To teach?" asks Meg, aghast.

"To try and knock something into her brain. It's the same thing, eh? But to judge by you I should say it was no mean task. Give me Blanche. I expect she knows considerably more than I do, but with the help of a book I'll go in and win."

"Oh, no! Indeed you mustn't. You haven't an idea what a worry it is. Billy won't like you to do it," says Margery, anxiously.

"Billy always likes just what I like."

"You will hate it."

"If I do, I'll stop," says Mrs. Billy, imperturbably. And Margery, conquered, passes her over Blanche, and once more returns to the disturbed argument with May.

Five, ten, twenty minutes go by, with only a dismal sob or two, and a dull monotone, or perhaps a dismal blowing of a nose to break their deep serenity. Then suddenly, all at once as it were, an awful disturbance takes place. Mrs. Billy has, without a moment's warning, flung her book into the fire-place, and has risen impetuously to her feet. Her fine eyes are flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"She ought to be killed—that child!" she cries, pointing to the terrified May. "She ought to be exterminated before the world is made aware of her. She has no more brain than a—fly."

"May!" exclaims Margery, glancing reproachfully at the trembling culprit. Then some inward force compels her to defend the little sister who is staring at her and imploring with quivering lips. "Usually she is a very good child," she says, holding out her hand to May.

"Good! Good!" cries Mrs. Daryl, indignantly. "Then tell me, will you, why it is she will persist in bounding Europe on the north by the Mediterranean Sea? I warn you she is dangerous. She would turn the world upside down."

Then in a moment the anger vanished, and she lifts her hands to her head, and breaks into a fit of the gayest, the most uncontrollable laughter.

"I wonder when I was in a passion before," she says. "How it relieves one. The worst of it is it doesn't last long enough with me; I don't get the good out of it. It evaporates before I'm done with it. Say, children wouldn't you like a run? It's a most blessed afternoon. It's a positive sin to be in doors, I think. And as for Europe, I don't quite see that I should cry over it, even if the Mediterranean did sit on its head."

"I suppose they ought to get through the lessons they have prepared," begins Margery, doubtfully.

"So they have; every one of them, because they haven't prepared any. And from this hour out I fancy I know what we'll do. Our tempers wouldn't last through much of this sort of thing—rapping the lesson books—so we'll just pay one poor soul to lose her temper for us."

"You mean—"

"I mean a governess."

"You must not think of that," cries Margery, coloring hotly. "We must not put you to that expense. My time is my own; I have literally nothing to do."

"Quite as it should be with a pretty girl," interrupts Mrs. Daryl, quickly. "Ah! experience has taught me that."

"With so much time on my hands," persists Margery, "I feel I can do nothing better than teach the children and—"

"Learn to curse fate," interposes Mrs. Daryl, with her merry laugh. "Not a bit of it! Not while I am here! A governess it shall be, and the children, believe me, will learn as much from her in one month as they do from you in six. We'll get an old maid, and make her very comfortable, poor thing!"

"But—"

"Not a word. Do you think I could sit still, or go out riding, and know you were ruining your constitution with such scenes as I have just gone through? Tut! What do you take me for? Come," changing her tone again as if the subject was over and done with forever, "I want you to show me the rooms in the west wing. They are all out of order. Billy says; but that's what I like, it gives one scope for one's imagination. It permits one to give the reins to one's own taste in the matter of paint and gimcracks. Come!"

She slips her arm through Margery's, and the girl goes with her a step or two. There is indeed no gainsaying her. Then all at once Margery stops as if to argue the point anew, and Mrs. Daryl, glancing at her, sees that her eyes are full of unshed tears.

"Too much geography, grammar, and sums, and far too much gratitude," thinks she swiftly.

"Pondering on the children still?" she says smiling. Then she glances back over her shoulder at the twins, who were sitting disconsolately in their seats, chilled by the consciousness of having signally disgraced themselves in the late encounter.

"Get on your feet, you two," she commands gayly, "and pick me a bunch of daffodils for my room. And I'll tell you what," beckoning them closer to her, "from this day they shall have a whole month of pure and lovely idleness whilst I took north and south and east and west for the dragon I am preparing for you."

She laughs so pleasantly at this threat that the twins catch the infection of her mirth, and laugh too, and are indeed so delighted with her and the promised emancipation from the hated studies that their equanimity is quite restored. Can she, does she mean it? A month, mind you. A whole long splendid month of delicious idleness, with nothing on earth to do but to hunt at will the wily butterfly! Oh! what an angel in disguise their enemy has become.

They rise from their seats. Simultaneously, involuntarily, they clasp hands. They draw near.

"As it true?" cry they in one breath.

"As true as that you are both the very prettiest pair of dunes!"

Mrs. Billy, having given voice to this medicated assurance, draws back, and providentially in time, supports herself against the ancient book-case that for generations has shown itself proof against the severest onslaughts. This enables her to receive the shock of two small bodies flung convulsively and without warning upon her breast, with at least a show of valor.

"Oh!" gasps May, hysterically, clinging to her, "wasn't it a good thing for us that you married Billy?"

"Flight, however ignominious, means life!" gasps Mrs. Billy, "so here goes!"

She tears herself away from the grateful twins, seizes Margery's wrist, and with her escapes into the cooler hall outside.

"Now come and show me the uninhabited parts, the rooms where the ghosts walk," she says gayly, springing up the beautiful old staircase two steps at a time.

"Only there isn't anything so decent as a spirits," returns Margery, following her swiftly. "A cell, isn't it? It is just the sort of rambling old tenement that should possess a gentleman with his head tucked well beneath his arm. But, alas! he has never turned up. Mean of him, I call it."

In truth, it is a very picturesque old mansion, though sadly out of repair, with a queer, dusky hall of huge dimensions. A hall full of ancient tapestries and a big fireplace where the traditional ox might have been roasted whole—almost. The mantel-piece rises to the very ceiling, which is vaulted, and both are so black with age that it is impossible at a first glance to pick out and piece together properly the carving on the former.

Doors lead off this hall to right and left, and two long corridors shrouded by moth-eaten curtains are dimly suggested. Mrs. Billy is openly pleased with everything. Standing on the top of the quaint staircase, as broad as it is shallow in the steps, she looks down into the gloom beneath her, and seems enraptured.

"It only wants a word here, a touch there," she murmurs, casting a glance full of artistic appreciation around. "A prince might be proud of such a hall as that."

"It wants considerably more than a touch," says Margery, who after all is accustomed to the beauty of it, and is not carried away by its charms. To her the chairs, the anthers, the tables are all only so much lumber; and, indeed, the entire furniture throughout the house is old, not to say crumbling.

"Well, it shall have it," answers Mrs. Daryl. "It is worthy of all care and consideration." She turns, and they continue their way, peering into this room, peeping into that, to find them all dilapidated and shorn of decorations of all sorts, the finances of the last two generations having been found very insufficient when applied to the keeping up of so large a house. The Daryls for the past two centuries had apparently taken for their motto, "Love and the world well lost," their beautiful wives bringing nothing but their fair faces and a stainless ancestry to the empty coffers of their husbands. It had not been Billy's fault that he had been false to the creed of his ancestors. He had loved, and had wooed and won his sweetheart when she was without a penny in the world; and does not, because he could not, love her a whit the more to-day in that she is an heiress to a rather fabulous extent.

"Take care," cries Margery suddenly, "a step leads down into this room. It takes one unawares, as a rule. But I want you to see this room of all others. The view from it is so perfect, and the windows so quaint."

"Oh!" cries Mrs. Billy as she steps into it, with an admiration in her tone that leaves nothing to be desired. "What a jolly little room! She looks round her. "Quite a medieval little affair. It is a trifle too much for me I confess, but you—glancing at Margery kindly—"you like it, eh?"

"Like it? It is an ideal thing—a rugged poem!" cries Margery. Then she checks herself, and looks in a puzzled way at her sister-in-law. "You who have such a fine appreciation of the really good, why do you disparage it?" she asks slowly. "I thought of it all last night as a thing just suited for you, as a retirement—a retreat—a pet place to receive your favorites. It was a matter of covetousness to myself many a time, but you see it would be thrown away without its suitable adornments. Everything should be of its own time."

"Except its mistress," interrupts Mrs. Daryl, with a little laugh. "That's the flaw in the present aesthetic run of thoughts. We can't produce a real chateauc. We can't bring back a dame, severely Saxon, artistically pure, from the nauseous grave. And all the high art-gowns in the world

don't seem to me to do it. One can see the nineteenth century training all through the puffs and wigs, and pensive poses."

"You are a skeptic," says Margery, laughing.

"A Philistine, you mean. In some ways, yes. Exaggeration, don't you see, is odious to me." Here she laughs gayly in unison with her companion. "Tell you what, Meg," she says, "this room shall be yours. I'll have it done up for you, and you shall choose every stick for yourself. You are Miss Daryl, you see, and proper respect must be shown you. The school-room will do for the children well enough. It is comfortable, and there is something quaint about the tables and chairs, and the very ink-stains of it. But the boys should have a den of their own. Of their very own, eh?"

A sort of a snugger where they might knock around at will, and no one have the right to scold them for untidiness, eh?"

There is something remarkably cheery in the way she has of saying that frequent "eh?" Some thought growing within the mind of Margery renders her dumb.

"Well? Why don't you speak, eh? and why do you look at me like that, with such solemn eyes?"

"I was just thinking," the words coming from her slowly, "that there are few women who could have come as a mistress to a strange house and have adopted an unconscionable number of useless people in the sweet spirit that you have done?" cries the girl, coming more into the sunlight and spreading out her hands as if in protest.

"An incubation, a worry, being of no moment at all in the life that is just beginning for you. Yet it seems as though you had made up your mind to us—"

"Look here! If you only knew!" interposes Mrs. Billy.

She seats herself with very rash promptness upon a moth-devoured seat in one of the windows, and pulls the girl down beside her. There is secret nobility about this seat in that though it tatters to its fall, it makes one last effort and manages to keep erect for still another half hour. How could it upset so charming a cargo?

"Don't you get it into your silly old noodle," says Mrs. Billy, who takes no thought for her language, "that I'm making sacrifices for my husband's people or anything of that sort. It would be a downright fraud if you brought your mind to that. I'm delighted, glad, thankful to have you all here. Taken that in, eh? Delighted, see? I have been so long left alone, with only two old frowzy people to stare at day after day—fossils who were always on the very brink, but who wouldn't go into it—that the sound of the laughter that comes from all you girls and boys is, I consider, grand; the very sweetest music. Taken all that in? Why, that's right."

"But—to be never alone with Billy—"

"There isn't a 'but' in the whole of it, I defy you to find one, my good child, interrupts this energetic young woman, promptly. "If you think I'm the sort to be miserable unless my husband is in my sight all day or I in his you've made a mistake, that's all. I'm not of the 'stickerly sentimental order, by any means. Yes," glancing swiftly at Margery, "you know that I love Billy with all my heart and soul, eh?"

"Yes," gravely. "I know it."

"I should, you know. He rescued me from a very slough of despond. He was the first bright thing I had come in contact with. I can tell you I rubbed myself against him vigorously, and sparks was the result! He was charming to me, he treated me as though I were really a young girl, and not a mere beast of burden—a sort of superior utter servant—a being a degree better than Martha in that I did not displace my h's, and could sit in a drawing-room without looking awkward. He came. He loved me; poor dependent, as I was. And he is one of you! Do I not owe you love for his love?"

"Your life was miserable?" asks Margery, bending eagerly toward her.

"Monotony is the worst of all miseries to some natures." They were not absolutely unkind, but I felt 'cribbid cab'd' every moment of my day. Oh! the horrible readings aloud to that old man until my throat was sore! The eternal windings of the old woman's skeins! I wonder I never gave way to my inner promptings—that I abstained from murder or suicide; I was almost at the end of my patience, I can tell you, when Billy came upon the scene. Well, you know all that. And he loved me at once, somehow; all in moment as it was just as I loved him."

"That is the true way."

"Yes—isn't it? What a nice girl you are Margery! And I hadn't a single half-penny then, so he must have meant all he said, eh? I like to dwell on that; it makes me feel right down proud, somehow; but you mustn't mind me. Then the old general died and someone found out that I was his nearest of kin—kin—What is it? And all at once I became not only an heiress, but an enormous one."

"Not so very enormous," says Meg, smiling and pointing menacingly to the little room they were talking so fluently.

"Oh! oh, no! I of course not in that way. But it's all like a fairy tale, wasn't it, now? The right it was finally settled, and my claim to the money established beyond a doubt, I laughed in my bed I can tell you when I thought of how comfortable I could make my Billy."

"Then?"

"Then we got married. I quitted forever the shade. I rushed headlong into the sunshine. Billy and I dived about a good deal in Paris and Brussels, but the first glimpse of home I had ever had in my life was on the night that I arrived here," involuntarily, at this, Margery winces, but evidently there is no *arriere pensee* in Mrs. Billy's conversation. "You were a continuation of the sunshine that had come to me with Billy. This old house, all of you, everything seems blended into one sweet satisfactory whole. I couldn't bear to be in an empty house. To confess a truth to you, says Mrs. Daryl, bending forward. "I love noise? Taken all that to heart?"

"Yes, all," replies Margery earnestly.

"Then it only remains for you to take me there, too," says Mrs. Billy smiling, Margery, driven to a sudden impulse, turns to her and flings her arms around her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At a Church Door.

He—There, now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer books at home.

She—Well, dear, never mind, but do tell me it is my bonnet straight!

Nearly 1,000 children are born yearly in London workhouses.

NEWS OF ELECTRICITY.

AN ELECTRIC HORN.

A electric horn has been devised to take the place of electric bells or gongs, more especially on ships where an alternating current of electricity is available. The apparatus is based upon the principle of the telephone receiver, and consists, in its simplest form, of a disk of sheet-iron placed in front of one of the poles of an electro magnet, the coil of which is arranged to take an alternating current of 100 volts, with a current of a given number of alternations, the pitch of the note is constant, no matter what the diameter or thickness of the disk may be, since the latter is obliged to vibrate at the same rate. The timbre and intensity of the sound, however, can be made to vary in a number of ways. In order to obtain an intense sound with a small amount of current, the diaphragm, or disk, must strike, whilst vibrating, the iron core, or some other body. In this apparatus there is no break in the current, as occurs in the ordinary electric bell, and the sound is therefore continuous.

A NEW SAFETY LAMP FOR MINERS.

An ingenious form of electric safety lamp is now made for use in dangerous mines, powder magazines and all places where an accidental breakage of the glass bulb might lead to an explosion. In order to entirely eliminate the chance of any such danger the inventor has inclosed the lamp proper in an absolutely air-proof lantern, the peculiarity of his device being the means of switching the light on and off. The wires are attached to terminals on the base of the lantern, and underneath the lamp socket there is a small pair of bellows which make the necessary contact on being slightly inflated. On the cap of the lantern is an air valve to which a rubber pear-shaped syringe can be attached. On compressing this the bellows become distended and switch the light on. Should the lantern fall and be broken, the escape of the compressed air releases the switch and instantly cuts off the current. Moreover, should the interior lamp happen to be broken, the superfluous air fills up the vacuum, and the same effect takes place.

ELECTRICITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

One of the greatest difficulties that the photographer has to contend with is the preservation of the natural expression of the sitter for the period of exposure. Notwithstanding that this period has been greatly shortened in various ways, particularly by the adoption of the magnesium light in photographic practice, nervousness plays such a large part in the temperament of the great majority of those who are anxious to hand down their presentments to posterity that the operator has often found the interval even too prolonged for the accomplishment of his perfect work. This difficulty has been overcome by Herr Haag, in Stuttgart, by means of a change in the management of the magnesium light. Herr Haag has made some lightning cartridges, which cause a tremendous development of light, and are set alight in one-tenth of a second by means of electricity. It is said that the so-called "natural photographs" taken by this process preserve the mental expression and momentary play of the features with extraordinary clearness and exactitude. It appears that for its successful operation this apparently simple method requires much skill and practice, and the "natural photographs" are at present made only by a single photographer in Berlin, and are still very expensive.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

A New York electrical journal some time ago told of an incident that occurred in the fitting up of a new office building near the New York end of the Brooklyn bridge. The engineer of the building wished to wire the offices throughout for the electric light in addition to the gas-pipes on which the conservative proprietor insisted. But all his arguments were in vain, and the apparently useless extravagance of electric wiring was obstinately vetoed. Suddenly, however, a happy thought struck the venerable owner: "Why," he said, "if the wires carry electricity can't you make them carry gas, too?" A counterpart of this story is now told of a shipyard carpenter, a native of Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland. When the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted with electric light at the Troon ship yard was completed, this man formed one of a social party gathered to treat the electricians who had made the installation and otherwise celebrate the event. In a burst of candor and comradeship he was overheard saying to one of the workmen: "Man, Peter, after workin' with you on they boats, I believe I could put in the electric light myself, but there's only aye as thing that bates me." "Aye, what is that?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power. "It's this man, I dinna ken how you get the ile along the wires?"

A suggestion has been made that an excellent opening now offers itself to electrical inventors for devising an automatic appliance for giving instant notice to the officers of a ship when it enters waters of a temperature so low as to indicate the proximity of an iceberg. The solution of this problem may possibly be facilitated by the publication of the ideas of an electrician as to the lines on which such an invention might well be based. The poles of a galvanic battery might be connected by wires forming two circuits, one much longer than the other. A properly constructed thermometer could be placed so as to be submerged by the water, which (when the engines of the ship are in motion) is continually passing from the sea into the ship for the purpose of condensing steam. The wire forming the shorter electric circuit might be cut and connected to the tube of the thermometer, so that when the temperature of the sea water passing in contact with it is at or above a predetermined "danger line," the mercury therein will be in contact with the ends of the wire and complete the circuit. When the temperature of the water causes the mercury in the tube to fall below the "danger line," or, in other words, so low as to break the contact, the electric current will have to pass over the longer circuit, and in so doing may be made to ring an alarm bell on the bridge or any other part of the ship, as may be desired. Unless the current is then switched off by the officer of the ship the bell will continue to ring until the ship passes into water of a temperature

high enough to cause the mercury in the thermometer to rise and restore the continuity of the shorter circuit, when the bell will cease to ring.

IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

Chicago gasfitters want \$4 a day. Buffalo is offered one dollar gas. There are forty-six hodcarrier unions. Boston bakers will abolish Sunday work. Cincinnati bricklayers want eight hours. There are said to be 20,000 union bakers. Chicago has 2,030 brotherhood engineers. Cincinnati has twenty union barber shops. New Zealand K. of L. will try co-operation.

Washington prohibits the sale of cigarettes. Union carpenters have sent \$4,000 to Homestead. Chicago building trades want convict-cut marble abolished.

New England has gained 500 union carpenters in a month. A Detroit dealer was fined \$25 for using a counterfeit of the union cigar label.

A law making fifty-eight hours a week's work is before the Rhode Island legislature. Buffalo has an anti-monopoly league and the first assault will be made on the telephone company.

The eight-hour day is in effect for carpenters in forty-seven cities, and nine hours is the rule for union men in 400 towns.

There are 45,000 union bricklayers in the United States and Canada. Union men say there are only 4,000 non-union men in both countries. They have \$23,000 in the treasury.

Four hundred years ago the annual production of pig iron amounted to 60,000 tons, and France produced one-ninth of it, more than any other country. Now the annual output is about 30,000,000 tons, and France contributed only one-fiftieth of it. The United States produced more than one-fourth of the whole amount.

During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plow has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over 14 per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished 21 per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres.

During the year 1892 17,296 vessels arrived at the port of New York. In this number are included only steamers, ships, barks, brigs and schooners. Of this total 8,705 were coastwise vessels. Of the remaining 8,591 vessels were from foreign ports. Great Britain heads the list with 2,638; America comes next with a total of 1,228, and Germany is third on the list with 561. In 1881 the number of vessels of this class was 17,271.

Burgess McLuckie, of Homestead fame, says: "Over \$270,000 worth of material has been dumped into the river which has been spoiled in experimenting in making ingots, and over \$1,000,000 worth of machinery has been destroyed by this unskilled labor. This is a great deal of money for even a Carnegie to lose. Besides this he has lost all the big jobs given him by the Government, and his old men are getting them out in other mills. As another result of his trouble Mr. Carnegie has given up his space at the World's Fair."

When Edison was Young.

"I was an operator in the Memphis office when Thomas A. Edison applied to the manager for a position," said A. G. Rockefeller, a member of the Reminiscence Club, St. Louis. "He came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wore a hickory shirt, a pair of battered pants tucked into the tops of boots a size too large and gaiters of blacking. 'Where's the boss?' was his query as he glanced round the office. No one replied at once and he repeated the question. The manager asked what he could do for him, and the future-great proceeded to strike him for a job. Business was rushing and the office was two men short; so almost any kind of a lightning slinger was welcome. He was assigned to a desk and a fusillade of winks went the rounds of the office, for the 'jay' was put on the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office."

At the end of the line was an operator who was hardly lighted and knew it. Edison had chain got seated before St. Louis responded and St. Louis started in on a long report, and he pumped it in like a house afire. Edison threw transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, picked up a pen, examined it critically, and started in, about 200 words behind. He didn't stay there long, though. St. Louis led out another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old-style Singer sewing machine.

"Every man in the office left his desk and gathered round the 'jay' to see what he was doing with that electric cydote. Well, sir, he was right on the word, and was putting it down in the prettiest cursive plate you ever saw, even crossing his t's, dotting his i's and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for 'rat' printers." St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Edison opened the key and said, "Here, here! This is no primer class! Get a hustle on you!" Well, sir, that broke St. Louis all up. He had been 'raw'ing Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore, and to have a man in our office that could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby. I saw the wizard not long ago. He doesn't wear a hickory shirt nor put his pants in his boots, but he is very far from being a guide yet. Practical Electricity.

A Momentous Question.

Miss Softheart—"What makes you look so sad Mr. Wagg? I have noticed that you have looked very gloomy of late."

Wagg—"Well, I'll admit that there is a subject that has worried me a great deal for some time."

Miss Softheart—"Could I help you in any way?"

Wagg—"Well, I don't know, I don't know."

Miss Softheart—"But Mr. Wagg, you might tell me what it is."

Wagg—"Well, Miss Softheart, it's this; I can't for the life of me see, if heaven is such a beautiful place that no one will want to leave it, what in the world will we need wings for."

THE W

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