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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

Going home again. That was hard to bear. It deepened all the old wounds. Violet Tempest felt as if her heart must really break, as if this new grief were sharper than the old one when the carriage drove in through the familiar gates, in the December dusk, and along the winding shubberied road, and up to the Tudor porch, where the lion of the Tempests stood, passant regardant, with lifted paw and backward gaze, above the stone shield. The ruddy re-light was shining across the wide doorway. The old hearth looked as cheerful as of old. And there stood the emply chair beside it. That had been Vixen's particular wish.

"Let nothing be disturbed, dear mamma," she had said, ever so many times, when her mother was writing orders to the housekeeper. "Beg them to keep everything just as it was in papa's time."

"My dear, it will only make you grieve more."

"Yes; but I had rather grieve for him than forget him. I am more afraid of forgetting him than of grieving too much for him," said Vixen.

And now, as she stood on the hearth after her journey, wrapped in black furs, a little black fur toque crowning her ruddy gold hair, fancy filled the empty chair as she gazed at it. Yes, she could see her father sitting there in his hunting-clothes, his whip across his knee.

The old pointer, the squire's favorite, came whining to her feet. How old he looked! Old and broken and infirm, as if from much sorrow.

"Poor Nip! poor Nip!" she said patting him. "The joy of your life went with papa, didn't it?"

"It's all very said," murmured Mrs. Tempest, loosening her wraps. "A sad home-coming. And it seems only yesterday that I came here as a bride. Did I ever tell you about my travelling dress Violet? It was a shot silk—they were fashionable then, you know—bronze and blue—the loveliest colors!"

"I can't imagine a shot silk being anything but detestable," said Vixen, curtly. "Poor Nip! How faithful dogs are! The dear thing is actually crying!"

Tears were indeed running from the poor old eyes, as the pointer's head lay in Vixen's lap, as if memory, kindled by her image, brought back the past too keenly for that honest canine heart.

"It is very mournful," said Mrs. Tempest. "Pauline, let us have a cup of tea."

She sank into an arm-chair opposite the fire. Not the squire's old carved oak chair, with its tawny leather cushions, that must needs be sacred evermore — a memento of the dead, standing beside the hearth.

"I wonder if any one is alive that we knew here?" said Vixen, lying back in her low chair and idly caressing the dogs.

"My dear Violet, why should people be dead? We have only been away two years."

"No; but it seems so long. I hardly expect to see any of the old faces. He is not here"—with a sudden choking sob. "Why should all be left—except him?"

"The workings of Providence are full of mystery," sighed the widow. "Dear Edward! How handsome he looked that day he brought me home! And he was a noble-looking man to the last. Not more than two spoonfuls of pekoe, Pauline. You ought to know how I like it by this time."

This to the handmaiden, who was making tea at the gypsy table in front of the fire—the table at which Vixen and Rorie had drunk so merrily on that young man's birthday.

After tea they went the round of the house. How familiar, how dear, how strange, how sad, all things looked! The faithful servants had done their duty. Everything was in its place. The last room they entered was the squire's study. Here were all his favorite books, The Sporting Magazine, from its commencement, in crimson morocco; "Nimrod" and "The Druid;" Assheton Smith's "Memoirs;" and many others of the same class; books on farming and farriery, on dogs and guns. Here were the squire's guns and whips—a motley collection, all neatly arranged by his own hands. The servants had done nothing but kept them free from dust.

There, by the low and cozy fire-place, with its tiled hearth, stood the capacious crimson morocco chair in which the master of the Abbey House had been wont to sit when he held audiences with his kennel huntsman or gamekeeper, his farm bailiff or stud groom.

"Mamma, I should like you to lock the door of this room and keep the key, so that no one may ever come here," said Vixen.

"My dear, that is just the way to prolong your grief, but I will do it if you like."

"Do, dear mamma. Or, if you will let me keep the key, I will come in and dust the room every day. It would be a pleasure for me; a mournful one, perhaps, but still a pleasure."

Mrs. Tempest made no objection, and when they left the room, Vixen locked the door, and put the key in her pocket.

It was close to Christmas; the saddest time for such a home-coming, Vixen thought. The gardeners brought in their barrows of holly and fir and laurel; but Vixen would take no part in the decoration of hall and corriders, staircase and gallery—she who in former years had been so active in the labor. The humble inhabitants of the village came in the return of the family at the house, and Vixen was pleased to find faces again, the old men and women, the rosy-cheeked children and care-worn mothers. She had a friendly word for every one, and gifts for all. Home was sweet to her after her two years' absence, despite the cloud of sadness that overhung all things. She went out to the stables and made friends with the old horses, most of which had been out at grass, and had enjoyed a paradise of rest for the last two years. Slug and Crawler, Mrs. Tempest's carriage-horses, sleek, even-minded bays, had been at Brighton, and so had Vixen's beautiful thoroughbred, Arion, and a handsome brown for the groom; but all the rest had stayed in Hampshire. Not one had been sold, though the stud was a wasteful and useless one for a widow and her daughter. There was Bullfinch, the hunter Squire Tempest had ridden in his last hour of life. Violet went into his box and caressed him and fed him, and cried over him with bitterest tears. This home-coming brought back the old sorrow with overwhelming force. She ran out of the stable to hide her tears, and ran up to her own room, and abandoned herself to grief, almost as utterly as she had done on those dark days when her father's corpse was lying in the house.

There was no friendly Miss M'Croke now to be fussy and anxious and to interpose herself between Violet Tempest and her grief. Violet was supposed to be "finished," or, in other words, to know everything under the sun which a young lady of good birth and ample fortune can be required to know. Everything, in this case, consisted of a smattering of French, Italian, and German, a dubious recollection of the main facts in modern history, a few vague notions about astronomy, some foggy ideas upon the constitution of plants and flowers, sea-weeds and shells, rocks and hills, and a general indifference for all literature except poetry and novels.

Miss M'Croke, having done her duty conscientiously after her lights, had now gone to finish three other young ladies, the motherless daughters of an Anglo-Indian colonel, over whom she was to exercise maternal authority and guidance, in a tall, narrow house in Maida Vale. She had left Mrs. Tempest with all honors, and Violet had lavished gifts upon her at parting, feeling fonder of her governess in the last week of their association than at any other period of her tutelage. To-day, in her sorrow, it was a relief to Violet to find herself free from the futile consolations of friendship. She flung herself into the arm chair by the fire and sobbed out her grief.

"Oh, kindest, dearest, best of fathers," she cried, "what is home without you!"

And then she remembered that awful day of the funeral when Roderick Vawdrey had sat with her beside this hearth, and had tried to comfort her, and she had heard his voice as a sound far away, a sound that had no meaning, and produced only a dull, stupefying effect upon her mind. That was the last time she had seen him.

"I don't suppose I thanked him for his pity or his kindness," she thought. "He must have gone away thinking me cold and ungrateful; but I was like a creature at the bottom of some dark, dismal pit. How could I feel thankful to some one looking down at me and talking to me from the free, happy world at the top?"

Her sobs ceased gradually, she dried her tears, and that unconscious pleasure in life which is a part of innocent youth came slowly back. She looked round the room in which so much of her childhood had been spent, a room full of her own fancies and caprices, a room whose prettiness had been bought with her own money, and was the work of her own hands.

In spite of home's sorrowful associations she was glad to find herself at home. Mountains, and lakes, and sunny bays, and dark, pathless forests may be ever so good to see, but there is something sweet in our return to the familiar rooms of home; some pleasure in being shut snugly within four walls surrounded by one's belongings.

The wood-fire burned merrily, and sparkled on the many-colored pots and pans upon the paneled wall. Outside the deep-mullioned windows the winter blast was blowing, with occasional spurts of flying snow. Argus crept in presently and stretched himself at full length upon the fleecy white rug. Vixen lay back in her low chair musing idly in the glow of the fire, and by and by the lips which had been convulsed with grief parted in a smile, the lovely brown eyes shone with happy memories.

She was thinking of her old playfellow and friend, Rorie.

"I wonder if he will come to-day?" she mused. "I think he will. He is sure to be at home for the hunting. Yes, he will come to-day. What will he be like, I wonder? Handsomer than he was two years ago. Not that could hardly be. He is quite a man now. Three-and-twenty; I must not laugh at him any more."

The thought of his coming thrilled her with a new joy. She seemed to have been living an artificial life in the two years of her absence, to have been changed in her very self by change of surroundings. It was almost as if the old Vixen had been sent into an enchanted sleep, while some other young lady, a model of propriety and good manners went about the world in Vixen's shape. Her life had been made up, more or less, of trifles and foolishness, with a background of grand scenery. Tepid little friendships with agreeable fellow-travelers at Nice, tepid little friendships of the same order in Switzerland; well-dressed young people smiling at each other, and delighting in each other's company, and parting probably forever without a pang.

But now she had come back to the friends, the horses, the dogs, the rooms, the gardens, the fields, the forests, of youth, and was going to be the real Vixen again; the wild, thoughtless, high-spirited girl Squire Tempest and all the peasantry round about had loved.

"I have been ridiculously well-behaved," she said to herself, "quite a second edition of mamma. But now I am back in the forest and good manners may go hang. 'My foot's on my native heath, and my name is M'Gregor.'"

Somehow, in all her thoughts of home—after that burst of grief for her dead father—Roderick Vawdrey was the central figure. He filled the gap death had made.

Would Rorie come soon to see her? Would he be very glad to have her at home again? What would he think of her? Would he fancy her changed? For the worse? For the better?

"I wonder whether he would like my good manners or the original Vixen best?" she speculated.

The morning wore on, and still Violet Tempest sat idly by the fire. She had made up her mind that Roderick would come to see her at once. She was sufficiently aware of her own importance to feel sure that the fact of her return had been duly chronicled in the local papers. He would come to-day, before luncheon perhaps, and they three, mamma, Rorie, and herself, would sit at the round table in the library—the snug, warm room where they had so often sat with papa. This thought brought back the bitterness of her loss.

"I can bear it better if Rorie is with us," she thought, "and he is almost sure to come. He would not be so unkind as to delay bidding welcome to such poor lonely creatures as mamma and I."

She looked at her little watch, a miniature hunter in a case of black enamel, with a monogram in diamonds, one of her father's last gifts. It was one o'clock already, and luncheon would be at half past.

"Only half an hour for Rorie," she thought.

The minute-hand crept slowly to the half hour, the luncheon gong sounded below, and there had been no announcement of Mr. Vawdrey.

"He may be down-stairs with mamma all this time," thought Vixen. "Forbes would not tell me unless he were sent."

She went down-stairs and met Forbes in the hall.

"Oh, if you please, ma'm, Mrs. Tempest does not feel equal to coming down to luncheon. She will take a wing of chicken in her own room."

"And I don't feel equal to sitting in the library alone, Forbes," said Violet; "so you may tell Phoebe to bring me a cup of tea and a biscuit. Has nobody called this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

Vixen went to her room, out of spirits and out of temper. It was unkind of Rorie, cold, neglectful, heartless.

"If he had come home after an absence of two years—absence under such sad circumstances — how anxious I should be to see him!" she thought. "But I dare say it is a hunting day, and he is tearing across the gorse on some big raw-boned horse, and not giving me a thought. Or perhaps he is dancing attendance upon Lady Mabel. But no, I don't think he cares much for that kind of thing."

She moved about the room a little, re-arranging things that were already arranged exactly as she had left them two years ago. She opened a book and flung it aside, tried the piano, which sounded muffled and woolly.

"My poor Broadwood is no better for being out at grass," she said.

She went to one of the windows and stood there looking out, expecting every instant to see a dog-cart, with a rakish horse, a wasp-like body, and high red wheels, spin round the curve of the shrubbery. She stood thus for a long time, as she had done on that wet October afternoon of Rorie's home-coming, but no rakish horse came swinging round the curve of the carriage drive. The flying snow drifted past the window; the winter sky looked blue and clear between the brief showers; the tall feathery fir trees and straight slim cypresses stood up against the afternoon light, and Vixen gazed at them with angry eyes, full of resentment against Roderick Vawdrey.

"The ground is too hard for the scent to lie well; that's one comfort," she reflected, savagely.

And then she thought of the dear old kennels given over to a new master—the hounds whose names and idiosyncrasies she had known as well as if they had been human acquaintance. She had lost all interest in them now. Pond and Gellert, Lightfoot, Juno, Ringlet, Lord Dundreary—they all had forgotten her, no doubt.

Here was some one at last, but not the one for whom she was watching. A figure clothed in a long loose black coat and slouched felt hat, and carrying a weedy umbrella, trudged sturdily round the curve, and came briskly toward the porch. It was Mr. Scobel, the incumbent of the pretty little Gothic church in the village—a church like a toy.

He was a good man and a benevolent, this Mr. Scobel, a hard worker, and a blessing in the neighborhood. But just at this moment Violet Tempest did not feel grateful to him for coming.

"What does he want?" she thought. "Blankets and coals and things, I suppose."

She turned sullenly from the window, and went back to her seat beside the fire, and threw on a log, and gave herself up to disappointment. The blue winter sky had changed to gray; the light was fading behind the feathery fir-tips.

"Perhaps he will come to afternoon tea," she thought; and then, with a discontented shrug of her shoulders; "No, he is not coming at all. If he cared about us, he would have been the first to bid us welcome, knowing, as he must, how miserable it was for me to come home at all—without papa!"

She sat looking at the fire.

"How idle I am!" she mused; 'and poor Crokey did so implore me to go on with my education, and read some useful books, and enlarge my mind. I don't think my poor little mind would bear any more stretching, or that I should be much happier if I knew all about Central Africa, and the way from Hindoostan to China, or old red sandstone, and tertiary, and the rest of them. What does it matter to me what the earth is made of, if I can but be happy upon it? No, I shall never try to be learned. I shall read Byron, and Tennyson, and Wordsworth, and Keats, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and remain an ignoramus all the days of my life. I think that would be quite enough for Rorie, if he and I were ever to be much together; for I don't believe he ever opens a book at a—. And what would be the use of my talking to him about old red sandstone or the centre of Africa?"

Phœbe, Miss Tempest's fresh-faced Hampshire maid, appeared at this moment.

(To be Continued.)

COOL CURING OF CHEESE.

The Government Disposes of Two Stations

A despatch from Ottawa says: A return brought down on Friday, shows that four establishments for the cool curing of cheese were built at the expense of the Government. The one at Woodstock, Ont., cost $32,904; Brockville, $25,868; St. Hyacinthe, $30,953; Cowansville, $38,001. The number of cheese, respectively, cured in the different establishments last year were as follows:—Woodstock, 8,923; Brockville, 12,430; St. Hyacinthe, 10,946; Cowansville, 4,325.

Owing to the progress which had been made in connection with these establishments in the past five years the Government did not think there was any necessity for further operation by the Department of Agriculture. The establishments at Brockville and Woodstock had therefore been rented for the storing and curing of cheese, while negotiations are now pending for the disposal of the other two.

CHAS. McGILL'S SENTENCE.

Former Manager of Ontario Bank Gets Five Years.

A despatch from Toronto says: Five years' imprisonment in the Kingston Penitentiary was the sentence imposed on Friday on Charles McGill, former general manager of the Ontario Bank, who pleaded guilty in the Criminal Assizes before Mr. Justice Clute to the charge of preparing and signing false returns to send to the department at Ottawa. There were three indictments against the accused, and he pleaded guilty to two counts in the first one. The court imposed sentence in these cases and traversed those in which McGill pleaded not guilty until the next Assizes. Mr. Justice Clute and the counsels in the case stated emphatically that the newspaper statements regarding the dropping of the theft charges were incorrect. No understanding existed whereby the prosecution promised not to go on with these indictments, which would come up for trial in due course.

THE EARTH OPENED.

Fearful Earthquake in the Solomon Islands.

A despatch from San Francisco says: The Solomon Islands in the South Seas were visited by a fearful earthquake several months ago, in which the earth was opened and deep gorges created. The entire appearance of the islands was changed. There was no loss of life. The news was brought here by Governor C. B. L. Moore, who arrived on Thursday from Samoa. He stated that a trading schooner came into Apia with the news shortly before he sailed. It is deemed probable that the earth quake was the one recorded then on the seismographs in various parts of the world. According to the instrument at Apia, Samoa, it lasted for several minutes, and was said to be the heaviest shock ever recorded. It was figured that it occurred somewhere in the South Seas, but as no report came from any civilized island it was believed that it occurred at sea.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Conductor Lay for Ten Hours Pinned Under Boiler.

A despatch from Missoula, Montana, says: Two engines, upon which were riding a large number of men who had been engaged in breaking the snow blockade near Saltez, Mont., plunged over an embankment two miles west of De Borgia on Thursday, killing two men and injuring nearly a score, some of them seriously. The dead are: D. R. McDonald, conductor, and Levi Burris, fireman. Conductor McDonald's death occurred on Thursday night after he had lain for ten hours pinned beneath a boiler, with his body partly submerged in the icy waters of the river. His fellow-workmen, unable to help him, kept his head above the water until he died. He steadfastly refused to have his leg amputated.

A SMOKER'S MATCH.

Caused the Great Explosion in Saarbrucken Mine.

A despatch from Saarbrucken, Rheinish Prussia, says: The search of the galleries of the Reden mine at St. Johann-on-Saar, where an explosion occurred January 28, still continues. More bodies were brought up on Wednesday, and identified as being among the list of those already given up for dead. The fire has been extinguished, and the engineers affirm that there is no danger of any further explosion. Therefore the work of clearing the encumbered galleries is proceeding. Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia on Wednesday took part in the funerals of the victims. Minister of Commerce Delbrueck says 62 bodies and 26 injured men have been removed from the mine, and 86 others are missing. The explosion probably resulted from carelessness by a pipe smoker.

The Ge[illegible] are taking steps to stop in[illegible] diseased horses

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Feb. 5. — Flour — Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents are quoted at $2.65 to $2.67 in buyers' sacks outside for export; Manitoba first patents $4.50; second patents, $4, and [illegible] bakers', $3.90, Toronto.

Wheat—No. 1 Manitoba hard is nominal at 85c lake ports; No. 1 northern at 83½c, and No. 2 northern at 81c.

Barley—No. 2 is nominal at 51c outside, and No. 3 extra at 49c outside.

Corn—No. 3 American yellow nominal at 51c on track, Toronto. Canadian corn is quoted at 43 to 44c, Chatham.

Bran—Car lots of bran outside in bulk are nominal at $18.50 to $19, and shorts at $19.50 to $20.

Wheat—No. 2 while offered at 72c outside, with 70½c bid. No. 2 red winter, 71c bid outside, without sellers. No. 2 mixed offered at 70½c outside, with 70c bid.

Barley—No. 3 extra offered at 50c outside, and 48c bid for 5,000 bushels.

Peas—No. 2 offered at 81c outside, with no bids.

Oats—No. 2 white offered at 38c outside, with 37c bid.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Good to choice winter stock, $2.25 to $3.25 per bbl.

Beans—Hand-picked selling at $1.55 to $1.60, and primes at $1.40.

Honey—Strained quoted at 11 to 12c per lb, and combs at $2 to $2.50 per dozen.

Hops—New quoted at 18 to 21c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at $11.50 to $13.50 on track here, and No. 2 quoted at $8.50 to $9.

Straw—Steady at $6.50 to $7 a ton on track here.

Potatoes—Ontario, 65 per bag on track, and New Brunswick, 75 to 80c per bag.

Poultry—Turkeys, fresh killed, 12 to 14c; chickens, dressed, 9 to 10c; alive, 7 to 8c per lb; fowl, alive, 5 to 6c; ducks, dressed, 9 to 10c; alive, 7 to 8c per lb; geese, 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound rolls are quoted at 22 to 23c; tubs, 20 to 22c; large rolls, 20 to 22c. Creamery prints sell at 26 to 27c, and solids at 23 to 24c.

Eggs—Storage, 23 to 24c per dozen; selections, 25 to 27c; limed, 22c; new laid, nominal, 28 to 29c.

Cheese—Large cheese, 13½ to 13⅝c, and twins, 14 to 14¼c.

HOG PRODUCE.

Dressed hogs in car lots are unchanged, with prices quoted at $8.40 to $8.65 here. Bacon, long clear, 11 to 11¾c per lb in case lots; mess pork, $21; short cut, $23 to $23.50.

Hams—Light to medium, 15½c; do, heavy, 14 to 14½c; rolls, 11½c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 16 to 16½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 15½c.

Lard—Tierces, 12c; tubs, 12¼c; pails, 12¼c.

BUSINESS IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, Feb. 5.—Grain—The tone of the market for spot supplies of oats is firm, with sales of Ontario No. 2 white at 42½c; No. 3 at 41½c, and No. 4 at 40½c per bushel, ex store. Flour—Spring and winter wheat grades for local country and export account at firm prices. Choice spring wheat patents, $4.50 to $4.60; seconds, $4; winter wheat patents, $4 to $4.15; straight rollers, $3.55 to $3.65; do, in bags, $1.60 to $1.70; extras, $1.45 to $1.55. Feed—Manitoba bran, in bags, $21; shorts, $22 per ton; Ontario bran, in bags, $21 to $21.50; shorts, $22 to $22.50; milled mouillie, $21 to $25 per ton, and straight grain, $28 to $30. Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, $22 to $23.50; half-barrels, $11.75 to $12.50; clear fat backs, $21 to $24.50; long cut heavy mess, $20.50 to $22; half-barrels do, $10.75 to $11.50; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 to 12½c; barrels plate beef, $11 to $12.50; half-barrels do, $6 to $6.50; barrels heavy mess beef, $8.50; half-barrels do, $4.75; compound lard, 8¾ to 10c; pure lard, 11¾ to 13c; kettle-rendered, 13 to 13½c; hams, 13 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 15 to 16c; fresh-killed abattoir dressed hogs, $10; alive, $7 to $7.25. Eggs—Selects, 27c; No. 1 candled, 21 to 22c. Cheese—October-made, white, 13½c; colored, 13¾c. Butter—Choicest creamery, 25¼ to 25½c; medium grades, 23½ to 24½c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

St. Louis, Feb. 5.—Wheat—Cash, 76c; May, 77⅜c; July, 76¾c.

Minneapolis, Feb. 5.—Wheat—May, 80⅝ to 80¾c; July, 81⅛ to 81¼c; September, 78⅞ to 79c; No. 1 hard, 85c; No. 1 northern, 83½c; No. 2 northern, 81 to 81½c; No. 3 northern, 79 to 79½c. Flour—First patents, $4.30 to $4.40; second patents, $4.15 to $4.20; first clears, $3.25 to $3.35; second clears, $2.50 to $2.60. Bran—$16 to $16.75.

Milwaukee, Feb. 5.—Wheat—No. 1 northern, 82 to 83c; No. 2 northern, 78 to 81c; May, 78⅛ to 78⅝c bid. Rye—No. 1, 68 to 68½c. Barley—No. 2, 58c; sample, 47 to 57c. Corn—No. 3 cash, 42½c; May, 46½ to 46¾c asked.

Duluth, Feb. 5.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, 83c; No. 1 northern, 82¼c; No. 2 northern, 80¾c; May, 81¼c; July, 81¼c; September, 79¼c.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Feb. 5.—Despite the rather heavy supply, prices held their own fairly well.

Export cattle were in good demand at generally firm prices; the exporters offered were not of top quality.

Butchers' cattle were steady to firm for good stock, but common stuff was off. Choice cattle were hard to get and anything extra was bought up early.

Stockers and feeders were comparatively quiet [illegible] lations are firm. One bun[illegible] feeders sold at [illegible] actically all th[illegible]

CAPTAIN LIABLE; MATE BLAMED

Verdict of Coroner's Jury for Death of Golspie Sailor.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: "We find that Sydney Neal came to his death from frost, caused by exposure. This exposure was due directly to Capt. Boult, who drove the said Sydney Neal from shelter when he might have protected him. We also think that Mate McLeod should be severely censured for not sending prompt assistance on his arrival at the mission."

Such was the verdict given on Wednesday night by the coroner's jury on the death of Sydney Neal, one of the sailors of the steamer Golspie, which was wrecked early in December at Brule Harbor, and who died at the "Soo" hospital from the effects of the subsequent hardships which he, with several others, underwent.

Captains Joseph Gantry and W. C. Barr, of the "Soo" and William Kimball and Joseph Andrews, of Michipicoten, were examined. The captains gave evidence regarding the negotiations that had been carried on between them and the MacKays for the sending of relief to the Golspie after the wreck. They said that had tugs been sent up earlier than was the case it would not have prevented the men from being frozen as they were.

William Kimball, of Michipicoten, said that he saw Mate McLeod after he arrived at Michipicoten, the evening the unfortunate sailors who had been with him earlier were left out in the cold. Kimball volunteered to go out and get them, but the mate told him he had made the arrangements.

Joseph Andrews, an Indian, told of being engaged by the mate to go out for the men the next day, of finding them, and of their being taken to the hospital at Michipicoten.

Capt. Boult and Engineer Andrews, who had been summoned at Hamilton and Collingwood, did not appear to give evidence. Crown Attorney McFadden accordingly decided to give the case to the jury without hearing them.

McGEE'S MANY VICTIMS.

Colin Campbell, the Florist, Compelled to Assign.

A despatch from Montreal says: The Attorney-General of the Province has been asked to intervene in the case of William J. McGee of the People's Mutual Building Society, and see that a strict and far-reaching investigation takes place. The new features in the case are these: McGee will not be sentenced on the mere plea of guilty of theft. Every detail of this remarkable series of crimes will be investigated by the Attorney-General's representative. Probably a score of warrants will be issued against McGee. Four men alone are known to have lost $15,000 each. Colin Campbell, the florist, will lose $16,000, and as a result of the losses has been compelled to assign. Twenty other men will lose about $4,000 each. Two hundred people will lose sums ranging from $100 to $1,500. McGee does not even know, in many cases, which signatures are forgeries and which are genuine. It is believed that his losses will total a quarter of a million dollars. The investigation shows that only a small part of the money has been spent. The question now is, Where is the money?

MAD RUSH FOR FOOD.

The Awful Condition of Famine-Stricken Chinese.

Washington, Jan. 30.—Further serious consequences are expected in the Chinese famine districts unless immediate aid is forthcoming, according to State Department advices. Outbreaks are of daily occurrence, and an epidemic is feared by relief workers. Great concentration camps have been formed in the south of China, where thousands of refugees live under awful conditions. Estimates have been made that it will cost $20,000 daily to feed the 4,000,000 persons who are starving. A story is told of one family—the mother, father and two children. The mother left home on a search for food, and the father, despairing of aid, threw both children into the river. The mother returned, and, learning what had happened, drowned herself. The grief-stricken father followed. The Government is selling grain and salt, where it can. In Hsu Chou Fu in December three or four women were crushed to death in the mad rush for food. The price of vegetables has doubled, and coal and coke cost more than ever before.

SHOCKS IN ILLINOIS.

Severe Earth Tremors Felt Lasting Five Seconds.

A despatch from St. Louis says: Specials from Highland and Grenville, Ill., reported severe earthquake shocks at 11.30 o'clock on Wednesday night. The vibrations seemed to be from east to west and continued about five seconds.

LEFT $5,000,000 TO POOR.

Murdered London Merchant Had an Imposing Funeral.

A despatch from London says: Unusual public interest in the tragic death of William Whiteley, who was shot and killed in his great department store, Jan. 24, by Horace George Raynor, was shown by the scenes at the funeral of the merchant on Wednesday morning. Long before the hour for the ceremony thousands of persons gathered about the Whiteley residence and dense masses lined the streets leading to the church. Most of the shops in the Westbourne Grove district kept their shutters up and over a hundred carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery. Four of these were laden with floral wreaths. According to the newspapers, Mr. Whiteley bequeathed $5,000,000 to provide almshouses and homes for the aged and deserving poor.

INVADED BY CONSUMPTIVES.

Calgary Wants a Sanitarium for Eastern Invalids.

A despatch from Calgary says: Calgary has been burdened in a most alarming manner during the last few years, and particularly during the last few months, with a large number of consumptives coming here from eastern Canada. They come here usually with a small amount of money and are unable to work. The result is that they are soon on the hands of the city. They also find great difficulty in getting accommodation. Many heartrending cases are reported every day. At a meeting of the Calgary Board of Trade on Tuesday night a resolution was passed calling upon the Dominion Government to establish a sanitarium some place in the mountains where a cure can be effected in the best form.

CATTLE DYING FAST.

Packs of Hungry Wolves Follow the Herds of Wornout Animals.

A despatch from Medicine Hat, Alta., says: The cattle situation is desperate. Many have died in the streets of the city after drifting in along the trails from the prairie.

A despatch from MacLeod says: The outlook on the ranges is becoming daily more desperate and the cattle are dying thick and fast. The animals are skin poor, and if the cold weather continues the majority of them will be food for the packs of wolves and coyotes now eagerly haunting the trails of the famished and tired out herds. The great drove of cattle which invaded the town this week came from Little Bow, and other northern points.

The Jobbers and Shippers Association at Winnipeg have decided to take a stand in the matter of the demoralization of traffic on railways. They will demand that car shortage and lack of motive power be at once remedied.

PRISON GOVERNOR KILLED

Hated by the Revolutionists for Ill-treating Prisoners.

RECENT VICTIMS OF TERRORISM.

Prince Nakachidze, at Baku, May 25, 1905.

Gen. Czenolucki, at Kishineff, June 30, 1905.

Gen. Vonliarharski, at Warsaw, Aug. 27, 1905.

Gen. Gakovloff, at Warsaw, Sept. 12, 1905.

Gen. Golotchkovoff, at Tiflis, Nov. 22, 1905.

Gen. [illegible]ikoff, at Pol[illegible] Dec. [illegible]

Vi[illegible]l Kusn[illegible] at St[illegible]

Peter[illegible]

Gen. [illegible]

burg, July [illegible]

Count Al[illegible]

Pirsov[illegible]

street of the island on Wednesday and died almost immediately.

The assassin, who was a[illegible] dressed as a workman, [illegible] lea house as M. Guide[illegible] his way home and [illegible] stomach. [illegible] mortally [illegible] accompan[illegible] sued the [illegible] and the [illegible] any trace [illegible] the islan[illegible] the revo[illegible] The G[illegible]