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A Terrible Temptation

OR, THE FAMILY RING

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

Miles sat alone in his study one morning before consulting hours, busily engaged in writing a paper he was to read before one of the medical societies. He was absorbed in thought to an extent that prevented him observing the soft opening and shutting of the door, and he was unaware that Hope had entered, until she stood beside him, looking down at him with big, angry eyes.

"Hope!" he exclaimed; "why, my dear, what do you want?"

"I want to know why you married me?" she said, her voice low and eager with suppressed passion.

"Why I married you?" Miles dropped his pen, and looked at her blankly. "Because——"

"Yes—because you said it was the best plan; you said you would make me happy; I know all those reasons. But why did you do it—why did you do it—and then, let me break my heart?" and all at once the big tears welled up in her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks.

No man is pleased to see a woman cry; in most men tears rouse a feeling of distinct resentment, and Miles himself was very much like his fellowmen! His mother's tears flowed with such extreme readiness and so meaninglessly that when a woman cried he instinctively felt she only did it to annoy.

The slow roll of tears on Hope's face, which to some people would have seemed pathetic, simply vexed Miles—inured by his mother to rapid weeping and speedy recovery. His irritation was the more pardonable, when it is remembered that he was both thinking out and writing a paper on an abstruse medical subject against time and that he was momentarily expecting the advent of patients.

Moreover he looked upon Hope's outburst as but one more example of childish passion, which must be dealt with by a sharp word.

He pushed his chair back from the table and frowned.

"I do wish you would learn to moderate your language, Hope," he said; "it is absurd of you to talk of breaking hearts, as though you were being unkindly treated here.'

"And am I not? Am I not being unkindly treated? I am by myself from morning to night; nobody cares for me, nobody knows or wants to know what I do. I hate it all! I hate being married, and I don't know why you ever wanted to marry me."

It was on the tip of Anderson's tongue to retort that no such desire had ever for a moment entered his mind, but though a hot anger welled up in his heart, he was still convinced that her behaviour was merely that of a naughty and a spoilt child, and his answer again came sharply:—

"I shall begin to wish I never married you, if you go on behaving in this ridiculous way. I did it solely for your good, and feeling that it was best for you. Now, Hope, run away and leave me to my work; and for pity's sake do not take such a distorted view of everything."

"Run away," she exclaimed, speaking in that high clear voice which rasped Miles' nerves, "that's exactly what I shall do, run away. Then you'll be rid of me for good and all. I wish I had never married you.'

By the time this climax was reached, the limit of Miles' patience had been reached also.

"I heartily echo your wish," he said, shortly, "but unfortunately we cannot undo what has been done. Be quiet please," he added sternly, seeing her about to speak again; "you are not in a fit state to speak again; "you are not in a fit state of mind just now to discuss anything calmly or reasonably. When you have become quiet and sensible, I will talk to you again. Go upstairs now, and try and look at the matter in a rational light."

"A rational light!" Her eyes blazed into sudden beauty. "You and your mother want to get rid of me, I suppose. Why was she horrid to me? Why did she treat me like something inferior? Why did she sneer over my ring?"

"Hope, do for pity's sake stop asking these futile, childish questions.' Miles' tone was weary with annoyance, he answered only the last point she touched upon:— "My mother naturally noticed that you were wearing a ring far too handsome for so young a girl and, by the way, where did that ring come from?"

In his tone there was a change instantly perceived by Hope, a hint of suspicion which aroused in her a fresh tempest of wrath.

"You are suspicious like your mother," she said; "I don't know what you both suspect me of having done? Do you suppose I stole the ring? What do you think? Why do you look at me so strangely as if you doubted my word? There—take the ring,"—as she spoke she tore it from her finger and flung it on the table before him—"and take my wedding ring too;" the small gold circlet was likewise wrenched from her finger, and fell against the inkstand with a sharp metallic clang. "Take them both, the one you gave—and the one—mother gave me. Mother gave me that ring."

Her voice broke over the words, a sob seemed almost to choke her, and without uttering another syllable, without looking again at Miles, she turned and fled from the room, leaving her husband staring in blank surprise and dismay at the place where she had lately stood.

His thoughts were in a tumult. Hot anger, amusement, rasping irritation chased one another in turn through his mind, and mingling with a wild desire to laugh out loud, came an equally overwhelming feeling of despair.

The sound of the front-door bell, its intimation of coming patients, forced him to rouse himself and set his own and his wife's affairs on one side for a time.

His glance fell across the table and upon the two rings flung upon it by Hope's impetuous hands. Her wedding ring rested still against the inkstand. He picked it up and put it hurriedly into his waistcoat pocket, to be given back to his wife when she had attained that reasonable frame of mind he had urged upon her. The other ring lay conspicuously in the very centre of the table, the sunlight flashing from the diamonds that clustered round the central stone of such strange golden hue.

As the parlor maid opened the door to announce the arrival of a patient, Miles clutched at the ring, and when the woman had left the room again, he opened his hand and looked at it curiously. Yes—it was undoubtedly a remarkable ring.

The rich golden color of the central gem, the beauty of the diamonds that surrounded it, the sharply carved word "Amor" lying across the top of the heart shaped stone, all these rendered the jewel conspicuous—and Miles turned it over in his fingers, wondering vaguely how the poor patient he had seen die in the hospital had ever become possessed of such a ring.

Then all at once the last words of the dying woman flashed into his mind. His door opened widely to admit the incoming patient, and he slipped the ring into his table drawer; but through the whole course of his busy morning the last words uttered by Hope's mother danced before his eyes, rang in his brain:—

"Tell—Hope—the—ring."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The gentleman wished to speak to you for a few minutes, sir; he says he will not detain you long."

Anderson's parlor maid handed her master a card, on which were the words:—

"MR. HERBERT DIMSDALE,

"200 Jermyn Street."

Miles glanced at his watch. The hands pointed to one o'clock, by half-past one he must leave the house for the hospital; he had breakfast early, and he would have liked an opportunity to snatch a little lunch, but of this opportunity he seemed likely to be deprived.

"Show the gentleman in,' he said, and a moment later a tall, well-groomed man entered the consulting room.

"I feel that I am disturbing you on false pretences," the new-comer said in a pleasant, well bred voice. "I have no claim to be considered a patient, but my aunt positively insisted on my coming to you on a matter which I am afraid you will say is quite outside your province."

"Your aunt?" Miles looked a little vague.

"My aunt, Lady Dimsdale, of Pettowe. She was under your care two years ago, and she is quite sure you will be able to help her now."

"I remember Lady Dimsdale perfectly. She was in a nursing home close by. I hope she is well?"

"Very well; and I ought to repeat that I have not come on professional business, and apologize profusely for taking up your time. But the fact of the matter is, my dear aunt has such immense faith in you and in your judgment, that she wishes me to ask you whether you can recommend any one as a companion for her?" He laughed a rather embarrassed laugh, brought to his lips by the sight of Miles perplexed countenance.

"I? Recommend a companion," the doctor said slowly; "I am afraid that is not much in my line." A little smile hovered round his sternly cut lips, and amusement flashed out of his eyes.

"I told my aunt that—well, I am afraid I was rude enough to tell her it was absurd to trouble you about such a trifle; but she insisted that I should at least come to see you. My aunt has a large fund of—determination." The young man's eyes twinkled, and an answering twinkle shone in Miles' grey eyes. A vivid recollection recurred to him of the gentle and charming old aristocrat, who with all her gentleness had been so immovably obstinate.

"She has made up her mind," Mr. Dimsdale continued, "that she wants some one young and bright constantly with her. She and my uncle are neither of them as young as they were, and though I am constantly at Pettowe, I cannot take the place of a daughter to them. They do really need somebody young and bright and womanly. My aunt has never forgotten your goodness to her, and she was quite convinced you must know of just the right person to suit her."

Miles shook his head and laughed.

"I am afraid I cannot be of the slightest use," he answered; "I know absolutely nobody suitable for such a post. I only wish I did. The girl who becomes Lady Dimsdale's companion will be a fortunate person. I will remember your aunt's wishes, and if I should hear of any one likely to suit her, I will let her know at once," he added, as the visitor rose to take his leave.

"My aunt sent you many messages of remembrance," Mr. Dimsdale said when the two men shook hands, "and she most especially told me to say that she hopes when you and Mrs. Anderson have a free Sunday you will run down to Pettowe for a little country air. My aunt is most anxious to make your wife's acquaintance."

Miles' brow clouded, as his visitor astutely leapt to the conclusion that, as he put it later to Lady Dimsdale, "there was something rather queer about the marriage."

"Thank you very much,' Miles answered politely, but shortly; "it is very good of Lady Dimsdale, but I fear that at present my wife and I are hardly likely to be able to act upon her kind suggestion."

The reply was conclusive. Dimsdale lifted his eyebrows slightly, but said no more; only, not being devoid of a certain curiosity, he marvelled why Anderson should thus formally and decidedly refuse an invitation to so beautiful and historically interesting a place as Pettowe.

Anderson, left to himself again after his visitor's departure, sat back in his chair, that heavy frown still upon his face, his hands impatiently drumming on the table before him; in his mind a picture of the ill-dressed childish girl he called his wife, and of the sort of impression she would produce in such a household as the Dimsdales'.

He had himself stayed there once or twice after her ladyship's sojourn in the nursing home under his care, and as he conjured up a vision of poor Hope moving about those stately rooms he broke into a short laugh.

He seemed to see his wife, overwhelmed with embarrassment, terrified out of her senses in an atmosphere utterly alien to her past experience, awkward and shy, of knowledge and savoir faire.

A realization of the gigantic mistake his marriage had been was being slowly borne in upon him; irritation against his wife, with a growing resentment towards her for her outburst of the morning, burned within him, and when presently he entered the dining-room to get his hurried meal, the parlor maid's announcement that "Mrs. Anderson had a very bad headache and would not be down to lunch" was an unmitigated relief to him. The thought that if he had only waited a little while he might have found Hope a post as companion—or—something of the sort, revolved in his brain all the afternoon. He had made a mistake, a grievous mistake in marrying her. The natural kindness that lay hidden under that crust of hardness in his nature urged him to go up and see Hope before he started for the hospital, the irritation he still felt towards her strangled the kindliness at its birth, and he drove away for his long afternoon's work without making any effort to see his wife.

His hospital round was a long one; many anxious cases claimed his attention, and it was already growing late when he left the ward, and bade good afternoon to Sister Grace.

Her quiet face and sweet eyes brought him, as they invariably did, a sense of restfulness and calm, and he said to her impulsively before he turned away:

"I hope you will come and see my wife soon, sister. I am afraid she is rather dull. She finds her new life strange and difficult.'

"It must be very strange to her," Sister Grace said gently, with a smile; but though she smiled, she did not promise to go and see Miles' wife. She understood what Miles either could not or would not understand, that for her it was worse than useless to attempt to be friendly with little Mrs. Anderson. Passive, if not active, dislike was the attitude of mind adopted towards her by the doctor's wife, and Sister Grace was far too wise a woman to try to push herself unasked and unwanted into another woman's affections.

Therefore her answer to Miles was vague, although she smiled; but when later on she was alone in her sitting-room, there was no longer a smile on her face, and she looked at the swaying trees in the hospital garden and sighed.

"Are these two finding out what a fatal mistake it has been?" she thought; "and will experience teach that poor little girl what nothing has taught her yet? And will she learn presently — to love—him? Or will it be a fiasco?"

A summons to the ward brought the sister's thoughts to an abrupt conclusion, but the memory of Anderson's troubled face and ominous words haunted her throughout the day.

Miles' own afternoon was also haunted. The memory of his wife's tear-stained face and impetuous words returned to him again and again throughout the many professional visits he was obliged to pay after his hospital work was done, and it was in a very softened frame of mind that he re-entered his own house just before 7.30.

He was tired, he was also hungry, and furthermore he felt that perhaps he had, after all, been rather too severe to a girl who was little more than a child, and who by this time was probably abjectly penitent and remorseful.

Prepared to be magnanimous; ready to forget, forgive, and start afresh, Miles sprang upstairs to the drawing-room, where, at this hour, he was accustomed to find his wife, dressed for dinner, and curled up in an arm-chair, novel in hand.

But to his surprise the drawing-room was in darkness, save for a flickering fire in the grate; and turning on the electric light, he saw that the room was in that spick and span condition which argued that it had not recently been occupied.

Had Hope been sitting there, it was tolerably certain that the cushions would have been in disorder, that books would have been littered on the chairs as well as the tables, for Hope's presence was generally marked by an air of untidiness!

(To be Continued.)

George Ellis, bookkeeper of the New Canadian Company at New Carlisle, N. B., has been arrested on a charge of stealing $1,200, which was missed from the safe.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Feb. 4.—Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 northern, $1.21; No. 2 northern, $1.16; feed wheat, 68c; No. 2 feed, 63c.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, 98c to 98½c; No. 2 red, 97c to 98c; No. 2 mixed, 97c.

Barley—No. 2, 74c to 76c, outside.

Flour—Winter wheat patents, $3.70 bid for export. Manitoba patents, special brand, $5.80 to $6; seconds, $5.20 to $5.40; strong bakers', $5.10 to $5.30.

Peas—84c to 85c outside.

Rye—No. 2, 81½c, outside.

Corn—No. 3 yellow American, 63c to 63½c, Toronto freights. Old corn, about 72½c; inferior, 62c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 49½c to 50c outside; 53c on track Toronto; No. 2 mixed, 47½c to 48c outside.

Buckwheat—No. 2, 65½c to 66c.

Bran—$22 outside; shorts, $24. Bran sold at $24 Toronto, to arrive.

Call board quotations were:—

Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 white, 99c asked, outside; No. 2 mixed, 95c bid, east.

Barley—No. 2, 75c asked outside.

Oats—No. 2 white, 49c bid, outside, C. P. R.; 49½c bid G. T. R. west.

Rye—No. 2, 81c bid outside.

Buckwheat—66c asked outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The market continues quiet, and prices are the same.

Young turkeys, extra choice	13c to 15c
do choice	11c to 13c
Young geese	9c to 11c
Young ducks	9c to 11c
Chickens, choice	9c to 11c
Old fowl	6c to 8c
Inferior chicks and fowls	5c to 7c

Butter—Supplies are moderate, and prices steady.

Creamery prints	28c to 30c
do solids	27c to 28c
Dairy prints	24c to 26c
do solids	22c to 23c
Inferior	20c to 21c

Cheese—At 13½c for large and 13¾c for twins, in job lots here.

Eggs—Storage, 21c to 22c per dozen in case lots; selects, 25c to 26c; new-laid eggs are slightly lower at 29c to 30c.

Honey—Strained at 11c to 12c per pound for 60-pound pails, and 12c to 13c for 5 to 10-pound pails. Combs at $1.75 to $2.50 per dozen.

Beans—$1.70 to $1.75 for primes and $1.80 to $1.85 for hand-picked.

Potatoes—70c to 75c per bag in car lots on tracks here.

Baled Straw—$10 per ton on track here.

Baled Hay—Timothy, $16.50 to $17 in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Pork—Short cut, $22 to $22.50 per barrel; mess, $18 to $18.50.

Lard—Tierces, 11¾c, tubs, 12c; rolls, 12¼c.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 9¾c for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 14c to 15c; hams, large, 12½c to 13c; backs, 16c to 16½c; shoulders, 10c; rolls, 10c to 10½c; breakfast bacon, 15c; green meats cut of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Feb. 4.—Flour — Choice wheat patents, $6.10 to $6.25; seconds, $5.50 to $5.65; winter wheat patents, $5.50; straight rolled, $5 to $5.25; do., in bags, $2.35 to $2.50; extras, $1.80 to $1.90.

Millfeed—Manitoba bran, $22 to $22.50, shorts, $23; Ontario bran, $22 to $22.50; middlings, $24 to $25; shorts, $22.50 to $23 per ton, including bags; milled mouille, $26 to $28; pure grain mouille, $32 to $34.

Eastern Canada No. 2 white oats, 53c; No. 3, 51c; No. 4, 49c; rejected, 48c; Manitoba rejected, 49c to 49½c per bushel, ex-store.

Provisions—Barrels short-cut mess, $22.50 to $23; quarter barrels, $11.75 to $12.25; clear fat back, $23.50 to $24.50; long cut heavy, mess, $21 to $24; half barrels do., $10.50 to $11.25; dry salt long clear backs, 10¾c to 11½c, barrels; plate beef, $13.50 to $15; half barrels do., $7.25 to $7.75; barrels heavy mess beef, $10 to $11; half barrels do., $5.50 to $6; compound lard, 10c to 11c; pure lard, 12½c to 13c; kettle rendered, 12½c to 13c; hams, 12c to 13½c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; Windsor bacon, 14½c to 15½c; fresh-killed abattoir dressed, $8.50 to $8.75; live, $6 to $6.25.

There are no new developments in the local cheese trade. November fall ends, 12¼c to 12¾c; Octobers, 12¾c to 13¼c; Septembers, 13¼c to 13½c.

Good demand exists in the butter market. Gross goods, 26c to 28c; current receipts, 25c to 27c.

There is a little firmer tone in the local egg trade. New-laid, 34c to 36c; select, 24c to 27c; No. 1 limed, 20c to 22c; No. 2, 15c to 17c.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, Feb. 4.—Wheat closed—Spring, lower; No. 1 Northern, $1.13¼; No. 2 red, $1.03; Winter, firm. Corn—Steady; No. 2 white, 58c; No. 2 yellow, 59c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 mixed, 51¾c; No. 2 white, 55c. Barley—$1 to $1.15. Rye—No. 1, 91c on track.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Feb. 4.—Wheat—Spot easy; No. 2 red, $1.03⅞, elevator; No. 2 red, $1.04⅞, f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern, Duluth $1.19¼, f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, $1.13¾ f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Feb. 4. — Export cattle are scarce, but not in good demand. Quotations were:—Choice, $4.75 to $5; medium, $4.40 to $4.65; bulls, $3.75 to $4 per cwt.

A select lot of cattle for butchering purposes was sold at $5.10 per cwt. for the city trade. Two loads of choice steers brought $4.75 to $4.85 per cwt. Quotations for the other classes were as follows:—Medium to fair, $3.75 to $4; common, $3 to $3.75; good cows, $3.50 to $4; medium cows, $3 to $3.75; common, $1.50 to $2.75; and canners, 75c to $1.25 per cwt.

Little was doing in feeders and stockers. Quotations were as follows:—Choice stockers, $3.25 to $3.50; medium stockers, $2.75 to $3; common, $2 to $2.50; stock bulls, $2 to $2.50 per cwt.

Milch cows were still quoted at $25 to $50 each.

Calves were easier at 3 to 6c per pound.

Sheep and lambs were quoted as follows:—Export ewes, $4 to $4.50; bucks and culls, $3 to $4; grain-fed lambs, 8c to $6.35; ordinary lambs, $4 to $4.50 per cwt.

Hogs continued to be quoted at $5.40 for selects, and $5.15 per cwt. for lights and fats.

CANADIAN WOMAN SHOT DEAD.

Daughter in Alabama Thought She Had Taken Cartridges From Gun.

A despatch from Birmingham, Ala., says: Mrs. C. J. Shanahan, wife of a contractor on extension of Louisville and Nashville Railroad, fifteen miles south of Birmingham, last night shot and killed her mother, Mrs. Rachel McKillam, of Canada, here on a visit. The killing was accidental. Mrs. Shanahan removed cartridges from a gun, she thought, but one shell remained. In snapping the trigger, Mrs. McKillam was killed. The body will be sent to Toronto, Ont., for burial.

THREE MONTHS FOR HIS JOKE.

Beamsville Boy Who Gave Poisoned Candy to Another Sentenced.

A despatch from St. Catharines says: The young boy, James Karr, of Beamsville, charged with administering poison to a companion, named Russell, in a chocolate which had been hollowed out and the poison inserted, was on Thursday sentenced by Police Magistrate Riggins, of Beamsville, to three months in the Central Prison. A strong effort is being made to have the sentence remitted by the Minister of Justice.

MISSING LINK COMPLETED.

Grand Trunk Pacific Telegraph Built to Winnipeg.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway telegraph line was completed on Wednesday. The line has been in operation for railway purposes from Portage la Prairie westwards for some time, and now the finishing of the missing link from that town to this capital puts Winnipeg at once into communication with all points of a stretch of country extending out 280 miles to Melville, the second divisional point of the railway.

CARIBOU ON THE MOVE.

Herd of a Hundred Thousand Cross the Yukon River.

A despatch from Seattle says: The largest herd of caribou ever seen in the wilds of Alaska is now crossing the Yukon River, working its way southward to escape the frigid cold of the Arctic region. The herd has been moving for one hundred days now, and there seems to be no end to the string. It is estimated that more than 100,000 caribou have crossed the stream and wended their way into the lower Yukon Territory.

"SOO" STEEL PLANT REOPENED.

Started Up on Friday With a Full Staff of Men.

A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: According to a notice posted at the steel plant; that institution opened on Friday morning last with a full staff of men in every department. When it was announced that the shutdown was only temporarily no alarm was occasioned, as it was felt that the plant would re-open in the course of a few days in accordance with the announcement then made.

WELLAND CANAL TRAFFIC.

Grain Receipts at Port Colborne Aggregate 1,669,135 Bushels.

A despatch from Welland says: Interesting statistics have been compiled relative to trade on the Welland Canal during the past year. Grain receipts at Port Colborne, that is lighterages from vessels passing through, amounted to 1,669,135 bushels in 1907, an increase of 173,697 over the year previous, despite the fact that there were no receipts for April and December in 1907. There was a considerable falling off in receipts of grain for domestic use.

BURNED TO DEATH.

Fatal Accident in a Montreal Shirt Factory.

A despatch from Montreal says: While at work in the Standard shirt factory on Wednesday Robert Bailey was burned to death. The victim was at work in the engine room, when something went wrong with the steam pipes in the rear of the fire box. Bailey went behind with a bundle of waste, and while he was working at the broken pipes the waste caught fire and the man was caught like a rat in a trap. Owing to the inflammable nature of the material, in a moment the victim's clothing was a mass of flames, and before the fire could be extinguished the unfortunate man was frightfully burned all over the body and died shortly afterwards.

SIX KILLED IN CYCLONE.

Strip of Farming Country in Mississippi Laid Waste.

A despatch from Wesson, Miss., says: Six persons were killed outright by a cyclone which laid waste a strip of farming country three-quarters of a mile wide and several miles long just north of here on Friday.

SAVED A WOMAN'S LIFE

Splendid Act of Bravery of Walter J. Scott Cost Him His Life.

A despatch from Montreal says: The facts connected with the death of Walter J. Scott on Tuesday night show that he died in order to save the life of an other. Mr. Scott was a brakeman on the local running to Vaudreuil, and among the passengers was Mrs. Legault of Strathmore. When her station was reached she started to get off, and in some way descended on the wrong side of the train just as the International Limited from Chicago came thundering through. The Limited did not even slow down at Strathmore, and a few horrified passengers who witnessed the scene thought that the woman had stepped to certain death, for there seemed no possibility of her escape, the train being almost upon her. She stood rooted to the middle of the track with fear, and those who saw her there involuntarily closed their eyes.

The next moment, screaming with fear, Mrs. Legault was lying in the snow bank at the side of the track unharmed, while the great wheels of the engine quickly ground the life out of Brakeman Scott. He had witnessed the woman's awful predicament, and, without hesitating for a second, jumped to her rescue, and, catching her in his arms, threw her to one side, and an instant later was killed by the locomotive.

Those who witnessed the brave act say that Brakeman Scott must have known when he leaped to the woman's rescue that he had not one chance in a thousand of saving his own life, and state that his action was one of the bravest that could be imagined. He was twenty-nine years of age and lived at 31 Yyde street, this city. The sad part of the affair is that he leaves a bride of only three months.

Henry Wheatley of St. Henri, engineer of the International, admitted that the rules had been violated, inasmuch as the station had been passed at full speed, but said that on account of the storm he did not see the train standing at the station.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraph Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Recent Events.

CANADA.

Railway rolling stock out west is now standing idle.

Port Hope police-court fines for 1907 totalled $106.75.

Miners in the Crow's Nest mines at Coal Creek are on strike.

According to Might's Directory, the population of Toronto is 355,726.

Mr. D. S. Perrin, head of the Perrin biscuit works at London, Ont., is dead.

Mr. T. J. Drummond is president of the Montreal Board of Trade for 1908.

The Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles have reopened after a week's idleness.

By a vote of 15 to 8 the City Council decided to reduce the number of licenses in Toronto to 110.

Dr. James Douglas of New York has given a $42,000 farm to the Verdun, Que., Asylum for the insane.

The sessional indemnity of Manitoba legislators is to be increased from $400 to $1,000.

It is said an amalgamation will take place of a number of mutual fire insurance companies.

Rev. Dr. Torrance, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, died at Guelph on Friday, aged 86 years.

Mr. E. H. Allen, claims agent of the Intercolonial, has resigned, to become Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick.

The Royal Securities Corporation of Halifax and Montreal has been purchased by Toronto capitalists and will be moved to Toronto.

The Canadian Society of City Engineers at Montreal voted $500 to the fund towards restoring the Plains of Abraham.

Mr. E. G. Johnson, clerk in the C.P.R. auditor's office at Montreal, has inherited a Baronetcy by the death of his uncle.

Edward Anderson was found dead near Fillmore, Sask., with his face bruised and his throat cut. His horse was entangled in a wire fence.

Returns to the Ontario Board of Health are to the effect that smallpox, scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria are more prevalent than they were a year ago.

Allan Purvis, chief clerk to Superintendent Busteed, Vancouver, has been appointed superintendent of Kootenay district of the C. P. R., with offices at Nelson.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Henry Tyler, former President of the Grand Trunk Railway, is dead.

Nineteen Nova Scotia sealers, who were wrecked in the South Seas, have reached Liverpool on their way home.

Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, has been censured for the loss of the Dublin jewels and removed from office.

At an auction sale in London, American collectors secured possession of the Balaclava bugle and the Chesapeake battleship flag.

In the House of Lords the Marquis of Londonderry declared the condition of Ireland at present to be worse than in the dark days of the early eighties.

In a speech at Lincoln, on Friday, Karl Carrington, President of the British Board of Agriculture, pronounced emphatically in favor of the retention of the embargo on Canadian cattle.

UNITED STATES

A receiver has been appointed for the Chicago & Milwaukee Railway.

Warner Miller, a former U. S. Senator, largely interested in gold and copper mining, has assigned.

The New Amsterdam National Bank and the Mechanics and Traders' Bank, both of New York, have closed down.

Willie McBride, a twelve-year-old boy, of Egypt, near Rochester, killed his four-year-old sister with a shotgun during his mother's absence.

The United Mine Workers, at Indianapolis, voted John Mitchell, their retiring president, six months' pay and free medical attendence.

GENERAL.

There are serious famine conditions in the iron mining district of northern Lapland.

The French won a victory over tribesmen in Morocco after fighting for four hours.

Dr. Jameson, Premier of Cape Colony, has resigned, owing to the defeat of his party at the polls.

Trouble is brewing between Russia and Austria over a railroad which Austria proposes to build through the Balkans.

A number of the leaders of the Republican agitation in Portugal will be transported to the Island of Timor in the East Indies.

A Persian mob raided the Governor's palace and riddled with bullets a prisoner named Reza, whom they sought.

An unconfirmed report is current at St Petersburg and Helingsfors that the Emperor has resolved on the partition of Finland.

Sir Wm. S. Robson, British Solicitor-General, has been appointed Attorney-General to succeed the late Sir John Walton.

The German Government's naval programme, providing for an annual expenditure of over $100,000,000 for ten years, passed its second reading in the Reichstag.

General Smuts, Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal, has warned the Natal Government to exclude Indians. Otherwise the other South African colonies will take firm action.

DISTRESS IN GERMANY.

Depression in Trade is P[illegible] ous Resul[illegible]

A despatch fr[illegible]

LINE TO INDIES FRO[illegible]

Montreal Corn Exchange [illegible] Direct Summer Se[illegible]

A despatch from Montreal says: It was decided at the annual meeting of the Montreal Corn Exchange on Wednesday afternoon to make renewed efforts to secure a direct Summer line of steamers between this port and the West Indies, in order to increase trade relations between Canada and those islands. It was the general opinion of the members that this was the only way to increase the mutual trade, on the ground that Halifax and St. John were too far removed from trade centres to build up the trade.

Figures produced showed that the fre[illegible] bulk of the imports of the West Indies were such as Canada exports, such as grain, cheese, flour, meat, etc., but most of these were now secured from New York, owing to the facilities and the ease with which consignments could be made up. It was the opinion of the Corn Exchange Montreal was the only port where such exports were sufficiently large quantities for shipments and to secure cheap rates. [illegible] received [illegible] Co[illegible] keep [illegible]