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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

Violet came running in, flushed after her ride, her habit muddy.

"Bogged again!" cried Mrs. Tempest with ineffable disgust. "That horse will be the death of you some day."

"I think not, mamma. How do you do, Mrs. Scobel?"

"Violet," said the vicar's wife, gravely, "why do you never come to our week-day services now?"

"I—I don't know. I've not felt in the humor for coming to church. It's no use to come and kneel in a holy place with rebellious thoughts in my heart. I come on Sundays for decency's sake; but I think it's better to keep away from the week-day services till I am in a better temper."

"I don't think that's quite the way to recover your temper, dear."

Violet was silent, and there was a rather awkward pause.

"Will you have a cup of tea, dear?" asked Mrs. Tempest.

"No, thanks, mamma. I think, unless you have something very particular to say to me, I had better take my muddy habit off your carpet. I feel rather warm and dusty. I shall be glad to change my dress."

"But I have something very particular to say, Violet. I won't detain you long. You'd better have a cup of tea."

"Just as you please, mamma."

And, forgetful of her clay-bespattered habit, Violet sank into one of the satin covered chairs, and made a wreck of an antimacassar worked in crewels by Mrs. Tempest's own hands.

"I am going to write to Madame Theodore by this evening's post, Violet," said her mother, handing her a cup of tea, and making believe not to see the destruction of that exquisite antimacassar; "and I should like to order your dress for—the—wedding. I have been thinking that cream-color and pale blue would suit you to perfection. A cream-colored hat—the Vandyke shape—with a long blue ostrich—"

"Please don't take any trouble about it, mamma," said Vixen, whose cheek had paled at the word "wedding," and who now sat very erect in her chair, holding her cup and saucer firmly. "I am not going to be present at your wedding, so I shall not want a dress."

"Violet!" cried Mrs. Tempest, beginning to tremble. "You cannot mean what you say. You have been very unkind, very undutiful; you have made me perfectly miserable for the last seven weeks; but I cannot believe that you would—grossly insult me—by refusing to be present at my wedding."

"I do not wish to insult you, mamma; I am very sorry if I have pained you; but I cannot and will not be present at a marriage the very idea of which is hateful to me. If my presence could give any sanction to this madness of yours, that sanction shall not be given."

"Violet, have you thought what you are doing? Have you considered what will be said—by the world?"

"I think the world—our world—must have made up its mind about your second marriage already, mamma," Vixen answered, quietly. "My absence from your wedding can make very little difference."

"It will make a very great difference, and you know it," cried Mrs. Tempest, roused to as much passion as she was capable of feeling. "People will say that my daughter sets her face against my marriage—my daughter, who ought to sympathize with me, and rejoice that I have found a true friend and protector."

"I cannot either sympathize or rejoice, mamma. It is much better that I should stop away from your wedding. I should look miserable, and make other people uncomfortable."

"Your absence will humiliate and lower me in the sight of my friends. It will be a disgrace. And yet you take this course on purpose to wound and injure me. You are a wicked, undutiful daughter."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Vixen, with grave voice and reproachful eyes—eyes before whose steady gaze the tearful widow drooped and trembled—"is duty so one-sided? Do I owe all to you, and you nothing to me? My father left us together, mother and daughter, to be all the world to each other. He left us mistresses of the dear old home we had shared with him. Do you think he meant a stranger to come and sit in his place—to be master over all he loved? Do you think it ever entered his mind that in three little years his place would be filled by the first comer — his daughter asked to call another man father?"

"The first comer!" whimpered Mrs. Tempest. "Oh, this is cruel!"

"Violet!" exclaimed Mrs. Scobel, reprovingly, "when you are calmer you will be sorry for having spoken so unkindly to your dear mamma."

"I shall not be sorry for having spoken the truth," said Violet. "Mamma has heard the truth too seldom in her life. She will not hear it from Captain Carmichael—yet awhile."

And after flinging this last poisoned dart, Vixen took up the muddy skirt of her habit and left the room.

"It was rather a pity that Arion and I did not go to the bottom of the bog and stay there," she reflected. "I don't think anybody wants us above-ground."

"Did you ever know anything so humiliating, so shameful, so undutiful?" demanded Mrs. Tempest, piteously, as the door closed on her rebellious daughter. "What will people say if Violet is not at my wedding?"

"It would be awkward, certainly, unless there were some good reason for her absence."

"People are so ill-natured. Nobody would believe in any excuse that was made. That cruel girl will disgrace me."

"She seems strongly prejudiced against Captain Carmichael. It is a great pity. But I dare say she will relent in time. If I were you, dear Mrs. Tempest, I should order the dress."

"Would you, really, Fanny?"

"Yes, I should order the dress, and trust in Providence for the result. You may be able to bring her round somehow between now and the wedding."

"But I am not going to humiliate myself. I am not going to be trampled on by my daughter."

"Of course not; but you must have her at your wedding."

"If I were to tell Captain Carmichael what she has said this afternoon—"

"He would be very angry, no doubt. But I would not tell him if I were you."

"No, I shall not say anything about it."

Yet, before night, Captain Carmichael had heard every syllable that Vixen had said, with some trifling and unconscious exaggerations, hardly to be avoided by a woman of Mrs. Tempest's character, in the narration of her own wrongs.

CHAPTRE XIX.

Nothing in Captain Carmichael's manner during the sultry summer days which went before his marriage betrayed his knowledge of Violet Tempest's rebellious spirit. He would not see that he was obnoxious to her, and spoke to her and looked at her as sweetly as if there had been the friendliest understanding between them. In all his conduct, in any act of his which approached the assumption of authority, he went to work with supreme gentleness. Yet he had his grip upon everything already, and was extending his arms in every direction, like an octopus. There were alterations being made in the garden which Violet knew were his, although Mrs. Tempest was supposed to have originated them. He had, in some measure, assumed dominion over the stables. His two hunters were already quartered there. Vixen saw them when she went her morning round with a basket of bread. They were long-bodied, hungry-looking animals; and the grooms reported them ravenous and insatiable in their feeding.

"When they've eat their corn they eats their 'ay, and when they've eat their 'ay they eats their bed, and then they takes and gnaws the wooden partitions. I never see such brutes," complained Bates, the head groom.

Vixen fancied these animals were in some wise typical of their owner. One morning when Vixen was leaning upon the half-door of Arion's loose box, giving herself up to a quarter of an hour's petting of that much-beloved animal, Captain Carmichael came into the stable.

"Good-morning, Miss Tempest. Petting that pretty bay of yours? I'm afraid you spoil him. You ought to hunt him next October."

"I shall never hunt again."

"Pshaw! at your age there is no such word as never. He's the neatest little hunter in the Forest. And, on off days, you might ride one of mine."

"Thanks," said Vixen, with a supercilious glance at the most leggy of the two hunters; "I shouldn't care to be up there."

"Oh, by the way," said Captain Carmichael, opening the door of another loose box, "what are we to do with this fellow?"

"This fellow" was a grand-looking bay, with herculean quarters, short legs, and a head like a war-horse. He snorted indignantly as the captain slapped his flank, and reared his splendid crest, and seemed as if he said: "Ha, ha!"

"I don't quite know of whom you are speaking when you say 'we,'" said Vixen, with an unsmiling countenance.

"Naturally of your mother and myself. I should like to include you in all our family arrangements, present or future; but you seem to prefer being left outside."

"Yes," said Vixen, "I prefer to stand alone."

"Very well, then. I repeat my question—though, as you decline to have any voice in our arrangements, it is hardly worth while to trouble you about it—what are we to do with this fellow?"

"Do with him? My father's horse!" exclaimed Vixen; "the horse he rode to his dying day! Why, keep him, of course."

"Don't you think that is rather foolish? Nobody rides or drives him. It takes all one man's time to groom and exercise him. You might just as well keep a white elephant in the stables."

"He was my father's favorite horse," said Vixen, with indignant tears clouding the bright haxel of her eyes. "I cannot imagine mamma capable of parting with him. Yet I ought not say that, after my experience of the last few months," she added, in an undertone.

"Well, my dear Miss Tempest, family affection is a very charming sentiment, and I can quite understand that you and your mamma would be anxious to secure your father's horse a good home and a kind master; but I cannot comprehend your mamma being so foolish as to keep a horse which is of no use to any member of her family. If the brute were of a little lighter build, I wouldn't mind riding him myself, and selling one of mine. But he's too much of a weight-carrier for me."

Vixen gave Arion a final hug, drying those angry tears upon his soft neck, and left the stable without another word. She went straight to her mother's morning-room, where the widow was sitting at a table covered with handkerchiefs and glove-boxes, deeply absorbed in the study of their contents, assisted by the faithful Pauline, otherwise Polly, who had been wearing smarter gowns and caps ever since her mistress's engagement, and who was getting up a trousseau on her own account, in order to enter upon her new phase of existence with due dignity.

"We shall keep more company, I make no doubt, with such a gay young master as the captain," she had observed in the confidence of Mrs. Trimmer's comfortable parlor.

"I can never bring myself to think Swedish gloves pretty," said Mrs. Tempest, as Vixen burst into the room; "but they are the fashion, and one must wear them."

"Mamma," cried Vixen, "Captain Carmichael wants you to sell Bullfinch. If you let him be sold, you will be the meanest of women."

And with this startling address Vixen left the room as suddenly as she had entered it, banging the door behind her.

Time, which brings all things, brought the eve of Mrs. Tempest's wedding. The small but perfect trousseau, subject of such anxious thoughts, so much study, was completed. The travelling-dresses were packed in two large oil-skin-covered baskets ready for the Scottish tour. The new traveling-bag, with monograms in pink coral on silver gilt—a wedding present from Captain Carmichael—occupied the place of honor in Mrs. Tempest's dressing-room. The wedding-dress, of cream-colored brocade and old-point lace, with a bonnet of lace and water-lilies, was spread upon the sofa. Everything in Mrs. Tempest's apartment bore witness to the impending change in the lady's life. Most of all, the swollen eyelids and pale cheeks of the lady, who on this vigil of her wedding day had given herself up to weeping.

"Oh, mum, your eyes will be so red to-morrow," remonstrated Pauline, coming into the room with another dainty little box newly arrived from the nearest railway station, and surprising her mistress in tears. "Do have some red lavender. Or let me make you a cup of tea."

Mrs. Tempest had been sustaining nature with cups of tea all through the agitating day. It was a kind of dram-drinking, and she was as much a slave to the tea-pot as the forlorn drunken drab of St. Gile's is a slave of the gin-bottle.

"Yes, you may get me another cup of tea, Pauline. I feel awfully low tonight."

"You seem so, mum. I'm sure if I didn't want to marry him, I wouldn't if I was you. It's never too late for a woman to change her mind, not even when she's inside the church. I've known it done. I wouldn't have him, mum, if you feel your mind turn against him at the last," concluded the lady's maid, energetically.

"Not marry him, Pauline, when he is so good and noble, so devoted, so unselfish!"

Mrs. Tempest might have extended this list of virtues indefinitely, if her old servant had not pulled her up rather sharply.

"Well, mum, if he's so good and you're so fond of him, why cry?"

"You don't understand, Pauline. At such a time there are many painful feelings. I have been thinking, naturally, of my dear Edward, the best and most generous of husbands. Twenty years last June since we were married. What a child I was, Pauline, knowing nothing of the world! I had a lovely trousseau; but I dare say, if we could see the dresses now, we should think them absolutely ridiculous. Dear Edward! He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. How could Violet believe that I should sell his horse?"

"Well, mum, hearing Captain Carmichael talk about it, she naturally—"

"Captain Carmichael would never wish me to do anything I did not like."

The captain had not said a word about Bullfinch since that morning in the stable. The noble brute still occupied his loose box, and was fed and petted daily by Vixen, and was taken for gallops into the dry glades of the forest or among the gorse and heath of Boldrewood.

Mrs. Tempest had dined—or rather had not dined—in her own room on this last day of her widowhood. Captain Carmichael had business in London, and was coming back to Hampshire by the last train. There had been no settlements. The captain had nothing to settle, and Mrs. Tempest confided in her lover too completely to desire to fence herself round with legal protections and precautions. Having only a life interest in the estate, she had nothing to leave except the multifarious ornaments, frivolities, and luxuries which the squire had presented to her in the course of their wedded life.

It had been allogether a trying day, Mrs. Tempest complained: in spite of the diversion to painful thought which was continually being offered by the arrival of some interesting item of the trousseau, elegant trifles, ordered ever so long ago, which kept dropping in at the last moment. Violet and her mother had not met that day, and now night was hurrying on; the owls were hooting in the forest; their monotonous cry sounded every now and then through the evening silence like a prophecy of evil. In less than twelve hours the wedding was to take place, and as yet Vixen had shown no sign of relenting.

The dress had come from Madame Theodore's. Pauline had thrown it over a chair with an artistic carelessness which displayed the tasteful combination of cream-color and pale azure.

Mrs. Tempest contemplated it with a pathetic countenance.

"It is simply perfect!" she exclaimed. "Theodore has a most delicate mind. There is not an atom too much blue. And how exquisitely the drapery falls! It looks as if it had been blown together. The Vandyck hat, too! Violet would look lovely in it. I do noth think if I were a wicked mother I should take so much pains to select an elegant costume for her. But I have always studied her dress. Even when she was in pinafores I took care that she should be picturesque. And she rewarded my care by refusing to be present at my wedding. It is very cruel."

The clock struck twelve. The obscure bird clamored a little louder in his woodland haunt. The patient Pauline, who had packed everything and arranged everything, and borne with her mistress's dolefulness all day long, began to yawn piteously.

"If you'd let me brush your hair now, mum," she suggested, at last, "I could get to bed. I should like to be fresh to-morrow morning."

"Are you tired?" exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, wonderingly.

"Well, mum, stooping over them dress baskets is rather tiring, and it's past twelve."

"You can go. I'll brush my hair myself."

"No, mum, I wouldn't allow that anyhow. It would make your arms ache. You ought to get to bed as soon as ever you can, or you'll look tired and 'aggard to-morrow."

So Pauline was allowed to hurry on the evening toilet. The soft, pretty hair, not so abundant as it used to be, was carefully brushed; the night-lamp was lighted, and Pauline left her mistress sitting by her dressing-table in her flowing white raiment, pale, graceful, subdued in coloring, like a classic figure in a faded fresco.

She sat with fixed eyes, deep in thought, for some time after Pauline had left her, then looked uneasily at the little gem of a watch dangling on its ormolu and jasper stand. A quarter to one. Violet must have gone to bed hours ago; unless, indeed, Vixen were like her mother, too unhappy to be able to sleep. Mrs. Tempest was seized with a sudden desire to see her daughter.

"How unkind of her never to come near me to say good-night, on this night of all others," she thought. "What has she been doing all day. I wonder? Riding about the Forest, I suppose, like a wild girl, making friends of dogs and horses and gypsies, and all kinds of savage creatures."

And then, after a pause, she asked herself, fretfully:

"What will people say if my own daughter is not at my wedding?"

(To be Continued.)

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Leopold Koeller Charged with Killing His Housekeeper.

A despatch from Stratford says: Leopold Koeller, 106 Romeo Street, was on Friday night placed under arrest, charged with the murder of his housekeeper, Mrs. arriet Dewing, who was burned to death in the house on Thursday, Koeller being alone with her in the house at the time. The coroner's jury examined Koeller, who told the story of the accident. His story does not hold together well, however. Although the woman's clothes caught on fire and were burned off from her body, there was nothing in her room, where he claims the accident happened, to start the fire. Again, he says he grasped the woman while her clothes were blazing fiercely and threw her to the floor, but yet he received no burns whatever himself. The carpet upon which the woman was placed by Koeller in trying to extinguish the flames showed only two marks of fire—one exactly beneath where the body had lain and the other about 18 inches to the right side. The ceiling is about six feet three inches high in the centre of the room, and painted white, but it bears no marks of fire or smoke on its surface. The lantern in the room contained only a very small quantity of oil, and appeared to be in perfectly safe condition. Two half-burned matches were found on the floor nearby. Koeller was arrested and put in jail, the indictment being murder.

Mr. Edward Bayly has been appointed solicitor to the Attorney-Generalfs department, at a salary of $3,000.

LEADING MARKETS

Toronto, April 16.—Wheat—Ontario, No. 2 white winter, 71½c to 72½c; No. 2 red, 71½c to 72½c; No. 2 mixed, 71c to 71½c.

Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 hard, 87c to 87½c; No. 1 northern, 86½c, lake ports, 90½c North Bay; No. 2 northern, 85c, ports.

Oats—No. 2 white, 39c to 39½c outside; No. 2 mixed, 38c.

Peas—78c to 78½c.

Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow American, 52½c to 53c, Toronto and west; Ontario, 45c to 46c.

Rye—63c to 63½c.

Barley—Scarce; No. 2 nominal at 52½c to 53½c outside; No. 3 extra, 52c to 52½c; No. 3, 51c to 51½c.

Flour—Ontario—90 per cent. patents, $3.70 asked, $2.67 bid; Manitoba, first patents, $4.50; seconds, $3.75; bakers', $3.90.

Bran—$20 outside, buyers' sacks; nominal.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Market continues firm, with an insufficiency of choice grades.

Creamery, prints	27c to 28c
do solids	25c to 26c
Dairy, prints	25c to 26c
do tubs	21c to 22c
Cheese—Octobers are steady at 14c for large and 14c for twins.	
Eggs—Prices are: 16c to 17c; splits, 15½c to 14c.	
Chickens, live	10c to 11c
do dressed	12c to 13c
Hens, live	8c to 9c
do dressed	10c to 11c

Honey—Pails, 11c to 12c lb.; combs, $2.50 to $2.75 per doz.

Beans—$1.50 to $1.55, for hand-picked and $1.35 to $1.40 for primes.

Potatoes—Ontario, 85c to 90c; eastern, 95c in car lots here.

Baled Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at $11.50 to $13, and secondary grades $9.50 to $10.50, on track here.

Straw—$6.75 to $7.25.

PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs—$9.35 for light and $8.75 for heavies, farmers' lots; $8.25 to $8.50 for car lots.

Pork—Short cut, $23.50 to $24 per barrel, mess, $21 to $21.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats —Long clear bacon, 11c to 11½c for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 15½c to 16c; heavy, 14½c to 15c; backs, 16½c to 17c; shoulders, 11c to 11½c; rolls, 11½c; out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Firm; tierces, 12½c; tubs, 12½c; pails, 12¾c.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, April 16.—Buckwheat—55c to 56½c per bush.

Corn—American, No. 2 yellow, 55c; No. 3 mixed, 65c, ex-store.

Oats—On spot, No. 2 white, 52½c; No. 3 white, 41½c to 42c; No. 4, 40½c to 41c per bushel, ex-store.

Peas—Boiling peas, $1 in carload lots, $1.10 in jobbing lots.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat, $4.25 to $4.60; strong bakers', $4 to $4.10; winter wheat patents, $4.10 to $4.25; straight rollers, $3.60 to $3.70; do., in bags, $1.65 to $1.75; extras, $1.50 to $1.55.

Millfeed—Manitoba bran in bags, $20 to $22; shorts, $22 to $22.50; Ontario bran in bags, $20 to $21; shorts, $22 to $29.50; mill mouille, $21 to $25; straight grain, $28 to $29 per ton.

Rolled Oats—Per bag, $2 to $2.10 in car lots, $2.20 to $2.25 in jobbing lots.

Hay—No. 1, $13.50; No. 2, $12.50; No. 3 $11.50; clover mixed, $11; pure clover, $10.50 to $11 per ton in car lots.

THAW JURY DISAGREED

Seven Stood for Murder and Five for Acquittal

A despatch from New York says: After having struggled for nearly two days to reach a verdict the Thaw jury reported a disagreement late on Friday afternoon and was immediately discharged. The final ballot stood seven for conviction of murder in the first degree and five for acquittal on the ground of insanity.

Thaw was at once taken back to the Tombs. Application that he be released on bail will undoubtedly be made very soon, but it is regarded as almost certain that the application will be denied. District Attorney Jerome announced immediately after the jury's discharge that Thaw would be tried again, though not for several months.

The scene in the court when the jury announced its disagreement, though accompanied by all the formality usual on such occasions, lost much of the drastic quality it would otherwise have possessed for the reason that Thaw and all the members of the family were aware that no agreement had been reached, counsel for each side having been told of this by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald before they entered the court-room.

THAW HOPEFUL TO THE LAST.

The young Pittsburger had earlier in the afternoon again bundled up the mass of letters and documents which he meant to take with him from his cell. He was even at the eleventh hour hopeful of acquittal. He thought that the appeal of Mr. Delmas, who pictured him as a Sir Galahad, rescuing forlorn damsels, would impress the jury so greatly that he would be liberated before the setting of Friday's sun.

When he was told by Mr. Peabody and Mr. O'Reilly of his counsel that the result would be a mistrial, he dropped his bundle of documents to the floor. The bitterness of his disappointment was beyond words. He faced months more of confinement and then the strain of another trial.

After some words of encouragement from his lawyers Thaw braced himself and followed his prison guard into the court-room. He slipped into his chair at the head of the table reserved for the lawyers for the defence so quietly that few of those in court noticed him.

THE PRISONER'S WIFE.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw slipped into the room from the door which leads to the Justice's chambers. Instead of taking her accustomed seat she swung a chair beside that in which her husband sat. She knew the result; she had been told by the lawyers who made the fight for her husband's life and liberty. As she sat close to him Thaw dropped his right hand toward her, caught her gloved hand, and held it fast.

Some court attendant pressed a button, and a flood of light relieved the cloudy April afternoon by the glare of many electric lights. Clerk Penny arose from his seat and called to Thaw to stand and face the jury. He then turned to Foreman Deming B. Smith and called to him and his eleven associates to face the defendant.

THE SCENE IN COURT.

Thaw stood up. In the glare of the electric light his face showed plainly the pallor that comes from long imprisonment. The lines from the curve of his nostrils down to the chin seemed to have deepened as if the keenly sharpened plough of adversity had suddenly furrowed them. A few moments before he had sat with his pitiful little treasures in his lap all neatly parcelled and ready to carry them to the outer life, of which he had been deprived for nearly a year. He had even arranged for a tour abroad with his wife.

As Thaw rose he threw back his heavy shoulders and put his chin in the air. He looked squarely at Foreman Smith and Mr. Smith looked at Justice Fitzgerald.

The end of the case was brought quickly. Clerk Penny asked a the jury had reached a verdict. Mr. Smith said simply that it had not. He then plumped himself into his chair and Thaw sank into his.

FIFTEEN PERSONS CREMATED

North Shore of Lake Superior Scene of Terrible C. P. R. Disaster.

A despatch from Chapleau, Ont., says: A terrible disaster by which the westbound Imperial Limited was wrecked and fifteen persons, chiefly English immigrants, were either killed or burned to death, took place twenty-two miles west of here at noon on Wednesday. The train was running at a little over twenty miles an hour and was rounding a curve when beneath the baggage car a rail broke. The car left the rails, was torn away from the engine and mail car ahead, and plunged down the embankment to a small ice-covered lake. It was followed by two immigrant cars. The cars and a first-class coach crashed into each other at the bottom of the bank. The immigrant cars were crowded with people who were engaged in cooking dinner. The acetylene lights were also burning. From these two sources fire spread through the debris with incredible rapidity. The wounded, seeing the flames approaching, cried out pitifully for help. Many of them were pinned down beneath the wreckage.

HEROISM OF THE RESCUERS.

With spendid heroism the train crew and passengers set about the work of rescue. From the battered cars almost a hundred persons made their escape before the workers were driven back by the flames. The fate of some of the imprisoned passengers was horrible. One of the three men among the victims was caught by the feet between two coaches and burned to death. Until the flames surrounded him men tried to move the wreckage, persisting even after their hands were burned and bleeding.

"IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME."

Another, a young man, was caught above the knees. The rescuers had almost freed him when the top of the car gave way, its supports having been eaten through by the fire. The poor fellow cried out, "Save yourselves, it's too late for me," and thrust his would-be rescuers away.

It is impossible to say how many of the victims were dead before the fire reached them, but as six of them were children, some of very tender years, they were probably killed outright and saved the more terrible fate.

As the injured emerged, battered and blood-covered, the porters pulled out matresses from the cars that remained on the track, and the more seriously injured were laid in long rows along the line and cared for as best they could be until doctors were secured from Chapleau and other nearby points. It took some time to reach Chapleau, as the wires were interrupted and messages had to go round by Chicago and back to Chapleau from the east. The auxiliary came up finally, cleared the line and hauled back the six remaining cars and all the passengers. The people of Chapleau threw their homes open to the injured and the other survivors, many of whom were almost crazed with grief.

AN OVERPOWERING TRAGEDY.

One poor fellow named Goulding cabled to friends in England, saying that he had lost his wife, his two children and his blind brother. Then he added, apparently not thinking of the incongruity of it, that the blind brother's dog was dying of burns. What could be done for him and for others in like case was done by the kind-hearted Chapleau people before the removal of the passengers to Fort William.

J. J. Nevins of Ottawa, mail clerk on the wrecked train, when seen, said he was in his car and witnessed the parting of the train and the disaster that followed. It seemed a miracle to him that the train crew were not killed. They were in the baggage car, which was crowded with trunks. After the fire had partially burned itself out Mr. Niven walked over to the blazing ruins and saw indistinct masses among the red hot iron fittings that represented the bodies of the dead. Most of them would be completely incinerated, as it was impossible to do anything till the heat had subsided.

THE CASUALTY LIST.

Dead.—Mrs. R. B. Champion and child; Mrs. R. Davidson, and child; Winifred and Susie Horton, of Charing Heath, Kent, England; William Day, London, England; C. H. Goulding, his brother, brother's wife and two children, of Paleslow, Essex, England; Mrs. August Djorklund and two children, of Worcester, Mass.

Seriously Injured:—Charles Coleman, Portsmouth, England, hands, face and head burned.

Slightly Injured:—Lewis Gillett, London, England; Wm. Williamson, Brandon, Manitoba; Joseph Gilison, Salisbury; N. Comiss, Fort William; Alphonse Ferladi, St. Marie Biance, Quebec; Archibald Struthers, Cheltenham, England; S. Knight, Cambridge, England; Ernest Knight, Cambridge, England; Harry Williams, Manchester, England; John Tabestall, Orkney Island; William Hamilton, Dumfries, Scotland; Joseph Townsend, Scotland; Arthur McCrea, Prince Edward Island; Patrick Harvey Whyton, Scotland; Peter Bueroff, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Herbert Jacob, Athens, Ont.; A. Decharias, Woonsocket, R. I.; Geo. Lacalocire, Winnipeg; George Hickey, Athens, Ont.; Edward Collier, West Shefford, Que.; J. C. Savage, West Shefford, Que.; Frank Schmidt, Winnipeg; J. H. Starr, London, England; Roderick Davidson, Exshaw, Alberta; W. D. White, Whiteside; James Clarke, Carleton, N. B.; Clarence Sproule, New Glasgow, N. S.; H. Saunders, Schrieber, Ont.; R. Gamble, Fort William.

Cheese—For fodders 12¼c to 12½c is quoted, but receipts are very small.

Eggs—Price of new-laid remains unchanged at 17c to 18c per dozen.

Butter—28c to 29c is being quoted for the new make of creamery butter. For winter make 24c and 25c is being asked, while 23c to 24c is quoted for lower grades.

Provisions—Live hogs, selects, $7.45 to $7.50; mixed lots, $7.10 to $7.25; culls, stags, $4.75 to $5; sows, $5.75 per 100 pounds; dressed hogs, abattoir dressed, $10 to $10.25; country dressed, $8.50 to $9.25 per 100 lbs.; smoked meats, hams, extra large, sizes 25 lbs. and upwards, 13c; large sizes, 18 to 25 lbs., 13½c; medium sizes, selected weights, 12 to 18 lbs., 14c; extra small sizes, 8 to 12 lbs., 14½c; hams, boned, cut, rolled, large, 14½c; do., small, 15c; English boneless breakfast bacon, 15c; Windsor bacon, backs, 15c; compound lard, 8¾c to 9½c; kettle lard, 13c to 13½c; pure lard, 11¾c to 12½c.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, April 16. — Flour — Steady. Spring wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, 89c; Winter, strong; No. 2 white, 79½c. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 51c; No. 3 white, 49c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 47 to 47¼c; No. 2 mixed, 43¾c. Barley—Firm; Western for shipment quoted at 70 to 75c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 70c asked c.i.f.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, April 16.—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 83⅜c elevator; No. 2 red, 84⅜c f. o b. afloat; No. 1 northern, Duluth, 90⅜c opening of navigation f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 86⅜c opening navigation f.o.b afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, April 16.—The run at the City Cattle Market this morning amounted to 116 cars, which included 1,900 cattle; 1,166 sheep and lambs, 1,000 hogs and 415 calves.

Trade was good for all kinds of cattle and there was no shortage of offerings.

Export cattle sold well. Prices continue firm at last week's advance, $5.45 being paid to-day for the best.

Butcher cattle were offered freely. Ordinary choice sold from $4.75 to $5, medium from $4.30 to $4.60; choice cows sold up to $4.25, with ordinary quality ranging from $3 to $3.50.

Trade in stockers and feeders continues to improve. Prices for choice ranged up to $3.85, common stuff is not wanted.

Milch cows are steady, and prices show little change.

Veal calves are slow and prices easy at 3c to 6c per pound.

Sheep are 50c higher at $5.50 to $6 for ewes and $4.50 to $5 for bucks and culls; grain-fed lambs are a little firmer at $7.50 to $8; spring lambs are steady at $4 to $7.50.

The market for hogs continues easy. Selects are quoted at $6.65 fed and watered.

FARMERS IN WEST ARE ANXIOUS.

Demand for Help is Far Greater Than the Supply.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Thursday witnessed another big inrush of settlers to the West. Seven hundred came on the trains from Montreal. The newcomers are all destined for points west of Winnipeg, many of them purposing to go to British Columbia, where they will take up duties in the coast province; 375 Europeans who were also passengers on the Virginian, and 150 British who crossed the Atlantic on the Kensington. A large number are bent on going to Alberta, where many have already secured employment. Applications for help still continue to be pouring in by hundreds to the immigration officials, who are taxed to their utmost in providing suitable situations for the new comers. With the near approach of spring great anxiety is being felt by the farmers, and the wages being offered show a substantial increase over the figures of a few weeks ago. Even as it is the number of available men is not nearly so great as the quota of applications. The dearth of help is particularly being felt in Manitoba, many of the men preferring to cast their lot in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

TRIED TO KILL HER CHILDREN.

Woman Gets Two Years for Attacking Them With Hatchet.

A despatch from Woodstock, Ont., says: At the Assize Court on Thursday Mrs. William Bates, an elderly woman, employed as a laundress about the city, received her trial on the charge of assaulting, with intent to kill, her two children, Hattie, aged 25, and her son, under 20. The evidence went to show that the woman arose in the night, while the two children were sleeping, and attacked them with a hatchet. No defence was offered and the woman was sentenced to two years in Kingston Penitentiary.

C. E. MASSON ACQUITTED.

Some Doubt as to Who Struck the Blow at Hockey Match.

A despatch from Cornwall says: Charles E. Masson, who was charged with manslaughter in connection with the death of the late Owen McCourt on March 6, at a hockey match, was found not guilty on Thursday at the Spring Assizes, held by Mr. Justice Magee. Although five witnesses swore positively that McCourt was struck and felled by Masson, there were as many more witnesses who claimed that a few minutes previously McCourt received a vicious blow from Chamberlain. The defence made a lot of this evidence, and the outcome was the acquittal of Masson.

Eleven thousand immigrants are pected to land at the port of St. J N. B., within the next month.