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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

He had a mind given to calculation, and he entered upon the closest calculations as to his future. He meant to enjoy life, of course. He had always done that to the best of his ability. But he saw that the chief duty he owed to himself was to save money; to lay by against the evil inevitable day when Violet would despoil him of power and wealth. The only way to do this was by the cutting down of present expenses and an immediate narrowing of the lines on which the Abbey House was being conducted; for the captain had discovered that his wife, who was the most careless and incompetent of women as regards money matters, had been spending the whole of her income since her husband's death. If she had not spent her money on society, she had spent it on travelling, on lace, on old china, on dress, on hot-house; on a stable which was three times larger than she could possibly require; on a household in which there were a good many more cats than were wanted to catch mice; on bounties and charities that were given upon no principal, not even from inclination, but only because Squire Tempest's widow had never been able to say no.

Captain Carmichael's first retrenchment had been the sale of Bullfinch, for which noble animal Lord Mallow — a young Irish viscount—had given a check for three hundred guineas. This money the captain put on deposit at his banker's, by way of a nest-egg. He meant it to grow into something worth investing before those seven fat years were half gone.

He told his wife his views on the financial question one morning when they were breakfasting tete-a-tete in the library, where the squire and his family had always dined when there was no company. Captain and Mrs. Cirmichael generally had the privilege of breakfasting alone as Violet was up and away before her mother appeared. The captain also was an early riser, and had done half his day's work before he sat down to the luxurious ten-o'clock breakfast with his wife.

"I have been thinking of your ponies, pet," he said, in a pleasant voice, half careless, half caressing, as he helped himself to a salmon cutlet. "Don't you think it would be a very wise thing to get rid of them?"

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, letting the water from the urn overflow the teapot in her astonishment, "you can't mean that! Part with my ponies?"

"My dear love, how often do you drive them in a twelvemonth?"

"Not very often, perhaps. I have felt rather nervous driving lately—carts and great wagon-loads of hay come out upon one so suddenly from cross-roads. I don't think the wagoners would care a bit if one were killed. But I am very fond of my gray ponies. They are so pretty. They have quite Arabian heads. Colonel Carteret says so, and he has been in Arabia."

"But my dear Pamelia, do you think it worth while keeping a pair of ponies because they are pretty, and because Colonel Carteret, who knows about as much of a horse as I do of a Megalosaurus, says they have Arabian heads? Have you ever calculated what those ponies cost you?"

"No, Conrad; I should hate myself if I were always calculating the cost of things."

"Yes, that's all very well in the abstract. But if you are inclined to waste money, it's just as well to know how much you are wasting. These ponies are costing you at the least a hundred and fifty pounds a year, for you could manage with a man less in the stables if you hadn't got them."

"That's a good deal of money, certainly," said Mrs. Carmichael, who hated driving, and had only driven her ponies because other people in her position drove ponies, and she felt it was a right thing to do. Still, the idea of parting with anything that appertained to her estate wounded her deeply. "I can't see why we should worry ourselves about the cost of our stables," she said; "they have gone on in the same way ever since I was married. Why should things be different now?"

"Don't you see that you have the future to consider, Pamela? This handsome income which you are spending so lavishly—"

"Edward never accused me of extravagance," interjected Mrs. Carmichael, tearfully, "except in lace. He did hint that I was a little extravagant in lace."

"This fine income is to be reduced seven years hence to fifteen hundred a year—an income upon which, with mine added to it, you could not expect to be able to carry on life decently in such a house as this. So you see, Pamela, unless we contrive between us to put by a considerable sum of money before your daughter's majority, we shall be obliged to leave the Abbey House, and live in a much smaller way than we are living now."

"Leave the Abbey House!" cried Mrs. Carmichael, with a horrified look. "Conrad, I have lived in this house ever since I was married."

"Am I not aware of that, my dear love? But, all the same, you would have to leave this place, and live in a much smaller house, if you had only fifteen hundred a year to live upon."

"It would be too humiliating! At the end of one's life! I should never survive such a degradation."

"It may be prevented if we exercise reasonable economy during the next seven years."

"Sell my ponies, then, Conrad; sell them immediately. Why should we allow them to eat us out of house and home? Frisky shies abominably if she is the least bit fresh, and Peter has gone so far as to lie down in the road when he has had one of his lazy fits."

"But if they are really a source of pleasure to you, my dear Pamela, I should hate myself for selling them," said the captain, seeing he had gained his point.

"They are not a source of pleasure. They have given me some awful frights."

"Then we'll send them up to Tattersall's immediately with the carriage."

"Violet uses the carriage with Titmouse," objected Mrs. Carmichael. "We could hardly spare the carriage."

"My love, if I part with your ponies from motives of economy, do you suppose I would keep a pony for your daughter?" said the captain, with a grand air. "No; Titmouse must go of course. That will dispose of a man and a boy in the stables. Violet spends so much of her life on horseback that she cannot possibly want a pony to drive."

"She is very fond of Titmouse," pleaded the mother.

"She has a tendency to lavish her affections on quadrupeds—a weakness which hardly needs fostering. I shall write to Tattersall about the three ponies this morning; and I shall send up that great raking brown horse Bates rides at the same time. Bates can ride one of my hunters. That will bring down the stable to five horses—my two hunters, Arion, and your pair of carriage-horses."

"Five horses," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, pensively; "I shall hardly know those great stables with only five horses in them. The dear old place used to look so pretty and so full of life when I was first married, and when the squire used to coax me to go with him on his morning rounds. The horses used to move on one side, and turn their heads so prettily at the sound of his voice—such lovely, sleek, shining creatures, with big, intelligent eyes."

"You would be a richer woman if it had not been for those lovely, sleek, shining creatures," said Captain Carmichael. "And now, love, let us go round the gardens, and you will see the difference that young able-bodied gardeners are making in the appearance of the place."

Mrs. Carmichael gave a feeble little sigh as she rose and rang the bell for Pauline. The good old gray-haired gardeners—the men who had seemed to her as much a part of the gardens as the trees that grew in them—these hoary and faithful servants had been cashiered to make room for two brawny Scotchmen, whose dialect was as Greek to the mistress of the Abbey House. It wounded her not a little to see these strangers at work in her grounds. It gave an aspect of strangeness to her very life out of doors. She hardly cared to go into her conservatories or to loiter on her lawn, with those hard, unfamiliar eyes looking at her. And it wrung her heart to think of the squire's old servants thrust out in their old age, unpensioned, uncared for. Yet this was a change that had come about with her knowledge, and seemingly with her consent. That is to say, the captain had argued her into a corner, where she stood, like the last forlorn king in a game of draughts, fenced round and hemmed in by opponent kings. She had not the strength of mind to assert herself and say: "I will not have it so. This injustice shall not be."

A change had come over the spirit of the Abbey House kitchen which was sorely felt in Beechdale and those half-dozen clusters of cottages within a two-mile radius which called themselves villages, and all of which had turned to the Abbey House for light and comfort, as the sunflower turns to the sun. Captain Carmichael had set his face against what he called miscellaneous charity. Such things should be done and no other. His wife should subscribe liberally to all properly organized institutions—schools, Dorcas societies, maternity societies, soup kitchens, regulated dole of bread or coals, every form of relief that was given systematically and by line and rule; but the good Samaritan business, the picking up stray travelers and paying for their maintenance at inns, was not in the captain's view of charity. Henceforward Mrs. Carmichael's name was to appear with due honor upon all printed subscription lists, just as it had done when she was Mrs. Tempest, but the glory of the Abbey House kitchen was departed. The beggar and the cadger were no longer sure of a meal. The villagers were no longer to come boldly asking for what they wanted in time of trouble—broth, wine, jelly for the sick, allowances of new milk, a daily loaf when father was out of work, broken victuals at all times. It was all over. The kitchen doors were to be closed against all intruders.

"My love, I do not wonder that you have spent every sixpence of your income," said Captain Carmichael. "You have been keeping an Irish household. I can fancy an O'Donough or a Knight of Gwynne living in this kind of way, but I should hardly have expected such utter riot and recklessness in an English gentleman's house."

"I'm afraid Trimmer has been rather extravagant," assented Mrs. Carmichael. "I have trusted everything to her entirely, knowing that she is quite devoted to us, poor-dear soul."

"She is so devoted that I should think in another year or so, at the rate she is going, she would have landed you in the bankruptcy court. Her books for the last ten years—I have gone through them carefully—show an expenditure that is positively ruinous. However, I think I have let her see that her housekeeping must be done upon very different lines in future."

"You made her cry very bitterly, poor thing," said his wife. "Her eyes were quite red when she came out of your study."

"Made her cry!" echoed the captain, contemptuously. "She is so fat that the slightest emotion liquifies her. It isn't water, but oil that she sheds when she makes believe to weep."

"She has been a faithful servant to me for the last twenty years," moaned Mrs. Carmichael.

"And she will be a much more faithful servant to you for the next twenty years, if she lives so long. I am not going to send her away. She is an admirable cook, and now she knows that she is not to let your substance run out at the back-door, I dare say she will be a fairly good manager. I shall look after her rather sharply, I assure you. I was caterer for our mess three years and I know pretty well what a household ought to cost per head."

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, piteously, "you talk of us as if we were an institution, or a work-house, or something horrid."

"My love, a man of sense ought to be able to regulate a private establishment at least as well as a board of thick-headed guardians can regulate a work house."

Poor Mrs. Trimmer had left her new master's presence sorely bowed down in spirit. She was so abased that she could only retire to her own snug sitting-room—a paneled parlor, with an ancient ivy-wreathed casement looking into the stable-yard—and indulge herself with what she called "a good cry." It was not until later that she felt equal to communicating her grief to Forbes and Pauline, over the one o'clock dinner.

She had had a passage of arms, which she denominated "a stand further," with the captain; but it appeared that her own stand had been feeble. He had been going over the housekeeping accounts for the last ten years—accounts which neither the squire nor his wife had ever taken the trouble to examine—accounts honestly but somewhat carelessly and unskillfully made out. There had been an expenditure that was positively scandalous, Captain Carmichael had told Mrs. Trimmer.

"If you're dissatisfied, sir, perhaps I'd better go," the old woman said, tremulous with indignation. "If you think there's anything dishonest in my accounts, I wouldn't sleep under this roof another night, though it's been my home near forty year—I was kitchen-maid in old Squire Tempest's time. No, I wouldn't stay another hour, not to be doubted."

"I have not questioned your honesty, Trimmer. The accounts are honest enough, I have no doubt, they show a most unjustifiable waste of money."

"If there's dissatisfaction in your mind sir, we'd better part. It's always best for both parties. I'm ready to go at an hour's notice, or to stay my month, if it's more convneient to my mistress."

"You are a silly old woman," said the captain. "I don't want you to go. am not dissatisfied with you, but with the whole system of housekeeping. There has been a great deal too much given away."

"Not a loaf of bread without my mistress's knowledge," cried Trimmer. "I always told Mrs. Tempest every morning who'd been for soup, or wine, or bread—yes, even to broken victuals—the day before. I had her leave and license for all I did. 'I'm not strong enough to see to the poor things myself, Trimmer,' she used to say, 'but I want them cared for. I leave it all to you.'"

"Very well, Trimmer. That kind of thing must cease from this hour. Your mistress will contribute to all the local charities. She will give the vicar an allowance of wine to be distributed by him in urgent cases; but this house will no longer be the village larder—no one is to come to this kitchen for anything."

"What, sir—not in case of sickness?"

"No. Poor people are always sick. It is their normal state, when there is anything to be got by sickness. There are hospitals and infirmaries for such cases. My house is not to be an infirmary. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; I understand that everything is to be different from what it was in my late master's time."

"Precisely. Expenses are to be kept within a certain limit. They are not to fluctuate, as they do in these books of yours. You must get rid of two or three women servants. There are at least three too many. I am always seeing strange faces about upstairs. One might as well live in a hotel. Think it over, Trimmer, and make up your mind as to which you can spare best, and give them a month's wages as to pack them off. I don't care to have servants about me who are under notice to quit. They always look sulky."

"Is that all, sir?" inquired the housekeeper, drying her angry tears upon her linen apron.

"Well, yes, that is all at present. Stay. What wages has my wife given you?"

"Sixty pounds a year," replied Trimmer, quite prepared to be told that her stipend was to be reduced.

"Then I shall give you seventy."

At this unexpected grace, Trimmer began to tremble with an excess of indignation. She saw in this bounty a bribe to meanness.

"Thank you sir; but I have never asked to have my wages raised, and I am quite contented to remain as I am," she answered, with dignity. "Perhaps, if the ways of the house are to be so much altered, I may not feel myself comfortable enough to stay."

"Oh, very well, my good soul; please yourself," replied the captain, carelessly; "but remember what I have told you about cadgers and interlopers, and get rid of two or three of those idle young women. I shall examine your housekeeping accounts weekly, and pay all the trades-people weekly."

"They have not been used to it, sir."

"Then they must get used to it. I shall pay every account weekly—corn-merchant and all of them. Bring me up your book on Saturday morning at ten, and let me have all other accounts at the same time."

Here was a revolution. Trimmer and Forbes and Pauline sat long over their dinner, talking about the shipwreck of a fine old house.

"I knew that these things would be different," said Pauline, "but I didn't think it would be so bad as this. I thought it would be all the other way, and that there'd be grand doings and lots of company. What awful meanness! Not a drop of soup to be given to a poor family; and I suppose, if I ask my aunt and uncle to stop to tea and supper when they call to ask how I am, it will be against the rules."

"From what I gather, there's not a bite nor a sup to be given to mortal," said Mrs. Trimmer, solemnly.

"Well, thank Providence, I can afford to buy a bit of tea and sugar and a quart loaf when a friend drops in," said Pauline; "but the meanness isn't any less disgusting. He'll want her to sell her cast-off dresses to the second-hand dealers, I shouldn't wonder."

"And he'll be asking for the keys of the cellar, perhaps," said Forbes, "after I've kept them for five-and-twenty years."

(To be Continued.)

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, May 21.—Call board quotations are:—

Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 white, 78c bid, outside; No. 2 mixed, 77c bid, outside.

Wheat—Manitoba — No. 1 northern, 96c asked, track Goderich.

Barley—No. 3, 55c asked outside, 50c bid.

Peas—No. 2, 80c asked, outside, 79c bid.

Oats No. 2 white, 42c bid for 10,000 bushels, 42c asked for 5,000 bushels.

Rye—No. 2, 72c asked, outside.

Prices are:—

Wheat—Manitoba—Lake ports—No. 1 hard, 98c; No. 1 northern, 96c; No. 2 northern, 94c.

Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 white winter, 79c to 80c; No. 2 red, 79c to 80c; No. 2 mixed, 79c to 80c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 41c, outside; No. 2 mixed, 40c.

Peas—76½c bid.

Corn—No. 3 yellow American, 57½c to 58c, lake and rail, 59c to 59½c all rail; Ontario, 48c, Chatham freights.

Rye—Quite dull, 65c to 66c.

Barley—No. 2, 53½c to 54c, outside; No. 3 extra, 52½c to 53c; No. 3, 51½c to 52c.

Flour—Ontario—90 per cent. patents, $3 to $3.10 bid; Manitoba, first patents, $4.75; seconds, $4.15 to $4.20; bakers', $4.05, Toronto.

Bran—$21 to $22; shorts quoted at $22 to $23, outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Supplies are heavy, and increasing daily.

Creamery, prints	25c to 26c
do solids	23c to 24c
Dairy, prints	22c to 23c
do tubs	18c to 19c

Cheese—13c for large and 13½c for twins.

Eggs 17c to 17½c.

Honey—Pails, 11c to 12c lb.; combs, $1.50 to $2.50 per dozen, according to quality.

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

Potatoes—Ontario, 85c to 90c; eastern, $1.00 to $1.10, in car lots on track here. Ontario, nominal.

Baled Hay—Steady at $12.50 to $13 per ton for No. 1 timothy and $10 to $11 for secondary grades, in car lots here.

Baled Straw—Steady at $6.75 to $7 per ton, in car lots here.

PROVISIONS.

Dressed Hogs—Firm at $9.25 for lightweights and $8.75 for heavies, farmers' lots. Car lots nominal.

Pork—Short cut, $23 to $23.50 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—Easier; tierces, 12¼c; tubs, 12¼c; pails, 12½c.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, May 21.—The local market for oats is very much stronger, and for No. 2 white Manitobas 46½c to 47c is now quoted, while for Ontario same grade 46c to 46½c is being quoted quite freely.

Buckwheat—55c to 56½c per bushel.

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

Peas—Boiling peas, $1 in carload lots and $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; milled mouille, $21 to $25; straight grain, $28 to $29 per ton.

Rolled Oats—Per bag, $1.90 to $2.

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.

Cheese Firm at 12¾c.

Butter—The market shows an easier feeling, and 21½c is freely quoted.

Eggs—Prices are unchanged at 17½c to 18c.

Lard—Compound lard, 9½c to 10¼c; kettle lard, 13c to 13½c; pure lard, 12½c to 13¼c.

Pork—Barrels heavy Canada short cut mess pork, $22.50; tierces, heavy Canada short cut mess pork, $33; half barrels Canada short cut mess pork, $11.50; barrels selected heavy Canada short cut mess pork, $11.50; barrels selected heavy Canada short cut mess pork $23.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, extra large (family pork), $22.50; half barrels short cut back pork, $11.50; barrels light Canada short cut clear pork, $21; barrels heavy flank pork, $21; barrels clear fat backs, $21.50.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 21—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring dull; No. 1 Northern, $1.01½; Winter, no offerings. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 59c; No. 2 white, 59½c. Oats—Weak; No. 2 white, 47½c; No. 2 mixed, 45½c. Barley—No offerings. Rye—Firm, No. 2 offered, to arrive, 80c.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, May 21.—Wheat — Spot easy; No. 2 red, 98½c in elevator and 99½c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, $1.09 f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard-winter, $1.02 f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, May 21.—Prices were slightly higher on an active demand for cattle at the Western Market to-day. Values ranged from $5.10 to $5.40 for good to choice exporters, and from $4.90 to $5.05 for fair to good ones.

Choice selected butchers' cattle sold at $4.90 to $5.20; fair to good butchers' cattle brought $4.40 to $4.85; common, $4 to $4.35; cows, $3.25 to $4.40 per cwt.

Good grain-fed lambs, $7.50 to $8 per cwt; common lambs very slow and almost unsaleable; spring lambs $3 to $8 each; export ewes firm at $6 to $6.50 each; bucks, $4.50 to $5.50.

Heavy feeders, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs, were in steady demand at $4.50 to $4.75 per cwt. Short keeps brought $4.75 to $4.90 per cwt.

Calves were steady at $3 to $7.50 each.

Hogs were unchanged at $6.62½ for selects, and $6.37½ for lights and fats per cwt.

WHITE PINE.

The Most Generally Desirable Tree for Planting in Ontario.

White Pine is undoubtedly the tree to be preferred above all others for planting in Ontario. It is a wood so generally useful and so generally acceptable to woodworkers of almost all kinds that a ready market will always be assured for it.

Unfortunately, White Pine trees suitable for forest planting are not yet grown in large quantities by nurserymen in this country. This is largely due to the high price of seed, which at present sells at two to two and a half dollars per pound, and is often more expensive. In many cases, indeed, it has been found cheaper to import the seedlings directly from Germany than to grow them here.

Two-year-old White Pine seedlings are found very satisfactory for planting.

Five feet apart each way is the distance at which they are most often placed; i.e., five feet apart in the rows and the rows five feet apart. Four feet apart each way might do even better, but would require over 50 per cent. more trees. Often the White Pine seedlings are put only every other tree; the other places are filled with hard maple, on good soil, or with red oak on poor soils. Both these are cheaper trees, which may eventually be removed.

The White Pine is very accommodating in regard to soils; it will grow on sticky clays or on sand barrens or on soils intermediate between these. Naturally it is best developed on good agricultural soil. Under very favorable conditions, in plantations, it may, from its eighth year till about its fifteenth or sixteenth year, grow three feet per year. In the forest a yearly growth of twelve to fifteen inches in height may be reckoned on.

From forty to fifty years is the least time that can be allowed White Pine trees in order to enable them to attain a good size; and, in order to give them a chance to do their best, twenty years more should be allowed them.

On average forest soil the White Pine will make, on the average, one cord of wood per year; on good agricultural soil one and a half cords or more will be produced annually.

THIRD ADVANCE IN FLOUR.

High Price of Wheat Causes Another Jump at Winnipeg.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The jumping wheat market has had its inevitable effect of still further raising the price of flour. Friday at noon a further advance of 10 cents a bag on all grades of flour took effect, and this is the third advance in price in less than a fortnight, making an increase allogether of 60 cents on some grades of flour and 50 cents on others. The poor consolation is offered the Winnipeg public of knowing that so far the price of flour has not been increased by the mills in proportion to the advancing prices of wheat. Now comes this latest addition to the prices and the consumers of bread can apparently make up their minds that flour will ascend still higher, and that they will not decline for a long time ahead. The two first advances have not resulted in the bakers raising the price of bread, but with Friday's addition it is a foregone conclusion that the consumer must pay more for his bread.

FAMINE AND FEVER.

Is Spreading Daily in China's Stricken Districts.

A despatch from Shanghai says: The thousands of women, children and aged persons who were dying of starvation in the streets of Sing Kiang Pu were placed on Wednesday in a camp outside the city and are being fed by the relief organizations. Famine and fever are spreading, and additional families needing relief are being enrolled daily. The funds sent within the past seven days will prevent the cutting off of unripe grain.

TRAGEDY IN THE FAR NORTH.

A Trader Loses His Wife and Three Children.

A despatch from Duck Lake, Sask., says: Word comes here by a trader from the far north of a terrible drowning accident in which the wife and three children of G. Cardinal, another independent trader, perished. Cardinal and his family were crossing Coal Lake on the ice, he being ahead on snowshoes. Hearing a scream, he turned, only to see the entire family perishing in the water, his desperate efforts to save them being without avail.

James Clarke, for twenty years a conductor on the Canada Atlantic Railway with the unique record of never having had a wreck or a serious accident of any description on his train, has been appointed by the Railway Commission an inspector of accidents and rolling stock. He will be stationed at Winnipeg.

GIRLS RESCUED BY FIREMEN

Fire Damages Large St. John Dry Goods Store.

A despatch from St. John, N. B., says: One of the most serious fires St. John has had in years was discovered a few minutes after noon on Friday in MacAuley Bros.' big dry goods establishment on King Street, and in a very short time thousands of dollars' worth of damage was done, and several young women employed in the millinery rooms on the fourth floor of the large building, had their means of escape cut off until the firemen placed ladders to the rear windows on South Market Street and carried the frightened girls to safety.

The fire started in the basement at the King Street front of the store, presumably in a quantity of cotton, but what caused it is not definitely known. Mr. B. R. MacAuley visited the basement about 11.30 o'clock, but at that time there was no sign of what eventually developed into the most serious conflagration in the firm's history.

A few minutes after noon, while the big showrooms were well filled with customers, an employe smelled smoke and a second later say a tiny curl issuing from a fixture directly behind him. Word was soon passed to the customers and the store was emptied of all but employes without the slightest disorder. In the meantime dense smoke had filled the basement and poured up the elevator shaft to the upper floors. It being dinner hour, many clerks were away from the store. Three or four girls working as dressmakers on the upper floor, were nearly suffocated. One girl kept crying out: "I am going to jump," but the firemen encouraged her to hold on. At last the big truck was hoisted by firemen and two girls rescued, nearly exhausted. Another girl was taken out of the front entrance on King Street by two of the salvage corps almost overcome with smoke.

While the firemen were rescuing these girls by the rear window another young woman appeared at a big bow window on the King Street side of the third floor. It was feared she would jump to the street, but the firemen came to her rescue.

The flames were confined to the basement where the fire started. The whole of the splendid plate glass front was shattered by the firemen, and much of the flooring on the lower floor was ripped up.

Firemen who were working in the cellar had a very narrow escape about 2 o'clock. They had just gotten out of the cellar when the first floor gave way, and fell into the cellar.

The loss is in the vicinity of $110,000 with insurance of $100,000. $80,000 on the stock and $20,000 on the building.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

Natural gas has been found at Melfort, Sask.

Hamilton laborers are to receive 20 cents per hour.

Toronto City Council fixed Monday, August 5, as Civic Holiday.

D. S. Curry, comptroller for Winnipeg, for 23 years, has resigned.

Only one-ninth of the Doukhobors have become Canadian citizens.

Cotton operatives in St. John have been given an increase of ten per cent.

Canada's trade for the twelve months ending March 31st, was $612,581,351.

Calgary endorsed a by-law the other day to raise $125,000 to instal municipal 'phones.

Mr. D. B. Hanna has been appointed General Manager of the Canadian Northern Railway.

New permanent cavalry corps are to be established in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Dr. Walter Murray English has been appointed Superintendent of Hamilton Asylum.

The Government has decided to prosecute a number of firms found selling oleomargarine as butter.

Immigration returns show that Ontario is getting the bulk of the arrivals from the continent of Europe.

From the estate of the late Harrison Corey of Petrolea the Government has received $12,300 in succession duties.

The Minister of Education is considering the adoption of legislation to prevent the spread of tuberculosis in the schools.

The purchase by the C.P.R. of the New Brunswick Southern Railway, from Ste. Stephen to St. John is announced.

Six C.P.R. telegraphers at Winnipeg gave a message boy their cheques amounting to $400 to cash, and he did, but failed to return.

The old windmill at Prince Albert, which was used as a lookout by troops in the Northwest rebellion, was blown down on Friday.

Jake Dixon, an Indian near Nanton, Alberta, died of drinking whisky to excess, and Dan McDonald, who is accused of supplying it, is in jail.

Inspector Jarvis and four men of the R. N. W. M. P. are at Edmonton on their way to Herschell Island, where they will live for the next two years.

By a decision of Judge Morson of Toronto a restaurant-keeper may sell fruits, candies and ice cream on Sundays and allow the purchases to be taken from the premises.

The Railway and Municipal Board ordered that the Toronto Railway Company construct from ten to fifteen additional miles of double tracks and one hundred new cars.

An English lad of 17, becoming suddenly demented, escaped from the immigration hall in Edmonton, Alta., clad only in an undershirt. In this attire he twice swam the river, but was finally captured.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The birth rate for 1906 of England and Wales is the lowest on record.

England is facing a railway strike, as the men demand recognition of their union.

The Colonial Conference endorsed the proposal of an all-British mail route to Australia, via Canada.

With one exception, the members of the West Ham Board of Guardians and workhouse officials have been sent to prison for accepting bribes.

Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, Unionist, was elected for Wimbledon, England, over Bertrand Russell, the suffragist candidate, by almost 7,000 majority.

UNITED STATES.

One thousand young men of Chicago have formed a league to check drinking.

Abraham Ruef, the San Francisco boss, has pleaded guilty to the charge of extortion.

Fourteen men were killed by a premature dynamite explosion near Marion, N. C.

Mr. Roderick Cochrane, who sent the first plough to Manitoba, is dead at Washington.

Smallpox has been taken into the towns of Derby and Ansonia, Conn., by gypsies.

210,000 farms in Iowa have the proud record of not one crop failure in 50 years.

John Hansen was fined $100 at New York for showing moving pictures of the Thaw-White tragedy.

The United States submarines Octopus and Lake were kept 24 hours beneath the surface as an endurance test.

French state officials must not join labor organizations, it is announced, and school teachers are so classed.

Harry Marshall, a bystander, was shot and killed during a riot among the striking longshoremen at New York on Friday.

Within six months after he began to smoke cigarettes, fourteen-year-old George Miller, of Bridgeport, Conn., became insane.

Extensive forest fires have been raging since Sunday in Venango county, Pa. The fires cover an area of ten square miles and have already done damage amounting to $75,000.

A well-known Chicago stock broker announced that he would not shave again until wheat is $1.50 a bushel and cotton sells at fourteen cents a pound.

According to advices from leading cotton mills of southern New England, fully 85,000 operatives will have their wages advanced about 10 per cent., beginning May 27th.

Twelve thousand five hundred women teachers in New York are striving to obtain from the Legislature an increase in their salaries to equal that of men teachers.

Bees are said to be doing good work in Kansas, exterminating the green bug wheat destroyer. Two thousand boxes of bees have been distributed to Kansas farmers.

The ministers of Schuylkill county and Panther Creek Valley, Pa., have planned an active campaign to wipe out cheap dance halls, claiming that they demoralize young girls.

Trachoma among school children in New York is rapidly decreasing. There were 15,000 known cases among the pupils a few years ago. To-day there are but 8,700 children in New York's schools suffering from the disease.

While hunting wild flowers on the mountains at Altoona, Pa., the other day, three boys ran into a den of copperhead snakes that were sunning themselves on the rocks. The reptiles showed fight, but the boys procured clubs and killed eighteen.

GENERAL.

Serious race riots have broken out in Delhi, India.

Opium haunts in Foochow have been closed by the Chinese authorities.

Reports from Europe indicate a low yield of wheat in all countries except France.

The world's wheat crop promises to be million's of bushels below last year's standard.

The peasants of the Bernsk district of Russia are in revolt and have disarmed the local soldiery.

Twelve hundred Russian Quakers have sailed from Libau for America, presumably for Canada.

Stromboli volcano is again quiet, but it is feared that this calmness is only the prelude to a greater eruption than ever.

Madame Fromkina, a female terrorist of Moscow, has been exiled to Siberia for attempting the life of General Novitsky.

The Council of the Empire or the Russian Upper House, rejected the bill of the Douma to abolish trials by drumhead courtsmartial.

Cossacks at Lodz, Russia, on Friday fired indiscriminately into a crowd of factory workmen and officials, killing twenty-one and wounding over forty.

The Danish police have requested the German police to take action against a Swedish agent named Broe Bernt, who is accused of luring white slaves to Berlin.

KING EDWARD'S GIFT.

Will Present Spanish Royal Baby With Artistic Silver Cup.

A despatch from London says: Prince Arthur of Connaught started for Madrid on Wednesday evening, taking with him King Edward's christening gift, a silver gilt cup of artistic design.