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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was impossible to go on hating Lord Mallow forever. He was a man whose overflowing good nature would have conciliated the bitterest foe, could that enemy have been exposed long enough to its softening influence. He came upon the dull daily life of the Abbey House like a burst of sudden sunshine on a gloomy plain. The long winter evenings, when there was no company, had been sorely oppressive to Vixen. Out of respect to her mother she had kept her place in the drawing-room, reading or working at some uninteresting strip of point-lace, which she had no hope of ever finishing, though it had been promised to Mr. Scobel for his church. Captain Carmichael read newspapers or the quarterlies, or paced the room thoughtfully at intervals. He talked to his wife just enough to escape the charge of neglect, but rarely spoke to or noticed Violet. Sometimes Mrs. Carmichael asked for a little music, whereupon Violet went to the piano and played her scanty recollections of Mozart or Beethoven—all "tuny" bits, remembered out of the sonatas or concertas Miss M'Croke had taught her; or if asked to sing, the girl sang a ballad or two, to order, in her full round mezzo-soprano, which had a thrilling expression at times, when feeling got the better of her proud reserve, and the pent-up sorrow of her heart broke loose into her song. But Captain Carmichael took no notice of these efforts, and even her mother's praises were not enthusiastic. "Very sweet, very nice," was the most Vixen ever heard from those maternal lips as she closed the piano.

But here was Lord Mallow, passionately fond of music and singing and the beauties of nature, and all things that appeal to the sensitive Hibernian character. It seemed a new thing to Violet to have some one standing by the piano, turning over the leaves, applauding rapturously, and entreating for another and yet another Irish melody. When she sang "The Minstrel Boy," he joined in with a rich baritone that harmonized finely with her full ripe notes. The old room vibrated with the strong melody, and even Captain Carmichael was impelled to prise.

"How well your voices harmonize!" he said. "You ought to try some duets. I remember that fine baritone of yours in days of old, Mallow."

Hereupon Lord Mallow asked Miss Tempest if she had any duets, and Vixen produced her small stock of vocal music. They tried one or two of Mendelsshon's—"I would that my Love," and "Greeting"—and discovered that they got on wonderfully well together. Vixen fell asleep that night wondering at her own amiability.

"To think that I should sing sentimental duets with him!" she said to herself. "The man who has Bullfinch."

Lord Mallow's presence at the Abbey House had a marked effect upon Captain Carmichael's treatment of his stepdaughter. Hitherto there had been a veiled bitterness in all his speeches, a constrained civility in his manners. Now he was all kindness, all expansion. Even his wife, who admired him always, and thought him the soul of wisdom in all he did, could not be blind to the change, and a new sense of peacefulness stole into her feeble mind. It was so pleasant to see dear Conrad so sweetly kind to Violet.

"What are we going to do with Lord Mallow this morning, Violet?" asked the captain, at breakfast. "We must try to amuse him somehow."

"I don't think I have much to do with it," Vixen answered, coldly. "You'll find plenty of amusement, I dare say, in the billiard-room, in the stables, or in showing Lord Mallow your improvements."

"That would do very well for a wet morning, but it would be a profligate waste of fine weather. No; I propose that you should show Mallow some of the prettiest bits in the Forest. I am not half so accomplished a guide as you, but we'll all go. I'll order the horses at once if you like my plan, Mallow," said Captain Carmichael, turning to his friend, and taking Violet's consent for granted.

"I shall be quite too delighted if Miss Tempest will honor us with her company," replied the Irishman, with a pleasant look at Vixen's fresh morning face, rosy-red with vexation.

It was the first time her step-father had ever asked her to ride with him, and she hated doing it. It was the first time she had ever been asked to ride with any one but her father or Roderick Vawdrey. Yet to refuse would have been impossible without absolute discourtesy to her mother's husband and her mother's guest. So she sat in her place and said nothing, and Lord Mallow mistook the angry carnation for the warm red of happy girlhood, which blushes it knows not wherefore.

Captain Carmichael ordered the horses to be at the door in half an hour, and then he took Lord Mallow off to look at the stables while Violet went upstairs to put on her habit. Why was the captain so unusually amiable? she speculated. Was his little soul so mean that he put on better manners to do honor to an Irish peer?

She came tripping down the wide old staircase at the end of one half hour, in habit and hat of Lincoln-green, with a cock's feather in the neat little hat, and a formidable hooked hunting-crop for opening gates, little feet shod in patent-leather, but no spur. She loved her horse too well to run a needle into his sleek side at the slightest provocation.

There were the three horses, held by Bates and Lord Mallow's groom. Bullfinch, looking as if he had just taken a prize at Islington and was inclined to be bumptious about it; Arion, tossing his delicately modeled Greek head, and looking for bogies in the adjacent shrubberies; Captain Carmichael's well-seasoned hunter Mosstrooper nodding his long bony head, and swaying his fine-drawn neck up and down in a half savage, half-scornful manner, as if he were at war with society in general, like the Miller of Dee.

Vixen, who had looked the picture of vexation at the breakfast-table, was now all gayety. Her hazel eyes sparkled with mischief. Lord Mallow stood in the porch, watching her as she came down the shining oak staircase, glorious in the winter sunlight. He thought her the perfection of a woman—nay, more than a woman, a goddess. Diana, the divine huntress, must have looked so, he fancied. He ran forward to mount her on the fidgety Arion; but honest old Bates was too quick for him, and she was looking at Lord Mallow graciously from her perch on the well-worn doeskin saddle before he had time to offer his services.

She leaned over to pat Bullfinch's massive chest.

"Dear old horse," she murmured, tenderly, remembering those winter mornings of old when he had stood before the porch as he stood to-day, waiting for the noble rider who was never more to mount him.

"Yet life goes on somehow without our beloved dead," thought Violet.

Her changeful face saddened at the thought, and she rode along the shrubbered drive in silence.

"Where are you going to take us?" asked the captain, when they had emerged from the Abbey House grounds, crossed the coach road, and made their plunge into the first cart track that offered itself.

"Everywhere," answered Vixen, with a mischevious laugh. "You have chosen me for your guide, and all you have to do is to follow."

And she gave Arion a light touch with her hunting-crop, and cantered gayly down the gently sloping track to a green lawn which looked, to Captain Carmichael's experienced eye, very much like a quaky bog.

"Steer toward your left," he cried, anxiously, to Lord Mallow.

If there was danger near, Vixen managed to avoid it; she made a sweeping curve, skirted the treacherous-looking lawn, and disappeared in another cart-track, between silvery trunks of veteran beeches, self-sown in the dark ages, with here and there a gnarled old oak, ragged and lichen-mantled, with feathery tufts of fern nestling in the hollow places between his gaunt limits.

That was a ride! Lord Mallow could remember nothing like it, and he was destined to carry this in his memory for a lifetime. The ghostly trees; the silver-shining bark of the beeches, varying with a hundred indescribable shades of green and purple and warmest umber; the rugged gray of the grand old oaks; the lichens and mosses, and mysterious wintry growths of toadstool and weed and berry; that awful air of unearthliness which pervaded the thicker portions of the wood, as of some mystic under world—half shadow and half dream. No, Lord Mallow could never forget it, nor yet the way that flying figure in Lincoln green led them by bog and swamp; over clay and gravel, through as many varieties of soil as if she had been trying to give them a practical lesson in geology; across snaky ditches and pebbly fords; through furze bushes and thickets of holly; through everything likely to prove aggravating to the temper of a well-bred horse; and finally, before giving them breathing-time, she led them up the clayey side of a hill as steep as a house, on the top of which she drew rein, and commanded them to admire the view.

"This is Acres Down, and there are the Needles," she said, pointing her whip at the dim blue horizon. "If it were a clear day, and your sight were long enough, I dare say you would see Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. But I think to-day you must be content with the Needles. Can you see them?" she asked Lord Mallow.

"See them?" exclaimed the Irishman. "I can see well enough to thread one of them if I wanted."

"Now you've seen the Isle of Wight," said Vixen. "That's a point accomplishment. The ardent desire of every one in the Forest is to see the Isle of Wight. They are continually mounting hills and gazing into space in order to get a glimpse at the chalky little island. It seems the main object of everybody's existence."

"They might as well go and live there at once, if they're so fond of it," suggested Lord Mallow.

"Yes; and then they would be straining their eyes in the endeavor to see the Great Horse—that's a group of firs on the top of a hill, and one of our Forest sea-marks. That frantic desire to behold distant objects has always seemed to me to be one of the feeblest tendencies of the human mind. Now you have seen the Needles, we have accomplished a solemn duty, and I may show you our woods."

Vixen shook her rein, and trotted recklessly down a slippery path, jumped a broad black puddle, and plunged into the recess of the wood, Bullfinch and Mosstrooper following meekly.

They went a wonderful round, wading in and out of Bratley Wood, piercing deep into the wintry glories of Mark Ash; through mud, and moss, and soft pitfalls, where the horses sunk up to their hocks in withered leaves, avoiding bogs by a margin of a yard or so; up and down, under spreading branches, where the cattle line but just cleared the heads of the riders; across the blackened bracken; by shining hollies, whose silvery trunks stood up like obelisks out of a thicket of dwarf bushes; through groves, where the tall beech trunks had a solemn look like the columns of some gigantic temple; then into wondrous plantations of Scotch firs; where the air was balmy as in summer, and no breath of the December wind penetrated the dense wall of foliage. Then to higher ground, where the wintry air blew keen again, and where there was a soft green lawn, studded with graceful conifers—cypress, deodora, Douglass fir—tall with a growth of thirty years; the elegant importations of an advanced civilization. Anon by the gray-lichened walls of a deserted garden, which had a strangely romantic look, and was as suggestive of a dreamy idyllic world as a poem by Tennyson; and so down into the green and gray depths of Mark Ash again, but never returning over the same ground; and then up the hill to Vinny Ridge and the Heronry, where Captain Carmichael cracked his whip to scare the herons, and had the satisfaction of scaring his own and the other two horses, while the herons laughed him to scorn from their cradles in the tree-tops, and would not stir a feather for his gratification. Then by a long plantation to a wild stretch of common where Vixen told her companions that they were safe for a good mile, and set them an example by starting Arion across the short smooth turf at a gallop. They pulled up just in time to escape a small gulf of moss and general sponginess, waded a stream or two, splashed through a great deal of spewy ground, and came to Queen's Bower; thence into the oak plantation of New Park; thence across Gretman Wood; and then at a smart trot along the road toward home.

"I hope I haven't kept you out too long," said Vixen, politely.

"We've only been five hours," answered the captain, with grim civility; "but if Mallow is not tired, I shall not complain."

"I never enjoyed anything so much in my life—never," protested Lord Mallow.

"Well, to-morrow we can shoot the pheasants. It will be a rest after this."

"It will be dull work after the enchantments of to-day," said the Irishman.

Captain Carmichael rode homeward a few paces in the rear of the other two, smiling to himself grimly, and humming a little song of Heine's.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Carmichael's little dinner went off smoothly and pleasantly, as all such entertainments had done under the new regime. The captain knew how to select his guests as well as he knew how to compose a menu. People felt pleased with themselves and with their neighbors at his table. There was nothing heavy in the dinner or in the conversation; there were no long sittings over old port or particular claret. The wines were of the first quality, but there was no fuss made about them. Colonel Cartaret remembered how he and the squire had sat prosing over their port or Chateau Margaux, and felt as if he were living in a new world—a world where full-blooded friendship and boisterous hospitality were out of fashion. People whose talk had hitherto been intensely local, confined for the most part to petty sessions, commoner's rights, hunting and the parish church and schools found themselves discussing the widest range of topics, from the prospect of a European war—that European war which has been impending more or less distinctly for the last twenty years—to the latest social scandal in the upper currents of London society. Captain and Mrs. Carmichael's country friends, inspired by one or two clever young men just imported from the London clubs, were surprised to discover how well they were able to criticise the latest productions in literature, art, and the drama, the newest result of scientific investigation, or the last record of African or Central Asian exploration. It was quite delightful to quiet country-people, who went to London on an average once in three years, to find themselves talking so easily about the last famous picture, the latest action for libel in artistic circles, or the promised adaptation of Sardou's last comedy at a West End Theatre—just as glibly as if they knew all about art, and had read every play of Sardou's.

Roderick Vawdrey enjoyed himself wonderfully at this particular dinner-party so long as the dinner lasted, for Captain Carmichael, by an oversight which made him inwardly savage all dinner-time, had placed Mr. Vawdrey and Miss Tempest side by side. There had been some confusion in his mind as he finished his plan of the table, his attention having been called away at the last moment, or this thing could not have happened; for nothing was further from Captain Carmichael's intention than that Violet and her old playfellow should be happy in each other's society. And here they sat, smiling and sparkling at each other in the exuberance of youth and high spirits, interchanging little confidential remarks that were doubtless to the disparagement of some person or persons in the assembly. If dark electric glances shot from the covert of bent brows could have slain those two happy triflers, assuredly neither of them would have lived to the end of that dinner.

"How do you like him?" asked Rorie, stooping to sniff at the big Marshal Neil bud in the specimen glass by his plate.

"Whom?"

"The man who has Bullfinch."

Lord Mallow was in the place of honor next his hostess. Involuntarily Violet glanced in that direction, and was startled to find the Irishman's good-humored gaze meeting hers, just as if he had been watching her for the last half hour.

"How do I like him? Well he seems very good natured."

"Seems good-natured! You ought to be able to give me a more definite answer by this time. You have lived in the same house with him—let me see, is it three or four days since he came?"

"He has been here nearly a week."

"A week! Why, then you must know him as well as if he were your brother. There is no man living who could keep himself dark for a week. No; I don't believe the most inscrutable of men, born and bred in diplomatic circles, could keep the secret of a solitary failing from the eyes of those who live under the same roof with him for seven days. It would leak out somehow—if not at breakfast, at dinner. Man is a communicative animal, and so loves talking of himself that, if he has committed murder, he must tell somebody about it sooner or later. And as to that man," continued Rorie, with a contemptuous glance at the single-minded Lord Mallow, "he is a creature whom the merest beginner in the study of humanity would know by heart in half an hour."

"What do you know about him?" asked Vixen, laughing. "You have had more than half an hour for the study of his character."

"I know ever so much more than I want to know."

"Answered like a Greek oracle."

"What, have you taken to reading Greek?"

"No; but I know the oracles were a provoking set of creatures who answered every inquiry with an enigma. But I won't have you abuse Lord Mallow. He has been very kind to Bullfinch, and has promised me that he will never part with him. The dear old horse is to have a comfortable stable and kindly treatment to his dying day—not to be sent out to grass in his old age, to shiver in a dreary solitude, or to be scorched by the sun and tormented by the flies."

"Ha has promised all that, has he? He would promise a good deal more, I dare say," muttered Rorie, stooping over his rose-bud. "Do you think him handsome? Do women admire a fresh complexion and black whiskers, and that unmistakable air of a hair-dresser's wax model endowed with animation?"

"I see you consider him an idiot," said Vixen, laughing. "But I assure you he is rather clever. He talks wonderfully about Ireland and the reforms he is going to bring about for her."

"Of course. Burke, and Curran, and Castlereagh, and O'Connell, and fifty more have failed to steer that lumbering old vessel off the mud-bank on which she stranded at some time in the Dark Ages. In fact, nobody except Oliver Cromwell ever did understand how to make Ireland prosperous and respectable, and he began by depopulating her; and here is a fresh-colored young man, with whiskers, a la cotelette de mouton, who thinks he was born to be her pilot, and to navigate her into a peaceful haven. He is the sort of man who will begin by being the idol of a happy tenantry, and end by being shot from behind one of his own hedges."

"I hope not," said Vixen, "for I am sure he means well. And I should like him to outlive Bullfinch."

Roderick had been very happy all dinner-time. From the soups to the ice-puddings the moments had flown for him. It seemed the briefest dinner he had ever been at, and yet when the ladies rose to depart the silvery chime of the clock struck the half hour after nine. But Lord Mallow's hour came later in the drawing-room, where he contrived to hover over Violet, and fence her round from all other admirers for the rest of the evening. They sang their favorite duets together, to the delight of every one except Rorie, who felt curiously savage at "I would that my Love," and icily disapproving at "Greeting;" but vindictive to the verge of homicidal mania at "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!"

"His 'plaidie,' indeed!" he ejaculated inwardly. "The creature never possessed anything so comfortable or civilized. How preposterous it is to hear an Irishman sing Scotch songs! If an Irishman had a plaidie, he would pawn it for a dhrop o' the cratur."

Later, Violet and Lord Mallow sang a little duet by Masini, "O, que la mer est belle!" the daintiest, most bewitching music—such a melody as the Lorley might have sung when the Rhine flowed peacefully onward below mountain peaks shining in the evening light, luring foolish fishermen to their doom. Everybody was delighted. It was just the kind of music to please the unlearned in the art. Mrs. Carteret came to the piano to compliment Violet.

"I had no idea you could sing so sweetly," she said. "Why have you never sung to us before?"

"Nobody ever asked me," Vixen answered, frankly. "But indeed I am no singer."

"You have one of the freshest, brightest voices I ever had the happiness of hearing!" Lord Mallow exclaimed, enthusiastically.

He would have liked to go on singing duets for an indefinite period. He felt lifted into some strange and delightful region—a sphere of love and harmony—while he was mingling his voice with Violet's. It made the popular idea of heaven, as a place where there is nothing but singing—an eternal, untiring choir—clearer and more possible to him than it had ever seemed before. Paradise would be quite endurable if he and Violet might stand side by side in the serried ranks of choristers. There was quite a little crowd round the piano, shutting in Violet and Lord Mallow, and Roderick Vawdrey was not in it. He felt himself excluded, and held himself gloomily apart, talking hunting talk with a man for whom he did not care twopence. Directly his carriage was announced—sotto voice by the considerate Forbes, so as not to wound anybody's feelings by the suggestion that the festivity was on its last legs—Mr. Vawdrey went up to Mrs. Carmichael and took leave. He would not wait to say good-night to Violet. He only cast one glance in the direction of the piano, where the noble breadth of Mrs. Cartaret's amber brocaded back obscured every remoter object, and then went away moodily, denouncing duet singing as an abomination.

When Lady Mabel asked him next day what kind of an evening he had at the Abbey House, in a tone which implied that any entertainment there must be on a distinctly lower level as compared with the hospitalities of Ashbourne, he told her that, it had been uncommonly slow.

(To be Continued.)

ARRESTED AT GUELPH.

Silbriski Suspected of Complicity in Toronto Exhibition Fire.

A despatch from Guelph says: A man named Silbriski was arrested here on Thursday. He is thought to have been concerned in the fire which destroyed the Toronto Exhibition buildings last fall and in a couple of cases of house-breaking here.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

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

Toronto, June 4. — Flour — Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents are quoted at $3.20 to $3.25 in buyers' sacks outside for export. Manitoba first patents, $4.75 to $5; second patents, $4.20 to $4.40, and strong bakers', $4.05 to $4.25.

Barley—No. 2 nominal at 55 to 56c outside and No. 3 at 54c outside.

Wheat—No. 1 Manitoba hard is quoted at 99c, lake ports; No. 1 northern at 97c, and No. 2 northern at 95c. Ontario wheat is firm, with No. 2 quoted at 87 to 88c outside.

Corn—No. 3 American corn is quoted at 61½ to 62½c, Toronto.

Bran—Prices nominal at $21 outside in bulk; shorts are quoted at $22 to $23 outside.

CALL BOARD.

Wheat—No. 2 Ontario red winter offered at 90c outside, and No. 2 mixed at 90c outside, without bids. No. 2 Ontario spring offered at 85c outside, with 82c bid on C.P.R. east. No. 2 goose offered at 83c outside, with 81c bid on C.P.R. east.

Barley—No. 3 extra offered at 58c outside September shipment, and No. 3 at 60c outside, without bids.

Peas—No. 2 offered at 82c outside, without bids.

Oats—No. 2 white offered at 46c outside with 44c bid, and at 45c Pere Marquette road, without bids. No. 2 mixed, 40c bid outside. No. 2 Manitoba offered at 47c track Owen Sound, without bids.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Good to choice winter stock, $2.50 to $3.50 per bbl.

Beans—Hand-picked quoted at $1.50, and primes at $1.35 to $1.40.

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

Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at $12.50 to $14 here, and No. 2 at $10 to $11.

Straw—$7 to $7.50 a ton on track here.

Potatoes—Ontario, $1.10 to $1.15 per bag on track, and New Brunswick, $1.25 to $1.30 per bag.

Poultry—Turkeys, fresh killed, 14 to 15c; chickens, dressed, 14 to 15c; do, alive, 10 to 12c per lb; fowl, 8 to 9c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound rolls are quoted at 20 to 21c; tubs, nominal at 18 to 19c; large rolls are quoted at 18c. Creamery prints sell at 22 to 23c, and solids at 20 to 21c.

Eggs—Case lots sell at 17½ to 18c per dozen.

Cheese—Large are quoted at 13c per lb and twins at 13½c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs in car lots are nominal at $8.50 to $9. Bacon, long clear, 11 to 11½c per lb, in case lots; mess pork, $21 to $21.50; short cut, $23.50.

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

Lard—Tierces, 12¼c; tubs, 12½c; pails, 12¾c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 4.—Grain—Sales of car lots of Manitoba No. 2 white oats were made at 49¾ to 50c, Ontario No. 2 at 48½ to 49c, No. 3 at 47½ to 48c, and No. 4 at 46½ to 47c per bushel, ex store. Flour—Choice spring wheat patents, $5.10 to $5.20; seconds, $4.50 to $4.60; winter wheat patents, $4.25 to $4.40; straight rollers, $3.75 to $3.85; do, in bags, $1.75 to $1.85; extras, $1.55 to $1.65. Feed—Manitoba bran in bags, $21; shorts, $24 to $24.50; milled mouillie, $22 to $25 per ton, and straight grain, $28 to $30. Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, $22 to $22.50; half-barrels, $11.25 to $11.75; clear fat backs, $23.50 to $24; long cut heavy mess, $20.50 to $22; half-barrels do, $10.75 to $11.50; dry salt long clear bacon, 11½ to 12c; barrels plate beef, $13 to $14; half-barrels do, $7 to $7.50; barrels heavy mess beef, $10; half-barrels do, $5.50; compound lard, 9¾ to 10c; pure lard, 12¼ to 12¾c; kettle rendered, 13 to 13½c; hams, 14 to 15½c; breakfast bacon, 14½ to 15c; Windsor bacon, 15 to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $10 to $10.25; alive, $7.25 to $7.50. Eggs—18 to 19c. Cheese—Western, 12¾ to 13c. Butter—Choicest creamery, 20½ to 21c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Detroit, June 4.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 97¾c; No. 2 red, cash, 99¼c; May, 99¼c; July, $1.00¼; September, $1.02¼.

Toledo, June 4.—Wheat—Cash, 98c; May, 98c; July, 99¾c; September, $1.00¼. Corn—Cash, 56c; May, 56c; July, 55¼c; September, 55½c. Oats—Cash, 47½c; May, 47½c; July, 48½c; September, 39c.

Minneapolis, June 4.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, $1.02¾; No. 1 northern, $1.01¾; No. 2 northern, 99 to 99½c; No. 3 northern, 96 to 98c. Flour—First patents, $5.15 to $5.25; second patents, $5 to $5.15; first clears, $3.65 to $3.75; second clears, $2.75 to $2.85. Bran—In bulk, $17.25 to $17.50.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, June 4.—The bulk of the choice heavy butchers' sold between $5.10 and $5.35, with extra choice stocks bringing up to $5.50. There was no choice cattle to be had at less than $5, and even common stuff was selling around $4.50. Choice butcher cows sold from $4.50 for the bulk up to $4.75 for the best.

Stocker and feeder trade was very quiet. Cattle of 700 to 900 lbs. sold fairly well, but lighter stuff was not wanted.

Milch cows were firm, choice being quoted from $35 to $60, common $25 to $30.

Veal calves were steady at 3½c to 4c per lb.

Sheep and lambs were slightly firmer in tone, but quotations were generally unchanged.

Hogs unchanged at $7.10, but with prospects favoring a decline of about 15c.

FATAL FIRE AT MONTREAL

Panic Stricken Dancers Jump From Hall on Notre Dame Street

A despatch from Montreal says: A sensational fire took place early on Friday morning during the progress of a dance in a hall in the east end, when a number of people were compelled to jump from a third story window, and a dozen of them were more or less injured, some of them fatally. The hall is on the top floor of a building a few doors east of the City Hall, on Notre Dame street, and the fire started in the basement, the ground floor being occupied as a dry goods store by G. Marsolais.

DANCERS PANIC-STRICKEN.

The crowd of dancers upstairs became panic-stricken by the rush of smoke and flames, and started jumping from the windows before the firemen arrived. One man had both legs broken and another his spine injured. The firemen rescued many by means of ladders. The fire did not amount to much and was quickly extinguished. Many injured were taken to their homes for treatment, on account of which it is difficult to ascertain the exact number hurt.

Arthur Duperault, a butcher, aged 29, succumbed to the injuries sustained by jumping from the dance hall window.

CELEBRATING MARRIAGE.

Arthur Duperault and a number of friends were celebrating the approaching marriage of Joseph Charbonneau, president of the Barbers' Union, at La casse Hall. Charbonneau himself jumped to the street and is in the hospital with a broken leg. Ulric Blanchet is in a serious state with a fractured skull and shoulder.

Injured:—Leon Girard, broken back, very critical; Gusave Robitaille, fractured thigh; James Rayette, fractured knee; Hector Thouin, severe internal injuries.

Twelve other victims are at various hospitals, suffering from severe and in some cases dangerous injuries. The scene in the hall when the fire was discovered was terrible. The hall is on the third story in the front of the building, but escape that way was cut off by flames and smoke, and the victims had to jump from the rear, where, because of the slope of the ground, the windows were forty feet from the surface.

The hall is situated at Notre Dame and Gosford streets.

TO VISIT ONTARIO COLLEGE.

Dates on Which Farmers' Institutes Will Go to Guelph.

A despatch from Toronto says: The dates on which excursions from the various Farmers' Institutes of the province will visit the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph are as follows. The societies are known by the names of the counties:—

Friday, June 7, West Middlesex; Saturday, June 8, South Grey and East Wellington (Mount Forest only), and Lincoln; Monday, June 10, Centre Wellington; Wednesday, June 12, East Elgin, East and West Peterborough, and East Durham; Thursday, June 13, Centre Simcoe, and North York; Friday, June 14, East and West Lambton, North and South Waterloo; Saturday, June 15, Halton; Monday, June 17, South Ontario, West Durham, West Northumberland, and East Simcoe; Tuesday, June 18, North and South Brant, Welland, North Wentworth; Wednesday, June 19, Haldimand, South Oxford, West York; Thursday, June 20, West Wellington, East Middlesex, Dufferin, and East Wellington; Friday, June 21, East York, South Huron; Monday, June 24, North Oxford, North Ontario, North and West Bruce, and North Grey; Tuesday, June 25, South and Centre Bruce, North Middlesex, and North Perth; Wednesday, June 26, Peel, and Centre Grey; Thursday, June 27, East Parry Sound, and South Perth, Friday, June 28, South Simcoe, and West Simcoe.

TROLLEY WRECK KILLED SEVEN.

Fatal Rear-end Collision on a Line in Ohio.

A despatch from Elyria, Ohio, says: Four persons were killed and thirteen were injured, three of whom died, in a rear-end collision on the Cleveland and South-western Traction road here on Thursday evening. The front car was filled with holiday excursionists, nearly all of whom received more or less serious injuries. Within a few minutes ambulances and doctors were summoned and the wounded taken to the Elyria Hospital, where three of the injured subsequently died. Eight of the remaining thirteen had both legs cut off, one lost one leg, and still another had both legs broken. Motorman Fraundu, who was in charge of the car which caused the wreck, was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Prosecutor Stevens, charging him with manslaughter.

MONEY GONE UP IN SMOKE.

Kingston Woman Loses Hundreds of Dollars in Flames.

A despatch from Kingston says: Thursday morning the house occupied by Mrs. Anna McKay, at Kingston Junction, was destroyed by fire. In her excitement Mrs. McKay forgot that she had several hundred dollars in bills hidden in her bedroom. She attempted in vain to secure entrance to the burning house.

TO WIND UP PRINTERS.

Motion Was Made for that Purpose at Osgoode Hall.

A despatch from Toronto says: On behalf of the Canadian Newspaper Syndicate, Limited, of Montreal, a motion was made in Chambers at Osgoode Hall on Friday for an order winding up Canadian Printers, Limited, of St. Catharines. The petitioners are creditors to the extent of $278.75. The liabilities of the company are placed at $9,000 or $10,000, while the assets are said to be not more than $3,000. The company was incorporated in December, 1905, with a nominal capital of $400,000. Of this only $2,500 was subscribed and paid up. Printers' supplies, ready prints, supplements, etc., were the goods dealt in. The directors, each of whom held five shares, are W. D. Woodruff, W. H. Swayze, J. A. Keyes and H. F. Schaedel.

OLD LADY DROWNED IN WELL.

Mother of Town Treasurer of St. Mary's Meets Tragic Fate.

A despatch from Stratford says: Word was received here on Friday afternoon that Mrs. Long, of St. Mary's, mother of Mr. E. Long, town treasurer, had met with a tragic death by drowning in a well. Friday morning she mysteriously disappeared from her home, and upon a search being instituted by Chief Young she was found dead in the cistern at the rear of the house. The old lady's shawl and spectacles were found near by. It is supposed that she was dipping or reaching for water and fell in. The water in the cistern was about five feet deep. Mrs. Long was about 75 or 80 years old, and was well known and highly respected by the citizens of St. Mary's.

BODY BADLY MANGLED.

T. Williams Threw Himself in Front of an Express Train.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: T. Williams, section man, committed suicide on Thursday by jumping in front of the west-bound C. P. R. express near Rennie, Man. The locomotive struck him and hurled the mangled body one hundred feet into the brushwood along the track. He had tried to court death in the same manner on the previous day by standing in front of an approaching freight, but the engineer saw him and stopped the train. The body was brought to Winnipeg, where it is held awaiting the Coroner's orders.

KILLED IN CABOOSE.

Russian Millman in Fatal Collision—Manager Hurt.

A despatch from Melfort, Sask., says: A Russian named Bunder, employed at Mackenzie, Mann & Company's sawmill, was instantly killed on Tuesday evening while in a caboose which was being shunted about the yards, and Mr. William Burns, manager of the mill, was badly injured. The accident was caused by a collision with some flatcars.

TYPHOON SWEPT CAROLINES

Three Hundred Persons Are Known to Be Killed.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says. Two hundred and seventy persons are known to have been killed, and the loss of life, it is said, will include many more in the disastrous typhoon in the Caroline Islands recently reported by cable from Sydney, Australia. Further advices have been received here in the mails from the Orient showing that in some instances persons clung to the tops of trees for days before being rescued. The property loss is high.

The typhoon passed over the group on March 28, and hundreds of persons were killed by the waves. The typhoon extended as far west as Guam.

At the Manila observatory on March 30 the typhoon was registered as being north-east of Yap, in the Western Carolines. On March 31 it was found to be north of Yap, indicating a dangerous situation in the southern part of the Carolines and the Philippines.

The Island of Ulie was entirely destroyed, and the waves, which passed over it, killed 200 people. Heavy loss of life was reported from other islands. Some were entirely covered, and natives were rescued days afterward, clinging to the tops of the cocoanut trees.

On Wilson Island 20 persons were killed, and on Sirol or Phillips Island, which lies between Yap and Ulie, 50 persons perished.

The majority of the islands were desolated.