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The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

CHAPTER VII.

I must have stared like a madman. For very fear of my own violence, I dared not move or speak. Mademoiselle Ottilie, or, to call her by her proper name, Madame de Jennico, very composedly removed her veil from her hair, pushed back her hood, and withdrew her hand which I still unconsciously clutched. Then she turned and looked at me as if waiting for me to speak first. I said in a sort of a whisper:

"What does this mean?"

"It means, Monsieur de Jennico, that, for your own good, you have been deceived."

There was a little quiver in her voice. Was it fear? Was it mockery? I thought the latter, and the strenuous control I was endeavoring to put upon my seething passion of fury and bewilderment broke down. I threw up my arms, the natural gesture of a man driven beyond bounds, and as I did so felt the figure beside me make a sudden, abrupt movement. I thought that she shrank from me—that she feared lest I, I, Basil Jennico, would strike her, a woman! This aroused me at once to a sense of my own position, and at the same time to one of bitterest contempt for her. But as I wheeled round to gaze at her, I saw that whatever charge might be laid upon her—and God knows she had wrought a singular evil upon me!—the accusation of cowardice could not be part of them. Her face showed white, indeed, in the pale light, her features set; but her eyes looked fearlessly into mine. Every line of her figue expressed the most dauntless determination. She was braced to endure, ready to face, what she had drawn upon herself. This was no craven, rather the very spirit of daring.

"In God's name," I cried, "why have you done this?"

"And did you think," she said, looking at me, I thought with a sort of pity, "that princesses, out of fairy tales, are so ready to marry lovers of low degree, no matter how rich or how gallant? Oh, I know what you would say—that you are well-born; but for all that, princesses do not wed with such as you, sir!"

Every drop of my blood revolted against the smart of this humiliation. Stammering and protesting, my wrath overflowed my lips.

"But this deception,—this impossible, insane fraud,—what is its object? What is your object? You encouraged me—you incited me. Confusion!" I cried and clasped my head. "I think I am going mad!"

"Her Serene Highness thought she would like to see me settled in life," said my bride, with the old look of derision on her face.

I seized her hand.

"It was the Princess's plan, then?" I asked in a whisper; and it seemed to me as if everything turned to crimson before my eyes.

She met my look—and it must have been a terrible one—with the same dauntlessness as before, and answered after a little pause, with cool deliberation:

"Yes, it was the Princess's plan."

The carriage drove on through the rain; and again there was a silence between us. My pulses beat loud in my ears; I saw, as if written in fire, the whole devilish plot to humiliate me for my presumption. I saw myself as I must appear to that highborn lady—a ridiculous aspirant whose claim was too absurd even to be seriously dealt with. And she, the creature who had leant herself to my shame, without whose glib tongue and pert audacious counsels I had never presumed, who had dared to carry out, smiling, so gross a fraud, to wear my ring and front me still—how was I to deal with her?

These were the thoughts that surged backward and forwards in my mind, futile wreckage on stormy sea, in the first passion of my anger.

"You know," I said at last, and felt like a man who touches solid earth at last, "that this is no marriage."

Her countenance expressed at this the most open amazement and the most righteous indignation.

"How, sir," she cried—"has not the priest wedded us? Are we not of the same faith, and does not the same Church bind us? Have not we together received a most solemn sacrament? Have not you, Basil, and I, Marie Ottilie, sworn faith to each other until death do us part? You may like it or not, Monsieur de Jennico, but we are none the less man and wife, as fast as Church can make us."

As she spoke she smiled again, and looked at me with that dimple coming and going beside the curve of her lip.

As they say men do at the point of some violent death, so I saw in the space of a second my whole life stretched before me, past and future.

I saw the two alternatives that lay to my hand, and their full consequences. I knew what the audacious little deceiver beside me ignored—that it rested upon my pleasure alone to acknowledge or not the validity of this marriage. Let me take the step which as a man of honor I ought to take, which as a Jennico and my uncle's heir I was pledged in conscience to take, it was to hold myself up to universal mockery—and I should lay bare before a grinning world the whole extent of my pretentions and their requital.

On the other hand let me keep my secret for a while and seemingly accept my wife: the whole point of the cursed jest would fail

Let me show the Princess that my love for her was not so overpowering, nor my disappointment so heart-breaking, but that I had been able to find temporary compensation in the substitute with whom she had herself provided me. There are more souls lost, I believe, through the fear of ridicule than through all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil!

My resolution was promptly taken: my revenge would be more exquisite and subtle than the trick that had been played upon me.

I would take her to my home, this damsel whom no feeling of maidenly restraint, of womanly compassion, had kept from acting so base a part; and for a while at least, not all the world should guess but that in winning her my dearest wish had been accomplished. Afterwards, when I had tamed that insolent spirit, when I had taught this wild tassel-gentle to come to my hand and fly at my bidding—and I smiled to myself as I laid that plan which was full as cruel as the deception that had been practised upon me, and which I am ashamed to set out in black and white before me now—afterwards when I chose to repudiate the woman who had usurped my name through the most barefaced imposture, if I knew the law both of land and Church, I could not be gainsaid. I had warned her that this marriage was no marriage. What could a gentleman do more?

A sudden calmness fell over me; it struck me that the laugh would be on my side after all.

My companion was first to speak. She settled herself in the corner of the carriage something like a bird settles down in its nest, and, still with her eyes which never looked very dark in the uncertain light, fixed upon me, said in a tone of the utmost security.

"You can beat me of course, if you like, and you can murder me if you are very, very angry; but you cannot undo what is done. I am your wife!" She gave a little nod which was the perfection of impudence. She was like some wild thing of the woods that has never seen a human being before, and is absolutely fearless because of its absolute ignorance. I ought to have pitied her, seeing how young, how childish, she was. But though there sprang into my heart strange feelings, and that dimple tempted me more and more, there was no relenting in my angry soul Only I told myself that my revenge would be sweet. And I was half distraught, I think, between the conflict of pride, disappointment, and the strange alluring charm that this being who had so betrayed me was yet beginning to have upon me.

The speed of our horses was slackening; we were already on the mountain road which led to my castle. There was a glimmer of moon again, the rain-beat was silent on the panes, and I could see from a turning in the road the red gleam of the torch-bearers whom I had ordered for the bridal welcome.

The monstrous absurdity of the situation struck me afresh, and my resolution grew firmer. How could I expose myself, a poor tricked fool, to the eyes of that people who regarded me as something not unlike a demi-god? No, I would keep the woman. She had sought me, not I her. I would keep her for a space at least, and let no man suspect that she was not my choice. And then, in the ripeness of time, when I would sell his old rook's nest and betake me home to England as a dutiful nephew, why, then my lady Princess should have her maid of honor back again, and see if she would find it so easy to settle her in life once more! What pity should I have upon her who had no pity for me, who had sold her maiden pride in such a sordid barter for a husband? This was no mere tool of a woman's scorn. No! Contemned by her I had wooed, played with, no doubt I had been; but I had seen enough of the relations of the two girls not to know well who was the moving spirit in all their actions. This lady had had an eye to her own interests while lending herself to my humiliation. Thinking upon it now with as cool a brain as I might, — and once I had settled upon my resolve, the first frenzy of my rage died away,— I told myself that the new Madame Jennico lied when she said it was altogether the Princess's plan; and indeed I afterwards heard from her own lips that in this I had guesed but a third of the actual truth.

And now, as we were drawing close to the first post where my over-docile and zealous retainers were already raising a fearful clamor, and I must perforce assume some attitude to face the people, I turned to my strange bride and said to her:

"Do you think then, it is the right of a husband to strike or slay his wife? If so, I marvel that you should have been so eager to enter upon the wedded state.

She put out her hand to me, and for the first time her composure wavered. The tears welled into her eyes and her lip quivered.

"No," she said; "and therefore I chose you, Monsieur de Jennico, not for your fine riches, not for your pedigree," — and here, the little demon! it seemed she could not refrain from a malicious smile under the very mist of her tears, —"but because you are an Englishman, and incapable of harshness to a woman."

"And so," said I, not believeing in her disinterested asservation a whit, but with a queer feeling at my heart at once bitterly angry at each word that betrayed the determination of her deceit and her most unwomanly machinations, and yet, and yet strangely melted to her, "it is reckoning on my weak good-nature that you have played me this trick?"

"No, sir," she said, flushing. "I reckoned on your manliness." And then she added, with the most singular simplicity: "I liked you, besides, too well to see you unhappily married, and the other Ottilie would have made you a wretched wife."

I burst out laughing, for, by the manes of my great-uncle, the explanation was comic! And she fell to laughing too—my servants must have thought we were a merry couple! And as she laughed and I looked at her, knowing her now my own, and looking at her therefore with other eyes, I deemed I had never seen a woman laugh to such bewitching purpose! And though I was full of my cruel intent, and though I dubbed her false and shameless and as deceitful a little cat as ever a man could meet, yet the dimple drew me, and I put my arms around her and kissed it. As my lips touched hers I knew I was a lost man!

The next moment we were surrounded with a tribe of leaping peasants, the horses were plunging, torches were waving and casting shadows upon the savage, laughing faces. If I had cursed myself for my happy thought before, I cursed myself still more now; but the situation had to be accepted. And the way in which my bride, blushing crimson from my kiss—she who had no blush to spare for herself before this night, adapted herself to it was a marvel to me, as indeed all that I was to see or learn of her during our brief moon of wedded life was likewise to prove.

I am bound to say that the Princess herself could not have behaved with a better grace than this burgher daughter amid the wild peasants and their almost Eastern fashion of receiving their liege lady.

Within a little distance of the house it became impossible to advance with the carriage, and we were fain to order a halt and alight all in the stormy wind, and proceed on foot through the throng which had gathered thick and close about the gates, and which even Schultz's stout cane failed to disperse. My wife—I did not call her so then in my mind, but now I can call her by no other name—my wife passed through them as if she had done nothing all her life but receive the homage of the people. She gave her hand to be kissed to half a hundred fierce lips; she smiled at the poor women who clutched the hem of her gown and knelt before her. The flush my kiss had called into being had not yet faded from her cheek; there was a light in her eye, a smile upon her lip. As I looked at her and watched I could not but admit that there was no need for me to feel ashamed of her, that night.

I had sworn to give my bride a royal reception, and a royal reception she received.

Schultz had generously carried out his instructions. We sat down to a sumptuous meal which would not have misbefited the Emperor himself. I could not eat. The acclamations and the rejoicings struck cold upon my ear. But the bride—enigma to me then as now—sat erect in her great chair at the other end of the great table, and smiled and drank and feasted daintily, and met my eye now and again with as pretty and as blushing a look as if I had chosen her among a thousand. The gypsies played their maddening music—the music of my dream—and the cries in the courtyard rose now and then to a very clamour of enthusiasm. Schultz, with a truly German sentimentality, had presented his new mistress with a large bouquet of white flowers. The smell of them turned me faint. I knew that in the great room beyond, all illuminated by a hundred wax candles, was the portrait of my uncle, stern and solitary. I would not have dared to go into that room that night to have met the look of his single watchful eye.

And yet, O God! how are we made end of what strange clay! What would I not give now to be back at that hour! What would I not give to see her there at the head of my board once more! What is all the world to me—what all the traditions of my family—what even the knowledge of her deceit and my humiliation, compared with the waste and desolation of my life without her!

(To be Continued.)

ITALIANS RIOT AT KINGSTON.

Policemen Were Attacked With Knives and Pistols.

A Kingston despatch says: Twenty Italians are in police quarters, and Vinceno Delaila, the ring-leader, is in a separate cell with a deep cut over the left eye as the result of a riot which broke out at the Grand Trunk station on Thursday afternoon, in which knives and pistols were used and a police sergeant and detective badly handled.

The trouble began this morning, when the Italians repairing the G. T. R. tracks refused to go to work near Collins Bay, demanding higher wages. They grew demonstrative, and the city police were called, but by the time they reached the depot quietness reigned. Again in the afternoon rioting was resumed, and the men, who were in a very rebellious mood, were ordered away from the station. They refused, and the police attempted to enforce obedience.

In the meleee which followed Sergt. Robt. Nesbitt, of the Kingston police force, and Detective McRae were badly stabbed. Nesbitt was slashed down the arm, and deeply cut on the breast and on the leg. The doctors fear his lung is punctured. McRae is in the General Hospital with a bad wound in the groin, with possible injury to the bowels.

Mayor Mowat was at once notified, and a hurry call was sent to the artillery barracks. In a short time 50 mounted and armed regulars arrived at the station, but by this time peace had been restored and the Italians had dispersed to their quarters. Ten arrests were quickly made, and a dozen of the rioters who fled were pursued by a detachment on a handcar. Nine were arrested at Cataraqui.

Shortly before 8 o'clock Dr. Evans brought in another Italian he had captured on the Perth road. He is alleged to be the man who did the stabbing. Constables Naylon and Driscoll being positive in their identification.

SPEEDING TO BE STOPPED.

Special Constables Appointed to Enforce Automobile Law.

A despatch from Toronto says: Five constables have been appointed by the Provincial Government for the special purpose of enforcing the provisions of the Act to regulate the speed and operation of motor vehicles on the public highways. They will be engaged in this work during the three months beginning July 1. The names of the new officers are John Stanley, Toronto; Edward T. Van Hierope, Ottawa; Robert Mackay, Fallowfield; William Kavanagh, Queensville, and Eleazer Frisby, Aurora.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 3.—Flour—Exporters are bidding $3.15 to $3.20 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, for export; millers ask $3.25 to $3.30. Manitoba—First patents, $4.40 to $4.60; seconds, $4 to $4.10; bakers, $3 to $4.

Bran—About steady at $16 outside.

Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 red and white

Wheat — Manitoba easier. No 1 Northern, 87c, track, lake ports. No. 2 is quoted at 85c and No. 3 nominal at 81½c.

Oats—Easier tone, No. 2 white, 40c, outside.

Peas—Nominal at, No. 2, 82c.

Corn—No. 2 yellow, 59½c, Toronto.

Rye—Nominal at 60c.

Barley—Nominal at 52c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The market continues easy in tone, with receipts heavy.

Creamery prints	20c to 21c
do, solids	19c to 20c
Dairy, prints	16c to 17c
Rolls	15c to 16c
Tubs	14c to 16c

Cheese—11¾c to 12c per lb for new.

Eggs—Unchanged at 17½ to 18c.

Potatoes—Ontario, $1.25 to $1.30; Quebec, $1.10 to $1.15.

Baled Hay—Prices are quoted unchanged at 9.50 to $10 per ton for No. 1 timothy and $7.50 for mixed or clover.

Baled Straw—Car lots on track here are quoted unchanged at $5.50 to $6 per ton.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 3.—Grain—No improvement in the demand for Manitoba wheat from over the cable.

Oats—No. 2, 43¼ to 43½c; No. 3, 42½ to 42¾c; No. 4, 41½ to 41¾c.

Corn—No. 3 mixed, 56½c; No. 3 yellow, 57½c, ex-track.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, $4.60 to $4.70; strong bakers', $4.10 to $4.20 winter wheat patents, $4.10 to $4.30; straight rollers, $3.90 to $4.20; do, in bags, $1.85 to $2; extras, $1.50 to $1.70.

Millfeed—Manitoba bran, in bags, $16.50 to $17; shorts, $20 to $21 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, $17; shorts, $20 to $20.50; milled mourne, $21 to $25; straight grain mouille, $25 to $27 per ton.

Rolled Oats—Per bag, $2.10 to $2.20, in car lots; cornmeal, $1.30 to $1.40 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, $9.50 to $10; No. 2, $8.50 to $9; clover, mixed, $7.50 to $7, and pure clover, $7 to $8.

Eggs—Steady, with a rather firm undertone. Prices 19 to 20c for selected stock, 16½ to 17c for No. 1 candled, 14 to 14½c for No. 2.

Provisions—Barrels of heavy Canadian short cut pork, $23; light short cut, $21.50 per barrel; clear fat backs, $22.50; compound lard, 7½ to 8c; Canadian pure lard, 11½ to 12c; kettle rendered, 12½ to 13c; hams, 13½ to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17 to 19c; Windsor bacon, 16 to 16½c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $10.50 to $10.75; alive, $7.75 to $8 per 100 lbs.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, July 3. — Flour — Quiet. Wheat—Spring dull and easier; No. 1 Northern, 87⅝c; Winter, dull; No. 2 hard Winter, c.i.f shipment, 84¾c. Corn—Stronger; No. 2 yellow, 58c; No. 2 corn, 56½ to 57¼c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 44c; No. 2 mixed, 42½c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 offered at 66c. Canal freights steady.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, July 3.—Spot, steady; No. 2 red, 93⅞c elevator; No. 2 red, 94¾c f.o.b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 93⅜c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Manitoba, 91c f.o.b afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 3.—Trade was good at the City Cattle Market this morning, with prices firm all around.

Export Cattle. — Choice cattle were eagerly taken up at $5 to $5.20, a few lots bringing $5.25. Choice are quoted at from $5 to $5.25; medium to good, $4.85 to $5; bulls, $4 to $4.25; bulls, light, $3.50 to $4; cows, $3.75 to $4.25.

Butchers' Cattle—$4.65 to $5 medium to good, $4.40 to $4.50; bulls, $3.25 to $3.50; cows, $3.25 to $3.75; canners, $1.75 to $2.

Stockers and Feeders — Choice demanded $3.50 to $3.85; common, $2.75 to $3.25; short-keep feeders, $4.75 to $4.90; heavy feeders, $4.60 to $4.70; stock bulls, $2 to $2.25.

Milch Cows—$25 to $50 each. Choice sold at $40 to $50; common, $25 to $35; springers, $25 to $40.

Calves—Prices ruled steady at from 3½ to 6c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Export ewes are quoted at $4.25 to $4.40, with prospects for even lower figures; bucks at $3.50 to $4, while spring lambs were from $3.25 to $6.

Hogs—They are quoted at $7.50 for selects and $7.25 for lights and fats, fed and watered.

HIDING IN A VAT.

Much-Wanted Anarchist Captured in Spanish Province.

A despatch from Madrid says: An Anarchist, who is believed to be Parros Avino, wanted in connection with the attempt to kill King Alfonso and President Loubet in Paris, was arrested on Wednseday at Ubeda, Province of Jaen. He was hiding in a vat in the garden of a well known Carlist. The man has been going about disguised as a pilgrim, selling images of saints.

BRANTFORD MAN KILLED.

John Wonch Struck by a Train at Harrisburg.

A Brantford despatch says: John Wonch of Brantford, aged 62, was struck by a Grand Trunk train at Harrisburg on Wednesday night, thrown over the embankment and killed. He was walking along the tracks and did not hear the whistle, which was sounded as a warning to him.

LONDON WORSE THAN CHICAGO

The Slaughtering Plants are in a Bad Condition.

A despatch from London says: Jacob Meyers, editor of the Butchers' Advocate, of New York, after a fortnight's investigation here, declares that the majority of English slaughtering plants are in a worse condition than those in New York and Chicago.

"In the United States," he said on Wednesday, "the assembling of cattle, hogs and sheep and their conversion into beef, pork and mutton take place in broad daylight, and anybody may see the whole show. In England the private slaughter-house and petty packing places are hidden away in remote streets and lanes, where the inspectors seldom or never go. The cheapest meats, coming from nobody knows where, are bought in the open market to be ground up and preserved in tin, earthenware and glass, and then sent by the tens of thousands of packages to the small shops throughout the country.

"This part of the industry is of an utterly wildcat character, with no supervision, no real knowledge of the science of meat preservation, and no sanitation except such as individuals may chance to think worth while.

"I am compelled to believe that most of the outcry in England is made with tainted commercial motives. If so, the instigators are incredibly foolish, for the meat-packing business, irrespective of nationality, will be involved in common disaster.

"We feel that no impartial man, accustomed to weighing matters carefully, could confirm the sweeping denunciations which have caused so much mischief. The English trade will get the full force of the boomerang before long, and then the people on this side will have some conception of this loss and suffering needlessly caused America."

GUARDS DEFIANT.

Favored Regiment of the Czar in Disgrace—Commander Censured.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: The comander of the ultra-loyal Preobajensky Regiment, Gen. Alasnite, to which belong the men who recently held a meeting in the guard camp at Krasnoye-Selo and drew up resolutions, addressed to their commander, upholding all the actions of Parliament and declaring that they want no more police duty entailing the slaying of brother or father, has been severely reprimanded by the Emperor.

This is the most honored regiment in the Russian service and the reprimand is the clearest comment possible on the serious spread of the revolutionary propaganda in the army.

The Preobajensky is the oldest regiment of the Guards and has first choice each year in the selection of recruits throughout the whole Empire. The Emperor is titular Colonel of the regiment and almost invariably wears its uniform on State occasions. The demands of the men, which were published in full to-day, show clearly by their adoption of the motto, "One for All, All for One," that the movement was engineered by revolutionists. The demands of the first battalion were adopted at a meeting held in the barracks yard in open defiance of their officers. Instead of this entailing punishment, their demands received the respectful consideration of the commander of the division, Gen. Ozeroff, who, arriving the next day, promised to satisfy some of them and refer the others to his superiors.

FOR PURE FOOD.

Bill Is Agreed on by Senate and House of Representatives.

A Washington despatch says: The Pure Food Bill was agreed upon by the conferees for the Senate and House on Wednesday, and was reported to the Senate just before adjournment.

The bill, as agreed upon, makes it a misdemeanor to manufacture, sell, or offer for sale any article of food, drugs, medicines, or liquors which is adulterated or misbranded or which contains any poisonous or deleterious substance. It prescribes for each offence a fine not to exceed $500, one year's imprisonment, or both, and for each subsequent offence a fine of not less than $1,000 or one year's imprisonment.

Section two prohibits the introduction into any State or any foreign country or the shipment to any foreign country of any article adulterated or misbranded, under penally not exceeding a fine of $200 for the first offence and $300 or one year's imprisonment, or both, for each subsequent offence.

Concerning shipments to a foreign country it is provided that no article shall be deemed misbranded or adulterated when no substance is used in conflict of the laws of the foreign country for which it is intended.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERT.

Representative of German Government Touring Canada.

A Toronto despatch says: Dr. Hucho, representative of the Department of Agriculture of the German Government, was at the Parliament Buildings on Wednesday obtaining general information and statistics from the Department of Agriculture on the farming industry of Ontario. He has travelled throughout the western part of the province, and intends spending a year travelling over the best agricultural territory of Canada. "So far," Dr. Hucho says, "Canada is the best agricultural country I have yet seen, and I have travelled over a considerable portion of the globe." After touring Canada Dr. Hucho will go to the United States. Indirectly he said his reports of Canada to the German Government would affect immigration to this country, in inducing more Germans to settle here. "Fifty years ago it was the United States that attracted Europeans," said the doctor, "but now it is Canada."

Clement Wilkinson, the Hamilton tailor who ran into the street firing a revolver and wounding pedestrians, has been pronounced insane.

KING'S BIRTHDAY HONORS.

Æmilius Irving, K. C., of Toronto, Receives a Title.

A London despatch says: Among the long list of King's birthday honors are Hon. Mr. Turgeon of Quebec and William Lyon Mackenzie King of Ottawa, to be commanders of St. Michael and St. George; Hon. R. L. Weatherbe, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and Æmilius Irving, K.C., Toronto, to be Knights; Sir Charles Parsons, on the commanding staff of the regular forces of Canada, to be an ordinary member of the military division of the third-class of the Companions of the Order of the Bath; George L. B. F. Fraser (Chief Clerk of the Department of Justice), L. K. Jones (Secretary of the Department of Railways), Juchereau de Saint Denis Lemoine (Sergeant-at-Arms in the Senate), Joseph Pope (Under Secretary of State), and E. Sutherland (Assistant Auditor-General), are all appointed to the Imperial Service Order.

Sir Robert Linton Weatherbe, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia since 1905, was born at Bedegue, Prince Edward Island, April 7, 1836. He was educated at Prince of Wales College and Acadia College, Wolfville. He edited The Acadian Recorder, and was admitted to the Bar in 1863. He became Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in 1878.

SIR JAMES HECTOR'S MONUMENT.

Memorial of the Discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass.

A despatch from Vancouver says: High up in the Rocky Mountains there has just been erected by scientists and railway men of Canada and the United States monuments to the memory of Sir James Hector and his son of New Zealand. The former is a memento of the great services rendered by Sir James Hector as scientist of the Palliser expedition, which discovered the Kicking Horse Pass, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway runs. The Kicking Horse River was named after an incident of this expedition, when Sir James Hector was laid low by a kick from a horse. So badly injured was he that his Indians thought he was dead, and were preparing his grave, when he came round just in time to avert being buried alive. Mount Hector, one of the highest peaks of the Rockies, is named after the veteran explorer. The monument to his achievements is under the shadow of that towering hill.

RECEIVED 2,600 VOLTS.

Engineer in Supreme Court Building Had a Narrow Escape.

A despatch from Ottawa says: William Hill, engineer of the Supreme Court Building, Bank Street, had a remarkably narrow escape from death by electrocution on Wednesday. He received a shock of over 2,000 volts. Lightning struck one of the transformers in the Supreme Court engineering room. A fire resulted and the engineering staff had a busy few minutes in putting out the flames. On the fire being subdued, Mr. Hill went over to the switchboard to cut off the electric current and received the shock. He fell unconscious, but recovered in a short time. The arm was badly burned.

MAY BE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

Essex Farmer Committed for Brutal Assault on Wife.

A despatch from Windsor, Ont., says: Magistrate Bartlet on Thursday committed Zepher Baillergeau, a farmer living at Puce, near this city, for trial for a brutal assault committed upon his wife several days ago, and from the effects of which she may be crippled for life. She is still confined to bed, and Crown Attorney Rodd found it necessary to go to her bedside to secure the evidence against Baillargeau.

THREW STONE AT TRAIN.

Hit Passenger and Gets Three and Half Years in Kingston.

A despatch from Port Arthur, Ont., says: Louis C. Rioux, arrested for throwing a stone at a Canadian Pacific train near White River a few days ago, was on Thursday morning sentenced to three and a half years' imprisonment in Kingston Penitentiary. The stone which Rioux threw struck a passenger on the head, necessitating his removal to Port Arthur Hospital.

FIND NEAR WENDIGO LAKE.

The Surface Ores Assays Twenty-three Per Cent.

A despatch from Cobalt says: Another splendid find comes to light from the Wendigo Lake district. The find was made by three young men a few days ago. The assay shows 23 per cent. silver, and this is considered an excellent showing for a surface assay. The district promises good returns.

WINNIPEG BY-LAWS.

Sunday Cars and a Civic Electric Power Plant.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: All four by-laws voted upon on Thursday passed with good majorities. This insures a Sunday car service and the establishment of a civic electrical power plant at a cost of $3,500,000 and the inauguration of a Board of Control. The expenditure of $200,000 for school extension also received very hearty endorsation.

ONE DEAD FROM SHOCK.

Result of Explosion Near Amherstburg—Caused by a Bullet.

A Windsor, Ont., despatch says: As a result of the explosion of dynamite and nitro-glycerine at Fox Island, near Amherstburg, on Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Mary Moore is dead, while a number of other persons are suffering from the shock of the explosion, which was felt for a distance of nine miles or more.

The cause of the explosion is believed to have been due to a bullet fired by someone in a small boat on the river striking the magazine on the island.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

Winnipeg assessors place the population of the city at 101,057.

Mayor Dayville of Aurora has been appointed Sheriff of York county.

Deaths in the Province for May are reported to the Provincial Board of Health at 2,181.

Dr. Sheard reports that the abattoirs of Toronto are generally in a first-class condition.

Over twelve thousand people will be placed by the Salvation Army in Canada this year, most of them in Ontario.

The Hudson's Bay Co. has given a bonus of ten per cent. of salary to every employee who has been in the service for a year.

Crop reports from the west continue favorable. All the C.P.R. agents agree that everything points to a splendid wheat harvest.

Creditors of the Atlas Loan will receive a little over forty cents on the dollar. There will be absolutely nothing for the shareholders.

A letter to Premier Whitney from Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to the effect that the Dominion Government has no intention of selling the military training grounds at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Thomas Lee Sing, a Hamilton Chinaman, who prosecuted Chang Sing a few days ago, has asked for police protection. He claims that the Highbinders' Society has put a price of $400 on his head.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Hamar Greenwood, M.P. for York, has been called to the Bar.

The King and a vast audience attended on Wednesday, the British-Canadian Concert at London, organized by Mr. Charles Harriss of Ottawa.

UNITED STATES.

Three small children of Charles Wuesthorn, of Harrison, Onio, were burned to death by the explosion of a gasoline stove at their home. Their mother was painfully burned in trying to rescue them.

Reports from all sections of Southern Texas are that as the result of the drought the corn crop is an utter failure. Cattle are beginning to die for the lack of water in the coast districts, where it has not rained since the middle of February.

The discovery of two tin boxes containing 200 dynamite blasting caps, in flint sand, shipped to the Federal Match Company's plant at Garfield, N. J., leads the authorities to believe that an attempt was made to blow up that plant and kill several workmen.

GENERAL.

The revolutionary spirit is spreading in the Russian army.

The Ministry at St. Petersburg are taking vigorous measures to protect the Jews.

The Douma will be asked to authorize a foreign loan of £7,500,000 for famine-stricken provinces of Russia.

A MURDERER'S RELICS.

Brisk Bidding for Diamond Rings and Other Effects.

A San Francisco despatch says: The diamond rings and other personal effects of Milton Andrews, slayer of Bessie Boulton, at Mount Cutler, in Colorado, and who, with Nulda Olivia, lured Wm. Ellis from Australia to Berkeley, where they attempted to take his life, were sold in Oakland on Tuesday at public auction by the public administrator. The valuables were those left by Andrews and the Olivia woman last winter when he killed his companion and himself to escape the clutches of the police. The bidding for the gems was brisk, and from these relics of a life of crime the estate of the noted criminal has reaped upwards of $1,000. The money belonging to the estate is to go to the widow of Andrews, who lives in the East.

WIFE REFUSED HIM MONEY.

Double Tragedy Followed at Buffalo Last Night.

A despatch from Buffalo says: Fred Haas, of Cleveland, on Wednesday night shot and instantly killed his wife, Maud Haas, probably fatally wounded Mrs. Ida McElroy, of 139 Oak Street, and then shot himself through the head, dying a few minutes later. Mrs. Haas' refusal to supply her husband with money was the cause of the murder.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Attempt to Set Fire to St. Thomas Hotel Stables.

A despatch from St. Thomas says: Peter Vincent, a former Pere Marquette machinist, was arrested on Wednesday night for setting fire to the Dake House stables. He was seen lighting matches and firing hay in a stall. Revenge because of being put out of the hotel, where he registered with a woman not his wife, was the cause of the act. The fire was extinguished without much damage.

CUTTING SMALL TREES.

Serious Charge Against a Lumber Firm in Quebec.

A Montreal despatch says: For some time reports have been reaching the Provincial Government that cutting of immature trees was being practised by at least one large lumber company, and as a result A. Morency, the expert Provincial culler of Sherbrooke, has been commissioned to make an inspection and report thereon. It is said that as many as 80,000 trees have been cut by one firm. Should this be true and the charge proved, the company would be liable to a fine of $240,000, at the rate of $3 a tree.