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MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

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FOILED IN THE ATTEMPT

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS

CHAPTER XV.

Reaching the wharf at Mackinac, Ollin Bain made fast to it and went ashore, leaving Captain Tripp in charge of their craft, and proceeded to search the town in quest of Tillie, but failed to get the least trace of her.

He was not at all discouraged by this result, however.

"What would she have naturally done?" he asked himself, as he at last began retracing his steps to the wharf. "If she landed soon after sunset from an Indian canoe, where would she have gone? Not to any hotel, lest the captain of the transport should look for her. She would have been as secret and silent as possible. She was not to end her journey here—by no means. She believed her father had killed me, and her idea was that he would be arrested for murder and that her testimony might hang him. What she wanted to do was to hide herself where no one could find her. I have heard her speak of some of the islands of Lake Huron as the loneliest spots in all this northern wilderness, and she had some acquaintance with them, as the result of a trip she took in this region a year ago!"

He quickened his steps. It seemed to him that he was nearing a clew.

"Her first act," he mused, "must have been to procure a sail-boat or canoe. She would then have laid in provisions and—— I have it! No one has inquired for her at the stores. I must do so!"

He turned and walked swiftly back to the business part of the town.

At the first store he visited his inquiries were fruitless, but the second he entered was that in which Tillie had made her purchases, as related.

Now, as then, the proprietor was behind his counter. He was alone, and sitting upon a stool. He sprang up briskly and came forward, all urbanity, to greet and wait upon a supposed customer.

"I wish to make a few inquiries, sir," said Ollin respectfully, speaking with an eagerness that impressed the storekeeper. "I am looking for a young lady who arrived in Mackinac last evening in the transport Snowbird. I have reason to think that she left the island soon after sunset in a small boat, and that she laid in a supply of stores before starting. Have you seen any such girl?"

The storekeeper looked thoughtful, and then shook his head slowly.

"Yet, stay!" he said, with a sudden start. "How did she look?"

"She was slender, with a childlike face," replied Ollin, "and would have struck you as being very pretty and very sad. She was attired in deep mourning, and may have looked a little wild and troubled."

The storekeeper seemed startled.

"There has been such a girl here—just about the time you mention, now that I think of it," he said. "I remember noticing that she had drawn a shawl rather closely around her head and face, as if shrinking from observation!"

Ollin caught his breath sharply, appearing so interested that the storekeeper hastened to tell all he knew.

"She had on a black dress," he resumed. "And her face was the color of that there bleached shirting! She bought quite a bill—coffee, tea, sugar, rice, flour, and such—and she bought a willer wagon to draw 'em in. She paid for them all, reg'lar, and counted her change sensible. There wasn't nothing wrong about her, Colonel! She wasn't crazy?"

"No, she was perfectly sane. Do you know where she went after she left here?"

"I don't. She had two red Injun blankets with her, which she put into the wagon. She went out, drawing the wagon, and that's the last I saw of her."

"You haven't heard of any one's selling a canoe lately?"

The storekeeper answered in the negative.

"Let me see! The wind was westerly last night?" said Ollin musingly.

The storekeeper reflected.

"You are right," he said.

There was nothing more to learn here, and Ollin turned away.

"Now to find where she got her boat," he said to himself, stepping off briskly.

He had not taken twenty steps, when a slight incident brought him to a halt. An Indian wrapped in a scarlet blanket, was in the act of entering a saloon, and a squaw, also in a scarlet blanket, was endeavoring to restrain him.

"Don't go! Leni, don't go!" she was pleading. "Too much fire-water! Leni have big drunk since last night. Leni stay!"

The Indian waved his hand at his spouse with a sort of drunken dignity.

"Squaw go home," he muttered. "What squaw know about drunk? Go 'way!"

He tore his blanket loose from her grasp, and disappeared into the saloon.

The squaw crouched upon the ground, heaving a sigh. She was loaded with baskets and moccasins and many other wares of her own making, and Ollin began to examine them.

"How much for these?" he asked, indicating a couple of baskets.

The squaw named her price, which the buyer counted out to her.

"You have a big load," he said. "Has the squaw no husband?"

The woman pointed into the saloon.

"Leni is there," she said. "He does not do squaw's work."

"Then he must have money," said Ollin. "It takes money to buy drink."

The squaw nodded gravely.

"Takes much money," she affirmed. "Leni has much money—Leni sold canoe. Thirty dollars. Leni rich. Leni much drunk."

Ollin's heart gave a bound.

"Leni has sold his canoe, then?" he exclaimed. "And the pale-faced girl paid him thirty dollars?"

The squaw assented, looking surprised.

"Leni sold canoe last night?" pursued Ollin. "Let the squaw tell the truth and she shall have this silver dollar."

He held up the coin to view, and the squaw's eyes glittered greedily.

"Give me dollar," she said, holding out her dusky hand. "Pale-faced girl on ship. Called Leni with hand—so! Leni went close to ship. Girl dropped into canoe, and Leni paddled ashore. Girl paid canoe thirty dollars."

"Where is the pale-faced girl now?"

"Don't know."

Ollin gave her the dollar, and hurried back to the store, where he purchased a considerable supply of provisions, ordering them to be sent aboard immediately.

His next movement was to stand at the merchant's desk and write a letter to Governor Ward, detailing his discoveries, and declaring that Tillie was alive, and that he was continuing the search for her.

Dropping this letter into the post-office he hurried down to the wharf, where he communicated his discoveries to Captain Tripp with much exultation and excitement.

"We must be off at once," he concluded. "Here come our supplies."

The provisions were taken aboard, the sloop pushed off, and the flapping sail raised to the breeze.

"Run alongside the transport, Captain," requested Ollin.

Tripp did so, and Captain Synder came to the side of the schooner to see what was wanted.

"She was not drowned, Captain," Ollin reported, with radiant face and shining eyes. "An Indian canoe took her ashore. I am on her track. Captain Snyder, and, please God, I shall find her!"

"Not drowned?" returned the captain. "Some one has fooled you!"

Ollin shook his handsome head.

"No," he replied. "She is somewhere in the great Huron wilderness of islands and waters, and I shall certainly find her."

The little sloop sailed on, and in a few minutes more was leaving the Bay of Mackinac behind it.

CHAPTER XVI.

The joy and hope expressed on Ollin's face, as he started in quest of Tillie, require no description. New life had come to him with the certainty that she was not far ahead of him.

"The field afore us is a wide one, Commodore," remarked Captain Tripp gloomily. "There's the Michigan shore, and the Straits, and Canady, and the islands, and the Injun reservations, and goodness knows what all!"

"It does seem a wide field, Captain," returned Ollin cheerfully, "but we can soon narrow it down some. I consider the Straits and the Michigan shore out of the question. The wind has been westerly, you know, and a delicate young girl would not have rowed long against it. Besides, she had been in this region before, and knew that vessels keep away to the westward, and that to go in that direction would be to encounter them."

"Pretty well reasoned! But there's a big choice left."

"She must have gone to the north and east," pursued Ollin, "so as to avail herself of the breeze, and at the same time keep near the land, with a view to seeking safety upon it in the case of storms or other danger."

This reasoning, partly incorrect, satisfied both men, and they headed their craft in the direction they supposed Tillie to have taken.

"We must stop at every shore and island," added Ollin, consulting his charts, "and must tie up at night, lest we miss her."

In accordance with this idea, they anchored at nightfall in the bay of a little island just off the shore of the peninsula, and spent the evening in making inquiries in the vicinity, but of course without hearing anything of the fair fugitive.

After a good night's sleep, they sailed at daybreak, continuing their route to the eastward, and in the course of the forenoon arrived at Drummond Island, on which was a trading-post and a British garrison.

"We shall not find Miss Ward here, Captain," said Ollin, as he steered the sloop into the little bay. "The island is too well occupied to suit her purpose. But we may come across some one who has seen her. Yonder are several small fishing-boats and some Indian canoes. We will question their owners."

He proceeded to do so, but his inquiries were fruitless.

Steering out of the bay, the couple resumed their course to the eastward.

"We've seen where Miss Ward isn't," muttered Captain Tripp, "and it only remains to see where she is. When you reflect onto the North Channel and Georgian Bay and the islands into them—over forty thousand in number—you'll realize that we've entered upon a piece of business that'll last us the term of our natural lives. Not that I'm grumbling; it'd ill become a man as is well paid to kick at his vittles; but I'm jest preparing you, Commodore, for the inevitable disappointments which are sure to befall us."

"You mustn't get discouraged, Captain," said Ollin, bringing out of the cabin a supply of food for their frugal dinner. "We shall find some trace of Miss Ward shortly. Some one is sure to have seen her, whether she kept afloat or landed."

Soon after dinner the breeze freshened and the sky darkened, the clouds hiding the sun, and the captain grew more and more anxious during the next hour or two.

"We're booked for a Storm, Commodore," he at length ventured, "and a lively one, too, or I'm no judge."

"I agree with you, Captain," returned Ollin, watching a rolling, tumbling bank of clouds that was forming over the whole western horizon. "Here comes a hint of it."

The arrival of a sharp gust of wind reminded Tripp that it was time to make all snug, and he invited Ollin to the tiller, hastening to stow his jib and take a double reef in his mainsail. Then he resumed his place at the tiller, remarking:

"That's the fust step in the war, and now to make a good fight of it. We're going to have a reg'lar summer screecher."

A few preliminary gusts succeeded, and then, with an indescribable rush and roar, the storm burst upon the sloop in all its fury.

For a few minutes Tripp kept away before it, hardly daring to lift his eyes from the duties devolving upon him, and it was not long before an anxious look crept into his features.

"This is rather more than I 'lotted on," he muttered. "It's too late now to go ashore of our own accords, and in a Christian manner. At this 'ere time the land's our wust enemy. That's Cockburn Island to the left and behind us."

They sped and on before the wind, Gran Manitoulin, with its clothed precipices and heavy pine forests, soon looming up before them.

"That island yonder is Green Island," was the next remark of Tripp. "It's lonely enough for any one to hide on."

Ollin scrutinized it earnestly.

"Perhaps Miss Ward is there," he could not help remarking. "As you say, it looks lonely enough to have tempted her to land upon it."

Tripp do not answer, he having his hands full just then with the management of the sloop. When he looked up again, Green Island was fading out of sight behind them.

"Wind's shifting a little, I think," announced Tripp, after another long struggle with it. "It's getting more to the north'ard."

The storm—the same which Tillie had witnessed from the Beevil cabin—continued to rage with constanly increasing fury, and the Island Princess continued to fly away before like a frightened or maddened creature.

"The Duck Islands are now only a few miles ahead of us," said Ollin, continuing to consult his chart and maintain a sharp lookout around him. "Shall we go to the north or to the south of them?"

"We cannot do either in this gale," replied Tripp, "but must run between them."

They continued to scud before the gale, in an anxious, watchful silence.

"Shall I help you at the tiller?" resumed Ollin, after a long pause.

"No, Admiral. Only keep a lookout ahead. It's sharp work now, and all the more so because our charts don't show all there is afore us."

For a little while both were silent. The Duck Islands were close at hand. They passed to the northward of the Great Duck Island—the island of Mrs. Ward's terrible captivity—steering clear of its rocky northern point, and again they rushed on a long time in silence.

"We're all right now," finally remarked Tripp. "We're between the Great Duck and the Western Duck, and the channel's good."

They swept onward through the channel, the two islands showing but dimly through the water-lade nair.

"By heaven!" suddenly shouted Ollin, peering through the mist and spray before him, "here's an island that isn't put down on the chart!"

"Another!"

"Some nameless Duck! Straight ahead of us and close under our lee! Hard down, Captain! Hard down!"

Tripp hastened to obey, as one startled glance showed him the peril. In fact, he hurled himself upon the tiller so desperately that he split the head of the rudder-post, and went sprawling into the cockpit, grasping the tiller in his hands.

"God help us! it's all up now!" cried Ollin, springing to the side of the prostrate man and helping him up. "Here we go!"

He was right.

A moment the fierce wind raged in the sail with the fury of a wild beast, as the sloop's bowsprit veered into it, and then, with a fiercer roar, it swept away everything before it, hurling the sloop upon her beams end.

The two men had seen in time what was coming, and had both leaped desperately to the windward, securing a firm hold of the bulwarks, to which they clung.

"She'll never come up with all that hamper!" cried Ollin, as he cast a comprehensive glance over the scene. "I must bring an axe from the cabin and cut away the mast."

"Do so, if you can," said Tripp.

The task was one of no little difficulty and peril, but it was at length accomplished, a few strokes upon the mast causing it to snap like a pipe-stem, when it was caught up by the fierce wind and sea, with all its rigging, and driven by the fierce wind and sea, with all its rigging, and driven away to leeward.

A long pause followed, during which it was doubtful whether the sloop would right or turn over. But she at length veered slowly into the gale, her deck regaining its level, but every wave broke ever her.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed Ollin, looking around in dismay. "The gale is driving us directly upon those rocks ahead of us!"

Tripp cast a startled glance in that direction.

"That's so," he retorted. "And that settles our hash for us! We're done for!"

"Done for?" echoed Ollin, pale with desperation. "You don't mean it!"

"But I do, though! In five minutes we shall be dashed upon this island!"

"But can't we——"

"No we can't," interrupted Tripp, with the emphasis of despair. "How can we steer without a rudder? And how can we escape being dashed upon that confounded island towards which we are moving at a two-forty gait?"

As painful as the truth was to Ollin, he was forced to accept it. On and on swept the sloop, advancing nearer and nearer to the nameless, rock-bound shore, which semed alive with the showers of spray breaking upon it. The interval named by Tripp had scarcely expired when the fated craft was hurled into the seething abyss before them, and in another moment was going to pieces.

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

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

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 7.—Ontario white oats were sold to-day at 42c, outside, and other lots are offered at 43c on the same basis.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, red or mixed, 79c.

Manitoba Wheat — Market quotations at Georgian Bay ports, No. 1 northern, $1.07½; No. 2 northern, $1.04½; No. 3 northern, $1.02½.

Corn—No. 3 yellow offered at 78c to 79c, all rail.

Barley—No. 2, 53c to 55c.

Peas—No. 2 quiet, nominally quoted at 92c.

Rye—No. 2, none offering; quotation about 88c.

Buckwheat — No. 2, nominally quoted 65c to 68c.

Bran — Offered at $15 in bulk outside; shorts, $19; quotations for delivery in bags, $2 more.

Flour — Manitoba patents, special brands, $6; seconds, $5.40; strong bakers', $5.30; winter wheat patents, sold at $3.15.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Creamery prints, 22c to 23c; creamery solids, 21c to 22c; dairy prints, choice, 19c to 20c; dairy prints, ordinary, 18c to 19c; dairy tubs, 18c to 19c; inferior, 16c to 17c.

Cheese—12¾c to 12¾c for large, and 13c for twins.

Eggs—Quotations are 17c to 18c per dozen in case lots.

Beans—Primes, $2 to $2.10; hand-picked, $2.10 to $2.15.

Honey—Strained, 11c to 13c per pound; combs, per dozen, $1.50 to $1.75.

Potatoes—Ontarios, 75c to 80c; Delawares, 85c to 95c in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Pork—Short cut, $22 to $22.50 per barrel; mess, $18.50 to $19.

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

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 10½c to 11c, tons and cases hams, medium and light, 13½c to 14c; hams, large, 11½c to 12c; backs, 16c to 16½c; shoulders, 9¾c to 10c; rolls, 10c to 10¼c; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; green meats, out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 7.—Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, $6.10 to $6.20; second patents, $5.50 to $5.70; winter wheat patents, $5 to $5.50; straight rollers, $4.25 to $4.50; in bags, $1.95 to $2.10; extra, $1.50 to $1.70; rolled oats, $2.75 in bags of 90 pounds; oats, No. 2, 49c to 50c; No. 3, 47c to 47½c; No. 4 46c to 46½c; rejected, 45c; Manitoba rejected, 47c to 47½c. Cornmeal, $1.75 to $1.85 per bag; millfeed, Ontario bran in bags, $20.50 to $21.50; shorts, $23 to $24; Manitoba bran, in bags, $22 to $23; shorts, $24 to $25.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, $22.50; half-barrels, $11.50; clear fat backs, $32; dry salted long clear backs, 11c; barrels plate beef, $17.50; half-barrels do., $9; compound lard, 8¾c to 9¼c; pure lard, 12¼c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13c to 13½c; hams, 12¼c to 14c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $9.25; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $9.50; live, $6.75 to $6.85.

Cheese—Easterners are quoted at 12c and westerners 12¼c to 12⅝c, with a few cables from across the water.

Eggs—Selected, 19c to 20c; No. 1, 17½c to 18c; No. 2, 14c per dozen.

Butter—Finest creamery quoted at 23c to 23½c in round lots and 24c to grocers. Receipts for the week amounted to 23,510 packages, compared with 17,979 packages for the corresponding week of last year.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, July 7.—Wheat — July, $1.06; September, 91¼c; No. 1 hard, $1.09¼; No. 1 Northern, $1.07¾; No. 2 Northern nominal; No. 3 Northern, $1.01¼. Flour—First patents, $5.30 to $5.45; second patents, $5.20 to $5.35; first clears, $4.15 to $4.25; second clears, $3.50 to $3.60. Bran—In bulk, $18.

Buffalo, July 7.—Wheat — Spring unsettled; No. 1 Northern carloads, store $1.11½; Winter steady; No. 2 red 93c; No. 2 white, 94c; No. 2 mixed, 93c, all track. Corn—Higher; No. 3 yellow, 76c; No. 4 yellow, 74c; No. 3 corn, 72½ to 73c, all track; No. 3 white, 76½c. Oats—Higher; No. 2 white, 56½c; No. 3 white, 54½c, all track. Barley—Feed to malting, 58 to 63c. Rye—No. 2 on track, 81c. Canal freights, wheat, 5c to New York.

Milwaukee, July 7—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.11 to $1.12; No. 2 Northern, $1.09 to $1.10; September, 87⅞c asked. Rye—No. 1, 71½ to 75c. Barley—No. 2, 66c; sample, 52 to 64c. Corn—No. 3 cash, 70 to 71c; September, 70¾c asked.

New York, July 7.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 96¾c to 97c, elevator; No. 2 red, 96¾c, f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern, Duluth, $1.14¾ f.o.b., afloat; No. 1 hard winter, $1.01⅛ f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, July 7.—The few good exporters were sold at $6 to $6.25 per cwt. Export bulls brought $4.75 to $5.10 per cwt.

For picked butchers' cattle the demand was active at $5.60 to $5.75 per cwt.; good loads were unchanged at $5.25 to $5.45 per cwt. Medium butchers' cattle, $4.25 to $4.75; choice cows, $4.40 to $5; common cows, $2.50 to $3.60; bulls, $3 to $4.25; canners, $1.50 to $2 per cwt.

There was an enquiry for feeders, 800 to 900 pounds, at $3.75 to $4 per cwt. Other grades were quiet.

Calves were weaker, while sheep and lambs were unchanged.

Hogs were firm at $6.40 for selects, fed and watered, and $6.15 per cwt. for lights and fats.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

A tack and nail factory is to be erected at Welland.

London has paid off $60,000 of its bonded indebtedness.

Creosote block pavements will be given a trial in London.

A new shoal has been discovered in the St. Clair River near Sarnia.

Bush fires are doing great damage near Charlton on the T. & N. O.

In London, in June, there were 100 births, 54 marriages, and 50 deaths.

Two White Star steamers will run to Montreal from Liverpool next summer.

A cable across Niagara is suggested to prevent boats from being carried over the falls.

Two young men named Dunn and McDonald ran the Lachine Rapids in an eighteen-foot skiff.

James White of Delaware township may be fatally injured as the result of an auto scaring his horses.

Business in Nova Scotia, according to The Halifax Chronicle's reports, is in an exceedingly prosperous condition.

Two Canadians were fined $15 each by United States officers for fishing in Niagara River without a license.

The Department of Canals announces that it is expected the Cornwall Canal will be reopened for traffic on July 10th.

William Paul will be hanged at Port Arthur on Sept. 18 for the murder of Henry Schilling at Pinewood in 1906.

Chief of Police Randall of Guelph has been condemned to pay six dollars for confiscating some short-weight butter on the market.

The report of the survey of the Ottawa-Georgian Bay ship canal places the cost of the work at ninety-four to a hundred million dollars, not including land damages.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Osler will be a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh University.

The daylight bill, which proposes to encourage the use of daylight in Britain, has been approved by the select committee of the House of Commons.

The new battleship Inflexible, on her trial trip on the Clyde, did better than her sister ship, the Indomitable, making just under 27 knots.

UNITED STATES.

Schoolcraft and some adjacent counties in Michigan fear a grasshopper plague.

The Louisiana Legislature has passed a bill making bomb-throwing a capital offence.

Two hundred persons are homeless and scores destitute as a result of the tornado in Minnesota.

A circus lion escaped at Reading and was captured by a policeman, who clubbed it into a corner.

Five persons were killed in a head-on collision on the Missouri Pacific near Knobnoster, Mo., on Thursday.

Sturgeons weighing from fifty-eight to eighty-five pounds were trapped at the dam in Stevenson, Mich., last week.

At Elkton, Md., a two-year-old boy found a box of strychnine pills, swallowed several, and died in thirty minutes.

The United States Treasury's excess of expenditure over receipts for the fiscal year just ending will approximate $60,000,000.

The Health Department reports that more than 60 per cent. of the children in Chicago public schools are physically defective.

George Mamagona, an Indian boy, has finished five years in the Elk Rapids High School without missing a day or being late.

James Gilman, a rancher, near San Jose, mentally unbalanced for seven years, recovered his sanity after being bitten by a snake.

Joseph Liffio, held by the New York police on a charge of murdering Albert Nowell of Toronto, is said to have admitted assaulting deceased.

GENERAL.

The Shah of Persia has proclaimed a general amnesty.

Cholera is spreading at an alarming rate in the Philippine Islands.

Queen Amelie of Portugal is suffering from a mild attack of diphtheria.

Thousands of persons are homeless and starving as the result of floods in South China.

The Czar has expressed his pleasure at the work of the Duma during the present session.

It is reported from Brazil that hundreds of persons have been killed in street fights in Asuncion.

A storm at Batavia overturned a large number of over-loaded boats, and caused the loss of 600 lives.

Some English insurance firms offer to pay 50 per cent. of claims resulting from the earthquake fire in Kingston, Jamaica.

Two hundred and fourteen bodies have been recovered from the mine at Yusovo, Russia, where the explosion occurred on Thursday.

Two hundred French soldiers were taken suddenly ill in Cochin China, as the result, it is believed, of an attempt at wholesale poisoning.

200 MEN PERISH IN MINE.

Tragedy in Russia Was Caused by Explosion of Gas.

A despatch from Yusovo, European Russia, says: A terrible explosion of gas occurred in the Rokovsky mine on Wednesday evening, in which a large number of miners were at work. One hundred and fifty-seven bodies have been recovered, all of whom are badly burned, but it is believed that the death roll will reach at least 200. Twenty-three of the men were rescued alive on Thursday, but many of them are being taken out of the shaft. There is great excitement here, and troops have been called to prevent disorder.

THE REVENGE OF A FIEND

Joseph Liston Tried to Burn a Store Full of Women.

A despatch from New York says: When Joseph Liston, alias James O'Brien, was sentenced last September to nine months on Blackwell's Island for hurling a stone through the plate glass window of the Berlin department store at Broadway and Willoughby avenue, Williamsburg, he swore he would be revenged.

On Tuesday afternoon Liston walked into the store, his term having expired at noon time. He went to the lace curtain department. He did not look like a man who knew anything about lace curtains. He asked one of the saleswomen to show him some curtains. The saleswoman turned around to take from a shelf a box of curtains when she heard the noise of the striking of a match. It is against the rules of the store to smoke, and thinking the man did not know this the saleswoman whirled around to tell him he must put out his cigar or cigarette. To her horror, she saw the man had thrown a lighted match among a lot of lace curtains on the counter. There was a flicker and the curtains blazed up. Employees, hearing the saleswoman's screams, managed to crush out the blaze, and then they pounced on Liston. There was a desperate fight, but they bore him to the floor.

There were hundreds of shoppers in the store, mostly women, and on hearing the screams they made a dash for the stairs and doors. They were headed off, however, and a panic averted. When some of the women learned that Liston had tried to set fire to the store they tried to reach him, and but for the presence of several policemen he would have been roughly handled.

MAD DOG STARTS SCARE.

Cattle and Swine Have Died of Hydrophobia in Norfolk County.

A despatch from Villa Nova, Ont., says: An epidemic of hydrophobia which is killing off the stock in Norfolk County, is causing consternation amongst the farmers in this district. Many farmers have lost cattle and pigs and the danger is so serious that Dr. Burt, a veterinary surgeon of Simcoe, has telegraphed to Ottawa for the assistance of an expert in fighting the disease. The trouble was started by a dog belonging to Valdo Olmstead, a farmer living a mile east of this village. The dog suddenly went mad, bit three of the cows and started towards Simcoe. Olmstead's cows died, as did three belonging to a neighbor named Greig, and three pigs belonging to Wm. Honey. At Tyrell and farther south towards Simcoe the ravages of the disease are worse; it is feared that other dogs have been infected. So far no one has been able to capture or kill the dog which started the trouble and the community is in a state of terror for fear of the children.

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.

A Special Centenary Issue on Sale This Week.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The special postage stamps to be issued in commemoration of the tercentenary celebration at Quebec are now on sale. The stamps are of most artistic design, and are larger than the ordinary size, to allow of adequate representation of historic scenes, portraits, etc. The description of each denomination is as follows:—Half-cent, grey, picture of the Prince and Princess of Wales; one-cent, green, portraits of Champlain and Cartier; two-cent, red, King Edward and Queen Alexandra; five-cent, blue, representation of L'Habitation de Quebec; seven-cent, yellow, pictures of Montcalm and Wolfe; ten-cent, mauve, picture of Quebec in 1700; fifteen-cent, picture of the Parliament of the west of the old regime; twenty-cent, green, picture of a courier du bois with Indians.

SIX PERISH IN FIRE.

Result of Explosion of Fireworks in Cleveland Store.

A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says: Five girls and a five-year-old boy are dead, while possibly a score of others were more or less seriously injured, as the result of an explosion of fireworks in the S. Kresge five and tencent store on Ontario Street on Friday. A panic among the hundreds of clerks and customers followed the explosion. It was not known until nearly two hours after the fire was out, when the firemen began searching the building, that any lives were lost. The fire was started when one of the clerks was demonstrating one of the pieces of fireworks, a spark from which ignited the others.

FIVE KILLED BY TORNADO.

Forty Injured in Storm Which Swept New Mexican County.

A despatch from Sante Fe., N. M., says: Five persons were killed, 40 injured and many rendered homeless by a tornado on Thursday night at Fort Summerset, Guadeloupe County, New Mexico.

TWO STEEL COMBINES.

They Will Fight for the World's Markets.

A despatch from London says: According to The Iron and Steel Trade Journal the English and Scottish steel manufacturers have decided, after all, not to join the proposed international combine, but to ally themselves with the national amalgamation that is being formed to fight the international trust. This amalgamation, The Journal declares, will soon be established. It will consist of the principal American, German, Russian and French steel companies, and fierce competition, both here and elsewhere, with a slump in prices, may be expected to result from the antagonism of the two combines.

SWALLOWED PIECE OF BONE.

North Bay Man Expires in Hospital at Port Arthur.

A despatch from North Bay, Ont., says: Harry Hell, jr., traveling representative of the Heintzman Piano Co., of Toronto, for territory between Orillia and Fort William, of North Bay, died at Port Arthur hospital Thursday, July 2, from an abscess formed by piece of bone swallowed which perforated intestines. He is survived by a widow and infant child. Interment was made at Port Arthur.

ALLURING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Man Who Offered Situations at Winnipeg Has Disappeared.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Recently a man came here and started to publish advertisements offering alluring situations here. Letters began to flood the mails, and the authorities had their attention attracted to it. The Postal Department at once held up the mail, and at present have six thousand letters from all parts of Canada, the United States and the old country corralled, but the advertiser has disappeared. He will be prosecuted if caught.

A DIVER KILLED.

George E. Pike Attempted to Turn a Double Somersault.

A despatch from St. John, N.B., says: Geo. E. Pike, aged 18, of St. John west, lost his life on Wednesday at the mouth of St. John Harbor. Leaping from the breakwater in an effort to turn a double somersault into the water, he shot fifteen feet through the air and struck flat on his stomach. It was seen from shore that he was hurt, and his brother Harry and another man swam to him and brought him to land. He expired a few minutes later. Internal hemorrhage was the cause.

AUTOS KILLED SIXTY-TWO.

One Year's Deaths on the Roads of Massachusetts.

A despatch from Boston says: Sixty-two persons were killed by automobiles within the State of Massachusetts during the year ending to-day, according to the first annual report issued on Thursday by the Safe Roads Automobile Association, an organization formed in June, 1907, to lessen the dangers attendent on reckless automobiling. Of this number twenty-one were in automobiles and forty-one were not. In addition 640 persons were seriously injured.

LEAPED OFF NIAGARA BRIDGE

Nervy Chippewa Man Accomplishes the Feat in Safety.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says: More than 2,000 people who had gathered at Niagara Falls on Wednesday witnessed a sight never before seen at Niagara. This was the plunge of Robert Leech, of Chippewa, Ont., from the upper steel arch bridge to the surface of the lower river. It was just 1.10 o'clock that Leech sprang out from the railing of the bridge and dropped swiftly towards the current 200 feet below.

As he fell he opened a large parachute, which checked his speed and in less than a half minute he had made the descent and he struck the water with a softness that hardly caused a splash. That he was in no way overcome was evident from the fact that he quickly struck out to swim, and within a few minutes friends in a row boat had picked him up and taken him to the Canadian shore, where he was greeted with cheers.

Leech is 45 years old, and about 10 years ago attempted to win fame here by the rapids trip. He has since been abroad. Those who knew of his rapids performance did not think he would make the flight on Wednesday. It is said he will repeat it, if permitted, on the fourth.

Years ago another party dropped from the same level, assisted by a rubber cable that broke the fall, but no person has ever made the leap unaided and lived.