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The Price of Dishonor ;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd)

Visconti, pacing his palace in a fever of triumph, thought of all that; thought of the d'Estes in Novara, still trusting—thought of Mastino's Veronese, their devotion, their sympathy—thought of Mastino's feelings.

"To-morrow," he said, stopping before de Lana—"to-morrow I shall march from Milan, and I shall lay in ashes every village, every town that has favored Della Scala. I will let loose my soldiers to pay themselves from the wealth of Lombardy, and I will make the Estes take their proud banner down from the walls of Novara, and hoist with their own hands the Viper!"

"Mastino della Scala lies at Brescia," said de Lana. "His army has dwindled almost to a handful of picked Veronese; so a deserter who rode in tells me. He waits there for his wife."

"And I," said Visconti, "have given orders she is to be sent, de Lana. He has kept his word; I will keep mine. He has paid dearly enough—he shall have his wife. And to-morrow I march on Novara."

"I have my orders, my lord."

"I have nothing more to say, de Lana. To-morrow we leave Milan."

The captain was turning in silence, when Visconti spoke again.

"Della Scala is at Brescia, ye say? Then his wife will reach him to-morrow about the time we reach Novara." He paused and looked at de Lana steadily. "I have sent orders for her release and forwarding in all due privacy, but with sufficient state, so that I have sent her back her wedding ring. The Estes—in Novara, de Lana—they are unsuspecting."

"How can they be otherwise, my lord? they are isolated—"

"Waiting for succor from Della Scala doubtless! How many could their numbers be?"

"Some thousand—no more. Della Scala called his Veronese out, my lord."

"'Twill be almost too easy a victory," said Visconti, smiling. "And then, from Piedmont to the Apennines, Italy will be under my rule; and Della Scala—I wonder what will happen to Della Scala, de Lana?"

"There is nothing but death for Della Scala," returned the soldier, standing at the door as if anxious to be gone. "Nothing is left for him but that, my lord."

"Ah—you forget," said Visconti softly. "There is his price—his wife; there is always his wife." And repeating the words, as if to himself, Visconti motioned de Lana away, and entered the inner room. Giannotto was looking out of the window.

"Giannotto," said the Duke, "you will come with me on the march to-morrow—not for love of your company, my friend, but because I do not trust you. Still, I keep you."

"There is now no Lady Valentine to outwit me in your absence with some of her brother's skill, my lord," replied the secretary meekly.

Visconti made no reply, but viewed the secretary sullenly. Grazioso's name was a forbidden one; the splendid dwelling where she had shone so brief a white shut to moulder.

She had been buried quietly, in the same church as her father, at dead of night, with no mourners.

"Had she lived, I would not have done it—on my soul I would not have done it!"

"Done what, my lord?" asked the startled secretary.

"Ah, I forgot," said Visconti. "You do not know."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"No news! So many days, and still no news!"

Ippolito d'Este spoke in an anxious voice, leaning in the wide-cut window of the watch-tower that rose above the gates of Novara.

"I would we had not sent those last men. How many have we, my father?" asked Vincenzo, rising.

"Six hundred trained soldiers," was the brief answer.

"And the townsfolk?"

"The townsfolk," replied d'Este—"and useless."

Novara had been stormed and taken from Visconti some months ago, and the Estes, fixing their headquarters there, had foraged the country round as far as the ramparts of Magenta, a large town held by Visconti's men.

For these last fatal ten days, disaster after disaster had reduced the Modenese soldiers to a mere handful; and when Mastino, sending word he was in desperate straits, had called out all the Veronese that manned the town, they

were left practically defenceless, in the midst of a country where Visconti's arms were everywhere triumphant.

They dared not leave the town; behind its walls was the only chance of safety.

But the Estes' hope was still in Della Scala. Urgent messages were sent to his camp outside Milan, and when neither answer nor messengers returned, the Duke of Modena grew sick at heart indeed.

"If I hear not to-day," said Ippolito, "I shall think that the Count is dead."

"No—no! not one messenger has returned—treachery, or some misfortune to Della Scala!"

"Then are we lost indeed!" cried Vincenzo. "So far from Modena—so near Milan—only, what of the army that is with Della Scala—our army, his and ours?"

"What army we had with us," replied Ippolito, "I sent to Della Scala—he was in sore need. What men we had outside the town have melted away like snow."

Vincenzo began to pace the room impulsively.

"Shall we not make a sortie, my father? Shall we not dash out and fight, seeing for ourselves what has become of Della Scala?"

Ippolito turned and looked at him.

"I am waiting, Vincenzo. I have sent trusty scouts to Brescia. This silence cannot last long now; either Mastino or Visconti march this way—and in either case we shall be ready to receive them, Vincenzo."

The younger d'Este lapsed into silence. Ippolito, too, was quiet, and the pause was broken by an officer entering.

"The Count von Schulemburg," he began.

"Conrad?" cried Vincenzo.

"Has he news?" asked his father.

"I know not, my lord," replied the soldier. "He is riding unattended, and craves a passage through the town."

"He is riding away," said Vincenzo—away from Milan.

"I must see him," said d'Este, "at once."

As the soldier left, Vincenzo looked at his father eagerly.

"What may this mean, that Count Conrad rides away?"

"We lie on the route to the Empire. The German may be riding home from a losing cause."

"I never thought such of Conrad," began Vincenzo, when the door opened and the Count himself stepped into the room.

"Now well met, my good lords," he cried, "and fair fortune smile on you! I would ask the favor of a good horse—I am on my way to Germany."

"You leave the fight?" asked d'Este.

Conrad nodded.

"For better men—I fear, I've tried all I know—no man is asked to break his head against a brick wall for nothing—not while the sun shines, and there is such a place as his own land to see again!"

"You used not to hold such language, Conrad," said Vincenzo.

"I have tried everything," cried Conrad, gently. "I tried to rescue the Lady Valentine. I tried to kill Visconti. I tried to make him kill me—I have failed. My Lady Valentine is married, and is set out for France."

"For France!" interrupted d'Este. "Then must the country indeed be in Visconti's hands if his sister and a wedding train set out for France!—what news, Count? surely there is some news!"

"Not much I care to repeat," replied Conrad. "Only rumors—all the country I rode through, from here to Milan, seem to swarm with Visconti's men—I saw no sign of Della Scala—there were wild tales abroad, and wild sights."

"On my honor, Count, you might have come with better information than this—days—days have been waiting for no sign nor word—"

"From Mastino, would you say?" asked Conrad.

"From Mastino. Have you not heard or seen aught of him?" cried Ippolito.

Conrad looked at d'Este's intent face.

"I cannot say I have," he answered. "But as I tell you, I heard nothing save rumors—"

"And they?"

Conrad fingered his yellow sash uneasily.

"One said Modena had fallen—"

Ippolito gave a sudden cry.

"Modena?"

"Ay," said Conrad. "And Ferrara and Verona—so I heard—"

"Mastino is dead!" cried d'Este.

"I know not," said the Count. "I cannot tell—only this, that Visconti marches on Novara—"

"My father, we are lost indeed!" cried Vincenzo.

"If Mastino be dead—"

"If!" said the elder d'Este,

sternly. "There is no if, Vincenzo."

The boy looked round bewildered, and his eye fell on Conrad, waiting for the door.

"I will give orders for thy horse," he said. "Come with me—" and he led the way from the room. Conrad paused in the door, but Ippolito waved him aside sternly.

"Fare you well, Count. Vincenzo will see to your needs; meanwhile I have other things to think of—" and he strode past them, swiftly ascending the stairs to the soldiers in the higher chamber of the watch-tower.

Vincenzo, leaning on the stair-rail, with very bright eyes, looked after this father, and then towards Conrad with a sudden wistful smile.

"I almost would I were to be riding gaily across a summer plain, away—this castle has grown gloomy of late—there is horror in the air. Well, be glad thou art on the way, Count Conrad, and in exchange for the horse, take, for my sake, with thee the little page Vittorio. He is very young, and not of Lombardy."

"Gladly will I," replied Conrad, as they descended the narrow stairs. "And always shall I keep him for thy sake."

"Ay, do," said Vincenzo wistfully again, "otherwise thou wouldst forget—of a surety, forget."

"Not I—I shall always remember." Horsemanship was brought to the courtyard, and Vincenzo called his little page and put him on one.

"I tried to make atonement," he murmured.

"My atonement, methinks, is to come," said Vincenzo. "But Mastino will never hear of it—Mastino is dead."

Conrad winced. He knew Mastino was not dead.

"Fare thee well," he said, holding out his hand.

"Fare thee well," said Vincenzo, who took his hand, smiled at him gaily, and re-entered the castle, mounting to the room he had left.

Visconti was on the march. Vincenzo caught his breath sharply and went to the window to see the last of Conrad.

"Farewell!" called back Conrad. "I go to my own land," cried the Count, Vincenzo's lips trembled. "And we stay here in ours," he called back.

Vincenzo was not alone long—Ippolito re-entered with a calm face.

"Count Conrad's news has been confirmed," he said; "a messenger has returned. All the country is in Visconti's hands."

"The saints save us!" cried Vincenzo.

"Ay, the saints, for there is no hope in man!"

"We must get arms—and succor into the city—"

Ippolito looked at him with a proud affection.

"Follow me, Vincenzo."

He opened one of the small doors; it led to a twisting flight of steps, and the two mounted in silence.

At the head of the stairway was a chamber used as an outlook to towers—Milan.

"Gaze yonder," said Ippolito, pointing through the narrow arched window.

Vincenzo obeyed, and looking over the great wide plain, at first saw nothing.

But on the horizon was a silver light, a light that danced and quivered, flecked here and there with red.

"Visconti's army!" said d'Este. "And those fires the forts and villages Della Scala held—held yesterday!"

"Santa Maria save us!" murmured Vincenzo, with a blanched face.

Outside could be heard the steady tramp of the sentries, and the hurry of more soldiers to the walls.

"Do they know?" asked Vincenzo, as they descended.

"The soldiers—yes—they are Modenese. The townsfolk—poor wretches—why tell them?"

They watched the other chamber, and after a silence Vincenzo spoke incrementally.

"Conrad said Modena had fallen?"

"It is true," said his father. "And Ferrara—oh!—my cities!"

Vincenzo gave a little gasp of pain.

"And Verona?"

"That too."

"And Mastino, father?"

Ippolito was silent, a silence worse than speech. Vincenzo was awed.

"So we are abandoned—defenceless, resistance hopeless! Oh, my lord! my father! We cannot fall into Visconti's hands! We—the d'Estes!"

"Hush!" said his father, sternly. "I have been considering all—the Viper shall never fly in triumph from the walls from which a living d'Este is turned. Oh, had I never left Modena! See, Vincenzo—so soon as Visconti is within two miles of the gate—this!" He touched the door beside him, pushing it open, and Vincenzo's startled gaze followed the direction of his hand.

In the dark recess were stone steps leading to the store beneath, the powder, the rude engines of war, and a vast quantity of wood, stored for winter use, and piled high even to the door. Vincenzo felt his heart grow cold; he looked from his father's proud face to what the

steps beyond conveyed, and understood.

He raised his eyes steadily and smiled. He, too, was an Este, and in this moment the proud glory in his birth was plain.

"My son!" cried Ippolito, suddenly, passionately. "My son!"

Ippolito turned to the door.

"I go to give the last orders," he said, and left Vincenzo alone with his approaching fate.

This, then, was the end, the end of it all!

(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 13.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents, \$5.50 to \$5.60 to-day in buyers' sacks outside for export, and \$5.65 to \$5.90 on track, Toronto. Manitoba flour; first patents, \$6.20 to \$6.40 on track, Toronto; second patents, \$5.75 to \$5.90, and strong bakers', \$5.50 to \$5.70, on track, Toronto.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern \$1.36½, Georgian Bay ports, No. 2, \$1.24 and No. 3, at \$1.33.

Ontario wheat—No. 2, \$1.20 to \$1.30 outside.

Barley—Feed barley 60 to 62c outside.

Oats—No. 2 Ontario white, 57 to 57½c on track, Toronto, and 57½ to 54c outside. No. 2 Western Canada oats 56c, and No. 3 55c, Bay ports.

Pas—prices purely nominal.

Rye—No. 2, 74 to 75c outside.

Buckwheat—No. 2, 70c outside.

Corn—No. 2 American yellow, 79½ to 80c on track, Toronto, Canadian yellow 74c, Toronto freights.

Bran—\$20 to \$20.50 for Ontario bran outside in bulk. Manitoba, \$22.50 to \$23 in sacks, Toronto freights; shorts, \$24 to \$24.50, Toronto freights.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound prints, 19 to 20c; tubs and large rolls, 18 to 19c; inferior, 15 to 16c; creamery, 23 to 24c, and separator, 19 to 20c per lb.

Eggs—Case lots, 20 to 21c per dozen.

Cheese—Large cheese, old, 14c per lb, and twins, 14½c. New quoted at 12½c for large, and 12½c for twins.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—\$4 to \$5 for choice qualities, and \$3 to \$3.50 for seconds.

Beans—Prime, \$2.20 to \$2.25, and hand-picked, \$2.40 to \$2.45 per bushel.

Maple syrup—95c to \$1 a gallon.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$11.50 to \$12 a ton on track here, and low grades, \$8 to \$9.

Straw—\$7 to \$7.50 on track.

Potatoes—Small lots of old are jobbing at 75 to 90c, and new are lower at \$3 to \$3.25 per barrel, on track.

Poultry—Chickens, yearlings, dressed, 12 to 13c per lb; fowl, 9 to 10c; turkeys, 16 to 17c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon, long clear, 13½ to 13¾c per lb in case lots; mess pork, \$23 to \$25.50; short cut, \$25 to \$25.50.

Hams—Light to medium, 15½ to 16c; do., heavy, 14 to 14½c; rolls, 12½ to 13c; shoulders, 11½ to 12c; backs, 18 to 18½c; breakfast bacon, 16½ to 17c.

Lard—Tierces, 14½c; tubs, 14½c; pails, 14½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 13.—The market for oats is weaker; No. 2 Canadian Western, 55c; No. 1 extra feed, 57½c; No. 1 feed, 57½c; No. 2 Canadian Western, 57c. Barley—No. 2, 72½ to 74c; Manitoba feed barley, 67½ to 68c. Buckwheat—69½ to 70c. Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$6.30; do., seconds, \$5.80; Winter wheat patents, \$8.75; Manitoba strong bakers', \$8.60; straight rollers, \$8.50 to \$8.60; do. in bags, \$3.15 to \$3.20; extras in bags, \$2.50 to \$2.80. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$22 to \$23; do., shorts, \$24 to \$25; pure grain moullie, \$33 to \$35; mixed moullie, \$28 to \$30. Cheese—Westerns, 11½ to 12c. Butter—finest creamery, 22½c. Eggs—18½ to 19c per dozen.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 13.—Wheat—Spring wheat easier; No. 1 Northern, carloads, \$1.31½. Corn—Steady. Oats—No. 2 white, 55c; No. 3 white, 54c; No. 4 white, 53c. Barley—Feed to malting, 63 to 69c.

Chicago, July 13.—Cash wheat—No. 2 red, old, \$1.40 to \$1.43; No. 3 red, new, \$1.16 to \$1.20; No. 2 hard, old, \$1.22½ to \$1.24; No. 1 Northern, \$1.27½ to \$1.29; No. 2, 68½c; No. 2 white, 71½c; No. 3, 68½c; No. 3 white, 70 to 70½c; No. 3 68½c; No. 3 white, 71 to 71½c; No. 3 yellow, 70c; No. 4, 66½ to 67c. Oats—No. 2, 49c; No. 2 white, 50c; No.

3, 47½c; No. 3 white, 47½ to 49½c; standard, 50c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Montreal, July 13.—There was only one load of really prime beefs on the market and they sold at 6 to 6½c per pound. There were several loads of North-West ranch cattle, which sold at 4½c to a little over 5c per pound; common stock, 2½ to 4c per pound. There was an over supply of milch cows, causing a further decline in prices, which ranged from \$20 to \$50 each. Calves \$2.50 to \$10 each, or 3½ to 6c per pound. Sheep, 3½ to 3¾c per pound; lambs at \$3.50 to \$5.50 each. Hogs, about 8½c per pound.

Toronto, July 13.—Business was quiet, and prices somewhat easier in consequence of the heavy buying earlier in the week, also that very few choice butchers or exporters were on offer. Prime butcher cattle were wanted, but there were very few offering, therefore prices for this class were steady, but all other grades declined and it looks as though the break in prices had started. Sheep and lambs were steady. Hogs weak and unchanged. Calves weak and unchanged.

HURT HIS FEELINGS.

Convict Barrett's Excuse for Killing Deputy Warden Stedman.

A despatch from Edmonton, Alta., says: G. Barrett, the convict who murdered Deputy Warden Stedman recently, and who is now under sentence of death for that crime, to hang on the 14th inst., is writing a long statement giving his excuses for the crime. He will charge the late Warden with ill-treating him, with failure to recognize the Masonic sign, and with sneering at him.

MONTRÉAL GROCER ROBBED.

Two Men Work the Sanitary Inspector Trick on Mr. Collins.

A despatch from Montreal says: Two men successfully worked the fake sanitary inspector trick here on a grocer named Pierre Collins. One called at the store and requested to see the yard and garbage receptacles, saying he was an inspector. The proprietor was alone, and accompanied the visitor to the yard, where some time was spent in examining the conditions. Later in the day Mr. Collins found that \$500 had been taken from the safe during his absence in the yard.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Man Killed at Calgary During a Terrific Storm.

A despatch from Calgary, Alta., says: Just before the beginning of the programme at the Exhibition on Tuesday afternoon a severe storm broke in Calgary. In less than an hour nearly two inches of rain fell. Wm. Mueller, a young man, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The Alberta Normal School was struck, but not badly damaged.

ENDED LIFE WITH POISON.

Brant Woman Took Paris Green at Oakland.

A despatch from Brantford says: A suicide occurred at Oakland Village on Wednesday night, when Mrs. Edward Malcolm, wife of a well-known farmer, having become despondent, took a dose of Paris green. The poison proved fatal.

CATTLE DYING IN HUNDREDS.

Serious Epidemic Causes Great Loss in Louisiana.

A despatch from Lake Charles, Louisiana, says: Advice received here on Wednesday from Cameron Parish indicate that the epidemic of charbon, which has prevailed in that section for several weeks, is spreading widely among cattle and other live stock. Hundreds of range cattle have died of charbon and their carcasses lie unburied in the marshes. It has been proposed to adjourn the present session of court at the parish seat of Cameron in order that every one may take a hand in suppressing the epidemic.

FRENCH AND GERMAN NAVIES.

Have Changed Places as Sea Powers in Ten Years.

A despatch from Paris says: Nothing in the Chamber of Deputies' debate on the Navy Committee's report created a greater impression than the comparison between French and German expenditures, which showed that during the past ten years France spent \$600,000,000 on her navy, and Germany rather less, but in that time the two nations had exactly changed places as sea powers. France dropping from second place to fourth, while Germany advanced from fourth to second place.

SHOT WIFE THEN SUICIDED.

The Terrible Crime of George England of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N.Y., says: George England, a member of a respected family of this city, and a Michigan Central freight conductor, 24 years old, shot and killed his wife, Gertrude, 30 years old, at their home, Niagara Falls, N.Y., some time during Wednesday night. He then turned the weapon, a .32-calibre revolver, upon himself, with fatal results. The crime was not discovered until Thursday morning, when F. M. Campbell, a milk dealer, went to deliver the morning's milk. Campbell found the side door forced from the lock. He surmised there was something amiss, and pushed in the

RICH MINES OF ONTARIO

The Output for the Province in 1908 Was \$26,000,000.

Silver and nickel are Ontario's chief minerals according to the annual report of Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, just issued. The silver output last year was 19,401,021 ounces and was practically all from the Cobalt camp. The nickel production totalled 10,175 tons and chiefly came from the Sudbury district. Despite the low prices last year the silver shipments reached the value of \$9,116,000.

The ores and minerals produced in Ontario last year were valued at \$26,019,373 for the previous year. The production of nickel in 1908 was valued at \$1,071,140. The iron mines of Ontario yielded 216,177 tons of ore last year, worth \$574,829, and there was made at the blast furnaces 271,658 tons of pig iron, valued at \$4,850,829.

"Ontario now occupies a leading place among the silver-producing countries of the world," says the Minister, "having contributed about one-ninth of the entire reported production in 1908. There was raised and shipped from the mines of Cobalt last year 24,453 tons of ore (including concentrates), which was considerably more than the total production up to the end of 1907. The average contents of the shipments for 1908 were .93 ounces of silver per ton, compared with .806 ounces up to 31st December, 1907."

The revenue from the timber dues was \$1,618,232.55, the largest in the history of the province. Arrears of \$498,000 accruing from 1907 are included in this as collections were not enforced owing to the financial stringency that year. The net collections for 1908 were \$1,824,243 and the sum of \$225,368 was carried forward into 1909 owing the inability of the lumbermen to pay.

\$10,000 PRIZE LIST.

Provincial Winter Fair Board Holds Meeting at Guelph.

A despatch from Guelph says: The Ontario Provincial Winter Fair Board held a meeting here on Wednesday and decided that the prize list this year should total \$10,000. The Horse Show prize list will be along the same lines as that of last year's Horse Show, held at the stock yards in Toronto. The amount for horse prizes is about \$3,000. That feature of the poultry prize list this year will be the department of 20 classes or more in pigeons, to include the birds of 1909 which have been excluded heretofore. Realizing that the showing of fat stock has been in the past the only weakness of the show, the board have greatly increased the prizes for that class.

FAKE ACCIDENT CLAIMS.

Three Men Arrested on Charge of Conspiracy.

A despatch from Montreal says: Three men named Nathan Aloff, Max Catsoff, and Appli Shyropski were arrested on Wednesday on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. The detectives, who have worked to that end for months, declare they have rounded up the cleverest trio of "fake accident claim" workers who ever figured in Montreal's criminal annals. No less than a score of accident claims have been put through by the men, and in every case the amount of damages was large. According to the detectives, the men have taken turns in the role of injured through negligence," and the other two acted as witnesses. The complainants in this case are the C. P. R., the Montreal Street Railway, and the Grand Trunk Railway. The men denied their guilt, but were remanded.

ARSENIC IN THE DRUGS.

Result of Inland Revenue Examination of Samples.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The examination by the inland revenue department of a number of drugs, as found on the Canadian market, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of these contained distinct traces of arsenic, shows that while most samples were practically free from the poison, arsenic was found to be distinctly present in certain sulphates and particularly in phosphate of soda. The amounts were not so large as to be alarming, but were sufficient to make it impossible to regard those drugs as meeting proper requirements: 448 samples of sulphate of magnesium, sulphate of soda and phosphate of soda examined showed 338 containing no arsenic, while 59 did.

ICE CREAM NOT FOOD.

Brantford Restaurant Keeper Fined for Sunday Sales.

A despatch from Brantford says: L. Laond Aritan, proprietor of a local ice cream parlor, having conducted business on Sunday for the past three years under a former decision of the magistrate, was fined \$5 here on Wednesday and ordered to close his premises on Sunday. Ice cream was sold without meals, and the magistrate held that the same was not food.

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door. On the table there was a pail ready to receive the milk, as usual, but when the milkman looked behind the door he saw England's body stretched on its back. Blood was oozing from the right temple, and a revolver lay near the man's left hand. In another room the dead body of the woman was found, and a tiny infant, which the pair had adopted, atterly oblivious of what had happened, was crying and fretting because of inattention.

It is not known what was the cause of the terrible affair, although there are reports of domestic infidelity that may have led up to the tragedy.