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paw stretched over her, holding a vice-like grip.
aybreak Mr. Underwood, who had earching all night, discovered is whereabouts from hearing her
It was a terrible situation, but nderwood took careful aim and shot the lion in the h beast rolled across Mrs. Un body. She collapsed but has since recovered.
lion measured 8 feet from n tip of the tail, and weighed 6 nds.

ASSISTING HIM.

s Pinkie," stammered the arden nid young man, "does your father to my coming to see you?"
ink he does, Mr. Bashleigh," sh with a bewitching blush. "if mere see' me is all you come for."

TIME-TABLES DESCRIBED.

uppose," said the man who was ng a time-table, "these boats run ed intervals."
answered the experienced tra- "at misstated intervals."

S. HUNTER'S STORY
Results are "Truly Wonderful."
Mrs. I. Huntr, of 111 Raglan Road, Kingston, Ont., says:—
"I have suffered with kidney and liver trouble and chronic constipation for some time. I was subject to dizziness, bilious headache, nervousness, drowsiness, pains in the back ide, and a tired, weary feeling all the time.
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ISSUE NO. 32—06.

MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 18. NO. 13. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906. C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Basil Jennico's Memoir, resumed three months later, at Farringdon Dane.

Suffolk, 14th April, 1772.

I had thought upon that day when, in my ill temper, I irreparably insulted my wife, that I could never bring myself to face the exposure which a return to England would necessarily bring about. But when I found the desolation and the haunting memories of Tollendhal like to rob me of all I had left of reason and manliness; when, to my restless spirit, the thought of home seemed to promise some chance of aversion and relief, I did not hesitate. Without delay I set to work to put matters at Tollendhal upon a sufficiently regular scale, also to have realized and transferred to my London bankers a sum of money large enough to meet any reasonable demand. This business accomplished, in less than a month from the date of the ill-fated Rothenburg expedition I found myself breathing my native air again.

Before my departure I charged Schultz—and I know I can rely upon his faithfulness—to be perpetually on the lookout for any communication from Lausitz, and to be ready to give anyone immediate cognisance of my whereabouts. It is a forlorn hope.

Although the humor had come upon me to go back to my own land—after the fashion, I fancy, that a sick man deems he will be better anywhere than where he is—and although I did not hesitate to gratify that humor, I was, nevertheless, not blind to the peculiar position I must occupy among my people. I had no desire to lay claim to the honors I had so prematurely announced, no desire to present myself under false colors, even were such an imposture likely to succeed; but neither did I see why I should lay bare to the jeers of the fashionable world, to the sneers of dear relatives and friends, or, more intolerable still, to their compassion, the whole pitiful plot of that comedy which I wrote to my mother to announce my arrival, I adopted a purposely evasive tone.

"It is deeply unfortunate," I wrote, "that you should have broken the bond of secrecy which I enjoined upon you when I informed you of my intended marriage. You know too much of the world, my dear mother, not to understand that when a commoner like myself, however well born and dowered, would contract an alliance with the heiress of a reigning house, it is more than likely that there may be a 'slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' My cup has been spilt. I come home a broken-hearted man, to find myself, fear, owing to your breach of confidence, the laughing-stock of our society. But the yearning for home is too strong upon me to be resisted; I am returning to England at once. If you would not add yet more to the bitterness of my lot you will strenuously deny the report you indiscreetly spread, and warn curiosity-mongers from daring to probe a wound which I could not bear even your hand to touch."

These words, by which I intended to spare myself at least the humiliation of personal explanation, have produced an unexpected effect. My poor mother performed her task so well that I find myself quite as much the hero of the hour over here as if I had brought back my exalted bride.

The mystery in which I am shrouded, the obvious melancholy of my demeanour, the very indifference with which I receive all notice, added, of course, to my wealth, and possibly to the belief that I am still a prize in the matrimonial market, my extraordinary luck at cards, when I can be induced to play, my carelessness to loss or gain—all this has placed me upon a pinnacle which is as gratifying to my mother as (or, so I hear, for I have declined all reconciliation with the renegade) it is galling to my brother and his family.

But the best yet, so far as I am concerned, is that no one has dared to put to me an indiscreet question, and that even my mother, although her wistful eyes implore my confidence, respects my silence.

Now, having tried in vain to find a solace in the pleasures of town, I have betaken my self to that part of the island which is the cradle of our race, to try whether a taste of good old English sport may not revive some interest in my life.

Often in that last month at Tollendhall when the whole land was locked in ice and the grey sky looked down pitilessly upon the white earth, day by day, with never a change and scarcely a shadow, I thought of the green winters of my youth in the old country; of rousing gallops, with the west wind in my face, across wide fields all verdant still and homely; of honest English faces, English voices, the tongue of the hounds, the blast of the cracked horn, with almost a passion of desire. It seemed to me that, if I could be back in the midst of it all again, I might feel as the boy Basil had felt, and be rid, were it but for the space of a good cross-country run, of that present Basil Jennico whose brain was so weary of working upon the same useless round, whose heart was sore within him.

So soon therefore was the weather broke—for the winter has been hard even in this milder climate—I accepted my mother's offer of her dower-house, set up a goodly stable of hunters, and established myself at the Manor of Farringdon Dane. I have actually derived some satisfaction from a couple of days' sport, to which a sight of my brothers discomfiture, each time I cut him deliberately in the face of the whole field, has added perhaps a grain.

April 29th.

I am this day like the man in the Gospel who, having driven out the devil from his heart and swept and garnished it, finds himself presently possessed of seven devils worse than the first! The demon of wrath I had exorcised, I believed, long ago; the fiend of unrest and longing I had thought these days to have laid too. In spite of her too obdurate resentment I had no feeling for my wife, wherever she might be, but tenderness. Now, oh, Ottilie, Ottilie! do I most hate thee or love thee? I know not, by my soul! Yet this at least I do know: mine thou art, and mine thou shalt remain, though we never meet again on earth: mine, as I am thine, though the true, good race of Jennico wither and die on my barren stock.

But what serves it to rant in this fashion to myself when I have not even the satisfaction of hearing a contradiction—not even an excuse to shake my fury? Small satisfaction likewise has that puling, mincing messenger to carry back to you, my wife. Poor old man! I am fain to laugh even in my anger when I recall his panic-stricken countenance of an hour ago.

The hounds were to meet at ten this morning at Sir Percy Spalding's, not three miles from here, and so I was taking the day easy. I had but just finished breakfast, and was standing on the steps of the porch quaffing a draught of ale, as I awaited my horse, sniffing the while the moist southern wind; and my thoughts for once were pleasantly occupied — for once the gnawing canker was at rest within me. Presently my attention was awakened by the rumbling of wheels; and, looking towards the avenue, yet so sparsely be-leaved as to afford a clear view down its whole length, I saw coming along it, at slow pace, a heavy vehicle, which in time disclosed itself as a shabby, hired travelling chaise, drawn by an ancient horse, and driven by that drunken scoundrel Bateman from Yarmouth, once a familiar figure to my childish eyes. My heart leaped. I expected no one—my mother was at Cheltenham for the waters—no one, save, indeed, her whom I ever unconsciously await!

It was perhaps the unreasonable disappointment that fell upon me, when, gazing eagerly for a glimpse of the occupant, as the carriage lumbered through the inner gate, I saw that it contained but the single figure of an old man (huddled, despite the spring warmth of the day, in furs to the very chin) that turned me into so bitter and black a temper.

Even as the chaise drove up before the steps, and as I stood staring down at it, motionless, although within me there was turmoil enough, the fellows came round with my horses. Bess, the Irish mare, took umbrage at the little grotesque figure that, with an alertness one would scarcely have given it credit for, skipped from the chaise, looking more like one of those images I have seen on Saxon clocks than anything human. How she plunged and how the fool that held herstared, and how I cursed him for not minding his business—it was a vast relief to my feelings—and how the old gentleman regarded us as one newly come among savages, and how he finally advanced upon me mincing—I laugh again to think back upon it! But I had no mind to laughter then. 'Twas plain, before he opened his mouth to speak, that my visitor hailed from foreign parts. And at closer acquaintance the reason why, even from a distance, he had appeared to me as something lass than human, became evident. His countenance was shrivelled and seared by recent smallpox; scarred in a manner perfectly fantastic to behold.

That curse of my life, that persistent hope—I believe I could get along well enough, but 'tis the hope that kills me—began to stir within me.

"Have I the honor of speaking to Captain Basil de Jennico?" said the puppet in French; and before the question was well out of his mouth, I had capped another, breathless:

"Come you not from Rothenburg?"

He bowed and scraped: each saw he had his answer. I was all civility now, Heaven help me! and cordial enough to make up for a more discourteous reception.

I ordered my horses back to the stables, dismissed the chaise, in spite of the newcomer's protestations, and led him within the house, calling for refreshments for him; all the while a thousand questions, to which I yet dreaded the answers, burning on my tongue.

I had installed him in the deepest armchair in the apartment I habitually used; I had kindled a fire with my own hands, for he was shivering in his furs, whether from fear, embarrassment, or cold, I know not—maybe all three together; I had placed a glass of wine at his elbow, which he sipped nervously when I pressed him; and then, when I knew that I should hear what had brought him, from very cowardliness I was mute. It seemed to me as if my courtesies embarassed him, and that this augured ill, although (I reasoned with myself) if she should send me a messenger at all, I ought to anticipate good tidings.

"I am fortunate, sir," began the old man in quavering tones, "to find you at home. Sir, I have come a long way to seek you. I went first to your castle at Tollendhal, where your steward, a countryman of my own, to whose politeness I am much indebted, gave me very careful instructions as to the road to your English domicile. A most worthy and amiable person! I should not so soon have had the advantage of making your acquaintance had it not been for the help he gave me. I have come by Yarmouth, sir; the wind was all in our favor. I am informed we had a good passage." Here he shivered, and a yet greener shade underspread the scars upon his brow. "But I am not accustomed to the sea, and I have been ill, sir, lately, very ill."

He coughed awkwardly, reached out his trembling hand for the wine, but put down the glass again untasted.

"Surely I am right in believeing," said I "that you come from some one very dear to me—from one from whom I am parted by a series of unfortunate misunderstandings?" I felt my lips grow cold as I spoke, and I know that I panted.

"If you have a letter," said I, "give it to me."

I reached out my hand, and saw, with a strange sort of self-pity, that it shook no less than had the old man's withered claw.

"Or if you have a message," cried I, breaking out at last, "speak, for God's sake!"

He drew back from my impetuosity. There was fear of me in his eye; at the same time, I thought, with a chill about my heart, compassion.

"My good sir," he said, between "hums" and "ha's" which well-nigh drove me distracted, "I believe I may say—in fact, I will venture to assert that I have come from the—ahem, ahem!—young lady I apprehend you speak of. I have been made aware of the—ah, hum!—unfortunate circumstances. The young lady——" Here he hitched himself up in his chair and began to fumble in the skirts of his floating coat. Between his furs and his feebleness this was a sufficiently lenghty operation to give time for my hopes to kindle stronger again and my small stock of patience to fail.

"You are doubtless prepared to hear," he went on at length, "that the young lady, being now fully alive to the consequence of her—her—ill-considered conduct—a girlish freak, sir, a child's, I may say!—believes that she will be meeting your wishes, nay, your express desire, by joining with you in an application to his Holiness for the immediate annulment of so irregular a marriage."

"What?" cried I with a roar, leaping from my chair. So occupied had I been in watching the movements of his hands as he fingered a great pocket-book, expecting him every instant to produce a letter from her to me, that I had scarce heeded the drift of his babble till the last words struck upon my ear.

"Annul our marriage!" I thundered, at my desire! In the devil's name, who are you, and whence come you for if could not be my wife who has sent you with such a message to me?"

The little man had jumped, too, at my violence—like a grasshopper. But my question evidently touched his pride in a sensitive quarter, and roused him to a sense of offence in which he forgot his tremors.

"Truly, sir, truly, you remind me," he said tartly. "If you will have but a little patience, I was in the very act of seeking my credentials when so—ahem!—impetuously interrupted me."

As he spoke, with a skip and a bow, which recalled I know not what vague memory of a bygone merry hour, he drew forth a folded sheet, and, unfolding it, presented it to me. I knew the handwriting too well to doubt its authenticity. How often had I conned and kissed the few poor lines she had ever written to me; ay, although they had been penned in her assumed character!

"To M. de Jennico—

"I empower M. de Schreckendorf to act for me in the affair M. de Jennico wots of, and I agree beforehand to all his arrangements.

(Thereto the signature.)

Not a word more; not a word of regret, even of anger! The same implacable, unbending resentment.

I stood staring at the lines, reading them and re-reading them, and each letter seemed to print itself like fire upon my soul. I heard, as in a dream, my visitor pour forth explanations, still in that tone of injury my roughness had evoked.

"I am myself, sir, a friend. Yes, I may say a friend, an old friend, of the young lady. Her parents—ahem!—have always reposed confidence in me. I, sir, am M. de Schreckendorf. The very fact, I should think, of my being in possession of this letter, of this document"—here there was a great rattling of stiff parchment—"will assure you, I should hope, of my identity. Nevertheless, if you wish further proof, I have a letter to our ambassador in London, and I am willing to accompany you to his house, or meet you there at your convenience. Indeed, it would perhaps be more proper and correct, in every way, that the whole matter should be settled and the documents duly attested at the residence of the accredited representative of Lusatia. I will not disguise to you that his Serene Highness, the Duke himself, takes—takes an interest in the lady, and is desirous of having this business, which so nearly affects the welfare and credit of a well-known member of his Court, settled in the promptest and most efficacious manner. A sad escapade, you must admit yourself!"

And all the while my heart was crying out within me in an agony, "Oh, Ottilie, how could you, how could you? Was the memory of those days nothing to you? Is the knowledge of my love and sorrow nothing to you? Are you a woman, and have you no forgiveness?"

Taking perhaps my silence for acquiscence (for this messenger of my wife, albeit entrusted with so delicate a mission, was no shrewd diplomatist), M. de Schreckendorf here spread out with an agreeable flourish an amazing-looking Latin document with rubrics ready filled up, it seemed, but for certain spaces left blank, for the names, I suppose, of the appealing parties.

"I have been led to understand," pursued he then in tones of greatly increased confidence, "that you entirely concur in the lady's desire for the annulment of this contestable union, the actual legality of which, indeed, is too doubtful to be worth discussing. From the religious point of view, however, one of chief importance to my young friend (I think I may call her so), the matter is otherwise serious, for there was, no doubt, a sacrament administered by a priest, duly ordained, but unfortunately, through old age and natural infirmity, wanting in lue prudence, and further misled as to the identity of one of the contracting persons. A sacrament sir, there undoubtedly was; but I am glad to inform you that special leading divines have been already approached upon the subject, and they give good hope, sir, good hope, that a properly drawn up petition, supported by the signatures of the two persons concerned, will meet at Rome with most favorable consideration. The ecclesiastical part of the difficulty once settled, the legal one goes of itself."

I was gradually becoming attentive to the run of this glib speech. I hardly know now how I contained myself so far, but I kept rigid silence, and for yet another minute or two gave him all my ear.

"Such being the case," he continued, I need hardly trouble you to disturb yourself by journeying all the way to London. We need proceed no farther than Yarmouth, indeed, and there in the presence of two competent witnesses—I would suggest a priest of our religion and some neighboring gentleman of substance—all you will have to do is just to sign this document. I repeat, I understand that you are naturally anxious likewise to be delivered from a marriage in which you have considered yourself aggrieved: and not unnaturally." Here the little monster threw a sly look at me, and added: "You were made the victim of a little deception, eh? Then in the course of a few months—Rome is always slow you know— you will both be as free as air! With no more loss to either of you than the loss of—ahem!—a little inexperience."

As free as air! Ottilie as free as air! Then it was that the violence of my wrath overflowed. That moment is a blank to my memory. I only know that I heard the sound of my own voice ringing with shattering violence in the room, and I came to myself again to find that, with a strength my fury alone could have lent, I was shredding the tough parchment between my fingers, so that the ground was strewn with its rags. What most restored me to something like composure was the abject terror of the unlucky messenger, who, huddled away from me in a corner of the room, was peeping round a chair at me, much as you might see a monkey caught in mischief. His teeth were chattering! Good anger was wasted on so miserable an object, and indeed the feelings that swayed me had had roots in ground such as he could never tread upon.

"Come out, M. de Schreckendorf," I said, with a calmness which surprised myself—but there are times when a man's courage rises with the very magnitude of a calamity—"you have nothing to fear from me. You will want an answer to carry back to her that sent you. Take her this."

I stopped as I spoke, and gathered together the shreds of the document, folded them in a great sheet of paper, and tied it with ribbon into a neat parcel.

"Not a word," I went on; "I will hear no more! When you have rested and partaken of refreshment, one of my carriages will be at your disposal for whatever point you may desire to reach to-day. Stay, you will want some evidence to show that you have fulfilled your embassy."

Sitting down to my writing-table, I hastily addressed the packet to "Madame Basil de Jennico," adding thereafter her distinctive title as maid of honor. This done, I sealed it with my great seal, M. de Schreckendorf meanwhile uttering uncouth little goans.

"Here, sir," said I, holding out the packet with its bold inscription, "they will no longer, it is evident, deny the existence at the Court of Lusatia of the person I have here addressed. Here, sir. Take this to my wife, and tell her that her husband has more respect than she has for the holy sacrament he received with her. Here, sir!"

At every "Here, sir," I advanced a step upon him, holding out the bundle, and at every step I took he retreated, till impatiently I flung it on the table nearest him, and making him a low ironical bow of farewell, turned to leave him.

I paused a moment on the threshold of the room, however, and had the satisfaction of seeing him, after throwing his hands heavenwards, as if in despairing protest, bring them down again on the packet and proceed to stuff it into the recesses of his coat.

I turned once more to go, when to my surprise he called after me in tones unexpectedly stern and loud:

"Young man, young man, this is a grave mistake; have a care!"

I shrugged my shoulders and slammed the door upon his warning cry. Nor, though he subsequently sent twice by my servants—first to demand, then to supplicate, a further interview—would I consent to parley with him again.

I passed a couple of restless hours, until, at length, from an upper window I saw him depart from my house in far greater state and comfort than he had come.

Now, as I write, I know that he is being whirled along the Yarmouth road at the best pace of my fine horses, speeding back to Lausitz to take my wife my eloquent answer.

(To be Continued.)

OLDEST DATE IN HISTORY.

Egyptologist Says Record Began 6,147 Years Ago.

A Chicago despatch says: Professor James H. Breasted, the Egyptologist of the University of Chicago, announces in an article in the Biblical World, that the oldest fixed date in history is 4241 B. C. In that year, he says, the calendar was established, the year begining on what would now be July 19. Consequently the calendar now in use was 6,147 years old last month. The professor arrived at these conclusions during his long exploration trip to the Nile Valley, when he compared the astronomical dates in the old and middle kingdoms of Egypt. Professor Breasted but recently returned from Egypt.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Aug. 21.—Flour—Ontario—Exporters bid $2.75 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, outside. Manitoba—Quotations unchanged at $4.40 to $4.60 for first patents, $4 to $4.10 for seconds, and $3.90 to $4 for bakers'.

Bran—$14 to $14.50 in bulk, outside; shorts, $18 to $18.50.

Wheat—Ontario—70c to 71c for old and new, red or white.

Wheat—Manitoba — Lake port prices are easier at 79c for No. 1 Northern, and 76½c for No. 2.

Oats—Old firm at 34c to 35c, outside; new dull at 30c bid, outside.

Barley—Nominal, 45c to 48c outside.

Rye—6c asked, 58c bid, outside.

Corn—No. 2 yellow, American, 59c to 59½c, at outside points.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Is firm on a good demand for creamery and light receipts.

Creamery, prints	23c to 24c
do, solids	22c to 23c
Dairy, prints	20c to 00c
do, pails	18c to 19c
Bakers'	16c to 17c

Cheese —Prices are unchanged at 12½c to 12¾c for large and 13c for twins.

Eggs—17½c to 18½c per dozen.

Potatoes—Unchanged at 55c to 65c per bushel for loads.

Baled Hay—$10.50 for No. 1, in car lots here; No. 2 mixed, dull at $7.50; new No. 1 is offering more freely at $9.

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

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Aug. 15.—The market for oats holds steady at the recent decline, and there is a fairly good turnover at around 36c per bushel for No. 4 oats in store. 37c for No. 3, and 38c for No. 2.

Flour — Manitoba spring wheat patents, $4.50 to $4.70; strong bakers', $4 to $4.20, and straight rollers, $3.90 to $4.10 in wood; in bags, $1.80 to $1.95; extra in bags, $1.25 to $1.50.

Rolled Oats—$2.20 to $2.25 in bags of 90 lbs.

Cornmeal — $1.40 to $1.45 per bag; granulated, $1.65.

Millfeed—Ontario bran in bags, $18 to $19; shorts, in bags, $20 to $21.50; Manitoba bran in bags, $18 to $19; shorts, $21 to $22.

Hay—No. 1, $10 to $10.50 per ton on track; No. 2, $9 to $9.50; clover, $7 to $7.50; clover, mixed, $8 to $8.50.

Beans—Prime pea beans in car lots, $1.45 per bushel; hand-picked at $1.60 per bushel.

Peas—Boiling in broken lots, $1.20 per bushel.

Potatoes — 40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs, nominal.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 13½c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per lb section; extract, 7c to 7½c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c per lb.

BUFFALO MARKETS.

Buffalo, Aug. 21. — Flour — Steady. Wheat—Spring strong; No. 1 Northern, 80½c; Winter unsettled; No. 2 red, 74½c asked. Corn—Easy; No. 2 yellow, 57c; No. 2 corn, 56c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 white, 34½c; No. 2 mixed, 33½c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1, c.i.f., 60c asked. Barley—No demand. Canal freights—Steady.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Aug. 21.—Spot easy; No. 2 red, 76⅝c elevator; No. 2 red, 77⅞c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 84½c f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 79⅝c f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Aug. 21.—Another moderately light run of cattle at the City Market this morning resulted in a brisk tone to trade and firm prices for almost all lines.

Export Cattle:—Choice at $4.75 to $5; medium to good, $4.40 to $4.60; bulls, $3.50 to $3.75; bulls, light, $3.25 to $3.50; cows $3.50 to $4.

Butcher Cattle—Choice are quoted at $4.40 to $4.60; medium to good, $4.25 to $4.40; bulls, $3 to $3.50; cows, $3.50 to $4; canners, $1.50 to $1.75.

Stockers and Feeders—Stockers choice $3 to $3.65; light, $2.25 to $3; cows, $2 to $2.40; bulls, $1.75 to $2.25; short-keep feeders, $4.35 to $4.50; heavy feeders, $4.20 to $4.35.

Milch Cows—The range of prices offering is about steady at $20 to $50 each.

Calves—Prices are quoted unchanged at 3c to 6c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Export ewes are quoted at $4.25 to $4.60, and bucks at $3.50 to $3.75. Lambs are firmer at 6c to 6¾c per lb.

Hogs—Today's run was inclined to be heavy, and prices are quoted 50c per cwt. lower at $6.90 per cwt. for selects and $6.65 for lights and fats, fed and watered

LOOKED INTO RIFLE BARREL.

Fred. McDougal of Mount Pleasant Receives Bullet in His Cheek.

A Brantford despatch says: Fred. McDougal, a youth of twelve years, accidentally shot himself with a rifle while out hunting at Mount Pleasant, near Brantford, on Wednesday. He looked down the 22-calibre rifle and it discharged unexpectedly. The bullet entered his cheek and came out near the temple. The lad was brought to Brantford hospital, and while his condition is serious it is hoped he will recover.

WINNIPEG FIRE SYSTEM.

Water Supply Declared Inadequate After Being Tested.

A Winnipeg despatch says: A test of the water supply for fire purposes on Wednesday before Inspector Hawe of the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association revealed a serious state of affairs. The pressure was altogether inadequate, and the inspector intimated that a material advance in rates might be anticipated.

SHOT DOWN LIKE RABBITS

Terrroists Inaugurate Carnival of Murderous Attacks

BUTCHERY OF POLICE.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Acting apparently with a definite plan and at a signal, the terrorists and revolutionists on Wednesday inaugurated a carnival of murderous attacks with bombs and revolvers on the police and troops in various cities in Poland, echoes of which are heard from Samara, Ufa, Yalta, Kiev and even faraway Chita, where Acting Chief of Police Gorpinchenko was slain almost on his own doorstep. The revolutionists' campaign flamed out with especial virulence at Warsaw, where over a score were slain in the streets and many more were wounded. Among the killed, according to the latest official advices were two sergeants of police, eight patrolmen, three gendarmes, five soldiers, a Hebrew merchant and a woman.

SHOT DOWN LIKE RABBITS.

The returns are not all in. Policemen and soldiers were shot down like rabbits in the streets. Their assailants who travelled in small bands, almost all escaped among the terrorized but sympathetic populace. The only considerable capture was a band of ten men who had invaded a vodka shop and killed a soldier. These were bagged by a passing patrol. Bombs were employed in an attack on the police station of the Volsk precinct in Warsaw, where a sergeant, two patrolmen and a soldier were wounded.

MURDER IN LODZ.

Other Polish cities singled out by the terrorists were Lodz, where six soldiers, three patrolmen and the wife of a police captain were wounded by the explosion of bombs in the police station, and two soldiers and two terrorists killed in the streets; Radom, where a bomb was thrown into the police station and killed the wife and children of the police captain; Vlotsavsk, where the chief of police was slain, and Plock, where at a given signal the policemen on all the posts were simultaneously attacked and several of them wounded.

e On account of the agrarian disorders and especially several attacks on post trains, the railway between Samara nad Zlatoust, which already was carrying guards on all its trains, was placed under martial law.

THE DAY IN WARSAW.

A despatch from Warsaw says: There were many sanguinary conflicts here on Wednesday with revolutionists, who have organized wholesale massacres of policemen, gendarmes and infantry patrols. These conspirators shot and killed seventeen policemen, four gendarmes and seven infantry patrolmen, and wounded a score more. Soldiers fired a volley into a crowd, killing fifteen and wounding with bullets and bayonets 130 others. The massacre is supposed to have been planned by revolutionists in revenge for the arrest recently of 110 Socialist workmen in the iron working suburb of Braga. It was a Catholic holiday and no one suspected that a massacre was in preparation. The weather was beautiful, the city was calm and thousands of people were crowding outgoing excursion trains. Simultaneously the attacks on policemen began at 10 o'clock in the morning. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon news began to arrive from all parts of the city revealing the concerted nature of the attacks. In Ostrovskaia street four men attacked a sergeant of police, but the latter was able to bag three of them, who were armed with revolvers. In a fight in Torgovia street revolutionists shot down two patrolmen and a Jewish merchant was killed by a stray bullet.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

The London Tribune's Warsaw correspondent telegraphs a description of the pitiful scenes witnessed by him after the disturbances of Wednesday.

"The hospital's surgeons, fatigued by their labors," he says, "were unable to attend to cases, and wounds diagnosed as fatal were left to take their course.

"The scenes in the morgue were horrible. In one I counted 32 civilian bodies, all dirty and dressed as they fell.

"The people have grown callous with too much death. I was shocked to hear young girls laugh heartily at the sight of a woman whose brainpan had been torn off by a bomb.

"In one hospital I saw a youth who, when bayoneted yesterday (Wednesday), feigned death. The soldiers trod over him and their heavy boots crushed his fingers to pulp, but he successfully stood the ordeal. He was carried to the morgue, when it was discovered that he was alive. He is now progressing favorably.

EVERY POLICEMAN KILLED.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The murderous daring of the terrorists reached its climax on Thursday at Plotsk, 58 miles north-west of Warsaw, where, at a preconcerted signal, every policeman on the streets was killed or wounded.

Reports from all over the country show the absolute helplessness of the police to cope with the revolutionists. Even the rowdies in the capital are having their own way, the police seldom daring to interfere with them. Reports of various outrages that have been committed with impunity fill columns of the newspapers daily.

In Courland the nobles have issued an urgent appeal to all the land owners to organize armed bodies in self-defence.

In the south, Tiflis is apparently at the mercy of armed robbers. Tartar bandits are scoring the country around Shusha, Evlakah, and Agdam. A mail coach was held up and ransacked only five miles from Agdam. The passengers were made prisoners. Their fate is unknown. The situation in the central provinces is no better. It is feared that the Autumnal recruiting will increase the disorders. Altogether nearly half a million recruits will be called to the colors.

Owing to their fear of demonstrations, the St. Petersburg authorities have prohibited military bands from playing the National Anthem in the Summer gardens, restaurants and similar places where the public gathers. The Cossacks who are not participating in the manoeuvres are now proceeding to Krasnoye Selo, as they are all required there for police work.

WANT CANADIAN CHEESE.

British Merchants Frequently Palm Off Inferior Article.

A despatch from London, England, says: A witness at the Guildhall Police Court, in giving evidence against a prisoner charged with stealing 50 Canadian cheese, valued at £150, asserted that when Canadian cheese deteriorated in quality it would be impossible to identify them, but when they left the docks in perfect condition the witness would be able to identify them apart from the marks on the cases. He went by the smell and taste. It was a common practice for merchants to put inferior cheese into boxes with well-known brands. People who expected to buy Canadian cheese were anxious to get it, but whether they got it was another question.

TREMENDOUS EARTHQUAKE

Many Persons Killed and Immense Loss at Chilian Capital.

A despatch from Lima, Peru, says: At about 8 o'clock Thursday evening there was a tremendous earthquake at Valparaiso, Chile. As at San Francisco, the shock was followed by the outbreaking of many fires. The flames extended from the Plaza Orden towards the north, and have not yet been extinguished. Many houses have been destroyed, and nearly all of them are more or less damaged either by the earthquake or the fire. Business is at a complete standstill. The banks are closed. The gas supply is unavailable, and the electric lighting system is completely knocked out. Consequently the city at night is in darkness. The greatest panic prevails among the inhabitants. Many families are fleeing from the city. The weather is fair and the sea is calm.

Communication with Santiago de Chile is interrupted, and it is impossible to learn what has occurred there.

Many persons were killed and injured in Valparaiso. The shocks continue, but are milder. The shipping in the port was not injured. The streets which suffered most were Calles Blanco, Condell, and Esmeralda, and those in the Delicias district.

LOSS OF LIFE LARGE.

A despatch from Buenos Ayres says: According to the information received here, a large number of buildings have been destroyed in Valparaiso, and the loss of life is said to have been large. The disturbance was general throughout Chile, and was felt at some points in the Argentine Republic.

News of the disaster is extremely meagre, owing to the fact that telegraphic communication is cut off, the shocks having thrown down the telegraph lines.

The newspapers on Friday night published telegrams from Mendoza, an entreport for the trade between Buenos Ayres and Chile, which it communicates with by the mountain passes of Uspallata and Portillo, to the effect that many houses in the Los Andes district were destroyed by the earthquake, and that there have been a large number of casualties.

Telegraphic communication with Chile is still interrupted. Santiago and Valparaiso are completely cut off. The Pacific cables are only working from Iquique northward. It is certain that a number of houses have been wrecked at Los Andes, also known as Santa Rosa de Los Andes, a town in the Province of Aconcagua, Chile.

DSASTER WIDESPREAD.

A despatch from Hamburg says: An exporting firm here has received a cablegram stating that numerous districts in Chile have been partly or totally destroyed by an earthquake, especially Valparaiso, which has been demolished. Fires are burning everywhere there. Many ships with their cargoes were lost. More than a hundred persons lost their lives, and many hundreds were injured. The misery is indescribable.