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The Price of Dishonor;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER I.

It is a day in early summer, as beautiful as such days were in the Southern lands of 500 years ago. It is Italy steeped in golden sunlight which lies like a haze over the spreading view; the year 1360, when cities were beautiful and nature all-pervading. Here is Lombardy, spread like a garden in the hollow of the hills, ringed about with the purple Apennines, covered with flowers, white, yellow, purple, and pink. This wide road, one of the finest in Italy, winds from Milan to Brescia, its whole length through chestnut woods and plains covered with flowering myrtle. Primroses in great clusters border its sides, and from the midst of their delicate blooms spring the slender stems of poplar trees; these are red-gold, bursting into bloom against a tender sky; tufts of young green; clumps of wild violets.

But for all its unspoiled beauty, the road was one of common use, for Milan was within hail. Villas, the summer dwellings of its wealthy peers, stood back among the trees, surrounded by magnificent grounds. Behind them beautiful open country spread into the blue distance, fragrant and glorious with budding vines. And cold and magnificent the great city itself, with its huge walls and gates, crowned and emphasied the landscape's beauty. The lines of hundreds of turrets and spires, bold and delicate, leapt up against the sky. And paramount, catching the eye with color, weighing on the mind with meaning, were the city's banners. They floated from the gates and the highest buildings, half a score of them, all with the same device. Far off could that device be read; a green Viper on a silver ground; the emblazonment of the Visconti.

From afar the city was a vision of stately splendor, and the low dwellings clustered round about her walls, in the shadow of the palaces, appeared to the nearing traveller but a touch added of the picturesque. A close survey, however, revealed semi-ruined huts; in their foul neglect and unsightliness, a blot upon the scene. They were homes of peasants, who, tattered and miserable, starved and unwashed, seemed their fitting occupants. Here comes a band of them slowly dragging along the road towards Milan, men, women, and children, leading a few rough-haired mules, laden with scanty country produce. It was poor stuff, and a poor living they made of it. The wealthy grew their own fruit and vegetables, the poorer could not afford to buy. Crushed by hopeless oppression into a perpetual dull acceptance, the crowd trudged along, with shuffling feet and bent heads, unheeding the beauty and the sunshine, unnoticing the glory of the spring, with dull faces from which all the soul had been stamped out, and "fear" writ large across the blank. Every movement showed them slaves, every line in their bent figures told they lived under a rule of terror, too potent for them to dare even to raise their eyes to question. A stream of grey and brown monotony along the glorious road, decked with the fairest beauty of fair Italy, these miserable peasants were strangely out of keeping, both with the radiant blossoming country and the magnificent city they drew near.

Keeping close behind them walked a young man and a boy, better attired than the others, yet travel-worn and weary-looking. The delicate cast of their features bespoke them of another part of Italy, as did the soft Latin tongue in which they held their whispering, excited conversation. The elder, whom his companion called Tomaso, was a fair-haired youth of about nineteen; the other, like enough to be a relative, a mere child of ten or twelve The sun was growing hot, and their stout cloaks full of dull red serge were flung back, showing their leathern doublets, to which the elder boy wore attached a great pouch of undressed skin, which evidently bore their day's provisions.

Suddenly when Milan, clear and grey, was distant barely half a mile, the group of wretched figures was roused from its shuffling apathy; and the terror latent in their aspect leapt into life and motion.

Swept back by the others, the two Florentines gazed in amazement to learn the cause of this panic. In the distance, brilliant between the dark stone of the gateway of the city, fluttered a banner, blazoned with the same device as those that blew above the walls. The peasants' eyes, sharpened by fear, saw [illegible] than Tomaso's; [illegible] before he [illegible] departed [illegible] Any moment [illegible] Visconti may come by, [illegible] Auctioneer [illegible] himself may return, then [illegible] looked with pleasure not unmixed with wonder at the rich gildings, fine silk, the beauty of the four black horses, the size and magnificent liveries of the huge negroes who walked at their heads. To him it was an interesting sight, an incident of his travels. But to the Milanese peasants it was the symbol of the dread power that ruled Lombardy with a grip of blood, the device that kept Milan, the wealthiest, proudest city in the north, cringing in silent slavery; the banner that had waved from city after city, added by force or treachery to the dominions of Milan; the banner of Gian Galeazzo Maria Visconti, Duke.

With trembling hands and muttered threats to their slow beasts, the hinds dragged their burdens to the roadside, forcing the children back into the hedges; leaving clear the ways. Cowering and awestruck in fascinated expectation, they stared, towards that oncoming banner, and at the horseman who rode behind.

Still at the same measured pace the coach advanced; a cumbrous structure, swung high on massive gilded wheels, and open under an embroidered canopy of scarlet silk. At the head of each black horse walked a negro, richly dressed in scarlet and gold. The trappings of the steeds were dazzling, in stamped leather and metal.

But this splendor of array the peasant folk of Lombardy were used to; it was not that that made them crouch as if they would ask the earth to hide them, shiver and shudder yet further back as if the soft green bank could save them.

In the coach sat two, a man and a woman, but both so old and shrivelled that the distinguishing characteristics of their sex were well-nigh lost. Both were richly clad in furs, and half-hidden in satin cushions, nothing of the old man visible, but his wrinkled face, grey beard, and loaded with rings, thin yellowish hands, the fingers of which were clutching nervously at his heavy silken robe. The woman, painted and bedizened under a large red wing, weighed down by a gown of cloth of gold, and with pearls around her neck, wrung her hands together, and whispered incoherently below her breath. Both had sunk together among the cushions in an attitude of despair, the man looking steadily in front of him with a white face, the woman casting terror-stricken eyes over the wretched spectators in a mute appeal for help, if even from them.

Behind them rode the single horseman who had struck the terror. His pace was leisurely, his horse's bridle held by a pale-faced man with long red hair, of a stealthy bearing, crushed and mean-looking, but resplendent in a jewelled dress. The rider himself, slight and handsome, about thirty, plainly attired in green, gave, at a first glance, small token of the spell he exercised. He rode with ease and surety; in one hand a half-rolled parchment from which he read aloud in a soft voice, in the other a long whip with which he flicked and teased the occupants of the carriage.

The coach and its occupants, the solitary rider, and the red-haired man were the whole of the procession.

At the rider's side hung a single dagger, the others were unarmed, yet the crowd trembled under a spell of fear as if half Italy had backed that man. No one gave sign of feeling, no one moved, though the wretched couple looked round keenly and eagerly, with the helpless misery of those who have fallen below everything save fear, and will stoop to ask help of the lowest. And the Visconti banner floated out dreamily upon the light spring breeze, and the rider rode at ease and read from one parchment with a smiling face.

Suddenly the old man rose, and threw out his hands with a wild gesture towards crouching peasants. His frantic cry was stifled on his lips, and a cut from the whip sent him back to his seat with a snarl of impotent fury. The woman sobbed aloud, but sat still, for the tease of the whip followed their slightest movements, though the horseman seemed to heed nothing but the parchment from which he read.

"Beautiful the Tuscan flowers grew
Around the Florentine——"

The soft lines died away on his smiling lips; he raised his eyes and looked straight at the old man, who, at the words, had turned in his seat and was gazing over his shoulder [illegible] cribed by [illegible] sity of hate. [illegible] by [illegible] cause there [illegible] red [illegible] $1.0[illegible] [illegible] cent.

Again the whip circled round them, and the calm voice continued:

"But straight and firm from poplars grew
The Lombard ranks between."

The woman gazed round the crowd, desperate in hopeless misery.. Hopeless indeed. Not a finger was raised, not a word uttered, though, men alone, they numbered more than fifty.

"Perchance thou wouldst not dare to turn
And draw the veil from off that face,
Fearing what secrets thou might'st learn
Both for thine own and her disgrace,"

read the horseman, and the cavalcade passed on its heavy way, and the faint hope that had leapt to life within the wretched victims, at sight of human eyes upon them, died within them.

But on the outside of the crowd, Tomaso and Vittore, kneeling with the rest, as that banner drew near, now stirred uneasily, and, as the coach came abreast, the woman made a convulsive movement with her hands. The elder sprang to his feet and stepped forward impulsively. At sight of him in the roadway the horseman drew rein, and the terror-stricken crowd watched breathless, while the youth advanced boldly to his stirrup, hot words upon his lips, defiance in his eyes. The red-haired man at the bridle crouched, but before the lad could speak, the rider, leaning forward, struck him a blow full across the face.

There was no need for a second. With a scream of pain, Tomaso fell back, and then, as if noticing them for the first time, the horseman sent his glance on the crowd. No sound or movement; they cowered beneath his eyes in deprecating silence.

"Drive on," he said, and the dreary procession started again, winding through the sun and shadow towards Brescia.

So great was the spell upon the peasants, that though the wounded boy lay moaning in the road, not a man, scarce a child among them stirred from his place till the banner of the Viper was a silver speck in the distance.

Then with shaking hands the youth was dragged into the ditch amid a babble of blame and fear. Vittore, rising from his stricken comrade, gazed into the distance with horror-stricken eyes.

"Who was it?" he whispered at last to the woman near him. "Who was it?"

She turned a dull face up from the scattered vegetables she was gathering together.

"Who are thou that thou knowest not?" she asked.

"I come from Florence," said the lad quickly, "travelling to Verona."

"To Verona! Thou are not on thy way to Verona here."

"I know it, but the company we travelled with was bound for Milan. Three days ago we missed them, and thought to find them in the city where we looked to spend the night, but now——"

He glanced at his companion and could scarce refrain from weeping.

"To Verona!" said an old peasant, turning sharply at the name. "To Verona!"

The child dropped again to his knees beside Tomaso.

"Yes," he said, over his shoulder. "My cousin—he is done to death, I fear me—and I were travelling by way of Milan to Della Scala's court——"

He broke off, and wrung his hands. "Oh, help me, someone; Tomaso is dying!"

With a certain dull humanity, kindness it could scarcely be called that was so inert and full of apathy, one or two of them gave what help they could.

(To be Continued.)

A NEW GRAIN ELEVATOR.

Company to Erect $500,000 Structure at Port Arthur.

A despatch from Port Arthur says: A new company, to be known as the Thunder Bay Elevator Company, has been organized at Winnipeg and has signed an agreement with Port Arthur for the erection here of a new elevator with a capacity of 1,500,000 bushels, to cost $500,000. The site is already procured and work will commence almost immediately. The promoters of the company are W. McWilliams, N. Bawlf, and C. B. Piper, who are the principal stockholders in the Empire Elevator Company, which has a plant at Fort William.

THREE KILLED AT CROSSING.

Mrs. Robert Scott and Sons Run Down by Engine.

A despatch from Guelph says: Mrs. Robert Scott and two sons, Leonard and Murray, aged 11 and 13 years, of Hullet, were instantly killed on Wednesday morning on the Guelph and Goderich Railroad, two crossings east of Auburn and eleven miles from Goderich. They were driving to school and were struck by a light engine, running up from Guelph Junction. The horse escaped, but the buggy was struck, and all three occupants [illegible]

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, Nov. 10.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents quoted at $3.55 to $3.60 in buyers' sacks outside for export, Manitoba flour, first patents, $5.80 on track, Toronto; second patents, $5.30, and strong bakers', $5.10.

Wheat—Manitoba wheat, $1.05½ for No. 1 Northern, and at $1.02½ for No. 2 Northern, Georgian Bay ports.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, 90 to 90½c outside; No. 2 red Winter, 90 to 90½c, and No. 2 mixed, 90c outside.

Oats—Ontario No. 2 white, 38 to 38½c outside, and at 41c on track, Toronto; No. 2 Western Canada oats quoted at 42c, Goderich.

Rye—No. 2 quoted at 77½c outside.

Barley—No. 2 barley quoted at 56 to 57c. and No. 3 extra at 55 to 55½c outside.

Buckwheat—55 to 56c outside.

Peas—No. 2 quoted at 85 to 86c outside.

Corn—No. 2 American yellow nominal at 82½c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 at 82c.

Bran—Cars are quoted at $18 to $19 in bulk outside. Shorts quoted at $22 in bulk outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Poultry—Prices hold remarkably firm, as there is a good demand for it.

Chickens, dressed	10c to 11c
Fowl	8c to 9c
Ducks	10c to 11c
Geese	9c to 10c
Turkeys	12c to 14c

Butter—Local wholesale prices are:—

Creamery, choice, pound	26c to 27c
Dairy prints, choice	24c to 26c
Store, prints and tubs	22c to 23c
Inferior	19c to 21c

Cheese—Large, 13c to 13½c; twins, 13½c to 14c.

Eggs—New-laid, 26c to 30c; farmers' eggs, 24c to 25c; cold storage, 22c to 23c.

Beans—$1.80 to $1.90 for primes and $1.90 to $2 for hand-picked.

Honey—10c to 11c per pound for strained and $2 to $2.75 per dozen for combs.

Potatoes—Ontario 60c; Delawares 75c to 80c per bag in car lots on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Pork—Short cut, $23.50 per barrel; mess, $19 to $19.50.

Lard—Tierces, 13¼c; tubs, 13½c; pails, 13¾c.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 12c to 12¼c, tons and cases; hams, large, 12½c to 13c; small, 14½c to 15c; backs, 17½ to 18c; shoulders, 10½c to 11c; rolls, 11 to 11½c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; green meats, out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Nov. 10—As far as inquiries for Manitoba spring wheat from foreign sources are concerned there is little to complain of, but the price offered is so out of line that there is still little trade eventuating. These show an advance of from 1½d to 3d. American corn is in quiet demand at 78c for No. 2 mixed in car lots and 79c for No. 2 yellow per bushel, ex-store. Buckwheat, 61c per bushel for No. 2 afloat. Canadian western No. 2 white oats are selling at 45c to 45½c, No. 3 at 44c, extra No. 1 feed oats at 44c and No. 1 feed at 43½c; Ontario No. 2 white at 44c to 44½c, No. 3 at 43c to 43½c, and No. 4 at 42½c to 43c per bushel, ex-store.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, firsts at $6, second at $6.50; winter wheat patents, $5 to $5.25; straight rollers, $4.50 to $4.60; do., in bags, $2.10 to $2.20; extras, $1.75 to $1.85. Manitoba Bran—$21 to $22; shorts, $25; Ontario bran, $21.50 to $22; middlings $25 to $26; shorts, $24.50 to $25 per ton, including bags; pure grain mouille, $30 to $35; milled grades, $25 to $28 per ton. Rolled oats are steady at $2.40 per bag of 90 pounds, and cornmeal is unchanged at $4.10 to $4.30 per barrel. Cheese—Westerns quoted at 12½c to 12⅝c for white and 12¾ for colored. White easterns are quoted at 12c to 12⅛c. Butter — Finest creamery quoted at 26c to 26¾c in round lots, and 27c to 27½c to grocers. Eggs—Selected, 25c to 25½c; No. 1, 21c to 21½c, and No. 2, 17½c per dozen.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Nov. 10—Wheat — December, $1.01⅝; May, $1.05¾; cash No. 1 hard $1.05⅜ to $1.05⅝; No. 1 Northern, $1.04 to $1.04⅜; No. 2 Northern, $1.02 to $1.02⅜; No. 3 Northern, 98c to $1.01⅜. Bran—$17.70 to $18. Flour—First patents, $5.25 to $5.50; second patents, $5 to $5.25; first clears, $3.90 to $4.20; second clears, $2.90 to $3.20.

Bu[illegible] Nov. 10.—Wheat—Spring steady; No. 1 carloads, store, $1.07¾; Winter firm. Corn — Weak; No. 3 yellow, 70½c; No. 4 yellow, 69½c; No. 3 corn, 67 to 69c. Oats —Steady; No. 2 white, 51½ to 52c. Barley—Feed to malting, 61 to 70c.

Milwaukee, Nov. 10—Wheat—No. 2 Northern, $1.06 to $1.06½; No. 2 Northern, $1.02½ to $1.04; December, 99⅞c asked. Rye—No. 1, 75c. Corn—December, 62¾c asked. Barley—Standard, 64c; sample, 52½ to 64c; No. 3, 56 to 59c; No. 4, 52½ to 60c.

REPUBLICAN MAJORITY 45.

Standing of Parties in the Next U. S. Congress.

A despatch from New York says: Election returns from Congressional districts indicate that the House of Representatives in the 61st Congress will stand:—218 Republicans to 173 Democrats, giving a Republican majority of 45. The present House stands 224 Republicans and 167 Democrats, giving a Republican majority of 57. The Republicans lost twelve seats. While there were Republican gains in some states, notably in Pennsylvania, these were offset by striking Democratic victories in Indiana and Nebraska. The latest returns appear to increase instead of diminish Mr. Taft's sweeping victory. From present indications he has carried Missouri by 8,000, thus adding eighteen more electoral votes to the Republican column. Maryland, too, has gone Taftward, although it is probable that an official count will be necessary to determine the result of the balloting for the electoral ticket. Mr. Taft's probable vote in the electoral college will be 327 against a possible 156 for Bryan, Colorado being still in doubt. Eliminating Colorado, with its five electoral votes, Bryan apparently has carried only enough States to give him 151 votes in the electoral college. Conceding Colorado to Bryan, it is likely that Mr. Taft's majority in the electoral college will be 171.

CHOLERA AND THE GANGES.

Whitewashing the Reputation of the Sacred River.

The revolting customs which prevail among pilgrims to the Ganges, including promiscuous bathing by those who are well and those who are suffering from diseases of all sorts and the drinking of water from the bathing places, make the following item from the Indian Review somewhat of a surprise.

"The reputation of the water of the Ganges among the Hindu millions of India is known to all, and most of us were content to believe that in a hot and thirsty land like northern India such a magnificent river as the Ganges had many claims to be highly thought of, but it would appear as if modern science was coming to the aid of ancient tradition in maintaining a special blessedness of the water of the Ganges. E. H. Hankin, in the preface to the fifth edition of his excellent pamphlet on 'The Cause and Prevention of Cholera,' writes as follows:

"'Since I originally wrote this pamphlet I have discovered that the water of the Ganges and the Jumna is hostile to the growth of the cholera microbe, not only owing to the absence of food materials, but also owing to the actual presence of an antiseptic that has the power of destroying this microbe. At present I can make no suggestion as to the origin of this mysterious antiseptic.'"

CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

Conference Will be Held in Toronto Nov. 25th and 26th.

A despatch from Toronto says: The meeting of the Canadian Conference of Charities and Correction at Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, November 25th and 26th, promises to be one of the most interesting gatherings ever held in Canada. The programme, which has evidently been carefully prepared, deals with all phases of charitable work and corrective methods in this country. The aim of the Executive is evidently to bring together as never before all engaged or interested in public charities and the administration of justice to offenders. One of the public addresses at the Conference will be delivered by J. A. Leonard, Superintendent of the Ohio State Reformatory, on Prison Reform. Such important questions as the care of the consumptive, houses of refuge, hospital financing, our gaol systems, care of the feeble-minded, juvenile delinquents, care of the inebriate, causes of poverty, etc., are to be discussed. A delegation from every county in Ontario has been promised and everyone interested is invited to attend.

SEVEN MEN KILLED.

Explosion in a Cut on the G. T. P. in Rainy River.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: Seven men have been killed at McLean's Camp, on the Transcontinental Railway, 18 miles north of Dryden, Ont., by an explosion of dynamite in a rock cut. The accident occurred late on Tuesday, and four bodies are still buried in the debris. This makes nine deaths in five days.

PEMBROKE SWEPT BY FIRE

Flames Started in Factory and Licked Up Half the Business Section.

A despatch from Pembroke says: Over half the business section of Pembroke, including the best business blocks and two banks, the largest manufacturing concerns, two mills, and two hotels and several dwellings, were wiped out by fire which started at 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The loss is estimated at 500,000, and insurance at $240,000

The fire started in the National Manufacturing Company, a three-storey brick factory situated adjacent to the C. P. R. tracks. One supposed cause of the fire is sparks from a passing engine. The top storey was first noticed to be in flames, but by the time the firemen arrived the factory was doomed. From there it spread to the Wright tannery, a frame building adjacent, then to the frame stables of the Leland Hotel, and thence to the hotel itself, and across the street to a number of frame buildings. A terrible wind was blowing, and the burning embers and sparks were carried a block to the main street of the town, the fire breaking out in two distinct places. Several business blocks were completely destroyed, and the fire passed southwards, licking up several fine dwellings. By one o'clock the fire in the business section was under control, and two hours later all danger of the fire spreading in the residential section was removed.

HOTEL AND TOWN HALL SAVED.

The Copeland House, the largest hotel in the town, is standing with burned buildings on both sides and its frame outbuildings all burned in the rear. The Town Hall and several other residences caught fire, but were saved.

Business was completely suspended all day, and all classes of citizens assisted in the work of checking the fire and saving the goods. On orders of the Mayor, all the hotel bars were closed. Despite the fact that it was at an early hour in the morning there were no lives lost, and very few narrow escapes. From one of the houses which was burned the body of a Mrs. Sullivan, who died on Tuesday night, had to be carried to the Town Hall for safety.

In the Leland Hotel an Indian had to be called half a dozen times before he got up, and before he left the building it was in a mass of flames.

COMPLETELY GONE.

The following buildings are completely destroyed: National Manufacturing Co., Leland Hotel, Wright's tannery, Brash's Hotel, Fraser's boot and shoe store, Briscoe's restaurant, Kemp's grocery, Wallace Co.'s drugs, Winter's dentistry, Harding's photograph gallery, Mitchell's stationery, Miller's general store, Shepherd's butcher shop, Pembroke Milling Co., Pembroke Woollen Mills, Pembroke Clothing Co., Standard office, Mackie (dentist), Bolt (jewelry), Dominion Express office, Royal Bank, Quebec Bank, Bell Telephone office, Taylor's paint shop, public library, Delahaye & Reeves' law office, Beal Stone Works, Beamish (furniture), Kenning, veterinary.

PARTLY DESTROYED:

Residences: Thos. Delahaye and Harry Irwin. Market block: John P Miller, wholesale provisions; Hardwood's jewelry store, Edwards & Harrison, photography and paint shops.

The stone bridge over the Muskrat River was badly broken and burnt.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

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

CANADA.

Mr. John Carter died at Guelph from injuries received by being crushed in a gateway.

The house of Mr. Michael Egan of Chatham was wrecked by an explosion of natural gas.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Mayor of Ottawa, has resigned and taken his seat on the Railway Commission.

From May 1st to the end of October $6,663 has been collected in liquor license fines in the Temiskaming district.

The schooner Lorna Doone, arriving at Halifax, reported the loss of Captain Roberts, who was washed overboard.

The township of Geulph is taking action against the city of Guelph on account of polluting the River Speed with sewage.

The Railway Commission will allow railways to handle grain at lake ports on Sunday, on condition that they accept the onus of showing the authorities that the work is necessary to prevent undue delay.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The conference of cotton-workers at Manchester ended without a settlement of the great strike being reached.

William Redmond, the Nationalist, suggested in the House of Commons that the Kaiser be offered a seat in the British Cabinet.

UNITED STATES.

President Eliot of Harvard University has resigned.

A. L. Miller, Chief of Police of Fairbanks, Alaska, was shot and killed by a demented woman.

B. C. Whitney of Detroit, the proprietor of several theatrical houses in Canada and the United States, had his skull fractured in an automobile accident near Brownstown, Ind.

GENERAL.

China has granted the Dalia Lama a salary and ordered him to return home.

The anti-Japanese riots in Hong Kong have reached such proportions that soldiers have been called out to patrol the business streets.

FIGHT WITH ROBBERS.

Two Bank Clerks at Marieville, Que., Act Bravely.

A despatch from Montreal says: The branch of the Eastern Townships Bank at Marieville, Que., was entered by robbers on Tuesday night, but they were beaten off. The noise of their entry aroused two clerks sleeping in the rear of the building, and hastily dressing, they took up arms and entered the room where the burglars were at work. The miscreants fired at them, and an exchange of shots followed. A bullet grazed the head of one clerk, but his condition is not serious. The bandits then fled without any booty being secured. They are being pursued by Chief McCaskill of the Provincial police and his assistants.

PARIS BOURSE DISTURBED.

Owing to Gravity of Situation in Near East.

A despatch from Paris says: The Bourse, despite the satisfaction that pervades the public over the result of the American election, was very much depressed on Wednesday, on account of a feeling that the situation in Eastern Europe continues to be very grave, and also on account of the serious friction existing between France and Germany over the former's arrest at Casablanca of German deserters from the French foreign legion.

WAR IMPROBABLE JUST NOW

Trouble in the Balkans May be Expected in the Spring, However.

A despatch from Vienna says: The Government has received a note from Russia proposing an international conference, but indicating that the programme for this meeting will be much vaguer than that issued in London some time ago. It suggests merely a discussion of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the independence of Bulgaria, the compensation to be paid by the latter to Turkey, the claims of Montenegro and Servia, the abolition of the capitulations and foreign post-offices in Turkey. The note does not protest against the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina or make any comment thereon, and is framed in an entirely non-committal manner. The consensus of opinion is, however, that Russia is determined to oppose the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and consequently there is considerable anxiety over Austria's determination not to budge on this point. The military preparations have not been relaxed, but the Government is of the opinion that hostilities are most improbable this Winter. On the other hand, if things do not settle before Spring trouble is [illegible] to occur then.