THE NANAIMO CALAMITY.

Scarcely Any Hope of Saving the Imprisoned Miners.

AGONIZING SCENES ABOVE GROUND.

A Hundred and Fifty Miners at the Bottom of the British Columbia Mine —No Hope of Safety—Heart-Rending Scenes.

A Nanaimo, B. C., despatch says: A terrible explosion of gas took place on Tuesday evening in the No. 1 shaft of the Vancouver Coal Company's mines, in which there were upwards of one hundred and fifty miners at the time. The first intimation those on the surface had of the explosion was a terrific shock, followed by an outburst of thick black smoke through the air shaft. This was quickly followed by a second one stronger than the first, carrying pieces of wood, miners' lamps, etc., hundreds of feet into the air. In a few minutes flames commenced to issue through the air shaft with a loud, roaring noise. In a short time the fanhouse caught fire and was quickly consumed. In the meantime nine white men and four Chinese were brought out through the hoisting shaft. Rescuing parties attempted to reach the entombed men, but have been unable to rescue more than fifteen up to this hour. The rescuers were overcome with the after-damp and had to be rescued themselves by others. Sam Hudson, one of the rescuing party, succumbed to the effects of the deadly after-damp. The scene around the shaft head is most heartrending, the air being filled with the lamentations of the friends of those imprisoned below looking for the missing. At this hour, 2 p.m., but little hopes are entertained for the safety of the imprisoned men. The fire is still raging, but it is thought it will soon be got under control. The rescuing party will again attempt to go below.

Our Ottawa correspondent telegraphs this (Thursday) afternoon: Mr. Gordon, M.P., British Columbia, represents the district where the explosion took place at Vancouver Coal Company's mines. Every miner in the pit, he tells me, was a personal friend of his own, and consequently he feels very ill over the calamity. The mine belonged to an English company and was worked by a perpendicular shaft. Two small explosions took place at this mine before. There were also several casualties. It is understood that the Davy lamp only is to be used but as miners can see better and consequently do more work with a naked light, it is just quite possible that some Chinaman disregarded the rules and caused the explosion. Gibson, the underground manager, who had so narrow an escape, was Mayor of Vancouver. The explosion evidently took place in the air shaft, thus destroying the van, so that no pure air could be sent into the mine. Gordon has telegraphed for further particulars.

Latest Particulars.

A despatch from Nanaimo, B. C., this afternoon, says: Jules Michael, who was injured in the explosion in No. 1 shaft of the Vancouver Coal Co.'s mine, says he was sitting in the cabin at supper in No. 2 shaft when he felt the concussion. All scrambled out, but became insensible, and only one was saved of his four companions whose dead bodies came up in the cage with him. Several could hardly appreciate their miraculous escape, owing to the dazed feeling which all felt who came out from the deadly pit. He represents the explosion as having been terrific. Everything became dark at once. John Lynch, who was badly injured about the face and head, and had his hip fractured, has been demented ever since the explosion occurred. His talk is about work in the pit. It is thought he will not recover, having inhaled gas. The others were not injured seriously, though all were badly shaken up. Samuel Hudson's heroic death is unaccountable. He was a miner of great experience, while those who went down with him to rescue their fellows were comparatively inexperienced. He died from the effects of after damp. His brave deed was one of the bright things in the carnival of misery. All day yesterday gangs of men endeavored to extinguish the flames in No. 1 shaft, and it is believed the fire is under control. The Merryweather steam fire engine did good work in pumping water from the harbor down the air shaft. It is absolutely impossible to think of getting at the imprisoned men until the fire is subdued. There is danger of the gas being driven into the fire and a second explosion. Even now fears are entertained that the whole place will be blown up. If it should occur the catastrophe would be the greatest recorded in the history of coal mining.

All hope of rescuing any one in the mines has been abandoned. It was proposed to cut a ditch to the salt water so as to attempt to put out the fire in No. 2 shaft by turning a stream of water into it, but the scheme was abandoned. The mines extend out from the shore more than a mile beneath the waters of the harbor, and as one looks over the waves it is hard to imagine that beneath are imprisoned many dead fathers and sons of this city.

AROUND THE SHAFT THE SCENES ARE HARROWING IN THE EXTREME.

Mr. Ridene and Mr. Scott, of the Wellington mines, went down yesterday afternoon, at the risk of their lives, in an endeavor to make an investigation as to the manner of procedure. Mr. Chandler, of the Wellington mines, has been indefatigable in his efforts to assist in the work of rescue. Several physicians are in attendance tendering all the assistance in their power. The business houses are closed. The collieries are shut up and the entire population is gathering at the scene of the disaster. Wives, terror stricken, crying children and sorrowing fathers hover in the vicinity and mourn their terrible affliction. Occasional showers of rain cast a dreariness over the ghastly scene.

The imprisoned miners were all old settlers, their faces were familiar on the streets, and there will be a void in many homes. The cause of the explosion is unknown. It is generally supposed to have been an explosion of coal dust. The tale will probably never be told.

A last (Friday) night's Nanaimo, B. C., despatch says: One more body has been brought up, that of Andrew Hunter, mule driver on No. 1 level. Six other bodies were seen there. Scott, of Wellington, has been carried out and is doing well. Samuel Hudson was buried at 3 p. m. by Rev. Mr. Good, the Odd-fellows and the Masons performing the ceremonies. There is no hope of saving any more of the men.

This is the saddest day ever known in the history of British Columbia. There are very few people in the city that have not lost relatives or friends. One lady lost husband, father and brother, and is frantic with grief. All she wishes now is to see her dead husband's face once more. He was to have taken a holiday that day and gone off bicycle riding, but being a rainy day he postponed his pleasure trip and went down into the fatal pit, never to return alive. One gentleman from Victoria has five brothers, a brother-in-law and an uncle imprisoned in the mine by the deadly gas.

There are 101 white men and 50 Chinese still in the mine. Forty-seven of the whites are married men with families. Some of the young wives with small children are frantic with grief, standing around the mouth of the fatal shaft. Others are dazed with weary watching and tears, silently watching the cage ascending from the depths below, where their dear ones are. Dense volumes of smoke continue to ascend from this shaft. A large gang of men, principally sailors, are down this shaft fighting the fire with desperation. It is hoped the fire will soon be under control. One thousand five hundred feet more fire hose are being sent by special train from Victoria, which will be let down the cage shaft and salt water pumped down. The bodies of William Campbell and Michael Lyons were recovered to-day horribly mangled. The latter was discovered 700 yards from the shaft. Other bodies were seen a little further in, but could not be reached. The men are working in four hour shifts. All posible is being done. It would be madness to penetrate the mine, as another explosion might occur. The mine extends for miles under the harbor, and looking at the peaceful water it is difficult to imagine the frightful catastrophe enacted a few hundred feet below. The worst has yet to come, when the bodies are brought up. People do not yet realize the dreadful catastrophe that has blighted the city. The mouth of the shaft is eagerly watched hour after hour by an eager crowd of men, women and children, Chinese and Indians, all too terrified to talk above whispers. Relief is much needed and cannot come too soon, as the destitution will be terrible. Many of the men leave large families, who have not the necessaries of life.

The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies' hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate, and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the ills which afflict females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard and dragged-out victim, and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Modern Newspaper Regulations.

Editor—Your spring poems have not been printed, sir, because you did not comply with our regulations.

Spring poet—May I ask where I failed?

"Certainly. The poems were signed with an assumed name. Contributors of spring poetry are required to enclose their real name and address, birth record, baptismal record, police court history, marriage certificate, divorce proceedings, if any, together with a full and frank confession of all the evil they ever did in their lives."

"My gracious! Do you need all that as a guarantee of good faith?"

"No; we want it for publication."

The Gamut of Theft.

(Washington Post.)

Taking	$1,000,000	is called	Genius.
"	100,000	"	Shortage.
"	50,000	"	Litigation.
"	25,000	"	Insolvency.
"	10,000	"	Irregularity.
"	5,000	"	Defalcation.
"	1,000	"	Corruption.
"	500	"	Embezzlement.
"	100	"	Dishonesty.
"	50	"	Stealing.
"	25	"	Total depravity.
"	one ham	"	War on society.

A Novel Easter Egg.

The Pope received a novel Easter egg. The egg was of ivory; the interior was lined with white satin upon which nestled a magnificent ruby and diamond ornament. The offering, the value of which is about £2,000, was made by Lady Herbert, of Lea.

It is expected that Michigan Central freight trains will be running into London by the end of next week.

The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in Teheran on Friday night with unwonted splendor. The buildings of the British Legation were splendidly illuminated.

The total number of persons known to have perished in the mining disaster at Nanaimo, B.C., is 189, of whom 82 were Chinamen and 107 whites. More than half of the white men leave families.

The triennial election of a chief and two councillors among the Muncey Indians took place at the Council House on the Caradoc Reserve on Saturday, Mr. Thos. Goodon, Indian agent, presiding. Mr. W. J. Waddilove was chosen chief for the next three years by a large majority, and Messrs. Charles Timothy and Josiah J. Wilson councillors for a similar term.

The case of Jones against the Grand Trunk Railway, tried at the London Assizes on Saturday, was an action for damages brought by the widow of the late J. F. Jones, who was killed last January by shunting engine No. 18 while crossing the track at Point Edward by the plank road to the ferry landing. Train No. 22 was across the road and the deceased had to walk around the last two cars upon the line to get past. It was while doing this that he was struck. After a lengthy trial the jury found for the plaintiff and $2,000.

WATCHING THE FISHERIES.

The Canadian Cruisers Find No Trouble in Looking After the Americans.

A Halifax despatch says: The cruiser Triumph, on the station occupied by the Terror last summer, called into Barrington yesterday. She has visited within the past few days all the harbors and usual resorts of fishing craft between Liverpool and Barrington, and is now on her way to Pubnico, the western limit of her beat. Capt. Lorway reports having boarded and hailed fifty American schooners since he assumed his present command. All these vessels came in for the purpose of shelter or repairs. The crews always manifested the utmost willingness to comply with the regulations, and in every instance so far had promptly carried out their instructions. The recent rough weather had caused an unusual number of American fishermen to seek harbors along the section of the coast, but all took the first opportunity of proceeding to sea and required no extra warning. All intercourse between such vessels and the shore is carried on strictly by day and subject to the excellent rules adopted by Capt. Lorway, of having the boats row alongside the Triumph and report both going and returning. No dissatisfaction was ever expressed at this plan, which prevents all possibility of violating the customs laws. Capt. Lorway had seen no disposition on the part of fishermen to create any trouble. The station was a difficult one to oversee, on account of its great extent and numerous harbors. After the cruise to westward is finished the Triumph will proceed to prospect the eastern boundary of the patrol, in order to look after vessels in want of bait.

THE RIDGWAY TRIAL.

The Publisher of the Black Pamphlet Assessed in £500 Damages.

A last (Tuesday) night's London cable says: The trial of the suit of Sir John Brennon against Wm. Ridgway, the publisher, for libel, in accusing the plaintiff of being a Fenian and a former ally of the Invincibles, was continued to-day. Mr. Ridgway then stated he was unable to call witnesses who could prove his charges, because the disclosing of the name of the writer of the Black Pamphlet, in which the charges were made, would endanger his life. Neither could he call in the detectives from whom he obtained the information, to substantiate the allegations against Mr. Brennon, because it would involve a disclosure of secrets of the profession. The plaintiff had been brought into court as a stalking-horse for others, who dared not appear. Counsel for Mr. Ridgway declared that the Black Pamphlet was written by a Fenian whose destruction would be certain if his name became known. Mr. Brennon's evidence showed that he associated with and assisted the worst dynamiters in Paris. Counsel held this to have proved the case against him. The Judge, in charging the jury, said the defendant had not proved justification. The jury awarded the plaintiff £500 damages.

To-Day's Church News.

Rev. L. Newton, a graduate of McMaster Hall, has accepted the pastorate of the Victoria Baptist Church.

The total amount paid in to the endowment fund of Knox College to date is $152,135. 88. The total amount subscribed is $198,095.17.

The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Fisherville village will shortly be furnished with a new pipe organ, built by Mr. Spencer, of Hamilton. It will be 10x6x13, containing 416 pipes, and will cost $600.

Among the prominent clergymen who are mentioned as likely to succeed Right Rev. Dr. Binney in the Bishopric of Nova Scotia the name of Rev. John Langtry, rector of St. Luke's Church, Toronto, appears. Mr. Langtry was Prolocutor of the Lower House at the last meeting of the Provincial Synod.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, is one of the youngest prelates in this country. He is now 47 years old, but was only 33 when made Bishop of Newark. His manner resembles that of the late Cardinal McCloskey. He is an indefatigable worker and is quick to make decisions and put them into execution.

The Vatican at Rome has 25 chief courts, 8 principal stairways, 200 minor stairways and 30,000 windows in its 11,000 chambers. The library has on its shelves 26,000 manuscripts. Of these 16,000 are in Latin, 500 in Greek and 3,000 in Oriental tongues. The printed volumes in the library number about 100,000.

It Didn't Take,

A Sunday School teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized.

"Yes," said the little girl, "two times."

"Two times? Why, how could that be?"

"It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.—*Wide-Awake.*

An Editor's Experience.

"What is the question that we are asked oftenest in life?" demands a writer. The question most frequently asked in life, we should say is: "Are you sure that you love me?"—*Boston Courier.*

Veterans of the army and navy in Montreal district, about 1,000 in number, are making arrangements to parade with the volunteers on Jubilee day.

The magnetic power of soft iron is more than twice that of lodestone and 1000 times that of ferric sulphate.

Miss Marjory Kennedy, second daughter of the late Scottish vocalist, is now Mrs. Alexander Yule Fraser. Mr. Fraser is mathematical master in the Edinburgh High School. Long life to them!

"Yes, my child, yes; dun is the future tense of due."

Picot-edged ribbons are the most fashionable for all sorts of trimming.

A writer says: "When you have occasion to say no, make it positive." Can't; no is negative.

Brevity produces some very remarkable specimens of what the philosophers call nominalism. One of our correspondents had occasion to go into a store to inquire for Dr. Abercrombie's works, "The Intellectual Faculties," and "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." When asked for them the bookseller solemnly replied: "I know I haven't any moral feelings, and I doubt whether I have any intellectual faculties!"—*Christian Advocate.*

A good organist will know how to tune his reeds and read his tunes.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Archibald Connell, a farmer of South Dorchester, on Tuesday assaulted his family and destroyed the furniture. Last evening he was arrested on a charge of insanity and lodged in Elgin jail.

So far thirteen dead bodies of the victims of the British Columbia colliery explosion have been recovered, and six injured. All hope of rescuing alive the entombed miners has been abandoned, and fears are entertained of the whole place being blown up by a second explosion.

Constable Lipsit, of Bayham, arrested on Wednesday night a young man named Thomas Boughner on suspicion of being one of the noted Bayham lambs. Five other members of the gang await trial in the jail in St. Thomas. Other arrests are on the tapis.

The London Fair Grounds Committee have decided on a main building 200 by 80 feet to be built of wood with stone foundation. Competitive designs will be called for. The first prize includes 4 per cent. on the outlay and the superintendence of the building. The second prize is $200.

On Wednesday evening four suspicious characters, Frank Pearson, W. Arnold, G. Hill and G. Woods, were arrested for trespass on the Michigan Central property at St. Thomas and placed in the cells. In the night they picked the lock and escaped. No trace of them has since been seen.

A young man named Preston, residing at Frankford, Ont., who had lately returned from Michigan, where he had been placing his brother in a lunatic asylum, cut his throat with a razor on Tuesday, whilst laboring under a fit of insanity. Dr. Rockwell, who is in attendance, considers there is no hope of his recovery.

While Mr. S. Lindsay, a clerk in the Almonte branch of the Bank of Montreal, and Mr. Ernest Stephenson, son of Rev. F. Stephenson, were canoeing at Almonte on Wednesday afternoon their boat was capsized at Caldwell's saw mills. Mr. Stephenson was rescued by the men at the mills, but Mr. Lindsay was drowned, his body being recovered about an hour afterwards.

As already reported, $120,000 is the estimated loss to the steamship Barcelona and cargo through grounding in the Traverse at Montreal, caused by neglect on the part of the marine authorities in not having the lightships and buoys placed in position. Captain Williams, of the steamship Oregon, the first ocean steamer to arrive, never had such difficulty in navigating the river for want of signals and buoys.

On the shore of Simcoe Island a bottle was picked up. It contained a piece of paper on which was written in pencil: "April 26th.—Afloat on Lake Ontario in a heavy sea. John Thompson and I am together. We will never see to-morrow. The sea is too high and we are lost. The last place we know of is Pigeon light. Whoever finds this bottle have it copied in the Brockville *Recorder*. We will drown before morning. Hy. (or Wm.) B. Reas. John Thompson." A telegram from Brockville reads: "Know of no such men here. The affair is probably a hoax."

The Colonial Delegates will address a meeting to be held in the London Mansion House on Monday on the question of British trade with the colonies.

The steamer Asie, from Barcelona for Marseilles, has been sunk in a collision with the French steamer Ajaccio, from Cette for Algiers. Several passengers were drowned.

The Pope has summoned three cardinals to confer with him upon the question of reconciliation with the Italian Government and to arrange the conditions upon which the Vatican will consent to negotiate.

A Russian fanatic ran amuck at Odessa yesterday and stabbed six Jews, killing two of them. He was arrested in a restaurant, where he attacked and injured a Jewish waiter. A mob of Jews tried to lynch him.

The English Board of Trade returns for April show that the emigration from Great Britain reaches the enormous total of 56,955, against 40,719 last year, and of that number 7,312 went to British North America, compared with 3,963 in 1886.

The croupiers implicated in the recent gambling swindle at Monte Carlo have been tried in open court and the one who dealt the cards has been sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, the others being severely reprimanded.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise and the Comtesse of Paris, accompanied by brilliant suites, visited the Wild West show and the grounds of the American exhibition at London yesterday. Buffalo Bill and his company gave a special performance for the benefit of his royal guests.

Rev. Charles W. Ward the Englewood rector accused of attempting to murder his wife, was found dead at the home of Judge Drew, his counsel, at Rockland, N.Y., yesterday afternoon. It is supposed he took an overdose of chloral.

Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii, and her suite, escorted by the representatives of the State, War and Navy Departments, paid a visit yesterday morning to the Washington barracks, where a special review of the troops was held in their honor. In the afternoon the Queen received the representatives of foreign governments in Washington.

Yesterday morning six negro boys, 13 to 17 years old, were at the wharf of the Wilmington, N. C., Compress preparing to go across Cape Fear River to shoot rice birds. One named Grant Best had borrowed a double-barrelled gun from a negro man, which he says had no caps on. An accidental discharge of the weapon caused the death of four of the boys and badly hurt a fifth, Best alone escaping injury.

It is understood that the opponents of the sympathizers of Mr. O'Brien have engaged every hall in Ottawa for the night Mr. O'Brien is here, with a view of preventing him from speaking. The weather, however, is fine and Mr. O'Brien can speak in the open air.

To get the oil out of a grindstone make the stone as hot as safety will permit, and then cover it with a paste of whiting and water. The mixture will soon become filled with oil, when it may be scraped off and the process repeated until all the oil is extracted.

Disillusion.

(London World.)

I will seek the woman I loved (he said),
Long ago in life's fortunate days,
I am tired, discouraged and sick at heart,
And my thoughts wander back the remembered ways
To the woman I loved in days that are dead,
And I long for the sight of her face (he said).

She was strangely faithful and kind (he said),
With the gentlest heart, and the sweetest eyes,
That clung to one's gaze in a passionate way;
And I was a fool to be cold and wise
And relinquish such love—see others instead,
And leave her alone to despair (he said).

I will go to her now at once (he said),
For life is discordant and out of time,
And I need her love and her sympathies,
I loved her too lightly and left her too soon;
But the future shall live, and the past is dead,
And my heart yearns back to her heart (he said).

I am here at last in her home (he said)
Here all alone in the twilight gloom;
I wait for the sound of her step on the stair,
As I sit in her dear familiar room,
With all her sweet flowers, and her books on the shelf;
For nothing is changed here—except (he said) myself.

I heard her voice. I remember (he said)
Her voice like a child's with its soothing tone,
But then came a pause, and a whispered word—
A laugh—that seemed turning my heart to stone;
The door opened wide, and my hopes were fled,
For a new love was there by her side (he said).

STRANGLED TO DEATH.

Russian Noble Alleged to Have Murdered His Parisian Paramour.

A Paris cable says: A most horrible murder has been committed in this city by a Russian at one of the principal hotels. As in the case of Pranzini, the woman who was the victim belonged to the frail sisterhood which abounds in Paris. Had she discovered some terrible secret of her lover? Up to the present there seems no motive for the crime, since her lover was a man of immense wealth and very high position, both in social and official rank. Whatever be the cause, she was discovered in his rooms at the hotel, her neck showing indubitable traces that she had been strangled. The Lothario was arrested, but was released after a few hours' detention. The reason publicly given for not proceeding against him was that there was not sufficient evidence to hold him. The real reason, however, was that immediately after his arrest one of the highest officials of the Russian Embassy called on the Procureur-General, the Jude d'Instruction and the Prime Minister. At the present moment the Russian alliance is of more value to France than the life of a mere cocotte, hence the murderer has been allowed to go scot free and to leave for Italy, although his name and rank and his crime are on everybody's lips, both in France and in Russia.

A Birthday Compliment.

Jones—"This is my birthday, Smith." Smith—"Indeed! How old are you?" "Just 40 to-day." "H'm! Forty? Well, there is an old saying that every man at 40 is either a fool or a physician. You are not a physician, I believe?"—*Boston Courier.*

To Be Settled Later.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."

She Had a Motto Too.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Hardtack," said the new boarder, "but I'm a little short this week, and I'll have to ask you to wait a little for my board, though my motto is 'To pay as I go.'"

"Can't do it," replied Mrs. Hardtack. My motto is, 'Pay or go.'"—*New York Sun.*

His Future Career.

"And what do you expect to be when you grow up, Bobby," asked the minister; "a lawyer like your father?"

"No," Bobby replied. "Ma says I'm too much like pa to make a successful lawyer. I did think I'd be a drum major, but I guess I'll be a lion tamer."

—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President, has accepted a place as first assistant in a school for young ladies in New York city.

—The longest continuous run on any railway in the world is that made by the new Saratoga limited train on the road from New York to Troy, which runs the entire distance—148 miles—without a stop.

Mr. Joseph Dennis, an engineer on the Michigan Central, at St. Thomas, has invented a fire-proof and safety stove for railway coaches and applied for a patent for Canada and the United States. The stove is so constructed that in case a collision occurs hot water passes into the fire box, extinguishing the fire.

THE ECONOMICAL GIRL.

She's a dashing little student
Of economy and prudent,
In a most painstaking fashion,
I would really have you know;
And she looked up with her eyes unglancing,
Most bewitchingly entrancing,
And my thoughts flew back to courtship,
Many happy years ago;
Soon her gaze grew fond and fonder,
And I then began to ponder
Some sweet words I'd whisper to her
Of a liberty I'd take;
But she smiled a smile plotonic
And she said in words laconic:
"What a splendid lot of carpet rags
Your overcoat would make!"

M. Zola, who held for some years the pen of a dramatic critic, always persistently maintained that the stage ought to be an exact copy of real life and that it was quite as possible to be true to nature in a theatre as in a book.

—A medical authority says that in warm weather people will find their systems cleaned and cooled very comfortably and beneficially by swallowing a goblet of fresh water, not iced, with a little table salt dissolved in it.

The threatened insurrection by the Greek population of Crete against the Porte's authority has quieted down.

"'It is the little things that tell,' says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers."

An old man named James, who is alleged to have wandered away from the London hospital and to have suffered greatly from exposure, owing to his family not having been informed of his escape from that institution, died last night. It is probable an inquest will be held into the affair.