...s of sorrow even for their sins. ...yet sorrow of a godly sort is a ...uge and a duty. Sorrows are ...rs, but joys are wings. ... The people went their way. ...n of those who left went to their ...es, the rest to their temporary ...ping places. To eat, and to drink, ...h was their duty to God on this ...son. To send portions. Which ...their duty to their fellow-men. ...us remember that no social sys- ...has yet been practically worked ...it does not leave many in bitter ...rty. To make great mirth. This ...their duty to themselves. Their ...it was not finding; it was the hil- ...rity called in the New Tes- ...ment of souls who feel that God is ...r Father and all men and women ...r brothers and sisters. It was a ...duty to indulge in mirth of such ...as had understood the words ...were declared unto them. This ...he caused their gladness. They ...ason to think the Levites and ...e men who had helped them ...ders and. I fancy some of ...e looking such Levites, to thank ...n for leading them in the ... So many of us have sought ...rity to find the Sunday school ...ers who led us in childhood ...ught and found them; so—and ...s admirable and cheering ...—some will seek to find the ...ty and teacher of to-day. Per- ...ers will not find us, but all ... and thanks will cluster ...d saved souls in eternity.

FALLING 3,000 FEET.

Wonderful Escapes From Imminent Death.

...ge used to be a story in Hawaii ...ne who always took his ...ing dip off a point of cliff 120 ...t above the surf. Naturally enough ...yarn met with little belief, but, ...dering the distance a man can ...ng by the Hawaii native's ...s is perhaps not so won- ...ful seconds.

...s story one read of Mlle. ..., who, with her mother, fell on ...ier Zermatt, a distance of ... the first 30 feet of ...ir fall broke her, and the rest ...ed her comfortably steep slope. ...though the mother was killed ...e woman escaped with ...ad, late of the United ...s turned Steeple Jack, ...d in this exciting profes- ...erful escapes. While ...e climbed the wa- ...230 feet high, ...e top a stone gave ...e a sheer plunge of 178 ...to the telegraph wires ...e street, and landed ...h in the roadway. ...people saw Sutherland ...spellbound with hor- ...

A FEARFUL DEATH

...ay it was gener- ...he was dead long ...the telegraph wires. ...circumstances were sent for ...k of life might ...the doctors exam- ...y declared, much ...surprise, that there ...e matter with him. After ...d he was up and ...fell when climbing ...orborn the year be- ...ascent is well ...ed from rock to ...m of an almost ...ly for over 300 feet. ...ly cut, but the only ...was the impairing ...

...a father attempt- ...ly by throwing ...enson Bridge at ...them, a girl about ...of age, survived that ...A woman, too, once ...below in safety, ...at suicide by jump- ...parapet. But this ...ys of the crinoline; ...oom-like expanse ...

...all is the account ...e terrific tumble ...of no less than 3,000 ...enezuela, and he, ...te descent. The ...ed to open till within ...hundred feet of the ...and subsequently, ...man crashed both ...broke his right ...located his spinal ...other injuries. ...ver, he, too, ...ly to write an ac- ...s probably the most ...ral man ever sur-

EARTHQUAKES.

...ndow These Tre... ...Colorado of Satern. ...mmon order Mor... ...British navy, ...ers the Civil ...following rules ... These ...be fulfilled and ...only look for ...ssity, restless. ...generally follow ...of eclipses. ...the earthquake ...be found between ...also as re- ...the planets at the ...

...ecently happen ...planets on or ...or equator. ...happen more fre- ...there are planets, es- ...Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter or ...the sign Taurus or Scorpio.

COAL MINING ACCIDENTS.

...r deaths are caused by mining ...ns now than in 1855, although ...present time there are two and ...times as many people employ- ...derground.

Mystery of Shaft No. 13.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"H'm," said Mr. Skewton, stroking his chin, "and a friend?"

"So I thought him till last night. Listen. He loved my wife, though she did not know it, and before God I swear I never suspected him of the treachery in his heart. My wife went to bed, in that recess you saw, about eleven. I sat up reading for an hour, then went in to see that she was all safe, and went back. I had turned out the gas, and was about to cross the outer room to go up stairs, when the door communicating with the staircase opened, and some one came in quickly, and went through the folding-doors. He went straight to the recess—in the dim light I saw him and—in a second—in one lightning moment of fury—I shot him as he turned to face me, and he fell down dead across the foot of the bed."

"And your wife slept through all this?" said Mr. Skewton, incredulously.

"Don't you know?" said Jack in surprise. "She is deaf."

"A tragedy, indeed," said Mr. Skewton, dryly; "but one would think even a deaf person would be wakened by a pistol shot within a yard of her."

"But she did not stir," said Jack, calmly, his always resolute jaw and mouth more resolute than ever.

"And after?" said Mr. Skewton.

"I went up stairs," said Jack.

"And then?"

For a moment Jack looked like one suddenly checked at fault.

"What does the way in which I spent the later part of the night matter to you?" said Jack, sharply. "I went to bed."

"To bed! Leaving that body as a pleasant surprise to your wife when she woke! H'm—and you shot an unarmed man. Had you a grudge against her?" he asked, suddenly.

Jack made no reply.

"Where is she?" said Mr. Skewton.

"Upstairs."

"You had had a conversation together since this—occurrence?"

"Not one syllable."

"H'm," said Mr. Skewton, "then she does not know who did it?"

"Yes—she knows."

"She knew," said Mr. Skewton, keenly, "that you might have had a motive for killing this young man?"

"Yes."

He said it defiantly, and as if he had put shame for her miles away from himself.

Mr. Skewton went out softly, called a subordinate whom he left outside the drawing-room door, and ascended to the suite of rooms above.

He had already visited them, but now after a glance at the quiet figure, on the bed, he stepped up to the toilet-table.

"H'm," he said, "evidently interrupted by something or somebody in the act of undressing. Cravat thrown off, but collar still round his throat, his watch and money lying about. What's this? An envelope and no post-mark—a woman's writing of course, a woman who is probably in the house."

He went down to the drawing-room with the letter in his hand.

"This is your wife's hand-writing?" he said. "Mr. Ross evidently received this after he came in last night."

The young husband turned. He seemed to have shrunk in his clothes and Mr. Skewton was answered instantly by the pale look on his face—a look aghast terrible, and which illumined and confirmed the theory that the detective had set up, perhaps, disappointing him not a little, as at first sight there had seemed to be stranger circumstances in the case.

"After all," he thought, contemptuously, "it was a very simple murder, simple in its motive and clumsy in its accomplishment, and the course of justice will be swift and easy, so that no possible kudos can be attached to any detective concerned in it."

How could he tell through what furnaces of agony Jack was passing as he stood with back turned to him motionless as a stone?

That bitter cry out of Scripture was ringing in his ears, that cry out of the far ages, that will ring on for ever. "And it was even thou—mine own familiar friend."

"A pitiful fellow," thought the detective, mentally measuring his inches, "but who would have thought him coward enough to shoot an unarmed man?"

Suddenly he stepped back, and through the folding-doors, looking around with a glance that embraced everything, especially the window that Jack had left open overnight, and which was open still. Beneath it was part of the roof of the dining-room, and beyond it, and a trifle higher, a large expanse of leads, bounded by the windowless backs of the houses in a by-street that ran at right angles with the leads.

Windowless! Ay, but in the brick-lined sloping roof of one of these houses the quick eye of Mr. Skewton detected a single skylight, shut, it is true, but more than wide enough to admit the body of a man, while the drop to the leads below was not more than twenty feet. The window open, and a skylight in another house by which any one could get in here, and go all over the house," said Mr. Skewton to himself, "if it were not for the pistol, and this man's damning evidence against himself—though he is too eager by half—I should say this might be a very interesting case indeed. Anyway," his eyes remained riveted to the skylight, "it won't be such plain sailing as I supposed."

He had the more reason to believe himself correct in this supposition, when in the course of his travels round the room, he discovered and promptly annexed something that, however humble in itself, was destined to play an important part in the drama that had yet to be played out.

"And now for Mrs. St. George," he said.

CHAPTER III.

"The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool the deepest linn."

He did not trouble any one to show the way. The house was fashionably small, and he had already been twice in the second floor, so, unless on the roof, he must find Mrs. St. George in the top rooms of all.

He went boldly up and passing the doors of two servants' room that stood open, knocked gently at the third one, which was shut.

No answer.

He knocked again and with the same result.

Then he said quietly, with his lips to the keyhole: "Your husband is under arrest for the murder of Mr. Ross."

A sound of voices, a rush as of a whirlwind, and the door was flung open to bring the detective face to face with a woman whom he afterward described as the sweetest little morsel he ever saw in his life."

"You must be mad," said Elizabeth on the instant, "my husband came up to this room last night, and never left it till he was called from his bed this morning by that horrible news. If he had gone down again," she turned authoritatively to Rose, "you must have heard him, must you not?"

The detective turned to look at the girl addressed, looked her through and through, yet was conscious all the while of the narrow, low-pitched room, the unsuitable entourage of this woman, who looked as if born to rule in a palace. He observed, too, a smell of burning paper lingering in the air, and suspected mischief.

Rose looked at her mistress steadily, pityingly, even, but returned no reply.

Mrs. St. George made a gesture of indignant anger, then turned fiercely on the man who stood there in the narrow way, forcing himself upon her in her own chamber. A sudden sense of the publicity in which she must henceforth live, smote on her chillily, and she felt that the sanctity of her home was gone, and privacy for her no longer existed.

"If any one is to be arrested," she said curtly, "arrest me. If anyone in this house is guilty, I am that person."

"How did you do it?" he said, smoothly and raising his voice a little; "do you always carry firearms?"

She had set her face as a flint, but she could not keep the look out of her eyes that told him what he wanted to know. He caught also an expression in Rose's face that he stored up for future unravelling.

"Mrs. St. George did not do it," he said to himself, "but her maid knows something about it. Then there is the skylight." Aloud he said, and producing an envelope from his pocket:

"Mrs. Ross received a letter from you last night?"

"He did."

"It was delivered by one of your servants?

"By my maid."

"Mr. Ross was not in, ma'am," said Rose, "and I placed the letter on his dressing-table."

"Where he found it at midnight—or later," said the detective to himself.

"Mr. Ross was a friend of yours?" he said.

"He was," she said, coldly; "but is this quite the place in which to catechize me?"

"If you will come down," he said calmly, "I will ask my questions under more favorable circumstances."

But she shrank back, and shook her head determinedly.

"When you come to take me away to prison I will go down," she said, "but not till then."

And she made as though she would shut the door in his face.

"So sly," he said, not rudely or offensively, and indeed his manner had not been wanting in respect from the first, "if you will not come down, then I must speak to you here. You corresponded with Mr. Harry?"

"I did."

"Unknown to your husband?"

"Unknown to my husband."

"I may venture to inquire your subject?"

"You may not."

"Your letter was not of such a character as would bring him to your room at night?"

Elizabeth's eyes blazed—Rose's were cast down.

"What has this to do with your inquiry?" she said.

"Everything. If Mr. Ross obeyed such a summons from you, and your husband found him there——" the detective paused significantly.

Elizabeth's face blanched, and she seemed hardly to breathe.

"My husband never set foot in that room after he wished me good-night," she said.

"What time did he come up?" said the detective.

Elizabeth faltered, trembled.

"You were asleep," said the detective in his dangerously soft suggestive voice. "He may have sat up reading late?"

"No," she said boldly, "he may have thought me asleep, but I was not. It struck midnight just after he went up stairs."

"Did you hear your master come up stairs?" he said suddenly to Rose.

Rose made no reply.

"He came up at twelve, did he not, Rose?" cried Elizabeth, eagerly.

But Rose's back answered the question.

"Your maid looks as if she had not been in bed all night," said Mr. Skewton. "Ah, what hour did Mr. Ross usually come in?"

"At all hours. The latch was always left up for him."

"You saw him every day?"

"Very seldom."

"But he and your husband were on perfectly friendly terms?"

"Perfectly."

"And you also?"

She looked him full in the face and paused deliberately before she said:

"Until last night."

The detective put up his hand.

"Stop," he said, "I am bound to tell you not to say anything that will incriminate yourself."

"When you been trying for the last ten minutes to extract every damning circumstance you can against me!" she said, with a curious faint smile.

"Listen——"

Rose came forward and caught at her mistress's arm.

"Madam," she said, imploringly, "don't! It isn't true—don't say it! Somebody may have come after the sapphires."

"What sapphires?" said the detective, quickly.

"They have nothing to do with it," said Elizabeth, "no one knows where I keep them, often I don't know myself. I hide them, here, there, and everywhere."

"Then you always feared being robbed?" said the detective, his pulses quickened by this new element in the case.

Mrs. St. George looked indifferent.

"What was their value?" he said.

"About five thousand pounds."

"And you kept such valuable things lying about—here, there and everywhere?"

"There were only two stones," she said, indifferently.

"Two! They must have been very large to be of that value."

"They were," she said, carelessly, "so large that very few people thought they were real."

The detective glanced at the ill-proportioned room, a servant's room, however, beautifully furnished, and kept, and his eyes expressed the astonishment he felt. With such jewels as those, how came she to give up the best rooms in the house for a paltry hundred or two a year?

"Where were they last night?" he said.

"Here," said Elizabeth, thrusting her hand into the pocket of her dressing-gown. As she did so, Rose turned her back, busying herself with tidying the room.

An ejaculation of amazement from the detective made her turn. She drew nearer, and a frightful change came over her face as she saw lying on her mistress' palm two glorious sapphires of enormous size and in color, the intensest, darkest, vividest blue.

A low moan escaped her lips, instantly stifled, but as she turned aside to hide her face, Mr. Skewton caught a glimpse of it—a glimpse that told him much.

"Matchless," said the detective, "and you keep them rolled up in a twist of tissue paper?" as she carelessly put them back in her shallow pocket. And for a moment he mused over the recklessness of women.

Rose Dupont had moved away, and was folding up, and putting straight the things lying about.

"Why do you not keep your sapphires in a safe?" he said to Mrs. St. George.

She looked at him, disdaining to answer, then said:

"Have you arrested my husband, and on what evidence?"

"Strictly speaking, he is not under arrest, but he is watched, and could not escape if he tried. The evidence," he touched his breast pocket, "is here."

Elizabeth turned to that livid whiteness which betrayed mortal agony and fear. She tried to speak, but uttered only a hoarse sound that died in her throat; then, before he guessed her intention, with the delicacy of touch and lightning swiftness of a practiced thief, she had dived for and snatched the pistol out of his breast pocket, and put it behind her back.

It had been a moment's thought, an instant's work, not even knowing what she would find in the pocket he had so significantly touched but the unexpected touch of the cold steel chilled her blood, and she trembled visibly as she stepped back.

To Be Continued.

CYCLISTS IN THE WAR.

Many of the Soldiers Using Bicycles In stead of Horses.

The Transvaal war will at least have the credit of being the first campaign in which bicycles have been employed by regular troops; and from the frequency with which they are mentioned in the telegrams, it is very evident that the riders are doing very good sevice. This fact, coupled with the order of Sir Redvers Buller that departmental officers at bases might have the option of using their cycles instead of horses, and receiving an allowance in lieu of rations, leads one to hope that the military authorities are at length beginning to perceive the practical value of the bicycle in warfare.

DISASTER IN CANTON.

Over Fifty People Either Burned or Drowned.

A despatch from San Francisco says:—Hong Kong papers of October 5th, received by the Doric, give details of a great fire in Canton at midnight on the second, by which over 50 persons lost their lives. It seems a mat-shed theatre had been built by the river-side, and around it about 100 boats had been anchored. While the theatrical performance was going on, fire broke out on one of the boats. It spread rapidly to the inflammable material of the theatre. There was a wild rush among the audience, and many boats were capsized. Over fifty people were burned or drowned.

ANDERSON NOT GUILTY.

Verdict Acquittal in the Winnipeg Bank Robbery.

A despatch from Winnipeg, says:—So confident were Anderson's friends that the bank robbery trial would end on Tuesday night that they had prepared a banquet and invitations were out, but it was postponed, as the judge's charge was not delivered until Wednesday morning, when the court-room was again crowded to suffocation.

Judge Bain began his address shortly after ten o'clock, and took up points of evidence very carefully, reviewing it very clearly. The jury listened very carefully to every word.

The jury, after an absence of an hour, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

A story of embezzlement of £70,000 comes by mail from Johannesburg. This large sum has been abstracted in the course of five years by Jonathan King, chief clearing clerk at the Standard Bank of South Africa.

SLAUGHTER OF BOERS.

They Attack Mafeking, But Are Driven Back With Frightful Losses.

Boers Also Suffer at Colenso—Caught Between Two Fires the Enemy Suffered Terribly--Annihilated Almost to a Man--The British Loss Was Very Small--Boer Treachery Punished.

A despatch from Orange River Station, says:—(By despatch rider from Mafeking)—The Boers bombarded the camp and town for 36 hours.

They threw in 300 shells, and did not cease firing till the evening of October 25th.

During the long bombardment of the town by the Boers only four English soldiers were wounded.

The bombardment was so futile that it seemed to be a joke.

At its conclusion the Boers tried to rush the town.

A fearful rifle fire resulted, and the Maxim guns of the British were used with such deadly effect that the Boers broke and stampeded in a mad panic.

They were driven back over mines, which were exploded, scattering the Boers in all directions with great loss.

BRITISH VICTORY AT COLENSO.

A despatch from London, says:—Tuesday night's welcome despatches from the front show the British garrison at Ladysmith not merely standing on the dogged defensive, but executing a series of brilliant sorties. Accounts from different sources agree that the laconic official description of Thursday's engagement as "an effectual shelling of the Boer laager" was unduly modest.

It appears that Sir George Stewart White sent a strong force of cavalry and infantry to attack the Boers at Tatham's farm, about 10 miles to the north-west, near Bester's, and apparently achieved a surprise, the Boers being caught on the open veldt and cut to pieces, and their camp captured.

Encouraged by this success, General White decided to risk an even more important engagement on the following day, which was again justified by success.

BOERS ATTACKED IN THE REAR.

Ladysmith had been isolated, and a Boer force had intercepted the railway between Ladysmith and Colenso. This force on Friday had descended upon Colenso, and, as shown by the despatches from Estcourt, had compelled a hurried abandonment of Colenso and a retirement of the British to Estcourt.

Gen White had ascertained that the Boers were attacking Colenso, but he was not aware of the British retirement. He had determined, therefore, to attack the Boers in the rear, thus hoping to achieve the double object of drawing off an attack upon the garrison of Colenso and possibly of re-opening communication southward.

The Boers had advanced southward until they had occupied the hills north of Tugela river and dominating Colenso on the other side of the stream. The hills stop to a plain that reaches to the banks of the Tugela.

PERISHED ALMOST TO A MAN.

Gen. White's division caught the Boers in the rear, and after the hills had been shelled, the British infantry stormed the position.

Meanwhile the British cavalry swept round the hills, and as the re'reating enemy descended into the plains, with British bayonets behind them and the river in front of them, they were charged by the cavalry and seem to have perished almost to a man.

The British then returned to Ladysmith without coming into touch with the Colenso garrison, which had retired to Estcourt.

BOER TREACHERY PUNISHED.

A despatch from Durban, Natal, Sunday says:—A native eye-witness of Thursday's battle near Ladysmith says the Boers were caught on the open ground and raised several white flags. The British then advanced without firing to accept the surrender of the Boers, but were received with a volley at close range.

Enraged at this treachery, the Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons, followed by the infantry with fixed bayonets, charged through and through the enemy, and did great execution.

A lot of prisoners and loot were captured.

TO JOIN HANDS WITH WHITE.

A despatch from Estcourt announces the departure of a strong force of mounted troops and artillery for a destination not given in the despatches.

A special despatch from Pietermaritzburg, dated Sunday, says:—"It is confidently expected that railway communication will be restored with Ladysmith within a few hours."

Another message announces the arrival at Estcourt and Pietermaritzburg, within the last few days, of reinforcements from Durban, and that 3,500 troops are assembled ready for a readvance to Colenso when the opportune moment arrives. The latter despatch throws light on the former, and the force which left Estcourt Monday last doubtless reoccupied Colenso, and possibly is now advancing cautiously up the railroad toward Ladysmith. Gen. White's sortie of Friday almost to the banks of the Tugela river encouraging its commander in the hope of joining hands with him.

General Joubert, the latest advices indicate, drew in his horns after Friday's engagement, and has since withdrawn the southern Boer contingents, leaving only outposts on the line from Ladysmith to Colenso. The Boers who occupied Colenso about the middle of last week, retired without damaging Bulwer bridge, over the Tugela river, or the railroad as far north as the village of Nelthorpe, seven miles south of Ladysmith. Evidently they nurse a hope of eventually being both in their descent on Pietermaritzburg. Meanwhile the British are also able to use both, as they have already done, in running up an armored train, which may at the present moment be covering the advance of the Estcourt force.

At Estcourt and Pietermaritzburg the defensive works have been greatly strengthened within the last few days, and they are now believed capable of holding their own against any Boer force, which General Joubert would, at the present juncture risk sending. Both are likely to be strengthened before the week is out by a further naval force, and even by the first detachment of General Buller's army corps.

TO CAPTURE KIMBERLEY.

The situation looks brighter at Mafeking, where the Boers are apparently disheartened at the unexpected resistance, a large body of their force having been detached to the south to assist in the investment of Kimberley, around which the cordon is drawing tighter. Evidently the Boers intend to make a concentrated effort to capture Kimberley and their arch-enemy, Cecil Rhodes.

Further details from Mafeking indicate that the Boer firing was easing off, the garrison was in high spirits, and the siege was becoming a farce. The correspondent says that the people were in the habit of shouting from the housetops "ware shells!" and that rabbit-holes had been excavated in the town, into which the men would dive when the smoke of the Boers' big gun was seen. General Cronje is accused of dropping shells in the direction of the women's laager.

According to a despatch from Kuruman, British Bechuanaland, dated Monday, Col. Plumer's column, marching from Fort Tuli to the relief of Mafeking, had reached Asvogel kop, opposite Oosti, ten miles north of Lobatsi, and was nearing Mafeking.

QUEEN TO LADY WHITE.

A despatch from London says:—The feeling of relief inspired by recent good tidings is tinged by a certain alloy of anxiety lest Gen. White should again make some fatal miscalculation. Her Majesty does not share this anxiety, and, apparently, is sanguine of his ability to pull through successfully. It is asserted that she has written to Lady White expressing sympathy with her husband, in the trials and difficulties he is now experiencing, and assuring Lady White of her own undiminished confidence in his generalship. The public report of this letter has been cabled to Gen. White, by the Marquis of Lansdown.

Her Majesty has written a letter of condolence to the mother of the late Commander Egerton, of the British cruiser Powerful, who was fatally wounded by the explosion of a shell at the bombardment of Ladysmith on November 2, when, as a gunnery lieutenant, he was in charge of one of the cruiser's big guns.

FUSILIERS IN COLENSO.

A despatch from Estcourt, Natal, says:—Details were received from the armoured train, which returned from Colenso on Tuesday, of a brilliant little performance. The train, which carried two companies of the Dublin Fusiliers, under Captain Romer, sighted near Colenso, the Boers in considerable force near the line. The Fusiliers immediately opened a brisk fire, which the Boers replied to ineffectively, and, as they were suffering loss, they quickly retired out of sight. But as the train cautiously advanced the Boers were seen moving around on its left flank, their presumed object being to take the train in the rear. To avoid this the train retired.

It was then seen that the Boers had no intention of attacking but were in full retreat over the road and bridge. Immediately a strong detachment left the train and entered the town, while the train slowly advanced to the station. Several volleys at long range were fired on the retreating enemy.

The British also succeeded in entering Fort Wylie, near Colenso, and brought back four waggon loads of shells, provisions, and stores.

ATTACK ON KIMBERLEY.

A despatch from Orange River, Cape Colony, Monday, says:—The Boers investing Kimberley have been reinforced by 2,000 men, and have succeeded in corralling about $25,000 worth of stock belonging to Kimberley merchants, which was intended for the sustenance of the town.

STUCK TO THEIR TARTANS.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Many of the Gordon Highlanders who were wounded at Elandslaagte have arrived here. A majority of them declared that they were shot after the Boers had exhibited four flags of truce and the British bugler had sounded "Cease firing."

The Highlanders admit that their heavy loss was due to their action in unanimously refusing their commander's offer to let them fight without their tartans.

SIEGE TRAIN FOR AFRICA.

A despatch from London, says:—The War Office is monolizing a siege train, composed of 14 6 inch howitzers; eight 5-inch, and eight 4-inch guns, with travelling carriages, and 15,600 rounds of lyddite and cordite shells. The 6-inch guns will have a range of 10,000 yards. Eleven hundred and thirty-six officers and men, supplied with 25,000 rounds of small arm ammunition will accompany the train.

The armament is now being issued from Woolwich, and part of it has already been forwarded to Devonport for shipment to South Africa.

This will be the first employment of a modernized siege train by an European army; and the progress of the reduction of forts by lyddite shell fire, a preliminary to storming by infantry, will be watched with intense curiosity by all professions.

MORE GORDONS SA...

A despatch from ... says:—Enormous crowds in... about the docks here ... Thursday to the First ... Gordon Highlanders, ... which a son of General ... lieutenant. The pres... White and her daughte... enthusiasm.

SAYING HIS AMEN...

A despatch from Lon... says:—Complete silence ... on upon affairs in Sou... British public must per... tent with the brief st... which the censor allows ... through from Cape To... condition of things is ... to pressure of work or ... has been amply prove... Telegraph Company re... real delay in transmiss... days. It is evident ... censorship is responsib... two days of delay whi... fall all the despatches. ... ing, however, the Daily ... nounced that its ... patch from Ladysmith, ... which the War Office ... Tuesday, was not de... street until yesterday ... ing.

It is believed that the ... ceived further despatch... ing, but nothing has b...

The statement from ... the British guns do no... Boer artillery becau... beds for the guns have ... ed is interpreted in so... mean simply that the ... banding their ammuni... fire is only a trick to ... to waste shells.

Among the few item... Friday from the Cap... ing that the Boers are ... guns in the hills surro... smith. All the corres... beleaguered town are ... ious to open communi...

A gentleman who vis... Nek after the engagem... in killed and 70 ... wo...

The latest advices f... say that all was well in ... explosion had been hea... position was that he ha... up the railroad cu... field.

The Belgian Governm... has warned Dr. Leyds ... quarters is at Brussels, ... a neutral country.

FIRED ON RED CROSS.

The War Office has rece... General Buller the follo... Cape Town, Thursday ... received by pigeon post from ... White, to-day, he following ...

"The bombardment ... long ... heavy guns continues dail... casualties are occurring, but no ... harm is being done.

"The Boers sent in to-day ... of refugees from the Transv... a flag of truce. A flag of ... Ladysmith met them outside ... ets. When the party separ... Boer guns fired on them before ... our pickets.

"Major Gale, of the Royal ... was wounded to-day while ... message.

"The entrenchments are ... ing stronger, and the supply ... sions is ample."

GEN. BULLER SAILS.

The War Office has issued ... lowing:—

A report having appeared ... South African papers that on ... fired on the Genoa ... General Buller telegraphs the following ... of the incident, given by the ... and Diggers' News, by the ... Martens, a Dutch ... Boers:—

"Directly after the ... the English, though ... the railway station ... They were not; but one of ... went through an arab... as they found their mis... ed firing. The probable ... ence with usages should ... three miles from the field of ... the Boers cannot claim that ... lish broke the usages of civil... fare; but I do not think the ... would have fired on ... known this. It was mine..."

PREPARATIONS CALLED OFF.

Arrangements for the Royal Tour Stopped.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—... preparations for a second send-off ... which were going on, quiet... Militia Department, very hi... on Thursday evening ... were sent to Messrs. S... Hamilton; Messrs. Workman ... Montreal, and others, asking ... to hurry with their contracts ... uniforms, etc., could not be ... for the present. No order ... given for anything which will not ... required by the militia in Canada.

ALL FIVE CHILDREN DEAD.

Terrible Bereavement of Recent Two Months.

A despatch from Brockville says:—By the death of Leslie ... aged six years, which took place ... Tuesday evening, the ... Mr. and Mrs. A. ... of ... is wiped out. Two months ... were five happy children ... attacked with scarlet fever ... away one after the other with ... ception of Leslie, who ... cently he was attacked with ... trouble and succumbed.

BANK BURGLARS AGAIN.

An Attempt to Rob the Ottawa Bank the Result.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—About 1 o'clock on Friday morning an attempt was made to rob the Bank on Wellington street. A burglar in prying open a window broke a pane of glass, and in this way some of the clerks who were in the bank were able to give the alarm. The men were soon on the spot, but no trace of the burglar could be found.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Prices of Grain, Cattle, Cheese, &c in the Leading Marts.

Toronto, Nov. 14.—About sixty loads of offerings were received at the Western cattle yards this morning, including 1,000 lambs and sheep and 1,500 hogs.

Prices for cattle were nominally unchanged, but trade was dull, and there was a downward tendency for second-rate and inferior cattle.

Export cattle in poor demand, and nominally quoted at from 4 to 4 1-2c per pound.

In butcher cattle there was a slow movement, the little good stuff we had here sold readily at from 3 3-4 to to 4 1-4c, per pound; a little more was paid for small selected lots, but these were in no sense representative rates. The enquiry was slow, and prices weak, for all ordinary to common stuff. It is reported the receipts of cattle will not be large to-morrow, Friday.

Stockers are a slow sale, and quoted about 3c per pound for good cattle.

Feeders and bulls are unchanged.

"Small stuff" was in over supply to-day, lambs and sheep are both weaker, lambs being from 25 to 35c per cwt. lower. Many are left over.

Milk cows are scarce and dear, a few choice cows are wanted.

Good veal calves are also wanted at from $5 to $8 each, if of the right kind.

Throughout the market prices were so unsettled that the general tendency was to wait and see what to-morrow may bring forth.

Hogs are unchanged. Choice hogs "singers"—scaling from 160 to 200 lbs. are selling at $4.12 1-2 per cwt., and thin and fat hogs at $3.75 per cwt. Stores are not wanted.

Following is the range of current quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt.	$ 4 00	$4 50
Butcher, choose, to.	3 75	4 25
Butcher, med to good.	3 25	3 50
Butcher, inferior.	3 00	3 25
Stockers, per cwt.	2 25	3 12 1-2
Sheep and Lambs.		
Ewes, per cwt.	3 00	3 30
Lambs, per cwt.	3 25	3 60
Bucks, per cwt.	2 00	2 50
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.	25 00	50 00
Calves, each.	2 00	7 00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt.	4 00	4 12 1-2
Light hogs, per cwt.	0 00	3 75
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	0 00	3 75

Toronto, Nov. 14.—Wheat — Outside markets were quiet and easy to-day. In Chicago, December wheat broke below 68c. Local prices were unchanged, but the market was dull. Red and white Ontario sold to millers at 65 to 66c, according to nearness to the mill. Goose wheat unchanged, 70c; middle freights, and 69c, north and west. Manitobas easy at 79c for No. 1 hard, g.i.t., and 78c, Toronto and west.

Montreal, Nov. 14.—Special — The grain market continues quiet and easy. Peas are in a little better demand at 66 1-2c; barley is quoted at 50c for No. 1, 49c for No. 2, and 46c for feed barley; rye, 49c; buckwheat, 35c; oats, 29c, all afloat, Montreal, Manitoba, No. 1 hard wheat has declined, being quoted, afloat, Fort William, at 67c.

Buffalo, Nov. 14.—Spring wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, old, $1.04 74 3-8c; new spot, 72 3-8 to 72 5-8c; No. 2 Northern, spot, 69 5-8c. Winter wheat—Dull; light demand; No. 1 white, nominally 70 1-2c; No. 2 red, 71 1-2c. Corn—Easier and dull; No. 2 yellow, 39c; No. 3 yellow, 38 3-4c; No. 4 yellow, new, 36c; No. 2 corn, 38c; No. 3 corn, 37 1-2c. Oats—Dull; barley steady. ; No. 2 white, 29 1-2c; No. 3 white, 28 3-4; No. 4 white, 28c; No. 2 mixed, 26 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 26c. Rye—Dull and unsettled; sales of No. 2 at 61 1-2c, on track. Canal freight—Wheat easier, shipments at 4c; corn 3 1-2c, barley 3 1-4c, to New York. Flour—Easy.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Flaxseed—Closed:—North-West, spot, $1.27 3-4; South-West, $1.27 1-4; December, $1.27 1-4; May, $1.28; Duluth, to arrive, $1.23; cash, $1.24; November, $1.23 1-2; December, $1.22 1-4; May, $1.26 1-4.

No. 1 white, cash, 68 1-4c; No. 2 red cash, 69c; December, 69 7-8c; May, 75 1-8c.

$50,000 BLAZE IN RENFREW.

Body of Adam Bison, a Bus Driver, Recovered From Ruins.

A despatch from Renfrew, Ont., says:—A. A. Wright and Company's large business block was gutted by fire of Friday morning. About three o'clock the whole of the rear store was discovered in flames, and before the brigade could reach the spot the fire had mounted through the elevator to the second and third flats of the main building. With five streams playing on it, the fire was confined to the block, and the whole upper portion of the business section, which was for a time in great danger, was saved. Loss on building and stock estimated at between $40,000 and $50,000; insurance of from $15,000 to $20,000.

ONE BODY FOUND.

At ten o'clock the lifeless body of Adam Bison, bus-driver of the Dominion hotel, was found beneath the mass of brick which had fallen from the top of the northern wall.

The little hamlet of House situated in a wild spot twenty miles from Nice, France, at an latitude of 800 yards, has been thrown into consternation because a baby has been carried off by an eagle.

The Turkish and French consulates at Odessa have been informed that King Menelek of Abyssinia will arrive in May next and will pay a visit to the Czar while on his way to the Paris Exposition in 1900.