

# UNREQUITED LOVE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"Paris is an admirable place—for a young man who wants to waste his time pleasantly," said Lashmar, smiling at the embryo diplomatist.

"Did you waste your time there?" said the boy.

"No, Vic. I am not the kind of person to succeed in Parisian society. My gifts are in another line."

"Poor old Lashmar. You are out and away the cleverest chap I know. When I think of how much you have read, and how much better you can construe a Greek play than our toffs in the sixth I take off my hat to you. Do speak next Wednesday week Lash, and give that Radical chap a good shaking."

"We'll hear what Spillington says about it," answered Lashmar, quietly. "If he wants me I'll speak. He is to stay here the night before the meeting. You don't mind, do you, mother?"

Lord Lashmar always deferred to his step-mother in all household matters, invitations, and engagements. There were only four rooms in Lashmar Castle in which he reigned supreme. The library was one, and his own sitting-room, bedroom and dressing-room were the others. Lashmar's sitting-room opened out of the library, and would have seemed a large room in a smaller house. It was lined from floor to ceiling with bookshelves containing the young peer's own particular library, those books which had been the one luxury of his life. New books, or new editions for the most part; books in several languages; books that had been their owner's consolation in many a day of bodily weakness and weariness—for Lashmar's life had been made up of brief intervals of health between long periods of illness. Those halcyon days of well being were very sweet to him. At such times he spent almost all his life out of doors, and revelled in nature's loveliness, as only a highly trained mind can revel, tasting the most infinitesimal details in the feast of beauty, the lights and shadows on a beetle's wing; enjoying every variety of atmosphere and coloring, every form of lowliest life, with that sensitive instinct for nature which breathes in every line of Wordsworth's descriptive verse.

"If I had but any one to whom I could tell all my foolish fancies, I should be ever so much happier," he said to himself sometimes regretfully, "but there is no one. Victorian would only laugh at me as a queer old chap and inwardly wonder if there was a strain of madness in the Lashmar blood."

## CHAPTER II.

Colonel Spillington dined at Lashmar Castle upon the night before the meeting. He was a fine average specimen of the British officer—bluff, outspoken, unintellectual, right-thinking and honest, a staunch Conservative and a thorough gentleman. He was a man of just sufficiently good family to be tolerable in the eyes of Lady Pittand's daughter. There was at least no taint of trade in his lineage and he was therefore qualified to sit at the table with the lady whose wealth had for the most part come out of the coal pit and who naturally scorned the idea of commerce. He was not elated about his election and had dark doubts as to the power of the Radicals in Brumm. Still he tried to be hopeful.

"There must be some respectable people in the place," he said.

"I fear not," replied her ladyship. "If there were any respectable people such a person as Boldwood would not be allowed to exist."

"Unfortunately for us, mother, the days are past when an obnoxious citizen could be sent about his business or even put in the private pillory," said her step-son. "Boldwood is peaceable enough in his private life, I believe, although he is somewhat truculent on the platform."

"Somewhat!" echoed Lady Lashmar. "You have such a nobby-pamby way of expressing yourself. I have never heard the creature speak, but I have read his virulent nonsense in the papers and that is enough."

"Virulent, sometimes, I grant, but not always nonsense," said Lashmar, quietly. "The man's ideas are Utopian, but he expresses himself with a certain rough vigor and with a strain of poetry—in fact the man is a born orator, and although he is for the most part illogical, he has occasional flashes of common sense."

"Who is this Boldwood?" asked the colonel, trifling with an olive. "Everybody has been talking to me about him since I consented to stand for Brumm; and, as I am a stranger in the land and his reputation is entirely local, I confess myself still in the dark as to this powerful antagonist whom I am to meet front to front to-morrow night."

"Mr. Boldwood is a high priest of advanced Radicalism," answered Lashmar. "He believes in the divine right

of every man to lay hands upon any other man's possessions. He is strong upon the old thesis, 'la propriété est le vol.' The first man who inclosed a bit of ground was the enemy of the whole human race. He is the sworn foe of the landowner and the manufacturer. His gods are Rousseau and Karl Marx. He would level all ranks, wage war against all privileged classes, raze this house of ours to the ground, or turn it into a hospital or a phalanstery, do away with monarchy and the House of Lords, and establish a Republican senate of workmen in which the brainworkers or the professional classes should be as one in three. He would have universal peace—universal free trade; and, pending the falling in of other nations with these views, he would have England walk in gospels ways and turn her left cheek to be smitten by the hand that has boxed her on the right cheek.

"You say he is a good speaker."

"I have never heard him; but I am told that he is magnificent and his speeches read like oratory. I am looking forward to the fun to-morrow night. We may be in a minority; but there are plenty of Conservatives in Brumm, in spite of her ladyship's doubts, and we shall make a good fight. From what I have heard of Boldwood, he is not altogether a ruffian—indeed, there are some people who declare he is a gentleman by birth and took a degree at Oxford. Yet I should hardly think this likely, from the appearance of the man. He was pointed out to me once in the street as I was driving through Brumm—a giant with unkempt hair, disreputable clothes and a slouching walk. I hardly saw his face, but I got a good idea of his build and general style. He is a brass-worker, earns high wages and is said to be almost a genius in his handicraft. He is not a native of Brumm; and I don't think any one in the place knows much about his antecedents. He is an infidel and seems proud of his infidelity. He came to the town seven years ago with a wife and a baby. The wife died soon after his arrival, and he has, not married again. That, colonel, is the full extent of my information about Jonathan Boldwood."

"I am looking forward to my encounter with the gentleman," said the colonel, cheerily. "He shall see that I can stand fire. But I look to you to reply to him. I am no orator."

"A gentleman is always more than a match for a cad," said Victorian, who had been making havoc with the peaches while his elders were talking.

"Not when the cad is on his own ground and has an audience of five or six hundred cads to back him up," answered Spillington. "How many does your Town Hall hold, by the way, Lashmar?"

"Fifteen hundred; and of those you may be sure more than half will be disciples of Boldwood; but that need not alarm you, as not half of those are voters."

The meeting was to be at eight o'clock, so the house party at the castle took a late luncheon and started for Brumm soon after tea. Supper after the meeting was to serve as a substitute for the eight o'clock dinner. This had been duly explained to Colonel Spillington, who liked his meals and thoroughly approved of the Lashmar chef. He detested tea and cakes and muffins and all those dainties with which Victorian gorged himself at five o'clock, when the little party assembled in Lady Lashmar's morning room, full of the approaching fray.

"Do have some of these chocolate cakes, colonel," said Victorian, with his mouth full, "they're so good."

"Thanks, no, my boy. I haven't tasted sweets for the last twenty years, and I am afraid of tea. It always turns to acidity. If, with a deprecating glance at her ladyship, 'if I might have a brandy and soda.'"

"By all means," assented the dowager, graciously, though she inwardly scorned a man who wanted to be periodically sustained by brandy and soda.

They started soon after six, intending to be early at the Town Hall, where the candidate had to meet his agent and some of the Conservative nobilities of Brumm.

It was a delicious summer evening, calm, peaceful, the atmosphere steeped in sunlight, the earth breathing warmth and perfume; a delightful evening in which to loll against the cushions of Lady Lashmar's barouche, to be gently lulled upon C springs, as the seventeen-handers trotted with rhythmic beat along the level turnpike road.

"A charming country," he said patronizingly; "but I wonder you can live so many months in the year at Lashmar Castle."

"I am fond of the country and her ladyship. I dare say when Victorian grows up I shall spend more of my time in Grosvener square."

"I am not going to live in London,"

said her son, disdainfully. "When I leave the university I mean to see life. I shall travel all over Europe. I mean to be a man of the world."

"You had better stay in London if you want to see life," said the colonel. "The man who has not learnt his society alphabet in London is always half a savage. It is all very well to talk about the superiority of foreign manners; but a fellow who has been educated on the continent is generally a tiger."

"Then I will be a tiger," retorted Victorian, stoutly.

They were nearing Brumm, and there was an unmistakable change in the atmosphere. The find gold had become dim. That pure radiance of the western sun was thickened and blurred, yet beautiful exceedingly atwart the smoke-clouds. The street boys called out "Hoary," as the carriage went by. One keen-eyed brat caught the distorted profile of Lashmar's back, and cried out, "My eye! Look at the hunchback!"

Lashmar's quick ear heard, and his thin lips contracted ever so slightly, with the faintest expression of mental pain. He had heard just such a speech many a time before. It did not come upon him as a revelation. He, the hunchback, was a skilled gymnast, but he had never exhibited his skill in any public gymnasium. His own keen sense of the ridiculous hindered any such foolish vanity.

To be Continued.

## RELIC OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A Part of the Tree Under Which His Heart Was Buried, is Taken to London.

When Dr. Livingstone died in Central Africa, his faithful followers embalmed the body, carried it to the coast and it now lies in Westminster Abbey. The heart of the great missionary explorer was, however, buried under a tree beneath whose branches he had breathed his last. One of his servants, Jacob Wainwright by name, carved an inscription on the tree, the part of the tree trunk bearing this inscription, or what is left of it, has just reached London, and has been added to the interesting relics of the great explorer in the collection of the Royal Geographical Society.

The tree was not seen by any white man for more than twenty years after the explorer's death, though meanwhile a bronze plate or tablet had been sent out by Dr. Livingstone's daughter to mark the place where he died. Valuable presents, also, were sent by the Royal Geographical Society to the chief of the district to induce him to protect the tree and the plate. After many vicissitudes the bronze plate was handed over to Chitambo, son of the chief of the same name who ruled the district when Livingstone died there. Capt. Bia, the Belgian officer and explorer, delivered the plate to the chief, but Bia was not able to visit the tree and the tablet was stolen soon after it had been put in place by an Arab slave trader who was raiding the country.

After Mr. Poulet-Weatherley visited the tree three years ago he wrote home that although it was still standing it was in an advanced state of decay and must soon perish, involving the destruction of the inscription unless some steps were taken for its preservation. The Royal Geographical Society decided to have the section that contains the inscription cut out of the tree and taken to London to be placed with other relics of Livingstone. Mr. Alfred Sharpe, the British Commissioner in the British Central Africa Protectorate, undertook to carry out the wishes of the society when an opportunity occurred. Finding last year that Mr. R. Coddington was about to visit the region of Lake Bangweolo he requested him to undertake the work. Mr. Coddington consented to do so and a little later under the guidance of Chitambo he found the tree still standing, but in a very bad condition. When the tree was felled it was found to be completely hollow. The inscription had been partly effaced by wood-borers. So far as it was legible, it was as follows:

DR. LIVINGSTONE,  
MAY 4, 1873.

zA. Miniasere,  
uchopere.

The section was very heavy and had to be somewhat reduced in size in order to transport it to the sea. When it was unpacked in London it was found to have stood the journey extremely well and steps were at once taken for its permanent preservation.

NUMBER FOUR.

Excited lady, at the telephone.—I want my husband, please, at once.

Voice, from the exchange. Number, please.

Excited lady, snappishly. Only the fourth, you impudent thing!

SIGN OF THE THREE BALLS.  
So Mrs. Pawney continues the brok'er business since her husband's death. How does it pay her?

Not very well. She's a poor town widow.

## FOR NERVOUS DISEASES.

"SLEEP CURE" TREATMENT SAID TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

The Discovery Made in China By Dr. Macleod—It Was the Result of an Accident—Morphine and Alcohol Habits Completely Cured—Some of the Doctor's Experiments.

A discovery of unusual interest to physicians and to all those who are suffering from nervous diseases was recently made in China by Dr. Macleod, a well known doctor and a specialist in disorders of the brain. Dr. Macleod said nothing about his discovery at the time, but the numerous tests which he has made since then have proved so satisfactory that public attention has been drawn to them.

Like many other discoveries, this one was the result of an accident. As he was visiting his patients one day, the doctor heard that a lady whom he knew and who was much addicted to the use of morphine had taken by mistake seventy-five grammes of bromine and had immediately fallen into a deep sleep, from which she awoke thoroughly cured of a nervous ailment which had afflicted her for nine years, and which had impeded her to take large doses of morphine daily. Dr. Macleod investigated and found that the story was true. The lady had regained her health and had no more desire for morphine than if she had never tasted it.

One swallow, however, does not make a summer, and neither is one cure infallible testimony to the efficiency of any new kind of treatment. Dr. Macleod determined to make some further tests with bromine, and soon had an opportunity of ascertaining what its effect would be in other cases of nervous disorders. His first experiment was on a young man who was suffering from alcoholism and who was also

A MORPHINE FIEND.

The doctor gave him a dose of bromine which put him into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he assured the doctor that he did not feel the slightest desire for alcohol or morphine, and since that day he has wholly abstained from them.

The next experiment was made on a lunatic who was being removed from Japan to Shanghai. As he was a fearfully excitable man, his attendants feared that he would cause consternation among his fellow passengers, and, therefore, they asked Dr. Macleod, who was then in Japan, if he could not give him something that would keep him quiet during the journey. The doctor gave him some bromine, with the result that he behaved like a rational being until he was safely landed in Shanghai.

A Chinaman who was excessively addicted to the use of chloral was the doctor's third patient, and after him came a lady whose nerves had been shattered by domestic trouble. In both cases the result was satisfactory. When the Chinaman awoke from his bromine sleep he found that all desire for chloral had left him, and when the lady awoke she found that her nerves had regained much of their former normal strength. More remarkable still was the doctor's success with two other patients—one a man who had become almost crazy through the use of morphine and cocaine, and the other a young mother who for seven days had obstinately refused to taste a morsel of food, and who kept the neighborhood aroused by her delirious songs and laughter. The doctor gave each of them the usual dose of bromine, which put them to sleep, and when they awoke their nerves were calm and the past seemed to them like

A HORRIBLE DREAM.

In view of these experiments Dr. Macleod feels justified in claiming that as an aid toward the cure of nervous ailments hardly anything can be better than the artificial sleep

which is produced by bromine. "Bromine sleep" is his expression, meaning thereby a sleep which lasts from five to nine days and from which the patient cannot be aroused even by violent shaking. During these days the patient lies still and, as it were, torpid, showing no desire for food or drink and in other respects almost as inert as a lifeless being. So completely is he at rest that neither the loudest noise nor the most dazzling light, has power to awake him. His strength, however, must be maintained, and this is done by giving him food in the form of milk.

According to Dr. Macleod the nerves get in this way such rest as they could not otherwise obtain. The patients, too, after awaking, quickly recover their normal strength, and during their sleep they do not suffer in the least from any obstruction of their respiratory organs or from any other trouble. The weight, however, will not decrease if from one to two cups of milk are given to the patient every two hours. Dr. Macleod admits that persons suffering from nervous disorders who are removed from their homes and taken to asylums will obtain there some much needed rest, which will naturally invigorate their nerves, but he insists that the rest obtained by a "bromine sleep" is much more salutary and enduring, and that such a sleep is also, in many respects, vastly preferable to the sleep which is

THE RESULT OF HYPNOTISM.

This novel mode of treatment with bromine is simple enough. During the first two days of the sleep some slight difficulty is experienced in getting the patient to swallow the milk, but after that time it is swallowed as readily as though the sleeper was awake. The bromine is administered every two hours in a glass, which is half full of water, the allowance for each dose being eight grammes, and the total allowance for the first day about thirty grammes. The same treatment is continued on the second day until the patient falls asleep. Not until twenty-four hours later, however, will the bromine really begin to act on him.

Physicians in Great Britain and on the Continent are much interested in these experiments, especially as Dr. Macleod insists that there is no danger in putting patients into such a prolonged sleep by means of bromine. It has been pointed out that one of these on whom he tried the experiment died after it was over, but Dr. Macleod says that this patient was suffering at the time from inflammation of the lungs and that his recovery was practically impossible. Finally, he maintains that rest—absolute, prolonged rest—is the one thing which persons suffering from nervous disorders stand most in need of, and that they can obtain this rest through the agency of bromine better than in any other way.

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.  
Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.—Hume.

There is no friendship, no love, like that of parent for child.—H. W. Beecher.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.—George Washington.

The man who loves home best, and loves it most unselfishly, loves his country best.—J. G. Holland.

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all the world over.—Alexander Smith.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.—Johnson.

## The Inspector of Steamboats

For the Dominion Government was unable to find a cure for Itching Piles—After 9 years of torture he was positively cured by

## Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, the Dominion inspector of steamboats, residing at No. 246 Shaw street, Toronto, was for many years chief engineer on the lake steamers, and is a prominent citizen.

In the following voluntary letter Mr. St. John tells of his efforts to rid himself of the misery of Itching Piles, and of his final success by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. He says:

"I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to sleep on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom have been cured by its use."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles, whether blind, itching, bleeding or prolapsing. It is the only pile cure having the endorsement of eminent physicians, and of the best citizens in the land. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## HOW TO MAKE A SAVAGE

SCIENTISTS SAY THAT FOOD HAS INFLUENCE ON CHARACTER.

Brain Workers of Vegetable Food Eat All Kinds of Meats.

The effect of food on character has been a recognized fact for many years, but the influence of all members of the animal kingdom on the human mind is not so generally appreciated. Some years ago a reverend gentleman decided to make some experiments on fishes and other animals, and he decided to make a diet into which a large extent of fish and other animal products were introduced. The results were most interesting, and he decided to make a study of the influence of food on human beings, and one of these gentlemen has recently given his ideas on this subject to his convictions on this important point.

If you wish to make a perfect savage of the individual, feed him exclusively on fish. In about two months he would become energetic and full of life to a degree, after that time he would become as untamable as a wild bull, and it would be dangerous to go near him.

TO YOUNG LADIES.  
The young ladies who wish to obtain a very beautiful skin should use a mixture of eggs and milk, or milk and eggs, and rub it on the face and neck. It should be used twice a day, and has the effect of softening the skin, and making it more elastic. It is also a good remedy for the pimples which so often afflict the young ladies.

STROPPY CHEERS.  
Moderation is recommended to those who suffer from a headache, or from indigestion, or from any other ailment. It is a matter of course, but it is well to remember that moderation is the key to success in all things.

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# PRETORIA

## Capital of Transvaal the British

A despatch from London, Thursday says:—The Daily Mail publishes the following despatch from the Earl of Rosslyn, who was a prisoner at Pretoria, and who, as a civilian, appears to have been released.

"Pretoria, Wednesday, May 30, 11.10 a.m.—Pretoria will be occupied in about two hours without resistance. The President has gone to Waterfall."

The burgomaster, De Smet, is authorized to receive the British citizens, including Chief Justice Groenewald.

## SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

### Newspapers About Ourselves and Our Neighbors—Something of Interest From Every Quarter of the Globe.

#### CANADA.

A crematory is to be built in Montreal.

London has reduced the number of wards from 8 to 4.

Canada's exhibit at the Paris fair is to be closed on Sunday.

Port Arthur has eight cases of smallpox; Fort William three.

Several Hamilton churches are increasing the salary of their pastors.

Guard of the principal harbour fortifications at Halifax have been doubled.

Ottawa's assessment is \$21,478,900, its net debt \$2,946,045, and population 57,000.

The Montreal sugar refineries have made a net in sugar of five cents per 100 pounds.

The sixth smallpox death has occurred at Winnipeg. A Minneapolis woman was the victim.

Regiments from smallpox-infected districts are to be exempt from annual drill this year.

Incendiarists attempted to burn the city of Scarborough, British West India, and partially succeeded.

Ottawa machinists and moulders are joining in the general movement for increased wages and shorter hours.

Port Dalhousie ratepayers have voted 112 to 3, in favour of granting a bonus of \$6,500 to the Toronto Rubber Shoe Co.

Fifteen new grain elevators are to be erected by the Ogilvie Milling Company at different points in Manitoba and the Territories this year.

The City Council of Ottawa, by a vote of 12 to 11, defeated the by-law requiring that buildings erected in the burned area be fire proof.

The 120 acres which the Government has added to the St. Regis reservation near Cornwall have been divided into homesteads for the Indians.

Hamilton City Improvement Society will offer prizes for the best-kept boulevards and lawns, and also for flower decorated windows, porches and veranilans.

Frank Werke, the Italian, who is by his wife, pleaded guilty to the slaughter at the Wolland Assizes, and will serve ten years in Kingston penitentiary. He is 60 years of age.

Rev. G. O. Troop may resign as pastor of St. Martin's church, Montreal, as a result of trouble with the Finance Committee over the question of pew rent. The pastor would receive free pews.

The Patrie is highly elated over the re-establishment of commercial relations between France and Canada by the arrival at Montreal of the Mont Blanc, the first steamer of the new French-Canadian line.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain will attend the Canadian banquet in London on Dominion Day.

The Mansion House fund in London for victims of the Ottawa fire has reached \$50,000.

While in England the Khedive of Egypt will ask Lord Salisbury's permission to visit America.

Twenty miles of tramway have been added to those already under control of the London County Council.

Capt. Beesley, Unionist, succeeds Sir Richard Webster as M.P. for the Isle of Wight division of Hampshire.

It is persistently rumoured that Sir William Henry White, who has been director of naval construction since 1885, is resigning his post.

There is still no change for the better in the drying