His Favorite Niece;

—OR—

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a lovely day in the first week of August. The laughing summer had taken full possession of the land; the yellow wheat and the glowing fruit had been kissed to ripeness by the warm sun. The sky was blue, without a cloud, and the fruitful earth fair to view. The river flowed calmly between the green banks, rustling through the reeds and sedges, stirring the great leaves of the lilies, rippling over the drooping boughs.

It was drawing near noon. Some of the men had sought the coolness of the billiard-room; some of the ladies had retired to the shade of the great cedar-tree, with books and work. Leah had gone to her favorite spot, the terrace, where the passion-flowers grew in such profusion. She had taken them under her special protection and visited them every day. She little knew what a beautiful picture she made while standing there. Her exquisite face, with its dainty color and sweet lips, was bent thoughtfully over the flowers. She wore a long trailing dress of pale amber. Every graceful line of her figure was seen to the greatest advantage; an artist who could have painted her as she stood there in the shade of the veranda, with the glorious coloring of sunlight and flowers about her, would have immortalized himself. She smiled as she gathered some of the passion-flowers, remembering the name given to her.

Then her thoughts went to Hettie, who had loved the sweet white lilies best. How different life would be if her beloved sister were here, how doubly precious this grand domain of Hatton would be if Hettie shared it! In the gleaming light on the river, in the fire of the scarlet passion-flower, in the flowers of the gay parterre, she saw the sweet fair face with its aureole of golden hair. Would they ever meet again? she wondered, sadly. Love, even of Hettie, would help to fill her life—for life to her was nothing without love. Suddenly the wind, which had hitherto been but a languid breath, seemed to strengthen. Was it the quickening breeze that made her tremble? Had the thought of Hettie unnerved her. She found herself still looking over the terrace walls, her eyes fixed on two figures that were advancing slowly toward her. A strange sense of unreality possessed her. She could have believed herself in the midst of a dream; she could have believed that the brimming river, the blue sky, the green earth, the cluster of flowers, were all pictures and not realities. For a few seconds everything seemed to be quite still around her—still even as death; then the golden light dazzled her, and a sweet message seemed wafted to her on the summer breeze. She made a desperate effort to rouse herself from the curious, trance-like feeling that was gradually mastering her, and then she saw Sir Arthur standing close to her, a stranger by his side.

"Leah," said the general, "our neighbor, Sir Basil Carlton, has been kind enough to waive ceremony and call upon us first. Sir Basil, my adopted daughter and dear niece, Miss Hatton."

She saw a dark head bent before her. She knew her doom was come; she had known it when she saw him walking between the great magnolia-trees. She had always said to herself that she should know at once, and now she knew.

For some minutes she did not dare to raise her eyes, knowing that she was about to look upon the face that was to hold all the light of earth and sky for her. She did look up slowly at last, with the same rapt, reverent gaze with which heathen worshippers look at the sun. A great hush, a great calm came over her. She saw a noble face, full of fire and impetuosity, she saw dark eyes and straight brows, a firm mouth, dark clusters of hair, and a dark moustache. Yet beauty was not the chief charm of the stranger's face; courage and dauntless truth shone there. Most people, when they first met Sir Basil Carlton, were struck by his handsome features and manly bearing, but they were attracted even more when the eyes took a tender light and the mouth a smile sweet as any woman's.

With the first direct glance of his eyes, her heart went down before him. He had come at last, this king among men, for whom she had waited so long. How strange that he should find her here, in the home that was to be hers, in the midst of the flowers she loved! How strange that he should be introduced to her on this lovely morning, when sun, birds, and flowers seemed to vie with each other, and the river sung the sweetest melody she had ever heard! She felt inclined to look up at him and ask, "Have you looked for me long? Do you know me?" but prudence restrained her. Even the duchess, who loved her, had laughed at her ideas.

"I like England better than Italy," said Sir Basil, suddenly, after a few remarks. "Here, even in August, how cool and green everything is! You cannot think what a picture you made, Miss Hatton, standing against this background of foliage and flowers."

"You have been in Italy for many years?" she said, quietly.

He drew just a little nearer to her. A great, trailing spray of passion-flowers lay between them; he raised it, and she thought to herself how strange a coincidence it was that she should see him with her favorite blossoms in his hand.

"I was a boy of eleven when I went away," he said, "and now I am twenty-five. I have never seen home since then, and I regret it."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because there is no training like that of an English boy. I was just getting fond of cricket, and beginning to think about hunting and shooting; I was a good skater, and understood something about — the gloves!"

"Do you know," put in Sir Arthur, "that the ring-fences of our estates meet and touch in what they call the Thorn Meadow?"

"I remember hearing that when I was at home. The Brent woods, from which this place takes its name, extend almost to Glen. I knew every corner both of house and grounds when I was a boy."

"I hope you will come as often now as you did then" said Sir Arthur, and the young baronet bowed.

"You are very kind," he said; "I shall be only too glad to avail myself of your goodness." 'Coming home' is a very melancholy event for me, as you perhaps know."

"Yes; we have heard the cause of your mother's departure from England—and a very painful one it was, Sir Basil," said the general.

Leah looked up at him, all her soul shone in her eyes.

"Let us help you to forget the shadow which has fallen over your house and your life," she said; and his face brightened.

"I shall be only too happy, Miss Hatton. I dreaded my return. I remembered the Glen as one of the loveliest of homes. I have longed to be here. Yet the memory of that night will never leave me." His whole face changed. "My mother lived fifteen years after the accident happened; but the shock her system had received killed her at last."

Leah's dark eyes, full of interest and sympathy, filled with tears; and, as he saw them, his heart warmed to her. How long it was since any one had shed tears for this old sorrow of his!

"It must have been a terrible shock for you both," said Leah.

"Yes; I was sonly a boy, but I worshipped my sister. You cannot tell how deeply attached I was to her. I think the love of a sister is one of the greatest joys of earth."

Why did the fair face near him grow so pale? Why did the graceful figure shrink and tremble, the hand that held the scarlet flowers suddenly fall nerveless and helpless? Was it another coincidence that he should value so highly a sister's love?

"For years afterward," he continued, "I often awoke with that terrible scream of agony in my ears. If ever I was inadvertently left in the dark, I saw the flying, terrified figure surrounded by flames. But I am cruel to trouble you in this fashion. I must learn to forget."

"You do not trouble us," said Leah; and she did not know how much of sweetness had crept into her voice. "I should think," she added, "that it would be far better for you to talk about it than to brood over it silently."

"Perhaps it would," he answered gratefully. "You must forgive me this once. I came here this morning because I could not remain in the house. I was haunted by my sister's presence."

"If I were in your place, Basil," said the general, "I would have plenty of friends about me. Stay with us to-day, and to-morrow we will drive over and see your gardens and conservatories. We have a pleasant party, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

He looked at Leah.

"I shall be delighted," she said, simply, a faint flush dyeing her face.

"So shall I," replied Sir Basil.

And that was how the first day of Leah Hatton's earthly paradise began.

CHAPTER XVII.

Half an hour passed, and they were still talking under the veranda on the western terrace. It seemed to Leah but a few minutes, and yet what a change had been wrought in the time! Quite suddenly, and almost unconsciously to her, the whole world had changed for her—her life had grown complete. But a little while before her heart had been desolate. Despite the brilliancy with which she had been surrounded, there was a sense of chill and loneliness, of unrealized wishes, of vague hopes, of ungratified desires—a sense of the emptiness of all things. It had vanished as snow before the sun, and a sweet harmonious sense of the fulness of life had taken possession of her. She could have stood for ever by the passion-flowers, looking at Sir Basil and listening to him; but the general remembered the duties of hospitality.

"You will stay for the day?" he said, "One of the grooms can ride over to Glen for anything you may want."

He did not know that his niece, whom the noblest and wisest in the land had failed to win, was waiting with the keenest anxiety to hear whether their guest would accept her uncle's invitation.

"Leah," said Sir Arthur, "perhaps Sir Basil would like some refreshment after his long walk. You walked from Glen, I believe?"

"Yes; I came through the woods," replied the young baronet. "I envy you those woods and the river."

"If you will take my advice, Sir Basil," said the general, "you will have some claret-cup. For a warm morning like this there is nothing like it. I will join you in a few minutes—I have to see my steward. Leah, you will take Sir Basil into the house. When he has had some refreshment, he will join the party on the lawn."

With a smile for his niece and a bow for his guest, Sir Arthur hastened away, leaving them alone together.

It seemed to Leah as though the air throbbed; her heart beat fast, her hands trembled; all the rest of the world had fallen from her, and she stood alone with him.

"This is a beautiful old place," he said. "I like the river. What fanciful light and shades there are on it!"

The calm, quiet words brought her down from an exalted frame of mind to commonplace life.

"It is indeed lovely," she said. "Do you like boating? I am very fond of it. I have a pretty little boat of my own, and I spend many hours upon the water. But I must not forget my uncle's instructions. You must come and have some refreshment."

She replaced the trailing sprays of the crimson flowers which she had held all this time in her hands. She did nothing in the least degree unusual, yet every little incident was vividly stamped on her mind. With the strange, new feeling about her she walked by his side down the long terrace. She took him into the drawing-room.

"Bring some light refreshments—also some fruit," she said to the servant; and with her own hands she offered him some delicious grapes.

She remembered every word he uttered, every glance! every movement of his; and when he had taken what he wanted she looked at him with anxious, happy eyes.

"Shall we go on to the lawn now?" she asked.

"I am quite at your service, Miss Hatton. Have you a large party at Brentwood?"

She looked at him again, with the dreamy, vacant gaze of one who has forgotten everything, then remembered suddenly, and blushed as he had seen no other woman blush before. The first thought that occurred to him was that perhaps she had a lover among the visitors, and was shy of mentioning his name—else why that vivid, beautiful blush? It was gone now and she was smiling as she spoke.

"Not a very large party," she replied—"the Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, old friends of Sir Arthur's; Lady Maude Trevar, who is distantly related to the duchess; Colonel Farquharson, whom my uncle loves very dearly because his face is bronzed and he calls luncheon 'tiffin.'"

"Old Indian friends, I suppose?" said Sir Basil.

"Yes, they were inseparable for some years. There are also Captain Langley and a very pretty niece of the old Colonel's. That completes the list."

"It sounds like a very good list, too," he said.

She remembered how he held the door open as she passed, and when the long train of pale amber was caught he stooped down to free it. She remembered how they passed through the grand old entrance hall, and out by the side door on to the lawn. The duchess was seated in the shade of the great cedar tree, with Lady Maud by her side, and pretty May Luson, who was evidently ready for mischief. Not far from them the colonel—a fine, handsome, elderly man, with a long, gray, drooping mustache—was enjoying a cigar and a newspaper. Captain Langley had been reading aloud to the ladies, but had been dismissed because, as the duchess solemnly assured him, he had no taste for anything but humor.

(To be Continued.)

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

How the Victorian Government Plan is Working Out.

Advocates of old-age pensions will be interested in a return which has been published by the treasurer of the State of Victoria showing the experience of his Government of the system of pensions inaugurated in 1901.

In 1901 the maximum rate of pension was fixed at 10s. a week, which was granted to everybody who could make good a claim to it. After twelve months' experience the rate was fixed at 8s. a week, and the children of pensioners were compelled, if at all able, to contribute towards the pension granted. Reviewing the three years' experience, the Victorian Government finds that whereas in 1901 it had to pay 10,275 pensions, on June 30, 1904, when administration was restricted, the rate generally reduced, only 1,009 people were entitled to pensions. The average rate of pension, with the maximum at 10s. a week, worked out at 7s 5¼d. per pensioner. The present average rate with the 8s. maximum is 6s. 8d. per pensioner.

Some idea of the closeness with which the financial standing of pensioner's relatives is examined will be gathered from the fact that whereas only £19 2s. was recovered from relatives within the first three months, in the financial year ending June, 1904, no less than £3,495 was so recovered. The Victorian Government now pays away to pensioners about £200,000 a year, at an administrative cost to the State of only £17,000.

RETURNING THE RING.

Not infrequently an engaged couple find that they are unsuited for one another, and the trouble is—who shall break it off? Whichever one wearies of the engagement, the woman should break it. The world, as typified by Mrs. Grundy, counts it a small matter if a man is jilted—even at the church door—but for a woman to be thus rejected is little short of a disgrace. At the first unmistakable signs of weariness upon her lover's part, the woman should be careful to offer him his freedom. Not that she should be exacting or jealous without cause; but it does not need a clinical thermometer to test love's coolness.

Men who are strictly honorable will lose much rather than go back upon their word. Such a man, having asked a woman to marry him, will fulfil the letter of the contract, even though his vows may be a hollow mockery.

Best Rule of Health

And How You Are Aided in Carrying It Out By

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

"A movement of the bowels every day."

This is the fundamental rule of health. The one point on which doctors are unanimous.

But what causes the bowels to become constipated?

The inactivity of the liver.

Bile is nature's own cathartic and so long as the liver is active in its work of filtering bile from the blood and passing it into the intestines, there is no trouble from constipated bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure constipation by setting the liver right.

This is the only means by which the bowels can be regulated.

Salts and castor oil will effect a motion of the bowels, but, once the effects of the dose passes off, you will be more constipated than ever.

They fail to set the liver right.

By regulating the liver by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills you ensure a healthful action of the bowels and so prevent and cure scores of ills, such as indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney disorders, colds and contagious diseases.

Mr. C. F. Immel, shoemaker, Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., states:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills regularly for some time and consider that they are unsurpassed for torpid liver, defective circulation, indigestion, headache and constipation, as these were my troubles. I used many remedies but got no relief until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and a few boxes of this preparation have entirely cured me. I am not in the habit of endorsing any medicine but in this case I cannot speak too highly in praise of Dr. Chase's Pills for what they have done for me."

Mr. D. C. Holmes, Justice of the Peace for Lincoln Co., states: "I am acquainted with Mr. C. F. Immel, and consider him a reliable citizen in every sense of the word, in fact, I have known him from boyhood up and can say I believe him to be truthful and honest."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Curing Consumption

When SCOTT'S EMULSION makes a consumptive gain flesh it is curing his consumption.

The weight is the measure of the consumptive's condition. Every pound of weight gained is a matter for congratulation, and

Scott's Emulsion

makes the consumptive gain flesh.

Scott's Emulsion does something to the lungs, too, that reduces the cough and the inflammation.

More weight and less cough always mean that consumption is losing its influence over the system.

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The Farm

POINTS OF A GOOD MILKER.

There are several points that go to making ideal dairy cows. Different judges consider different points as indicative of the flow of milk, but perhaps the udder is the most reliable indication of milking qualities as well as the value of the cow. Too much stress on the color of the inside of the ear, length of the face, shape of the head, neck, or the body, but the rule seems to hold that poor producers have rarely well developed mammary glands. The greater the development of that organ, the greater will be its product. Of late years breeders of dairy cattle have been led to give more heed to this point of importance in the selection and elimination of dairy cows.

An udder rich in flesh is not productive, and is recognized by the fact that the superfluous flesh it contains usually seems to drop more or less to the bottom, not making it pendulous. Such an udder is unsightly, and is likely passed on by the sire to his offspring. A productive udder depends on the number of secretive cells it contains, and not necessarily on its size. Its shape should be almost square, and well balanced and free from much flesh.

The front quarters of the udder are not infrequently very imperfectly developed, and is a common failing in whole breeds of dairy cows. The milk not from the fore and rear udders is different in quality and quantity according to the fat it contains. It has been calculated that in ordinary-shaped udders there is a difference of 10 per cent. of the quantity of milk taken from these sources.

To show the difference actually existing in the different types of udders, let say a dozen cows be taken with their front udders noticeably undeveloped and let the milk from the front and hind udders be separately weighed. It will be found that the rear udder produces 57 per cent. more milk than the front udder. Again take a well-balanced udder, the variation in quantity of milk got from the hind and front udders is quite insignificant.

These facts show conclusively that a well-balanced udder is of more value than merely to admire in the selecting or showyard. The average cow, of whatever breed, has an imperfectly-developed udder, especially in its fore part. Better development would certainly produce more milk, and consequently our cows would be of more intrinsic value in the dairy, for it is the last pound of milk that is the greatest profit.

Much has been said about milk and feeder veins of dairy cows and their relation and arrival to the udder. As far as we know, the mammary secretion is entirely dependent upon the amount of blood passing through the glands. Changes in the condition or pressure of the blood influence the amount of milk secreted. Hence the necessity for restricting, limiting, and supplying the quantity and quality of food given to the dairy cow.

Then, this be the relation of the milk veins to the udder, it will be readily seen that the development of the veins cannot be overlooked in our estimation of the value of the cow as a milk-producer.

KILLING INSECTS.

This is the time of year to fight the various insects that injure stored seeds, grain, and dried fruits. It is absolutely necessary that the seed be threshed or the chaff and husked, and that all grain or seed be placed in a tight room, box or bin, in which all cracks and crevices should be stopped up as far as possible.

When cracks have been carefully stopped, turn on top of the grain two pounds of bi-sulphide of carbon for every one thousand cubic feet of room space regardless of the amount of grain or seed that may be in the room. The room should then be closed up tightly for three days, at the expiration of which it may be opened and aired out thoroughly.

It is absolutely essential that the bi-sulphide of carbon be placed on top of the grain, since this substance evaporates immediately and as the fumes are heavier than the air, they will settle and penetrate every crack and crevice, and kill whatever animal may be there. If the bi-sulphide of carbon is placed in small dishes on the floor it will evaporate, but the fumes will not extend more than a foot or so above and the entire mass of grain or seed will not be fumigated.

In using bi-sulphide of carbon to kill insects in dried-fruit it is a good plan to place the fruit in paper bags or boxes or barrels, removing the same to an outbuilding. Saturate a rag with the bi-sulphide of carbon and place the same on top of the dried-fruit and close up the box or barrel or bag, leaving it closed for three days or more, then air thoroughly.

Prof. Stedman says that bi-sulphide of carbon will not injure the grain of seed of fruit for eating or for germination purposes. This fumigating process should be repeated in a month or six weeks in order to kill those insects that may have been inside of the seed and completely enclosed so that the fumes of the bi-sulphide of carbon could not reach them, but which insects have by this time emerged and are about to deposit eggs for another generation.

The only precaution necessary in handling the bi-sulphide of carbon is not to enter the room while the fumes of this substance can be detected with a lantern or lighted pipe or any trace whatever of a light or fire. It cannot be exploded by handling.

DAIRY NOTES.

Get rid of the "licks" early. The dairy needs cows, not mules.

Slow milking irritates the cow. Hasten the work as rapidly as possible.

On winter days it is a mistake to let the cows roam on frost-bitten pastures.

Feed of any kind that is likely to taint the milk should be fed after milking, not before.

Do not overwork the butter. If this is done the natural grain is destroyed and a greasy product is the result.

The hand separator saves labor and the milk may be fed sweet and warm, like the mother's milk, to calves and pigs.

The milker should be on friendly terms with the cows. Abundance of good feed and kind treatment means increased profits.

Where the cow's teats become chapped it is a good plan to have a can of lard handy to apply to affected parts just after milking.

Keep the dairy cow warm in winter. A cold cook stove. A good stable temperature for the dairy barn is 56 degrees.

The cow is a machine. To do good work there must be capacity and ability to handle enough food to give profitable returns. Choose the cow that has a capacious body, a large stomach, and good heart girth. Bear these points in mind in buying cows.

Do not attempt to make butter from milk that has been kept in the kitchen pantry. Such butter will not likely be good; it is likely to have variety of flavors.

Make the bulk of the butter in the winter. Prices are uniformly better. Hot weather is trying on cows and on the patience of the butter maker as well as his skill.

RAND MILLIONAIRE.

Gives Salvation Army a South African Settlement.

Mr. Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire, of London, has offered to the Salvation Army a large tract of land in South Africa, capable of providing homes for 300 British families. Commissioner Booth-Tucker suggests that the necessary money might be found by the formation of a general colonization company, with bonds guaranteed by the Imperial and colonial Governments.

"Mr. Bailey's scheme," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "is to devote 80,000 acres of land in South Africa to the purpose of settlement for English agriculturists.

"He proposes to provide the land and to make the Salvation Army his agents for the settlement upon that land of 100 families. To each of those families 300 acres of land would be allotted, making 30,000 acres in all, and the other 50,000 would be used as sheep and cattle pasturage.

"As I understand the scheme, Mr. Bailey is prepared to advance to each family, in order to give them a start, a sum of £200, which is to be repaid within a given—and generous—limit of years.

"He asks for no guarantee except that the Salvation Army, as his agents, shall place upon the land families who are most likely to make the scheme a success. And we may be quite sure that we should not knowingly send out people who were not perfectly reliable.

"The whole of the money would not be required at once. The idea is to settle the families gradually on the land, and to do that might involve a period of, say, seven years.

In which part of South Africa the settlement is to be established Mr. Booth-Tucker could not say. That is a matter which Mr. Bailey himself will arrange.

EGGS AS MONEY.

Eggs are current in Mayo, Kerry, Donegal, and Leitrim, Ireland. They are everywhere received over the counter in payment for tea, sugar, meal, oil, bread, tobacco, patent medicines, and general haberdashery. Accounts are kept open and goods supplied on credit in eggs. Predatory agents travelling through the wilds with worthless teas, itinerant tinkers and musicians, Polish Jews hawking tinsel jewellery and holy pictures, all accept this current coin, generally unloading it at the nearest railway town.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The report of the Royal Bank of Scotland shows that the net profits for the year, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to £241,056 11s. 6d.

Sir Donald Currie, the Scotch shipowner, has given £25,000 to Edinburgh University to extend its usefulness and assist the Carnegie Trust in carrying out its work.

During November Scottish shipbuilders launched 24 vessels of 28,270 tons. Trade prospects are somewhat improved, there being a considerable amount of work on hand.

It is seldom that a royal princess becomes a recipient of the LL.D degree, but this happened on Dec. 20th, when Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, received the honor from Glasgow University.

The death took place in London recently, at the age of 74, of Mr. John Graham Galbraith, one of the first volunteer officers who ever had the honor of appearing under arms before Queen Victoria.

The death is announced, at the age of 87, of General Sir Collingwood Dickson, G.C.B., V.C., a notable Scottish soldier. He was one of Lord Raglan's staff in the Crimea, and won his V. C. at the siege of Sebastopol.

Some burglars at Greenock, unable to break open the lock of a safe, inserted a piece of paper in the keyhole, on which was written, "The man who invented this safe should be hanged with a soaped rope."

Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., was presented by the members of the Glasgow Town Council with the academic robes of a Doctor of Law on the occasion of his receiving the degree from Glasgow University.

Mr. Robert Allan, farmer, Lunchganic, near Airdrie, was found a short distance from his home lying dead from a gunshot wound. How he came by his death is unknown, but circumstances make it unlikely that it was by accident. Foul play is suspected.

The Inverness Reformatory, erected by the county of Lanark at Longmorgan—that farm having been purchased for the purpose—has been formally opened. The farm, which consists of 85 acres, was purchased for £35 an acre, and the buildings and furnishings cost £1,225.

An extensive addition to the Free Library and Museum, gifted by Mr. James Coats of Auchendrane and which has cost £7,000, was formally opened recently, when a reception and conversazione was given in the extended library by the Provost, magistrates and Council of the town.

Alex. Macrae passed away at his residence in Inverness recently. Murdo Mackenzie, retired police sergeant. The late Alex. Macrae, no man in Inverness was better known a decade ago, he being but active figure being frequently met in the streets of the town and at the railway station, where he officiated for many years. A native of Nairnshire, deceased joined the Inverness police force at Inverness in the beginning of 1857, at which time he was 29 years of age, and rose to the rank of sergeant.

The death has occurred, at the advanced age of 90, of Thomas Paterson, she-maker, the oldest resident in Fetterangus. Deceased was a native of Pitligo, where he was born in the year 1811, and after being for a time at farm work he learned the shoemaking trade and started business on his own account in the year 1840. Since then he had conducted business in the same shop, a record which is attained by very few.

Glasgow has lost one of its oldest and most highly respected manufacturers by the death of Alexander Wilson, ironworker, Watson Street, at the advanced age of 90 years. He was born at the "Twechar," Kirkintilloch, on the 10th of August, 1815, and, coming to the city at the age of twelve years, was apprenticed to a relative engaged in the business which deceased actively conducted until the day of his death.

TIBET VICTORIA CROSS.

Earned at the Storming of Gyangtse by Great Gallantry.

For conspicuous bravery in Tibet the King has conferred the Victoria Cross upon Lieut. John Duncan Grant, of the 8th Gurkha Rifles. The announcement is made in the London Gazette, and the act of courage which has been rewarded by the coveted honor was performed at the storming of the Gyangtse Jong, on July 6, last year.

The storming company, headed by Lieut. Grant, on emerging from the cover of the village had to advance up a bare, almost precipitous hillside, with little or no cover available, and under a heavy fire from the curtain, flanking towers on both sides of the curtain, and other buildings higher up the Jong.

Showers of rocks and stones were at the time being hurled down the hillside by the enemy from above. One man could only go up at a time, crawling on hands and knees to the breach in the curtain.

Lieut. Grant, followed by Havildar Karbir Pun, of the 8th Gurkha Rifles, at once attempted to scale it, but on reaching near the top he was wounded, and hurled back, as was also the Havildar, who fell down the rock some 30 feet.

Regardless of their injuries, they again attempted to scale the breach, and covered by the fire of the men below, were successful in their object, the Havildar shooting one of the enemy on gaining the top.

The successful issue of the assault was greatly due to the splendid example shown by Lieut. Grant and Havildar Karbir Pun. The latter has been recommended for the Indian Order of Merit.