

Ireland to be Scourged into Submission and Free Speech to be Suppressed.

ORANGEMEN WILL FIGHT.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: Mr. Balfour went to Birmingham to day and attended the first annual meeting of the United Conservative Union.

Mr. Balfour addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the town hall this evening. He said he hoped that at the next session of Parliament England and Scotland would get a fair share of legislation.

Still, the Irish question would remain the foremost problem in the mind of every one in Great Britain. He had noticed that Mr. Gladstone—hoisting a cry of "Chips, and laughter"—although he had mentioned his programme of legislation, did not appear to take any very lively interest in himself.

Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Irish question, and no man had done more to make it impossible to ignore the Irish question. Therefore Ireland would be his (Balfour's) topic to-night.

The question was not whether Ireland was to be governed under her own or an English Parliament, but whether she was to be governed in all accordance with any of the principles which had hitherto regulated the action of every civilized State in the world.

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VOL XXX

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887.

WHOLE NO 1,527 NO. 20.

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

A Dissipated Gambler Murders His Wife, Child and Brother-in-Law and Commits Suicide.

A Louisville dispatch says: At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Mary Bruner, the mother of Charles B. Brownfield, who lives at 1922 West Chestnut street, called at the residence of her daughter.

Mr. Bruner was at home, and the door was open. He saw her and started to go to her, but she had turned to go.

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A CANADIAN DEFAULTER.

An ex-Torontonian's Departure from New York—His Defects.

A New York despatch says: David Scott, one of the ablest and most successful business men in this city in the paper trade, a partner in the old firm of Vernon Brothers & Co., and President of the Ivanhoe Paper Company, has mysteriously disappeared.

Mr. Scott disappeared on October 22nd, after he had had a long and exciting interview with Mr. Thomas Vernon, the senior partner of Vernon Brothers & Co., in which Mr. Vernon obtained from Mr. Scott a partial explanation of his business entanglements.

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SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL ROMANCE.

A Young Scotchman Whose Faithfulness to His Promised Wife Could Not Be Shaken.

The New York correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle tells a pretty story, as follows:—

There was a notable wedding took place here the other day, with a romantic story attached. Young James Robertson Blackie, of the great Glasgow publishing house, came over the ocean to take back with him in the guise of a helpmate, Miss Ellen Arthur Betts, of Savannah, Ga., who is a niece of the late President Arthur.

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WOMEN FIGHT WITH WOLVES.

Keeping the Desperate Brutes at Bay With a Lantern Till Help Comes.

A Houghton, Mich., despatch says: Dolphie Brunelle, a farmer near here, was called from his home on Wednesday and left his wife and daughter, the latter aged 17, alone. Mrs. Brunelle heard a noise in the calf-pen late in the evening, and she and her daughter went out with a lantern to see what was the matter.

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A REPORTER'S LIFE.

Not All Sweetness by Any Means—Good Advice.

(Jersey City Argus.) There are few people who, as they sit comfortably by their firesides reading their daily papers, are aware of the amount of labor each column in that paper contains, and the worry in many cases the never-tiring reporter endures. I can remember very distinctly when but a schoolboy how I tried to outwit my school companion in writing essays, and unfortunately for myself I made this a special study.

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DRUNK AND CRAZY.

A Swiss Silk Weaver Shoots His Wife and Fires His House—Two Children Burned to Death.

A last (Wednesday) night's Hebron, Conn., despatch says: John Hodel, a silk weaver, shot his wife and two children to death. He was a mechanic and worked in the shops of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in this city.

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CHASING WILD ANIMALS.

Sensation at St. Louis Over the Escape of Beasts from a Circus.

A St. Louis despatch says: One of the most exciting scenes that ever occurred in this city took place at the Union depot between 3 and 4 o'clock this afternoon, and for a time created not only a tremendous excitement, but the wildest kind of a scene among the people present.

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LAURA PUGH FOUND.

In Company With Her Husband She Accosts Her Father.

Advices from Buffalo convey the information that Laura Pugh the 13-year-old daughter of Mr. Wm. W. Pugh, formerly in Hamilton, who disappeared from her father's house in Buffalo six weeks ago, was found Wednesday afternoon by her father. She was walking on the street in Buffalo with her husband, Fred W. Adams, to whom she was married in Toronto immediately after her disappearance. They had been in Chicago during the interval and only returned to Buffalo on Wednesday. The law of New York makes it a felony to marry a girl under 16 years of age without the consent of her parents.

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FINE FRUIT.

Apple Trees of 1812 Still in Full Bearing.

At Dr. Springer's barns in East Hamilton is a sight really worth seeing. In one heap alone is a thousand bushels of apples (Rhode Island Greenings) and here and there are some of the finest specimens of other varieties. The fruit is all good and sound and was raised by the doctor in his splendid orchards. It may be generally known that there are on Dr. Springer's premises apple trees which were planted in the year 1812. This season two of these fine fruit in abundance. The product of one was thirty bushels and of the other thirty-three bushels. The doctor has given great attention to fruit culture, and has been generally successful.

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A Father's Plans Frustrated.

The Minnedosa, Man., Tribune had the following in a recent issue:—A surprise awaited Mr. Campbell, of Merchiston, the week before last, that he little dreamed of.

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When the truth was I had not tasted a glass of beer for days. I noticed that my muddy feet were resting on a mat that had been carelessly left on the foot of the sofa, and after telling me what she thought of men in general, brought in my slippers that my mother had made and pressed to me last Christmas. I put them on and soon fell into a doze so I was awakened by my wife, who insisted upon telling me the number of creditors that had called to see me during the day.

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