# The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 27. MILTON THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1887. NO. 2.


## Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887.

| No. | Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks. | Clerks. | Jan. | Mar. | May. | July. | Sep. | Nov. | Hour of Opening |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Milton | Wm. Panton. | 28 | 25 | 27 | 15 | 30 | 25 | 10 a.m. |
| 2 | Oakville | R. Balmer | 12 | 9 | 4 | 13 | 7 | 2 | 10 a.m. |
| 3 | Georgetown | L. Grant | 18 | 15 | 10 | 12 | 13 | 8 | 9.30 a.m |
| 4 | Acton | J. Matthews | 20 | 17 | 12 | " | 15 | 10 | 10 a.m. |
| 5 | Campbellville | S. R. Lister | 14 | 11 | 6 | " | 9 | 4 | 9 30 " |
| 6 | Burlington | G. C. Rastedo | 11 | 8 | 3 | " | 6 | 1 | 11 " |

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 14th June, and 13th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.


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## DORA THORNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN"

"These," said Lord Earle, raising the precious stones in his hands, "are of immense value. Some of the finest opals ever seen are in this necklace; they were taken from the crown of an Indian prince and bequeathed to one of our ancestors. So much is said about the unlucky stones—the *pierre du malheur*, as the French called the opal—that I did not care so much for them."

"Give me the opals, papa," said Beatrice, laughing; "I have no superstitious fears about. Bright and beautiful jewels always seemed to me one of the necessaries of life. I prefer diamonds, but these opals are magnificent."

She held out her hands, and for the first time Lord Earle saw the opal ring upon her finger. He caught the pretty white hand in his own.

"That is a beautiful ring," he said. "Those opals are splendid. Who gave it to you, Beatrice?"

The question came upon her suddenly like a deadly shock; she had forgotten all about the ring, and wore it only from habit.

For a moment her heart seemed to stand still and her senses to desert her. Then, with a self-possession worthy of a better cause, Beatrice looked up into her father's face with a smile.

"It was given to me at the Elms," she said, so simply that the same thought crossed the mind of her three listeners—that it had been given by Dora, and her daughter did not like to say so.

Lord Earle looked on in proud delight while his beautiful daughters chose the jewels they liked best. The difference in taste struck and amused him. Beatrice chose diamonds, fiery rubies, purple amethysts; Lillian cared for nothing but the pretty pale pearls and bright emeralds.

"Some of these settings are very old-fashioned," said Lord Earle. "We will have new designs from Hunt & Roskell. They must be reset before you go to London."

The first thing Beatrice did was to take off the opal ring and lock it away. She trembled still from the shock of her father's question. The fatal secret vexed her. How foolish she had been to risk so much for a few stolen hours of happiness—for praise and flattery—she could not say for love!

* * * * * *

The time so anxiously looked for came at last, Lord Earle took possession of his town mansion, and his daughters prepared for their *debut*.

It was in every respect a successful one. People were in raptures with the beautiful sisters, both so charming—yet so unlike. Beatrice, brilliant and glowing, her magnificent face haunting those who saw it like a beautiful dream—Lillian fair and graceful, as unlike her sister as is a lily to a rose.

Her soon became the fashion. No ball or *soirée*, no dance or concert was considered complete without them. Artists sketched them together as "Lily and Rose," "Night and Morning," "Sunlight and Moonlight." Poets indited sonnets to them; friends and admirers thronged around them. As Beatrice said, with a deep-drawn sigh of perfect contentment, "This is life"—and she reveled in it.

That same year the Earl of Airlie attained his majority, and became the centre of all fashionable interest. Whether he would marry and whom he would be likely to marry, were two questions that interested every mother and daughter in Belgravia. There had been such an eligible *parti* for many years. The savings of a long minority alone amounted to a splendid fortune.

The young earl had vast estates in Scotland, Lynton Hall and Craig Castle, two of the finest seats in England, were his. His mansion in Belgravia was the envy of all who saw it. Young, almost fabulously wealthy, singularly generous and amiable, the young Earl of Airlie was the centre of at least half a hundred matrimonial plots; but he was not easily managed. Mammas with blooming daughters found him a difficult subject. He laughed, talked, danced, walked, and rode, as society wished him to do; but no one had touched his heart, or even his fancy. Lord Airlie was heart-whole, and there seemed no prospect of his ever being anything else. Lady Constance Talbrook, the prettiest, daintiest coquette in London, brought all her artillery of fascination into play, but without success. The beautiful brunette, Flora Cranbourne, had laid a wager that, in the course of two weeks, she would extract three compliments from him, but she failed in the attempt. Lord Airlie was pronounced incorrigible.

The fact was that his lordship had been sensibly brought up. He intended to marry when he could find some one to love him for himself and not for his fortune. This ideal of all that was beautiful, noble, and true in woman the earl was always searching for, but as yet had not found.

On all sides he had heard of the beauty of Lord Earle's daughters, but that did not interest him. He had been hearing of, seeing, and feeling disappointed in beautiful women for some years. Many people, made a point of meeting the "new beauties," but he gave himself no particular trouble. They were like every one else, he supposed.

One morning, having nothing else to do, Lord Airlie went to a *fete* given in the beautiful grounds of Lady Downham. He went early, intending to remain only a short time. He found but few guests had arrived; after paying the proper amount of homage to Lady Downham, the young earl wandered off into the grounds.

It was all very pretty and pleasant, but he had seen the same thing before, and was rather tired of it. The day was more Italian than English, bright and sunny, the sky blue, the air clear and filled with fragrance, the birds singing as they do sing under bright warm skies.

Flags were flying from numerous tents, bands of music were stationed at different parts of the grounds, the fountains played merrily in the sunlit air, Lord Airlie walked mechanically on, bowing in reply to the salutations he received.

A pretty little bower, a perfect thicket of roses, caught his attention; from it one could see all over the lake, with its gay pleasure-boats. Lord Airlie sat down, believing himself to be quite alone; but, before he had removed a large bough that interfered with the full perfection of the view, he heard voices on the other side of the sheltering rose-bower.

He listened involuntarily, for one of the voices was clear and pure, the other more richly musical than any he had ever heard—at times sweet as the murmur of a cushat dove, and again ringing joyously and brightly.

"I hope we shall not have to wait here long, Lillian," the lithe voice was saying. "Lady Helena promised to take us on the lake."

"It is very pleasant," was the reply; "but you always like to be in the very centre of gaiety."

"Yes," said Beatrice; "I have had enough solitude and quiet to last me for life. Ah, Lillian, this is all delightful. You think, so, but do not admit honestly as I do."

There was a faint, musical laugh, and then the sweet voice resumed:

"I am charmed, Lillian, with this London life; this is worth calling life—every moment is a golden one. If there is a drawback, it consists in not being able to speak one's mind."

"What do you mean?" asked Lillian.

"Do you not understand?" was the reply. Lady Helena is always talking to me about cultivating what she calls 'elegant repose.' Poor, dear grandmamma! her perfect idea of good manners seems to me to be a simple absence—in society at least—of all emotion and all feeling. I, for one, do not admire the *nil admirari* system."

"I am sure Lady Helena admires you, Bee," said her sister.

"Yes," was the careless reply. "Only imagine, Lillian, yesterday, when Lady Cairn told me some story about a favorite young friend of hers, the tears came to my eyes. I could not help it, although the drawing-room was full. Lady Helena told me I should repress all outward emotion. Soon after, when Lord Dolchester told me a ridiculous story about Lady Everton, I laughed—heartily, I must confess, though not loudly—and she looked at me. I shall never accomplish 'elegant repose.'"

"You would not be half so charming if you did," replied her sister.

"Then it is so tempting to say at times what one really thinks! I cannot resist it. When Lady Everton tells me, with that tiresome simper of hers, that she really wonders at herself, I long to tell her that other people do the same thing. I should enjoy, for once, the luxury of telling Mrs. St John that people flatter her, and then laugh at her affection. It is a luxury to speak the truth at all times, is it not, Lily? I detest everything false, even a false word; therefore I fear Lady Helena will never quite approve of my manner."

"You are so frank and fearless! At the Elms, do you remember how every one seemed to feel that you would say just the right thing at the right time?" asked Lillian.

"Do not mention that place," replied Beatrice; "this life is so different. I like it so much, Lily—all the brightness and gaiety. I feel good and contented now. I was always restless and longing for life; now I have all I wish for."

There was a pause, the earl and Lord Airlie longed to see who the speakers were—who was the girl that spoke such frank, bright words—that loved truth, and hated all things false—what kind of face accompanied that voice. Suddenly the young earl remembered that he was listening, and he started in horror from his seat. He pushed aside the clusters of roses. At first he saw nothing but the golden blossoms of a drooping laburnum; then, a little further on, he saw a fair head bending over some fragrant flowers; then a face so beautiful, so perfect, that something like a cry of surprise came from Lord Airlie's lips.

He had seen many beauties; but nothing like this queenly young girl. Her dark, bright eyes were full of fire and light; the long lashes swept her cheek, the proud, beautiful lips, so haughty in repose, so sweet when smiling, were perfect in shape. From the noble brow a waving mass of dark hair rippled over a white neck and shapely shoulders. It was a face to think and dream of, process in its vivid, exquisite colouring and charming moulded features. He hardly noticed the fair-haired girl.

"Who can she be?" thought Lord Airlie. "I believed that I had seen every beautiful woman in London."

Satisfied with having seen what kind of face accompanied the voice, the young earl left the pretty rose thicket. His friends must have thought him slightly deranged. He went about asking every one, "Who is here to be compared with that question."

"I can scarcely tell you," replied his lordship. "I am somewhat in a puzzle. If you want to know who is the queen of the *fete*, I can tell you. It is Lord Earle's daughter, Miss Beatrice Earle. She is over there, see, with Lady Downham."

Looking in the direction indicated, Lord Airlie saw the face that haunted him.

"Is that Miss Earle?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," said Lord Dolchester, with a gay laugh; "and if I were young and unfettered, she would not be Miss Earle much longer."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Lord Airlie gazed long and earnestly at the beautiful girl who looked so utterly unconscious of the admiration she excited.

"I must ask Lady Downham to introduce me," he said to himself, wondering whether the proud face would smile upon, and, if she carried into practice her favorite theory of saying what she thought, what she would say to him.

Lady Downham smiled when the young earl made his request.

"I have been besieged by gentlemen requesting introductions to Miss Earle," she said. "Contrary to your general rule, Lord Airlie, you go with the crowd."

He would have gone anywhere for one word from those perfect lips. Lady Downham led him to the spot where Beatrice stood, and in a few courteous words introduced him to her.

Lord Airlie was celebrated for his amiable, pleasing manner. He always knew what to say and how to say it; but when those magnificent eyes looked into his own the young earl stood silent and abashed. In vain he tried confusedly to mutter a few words; his face finished, and Beatrice looked at him in wonder. Could this man gazing so ardently at her be the impenetrable Lord Airlie?

He managed at length to say something about the beauty of the grounds and the brightness of the day. Had the eyes could speak, hers asked, had he nothing to say?

He lingered by her side, charmed and fascinated by her grace; she talked to Lillian and to Lady Helena, she received the homage offered to her so unconsciously of his presence and his regard that Lord Airlie was piqued. He was not accustomed to be overlooked.

"Do you never grow tired of flowers and *fetes*, Miss Earle?" he asked at length.

"No," replied Beatrice, "I could never grow tired of flowers—who could? As for *fetes*, I have seen few, and have liked each one better than the last."

"Perhaps your life has not been like mine, spent amongst them," he said.

"I have lived amongst flowers," she replied, "but not amongst *fetes*; they have all the charm of novelty for me."

"I should like to enjoy them as you do," he said. "I wish you would teach me, Miss Earle."

She laughed gaily, and the sound of that laugh, like a sweet, silvery chime, charmed Lord Airlie still more.

He found out the prettiest pleasure-boat, and persuaded Beatrice to let him row her across the lake. He gathered a beautiful water-lily for her. When they landed he found out a seat in the prettiest spot and placed her there.

Her simple gay manner delighted him. He had never met any one like her. She did not blush, or look conscious, or receive his attentions with the half-flattered sentimental air common to most young ladies of his acquaintance.

She never appeared to remember that he was Lord Airlie, nor sought by any artifice to keep him near her. The bright sunny hours seemed to pass rapidly as a dream. Long before the day ended the young earl said to himself that he had met his fate, that if it took years to win her he would count them well spent—that in all the wide world she was the wife for him.

Lord Earle was somewhat amused by the solicitude the young nobleman showed in making his acquaintance and consulting his tastes. After Lady Downham's *fete* he called regularly at the house.

Lady Helena liked him, but could hardly decide which of her grandchildren it was that attracted it.

* * * * * *

The fastidious young earl, who had smiled at the idea of love and had disappointed half the fashionable mothers in Belgravia, found himself a victim at last.

He was diffident of his powers, hardly daring to hope that he should succeed in winning the most beautiful and gifted girl in London. He was timid in her presence, and took refuge with Lillian. The fashionable London was taken by surprise when Lord Airlie threw open his magnificent house, and, under the gracious auspices of his aunt, Lady Lecomte, issued invitations for a grand ball.

Many were the conjectures, and great the excitement. Lord Earle smiled as he showed Lady Helena the cards of invitation.

"Of course you will go," he said. "We have no engagements for that day. See that the girls look their best, mother."

He felt very proud of his daughters—Lillian looking so fair and sweet in her white silk dress and favourite pearls; Beatrice, like a queen in a cloud of white lace, with coquettish dashes of crimson. The Earle diamonds shone in her dark hair, clasped the fair white throat, and encircled the beautiful arms. A magnificent pomegranate blossom lay in the bodice of her dress, and she carried a bouquet of white lilies mixed with scarlet verbena.

The excitement as to the ball had been great. It seemed like a step in the right direction at last. The great question was with whom would Lord Airlie open the ball. Every girl was on the *qui vive*.

The question was soon decided. When Beatrice Earle entered the room, Lord Airlie went straight to meet her, and solicited her hand for the first dance. She did not know how much was meant by that one action.

He wondered, as he looked upon her, the queen of the most brilliant ball of the season, whether she would ever love him—if it was within the bounds of possibility that she should ever care for him.

That evening, for the first time, he touched the proud heart of Beatrice Earle. On all sides she heard nothing but praises of Lord Airlie—his wealth, his talent, his handsome person and chivalrous manner. The ladies were eloquent in praise of their young host. She looked at him, and for the first time remarked the noble, dignified carriage, the tall, erect figure, the clear-cut patrician face—not handsome according to the rules of beauty, but from the truth and honour written there in Nature's plainest hand.

Then she saw—and it struck her with surprise—how Lord Airlie, so courted and run after, sought her out. She saw smiles upon friendly faces, and heard her name mingled with his.

"My dear Miss Earle," said Lady Everton, "you have accomplished wonders—conquered the unconquerable. I believe every eligible young lady in London has smiled upon Lord Airlie, and all in vain. What charm have you used to bring him to your feet?"

"I did not know he was at my feet," replied Beatrice: "You like figurative language, Lady Everton."

"You will find I am right," returned Lady Everton. "Remember I was the first to congratulate you."

Beatrice wondered, in a sweet, vague way, if there could be anything in it. She looked again at Lord Airlie. Surely any one might be proud of the love of such a man. He caught her glance, and her face flushed. In a moment he was by her side.

"Miss Earle," he said, eagerly, "you told me the other day you liked flowers. If you have not been in the conservatory, may I escort you there?"

She silently accepted his arm, and they went through the magnificent suite of rooms into the cool, fragrant conservatory.

The pretty fountain in the midst ripples musically, and the lamps gleamed like pale stars among masses of gorgeous colours.

Beatrice was almost bewildered by the profusion of beautiful plants. Tier upon tier of superb flowers rose, until the eye was dazzled by the varied hues and brightness—delicate white heaths of rare perfection, flaming azaleas, fuchsias that hung like showers of purple-red wine. The plant that charmed Beatrice most was one from far-off Indian climes—delicate perfumed blossoms, hanging like golden bells from thick, sheltering green leaves. Miss Earle stood before it, silent in sheer admiration.

"You like that flower?" said Lord Airlie.

"It is one of the prettiest I ever saw," she replied.

In a moment he gathered the fairest sprays from the precious tree. She cried out in dismay at the destruction.

"Nay," said Lord Airlie, "if every flower here could be compressed into one blossom, it would hardly be a fitting offering to you."

She smiled at the very French compliment, and he continued—"I shall always have a great affection for that tree."

"Why?" she asked, unconsciously.

"Because it has pleased you," he replied.

They stood by the pretty plant, Beatrice touching the golden bells softly with her fingers. Something of the magic of the scene touched her. She did not know why the fountain rippled so musically, why the flowers seemed doubly fair or her young lover talked to her. She had been loved. She had heard much of love, but she herself had never known what it really meant. She did not know why, after a time, her proud bright eyes drooped, and never met Lord Airlie's gaze—why her face flushed, and grew pale; why his words woke a new, strange, beautiful music in her heart—music that never died until—

"I ask for one spray—only one—to keep in memory of this pleasant hour," said Lord Airlie, after a pause.

She gave him a spray of the delicate golden bells.

"I should like to be curious and rude," he said, "and ask if you ever gave any one a flower before."

"No," she replied.

"Then I shall prize this doubly," he assured her.

That evening Lord Airlie placed the golden blossom carefully away. The time came when he would have parted with any treasure on earth rather than that.

But his question had suddenly disturbed Beatrice. For a moment her thoughts flew to the sea-shore at Knutsford. The present faded from her; she saw Hugh Fernely's face as it looked when he offered her the beautiful lily. The very remembrance made her shudder as though seized with deathly cold and Lord Airlie saw it.

"You are cold," he said; "how careless I am to keep you standing here!" He helped her to draw the costly lace shawl around her shoulders, and Beatrice was quickly herself again, and they returned to the ballroom; but Lord Airlie lingered by Miss Earle.

"You have enjoyed this ball, Beatrice?" said Lord Earle, as he bade his daughters good-night.

"I have, indeed, papa," she replied. "This has been the happiest evening of my life."

"I can guess why," thought Lord Earle, as he kissed the bright face upraised to him; "there will be no wretched underhand love business there."

He was not much surprised on the day following when Lord Airlie was the first morning caller, and he tried to leave, not going until Lady Helena told him she should all be at the opera that evening, and should perhaps see him there. He regretted that he had promised Lady Mordon his box for the night, when Lady Earle felt herself bound to ask him to join them in theirs.

All night Beatrice had dreamed of the true noble face which began to haunt her. She, usually so regardless of all flattery, remembered every word Lord Airlie had spoken. Could it be true, as Lady Everton had said, that he cared for her?

Her lover would have been spared many anxious hours could he have seen how the golden blossoms were tended and cared for. Long afterwards they were found with the little treasures which young girls guard so carefully.

When Lord Airlie had taken his departure and Lord Earle found himself alone with his mother, he turned to her with the happiest look she had ever seen upon his face.

"That seems to me a settled affair," he said. "Beatrice will make a grand countess—Lady Airlie of Lynton. She is the finest young fellow and the best match in England. Ah, mother, my folly might have been punished more severely. There will be no *mesalliance* there."

"No," said Lady Earle, "I have no fears for Beatrice; she is too proud ever to do wrong."

### CHAPTER XXV.

It was a pretty love-story, although told in crowded London ballrooms instead of under the shade of green trees. Beatrice Earle began by wondering if Lord Airlie cared for her; she ended by loving him herself.

It was no child's play this time. With Beatrice, to love once was to love for ever with fervour and intensity which cold and worldly interests cannot even understand.

The time came when Lord Airlie stood out distinct from all the world, when the sound of his name was like music, when she saw no other face, heard no other voice, thought of nothing else save him. He began to think there might be some hope for him; the proud, beautiful voice softened and brightened for him as it did for no other; the glorious dark eyes never met his own, the frank, bright words died away in his presence. Seeing all these things, Lord Airlie felt some little hope.

For the first time he felt proud and pleased with the noble fortune and high rank that were his by birthright. He had not cared much for them before; now he rejoiced that he could lavish wealth and luxury upon one so fair and worthy as Beatrice Earle.

Lord Airlie was not a confidential lover. There were times when he felt uncertain as to whether he should succeed. Perhaps true and reverential love is always timid. Lord Earle had smiled to himself many long weeks at the "pretty play" enacted before him, and Lady Helena had wondered when the young man would "speak out," long before Lord Airlie himself presumed to think that the fairest and proudest girl in London would accept him.

No day ever passed during which he did not manage to see her. He was indefatigable in finding out the balls, *soirees*, and operas she would attend. He was her constant shadow, never happy out of her sight, thinking of her all day, dreaming of her all night, yet half afraid to risk all and ask her to be his wife, lest he should lose her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A well-to-do German walked into the rooms of the overseer of the poor at Buffalo the other day and gave the official $5, the price interest of a ton of coal received by him when he was in poor circumstances in 1877.

The British authorities are keeping a close watch for dynamite.

The Hungarian Government secured a majority in the recent elections.

Over two hundred pilgrims were drowned while trying to cross the Danube.

Several of the Bodyke tenants who resisted eviction have been sent to prison.

The case of Laugtry v. Dumoulin has finally been settled by the Privy Council.

Some of the trunk lines are making a heavy cut in grain rates between Chicago and New York.

Albert Shaw, a Chatham volunteer, was fatally stabbed by a London painter on Saturday night.

Mr. Hugh Ryan is understood to be the successful tenderer for the Red River Valley Railway, at $780,000.

Five of the Alsatians on trial at Leipsic were, on Saturday, sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for high treason.

The Manitoba loan of $1,000,000 is said to have been taken by Mr. A. T. Drummond, of Montreal, for a London syndicate.

The explosives in the possession of Peter Troy, who was arrested at Queenstown, consisted of some American toy fireworks.

Minister Phelps Monday had a private audience with the Queen for the purpose of presenting President Cleveland's congratulations.

The steamer Athabasca was safely taken off the rock at Cove Island on Sunday night and reached Owen Sound early Monday morning.

The foundation of the Sam Jones Female College at Cartersville, Ga., is under way, and the corner-stone will soon be laid.

The Y. M. C. A. have collected $1808 of the necessary guarantee of $2400 required before commencing the erection of their new building at Owen Sound.

The residence of Mr. Bain, Mt P., Dundas, was entered by burglars on Saturday night. The thieves secured a gold locket and chain and other valuables.

PORT HURON, Mich, June 21.—This morning five men boarded the 1 15 a.m. Grand Trunk train at Fort Gratiot, going east and "held up" the passengers. Several lost what money they had and one man lost $160. Three men have been arrested and are now in jail here and more arrests will probably follow.

A five-legged colt was ushered into existence at Davisville Tuesday morning in honor of the Queen's Jubilee celebration. The baby and suckling seems healthy and vigorous for one so young and tender. The proprietor of this infant prodigy is Henry Newman, the well known commercial traveler of Toronto.

In his sermon at Elm Street Church, Toronto, on Sunday morning Dr. Potts said "I recognize and freely admit that morally and intellectually the greatest man in the British Empire to-day is William Ewart Gladstone. In point of popularity next him is Bright in England stands the Prince of Wales."

A New York despatch says: Plymouth Church will be closed for the summer. No such thing ever happened to it before. There are those that predict that it will not be opened again by its old congregation. There are serious discussions in the congregation concerning the selection of a pastor to succeed Beecher, which may dispute the organization.

The Legislature of Michigan had passed a Local Option by counties law. The majority for the law was 21 to 7 in the Senate and 67 to 11 in the House. It will go into force when, even one-fifth of the electors in a county petition for a special election, and the law is carried by a majority. Once established, it is not to be repealed for three years, and once defeated it is not to be again asked for until the same period has elapsed.

The farmers of Oxford held a meeting at Woodstock and passed the following resolution: "That in the opinion of this meeting, the removal of all restrictions on trade between Canada and the United States by reciprocity or otherwise, as may be agreed upon by the Governments of Canada, Great Britain and and the United States, is desirable." A resolution approving of the National Policy, and recommending the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, received only two votes.

LONDON, June 21.—The jubilee gift to the Queen from all her children and grandchildren will be a gold and silver centre piece for a table adorned with precious stones. It comprises three parts resting on a common base, in the center of which are the British arms bearing the legend "Her children and grandchildren to our beloved mother and grandmother." The middle portion consists of a vase adorned with the arms and portraits of the donors. It is a solid gold lid surmounted by the royal crown. To the right and left respectively are a lion and a unicorn.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—An interesting decision appears in a letter by Acting Secretary Thompson to Congressman John B. Weber of Buffalo, in which it is held that laboring men living in Clifton and Drummondville, Canada, cannot cross the Suspension Bridge and work on the United States soil. This prohibition is construed from the Alien Contract Labor Law passed last February. The secretary holds that a day laborer in Clifton or Drummondville comes into the country under a contract made prior to his exit from Canada, and so is an importation of foreign labor.

All the eloquence of Kentucky is not locked within the breast of Proctor Knott. In a Lee county convention recently an orator said: "Place our banner in the hands of Gen. M. Sebastian and the future will show the correctness of my assertion that high over the thunder river crag of politics will is float through the dark hours of the strife, and, when the struggle shall have ended, aloft over the 34th district will its ample folds spread forth, and with wild acclaim of joy will we see emblazoned thereon in burning letters of light the legend of glorious triumph—"Victory."

HOUSTON, TEX., June 18.—A daring train robbery was performed at 1.30 this morning a short distance this side of Schulenberg on the Southern Pacific Railway. As the train drew up at the station two men with drawn revolvers mounted the engine, covered the engineer, and forced him to pull the train to the open prairie, a few hundred yards to the east, where a fire was burning around which stood eight or ten men armed with Winchester rifles. The two robbers on the engine stood guard over the man at the throttle while the others went through the mail, express and passenger cars. Nearly all the passengers were asleep and unaware of what was going on until they were aroused by the robbers. The first man tackled by them was W. Neuburger of New York, whom they struck on the head with a revolver, securing from him $75 in cash, several diamonds and a gold watch valued at $150. Louis May of Cincinnati was relieved of $35 and R. L. Armstrod of New York gave up $20. He had a large amount with him which was hid in the sleeping car. A gentleman from Mexico lost $400. All the passengers were relieved of what valuables they possessed and it is difficult to form an estimate of the amount of money and jewelry secured. The amount, however, is reckoned at $5000. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express car was also gone through, but the amount of money taken cannot be ascertained. No mail route agent was on the train, but the through mail pouches on the express car were all cut open and their contents appropriated. The total amount secured by the robbers is put down at $8000 or $10,000, but when a careful report is made the figures may be changed. There is no doubt that considerable booty was secured and the gang made off with it successfully. The whole country is aroused and in arms. Several posses have gone in search of the robbers.


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