

ation of the slave by  
ate of emancipation,  
es the former owner  
ay claim to compen-

st the provisions of  
be published by a  
ng 500 periods or by  
or a period not ex-  
months, except in those  
heavier penalty is in-  
e of other law."

**HE LOSES CASE.**

of Portland Can  
Test Easy.

**PROBATE COURT.**

0.—Another claim to  
ge and dukedom has  
ase of Mrs. Florence  
e, affecting relative  
-estates of the late  
as, has just been set-  
-tled in the  
-probate court.

asting several days,  
arnes and a special  
arnes officially made  
es Bruce died Dec.  
-tally, the verdict  
-the declaration that  
-and could not have  
-of Portland.

est Fights.

estate of Bruce was  
-is considered of lit-  
-when taken in con-  
-test for the title,  
-ing the will made  
-and a codicil writ-  
-declared valid. This  
-is the right to claim  
-the coveted title of  
-a demon, but I love you with all my  
-heart, and I'll love you to my dying  
-day," he says fiercely. "And I could  
-kill any man you loved or married,  
-either."

the trial Mrs. Bruce  
-extremely eccentric  
-has left the impres-  
-sion is unbalanced;  
-heads and support-  
-ing domestic troubles  
-and disapp-  
-been sufficient to  
-the average human

orth by Mrs. Bruce  
-national that were  
-ity in England. She  
-the illegitimate son of  
-Bruce, who kept a  
-baker street, Lon-  
-was housewom-  
-passages, which  
-At times he would  
-weeks, and then  
-emerge into his  
-and resume business  
-in absent for only

Shut Out.

period the fifth  
-ing in baronial  
-city, and at  
-town, houses in  
-ter piece was sur-  
-rounds that effec-  
-tively eyes into  
-but things were  
-black. There the  
-can had constructed  
-houses, and in  
-was his custom to  
-appear in a mys-  
-tification of Mrs. Bruce

claim of Mrs. Bruce  
-Welbeck Abbey to  
-Bruce in the Baker  
-and that when  
-every of trade he  
-to his country  
-of the stables and  
-and, ante-presto,  
-in the high and  
-Dec. 6, 1879, and was  
-and estates by a  
-but as Bruce, the  
-spired some years  
-ing to the decision  
-Justice Barnes, Dec.  
-she asserts that the  
-abandoned the mer-  
-and remained  
-days.

buried in Kensal  
-Justice Barnes, that  
-but lead nine in his  
-but permit to have  
-opened, but another  
-raised, and it is now  
-the world will  
-but tomb contains  
-Justice Barnes, Dec.  
-the veil that cov-  
-double life, and  
-people in England be-  
-street merchant  
-noblemen of Wel-  
-Justice Barnes, Dec.  
-Mrs. Bruce's sailor  
-he declared the  
-the great Dukedom

**STEAMER.**

in Fire Started by  
-Sparks.

Dec. 31.—The stern  
-of the steamship  
-ton, Tenn., burned  
-at 3 o'clock to-  
-days at the wharf

from Fulton about  
-with fifteen pas-  
-engers were asleep on  
-the fire broke out.  
-is known to be lost,  
-of Old River,  
-The three char-  
-recovered from a  
-three-months-old  
-is missing. It is  
-other persons on  
-fre or granted in  
-total on the beach  
-was started by a  
-candle. The boat  
-Dec. 30, and was about  
-cargo was totally

**THE COMING OF GILLIAN:**  
A Pretty Irish Romance.

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to try  
MONSOON CEYLON TEA. Get a package; it really merits a trial.

LEAD PACKETS. ALL GROCERS.

unseeing, unhearing, as if she were  
dead. Her maid finds her there  
at eight o'clock, lying as she has  
lain throughout the night, with  
her eyes wide open, staring vacantly  
about her, and her hands out-  
stretched, as if she were waiting  
for some one to come, and then  
she dies.

In answer to the startled girl's  
alarmed questioning, her young mis-  
tress gives her a vague, quietly-  
spoken account of having got up  
and sat by the window some hours  
ago, and of having felt ill and lain  
down again.

But she is very pale and quiet—  
the other and tears a fever  
for her, and she speaks very gently  
and smiles softly as she thanks her  
woman for her cup of tea, and bids  
her close the blinds and draw the  
curtains, and shut out the sun-  
shine, and the song of the birds, and  
the scent of the flowers, and go away  
and leave her alone.

And the maid obeys her, though  
with a good deal of reluctance and  
hesitating, and for two hours more  
she lies there still, stertose, speech-  
less, with those wide, open eyes  
aching, burning beyond the re-  
lief of tears.

By and by she tells herself con-  
fusedly, vaguely, begin weep-  
ing, for she is not in anguish of  
spirit? By and by she will suffer  
dreadfully, when she quite remem-  
bers what this numb agony means  
—when she can think clearly, and  
she realizes that her heart and  
all the warmth and strength of life  
are torn away with one torturing  
wrench, and that she must go on  
living still.

"An' you're goin' to write to  
him, is that it?" she says, with  
a laugh. "I'll let you go now for-  
ever. You have the temper of a  
tigeress, Anne, and the pride of a  
demon, but I love you with all my  
heart, and I'll love you to my dying  
day," he says fiercely. "And I could  
kill any man you loved or married,  
either."

"You won't find it so," he says,  
almost beside himself at her  
taunts. "I'll make you believe me!  
If I saw you in another man's arms  
I'd shoot you dead!"

Not a muscle in her handsome,  
pale, scornful face alters at this  
threat. Her brilliant eyes burn like  
smouldering fires under the black  
lashes, and one red rose spot begins  
to glow on each cheek.

"You would find it even more diffi-  
cult to convince me of your tender  
affection after that proof," she  
says quietly, with a slight, scornful  
smile. "And, as it certainly does not  
make me either love you or fear you  
now, I fail to see what it avails."

"No; I might kill you, but I could  
never conquer you," Lacy says, in a  
low tremulous voice.

And Gillian, forgetting herself for  
the moment, springs to her with  
her eyes of espectral at the earnestness,  
tenderness, despair and passion, in  
the face of the languid, blasé, "mili-  
tary dandy," the fine gentleman of  
society, whom she had hitherto de-  
spised as a vain, little-minded, selfish  
trifler, to whom nothing in life was  
of importance but as far as it in-  
terfered with his languid pleasures  
or interests.

"You have a soldier's spirit, Anne,"  
he says, coming nearer to her with  
a face as pale as eyes as burning  
as her own. "You would be a brave  
wife for a braver, more gallant man  
than me."

"Perhaps," she says, calmly.

"Perhaps there is such a one loom-  
ing in your future, Anne?" he says,  
trying to smile and speak as steadily  
and coldly as she.

"I hope so," she answers. "I should  
be glad to think I was destined to  
be the honored, faithful wife of a  
brave, honest man, and a husband  
such as you—George Archer, perhaps?"  
Lacy suggests, with a  
smile, forlornly assumed on his be-  
garded, pallid, miserable face. "I be-  
lieve, Anne—on my soul, I believe,  
and I have suspected it sometimes,  
even in the past," he says, thickly,  
"that you liked George Archer better  
than you liked me!"

Gillian tightens her hand over her  
heart to still its loud throbbing, and  
holds her breath as she looks and  
listens.

Anne, who is turning over some  
books on the table and putting them  
neatly together, looks up with a cold,  
determined countenance, raising her  
haughty eyebrows in slight surprise.

"You need not suspect, you may be  
quite sure," she says. "I like George  
Archer a great deal more than I ever  
liked you."

And then there is one of those  
breathless pauses, as if the man  
dare not trust himself to speak,  
and the woman defiantly decides on  
silence.

"Indeed?" Lacy says, at length,  
his teeth showing between his dry,  
bloodless lips. "This is quite sur-  
prising to me, only rather over-  
whelming me with conviction. I  
may say. Why did you trouble to  
bid him good-bye, to-night, and  
weep over him, too, as I see you  
have been doing?"

"Why should I not?" Anne says,  
briefly. "I have not so many friends  
that I should not mourn at the ab-  
sence of one."

"But when, in this case, absence  
will only make the fond heart fonder,"  
Lacy replies, his jealous eyes  
flaming, his jealous lips trembling  
with rage, "and when, especially,  
absence does not mean separation,  
but only a temporary absence, and  
you do not see any adequate cause  
for your grief, if I suppose he kissed  
you, and mingled his tears with  
yours? Eh, Ann?"

"If you wanted to hear and see  
all that passed, why did you not  
follow me?" Anne says, impatiently.  
"Captain Lacy, I must remind you  
it is nearly one o'clock in the morn-  
ing, and I really do not appreciate  
clandestine visits at any hour."

"Especially when it is the wrong  
man who pays the clandestine vis-  
its," sneers Lacy. "You've spent an  
hour with George Archer out in the

**Sosodont**  
**Tooth Powder 25c**  
**Good for Bad Teeth**  
**Not Bad for Good Teeth**

**Sosodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c.**  
At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.

**HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.**

girl mutters indignantly. "I suppose  
she is pleased, but nobody else is—  
that is on comfort. Captain  
Lacy is just as wretched  
as I am, I know very  
well, and cares as little for me as  
I do for him, or I would not have  
allowed him to speak one word to  
me! And I believe Anne O'Neill is  
miserable and jealous, though she has  
his love," Gillian says, trembling. "I  
hope she is! I hope she is unhappy!  
The wicked, inconstant woman! As  
faithless as she is proud and cold-  
hearted," Captain Lacy says, and it  
is quite true. So there are three mis-  
erable enough out of the 'all' who  
are 'so happy'—Mr. Damer, too, has  
neither looked at me nor spoken to  
me since yesterday."  
(To be Continued.)

**AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHMAN:**  
Jottings by the London Standard Corres-  
pondent With the Duke of Cornwall.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 1.—The King  
came to Canada forty-one years ago,  
and stayed on the shores of Lake  
Huron. To reach the Pacific in those  
days you had to sail round Cape Horn  
or journey through the Great Lone  
Land, over boundless prairies where  
the red man hunted the bison, across  
mountains crowned with snow and  
clothed with virgin forest, in which  
roamed panther and grizzly bear—  
most ferocious of his tribe—and along  
rivers on whose banks was the spor-  
adic moose and caribou. The King's  
son has come from Ottawa to the  
capital of British Columbia—a dis-  
tance of 3,162 miles—in seven days,  
travelling at leisure, with many  
halts on the way, and with as much  
comfort as the best inn could give.  
In one week he has passed through  
the four seasons—from summer to  
winter, from winter to spring. He  
has been welcomed in cities, throb-  
bing with a new and energetic life,  
with their fathers and children, seen  
wild cat and grey wolf. He has  
passed granaries, bursting with the  
harvest of a myriad of acres, which  
a quarter of a century ago were  
wild wastes, given over to the In-  
dian, the buffalo, the fox and the  
wolverine. \* \* \* Gliding through the  
beautiful valley of the Ottawa, with  
the Laurentian Hills purple in the  
distance, we came at night to Man-  
itowish, an old trading post, where  
Champlain, Hearne, Simpson, La  
Verendrye, and many an early ex-  
plorer halted on his way to the un-  
known west. A wild stretch of  
broken country brought us to North  
Bay, on the woody shores of Lake  
Nipissing. Here the Duke and Duch-  
esse had a welcome typical of many.  
Church bells rang out through the  
darkness, and people hastened to the  
station—farmers, woodmen, hunters,  
quaint in their dress and manner. When  
the royal train drew up to the plat-  
form, there came from a hundred  
sweet young voices the Canadian An-  
them. The words, written by Alex-  
ander Muir, a Scotch school-  
master, of Toronto, are sung  
to the air, "The Land of Cakes," (?)  
and their popularity is so firmly es-  
tablished that they may be added  
to the anthology of National Song.

**IS THIS WOMAN'S WAY?**  
It is a Doubtful Compliment to Wo-  
men by Frank C. Bostock.

Snakes have never appealed to me  
greatly. It seems to require a wo-  
man to handle them. Nearly all of  
them will strike at a stranger, but  
after you get familiar with them  
and they understand that you mean  
no harm, the most dangerous snakes  
are not vicious. I have a Hindu  
girl who seems to be able to do  
anything with them that a mother  
could do with a child, and it is  
very hard to get myself fastened  
late at night sitting with her bare  
feet in their box, while they crawl  
all about her, and she talks to them  
in her strange soft dialect. She is  
a nasty temper, and is disliked by  
most of the people about her, but  
none dare offend her, for they re-  
member the time when a brute of  
a porter struck her, and she went  
directly to her snake box, returning  
with a box constructor, which made  
every effort to get itself fastened  
on him at her bidding. He fled  
ignominiously.

**Cheap Houses in France.**  
An inhabitable flat at £4 a year,  
with tiled kitchen and three or four  
rooms prepared and floored in oak,  
stands the wildest impossibility in a  
crowded industrial city. Yet comfort-  
able, well-built flats have been built  
at this price in the most crowded  
quarter of the city of Lyons, and  
this where the price of land on which  
the flats were built was 25 to 35  
francs a square metre, which is rat-  
her more than a square yard. The  
company that started the venture  
has a reserve fund of 540,737 francs  
and pays a steady interest of 4 per  
cent. We, says the Westminster Ga-  
zette, ought to add that the profits  
have been largely increased by cheap  
restaurants in connection with the  
flats, where a good meal can be had  
for 1-20 the corner. This interesting  
information is given by the Co-oper-  
ative News, which is loud in its praise  
of the Lyons Economic Building So-  
ciety.

**Too Long a Job.**  
Prim—One mark of the gentleman  
is that he always keeps his hands  
clean.  
Glimm—Oh, I don't know. I know  
a gentleman who never washes his  
hands.  
Prim—Oh, come, now!  
Glimm—Fact. He employs 200 in  
his factory.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All  
Druggists send the money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

**PAGE METAL GATES**  
are so low in price  
no one can afford  
to do without them.  
They are made of  
steel and are  
designed to  
prevent the  
fire from  
spreading  
from one  
room to  
another.  
They are  
made in  
all sizes  
and are  
very  
durable.  
They are  
made in  
all colors  
and are  
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