

# A NIGHT IN AUSTIN FRIARS

BY T. S. E. HAKE.

## CHAPTER III.

Shuttleworth placed the note-book in his pocket, as a sign that business formalities might be dispensed with now, and moved towards the hearth. Warrenner followed him, and they soon became absorbed in earnest talk. But Helen had resumed her place at the table, her head resting between her hands, with a far-off look in her wondering eyes.

The thought that Anthony Grinold would leave his fortune to her had never entered the girl's head. She had been glad of the opportunity which a chance encounter in the dusty garret in Austin Friars had given her of gaining his recognition and friendship. The financier had made it possible for her to brighten the last years of his lonely life. She had never looked for reward. His gratitude for her companionship, his look towards her as a woman with a head for affairs, had been to her compensation enough. Helen had never dreamt that by encouraging his schemes of finance she would reap for herself a golden harvest in due time. The jockey of foreign bonds, the thoughts naturally reverted to Gilbert Ringham now. She had taken him into her confidence. She had told him how, barely four-and-twenty hours ago, Mr. Grinold had sat in restless anticipation waiting for his coming. She had been at the financier's beck, and called the greater part of yesterday, and it had pained her to witness his fierce impatience to hold the foreign bonds in his own hands. And he was dead; and she was waiting for Gilbert Ringham—alone!

"She looked round, and became instantly conscious that Ralph Shuttleworth's keen eyes were bent upon her. 'I'm going to ask you, Miss Warrenner,' said he, 'to let me relate a certain incident in Mr. Grinold's life. It will interest your father; it might even interest you.'

Helen answered evasively. 'Would it not be as well,' she said, 'to send over to Mr. Ringham?'

'The man from Cairo?'

'No, no,' Warrenner interposed. 'Let him wait.'

'But you forget, father,' Helen persisted. 'Mr. Ringham is our guest.'

'Do I? Ask our friend here,' said her father. 'Haven't commissioned you, Shuttleworth, to bring him back with you to supper? My dear Helen! the young fellow must make our house his headquarters, of course, as long as he stops in town.'

The girl sank back in her chair. The matter of settling with Gilbert Ringham rested with the executors, no doubt; and yet Helen could not hide from herself that she felt impatient—impatient for the coming of the man who held her fortune in his hand!

'I'm going to be exceedingly brief,' Shuttleworth now began, with an apologetic glance at Helen. 'I'm merely going to tell your father what happened upon a certain night in Austin Friars. A letter of Mr. Grinold's, hidden among his deeds, put me in possession of the secret. I've destroyed the letter. The incident is so important, however, that I must tell you of it together. Is that understood?'

For a moment he was silent, though scarcely looking for any response. 'On the top floor there is a garret,' he then resumed, 'a favorite room of Mr. Grinold's at one time. He was confessedly a miser in this confidential letter to me—and gloated over his gold. One evening, while kneeling upon the rug in the centre of this room, among his bags of money, he heard a suppressed cry, and looking up, he saw a pair of eyes staring down at him over the back of a great arm-chair in a shady corner. These eyes, as described by Mr. Grinold, were large, dark, laughing eyes—laughing at him! His first feeling was that of indignation. But when a pretty child of twelve years of age or thereabout—'

'Seventeen,' Helen interposed. 'I beg pardon. When a young lady of seventeen,' said Shuttleworth, with another apologetic glance, 'came nimbly forward and began to put the gold back into the bags, his anger changed to shame. The girl had discovered his secret; but with a delicacy and tact which relieved them both of embarrassment, she acted as though the gold had been upset upon the floor by pure accident. Having had her laugh at the mischance, she made herself useful by assisting this elderly gentleman to collect the scattered coins. When he learnt that she was the daughter of an old clerk—the only clerk he had retained in his employment—he crossed his mind to bind her to a promise never to betray him. But he did a wiser thing than that. He began to feel intuitively that to show a sign of distrust would be a fatal mistake. He entered into the spirit of the situation, and helped her to pick up the gold as though they were having a game of Tom Tiddler in a quiet way. From that day forth these two were true friends. It was shortly after this incident occurred that Mr. Grinold altered his will. He left all his gold to the girl who had gathered it up for him—loyally as guarded his secret right lovingly ever since.'

'Dear me! said Helen's father in a wonder-stricken voice. 'A miser, was he?'

'Mr. Grinold ceased to be a miser,' said Shuttleworth, 'upon the night of his meeting with that dark-eyed girl in Austin Friars.'

He glanced at Helen as if for confirmation. 'Yes,' she assured him. 'Mr. Grinold invested his money to advantage—invested it firmly in foreign bonds. These bonds should have been delivered in London—having been despatched by special courier from Cairo—yesterday morning at latest. But owing to the dense fog—'

'Stop!' and the ex-manager turned quickly in his chair. 'Why didn't Mr. Ringham explain his business?'

'Why should he father? It was a private affair. He could not have delivered the bonds to you. His instructions were specific: 'To Anthony Grinold or his order.' Ask Mr. Shuttleworth. What could have been done?'

'Nothing,' the lawyer affirmed, 'nothing without me.'

The city had become intensely dark. The fog had thickened until the endles lights in the thoroughfares had become merely airy blurs. But Ralph Shuttleworth, as he held on his way

toward the 'Two Swans,' frequently hustled by the bewildered crowd, smiled with increasing blandness at every step. Nothing in the nature of these gloomy surroundings seemed capable of putting him out of humor to-night. For the hope of winning Helen Warrenner—a hope that he had dubiously entertained hitherto—began to take a new hold upon his thoughts. His long regarded her as a woman who, as his wife, would help him to win a position he craved for in society. Old Grinold's gold—these thirty thousand pounds—might even gain for him a seat in parliament. He would transfer his business in the City to a flat in Westminster, and then—But here his ambitious castle-building had to be abandoned for the nonce. He had reached the entrance to the hotel where the man from Cairo lodged. His look towards the man who had so impressively, as he went up the steps of the 'Two Swans' inn.

Meanwhile John Warrenner, having taken his troubles cosily, began to contemplate his daughter's downfall with a cosiness that did him equal credit. He set rubbing his hands in a self-gratulatory manner over the fire, and nodding approval at the changed prospects. 'Thirty thousand pounds! Wonderful! Why, Helen, it's like a page out of some old romance, ain't it?'

'Ye father,' she answered mechanically, her thoughts miles away. 'He seemed to need no encouragement. 'The ups and downs of this life,' he went on in his trite manner, 'are most startling. It's a regular game of seesaw! Why, scarcely a couple of hours ago—'

'Father,' said Helen, of a sudden breaking in upon his soliloquy, 'I can't realize that I've been left all this money! I can't help thinking that I shall be roused up presently and be told that it's only a dream.'

Warrenner laughed. 'I hope not, Helen, for Shuttleworth's sake as well as our own. I should like to see that little debt—wouldn't you? But come! and he suddenly grew more serious. 'Your nerves have been over-excited of late. You look pale and tired. Can't we do anything to divert your mind? A game of cribbage, or—'

Helen shook her head. She moved restlessly towards the window, as if to get a long time coming, father. Isn't it getting late?'

Warrenner glanced at the clock. 'So it is! What can be keeping them, I wonder? Shuttleworth is the last man, as a rule, to linger over matters of business, isn't he?'

Turning from the window, Helen said: 'I've a presentiment—just as Mr. Grinold had last night—that something has happened. I would ask you to go over to the 'Swans,' father, if it wasn't such a raw and foggy night. I detest these London fogs,' and Warrenner began to poke the fire into a brighter blaze. 'What should you say, now, to spending the winter in Nice? There'll be absolutely nothing to keep us in town after next week. Dear me! I can't think how I've lived in such a trying climate all these years. Helen made no reply. But she came and sat down beside him, and touched his hand compassionately, and there was more eloquence in the tender action than could have been expressed in words. He had never known any change of scene or climate—none worth remembering within her recollection. Had spent the best part of a lifetime within the sunless precincts of Austin Friars, wearing the elbows of his coat periodically threadbare by friction with the desk in Mr. Grinold's office. Her own young life had been monotonous too. But what was that compared to the irksome days her father had endured for five-and-twenty years and more?'

Yes! they should set out for the south of France as soon as the Grinold estate had been administered. They would then be free to come and go, whithersoever they might choose. And then her thoughts sped on eastward to Cairo, and here she loitered in fancy wandering through its busy Oriental streets with Gilbert Ringham at her side. As in dreamland, so in this waking dream, Helen Warrenner paused to reflect how it chanced that she should be always there. If the knowledge that she had inherited Mr. Grinold's gold had inspired the dream, the old financier himself had ceased for the hour to occupy her mind. She had been carried away by the mention of Nice into a new world; and started by a sounding knock at the hall door.

A moment later, as Helen had reason to remember long afterwards, she saw Ralph Shuttleworth standing in the room, his hand still upon the closed door, glaring round him like a hawk that has lost its quarry.

'The man from Cairo!' said he in a bated, eager tone—'he's not here?'

'No,' she heard her father answer him while rising hastily. 'Haven't you seen him?'

She saw Shuttleworth step forward, a look of the pursuer still in his searching eyes. 'Warrenner, he's gone!'

'Gone! Impossible! What can you mean?'

'Absconded,' she heard the lawyer affirm as he sank wearily into a chair. 'Absconded with the foreign bonds.'

(To Be Continued.)

### GIRLS IN DENMARK.

The girls of this country have quite as many privileges as we have here, if reports are to be believed. We were speaking with a gentleman returned recently from there, and he assured us that the Danish girl was privileged to take up any branch of medical, mathematical, or scientific study, and that the honors fall to her quite as frequently as to her brothers. As here, also, teaching is a favorite employment for women who wish to earn their own living. They distinguish themselves as artists, authors, musicians, and found schools and charities, and many have followed photography professionally, and, notwithstanding these, they maintain their reputation for being expert housekeepers and good cooks.



PLAN OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND MANILA BAY.

## DEATH-DEALING CANNON.

### SOME OF THE EARLY BIG GUNS OF THE WORLD.

#### Their Origin, Their Construction, Their Improvement—The Missiles of Destruction They Hurl.

China claims to have known all about cannon long before we dreamt of the existence of such an engine, and it is said that empire is in possession of a cannon made as long ago as 1,000 years. If this be so, it is idle to contend that firearms were first used at the battle of Crecy when Edward III. of England inflicted an inglorious defeat upon Philippe VI. of France. The battle of the little French town of the Somme was not fought till August, 1346, whereas we are reliably told that Edward used cannons in his first campaign against the Scots in 1327, and they also played an important part in the siege of Calais, when for eleven months that seaport was besieged by the forces of the same victorious monarch. The Turks used cannon against Constantinople in 1394, and also at its final capture in 1453.

These early cannon were different from those of these latter days are familiar with. They were made of wrought iron bars bound together like the staves of casks by iron rings or hoops, the latter being driven on red-hot, and contracting on cooling which gave great strength to the weapon. Those who have an opportunity of visiting the Castle of Edinburgh will therein be shown a splendid specimen of this style of manufacture. It was constructed at Mons, in Flanders, and consequently called Mons Meg, and not, as I heard a visitor explain once, because Mons was the contraction for Monsieur. The hoop near the touch hole was blown away while a salute was being fired to James, Duke of York, in the year 1622.

### THE VICTORIOUS CITY.

Why these guns should be called Meg, such as the bomb manufactured for the siege of Oudenarde, and now in the city of Ghent, which is named Long Meg, or that called Long Meg, of Westminster, it is difficult to explain. Some suppose the reference is to a noted virago of that name who frequented Westminster in the time of Henry VIII., and whose name was bestowed on articles of unusual size.

They began to cast guns in the second half of the fourteenth century, composed of an alloy of copper and tin in various proportions, and subsequently they were made from cast iron as well as from bronze, the latter being mistakenly dubbed "brass" cannon. Of the last named description is the enormous one which was cast to commemorate the capture of Began, by the Emperor Alum Gir in 1685. For centuries Beganop, containing one hundred thousand dwellings; but after its capture it fell into comparative insignificance. The name means the "Victorious City."

### HOW THEY WERE MADE.

At first they cast cannon hollow, but it came to be learned that, owing to the irregular cooling of the metal, they were not equally strong in every part, and so they adopted the method of casting solid, and afterwards boring out the interior. Bore-loading cannon were used as early as 1590, and rifle cannon have their introduction ascribed to 1620.

Those of the older construction, and of huge size and calibre, were dignified with grand names, such as those cast by Louis XII., which were named after the twelve peers of France of that time; while Charles V. saw the pious appropriateness of calling his favorite pieces of ordnance after the twelve Apostles. But in the sixteenth century the size of cannon was reduced, and they were classified under general names—such as cannon royal, or carthoun, which carried a half of forty-eight pounds; the bastard cannon, which carried thirty-five pounds; the whole culverin, the demi-culverin, etc. The culverin derived its name from the Latin culvarius, a serpent, and was a long, slender piece of artillery, which carried balls to a great distance. The well-known "Queen Elizabeth Pocket Pistol," at Dover Castle, is a culverin. After a time these names were superseded by others, denoting the weight of the balls used, such as 30-pounders, 32-pounders, 68-pounders, etc., or, in regard to shell guns, by the diameter of the bore specified by inches.

## THE CARE OF CATS.

Cats are by no means as hardy as is suggested by the old adage that each cat has nine lives," remarked a veterinarian who makes a specialty of treating sick cats. "But there is no reason why, with proper care, a pet cat should not live to a very green old age. Cats should be fed regularly and at least twice a day. Bread and milk or oatmeal porridge and milk, the milk having a little hot water and a trifle of sugar added to it in chilly weather, should constitute their breakfast. Bread and broth with a little cooked meat is quite sufficient for their dinner. A little fresh fish may be given occasionally, and now and then a morsel of uncooked liver and meat, care being taken to remove all fat. Any vegetables for which the cat shows a fondness may be given with discretion.

Remember to see that a cat always has access to plenty of fresh water and fresh grass, grass being a genuine panacea for all its minor troubles. The diseases of cats include sore throat, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which are especially prevalent among them as they are very susceptible to dampness. One of the first symptoms of illness is a rough and untidy coat. If this be accompanied by restlessness and languor it is safe to administer a dose of castor oil and provide the cat with a sheltered place until the effect has worn off. Where the presence of any kind of poison is suspected prompt and energetic action is necessary. A liberal dose of lukewarm water slightly salted generally has a good effect, but it is safest to give at once, sweet oil or melted lard. After such an experience a course of cod liver oil is advised with a generous diet. A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter, and smeared upon the front paws is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition but care should be taken to keep it from all exposure to dampness until the effects of the dose disappear. Never scold, frighten, or shake a sick cat. It matters not how cross they may be at first, they soon come to understand the treatment is for their own comfort, and will quietly submit after a short while. Care must be taken to guard against their bite, however, as the bite of a cat is always a serious thing. In giving medicine the sick animal should be rolled to a sheet, its paws at its side, the mouth pressed open and a bit of wood laid across the lower jaw just behind the eye teeth.

## ETHNOLOGY OF KISSING.

The kiss was unknown among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium and the suaviolium—the first being the kiss of friendship and respect the second of ceremony and the third of love. The Semites always employed the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of their sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman Catholic church. The Mongolian kiss is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not come into actual contact with those of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing most detestable. We on our part regard their method with equal disdain. Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals who seize their prey with their teeth. The average man does not take a great deal of interest in the ethnology of the subject, however.

The nurse girl isn't a necromancer, but she is something of a soothsayer.

# Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock. N. G. & J. McKECHNIE

## THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.

### AN IMPORTANT, BUT NOT INVITING, GROUP OFF AFRICA.

Brought to Notice by Spain's Use of Them as a Base of Naval Operations—A Waterless, Sun-scorched Telling Place For the World's Commerce—Mr. Miller's Home There.

One hears a good deal of St. Vincent Cape Verde Islands, these days, but few people have anything but a very vague idea as to what manner of place it may be. To speak the truth, the island certainly has few attractions, on the other hand, it has peculiarities which at times make it seem a part of Dante's Inferno.

Long before one reaches the Cape Verde Islands, in fact, from half a day's steam distant, the high mountain peaks away off on the horizon appear misty and vague and announce the near approach to land and the proximity of the Portuguese settlements. In the meantime all around is sweltering heat, dazzling sun, and unchanged blue, the air clear to the point of a vacuum, and this intensity of light has a most peculiar effect as one gets near the islands—they seem to stand out without any relief in the way of lights and shadows, a flat, dusky yellow picture on blue canvas. Dusty brown rocks and peaks, hard and without relief, standing up against a bright blue background, with a perfectly clear and deep blue sea in front, a sea so clear that the half-breed boys swim from the shore and dive for silver coins in and out under the keels of the largest ocean vessels, and one can see them down to the sandy bottom of the ocean catching the coin and laughing up to the surface on the other side of the ship.

As to the island, in this case surely distance lends enchantment to the view for though at long range and before landing it is not half bad by way of a study in bizarre effects—vivid ochre, brown, and ultramarine blues—once on shore it is awful. DUST AND ROCKS rock sand dust, here and there a small patch of tropical shrub or a half-grown tree, but all dust-covered. The steamers and warships lie out in the harbor, which is excellent, and is the reason of this veritable hell's mouth becoming one of the mouthpieces to civilization's speaking tubes, for the Eastern Cable Company has a station here, and from St. Vincent the movements of ocean steamers duly chronicled as they ceaselessly come and go to take on coal. But to return to the harbor, it is very large and in shape like a horseshoe, with another and comparatively fertile island, by name San Antonio, lying across the open front and protecting it from the Atlantic storms—the ships coming and going through the opposite corners. One goes ashore in the inevitable small boat, which bumps alongside a low coaling wharf, where the first person met will probably be the also inevitable Englishman, and most likely one of the Miller family, the millionaire owners of the coaling station, for the enterprise of a private firm is responsible for the coal supplies of St. Vincent, which are brought over from England in colliers and then stored on the island in very large quantities. The head of the Miller family controlling this trade is also the resident British Consul; he is married to a Portuguese lady and has lots of brothers and sisters at the old home in Somersetshire, a splendid country seat not far from Bath. About the only other white men of the island are a few diminutive Portuguese officials, brave in uniforms and gold lace, and the employees of the cable company, the latter of whom possess, besides their gaudy, clicking instruments, a rickety billiard table, a few sorry horses, which they race up and down the sandy stretches along the shore, and a large stock of good whiskey. Particular mention is made of the spirits, because there is no water in this accursed isle—it has to be brought across in boats from neighboring San Antonio—and because sometimes no rain falls there for as long as two years at a stretch, then it pours and dries up.

### FOR ANOTHER TWO YEARS.

The Eastern Cable Company's young men just manage to survive the nine months they live there; fortunately for those months they are allowed a fortnight in England or where else they please, and well they need it.

Mr. Miller, however, is a man of millions, and water is therefore no object. Indeed, he has brought over in boatloads, and has in consequence quite a luxurious retreat and house on one of the spurs jutting out along the harbor. The natives do such labor as there is to be done, acting as boatmen, stevedores and servants—they are half Portuguese, half African, and speak Portuguese as their native tongue, and their favorite occupation do nothing they somehow manage to exist on the crumbs gathered from the passing steamers. Of town there is none, just a struggling T-shaped street, of low houses, here and there a drinking place or filthy joint, and here and there a ship chandler's, and that is all. The society events of the station are usually confined to entertainments given by the hospitable crew or passengers of some steamer or war boat taking on coal, but there is no diversity; the coming of one ship is the coming of the next, and there are always two or three in the harbor, in fact, the monotony and dust are stupendous. One of the company's operators once told the writer, with tears of whiskey and loneliness in his eyes, that he thought he would surely go mad, living on under the shadeless blue in the intense heat, with nothing to breathe but air and nothing to see but sun and nothing to drink, but impure water, and so on through the whole gamut of a disappointed life. Even the very ships stay no longer than they have to, just coal, i.e., make all the dirt and dust they can, and away.

### BELONG TO PORTUGAL.

Such is St. Vincent at present, the so-called base for Spain's fleet of torpedo boats and warships. Of course, in reality, this is not the fact, the islands and the coal supplies are the property of an English firm Cape Verde, however, is not so far from the Grand Canary, St. Vincent itself could be but the scope of a naval battle, for the only vestiges of life, always excepting the miserable lane or street of houses already described, are the ships riding at anchor in the offing. Nevertheless, the place, such as it is, plays the part of a half-way house in the world's happenings. Steamers from South Africa, the River Plate, the Pacific coast of South America, and from Brazil, all call there, and the time-worn, heat-wearied rocks on the African coast are after all a factor in our civilization by virtue of the coal supplies and cable station.

As to the interior of the island, there is none, simply rocks ever higher and higher, till they become mountains. The neighboring island of San Antonio is equally steep and precipitous, but there is abundance of fresh water, and, as a natural consequence, considerable crops of wheat, but very meagrely. Curiously enough, at very nearly the same latitude and right across the Atlantic, on the coast of Brazil, lies Pernambuco, meaning hell's mouth, but of the two places the name most certainly more aptly fits St. Vincent, Cape Verde.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Yesterday's neglect causes two-thirds of to-day's worry. All that man wants here below is a little more than he's got. It's all work and no play for the man who pumps the organ. Victory belongs to the most persevering.—Napoleon. Our only greatness is that we aspire.—John Ingelow. Self respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—John Herschel. Fashionable calls might properly be termed a game of cards. Worth makes the man, but it is often figured in dollars and cents. Lots of men sympathize with the moon when it reaches its last quarter. A cat may look at a king, but she won't do it if there is a mouse in sight. The world is full of budding geniuses, but the majority of them get nipped in the bud. It is man's nature to crave power, and if he can't bully another man or a dog he gets married. The critic may not read one-third of the author's book, but the author reads every word of the criticism.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK  
The VERY LATEST WORLD  
Interesting Items About  
Great Britain, the  
All Parts of the Globe  
Assorted for Easy Reading  
CANADA  
Mr. John Hendrie  
dead.  
Berlin decided by  
the local waterworks  
Henrietta Henson  
to death at Montreal.  
Robt. F. McLaughlin  
committed suicide at  
Philip Campan found  
\$1,000 on his part  
John Dillon of Man  
is heir to the Earls  
The Montreal Herald  
criminal libel by  
Hughes.  
John Jenkins, who  
was run over and  
on Wednesday.  
Two thousand five  
wood were destroyed  
at Elm River, Man.  
At Brookville Cyst  
thief and bigamist,  
years in the penitentiary  
The Ogilvie Mining  
S. Nairn's estimate  
and will double the  
A young man named  
to belong to Toronto  
injured on the C. P.  
Mary Ann Black  
lost the sight of her  
don through cough  
cracker.  
Water meters at  
Hamilton stations at  
other places will  
used.  
The Kingston Board  
questioned the Govern-  
ment's canal on Sunday  
p.m.  
At Montreal Fran-  
ed an electric light  
river. He touched  
electrocuted.  
At Ottawa Edgar  
years old, was drown-  
plunge bath, and was  
was drowned in the  
At London the  
Thomas Copeland, who  
a quantity of car-  
day, died from the  
The actor Thomas  
ill at Hamilton the  
his engagements at  
where an operation  
will be performed.  
Some of the peas-  
agora district are  
ed leaf, the leaves  
ally dropping off,  
may be injured.  
Captain Ferguson  
Seymour, who is  
General Montgom-  
mand of the Impet  
North America, is  
real.  
Owing to the fall  
at Ottawa Messrs.  
have notified the  
Government that  
their railway con-  
vince.  
The Government  
Ottawa in lieu of  
ement property  
increased. It is  
Heredford is his  
per annum.  
While most of the  
Kyanese territory  
Victoria, B.C., to  
Queen's Birthday  
settlement was ed  
fire, and an old  
burned to death.  
The St. John mes-  
months ago had of  
St. George, Her-  
Canada as a sus-  
cative were  
Tranville authori-  
man was not aff-  
During Roberts' d-  
he was not an in-  
etto, the medical  
ing suspicious of  
genuine case.  
GREAT  
The Queen has  
ter to the Victo-  
for Canada.  
The Irish Local  
Councils commu-  
House of Comm-  
The report that  
sent a note to Sp-  
ation of the con-  
the neighborhood  
officially denied.  
UNITED  
One hundred  
the collapse of a gr-  
At Salisbury, Al-  
negro, aged about  
gout, hanged to  
pieces.  
The United States  
has decided con-  
margarine laws  
New Hampshire  
holding the laws  
virtue.—John  
Rev. Daniel L.  
town, who has be-  
Lawrence State  
burg, committed  
hanging himself  
sheet.  
Chas. H. Cramp  
absolutely the  
in the reported  
Cramp Company  
Maxim, of Barro-  
land.  
Hon. John Sher-  
United States Sen-  
leave Washington  
person with Mrs. S.  
of the West. The  
far north as Sitka  
about the last of  
ada.  
The consolidation  
the Cramp Ship  
Philadelphia and  
im of Barrow on