The Tribune

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Every Thursday Evening

—AT THE OFFICE—

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TERMS.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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Quarter column	25	15	10
Eighth column	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $5 per year, $3 for 6 months, including copy of paper.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than 9 a.m. on Wednesday.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

JOB PRINTING.

We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

WM. MALLOY, B. A.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LEGAL.

G. SMITH MACDONALD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Has removed to the office in Sanders' block formerly occupied by the late F. W. Hill.

$100,000 to Loan,
At 6 per cent. on terms to suit borrowers.
Special attention given to commercial collections
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

JAMES McCULLOUGH, LL. B.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
Daley's Block,
STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.

Money to Loan.

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. MCDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATTERSON.
R. A. GRANT.

DENTAL.

DR. SMITH,
RESIDENT DENTSIST OF STOUFFVILLE.
Member and Graduate in L. D. S. of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons; also Honor Gradate in D. D. S., of Toronto University.)
Anaesthetics for painless extraction. Gold and Crown work a specialty.
His office will be found in Mertens block where he has been during the past two years. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Will visit Uxbridge on Fridays and Mondays, and Claremont the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month.

A. ROBINSON, L. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Will visit the Mansion House Stouffville, on the 19th, (if this date is on Sunday then I will call on the 21st) of each month; Mount Albert 14th, and Markham on the 20th (or 1st Sunday then on the next day for the last two places).
Anæsthetics, Crown and Bridge work, in best style, with gold.

VETERINARY.

P. G. BUTTON,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
GRADUATE OF THE ONtario Veterinary College, Toronto. Treats al diseases of domesticated animals by the motto approved methods, also special attention given to surgical operations and horse dentistry. All calls day or night promptly attended to. Charges moderate.
Office and residence,—Busock Building, Main St., Stouffville.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. E. SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on shortest notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

CALL AT
THE PARIS TONSORIAL PARLOR
for first-class Hair Dressing, and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.
My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Lather Brushes, Strops, &c., is complete.
Also first-class Razors for sale and guaranteed Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.
J. W. SHANKEL, - Proprietor.

P. R. HOOVER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
GREEN RIVER, ONT.

J. L. BAKER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Residence corner of Main and Albert Sts., west of G. T. R.,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

W. P. HARTNEY.
DEALER IN LUMBER, Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c., &c.
Cash paid for Hides Wool, Sheep Skins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Ethel was radiant with good-natured envy of me. I had a splendid income, she said—any income being splendid which is more than sufficient for your wants; so that a clerk in the War Office or a subaltern in a double battalion regiment, with two or three hundred a year, is very often a rich man as compared with a duke whose many thousands a-year are swallowed up in family settlements, interest on mortgages, and the inevitable outgoings of his estates.

The only thing to do, she solemnly assured me, was to show a proper gratitude to Providence by living up to my income, and so judiciously expending it as to get out of it the maximum of enjoyment.

"You have, my dear," she said, "the purse of Fortunatus. Every morning when you wake there is four pounds in it to be seriously spent, and very nearly a pound of loose silver for pocket-money. I consider you ought to be most distinctly grateful for your good fortune."

"I will show my gratitude to the gods," I replied, "by using their favors wisely. Let us get our money's worth for our money. That shall be, as Sairey Gamp has it, our 'mortar.' And we will (figuratively,) of course, dear Ethel 'put our lips to the bottle when we are so disposed.' And now, as I do not wish to be bothered, and feel, in fact, uncommonly lazy, I shall leave the campaign to you. Do not worry yourself too much over the choice, as if we avoid the folly of taking a house, we shall always have it in our power to come and go at our will."

"Then, my dear, I think I have the place cut and dried. It is now the very beginning of August. August and September are the two best months in the year, and ought to be spent in the best of all possible places. Now you know, there is Margate, and there is Oban, and there is St. Heliers."

"Are you gone mad?" I asked.

"Not quite, my dear. I was just going to remark that none of these would suit us. There are insuperable objections to each. But I know a place which combines the good qualities of them all, and which is easily accessible."

"Do pray stop skirmishing and tell me. I suppose you have been there, and if so, can describe it."

"Perfectly, my dear. I have been there and I mean to go again, and this time I mean to go with you, and the name of the place is Trouville, and we can amuse ourselves there till the end of the month."

Trouville! I had heard of it, of course, just as I had heard of Saratoga, and with just as little thought of seriously going there. Now I jumped at the idea.

"All right, Ethel. Trouville be it. To avoid further bother, and to prevent the very possibility of our changing our minds, we will say no more about the matter at all to-day, either for or against it, and we'll start to-morrow morning."

"It is a glorious day, Miriam, and we can get a decent fly here at the hotel. Let us do the old-fashioned thing—drive quietly down to Richmond, taking the road through the Park, dine at 'Talbot,' and so come virtuously home."

This little programme was followed out.

We had a capital day of it, and so thoroughly discussed our campaign over a very excellent fish dinner, as to leave literally nothing to be settled. Ethel, as I have said, seemed younger, and was certainly more petulant than ever. She insisted on our sitting for an hour over our wine after dinner, greatly to the astonishment of the waiter, and noticing the bewilderment of that functionary, she mischievously drove him nearly insane with wonder by finishing up with a liquor glass of kirschwasser, and solemnly assuring him that it settled your wine better than any liquor she knew.

These little vulgarities somewhat jarred upon me, but I was glad to ignore them for the sake of my friend's many excellent qualities.

Then, in her own language, we paid our shot, and rattled back to town. Next evening we left London for Trouville, via Waterloo and Southampton. When I found myself at Trouville, I was charmed with it.

We put up at the Hotel de Paris, close to the Casino, and with day to rest after the journey, and to do nothing but rest, and a second day devoted to what Ethel called "settling down into our stride," we found ourselves on the third morning with that indescribable feeling of vitality and energy which can only be enjoyed on the shores of the "Grand, great mother; mother and lover of men, the sea."

It was a very pleasant life. We bathed in the morning; breakfasted off fresh fish, fruit, and ices at the Casino; walked or drove as the fancy took us, or even cultivated the noble art of doing nothing, which, if you do not allow it to engross you and unduly carry you away, is one of the most fascinating pursuits I know, and infinitely preferable to either flirting or baccarat. You never lose your temper over it; you cannot very well lose your money; and should you find it, like other pleasant habits growing upon you, you can very easily give it up.

Of course we soon made acquaintances. It would have been almost impossible at the Hotel de Paris to avoid doing so. One was a lively young American from Chicago, a Mr. Harris, with a still more lively wife, who apologized for her idioms on the ground that nobody in the States ever dreamed of talking English except a few stuck-up Yankees from "Boston."

There was an English gentleman in the hotel, with his wife and family, and by the permission of the authorities he posted a notice in the salon to the effect: "On Sunday morning (D.V.) the Reverend George Pontifex will celebrate divine service in the reading-room for members of the English Church, at 11 a.m."

No sooner did Mr. Harris observe this announcement than he took counsel with his wife, and posted up under it another to this effect: "And at the same hour John P. Harris, of Chicago, U. S., will D.V.) be found in the billiard-room to play any gentleman his own game, from fifty to five hundred up, for the tables and drinks."

The Harris's were as happy and radiant as children, and Mrs. Harris frankly owned to me that, Saratoga always excepted, Trouville, in her opinion, whipped creation.

"Saratoga, madam," she said, "is a place of its own. If you doubt it, go to the Assembly Rooms, and there you'll see with your own eyes the hub of the universe sticking up through the floor."

My income of course, allowed me little luxuries beyond the average limit of comforts. I set up a small victoria of my own, with a presentable coachman; I invested in a Maltese poodle, and at the races at Deauville I think I wore as pretty a frock (a creation of Pingat's) as any woman in the enclosure, although princesses and cocottes were vieing with each other; and better still, I was en veine, or rather Mr. Harris was en veine for me, for I remember that I won every race, and at the conclusion of the "re-union," was considerably over three hundred louis to the good.

I may mention that I was still passing as Mrs. Gascoigne. I had got used to the name and liked it; and I had, moreover, by thistime entirely lost all nervousness. I believe, indeed, that if my father and Sir Henry had turned up together arm-in-arm my composure would have been in no way disturbed, however much such an unholy coalition might have surprised and amused me.

Ethel and I exchanged notes one evening, and found ourselves agreed that we were both not only feeling but looking distinctly better and brighter than when we first left England.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Some few days later we made more new acquaintances. How we first came to speaking at all, and how from that we got on to what are called speaking terms, and so on to better terms still, I do not exactly recollect.

Ethel and I met the Fox's somewhere or other. I think it was at the Casino, and we somehow gravitated towards one another.

It is my own private opinion that Fox pere was something in some big way in the City—a stockbroker, or an underwriter, or a drysalter, or a wharfinger, or a member of the Corn Exchange. He was pronouncedly bourgeois, and very sensibly made no attempt to conceal the fact. His wife pleased me less. I must frankly own that I could not take kindly to her. She was one of the many daughters of an English Earl, with a sufficiently good and old title, and a yearly improving income.

An Earl of Wallingford, in the days of the Regency, had got most disastrously into debt, and had sold his life interest in the family estates for a mere song to the Jews. When he died, the new heir, who was equally extravagant, found that after heavily insuring his life, and taking up all the post obit bonds which he had given, he had about six or seven hundred a year of his own upon which to live. He went and fluttered about with it at Schlossbad-on-the-Rhine, where he one night tumbled down the stairs of the Kursaal and broke his neck.

The next successor was a cousin—a small country clergyman somewhere down in Somersetshire, of whom, until he one day suddenly found himself Earl of Wallingford, no one had ever heard a word more than had been known of the Vicar of Dalston, until that learned and exemplary man became a Dean.

He was, however, a very respectable good sort of a country clergyman, and finding himself unexpectedly a peer, he ran up to town and consulted some old college friends as to what on earth he was to do, and to express to them over a bottle of port at the "Oxford and Cambridge," his intense regret that he could not commute his peerage for a few thousands down or a good canonry.

When, however, he came to look into things, he found that he was not so badly off as he had expected. It is true that every acre had been sold that could by any possibility be got at, and that the encumbrances were something appalling. But when things had been thoroughly looked into by the eminent firm of Snayle, Crawle, Dodger & Slug, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was discovered that a good deal still remained to be pulled out of the fire. Agricultural depreciation was no doubt one factor in the case; but so too, had been urban extension, and a considerable amount of land round about Shepherd's Bush and Uxbridge and other such places was found to be available for building purpose at an immediate profit.

Thus, then the present Lord Wallingford was far richer than many peers who held their estates uninterruptedly from the days of the Tudors or even the Plantagenets.

Lord Wallingford's third daughter, Lady Aletheria Letitia Sophonisba Langley—who was considered a beauty, and whose claim to the distinction lay chiefly in the fact that her portrait by the President of the Royal Academy, who had been pleased to take a fancy to her and to paint her in consequence, found itself hung one fine May morning in one of the best positions at Burlington House—was a sufficiently good-looking, good-natured schoolgirl, being indeed for her kindliness, an immense bundle of the most negative attributes in the world.

When he went to his bankers he was always ushered directly into the partner's private room, and I believe he valued this outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace more than any other earthly honor. At least that was my impression, judging from the number of times he informed me of this important fact.

With all his oddities and even failings he was a well-meaning man, and, according to his own lights, fairly good-natured and just.

Our friendship ripened rapidly. I did not flirt with my worthy City merchant. In the first place I really respected him too much, and in the second place the very idea of anything of the sort would have been ridiculous in itself. But I did all that I could to make myself agreeable to him without in any way arousing the jealousy of his wife, and I think I may claim that I fairly succeeded.

He talked about me and wearied other people; and he talked to me and I am bound to say wearied me. He complimented me (guardedly) upon my personal appearance, and ureservedly upon what he was pleased to term, with something of the air of a valuer and appraiser, my "accomplishments." I, of course, fooled him to the top of his bent, even venturing so far towards the extreme limit of mendacity as to felicitate him on his markedly Parisian accent.

Then the Fox's left Trouville for home, and, as the place was emptying, Ethel and I took Parisin in our way homeward, staying of course in her little entresol in the Rue Royale, and enjoying ourselves in our own way, but most harmlessly and decorously withal.

Finding ourselves in Paris it followed almost necessarily, from the new association of ideas, that we should one day fall to talking about Prince Balanikoff. Ethel returned to the charge vigorously. I had been very foolish in the matter, she said; and she had told me so all along and she thought so still.

The Prince had acted most honorably, and had told no lies whatever. There could not be a doubt that he had throughout spoken the entire truth, and was devotedly attached to me. He had thoroughly proved himself a gentleman by refraining from giving me the least trouble or annoyance when we met at Monte Carlo. Thus Mrs. Fortescue.

"A Russian gentleman," she added, "when he is a gentleman, is without his equal; and I can only say that life is far too short to warrant any of us in throwing away so splendid a certainty as that which you are recklessly tossing aside. If poor Sabine were alive, it would be quite another matter. I should be the last to urge the cause of the Prince, or, for the matter of that, of the great White Czar himself. No woman in her life ever really loves more than one man. But we are dealing now with facts, and not with the strong rich wine of the first and last love. Look at the facts, Miriam, and your sound common sense will show you that my own view of the case is the correct one, the most sensible, and, in every way, the best."

Instead of arguing the matter with her, to which I did not feel at all equal, I suggested a drive. We visited the *laiterie* in the Bois, and got out and sauntered for awhile in the neighborhood of the cascade. Then we drove pleasantly back to the Rue Royale. Ethel mounted the stairs, and hurried to the balcony.

"It's a sin to stay in," she said, "on this glorious day, and to sit here tiring one another. Let us turn out again; dine in the open, anywhere out please—in the Champs Elysees, at the divine spirit of the Hippodrome. Come and then go to the Hippodrome." youth is upon me once again and I want to see the horse-riders. Yes, we will go to

Of course she had her way. We dined pleasantly enough together, and, not lingering as men do over our wine, found ourselves enconced in a comfortable loge at the Hippodrome, and neither too late nor too early for the best part of the performance.

The old King of Hanover's immense barouche had just driven into the arena and deposited Mdlle. Celestine, the Amazonian Queen of the Electric Wire, and we were critically contemplating that lady's massive proportions and masculine muscles, when Ethel touched my elbow, and whispered: "Look at her, my dear. Keep your eyes on her. Prince Balanikoff is here, with his glasses levelled dead at us. He will be round in a minute, and, of course, we must be properly surprised.'

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN ELECTRIC LUNCHEON.

It Was Soon Ready After the Cook Touched the Button.

Promptly at 11 o'clock a party of fifteen were gathered in a roomy kitchen watching a white-capped chef as he rapidly prepared the food for our luncheon, says a correspondent of the New York Herald. There was no expression of a fire, nor did he seem to consider one a necessity, and if he had there was no place to build one. Quickly the preparations went on. Then, in a minute, presto! a square plug attached to a wire was run into a hole in the wall, and in a minute or two the pot was sending forth odours of soup that were tantalizing to our olfactories. But whence had gone the heat? While the day was terribly hot, one could hardly believe it was warm enough to boil beef stock, nor was it within the province of the chef to call to his aid magic power, so we hit on that little plug so snugly fitting in its socket as the cause of all this mystery. True enough the plug was responsible. That simple act of inserting a pin in a socket had made an electrical connection with a live wire, and the subtle fluid that speeds along the wires from huge dynamos had done the rest.

That was all there was to it. It was cooking by electricity with a heat of an intensity unknown to range fire, but so easily controlled that a child might attend to the process as well as a grown person. Rapidly the dishes followed each other in order of preparation, and it was more than interesting to note how easily all was accomplished. No raking of fires, no soiling the hands with coal dust or ashes, no hot stove lids to lift and burn the fingers. It was all so simple that fifteen people stood about with open mouths and staring eyes, taking in with eager attention all the details of the process.

The men, of course, went into a discussion marked with more or less knowledge of electricity, but the women took the ground of utility—that was where a sympathetic appeal was made to us. We who have labored with refractory stoves, who have had chimneys refuse to "draw," and grates that would clog up—we appreciated the full value of "pressing the button," and letting Mr. or Mrs. Electricity do the rest. Just fancy how nice it would be to have a stove with six, eight, ten, or as many lids as you want, each one heated to any degree that might be desired. No more moving of every pot or pan on the stove in order to set back one kettle that requires only simmering, while a hot fire is necessary to get the Sunday roast done "to a turn." It was luxury to watch that cook. The soup was nearly ready, it only needed a few moments before serving, so the little key that regulates the heat is turned; but the rice must boil faster, so on is turned the switch, and it boils just as fast as you wish. The oven is a little "slow," but that is easily remedied—another turn of the key, and away the temperature soars as high and as hot as you may think necessary. The plates are on the warmer, but are cold, and now is the proper time to heat them. Stick in another plug, and though you see nothing, it is a certainty that they will be ready when required for use.

The First Marines.

The marines were first established in 1664, when a corps was formed to supply trained sailors for the fleet. The merchant navy at that time was not large enough to supply the King's ships, and the impressed men were in general unruly. A certain number of marines were therefore placed in each ship to keep the crew in order. Thus at first marines were trained sailors, and not soldiers, although at that time, and both before and after, the fighting in men-of-war was done by soldiers. No special regiment was set apart for this duty, but sometimes one and sometimes another was enployed. The Duke of York (afterward James II.) was in command of a regiment which was for some time employed in this way.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The Quebec Government intends to take steps to suppress the gambling nuisance in Montreal.

The new transcontinental arrangements of the Canadian Pacific railway will shorten the journey each way by twelve hours.

The American Public Health Association will meet in Montreal at an early date, and the indications are that the meeting will be a very important one.

Miss Van den Broeck, of London, Ont., who is in Paris, has been elected a member of the Academy of Arts and Science and decorated with the Order of the Palms.

The Canadian Pacific railway has reduced its rates twenty-five per cent. on dairy products from all stations on the Edmonton branch to points on the main line east and west.

Fifty-six carloads of cattle were in the Canadian Pacific railway yards at Winnipeg on Thursday en route to Montreal, which is the largest shipment in one week on record.

Prof. Stockley, who recently joined the Roman Catholic Church, according to a Montreal French-Canadian paper, will shortly resume his duties as professor of literature in the University of New Brunswick.

The sealer Wanderer has been brought into port at Victoria, B.C., under arrest by H.M.S. Pheasant, having been found with guns concealed an board, after being previously searched by a United States patrol vessel.

Mr. Hall's decision to retain his position as Provincial Treasurer in the Quebec Government has caused general satisfaction among Montreal business men and among the members of the party in the Montreal district.

The reported outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia on the Model farm at Noppan, N.S., is causing bitter comments in England against the Canadian Government for their frequent assurances that the disease did not exist in Canada.

It is learned that the War Office will not call upon Major-General Herbert to vacate the command of the Canadian militia, nor will he forfeit the right to the command of the battalion of the Grenadier Guards by remaining in Ottawa.

The latest crop reports from Southern Manitoba are most encouraging. As the threshing progresses it is found that the yield is greater than formerly estimated. Cutting is practically completed, and stacking is well forward.

The projectors of the Toronto, Hamilton, and Buffalo railway have asked for a bonus of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars from the city of Hamilton, and have offered to pay the expense of submitting a bonus by-law to the citizens.

Tenders have been called for by the Dominion Government to deepen the Lachine canal. The proposed improvements, which will give work to at least a thousand men during the coming winter, will consist of making the canal a uniform depth of fifteen feet.

An unkown man was found on Wednesday night on the rocks below the Cantilever bridge, Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side. He was alive but died shortly after being carried up the bank. He is supposed to have fallen asleep and rolled over the bank to the rocks, one hundred feet below.

Mr. Hugh A. Allan, in an interview in Montreal, said that if a fast Atlantic service could profitably have been maintained long ago, The natural difficulties a twenty-knot service would have to contend with would render such a service impracticable.

A committee has been appointed by the Young Conservatives of Winnipeg, to protest to the Dominion Government against the employment of Americans by the Northern Pacific railway on the line in Manitoba. The facts of the case will be brought to the notice of Sir Charles H. Tupper and the other Ministers, who are expected to visit Manitoba this fall.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Queen has returned to Balmoral castle.

Sir Charles Tupper's health is much improved.

The commercial treaty between Great Britain and Japan was ratified on Saturday.

Major-General Sir John C. Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household, died suddenly on Wednesday at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The Westminster Gazette, referring yesterday to the demonstration on Sunday against the House of Lords, said it proved to be a damp political squib.

As the United States cruiser Chicago is short of officers, Rear-Admiral Erben has been compelled to decline the banquet tendered by the municipal authorites of Southampton.

The total amount subscribed to the Irish Evicted Tenants' fund is thirteen thousand pounds, and of this the United States and Canada contributed only three hundred and eighty-four pounds.

The Queen's yacht Elfin, with the Princess Louise and suite on board, ran ashore on a sand-bank at the mouth of Portsmouth harbor on Tuesday morning. The party was landed in the yacht's boats.

The Cunard steamer Campania, which arrived at Queenstown on Friday from New York, made the passage in five days ten hours and forty-seven minutes, reducing the record one hour and twenty-six minutes.

The Montreal express, southbound, which arrives in Albany, N.Y., at half-past two o'clock in the morning, was derailed by spread rails on Thursday night. Many of the officials were seriously injured, but no one was killed.

UNITED STATES.

Chairman Wilson says that the outlook for genuine tariff reform in the United States is very bright.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, died suddenly on Monday night at her home at Isle of Shoals, N. H. She was fifty-nine years of age.

It is stated that the Pope is entirely satisfied with the work done in the United States by Mgr. Satolli, who will return to Rome at the end of the year.

Advices from Ch[illegible] Japanese fleet h[illegible] Arthur, and it [illegible] fected.

Baron Un[illegible] ing implicat[illegible] Liege, Belg[illegible] Petersburg.

The bill [illegible] dollars to car[illegible] of the income tax clauses of the Tariff bill was passed by the United States Senate on Friday.

The only noticeable increase in imports into Buffalo from Canada since the going into effect of the new tariff is in eggs. Of these more than five hundred dozen were received on Wednesday.

Citizens of Sacremento, Cal., have subscribed $100,000 for the erection of a monument over the graves of the three soldiers who lost their lives by the bridge disaster during the recent strike.

Chancellor Blackwell, in his addres before the Knights of Pythias in Washington, stated that the time had come to declare that no saloon-keeper, bartender, or professional gambler should be eligible for membership.

Father Gleason, a Buffa[illegible] has incurred the displeasure of a [illegible] lodge of Oddfellows by refusing them [illegible] mission to the chapel in which the funeral rites were being performed over the remains of one of their members.

The riots against sanitary measures to prevent smallpox in Milwaukee, Wis., where it is epidemic, still continue. It is thought that more than twelve hundred soldiers will be required to carry out the quarantine regulations.

It is stated in New York that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is about to begin separation or divorce proceedings against her husband. The conduct of Mr. Vanderbilt recently in Paris in connection with a notorious woman is said to have been outrageously scandalous.

Salvador Franch, the condemned Anarchist, who threw the bomb in the Barcelona theatre last November, killing or wounding nearly a hundred persons, is very penitent, and is anxious to become a tertiary, or member of the third degree of Franciscan monks.

An outbound freight train on the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railway was held up on Saturday morning at a small station between Cook and Lake counties. The watch of the conductor was taken and a detective who came to the conductor's aid was shot dead, and the bandits, two in number, then disappeared.

O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish "partiot," having failed to create the excitement or evoke the enthusiasm that he anticipated in Ireland, and having been defeated for the deputy shrievalty of Dublin, returned to New York on Saturday, and will continue his dynamite crusade at a safe distance from the bastiles of the British Government.

GENERAL.

Three children were killed on Sunday at Kovno, Poland, by hailstorms.

Emperor William has decided to present a trophy of the value of five thousand marks to be competed for by the crews of the different German universities.

The cruiser Latauta, which recently left the Tyne, England, presumably to join the Japanese fleet in the East, has been detained at Aden by the British authorities.

Japanese papers assert that the Chinese methods of warfare are not in keeping with the laws of civilized nations. Well-poisoning is one of her favorite devices.

It is popularly reported in Berlin, that the position of Dr. Miquel, the Prussian Minister of Finance, is shaken in consequence of difference of opinion between him and Chancellor von Caprivi.

Reports from Senegal, West Africa, state that the French garrison at Timbuctoo, after three days' fighting with the Tauregs and other hostile tribes, made a sortie, and were cut to pieces by the Arabs.

Fire started in a building near the Hotel Victoria, at St. Moritz, Switzerland, on Monday morning and there was a panic among guests of the hotel, which included the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Teck and the Duke of Aosta.

Sir Robert Duff, Governor of New South Wales, upon the assembling of Parliament said that, in accordance with the mandate of the electors, the protective duties would be repealed, and replaced by income and land taxes.

The defeat of the Dutch troops sent to punish the Rajah of the Island of Lambok, not far from Java, seems to have been more serious than at first supposed. One hundred and sixty-four Dutch soldiers and fourteen officers were killed by the natives.

There is a panic in the Island of Cyprus among the Christian population, owing to the partial withdrawal of the British garrison, and the reported intention of the Imperial Government to evacuate the place. Such intention is denied at the English Foreign Office.

Law for Both.

British labor unions have been trying in and out of Parliament, to hold employers to account in the courts. It happens sometimes, although rarely, that the employer invokes the same tribunal in his own behalf against the workingman. A case of first-class importance has just been decided by the Queen's Bench, showing that workingmen can be bound individually, where an entire union might laugh at an employer. Men in an English colliery gave notice that they would not work Easter Monday. A contract existed binding both parties under penalties, the employer to be liable to each man, each man to be liable to the employer, for breach. The men were informed that the fires would have to be kept up in order to finish a contract, and they could not be permitted to remain away Easter Monday, except as their engagement prescribed. They took the chances. The employer sued and the men won in the lower court. On appeal they lost. The damage done the shop was shown to be about $300, and each man was fined his proportion of the amount.

Ambiguous.

[illegible]ionary.—What has become of my [illegible]cessor?
[illegible]nnibal Chief.—He has gone to the [illegible]rior.

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"I AM ONLY EIGHTY-SEVEN."

An Elderly Woman in a Pitiable Plight.—Kind-Hearted Policemen.

"Say, did you ever have a mother?"

A poor, white-haired, tottering, ragged old woman put this sudden question to Constables Richards and Payne at the Windsor street station Montreal, the other day.

The jest was suddenly forgotten; a grave, earnest look came into the faces of the men; into the faces of other men who heard the question.

"Did we ever have a mother? Ah, I should think we had," was the answer of Constable Richards, in a tone of tenderness, which told that the official was lost in the son.

"Well, then, can you get me taken to St. John, New Brunswick."

Where did she come from? She did not know. She knew she had slept in a police station the night before. "And do you know," she said gleefully, "that they never closed the door upon me. When I went to knock upon it this morning I found the door open. There was a prisoner in the next cell to me, who kept shouting. Do you know how they silenced him? Ha, ha. Why, they threw cold water over him. That fixed him. After that, he was as quiet as a mouse. I am only eighty-seven years of age and I want to get to St. John, as I have friends there, and I thought if any of you men had a mother yourselves, you would take pity on the old woman, and put her on the train."

A bystander said: "The poor old woman is simple; she will have to be taken to the asylum."

"Asylum," echoed the poor creature. "No, no, no; I am not mad. I say, men, for God's sake don't put me in the asylum."

"No, no, we'll not put you in the asylum, but we can't send you to St. John," said Constable Richards. "Here," and he slipped some money into her hands, an example that was imitated by others, "we will get you a breakfast, and then we will have you taken to see the Mayor who has the power to give you an order to the company which will then take you to St. John."

"I had a few onions in this tin," said the old woman, "and I went into several stores this morning to ask for a little salt to put on them, but they all waved me away. Ah, well, I said to myself, there are many steps between the cradle and the grave, and the day may come when, eighty-seven, like me, you will be glad of a little help."

Constable Richards saw to the breakfast, and Constable Payne promised to take her to the City Hall. It was hard to look without pity on the lonely, simple old creature, so feeble that she could barely walk with the aid of a stick, desolate, hungry, confident that the sixty cents which the men gave her could take her to her friends in St. John.

"You don't seem as well known in this city as you were at home," said the visitor. "I'm not," answered the young man proudly, "I don't owe anybody here a cent."