

THE DAILY WHIG.

VOL. LVIII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

NO. 28.

REMEMINDERS.

MONDAY.

MEETING of the subscribers of the House of Industry at 3 p.m.
SPECIAL meeting of Mayflower Assembly, K. of L., at 8 p.m.

DIED.

MANN—In Kingston this morning, Feb. 2nd, John Mann, aged 69 years.
The funeral will take place from his late residence, corner John and Montreal streets, to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, to St. Mary's cemetery. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

LOST.

A BLACK KIDSLIPPER between Offord's Shoe Store and Earl street. Finder kindly leave at this office.

WANTED.

THREE FIRST CLASS SALESMEN. Apply to J. C. HARDY & CO.

FOR SALE.

A QUANTITY OF BLACK ASH, SOFT MAPLE and Swamp Elm Lumber; can be cut to order if desired; also cedar pickets; all pieces. Apply to H. C. ROTHWELL, 207 William Street, Kingston.

THE STEAM BARGE FREEMAN AND CONSORTS, Minnie Francis and City of Kingston. Total carrying capacity 300 M Pine Lumber, or 400 tons coal at 5 feet draught. For further particulars apply to DAVIDSON, DOB- BAN & CO.

THAT DESIRABLE BRICK RESIDENCE, situated on the corner of Sydney and By Streets, containing twelve rooms. It is at present occupied by Captain John A. Connolly, the owner, to whom application should be made for further information.

TO LET.

HOUSE IN VAUGHN TERRACE. Possession May 1st. Apply at WHIG OFFICE.

OFFICE, large, central, well fitted. Terms reasonable. Possession immediately. Apply "Box," WHIG.

FROM 1st MAY, that good situated house on Ontario Street, near Union, at present occupied by Mrs. Deacon, apply to MRS. NOBLE, 179 Johnson Street.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, if desired, that Brick Residence, 116 Rideau Street, lately occupied by the owner; fine verandah attached to house; also garden with fruit trees. Apply to MRS. NOBLE.

THE RESIDENCE on Simcoe Street, lately occupied by Rev. A. W. Cooke; double house, of nine rooms; two cellars; good yard and stable. Apply next door, or to B. ROBINSON, at King & Co's Drug Store.

HOUSE with eight rooms and extension kitchen and soft water, with good stabling; convenient to Queen's College; immediate possession. Apply on the premises, 1284, or at No. 14 Union Street, between Gordon and Alfred Sts.

IMPROVED FARM—250 acres, to let for a term of years; FIRST-CLASS CONDITION; three wells and creek running through it the year round. Two large dwellings, first-class barns, etc.; two large orchards of grafted fruit. Possession March 1st. Apply to scholar Shibley, Harrowsmith, or to H. T. Shibley, 44 Clarence Street, Kingston.

SPECIAL MENTION.

GET YOUR WINTER GLOVES at WEBBER'S, King Street. 300 Sample pairs to be sold at wholesale prices.

PIANO REPAIRS of all kinds on Uprights and Squares executed at the Weber Factory, corner of Princess and Gordon streets, Kingston. No more durable or well-toned instrument in Canada than the G. M. WEBBER UPRIGHT. Moderate in price and unexcelled by any Canadian instrument.

TIMELY ANNOUNCEMENT.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE SALE BY AUCTION

Of Japanese Manufactures and Art Productions, Consisting of Embroidered Silks, Porcelains, Screens, Bronzes, Enamels, Toys, etc. Curios, Direct from Yokohama, Japan.

THE UNDER-SIGNED has received instructions from the Directors of the Museum of Art and Manufactures, Yokohama, to arrange the above for sale by auction at

121 PRINCESS STREET, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, February 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. Sales each day at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Terms cash. On view Tuesday. E. R. MARTIN, Auctioneer.

BAPTIST CHURCH, KINGSTON, SUNDAY, FEB 3rd.

Morning subject—The New Testament Church (No. 2).
Evening subject—"Come and see."
Hours of Service—Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer meeting at 10 a.m. and Sunday School and Bible Class at 2.45 p.m.
Tuesday—Young People's Meeting 7.30 p.m.
Wednesday—Regular Prayer Meeting at 8 p.m.
All seats free and a cordial welcome to everyone, to strangers especially. The church is situated on Johnson street, between Wellington and Bagot streets. James A. K. Walker, pastor; residence adjoining the church.

LOYAL LEGION COMPANY E

WILL REPEAT THEIR TEMPERANCE ENTERTAINMENT ON FEBRUARY 8th in the OPERA HOUSE.
MOTHER GOOSE and her temperance family with additional improvements. Holders of old tickets will be admitted. Printed programmes. All chairs 25c. Children admitted to gallery 10c. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

KINGSTON REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE REFORMERS for the election of officers and general business will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27th at 8 o'clock, in the Reform Hall, Golden Lion Block. All Reformers in the city are cordially invited to be present. H. M. MOWAT and JOHN BAKER, Joint Secretaries.

CITIZENS' ICE RINK.

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL in the Old Roller Rink on FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 2nd, 1889. Prizes will be given for the best dressed lady and gentleman, also the most comical. Tickets—Adults 25c.; children 10c.

MAYFLOWER ASSEMBLY. A SPECIAL MEETING OF MAYFLOWER ASSEMBLY, Knights of Labor, will be held on MONDAY EVENING at 8 o'clock. Every member is requested to be present. Business of importance. W. M. DRENNAN, M.W.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND ROUTE BY

Stome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R. To Utica, Albany, New York, Philadel'a. Washington, Baltimore and all Points in North ern New York, via G.T.R. and N.Y.C. Rys. T. HANLEY. Gen. Ticket Agent.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY

Will make some reduction in the price of some of their lines of lumber and sash factory goods this season. We have one barn frame 30 feet, one 36 and one 40. Also good brick, which will be sold on reasonable terms for good approved notes.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY. SAILING from New York every Saturday. Authorized Agent, F. A. Folger, Ferry Dock, foot of Brock St., Kingston.

JAMES REID,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER, PRINCESS STREET.

DR. KANE IS BELLIGERENT.

The Scene He Makes at a Meeting—His Action Towards Mr. Biggar, M.P.

BELFAST, Feb. 1.—At a great temperance demonstration, held in the Ulster hall a few nights ago, under the presidency of Mr. William Johnston, M.P., a wild scene occurred.

Rev. Dr. Kane was asked to move the first resolution, which expressed thanks to Messrs. Thomas Lea, M.P., J. G. Biggar, M.P., T. W. Russell, M.P., James Luite, Q.C., M.P., and Wm. Johnston, M.P., for their efforts in parliament on behalf of the temperance legislation. He declined to include, amongst the gentlemen he was asked to thank, Mr. Biggar. To all other persons mentioned he was thankful for their efforts, but he was terribly in earnest on another question. There was one question which hundreds of thousands would never admit to be one of party warfare, and the person whose name he refused to include in the resolution belonged to a band of men who, in his opinion, were implicated in inflicting more disgrace and disease on Ireland than all the whiskey traffic. (Applause and hisses.)

The chairman said that when Dr. Kane omitted the name of Mr. Biggar—(applause and hisses)—he was bound in justice and fairness to say that during the last session of parliament, when the Sunday closing bill was before the committee, no one rendered more active and efficient service than Mr. Biggar. (Applause.) It would not be in accordance with his sense of justice and fair play if, while cordially agreeing with his good friend Dr. Kane on most questions, he hesitated to say that of the members of the committee there was not one who rendered more effective assistance than Mr. Biggar.

Rev. J. C. Street accepted the resolution in its entirety. Everything Dr. Kane had said he would, he was sure, withdraw after the remarks that had fallen from the chairman.

Rev. Dr. Kane—I don't intend to say another word, but I don't accept the resolution in its entirety, and never shall.

Rev. Mr. Street—After the few energetic remarks spoken by Dr. Kane the duty devolves on me to move the resolution as it stands on the paper.

Dr. Wilberforce Arnold, J.P., seconded the resolution.

Rev. Dr. Kane rose. He was received with mingled applause and hisses. His motto was—"No Surrender."

A voice—"Sit down, you humbug."

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued.

Dr. Kane said Mr. Biggar was a gentleman, or a person—(applause and groans)—who threatened his sovereign with another Hartmann who might be more pernicious than his namesake, and whose only objection to murder is that sometimes the wrong man was murdered. That was the man they were asked to pass a vote of thanks to. He proposed an amendment, omitting Mr. Biggar's name from the resolution.

Mr. Gibson seconded the amendment. Mr. Chance refused to permit it being put to the meeting.

A scene of wild confusion then took place, amid which Dr. Kane left the platform.

In a few minutes he was carried up the hall on the shoulders of some of his supporters and again ascended the platform. Here he made several attempts to be heard, but failed.

The wildest confusion prevailed for about an hour, during which the chairman and Dr. Kane made several ineffectual attempts to address the meeting.

The chairman, as soon as quiet was partially restored, appealed to Dr. Kane, and after a good deal of conversation the latter left the hall and the resolution, including Mr. Biggar's name, was adopted.

A FIRE IN BUFFALO.

The Best Part of One Ward Burned—The Loss is Over Two Millions.

BUFFALO, Feb. 2.—Flames were discovered about 2.45 o'clock this morning in the upper portion of the new five story building of Root & Keating, leather merchants, at Wells and Carroll streets. Within an hour the great block was a mass of flaming ruins, and despite the efforts of the firemen other buildings in the vicinity quickly caught from the flying fagots of fire. The Arlington house and the Brozel house were soon in flames, but fortunately there was no loss of life, for the bright glow of the Root & Keating fire awakened the guests who sought shelter elsewhere. The Sibley & Holmwood block, at Seneca and Wells, the new iron building of Sherman S. Jewett & Co., and the building occupied by Swift & Stambach were destroyed. Many other buildings were gutted by the flames, and before they were fully under control, at 5.30 o'clock, a good sized section of the 2nd ward had been gutted. Wells street, between Seneca and Exchange streets, was lined with wrecked buildings, and the fire penetrated easterly and westerly, and leaped across Seneca street, damaging some buildings and gutting two or three. The fire involves a loss of fully \$2,000,000. The firemen complained of a lack of water. Chief Horning was badly cut about the arm by a piece of plate glass. He stuck to his post, however.

A Wreck and Loss of Life.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The steamer Symington has been wrecked on the coast of Devonshire, off Ilfracombe. Before it was possible to rescue any one on board the stranded steamer turned over and sank. Ten persons were drowned. The cries of the drowning people were heard from the shore.

Wait for the Waggon

And we will all go and get a tube of Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for our chapped hands. It will cure them sure. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

THE LIFE OF A GREAT ACTOR CLEARLY REVIEWED.

He Went Through a Half Million—Dependant in His Last Days on the Bounty of Friends—Bold Daylight Robberies—The Deposition of General Moore by the Salvation Army—The Great Car Strike.

(Special Correspondence.)

Is all thy greatness shrunk to this little measure—Shakespeare.

On Friday last at Levetts' art rooms on Broadway, the posthumous remains of Lester Wallack passed under the auctioneer's hammer. There have been many greater and better men, men of larger acquirements, men whose lives have left a more marked impress on the age and body of the time, but there are few in his own country who have held so conspicuous a place in the public eye and who succeeded in getting such an ample reward for whatever talent he might possess. He came from a race of actors, the acting instinct was in his blood, and it never left him on or off the stage. He was always on poise and as careful of the effects while discussing his pate at Delmonico's as he was while figuring on the stage in Rosedale or Don Cesar. His vanity never deserted him. Tottering towards seventy in his afternoon walks along the west side of Broadway he strove to keep the same erect port as when he divided the honors of the pave with the handsome George Jordan forty years ago. Do the spirits of those who have cognizance of the things that go in this little planet of ours? If they do, Lester Wallack's ghost must have passed an exceedingly uncomfortable afternoon last week as he saw his precious vestments and relics knocked off for less than is usually bid for a second class hand me down. Imagine Don Cesar after his transformation, galled in silks, velvet and feathers, booted and spurred, his Andre Ferris gleaming by his side. Ah, me! it was indeed a gallant sight! As I close my eyes I can see him now. I can hear the ringing cheer that greets his coming. I can almost hear the heart beats of the delighted maidens who exclaim, "Oh, oh, ain't he too sweet for anything?" And so he was, a prince of the blood in his realm. Think of all this splendid garbure going under the auctioneer's hammer for seven dollars! Mercy on me, but it's a terrible fall! Don Felix for five dollars; Elliott Grey for seven dollars and seventy five cents; Hamlet for two and a quarter. Is it possible? Is it possible? Why, I recollect the time, and that not so many years ago, when one of his old shoes or a ragged pocket handkerchief belonging to him would have brought more than this, when sighing young maidens and even married ladies had his photo framed in gold upon their dressing cases. The gaping crowd stood around and examined each article critically. There was no sentiment in it whatever, not the least. They wanted their money's worth and they got it. Occasionally there was a slight ripple among the crowd, which was mostly composed of actors and old clo'men, when some relic was put up linked with the golden past—a dagger of Edwin Forrest's, a sword of Keen's, a doublet that belonged to George Frederick Cook, and some relics of the "sler Wallack. But enthusiasm was dead—dead as Wallack himself—and the entire lot that had cost thousands upon thousands of dollars, costumes which the favorite actor had racked the resources of his fertile brain in designing, brought less than a paltry seven hundred.

And so passes another marked character from the stage of our daily life. The three theatres that once bore his name bear it no more. The first has given way to the demands of commerce and its site is covered by magnificent dry goods stores. The other has changed its name to the Star. And the last, which was built expressly for him, and was intended to be the abiding home of the fashionable drama, passed from his hands after a series of financial disasters which brought him to the verge of ruin. So that after a successful business life of over forty years, during which he received greater reward for his services than the people of the United States pay their president, he was only saved from want in his latter days by the considerate kindness of professional friends who, hearing of his needs, got him up a monster benefit, which was responded to by a grateful public and secured to him those comforts at his death which he might otherwise have lacked. I did not share in the popular sympathy so lavishly expended on the favourite actor in his latter days. My reasons were that I thought he had received ample compensation for everything he had ever done, his personal receipts from his profession being certainly not less than a half million of dollars. He had the best of everything while he lived. His town house and his country house, his yacht and his shooting box. He courted the most exclusive and aristocratic society, and while never admitted to the inner sanhedrin of New York society wandering noblemen from Europe like the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Lansdale found in him a genial companion, who never noticed in public any of the humbler members of the profession. With the sale of his wardrobe, the curtain rung down on the last act, and in the busy whirl of New York life, the very name of this once popular idol will be forgotten.

Several times within the past few months I have felt called on to report daring robberies; but three robberies took place last week that throw the exploits of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Billy the Kid into the shade. On Wednesday afternoon there was a blockade of street cars on the Bowery, and hundreds of people were assembled on the sidewalk to see the fun. The crush became quite heavy, and it seemed to concentrate about a jeweller's shop a few doors from the corner of Grand street. The window was full of watches and diamonds laid out in tempting array. Quick as a flash of lightning came a terrible crash, and two young thieves who had broken the immense glass window reached in through the opening and grabbed everything within reach and started off like a couple of deer pursued by the howling crowd. They scattered diamonds and watches as they fled, and therein lay their salvation, for the crowd stopped to pick up the jewels and the watches and in the scramble the thieves escaped. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, on the most public thoroughfare of New York and in the presence of thousands of people.

On Thursday a lady was knocked down with a sandbag by a ruffian, in the middle of the afternoon, and robbed of her watch \$40 in cash. While a German who had just drawn \$500 from the Savings' bank was on his way home on a street car two men jostled against him, and on the instant he felt his money going. He grabbed for the bag which contained it, and which was hidden

in an inside pocket. The struggle was brief when one of the men knocked him off the car, and when he recovered his money was gone. The robbers ran in different directions. The pursuit was immediate, and one of the thieves was run down, but it was not the man with the money. However, the next day when the thief who was captured was arraigned before the police magistrate the poor German who lost the money recognized sitting among the crowd the other thief who had assisted in the robbery. He told the court officers and they watched the pair and soon found them exchanging signals. Then the thief who was free advanced towards the prisoner and offered to procure him counsel. He was at once pounced upon by the officers, and to their great delight he turned out to be Abe Coakley, one of the most daring bank robbers and expert sneak thieves in the United States. Nearly one half of Abe's life has been passed behind prison bars, but during the other half he has contrived to make it very uncomfortable for bankers and all others who had loose money. I hardly know how Abe could have got so low down as to commit a robbery on a street car. He has generally flown for higher game, for during his life he has relieved banks and individuals of over a million dollars.

The war which has been raging for over two years between the English and American branches of the Salvation Army, culminated last week in the deposition of General Moore, who led the American rebellion, two years ago, which resulted in the separation of the English branch from that situated in the United States. It is several years ago since General Moore led the invading hosts of Salvationists from Hallion's Hile to the dominions of Huncle Sam. The field was large, the harvest was great, and General Booth was much rejoiced thereof. It did not take many years for General Moore to realize that it would not be a bad idea to organize a harry of 'is hown. Whether this idea was the prompting of a good spirit I cannot tell, but as soon as General Booth learned the treason he made things exceedingly warm for General Moore. He started for the United States at once, and his son, Ballington, was ordered to the front, to down the rebels. Ballington Booth is about six feet two, and weighs considerably over eighty pounds. General Moore about five feet one, and tips the scales at nearly two hundred, so far the advantage was on neither side. What one lacked in length the other made up in breadth, so that it was about an even thing all round; but Ballington Booth was not an opponent to be sneezed at. He had served an apprenticeship under his father, and knew what rough fighting meant. He had wrestled with the devil among the White chapel tongs, and had thrown him every time, so he was not at all scared when he came to the United States and tackled General Moore. On the other hand General Moore was all covered over with scars which he had received in his numerous encounters, and when it came to fighting he was not afraid of the devil himself. When Ballington Booth arrived he opened his batteries at once, and now after a two years struggle it is announced that General Moore is deposed. The general announced, however, that he is not yet dead, and it looks as though General Booth may find him a very lively ghost.

Our sister Brooklyn is in trouble. For five days not a car stirred on five of the principal street car lines, and this means that out of \$50,000 people over 200,000 must get to their work as best they can over distances varying from two to five miles. Nearly every road in New York is also tied up. The strikers amount to a few hundreds, the people who are incommode are at last two hundred thousand, and notice has been served on the companies that as long as they don't attempt to run any cars there will be no disturbance, but if they do look out! Now in this free country of ours no man questions the right of any other man to leave a situation that does not suit him, but to say that he holds a permanent mortgage on a situation which he himself can abandon without question at any time is monstrous. After both parties have worried and harried each other for several days, when the men are starving and their families are suffering, and the employers have suffered serious loss they will come together and patch up a peace that will last till the next strike. Sooner or later this question will have to be settled, and the only possible way is in the proclamation of the absolute independence of the working or laboring man, the right to dispose of his labor without interference from any other man and behind him all the power of the state and nation to maintain him in that right. Both sides in the present dispute seem determined, and the slightest movement on either side may plunge us in a conflict that may result in bloodshed and disaster.

The weather still continues very much like spring. January is gone, and as yet no serious symptom of winter. What is in store for us? Let us wait and see.—Iruly yours, BROADBRIM.

Treatment of Mr. O'Brien.

DUBLIN, Feb. 2.—Thomas Sexton yesterday telegraphed to Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, that the treatment to which William O'Brien had been subjected since his incarceration in Clonmel gaol had excited intense disgust in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien has remained naked and is now speechless. The prison officials considering Mr. O'Brien to be in a critical condition telegraphed to Mr. Balfour for orders. Mr. Balfour did not reply, and Mr. Sexton sent a messenger to the vice-regal lodge this morning. Mr. Balfour appeared and called the man a cur, and declared he would not answer Mr. Sexton's message. Arrangements are being made for the holding of meetings everywhere in Ireland to express indignation at the treatment of Mr. O'Brien.

A Supper at Williamsville.

J. H. Metcalfe, M.P.P., and B. W. Folger entertained a few friends in a hotel in Williamsville last evening. Among those present were Alds. McCammon, Carson, Drennan, McIntyre, Creeggan, and Messrs. W. H. Reid, M. Dolan, John Marshall, Robert Baird, W. Murray, W. Sherman, W. Robinson, John Gray, W. Allison, and J. Donnelly. Mr. D. A. Givens occupied the chair. Speeches were made by Alds. McIntyre, Carson, Creeggan, McCammon, Capt. T. Donnelly, R. Baird, B. W. Folger, T. Padden and John Donnelly. The proceedings were enlivened by the singing of Ald. Creeggan. The company dispersed at 13 o'clock.

Met With a Serious Accident.

Capt. D. Bates met with a very serious accident at Breck & Booth's coal yard. He was feeding a circular saw when it broke into pieces. The steel tore into one of his arms and lacerated it fearfully. It is feared it will have to be amputated. He was taken to the hospital.

MURDER OF THE PRINCE.

RUDOLPH WAS SHOT AND BY A WRONGED HUSBAND.

The Secret of the Young Man's Taking Off at Last Out—Caught Leaving the Rooms of Princess Stephanie—The Scandal is Followed by the Crime—All the Facts Given to the People.

VIENNA, Feb. 2.—The contents of Rudolph's letter to his father, dated Jan. 30th, were kept secret for two days, and were divulged only to clear his memory from suspicious worse than the truth. Rudolph had contemplated suicide for years. When returning from the funeral of Ludwig of Bavaria, he said: "I fear my end will be as his." It is probable the cause of his trouble was the absence of an heir.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The World's Paris says Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, met his death at the hands of one of the greatest nobles of the empire, who shot him for seducing his wife. On Sunday night the crown prince attended the ball given by the German ambassador, and aroused comment by paying marked attention to a very beautiful princess, whose husband is a member of one of the eldest families of princely rank in Austria. About one o'clock the archduke escorted his wife, the Crown Princess Stephanie, to her carriage, and after kissing her hand and bidding her adieu remained for a few minutes longer in the vestibule chatting with the German ambassador. After leaving the embassy he proceeded on foot to the residence of the lady to whom he paid court during the evening and admitted himself with a pass key. When he was leaving the castle the next morning the husband saw him in the shadow of the wall, just under the private staircase, leading up to his wife's apartments. The prince sprang forward to catch the stranger, who endeavored to save himself by flight. The prince, who was fleet of foot, soon overtook him, and, clutching his cloak, tore it from him. To his horror he discovered that the recreant was no other than the heir to the throne. The latter, taking advantage of momentary consternation of his pursuer, jumped into his carriage, which was in waiting, and escaped. The crown prince went to Meyerling and joined a hunting party which he had sent out the day before.

Wednesday morning the crown prince awoke very early, and called for Johanna to open the blinds and bring his letters. The shooting lodge at Meyerling is a small two story building, and the crown prince occupied an apartment on the ground floor, scarcely five feet above the level of the garden. On opening the blinds the valet remarked that there were two strange men in the garden, and mentioned the fact to the archduke. The latter replied that they were probably some of the beaters come for orders and then sitting upon his bed propped the pillow up against the window and leaning his head against it commenced to read his letters, evidently in a state of great excitement. Johanna then left the room to prepare the coffee, but meeting Count Hoyes in the hall, said: "There are two men in the garden whom I have never seen before, and whose looks I don't like." At this moment a pistol shot was heard. All rushed at once to the apartment of the crown prince where a terrible spectacle presented itself.

The window pane was smashed into pieces and the archduke lay dead in bed with the back of his skull shattered, and the brains scattered on the sheet. The strangers in the garden were seen to jump the fence and mount horses. Like lightning they disappeared into the forest, not, however, before Count Hoyes had recognized in them the husband and brother of the princess with whom Rudolph had danced frequently at the German embassy. As the crown prince reclined in bed reading his letters the wronged husband had taken deadly aim. Crown Princess Stephanie has had frequent fainting fits and serious fears about her are entertained.

R. & O. NAVIGATION CO.

Annual Meeting Next Monday—Synopsis of the Report Forecasted.

MONTREAL, Feb. 1.—The annual meeting of the Richelieu and Ontario navigation company will be held on Monday. Owing to the heavy rainfalls of the past summer the business of the company was not as good as expected. The gross receipts from all sources, which had reached \$586,878 in 1887, only amounted to \$555,244 in 1888, a decrease of \$31,634. As against this the expenditure, which in 1887 had reached \$548,764, was reduced in 1888 to \$447,249, a decrease of \$101,514, so that while the year before last returned a surplus of \$38,128 only, the net profits of the year just ended reached the sum of \$107,994, equal to, less a slight fraction, 8 per cent. on the capital. In 1887 out of 21 boats which did the service twelve showed a loss, while this year one, the Passport, shows an expenditure exceeding the receipts, and this deficit is caused by the fact that the extra cost for its reconstruction has been fully charged in its running expenses for the year. The liability of the company, at the end of 1888, was reduced to \$472,772. The management declare no dividend, but to employ the amount to lighten the burden of the debt and thereby render firmer the financial position of the company as well as strengthen its credit.

KAUFMAN'S FORGERIES.

The Brockville Professor a Skillful Swindler—List of His Victims.

BROCKVILLE, Feb. 2.—Prof. A. C. J. Kaufman, arrested for forgery, has conducted one of the most skillfully arranged frauds ever perpetrated in Canada. Kaufman is remanded until Friday next. The extent of his forgeries is not yet fully known, but it is thought the amount will reach \$80,000, perhaps more. An examination reveals that almost every security given by him is forged. These transactions have been going on for years, and were so skillfully arranged that the fraud, in reality, was only discovered by accident. The losers are all men of large means, and among them are T. A. McCullough, W. H. Comstock, W. T. McCullough, G. F. Fulford, P. B. MacNamee, of Brockville; S. Blanchard, Farmersville; Ross, Smith's Falls; Shaw, Montreal; the Landowne Piano Co., Toronto, and others. General sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Kaufman, who is held in high esteem here.

Murder and Suicide.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—Tillie Hylander, servant in P. F. Mungler's, was murdered this morning by W. Clark, the colored butler. He was infatuated with her, but a quarrel caused the murder. Her head was almost severed. Clark cut his own throat. A letter in his room intimated that he could live no longer without her.