THE ELECTION RETURNS.

Some of the Candidates' Corrected Majorities.

Liberal.

			Maj.
Algoma, E	Lyon	Holds over	
Algoma, W	Connee	Holds over	
Brant, N	Wood		149
Brant, S	Hardy		400
Bruce, S	O'Connor		362
Bruce, C	Duck		21
Brockville	Fraser		285
Dundas	Chamberlain		39
Durham, W	McLaughlin		1
Essex, N	Pacaud		66
Essex, S	Bolger		500
Elgin, E	Nairn		107
Glengarry	Bayside		34
Haldimand	Baxter		261
Hamilton	Gibson		147
Huron, E	Gibson		115
Huron, W	Ross		340
Huron, S	Bishop		147
Kent, E	Ferguson		520
Lincoln	Garson (L)		15
Lambton, E	Graham		110
Lambton, W	Dawson		249
Lanark, N	Hilliard		57
Middlesex, W	Ross		322
Middlesex, N	Waters		77
Monk	Harcourt		400
Norfolk, N	Freeman		201
Northumberland, W	Field		35
Ontario, S	Dryden		322
Ontario, N	Gould		288
Oxford, N	Moyer		625
Oxford, S	McKay		1
Ottawa	Bronson		257
Parry Sound	Armstrong		251
Peel	Chisholm		500
Peterboro', W	Stratton		61
Peterboro', E	Blezard		521
Perth, S	Fallantyne		146
Prescott	Evanturel		70
Prince Edward	Spencer		75
Renfrew, N	Morris		2
Renfrew, S	Doxtine		81
Russell	Robillard		265
Simcoe, E	Drury		210
Simcoe, C	Phelps		163
Stormont	Mack		361
Toronto	Levs		
Waterloo, N	Snider		Acc.
Wellington, E	Clarke		acc.
Waterloo, S	Masters		445
Welland	Morin		300
Wellington, W	Allan		27
Wellington, S	Guthrie		501
Wentworth, N	Macnahon		493
Wentworth, S	Awrey		106
York, W	Gilmour		181
York, E	Smith		840
York, N	Widdifield		900

Tory.

			Maj.
Addington	M'Ivor		300
Bruce, N	Biggar	elected	
Carleton	Monk		775
Cardwell	Haumiff		603
Dufferin	Stewart		acc.
Durham, E	Craig		275
Elgin, W	Ingram		20
Frontenac	Wilmot		463
Grey, S	Blythe		540
Grey, N	Creighton		7
Grey, C	Burke		159
Grenville	French		100
Hastings, E	Hudson		36
Hastings, N	Meyland		93
Hastings, W	Ostrom		125
Halton	Berry		152
Kent, W	Clancy		16
Kingston	McDougall		521
Lanark, S	Lees		100
Leeds	Preston		115
London	Meredith		932
Lennox	Mcallum		105
Middlesex, E	Tooley		182
Muskoka	Marter		32
Norfolk, S	Morgan		100
Northumberland, E	Willoughby		60
Perth, N	Hess		46
Simcoe, W	Wylie		341
Toronto	Clarke, E. F.		
Victoria, E	Fells		76
Victoria, W	Cruess		6

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

The Explorer's Coming Search for Emin Bey—A Typical Arab.

A London cable says: Mr. Henry M. Stanley has completed his arrangements for starting on his expedition for the rescue of Emin Bey. Mr. Stanley is in remarkably good health and is very confident of the success of his mission. He evidently means to keep his plans to himself until fairly started. "The only thing that is certain is that I go to Africa," he says. The telegram that he had made arrangements with Tippoo Tip to accompany him is premature. The idea is, however, so daring a masterstroke, and so much in keeping with Stanley's past, that one may well believe there is something in the telegram.

Tippoo Tip, an Arab ivory and slave hunter, is at this moment probably the most powerful man in all Central Africa. In men and means his resources are practically unlimited. His agents and his raiders will be found in all directions from Kasonge as his centre. It is doubtless his Arabs that have wrecked Stanley Falls station—a catastrophe which might have occurred at any time, in the past had it not been for Tippoo's friendship for the white chiefs of the station, for even he, slaver as he is, has his own sense of honor. One must remember that in his eyes slave raiding is as legitimate as elephant hunting.

Mr. Stanley thinks if Tippoo Tip adhered to his intention six months ago of proceeding to Zanzibar he will doubtless be there by the time, ready to meet Stanley on his arrival. Dr. Junker is expected in Egypt next month, and, if considered advisable, no doubt a meeting could be arranged between him and Stanley. The latter has been overwhelmed with offers of companionship from all quarters, none of them, probably, at all likely to be accepted.

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine without delay, they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over $20 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

The toboggan slide in Fond du Lac, Wis., descends between an undertaker's shop and a marble cutter's yard.

An Extended Experience.

Writes a well known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

"Papa, the girls have organized a cooking society," said a travelling man's daughter. "Have you? What do you call it?" "That's what I want to ask you. Can you suggest a good name for it?" "Call it the Browning club," said her papa, looking over his glasses. Then she went over in the corner and figured it out.

Don Pedro, the elephant who died of rheumatism in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens the other day, was a mean beast, and as cunning as one. During his battery days it was very difficult to give him medicine. So the rinse water adopted of filling a scooped-out apple was tried, the remedies and feeding it with a dose of the most sound eyes. The dodge worked for a while, but Don soon tumbled to it, and after that each apple was carefully examined, and the deceptive one always thrown out.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

D C N L. 2. 87.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

The Terrible Husband Murder at Herkimer, N.Y., Revived.

A RESPITE FOR THE MURDERESS.

An Albany despatch says: Governor Hill has granted a reprieve in the case of Mrs. Druse until February 28th, 1887, to enable the Legislature to deal with the matter of capital punishment as applied to women. Should the Legislature not interfere, the law will take its course. Following is the Governor's decision:

The defendant, Rozalana Druse, was convicted of murdering her husband, William Druse, in the town of Warren, in the county of Herkimer, in this State. The verdict was murder in the first degree, and she has been sentenced to the only punishment prescribed by law for that crime, to wit: execution by hanging, to take place on the 29th of this month. The evidence shows that the killing was most brutal and atrocious in its character. Briefly stated, the facts satisfactorily established are as follows: The family consisted of the deceased and Mrs. Druse, the daughter Mary (aged 19 years), the son George (aged 10 years), and a nephew, Frank Gates (aged 14 years). A quarrel had occurred on the morning of the homicide between the deceased and the defendant at the breakfast table. The deceased was still at the table, and during the quarrel of words the defendant went into another room and took a loaded revolver which was there, and putting it under her apron, returned and whispered to the boys to go out of doors, which they did, leaving herself, the daughter Mary and the deceased in the room. Mary then placed a rope around her father's neck while he was at the table, and the defendant fired the revolver once or twice at him, wounding him, and he fell over sidewise in his chair, while the defendant, being unable to make the revolver go off again, called to the nephew Frank, who came in the house, together with the boy George, and whereupon the prisoner gave the revolver to the nephew, and, under a threat of killing him, compelled him to fire it off two or three times, and the deceased, being hit by the shots, rolled off the chair upon the floor, and then she seized an axe and hit her husband on the head with it, he exclaiming: "Oh, Roxy, don't," and she continued hitting him on the neck until she chopped his head off—severing it completely from his body. She then caused the head, as well as the body, to be taken into the parlor, and during that day and evening the body was cut up with an axe and was burned in the stove. She threatened to kill the boys if they told what had occurred, burned all her husband's clothes and made every possible effort to conceal the crime, causing the ashes in the stove where the body had been burned to be taken up and thrown in a swamp, and the revolver and axe to be thrown in a pond, and had telegrams sent to friends in other places making false and misleading inquiries as to her husband, and compelled the boys to tell every one that her husband had gone away from home, she herself telling her neighbors falsehoods of every description as to her husband's whereabouts. During the evening while Mrs. Druse and Mary were burning the body in the parlor, the two boys were amusing themselves by playing checkers in the adjoining room, where the murder had been committed, thus showing the unconcern and utter lack of feeling of the whole family. Mrs. Druse had previously made threats against the deceased, and boasted that she would be rid of him some day. The revolver had been procured and brought into the house under peculiar and suspicious circumstances, indicating felonious purposes. These and other facts, almost too horrible for description, mark the case as a plain one of deliberate and premeditated murder. There seems to be scarcely a single mitigating circumstance surrounding it. The daughter, Mary, aided and assisted her mother in the murder, and after the conviction of her mother she pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, which plea, on account of her youth, the fact that she was probably acting under the influence of her mother, and other circumstances, was accepted by the District Attorney, and she was sentenced to State Prison for life.

THE DAUGHTER'S NEW YEAR IN THE PENITENTIARY.

(From the Syracuse Standar

Mary Druse's cell in the penitentiary was embellished yesterday with a crayon portrait of her mother, which Mary received on Saturday. The picture, which was taken from life in the Herkimer jail, represents a slight, middle-aged woman, with a fairly intelligent face, wearing a high-necked black dress and a lace collar that reaches nearly to the chin. There is a pained and hunted expression about the eyes. To a reporter Mary said the likeness was a good one. "But when I saw that mother's hair was turning gray," she continued, "I nearly cried. Her hair was black when I saw her last. Gov. Hill's decision was read to me and I felt rather discouraged over it, though I haven't given up hope. I am afraid mother feels discouraged herself, though she doesn't say so in her letters to me for fear it would make me feel worse. I don't know anything about the Legislature, but I'm afraid it won't take any action."

Mary showed to the reporter a letter which she consented to have printed, barring a few sentences of a strictly personal nature. She said her mother must have been very nervous when she wrote it, as it is somewhat disconnected. The letter runs:

HERKIMER, 24.

DEAREST DAUGHTER.—I thought you would everything about the decision but the truth. Therefore thought I would write you a line. Governor Hill has given me a stay until the 28th of February. Judge Prescott came in this morning also Mr. Lunt this afternoon and assured me they should still fight for me. A kind Mr. Cook came in and said the paper was served on him this morning to stay the execution until the 28th of February as I have above stated. George has been her to day I bought him a pair of seates for a Christmas present. Mr. Sheriff Brown was here to see me yesterday I was glad to see him he gave me still great encouragement. The governor seems to be in my favor still does not want to take the whol responsibility upon him so it seems however there is no use to give we must keep up good courage and hope for the best for the prospects are as favorable as ever only we must watch and wait and pray. I suppose my picture is on the road for I gave them the money to send it by express, if not it will be I am to tired to write more. I received a good letter from Juliar Northrup saying she would take care or keep anything I wanted her. She wrot a letter to the governor besides the piece in the paper she is a friend in deed Mr. Powell was in to see me last night, from your mother in life or death.

MRS. DRUSE.

Mary's hope is that her mother's sentence will be commuted to imprisonment for life in the Onondaga Penitentiary. Mary is now 20 years old and her brother "George" mentioned in the letter is 12. The girl is quiet and industrious and when not working is an industrious reader. She told the reporter that she cried at the sight of the Christmas of 1885, which somebody gave her recently. She said her parents used to take their journal regularly and she had not seen a copy since her arrest.

The greatest reformer of the age was the inventor of the bustle, which has reformed nearly every woman.

IRISH RENT STRUGGLE.

The Extraordinary Speech by Mr. John Dillon, M. P.

"PLAN OF CAMPAIGN" DEFENDED.

The following is a full report of Mr. Dillon's speech at the public meeting held in Loughres, Ireland, on Thursday immediately before the "rent offices" were opened under the "Plan of Campaign," which has now been declared illegal:

Mr. Dillon said—A fortnight ago the Government struck a blow at me. (Groans.)

A Voice—And they struck a blow at us. (Groans.)

Mr. Dillon—They summoned me to appear before the Judges of the Queen's Bench in Dublin in order that I should be held to bail for good behavior. (Groans and laughter.) I ventured to say that although I meant to appear in the Court of Queen's Bench I would appear afterwards in Galway, and finish with Lord Clanricarde—(loud and prolonged cheers)—and I say here to-day, in spite of the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin, and in spite of all the judges in Dublin, that you will win in this struggle. (Cheers.)

A Voice—God spare you to us!

Mr. Dillon—I stood in the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday, and I heard the conduct which I had practised in this country and the programme which I had advised denounced as criminal. (Groans.) I was told by the Judges at that Court that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy. (Laughter.) But I ask you here to-day, men of Galway, to look back over the story of your country, and recall to your memories this fact, that every man who has ever tried to raise his voice in this country on behalf of the poor and oppressed against their oppressors—every single man whose name is dear to the memory of Irishmen—has stood in the dock before Irish Judges—(cheers)—and if I stood on last Tuesday before a Court of Irish Judges to be told that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy I stood where your fathers had stood before me, and where every man who had the courage of a man in the past history of Ireland had stood. (Cheers.) I stood where O'Connell stood—(cheers)—and where every Irish leader who has the first trust and love of the Irish people stood before. (Cheers.) We are told to-day that we are engaged in a criminal conspiracy, and, forsooth, that if we do not desist we may come into collision with the law! (Groans and laughter.) Well, I have been for six years engaged in that conspiracy—(cheers)—and four times I have come into collision with the law, and three times I have beaten them. (Prolonged cheering.)

A Voice—And will again, please God. (Cheers.)

Mr. Dillon—This is not the first time I have come into collision with the law, and with Irish Judges, and I leave it to you to judge whether to-day the class of men the Irish landlords, who three times have had me up as a criminal—(laughter)—are better for it to-day? All I can say is, if they like the results that have followed from putting me in prison I am satisfied. (Cheers.) But this I will say also, that they have not got me in yet. (Cheers.) I do not think they will either. (Cheers.) I have said that on last Tuesday I was told by the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench that I was engaged in a criminal conspiracy—(groans)—and when they were delivering that opinion they quoted words which I remember well, and these were the words delivered by Mr. Justice Fitzgerald—(groans)—when he was trying the leaders of the Land League, and Mr. Parnell at their head, and I recollect distinctly in that charge, which was quoted on last Tuesday, he warned us often to give up the criminal courses which we were then said to be engaged in—that is to say, the agitation of the Land League; and I put it to you to-day, if we had obeyed his words and turned our backs on the Irish people and on the cause of the poor men in Ireland, where would you be to-day?

A Voice—Dead or in the workhouse.

Mr. Dillon—If, in 1889, we had listened to the warnings of the Irish Judge who then sat in judgment on us, would there have been a land bill passed for Ireland? (Cries of "No.") And if we had listened to these warnings, thousands of Irish families would have been wandering absolutely homeless or pining in the workhouse. The terror of the name of the Land League, and the night of that agitation, have borne their good fruits, and those people who engaged in it are struggling still for their rights, and are still in possession of their homes. (Cheers.) And, just as in 1880 we thought that our judgment on Irish politics was better than the judgment of Judge Fitzgerald, I am of opinion that I know more to-day about the interests of the Irish farmers—aye, and care more, too, than Mr. Justice O'Brien; and, whatever may be his opinion as to the legality of my action, I repeat here to-day the challenge which I gave the Attorney-General in the courts on Tuesday—(cheers)—and I defy him, and I defy the Executive in Dublin, to put me into jail until they give me a fair trial. I will never shirk a fair trial; and if I am guilty of a crime, let them try me. But they know right well that they dare not try me; they know we are guilty of no criminal conspiracy; they know that we engaged in this movement are engaged in a movement as great, as noble, and more successful than any movement started in Ireland before our time. I recollect perfectly well when I was young the old people talking of past times, and it used to be said among the peo le that after all they did not know whether it was not a mistake to begin the national struggle by obtaining the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, or they said what good did it do us except to enable certain judges to get places. I must say I think they did begin at the wrong end, and I think that the first duty that ought to have suggested itself to the Irish people was to have protected the laboring classes of this country from ruin and destruction, and then when they were free men—when their homes could not be levelled by their tyrants and oppressors—we could have won all the other rights. (Cheers.) But since it has been so, the old saying comes in, "Better late than never," and as it was not done by our fathers, we had better get to work ourselves. We are engaged in no criminal conspiracy. We are engaged in an open public movement—to do what? To overturn, I venture to say, the most horrible and crime-stained institution that ever existed in any civilized land. To overturn it, in a public organization; to emancipate the people of this country from a system which has exterminated in the past more human beings than half a dozen insurrections! We are engaged in a public and open attempt—no conspiracy at all—to overthrow a system which, so long as it has existed, has caused Ireland to be known throughout the length and breadth of the world as "poor Ireland." What was it that made this country, which came from the hand of God as rich as any country in Europe or America—who was it turned it into a country to be called "poor Ireland?" It was the landlords, and no one else; and the attempt we are engaged in now is an attempt dear to the heart of every one who loves Ireland and cares for her prosperity—an attempt in which your fathers before you suffered—an attempt which, with the help of God, and with the help of the "Plan of Campaign"—(cheers)—will be carried in our day to a glorious victory. (Loud cheers.)

The latest importation of bonnets are combinations of velvet, with fur of a like shade, the fur being used upon the brim, and the velvet for the oddly-shaped crown. Marie Stuart brims, much modified in shape, are shown in some of these, and the whole bonnet is much smaller than the comfortable ones worn a year ago.

HENNESSY'S SUSPENSION.

Why the Governor of the Mauritius was Withdrawn—A Disagreeable Individual.

A London cable says: The suspension of Sir John Hennessy, Governor of the Mauritius, has caused a sensation in diplomatic circles, though it is generally admitted that Lord Salisbury is fully justified in inflicting this unusual and very severe disgrace by the conduct of the Governor.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., has the unfortunate reputation of causing disturbances wherever he is sent. A thorough Irishman, he was born in Kerry and educated in Cork, where he evidently imbibed some of the fighting qualities for which he is famed. From 1859-65 he represented King's County, Ireland, in Parliament, as a Nationalist, and made himself so intensely disagreeable to the Government that, with a view of getting him far away from the House of Commons, he was appointed Governor of Labuan, and subsequently of the West African colonies. Contrary to the general expectations the deadly climate of the latter failed to affect his health in any way. In fact he appeared positively to thrive on the fevers of the place.

In due course he was promoted to the Bahamas and the Windward Islands, where he almost caused a revolution and created such a disturbance that it was found necessary to transfer him to Hong Kong. Here he became the bosom friend of the heathen Chinee and the sworn enemy of every white man on the whole coast of the Celestial Empire. When he at length left to assume the Governorship of Mauritius, not a single European member of the colony was present to bid him farewell, his name being execrated by the whites on the ground of his doctrine that a Chinaman was in every way equal to a European.

Since he has been in the Mauritius the whole of that usually tranquil dependency has been kept in one constant state of ferment by his quarrels with his Deputy-Governor, Mr. Clifford Lloyd. The latter, who is remembered in Ireland as the most harsh of all resident magistrates and as the bitter enemy of the Land League, is equally notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and the person who proposed cooping up two such men as John Hennessy and Clifford Lloyd on the Island of Mauritius must have had the deviltry in question suggested by some remembrance of two Kilkenny cats fastened over a clothes line.

Matters at length got to such a pitch that one-half of the population of the colony refused to speak to the other half, and Mr. Clifford Lloyd, after a frantic scene with his chief, left for London to report matters to the Government. The latter found the matters to be sufficiently grave to despatch the Queen's High Commissioner in South Africa on a special mission to the island in order to inquire into the state of affairs. It is on the strength of the latter's report that the Cabinet has taken the very unusual and grave step of suspending Sir John Hennessy from his functions of Governor before either recalling him or giving him an opportunity to resign.

TWO DEATHS FROM FRIGHT.

One Results from Another Boy's Fall, the Other from a Practical Joke.

A Detroit despatch says: Willie Stiebling, aged 14, was buried to-day, death having been brought on by fright. For several years he has been a bell-boy at one of the hotels. Last Wednesday Robert McHale, another bell-boy, was sliding down the banister of the main stairway when he tipped backward and fell from the second to the first floor. The injured boy was bathed in blood, his face having been badly cut and his right thigh broken. The sickening sight seemed to daze young Stiebling. He went about his work for a time, when he was suddenly taken with convulsions. He rallied on Friday, but soon became delirious and died on Sunday. During his delirium he complained of something in his head and asked that it be opened for examination. In accordance with this request a post-mortem was held, which developed the fact that blood had coagulated in the brain.

From Reading, Pa.: Franklin B. Goodhart, the gambler, who was the victim of a practical joke about two weeks ago, as stated in the Times at the time, and became insane in consequence, died last night of nervous prostration. Some acquaintances, knowing that he was timid, got up a mock murder in his presence.

GLADSTONE'S BIRTHDAY.

How the Grand Old Man Spent It—Liberal Banquets—A Notable Letter.

A London cable says: Yesterday was the 77th anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth. He attended early service at the Hawarden Church, and during the day was fairly deluged with telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world. He was also the recipient of innumerable presents.

Banquets were given by the Liberals throughout the country last night in honor of Mr. Gladstone's birthday. Mr. Gladstone returns thanks through the press for the many congratulations which he has received, to which, he says, it is impossible for him to reply personally.

Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to the chairman of a banquet given at Chester in honor of his birthday: "The strain of last year has been considerable, but never during my path of duty have I more clearly seen that I was at work in behalf of my countrymen in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in behalf of the true union and greatness of the Empire, which in this year of Her Majesty's jubilee we ought to cherish more warmly and loyally than ever. In this conviction the recent progress of events confirms me daily."

About Rats.

My wife tells me that the hired girl tells her that she saw a rat stick his tail in a bottle of California cherries preserved in heavy syrup. After the tail came out several rats licked it. The Kalamazoo story goes that the rats got the eggs up a long pair of stairs in the following way: A small rat hugged the egg with all fours. The expedition then took hold of his tail and he was pulled up the staircase. The Chicago fall and winter fashion is to suck the egg downstairs and wear the shell up to bed for a nightcap. Will any one tell me why a rat that could get into my house through an inch auger-hole will bite off from the side of my house a hole the size of a washboiler? I tried tar the other day. I heard, some ten years ago, that tar was good for the scalp. Next I heard it was good for rats. It is. It appears to make them happier. They will not enter a wooden trap. As the store clerk would say, the wooden trap was not popular with them. But the wire "fixing" that goes through their gills as they come through the hole seems to be an invention of considerable danger to rats. The real way to catch them, though, is in the cage. I have seen seven in one cage, all caught between midnight and morning. Nine years ago I poisoned all the rats in my block. They died under my back parlor floor. This regrettable episode has caused me to join the Cruelty to Animals Society, and I take a far more merciful view of the rat question. The life of a rat is a sacred thing to me, so far as poison is concerned.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

It is wise to provide against emergencies which are liable to arise in every family. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove a never failing remedy.

Mr. T. H. Cox, a member of the firm of Cox Brothers, manufacturers, Lochee, has intimated his intention of giving £12,000 for endowing a chair of anatomy in the University College, Dundee. This donation is another of the fruits of the approaching "jubilee year."

HER DREAM.

This story being true, in order not to wound the susceptibilities of any one now living, I suppress proper names as well as a few of the least important details. As to the improbability, that is a matter of no concern, because it is simply true. As to its impossibility, I leave that to be discussed by the incredulous, who are so wise when they know nothing about a matter.

About ten years ago Lady Dash was staying at a large hotel in a fashionable watering place on the western coast of France. We will call the hotel the Lion d'Or, although that was not its name; the Lady Dash's daughter Blanche, as it is more convenient to have a real Christian name than to subsist on continual initials. The Dashes had just arrived with courier and maid and an immense pile of luggage, intending to stay till Easter, when they were due at Rome. After a rather early dinner they spent the evening in the gardens and listened to an excellent band while chatting with some friends who had just turned up. Lady Dash at last said it was delightful, but it was time to go to bed. She led the way in her handsome black draperies, a lace veil thrown over her white hair. Blanche followed slowly, loath to leave the moonlight on the sea, the pregnant shadows in the garden, the scent of flowers and cigarettes, all the brightness and the beauty outside under the stars, and shut herself within four walls with a candle instead of a glowworm. Her mother glanced over her shoulder to see if she were following, and then disappeared inside the wide open doors which led into a brilliantly lighted hall. Although the hotel was already crowded, there were a few fresh arrivals standing by the bureau. Blanche looked round with idle curiosity at the same time as a man turned away from the sort of pigeon-hole, with the number of his room in his hand, and came quickly across the tesselated pavement. He was rather under the average height, with broad shoulders, short neck and long arms. The light of the chandelier fell full on a pair of restless eyes, a pale, ordinary face, a short, dark beard, such as nine Frenchmen out of ten affect, and a scar on the left cheek. Blanche stood quite still, every scrap of color leaving her face, and then ran upstairs as fast as she could, panting and terror-stricken, to find her mother.

Lady Dash was quietly taking off her veil when her daughter burst into the room. She closed the door behind her and then said excitedly: "We must leave this place at once. I wouldn't sleep here another night if you promised me thousands of pounds."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? We've just come."

"Never mind, we must go at once. Where's Mary?"

"Eating her supper, I suppose. You must be mad to talk of starting off at this time of night. Nothing would induce me," taking a seat on a small sofa and looking very determined.

"But, mother dear"—and Blanche knelt down by her and seized her hand.

"Why, child, you are cold as stone! What is it?" rubbing her fingers gently and looking down with growing alarm into her agitated face.

"You know my horrid dream last night," her lips quivering—"how I thought I was being murdered. Just now, in the hall, I saw him."

"You saw whom? I don't understand."

"The man who murdered me," shaking from head to foot. "I should know him anywhere. He has a scar on his left cheek."

"But, my dear, this is childish nonsense. Who pays attention to dreams. I dreamed most vividly one night that I was shot—killed. Am I never to go into a boat again?"

"But that's different. Oh, mother, do you want to see my throat cut?"

"Don't ask such horrible questions. You must be reasonable. We can't leave at this time of night. It would create quite an *exclandre*. You shall have Mary to sleep on the sofa."

"Mary, who goes into hysterics at a spider!"

"Then I will stay with you myself," magnanimously. "Anything to satisfy you."

Blanche assented to this with a deep-drawn sigh. She could not help seeing the difficulties in the way of an immediate departure, but, as far as she herself was concerned, she would rather have slept in a cow house than under the roof of the Lion d'Or. Lady Dash could not be expected to consent to the cow-house, so she reluctantly gave way.

The two ladies having ascertained that they had a sufficient stock of light and literature, and having securely locked the door, established themselves in Blanche's bed-room and prepared for a wakeful night. Lady Dash's nerves were on the alert, although she pooh-poohed the whole affair, and she started uncomfortably when an old gentleman sneezed on the stairs or a waiter dropped a pair of boots. By and by the hotel became quiet, the doors ceased to bang, and the last scrap of conversation was silenced. Lady Dash, after reading, or pretending to read, for some time, began to grow drowsy.

About a yard from the bed was the door, of which Blanche had a distinct view as she sat at a little ornamental table placed at the end of the bed. Lady Dash, when her eyes were open, could also see the door across the corner of the bed, but she did not think it necessary to watch it as her daughter did. There was a looking-glass draped with coarse lace, into which Blanche felt compelled to look every now and then, as it stood on her right hand. As the night wore on she had an uneasy feeling that there was somebody standing behind her, and at the next glance she would see him reflected in the mirror. This terror grew on her till she was afraid to look over her shoulder. Her mother was fast asleep and she felt as if she were no protection to her. She longed to wake her, but knew it would be cruel. Suddenly, there was a sound; every hair on her head stood erect and cold water ran down her spine. Her heart beat so loud that she could scarcely hear anything else. Lady Dash had awakened and was staring hard at the door. Again there was a sound—an unmistakable cautious footstep. They did not look at each other, but kept their eyes fixed in the same direction. Breathlessly they watched and saw the handle of the door turn. Their hearts seemed ready to burst in the pause that followed. Again it was tried, but the lock resisted; then there was silence. Every sense seemed merged in listening. They waited with white faces and clammy hands, their nerves strung up to the utmost point of tension; but the murderer, if murderer he were—was balked, and did not come again.

Lady Dash was never more delighted to see the sun than on the bright morning that succeeded that endless night. She felt utterly worn out, but she quite agreed with Blanche that a move to Pau was advisable if that man were still in the hotel. Mary, having been told of the wretched night her mistress had passed, urged her to go to bed now in the broad daylight and get a good rest; but Lady Dash stoutly refused, confessing to herself, though not to the maid, that rest would be impossible. After a hurried breakfast she sent for M. Paul, the proprietor, who was dismayed to hear that the apartment, which had been engaged for a fortnight, was to be thrown on his hands at an hour's notice. He demanded the reason so pathetically that Lady Dash was at last induced to tell him the real facts of the case. Then his face cleared and he begged Madame to dismiss all uneasiness from her mind. As to the Monsieur with the scar he had left the Lion d'Or before dawn, but the police were already on his track. The bon Dieu had mercifully preserved the English ladies by means of a dream, but others had received no such warning, and had suffered in different ways. M. le Baron had lost his silver cigar-case, Mme. la Comtesse her necklace of pearls, M. le Prince a portemonnaie containing bank notes to the amount of £6,000, Mme. S—a gold watch, Mlle. C—a handsome bracelet, etc., etc.

"But all these ladies and gentlemen, did they sleep with their doors unlocked?" inquired Lady Dash, feeling that they had brought their misfortunes on themselves by their own imprudence.

"Not at all, madame; but the vaurien had an eas contrivance by which he could turn a key in a lock, and so open the door."

"Then why didn't he open ours?"

"It must have been the light that protected you, madame. He saw it, and guessed that you were sitting up."

Lady Dash shivered at the danger they had run, but allowed herself to be persuaded to stay. Common sense told Blanche that the Lion D'Or was the last place to which "the man with the scar" would return, unless brought there involuntarily in the hands of the police. So she allowed herself to go to sleep at night without listening for his footsteps. It was a relief to her mind when the thief was caught and finally sentenced to a considerable term of *travaux forces*. This happened ten years ago. The term of imprisonment is probably over, consequently Blanche lives with the sword of Damocles hanging over her head; for until the man with the scar is known to be dead she knows there is a possibility that the dream may yet be fulfilled. *Absit omen.*

BURNED ADLOAT.

Destruction of a Small Steamer—One of the Crew Drowned—The Captain and Four Men Badly Burned.

A St. John (N.B.) despatch says: The small steamer Sir John left this port last night about 11 o'clock for Shulee, N.S., with a general cargo. When near Black Point, a short time after leaving port, fire broke out in the galley of the steamer, and rapidly spread over the vessel. The only boat was soon launched, but it upset and drifted away. As their only chance, Capt. Purdy then took the helm and steered for the shore, two miles distant. After much suffering from smoke and fire they ran the vessel on the rocks, when the captain jumped overboard and reached the land. The next man to jump, John Sinclair, failed to reach the shore and was drowned. The remainder of the crew, four men, then got ashore by a rope secured by the captain from the vessel. All of the survivors are more or less burnt. They had to remain on the beach in the cold till daylight. The captain reached here this afternoon. The steamer was built last summer, was valued at $10,000 and was insured for $5,000. She was owned by Capt. Purdy and his brother, of Sackville, N.B.

A BALLOT BOX JOURNEY.

Terrible Sufferings from Cold and Exposure.

A Colchester despatch says: On Sunday morning last a party of four started from here across the lake on the ice to Pelee Island, a distance of twenty-five miles, to convey the ballot-box for the recent election, and arrived safe about 2 p. m. the same day. On Sunday morning they started back and had proceeded some distance when they encountered an opening in the ice about a mile in width. Two of them crossed over in a small boat they had taken with them, intending to return for the others, but found it impossible to work the boat back through the new made ice. Consequently they had to leave their companions and started for the shore while those left behind went back to the island. Those in the boat got within two miles of the shore when night overtook them, and they were obliged to remain all night on the ice, suffering terribly from the severe cold, and reached shore on Monday morning well nigh exhausted. The other two started back on Monday and encountered the same difficulty, and had to remain all night on the ice, reaching the shore on Tuesday morning badly frozen. A young man named Staff Bottoms, who was acting as guide, will lose one of his feet.

Seek Clearly With Her Eyes Closed.

A South Londonderry, Vt., despatch says: Miss Alice Walker, aged 17, has not opened her eyes since December 21st. She is conscious at times and then knows those who are about her, can tell the style and color of her visitors' dresses and converses freely with them. She could move freely about the house a few days ago, and even went out to the barn one day. Her appetite is good, and there seems to be no other symptoms of disease. She has had these spells before, and at one time, while seemingly unconscious of everything else, hemmed two yards of muslin with stitches so fine that they could hardly be seen, her eyes being closed all the time. An injury to the spine, which happened to her several months ago, may have had something to do with her disease. She was formerly a school teacher.

The Fate of the Editors.

The editors who secured election in the recent contest were J. R. Stratton of the Peterboro' *Examiner*; Gaspard Pacaud, of *Le Progrès*, Windsor; E. F. Clarke, of the *Orange Sentinel*; D. Creighton, of the Owen Sound *Times*; W. D. Balfour, of the Amherstburg *Echo*; and W. M. Dack, of the Bruce *Reporter*. The defeated editors were John Carnegie, of the Peterboro' *Review*; J. S. Larke, of the Oshawa *Vindicator*; J. H. Schmidt, of the Stratford *Kolonist*; and T. M. Campbell, of the Brampton *Conservator*. Four Liberal and two Tory editors elected. One Liberal and three Tory editors defeated.

An Insane Hermit Living in a Tree.

A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: Dr. C. B. Adams, agent of the Connecticut Humane Society, has been investigating the very familiar case of Isaac Pardee, of East Haven, who, ten years ago, was one of the most promising and prominent young men in that town. Suddenly he became demented and took up his abode in the woods. Of late years he has been living in the hollowed-out trunk of an old tree. Dr. Adams will see that he is sent to an insane asylum as soon as possible. It is said to be a case of unrequited love.

The Tichborne claimant is exhibiting in western dime museums, and the pot-metal advertisements in the newspapers present various scenes in his real or imaginary career. One cut shows him tending sheep in Australia and represents him sitting on a rock with a long crook in his hand, a veritable recess between the Prodigal Son and little Bopeep.

A St. Louis syndicate has just acquired a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of land in Mexico, on the Rio Grande, 160 miles long and six miles wide. It will be used for a cattle pasture.

One of the finest and biggest nuggets of gold ever found in California is on exhibition in San Francisco. It is as large as an ordinary Derby hat, and weighs thirty-five pounds troy. It is worth $20 a pound, and almost pure gold.

"Unreasonable Old Man (to bruised and maimed son)—"There you are, with one eye gouged out, both ears gone, a dislocated shoulder blade, broken arm and fractured leg, with whiskey enough in you to start a liquor store, and all for a college game of football. It's outrageous, disgraceful." Bruised and Maimed Son (reproachfully)—"Father, you seem to forget that you were young gentleman yourself once."

Montreal's population is now said to be over 190,000.

THE LAND O

Travelling in the Snow ... ture at 50 Deg... Zero.

The vapor of the breath ... condense on the beard in the shape of ice that will keep accumulating indefinitely if not removed, says Lieut. Schwatka, writing in the *Youth's Companion* of his Arctic experiences. Of course we tried to keep our beards as short as possible, but living as Esquimaux, shaving was completely out of the question unless we lathered ourselves with a snowball and shaved with an icicle. So all our efforts were confined to what we could do with a pair of scissors, and even then the ice would manage to get at this film hold and build itself up into a ball of varying proportions. Our method of removing it was peculiar. When we stopped to rest we would bury our mouths in the palms of our open hands and breathe with deep inspirations for a minute or two. This would always make the icy mass drop off, especially if the beard was kept short. If the reindeer hood comes too close up around the chin it also will accumulate ice in the same way, and in keeping it far enough away to avoid this the full chin is generally exposed