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ALMOST OUT.
cle Josh," asked the fair
she came down arrayed in
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Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 18. NO. 9. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1906. C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Wilful Ottilie;

Or, The Privilege of a Princess.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I think," I thundered, "that, considering your position, a little humility would be more becoming than this attitude! You should remember that you are here on tolerance only; that it is to my generosity alone that you owe the right to call yourself an honest woman."

"What do you mean?" said she, as fiercely as I had spoken myself.

"I mean," said I—"I mean, madam, that you are what I choose to make you. That marriage you so skilfully encompassed is, if I choose it, no marriage."

She put her hands to her head like one who has turned suddenly giddy.

"You married me before God's altar," she said, in a sort of whisper; "you married me, and you took me home."

I was still too angry to stay my tongue.

With a bitter laugh, "I married the Princess," I said, "but I took the servant home."

A burning tide of blood rushed to her brow; I saw it unseeing, as a man does in passion; but I have lived that scene over and over again, waking and dreaming, since, and every detail of it is stamped upon my brain. Next she grew livid white, and spread out her hands, as though a precipice had suddenly opened before her; and then she cried:

"And this is your English honor!" and turning on her heel she left me.

The scorn of her tongue cut me like a whip. I swore a mighty oath that I would never forgive her till she sued for pardon. She must be taught who was master. In solitude she should reflect, and learn to rue her sins to me—her audacity—her unwarrantable presumption—her ingratitude!

All in my white heat of anger I summoned Janos and bade him tell his mistress's nurse that I had gone into the mountains for a week. And then I ordered a fresh horse, and followed only by the old man, dashed off like one possessed into the rocky wastes.

Alone in the solitary hut, by that hearth where but the night previous my heart had overflowed with such tenderness for her, I sat and nursed my grievances and brooded upon my wrongs till they grew to overpowering size and multiplied a thousandfold; and curious it is that what I thought of most was the bitter unfairness to me, the monstrous injustice of her contempt, at the very moment when I had meant to sacrifice my life and prospects to her. I told myself she did not love me, and never loved me, and worked myself to a pitch of frenzy over that thought. The memory of her announcement on this afternoon, the full knowledge of her deceit, the confession of her worse than burgher origin, weighed not now one feather-weight in my resentment. That I had cast from me as the least of my troubles; so can a man change and so can love swallow up all other passions! No doubt, I told myself, she was mocking me now in her own mind; no doubt she reckoned that her poor infatuated fool would come creeping back with all promptitude and beg for her smile. She would learn at least that she had married a man; not till I saw her down at my feet would I take her back to my breast.

All next day I hunted in a bitter wind and in a bitter temper. There were clouds arising, my huntsmen told me, that looked very like snow clouds, and I must beware being snowed up upon the height. I was in the humor to welcome hardship and even danger, and so the whole day we rode after an old rogue boar and came back in darkness, at no small risk, empty handed, and the roughness of my temper by no means improved. Next day the weather still held up, and again I hunted. My men must have wondered what had come over their erstwhile genial master. Even my uncle could not have shown them a harder rule or ridden them with less consideration through the hardest of ways in the teeth of the most fiendish of winds.

That night, again, I sat and brooded by the leaping flame of the pine logs, but it was in a different mood. All my surly determination, my righteous indignation, had melted from me, leaving me as weak as water. Of a sudden in the closest heat of the chase there had come to me an awful vision of what I had done; a terrible swift realization of the insult I had flung at the face of the woman who was indeed the wife of my heart and love. Oh, God, what had I done? I had sought to humble her — I had but debased myself! Through the whole day her words, "Is this your English honor?" had rung a dismal rhythm in my ear to the beat of my horse's hoofs on the hard ground, to the call of the horn amid the winding rocks. The vision of her faded smile, of her dimple paled to a pitiable ghost, of her babyish drooping lip, and then of her white face struck with such scorn, haunted me to madness. I sickened from my food as I sat to my supper and put down my cup untasted. And now as the wind whistled and the foreboded storm was gathering upon us, the longing to see her, to be with her, to kneel at her feet—yes, I would now be the one to kneel—came upon me with such violence that I could not withstand it.

I ordered my horses. I would listen to no remonstrance, no warning. I must return to Tollendal, I said, were all the powers of darkness leagued against me. And return I did. It was a piece of foolhardiness in which I ran, unheeding, the risk of my life; but the Providence that protects madmen protected me that night, and Janos and I arrived in safety through a gale of wind and a fall of snow that might indeed have proved our death. All covered with rime I ran into the house and up to the door of her room. It was past midnight, and there I paused for a moment fearing to disturb her.

Two or three of the women came pattering down the passage to me and with expressive gestures addressed me volubly; one of the girls was weeping. I could not understand a word they said, but with a new terror I burst open the door of the bedroom. In this appalling dread I realized for the first time how I loved my wife!

The room was all empty and all dark; I called for lights. There was no trace of her presence; her bed had not been slept in. Like a maniac I tore about the house, seeking her, shrieking her name, demanding explanations from those to whom my speech meant nothing. I recked little of my dignity, little of the impression I must create upon my household! And at last Janos, his wrinkled face withered up and contorted with the trouble he dared not speak gave me the tidings that the gracious lady had gone. She and her nurse had set forth on foot and left no message with any one.

What need is there for me to write down what I endured that black night? When I look back upon it it is as one may look back upon some terrible nightmare, some hideous memory of delirium. She had left me, and left me thus, without a word, and with but one sign. The cursed pedigree was still spread upon the table where we had quarreled. I found upon it her wedding ring. A great cross had been drawn over the half-written entry of our marriage. That was all, but it was surely enough. The jewels I had given her were carefully packed in the cases and laid upon a table in her room. Her own things had been gathered together the day of her departure, which was the day I left her, and they had been fetched the next morning by some strange servant in an unknown travelling coach. More than this I have not been able to glean, for the storm has rendered the ways impassable; but it is rumored that the Countess de Schreckendorf is dead, and that the Princess also has left the country.

I have no more to say. It is only two nights ago since I came home to such misery, and how I have passed the hours, what needs it to set forth? At times I tell myself that it is better so, that she is false and base, and that I were the poorest of wretches to forgive her. But at times again I see the whole naked truth before me, and know that she was to me what no woman can be again. And my uncle looks down at me as I write, with a sour, frowning face, and seems—strange it is, yet true—to revile me now with bitter scorn, not for having kept her, the roturiere, but for having driven her from my castle!

"Thou hadst her; thou couldst not hold her," he seems to snarl.

Old man, old man, it is your teaching that has undone me; do you reproach me now that it has wrought my ruin?

Basil Jennico flung his pen from him; the logs in the hearth had burnt themselves to white ash; his candles were guttering in their sockets, and behind the close-drawn curtains the faint dawn was spreading over a world of snow. The wind still howled, the storm was still unabated.

"Another day," groaned he, "another hateful day!" He flung his arms before him and his head down upon them. So sleep came upon him; and so old Janos, creeping in a little later, red-eyed from his watchful night, found him. The sleeper woke as a man, with hands rough and gnarled, yet tender as a woman's, strove to lift him to an easier attitude; woke and looked at him with a fixed semi-conscious stare.

"Ottilie!" he cried wildly, and suddenly brought back to grey reality stopped and clasped his head. There was in the old servant's hard and all but immutable face so wistful a yearning of kindred sorrow that, suddenly catching sight of it in the midst of his despair, the young man broke down and fell forward like a child upon that faithful breast.

"Courage, honored master," said Janos, "we will find her again."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Home in England once again, if home it can be called, this set of hired chambers, so dreary within, with outside the lowering fog and the unfamiliar sounds that were once so familiar. It is all strange, after eight years' exile; and the grime, the noise, the narrow limits, the bustle of this great city, weary me after the noble silence, the wide life, at Tollendhal.

It was with no lightening of my thoughts that I saw the white cliffs of old England break the sullen grey of the horizon, with no patriotic joy that I set foot on my native soil again, but rather with a heavy, heavy heart. What can this land be to me now but a land of exile? All that makes home to a man I have left behind me.

I hardly know why I have resumed the thread of this miserable story. God knows that I have no good thing to narrate, and that this setting forth, this storing, as it were, of my bitter harvest of disappointments, can bring no solace with it. And yet man must hope as long as life lasts; and the hope keeps springing up again, in defiance of all reason, that, somehow, some day, we shall meet again. Therefore I write, in order that, should such day come, she may read for herself and learn how the thought of her filled each moment of my life since our parting; that she may read how I have sought her, how I have mourned for her; that she may know that my love has never failed her.

This it is that heartens me to my task. Moreover, all else is so savorless that I know not how otherwise to fill the time. I have been here five weeks; there are many houses where I am welcome, many friends who would gladly lend me their company, many places where young men can find distraction of divers kinds and degrees; but I have not succeeded in bringing myself to take up the new life with any zest: I had rather dwell upon the past in spite of all its bitterness, than face the desolation of the present.

It was on the third day of the great storm that the pen fell from my hand at Tollendhal, and for four and twenty hours more that self-same storm raged in violence. One word of my old servant's had brought me on a sudden to a definite purpose. I was full of eager hope of tracing her, of finding her, once it were possible to start upon the quest. For the gale which kept me prisoner must have retarded her likewise; and even with two days' start, I told myself she could not have gone far upon her road.

But I reckoned without the difficulties which the first great snowfall of the year, before the hard frost comes to make it passable for sledging, was creating for us in these heights where the drifts fill to such depth. Day and night my fellows worked to cut a way for me down to the imperial road; and I worked with them, watched, encouraged them, and all, it seemed, to so little purpose that I thought I should have gone mad outright. The cruel heavens now smiled, now frowned, upon our work, so that, between frost and thaw and thaw and frost, the task was doubled, and my prison bars seemed to grow stronger instead of less.

In this way it came to pass that it was full ten days from the time that she had left Tollendhal that I was at length able to start forth in pursuit.

My first stage was of course to the castle of the old Countess Schreckendorf, where I found the place well-nigh deserted, its mistress having been, even as I had been informed, a fortnight dead and buried. But there was a servant in charge of the empty, desolate house, and from her I gleaned tidings both precise and sufficient.

The Princess had remained quietly at Schreckendorf during the weeks which had followed upon my marriage, but on the day previous to our return to Tollendhal from the shooting-lodge, a couple of couriers had arrived at the Countess's gates close upon the other, bringing, it would seem, important letters for the Princess, who had been greatly agitated upon receipt of them. She had hastily despatched a mounted messenger to my wife, whether with a private communication from herself or merely to forward missives to her from her own home I know not; but at any rate the papers which Ottilie had hidden from me that fatal day were brought here by this man. After she left Tollendhal a few hours later, my wife had arrived at Schreckendorf in a peasant's cart. That same evening two travelling coaches, bringing ladies, officers, and servants, had made their appearance at the castle; it was one of these coaches which went to the stronghouse next morning and bore away Ottilie's belongings. In the afternoon the whole party, including my wife, had set forth in great haste for the north, despite universal warning of the gathering storm. There could be no doubt but that their destination was Lausitz, most probably the Residence itself, Budissin.

When I had ascertained all this I promptly decided upon my course. Taking with me Janos only, I instantly started for the next post-town, where we were able to secure fresh horses, and whence we pushed on the same night some twenty miles farther.

Not until the sixth evening, however, despite our extraordinary hard travelling, did we, mounted upon a pair of sorry and worn-out nags, find ourselves crossing the bridge under the towered gates of Budissin. That was then the sixth day from the date of my wife's flight.

(To be Continued.)

NATAL OPERATIONS.

Three Thousand Killed; Two Thousand Prisoners.

A London despatch says: Under Colonial Secretary Churchill imparted to the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon the official reply to the Government's inquiries in the alleged atrocities perpetrated on the wounded ulus in Natal during the operations against the rebel chief Bambaata. According to a telegram from the Governor of Natal, 3,000 natives were killed throughout the operations and 2,000 were made prisoners, including the wounded. The Natal Government had no information about wounded natives being killed by the native levies. The telegram confirmed the official version of Bambaata's head being cut off for identification, owing to the decomposition of the rest of the body and of its being subsequently buried with the latter.

MR. BEIT'S MILLIONS.

Various Estimates on the Size of His Fortune.

A London despatch says: Those who are really in a position to give authoritative information regarding the amount of the fortune of the late Alfred Beit, the South African financier, and the terms of his will, have not yet given it to the newspapers. Estimates from $125,000,000 to $625,000,000 have been published, but it will probably be found when the terms of the will are given out that Mr. Beit's fortune was somewhat below $50,000,000. About one-third of this amount, it is expected, will be bequeathed to national purposes in Great Britain and South Africa, mainly of an educational character. Mr. Beit had several married sisters in Germany and Austria, and presumably they, as well as his mother and brother, will inherit considerable amounts.

CHILD KICKED TO DEATH.

Revolting Case of Cruelty Revealed at a Coroner's Inquest.

A Montreal despatch says: The Coroner's jury which investigated the death of the two-and-a-half-year-old child of John Dobuck, a Polish family residing at Point St. Charles, has rendered a verdict of murder, and the step-mother is accused of the crime. The medical testimony was to the effect that the child had ben kicked to death, seven of its ribs having been fractured. The step-mother, who disappeared before the crime was discovered, is still at liberty, although the police have been looking for her for a couple of days.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 24.—The first of Ontario flour from the new crop for August delivery, was at $3 for export. Wheat prices are firmer, following Chicago.

Flour — Ontario — 90 per cent. patents, old crop are quoted at $3.05 to $3.10, buyers' bags, for export. Manitoba — Unchanged; $4.40 to $4.60 for first patents, $4 to $4.10 for seconds, and $3.90 to $4 for bakers'.

Bran — Ontario — Very dull at $15 to $16.50 in bulk, outside; short, scarce at $17.50 to $18.

Wheat — Ontario — 78c to 79c for No. 2 red and white, outside; spring, 74c to 75c; goose, 73c to 74c.

Wheat — Manitoba — Quotations for delivery at lake ports are firmer at 85½c for No. 1 northern; No. 2 northern, 83½c.

Oats—38c to 38½c outside for No. 2.

Rye—62c to 64c outside.

Barley—49c to 51c outside for No. 2.

Peas—80c to 82c outside.

Corn—American No. 2 yellow, 59½c to 60c, Ontario points.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter — Inferior grades of butter continue to come forward freely, while prices are about steady, with a firm tone for the better grades.

Creamery prints	20c to 21c
do solids	19c to 20c
Dairy prints	16c to 18½c
do pails	17c to 18c
do tubs	17c to 18c
Bakers'	16c to 17c

Cheese — At 12½c to 12¾c for job lots here.

Potatoes — Prices are unchanged at $1 for Ontario and $1 to $1.10 for Quebec.

Baled Hay — Quotations unchanged at $10 per ton for No. 1 timothy in car lots on track here. Mixed, $7.50.

Baled Straw — At $5.50 to $6 per ton for car lots on track here.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, July 24. — Grain — Prices for oats show no change. Car lots of No. 2 white were quoted at 43c, No 3 at 42½c, and No. 4 at 41½c per bushel, ex-store.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat, $4.60 to $4.70; strong bakers', $4.10 to $4.20; winter wheat patents, $4.30 to $4.40; straight rollers, $3.90 to $4.10; do in bags, $1.85 to $1.90; extras, $1.40 to $1.50.

Millfeed — Manitoba bran, in bags, $16 to $17; shorts, $20 to $21 per ton; Ontario bran in bags, $15.50 to $16; shorts, $20.50 to $21; milled mouille, $21 to $25 per ton, and straight grain, $28 to $29.

Rolled Oats — Prices unchanged at $2.25 per bag; cornmeal is slow of sale at $1.40 to $1.45 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, $9.50; No. 2, $8 to $8.50; clover, mixed, $7 to $7.50, and pure clover, $6 to $6.50 per ton in car lots.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, $24; half barrels do., $12.50, clear fat back, $23.50; long cut heavy mess, $21.50; half barrels do., $11.25; dry salt, long clear bacon, 12¼c to 12¾c; barrels plate beef at $13.50; half barrels do., $7.25; barrels heavy mess beef, $11.50; half barrels do., $6.25; compound lard, 7¾c to 9¼c; pure lard, 12c to 12½c; kettle rendered, 12½c to 14c; hams, 14¾c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16½ to 17c; Windsor bacon, 16½c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, $11; alive, $8 per cwt.

Eggs — Prices firm, being 17c and perhaps more for straight gathered stock when fine, and about the same for No. 1 candled. Selects are selling around 20c. Poor quality of straight gathered are not wanted, and some are offering at 16c and even less.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, July 24.—Flour—Dull. Wheat—Spring dull; No. 1 Northern, 83¾c. Corn—Stronger; No. 2 yellow, 58c; No. 2 corn, 56½c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white, 42c; No. 2 mixed, 39½c. Canal freights—Steady.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, July 24. — Spot firm; No. 2 red, 83¾c elevator; No. 2 red, 84c f. o. b afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 88½c f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, 83½c f.o.b. afloat.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 24.—There was a moderately fair run to-day, and trade was comparatively brisk at steady prices.

Stockers and feeders—The common rough Eastern stockers are simply a drag on the market, as they do not seem to be wanted at all.

Lambs are firmer, and sheep about steady at recent quotations.

Hogs—The scarcity of hogs is still holding the market very firm.

Export—Extra choice, $4.75 to $5.10; medium export, $4.60 to $4.65.

Good short-keep feeders, $4.50 to $4.60.

Heavy Feeders—Good and heavy feeders at $4.25 to $4.50.

Butchers — Choice picked butcher cattle, $4.50 to $4.70; medium heavy butchers at $4 to $4.35; mixed lots and cows at $1.75 to $3.50; fat cows, $3.50 to $3.60.

Light Stockers—$2.25 to $3.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Steady at $4 to $4.25.

Spring Lambs—6 to 7½c per lb.

Calves—Prices range from $3.50 to $5.50 each.

Hogs — Selects, $7.70; lights and fats, $7.45.

Milch Cows—Choice, $30 to $40 each; common, $17 to $20.

COLD STORAGE FOR FRUIT.

Department of Agriculture to Extend the Present System.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The Department of Agriculture proposes to extend its cold storage car service from dairy products to fruit. Several years ago the Government undertook to pay five dollars toward the cost of icing each car and to carry butter or cheese. This produced a demand for cold storage cars. Last summer an average of a hundred a day were used from July 1st to Sept. 15. It is expected the fruit men will find the cool cars an advantage in marketing their goods.

BEST CROPS YET.

Encouraging Telegram From West to Agriculture Department.

An Ottawa despatch says: Dr. Wm. Saunders, who is now on a tour of the West, telegraphs the Department of Agriculture as follows from Indian Head, Sask.:—

"I have seen crops in Manitoba and Saskatchewan to this point. Grain of all sorts, well headed, and generally very promising. Very fine fields of wheat seen throughout Manitoba. At the Experimental Farm, Brandan, the crops are all heavy, found some rust there. I found some rust on leaves, but none on stalks; no rust on oats or barley. Nearly all the grain crops seen in Saskatchewan are good, many of them, excellent. Wheat, oats, barley and peas on the Experimental Farm are very heavy; I think they are as good as have ever been seen here. No rust has been found on any of the cereals. A large excursion here on Friday of farmers from all points between here and Prince Albert and west to Moosejaw, all agree that crops of all sorts this year promise to be the best they have ever had."

ANOTHER BIG CAR ORDER.

C. P. R. Arranges for Sixty From Shops in Montreal.

A despatch from Montreal says: The remarkable list of orders by Canadian railways for rolling stock during the present year was added to on Friday by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which handed out instructions to the Angus shops to turn out at once 60 cars, aggregating in value $400,000. They are divided as follows: Five dining cars, twenty first-class, ten baggage and express, and twenty-five baggage cars for immigrant use in particular. Work was commenced to-day by the Angus shops on a C. P. R. order for two thousand freight cars, the order for which was given a few weeks ago. They are worth about $800 each, making a total of $1,600,000, or a grand total in the last two orders of $2,600,000.

BLACK SMALLPOX CASE.

Dr. Hodgetts Receives Disquieting Report From Powassan.

A despatch from Toronto says: A report to the effect that a case of what is termed "black" smallpox occurred last week at Powassan has been received by Dr. Chas E. Hodgetts, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health. It resulted fatally within three days, although every known remedy was used to save the victim's life. The case was immediately isolated by Dr. Porter and everyone exposed promptly quarantined. The patient was a traveler, and it is thought contracted the disease from someone who had only a mild attack. "It is often the case," said Dr. Hodgetts, "that what may be a slight attack on one constitution proves fatal to another."

MOOSE ARE PLENTIFUL.

Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests Receives a Report.

A Toronto despatch says: In the Thunder Bay districts reports are current that moose are becoming more plentiful than ever, and that the enforcement of the regular game laws are having a good effect. An evidence of the large number roaming about is the receiving of a letter by Mr. Aubrey White from Fire Ranger Murray, who states that during one of the latter's trips through the territory south and east of the Mattawan and south of the base line of Strange and Marquis Townships, 101 moose and 17 moose calves were sighted.

HOT SCOTCH.

Over One Million Gallons Destroyed in Dundee Fire.

A Dundee, Scotland, despatch says: One of the most destructive fires that ever occurred in Scotland started in this city on Thursday night in the bonded warehouse of James Watson and Co. It is estimated that damage to the amount of $1,500,000 has been done. The fire is still raging and other properties are burning, including the premises of Robertson and Co., distillers. Five acres of buildings are on fire, and over 1,000,000 gallons of whiskey have been destroyed.

GUELPH COLLEGE GROWING.

Government Will Erect Additional Buildings.

A Toronto despatch says: In connection with the granting of the contract for the extension of the Chemical Building at Guelph Agricultural College to Mr. S. F. Whitham, of Brantford, it is announced that the Government will build three or four more additional buildings to the college. These are erected in order to facilitate the work of this growing institution. The addition mentioned above will cost $10,700.

TUNNEL UNDER THE ST. CLAIR.

Toronto Man Said to Have Secured a Big Contract.

A despatch from Montreal says: M. J. Haney, of Toronto, it is reported, has secured a contract to build a tunnel under the St. Clair River for the Michigan Central Railway. The tunnel with approaches is to be about two miles long and to be built of piles laid in concrete.

FOR SUCCESSION DUTY.

Government Receives Cheque From Mrs. Cox's Executors.

A Toronto despatch says: The Provincial Treasury Department received on Friday a cheque for $29,500 from the executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Margaret Cox, wife of Senator Cox, the amount representing succession duties on the property left by Mrs. Cox.

AUTHORITIES IN TERROR

Uninterrupted Series of Murders and Conflicts in Russia.

EPIDEMIC OF ASSASSINATION.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The political barometer is again falling. The confusion which seems to have taken possession of the upper spheres since the efforts to form a coalition Ministry failed, coupled with the alarming reports from the interior and the attitude of Parliament, make almost anything possible. There has been a marked renewal of apprehension that the crisis may end in a coup d'etat against Parliament. The assassinations of Vice Admiral Chouknin and General Kozloff, the discovery that behind the murder of the General was a big plot to kill not only General Trepoff, but Prince Putiatin and other courtiers, and the general epidemic of assassination, which has terrorized not only the local autnorities, but even the police, together with the wild destruction of property by the peasantry in half a dozen provinces during the last few days, have again strengthened the small part of the court which believes in restoring to "extreme measures." The adoption by the lower House of Parliament of an address to the country will, it is feared, place in the hands of the reactionists the needed lever to move his Majesty. M. Petrajitski vainly warned the lower House on Tuesday of the seriousness of the proposed step, but the majority of the Constitutional Democrats, of which party he is a prominent member, seem to be convinced that they must hold the peasants at all hazards. The members of the extreme left seemed to court a fight, preaching open revolution from the rostrum. The Novoe Vremya, which often reflects the views of the court, says that the adoption by the lower House of an address to the country would go beyond the jurisdiction of Parliament, and virtually constitute an appeal from the Government to the people. The paper adds: "With its adoption Parliament would cross the Rubicon, abandon its professed policy of trying to restrain the country, and instead of pacifying it, deliberately pour oil on the flames."

BAD NEWS FROM INTERIOR.

Despatches from the interior continue to tell without interruption stories of the burning of manor houses, robberies, murders, collisions between peasants and rural guards, and the hurried despatch of troops here and there. The centre of the peasants' uprising is Voronezh Province, where the peasants in their mania for the destruction of property do not discriminate between friends and enemies, as evidenced by the complete devastation of the estate of M. Kokoshkine, one of the most prominent Constitutional Democrats in the lower House. Wednesday's reports describe the situation in that province as "hopeless," from the standpoint of the landlords. The situation is almost as bad in Poltava and Smolensk Provinces. In Tambov Province eighty peasants are reported to have been killed or wounded by dragoons.

THREATENED COL. MINN.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: It is reported that some of the soldiers of the Seminovsky guard regiment have served notice on their commander, Colonel Minn, that they intend to kill him at the first opportunity for forcing them to murder their fellow-citizens during the Moscow revolt, and that Minn, in fear of his life, fled from the camp at Kransnoyeslo.

KOZLOFF'S ASSASSIN.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The assassin of General Kozloff of the headquarters staff, who was murdered in the English Park at Peterhof on Saturday last, has been identified as one Lett, belonging to an organization the members of which have sworn to kill General Trepoff, General Prince Putiatin and 13 other persons intimately connected with the court. The assassin was chosen by lot.

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

A despatch from Hamburg, Germany, says: Toward the end of last week Grand Duke Vladimir received an urgent, unsigned letter telling him to beware of travelling along the Treves route on Sunday. This communication was placed in the hands of detectives and the Grand Duke decided to postpone his journey. It was also handed to the railroad officials, who secured the line with the result that a dynamite cartridge with a fuse attached to the line was found on the Coblenz-Treves section of the road. The indignation felt here is unbounded, as Grand Duke Vladimir is immensely popular, owing to his genial manner and cheerful ways with all he meets.

PEASANT DEPREDATIONS.

A despatch from Moscow says: A landlord, fleeing from Bobrov, in the Province of Voronesch, where a peasant uprising has taken place, has arrived here, and gives a frightful picture of the devastation. He describes the losses in the province as colossal. The troops are powerless to cope with the peasants who are marching in large bands, destroying practically everything. Not more than one-tenth of the estate are spared. The movement was started by the refusal of the landlords in the northern part of the Bobrov district to agree to an advance of wages to the farm women.

ESTATES SACKED DAILY.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The peasant war, which began in the Province of Voronezh, is spreading over the central provinces. Fifteen estates near the City of Voronezh have been burned by the peasant mobs since Sunday.

A strike of hired laborers a week ago was brutally suppressed by the Government forces. Enormous masses of peasantry then congregated and marched in a great column several miles in length to sack all the estates in the neighborhood. Troops arrived and tried to disperse the mob with volleys of musketry. Many hundreds of the peasants were killed and wounded, but the horde stubbornly refused to retreat. The approach of masses of peasants by other roads made the position of the troops untenable, and they retreated, leaving the estates defenceless. The Government has sent artillery to the scene.

The railway stations are packed with fugitives, and landlords and their families are camping by the roadsides.

A large landed proprietor named Drobovisky and his family wandered for days across the fields before they reached Voroneth.

TOWN A SEA OF FIRE.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Refugees from the Town of Syzran, which was burned on Thursday, describe the town as a sea of fire when they last saw it. The population of 33,000 fled to the fields. It was useless to think of attempting to extinguish the flames. It is known that many lives have been lost. Anonymous letters, in which the fire was threatened, declare that a holocaust would be better than the misery of the present despotism. The bulk of the population is in the surrounding fields, without food or shelter, many being violently insane. The loss of life in the catastrophe, which exceeded one hundred, was largely that of children.

MASSACRE OF JEWS.

A despatch to the London Tribune from St. Petersburg says that the Jews at Syzran are being massacred.

The Town of Syzran is still burning. The deaths are calculated at hundreds. There are immense fires also at Alathyn and Atkarsk. Hundreds of houses in each town have been destroyed. Thousands of persons are camping out. It is believed that all the fires are of incendiary origin.

EXILE FOR STRIKERS.

A despatch from Odessa says: Gen. Kaulbars, Governor-General of Odessa, issued a notice Friday warning all workmen on strike that if they fail to return to work by Monday they will be exiled. Every attempt to prolong the strike will be mercilessly suppressed.

BARLEY CUTTING BEGINS.

The Weather Continues Right for the Wheat.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The weekly crop report of the C. P. R. was issued on Wednesday, and is more comprehensive even than usual, as the company require accurate information on which to base preparations for handling the crop promptly. According to this report, the growth is good, the weather fine and warm, the wheat is all headed out and the prospect for a much better than average yield continues unimpaired.

Barley cutting began on Portage Plains on Thursday. The crop in eastern Manitoba is slightly further advanced than in the far west. No indications of rust are reported, but at Duck Lake blight has been noticed in a few cases.

In southwestern Manitoba the harvest is expected to begin during the first week in August, but there has been some damage by hail out there; around Pierson 700 acres were destroyed.

TICKET THIRTY YEARS OLD.

Honored by Steamship Company—Possessor to Cross Atlantic.

A despatch from Montreal says: It is seldom that a steamship company honors a ticket issued more than 30 years ago, and yet a case of this kind has just occurred. In May, 1875, when the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, from which the Allan Line was evolved, held sway, a Miss Robertson, of Glasgow, purchased a ticket from Glasgow to Quebec, with the intention of crossing the Atlantic. Circumstances arose, however, which prevented her coming, but she retained the ticket. Some weeks ago she conceived the idea of taking the trip, and, having the ticket in her possession, she had it forwarded to the Messrs. Allan, by whom it has been honored, and who have issued another ticket in its stead. The old ticket is regarded as a great curiosity.

ROUTE LINED WITH TROOPS.

King Alphonso and His Bride Go to San Sabastien.

A despatch from Madrid says: King Alphonso and Queen Victoria drove in an automobile on Wednesday from La Granja to San Sebastien, where they will pass the summer. The entire route was lined by gendarmes owing to the receipt of menacing anonymous letters, declaring that another attempt on the lives of their Majesties was imminent. The expulsion of Anarchist suspects from Spain continues.

STABBER SENTENCED.

Charge Against Galt Man Reduced to Felonious Wounding.

A Galt despatch says: The charge of attempt to murder was on Thursday reduced to one of felonious wounding, at the instance of the Crown Attorney, in the case of John Joseph Groves, who stabbed William West, hostler at the new Royal Hotel, on the 10th inst., in the course of an altercation. It was shown in evidence that West had provoked Groves by calling him names, and had also attacked him. The latter, who had a jackknife in his hand, retaliated, plunging the weapon eight times into West's body. He was convicted and sentenced to 18 months in the Central Prison by Judge Blake.