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C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

## The Price of Dishonor;

Or, The Lord of Verona's Disappointment

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd)  
De Lana and Giannotto moved in silence to the far end of the tent.

"Visconti is a fiend," said De Lana, with a gesture of revolt. "Santa Maria, I wish I had never seen this Della Scala. His face will haunt me."

Giannotto smiled. "Thou hast not been in Visconti's service long," he said, "and what have these things to do with us?" "But this is inhuman," returned De Lana. "Della Scala hath a winning face. I might have been a better man if I had sold my sword to him."

"This way, messers," said Ligozzi. "I will come to you presently." And the flap of the tent fell behind Visconti's messengers. Mastino sat, his head dropped into his hands.

"My lord—" Mastino raised his head and looked at him; his face was distorted, his eyes unaturally bright. "Give them their answer, my lord," said Ligozzi. "Every moment gives them a triumph. Send it now."

"Now," cried Mastino, hoarsely. "They gave me till to-night—surely, Ligozzi, they gave me till to-night." "Thou dost not need until to-night, my lord. Visconti asked thy honor."

"And offered me," said Della Scala slowly, "Isotta." Ligozzi looked at him with horror-struck; an awful thought was breaking on him.

Neither spoke for some moments, Ligozzi at last incredulously. "You cannot mean to accept?" Mastino was silent. "Oh no," cried Ligozzi, passionately. "You are not yourself. For the love of heaven let me go and tell them to depart."

And he started forward, but Mastino caught him by the arm. "Stay, Ligozzi; I command it." "Then you yourself will tell them? Oh, it is impossible that thou couldst fall!"

"Impossible!" Mastino rose with clenched hands. "I think it is impossible that I could let her die." Ligozzi looked at his changed face.

"The cities are not yours, my lord; the soldiers are not yours—would you be a traitor, Della Scala?" Mastino winced.

"I would save my wife," he muttered, his face turned aside. "Your wife? A woman?" cried Ligozzi. "Gian Visconti will burn in hell for tempting you, by all the saints, so will you, my lord, if you accept such terms."

Mastino was roused. The energy of Ligozzi broke the bonds of his dull agony. He turned, also passionately.

"Have I not prayed and implored for this—only this—her life and her return? Have I not sworn and vowed I would recover her—at any cost? Have I not warned them of it—and she shall not die! She shall not die! What care I for the cities! Did I not warn them? She shall not die!"

He fell to pacing the tent wildly, but Ligozzi stood in his place, bitter sorrow, deep anger in his face.

"Think what it means," he said, sternly. "I will not," cried Mastino. "I will be baited and hounded no more. What has their grudging help done for me? I tell thee I warned them, I would hold them as nothing when it came to saving her."

"Still, they trust you," returned Ligozzi. "Listen, Della Scala; I speak in the cause of honor—you shall hear, you shall know what it means, before you lend yourself to such a thing for love of a woman! It will give all Lombardy to Visconti, it will hand the burning of cities to the ground; it will mean the misery of half Italy; it will give a mad tyrant to rule over thousands who are at present free—it will send d'Este and Vincenzo to prison—to shame, misery, death perchance—it will strip Julia Gonzaga of everything—and is she not as young and fair and good as Isotta d'Este—and did she not trust you with her all? And yourself? What will it make you? What triumph will it not give Visconti to see you fall? Have you kept your name high so long to make it a byword now? Beyond redemption will you be dishonored, Della Scala—an outcast, a traitor—to hold a little fief at Visconti's pleasure, the mirth of your enemies, the scorn of your one-time friends."

Mastino broke into a wild exclamation. "I will hear no more! I will hear no more!" "I must warn you to save you," continued Ligozzi. "Against your-

self I will persuade you; my love cannot see you do this thing. Oh, remember yourself! A man, a prince; no hothead of a boy. This black offer will be the turning point and strengthen you. No man's cause is bettered by such means as this. All Italy will rise to cry shame on Visconti—heaven itself will turn against him and make you firm to overthrow him!"

"And Isotta!" said Mastino fiercely. "Isotta will be slain!" "She is one woman—how many as fair and good as she will perish if Della Scala betrays Lombardy! She is one woman against the fate of half Italy."

"She is my wife!" cried Della Scala, desperately; "that one woman is my wife! Thou hast forgotten!" "Forget it, too, my lord; for your own honor's sake, forget it!"

"Ligozzi, Ligozzi," whispered Mastino, "thou canst not mean it; deliver up to die by Visconti's hands the woman I—love!" "If they hanged her from the ramparts where I must watch her die, they should not move me," said Ligozzi, grimly. "But—by all the saints, I would take my revenge."

"Ay!" said Della Scala, bitterly. "But perchance it would not be given thee to take revenge—perchance thou wouldst fall lower and lower, and be crushed after all, and have gained nothing! Ah, Ligozzi, is this the beginning? Have I not pitched courage and high purpose, and honorable dealing and a righteous cause, against craft and cruelty and force? And to what end? Visconti triumphs. Always Visconti! What availed honor and faith when Visconti's cunning and Count Conrad's folly made the plans of weeks naught! Again, undaunted, I said I will succeed in the face of failure, I will succeed! What happened? Visconti had a handsome face; what mattered it his cause was bad? Again we failed! And what since! Half my men are dead against the walls of Milan! And now, am I to choose again what thou callest honor, am I to leave Isotta to die by his dishonoring hands—oh, canst thou think of it—and then be crushed at his leisure for all my reward? Am I so tied by tradition as that? Does not Visconti fling all laws, all humanity, all honor to the winds—can I fight him within the bounds of a boy's code of honor? The time comes, Ligozzi, when such things hold me no longer—the soul thrusts them asunder and does what it must, regardless of the laws of men! I must save her. Here is my chance and, fair or foul, I take it. I cannot think of the welfare of unknown thousands; what are they to me? Cities pass under Visconti's rule and cities are snatched from him—am I responsible for the fate of Lombardy? Men fight, betray, deceive and lie for wealth, ambition, and revenge—and common folk pay the price—shall I consider it too closely if they suffer once in a case like mine? I tell thee, Ligozzi, I would hold it cheap to save her from Visconti with the misery of all Italy."

Ligozzi's eyes did not move from Della Scala's face. "Thou art striving to blind thyself, Della Scala. Oh, my lord," he resumed, "because others are dishonored will ye be so also? And what do ye say of common folk?—not common folk will ye sacrifice, but d'Este—"

"He has helped me half-heartedly—and is she not his daughter? Yet at a word from Visconti he would league with him behind my back," cried Della Scala.

"I do not think so," said Ligozzi, firmly. "But Julia Gonzaga, who trusted you—what have you to say to her?" "Naught!" cried Mastino, distracted. "Naught! save that I do not love her—let him who does look to her—as I will to Isotta!"

"And she?" said Ligozzi, resorting desperately to his last argument. "Will she not turn from the liberty bought at such a price? Is she not the daughter of a noble house? Has she not been taught to consider death preferable to dishonor—if she was asked, what would she not choose?" Mastino's breast heaved.

"Ah—but I cannot ask her. If I could—Ligozzi, if I could go to her and look into her eyes, and say 'I promised, give me back my promise, for only on terms thou wouldst spurn can I save thee, she would understand—she would die with a smile, as I should—and that I could do. But to let her die a slow death—a dishonored death! Wilt thou remember it is Visconti? His lies in her ears—knowing nothing to my struggles! thinking herself forsaken, yet hoping against hope, and ever coming to her belief I would not let it be, till one-

day it was! Ah! I cannot do it! I cannot do it!" He threw himself on the chair again and hid his face. "She loves me," he said, brokenly. "It seems strange, Ligozzi—that she should care—for me. God knows, I am clumsy and uncouth compared to those she had around her—and yet she chose me. 'While thou art alive I fear nothing,' were the last words I heard her say, and I shall leave her to curse the day she met and trusted me to save her from the villain. What commonest fool soldier I have would leave the woman that he loves to die Visconti's way! Ah, heaven have mercy! For what crime is this a punishment?"

"Then you will accept these terms for her release?" said Ligozzi. "I will plead with you no more, my lord—only, if you do this thing, I who am your faithful servant, I, who ever loved and worshipped you, can serve you no longer—it is too terrible a thing—I cannot stay and see it done!"

Mastino's head was bent forward, his hands clenched so tightly that the flesh was broken, his whole attitude so hopeless in its agony that Ligozzi feared for his reason. "Oh, my lord!" he cried, passionately, and flung himself on his knees by Mastino's side. "Oh, my dear, dear lord! Thou wilt choose the noble part, I know! Thou wilt not let Visconti triumph, for this is all a devilish plot to make thee dishonored, to make thee betray thy trust—foil him—say no!"

Mastino made no answer, and Ligozzi too lapsed into silence, rising from his knees softly. How hot it was, how hot! Ligozzi felt dizzy—he wished the sun would cease blazing down—he wished Della Scala would move—he wished he could persuade him! Mastino raised his head.

"Bring them back," he said slowly. "I will see them now." Ligozzi's heart beat high. "He has won—over himself at least he has a victory!" he thought—but looking on Della Scala's haggard face, he ventured no speech.

Mastino sat erect—his hands on the table in front of him, his eyes on the floor. Visconti's envoys entered. Giannotto, glancing at Mastino and then at Ligozzi keenly, saw that there Visconti had an adverse advocate. But the strained silence on them all was hard to break. They were uneasy, like men before a great grief, or in the presence of one about to die—it was difficult to treat the matter as an ordinary one, or to ask a decision from that tortured man before them.

Even Giannotto's heart failed him, and he stayed near the entrance, abashed and afraid, but with a fear different from that with which he frowned upon Visconti. Visconti's moods and motives he could understand—to some extent they were his own, one his own level,—but this man—some things were beyond the Duke of Milan's secretary, and for the first time in his life he felt it. Mastino himself broke that hideous silence; a little affectionate movement Ligozzi laid his hand on his master's arm as if to strengthen him.

"I have considered," said Della Scala, in a hard voice. He paused a moment, but a moment only. "I have considered, and my answer is: I will accept Visconti's terms—my wife against the towns." "Oh, dear lord!" breathed Ligozzi. "It was the only sound; the Milanese were silent, almost as if they too winced to hear the words. Mastino rose, with defiance in his burning eyes.

"I accept—every city in my hands, every soldier—all—against my wife—I accept Visconti's terms." Ligozzi's hand had dropped from his shoulder, the clink of metal was heard through the heavy silence, without a word he stepped forward and laid his sword on the table before the Prince, then turned towards the entrance.

"Ligozzi!" cried Mastino, incredulously. "Not thou, Ligozzi—not thou, my friend!" He held out his hand imploringly, regardless of the eyes upon him. Ligozzi stopped and turned, answering Della Scala's wistful look by one of bitter scorn and pain.

"I had that sword from an honorable Prince—I go to weep that I should have to return it to a traitor!" "Ligozzi!" Mastino staggered, his extended, rejected hand fell against his side. "Thou might'st have spared me that before these—for the sake of the old days—Ligozzi," he said, steadying himself. Ligozzi did not turn; with a hard face he walked across the tent—without a look back, without a word or a sign, he was gone.

Mastino watched his only friend depart, with straining eyes, as if then he covered for a moment as if he shut out what they had seen. But the next moment he turned proudly to the messengers. Giannotto was alone. The soldier, De Lana, had vanished.

Mastino started forward with a cry, but the secretary interposed; "My lord," he said smoothly, "our duty is our duty. There is no harm intended, there shall no harm be done, but of what value is your consent if your Lord Visconti's terms, if your friend should speak of it? Mastino fell back. A swift beginning. "Your lady's safety, my lord,"

said Giannotto, "depends on your friend's silence. He has left his sword. There will be no bloodshed." There was a silence, then Mastino looked up and spoke hoarsely. "Begone! and take my answer to Visconti. I accept and will carry out his terms; my wife against the towns."

"Only remember, my lord," and the secretary smoothed his hands together nervously, "any attempt on Milan, any movement on your part, and the offer is null and void and the Duchess dies."

"Begone!" screamed Mastino, "take my answer and begone!" Giannotto turned and went softly from the tent.

It was done—it was done—beyond redemption had he fallen; he had chosen—there was no turning back. Mastino della Scala sat alone and stared in the face of what he had done. These few moments were his; then he must go and lie to his officers, deceive his men, weaken his towns, destroy his forts—prepare to place them in Visconti's hands. He must send false messages to the Estes and to Julia Gonzaga—lie and deceive and betray! But he had saved his wife from Visconti—his wife—Isotta.

Outside he heard familiar voices, officers and men; his Venetian, still glad to trust his leadership; and he was to betray and trick them into shame.

"Can I carry it through, can I go forth with a calm face and lie to them—my soldiers!" he cried in agony. "But her life—her dear life—her more than life—hangs upon my falsity!"

He thought of the beautiful free towns of Italy; his Verona he had rescued once; proud Ferrara; Mantua that had never felt any yoke but that of the Gonzagas; Pavia; all the highly fair towns that had scorned Visconti. What would Visconti's vengeance on them be! Mastino could hardly believe he had done this thing. Yet, were the choice given again, he would choose the same—he would choose the same!

The sultry breeze blew back the opening, showing the deep blue sky and near-lying tents; a company of soldiers galloped by carrying the standard of Verona—the ladder of the Scaligeri.

How soon would that banner be torn from the walls of Verona and the Viper take its place? "My city!" cried Mastino, "my city!" and his head sank forward on his out-thrown arms, while his shoulders heaved with sobs.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD'S MARKETS  
REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.  
Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

BREADSTUFFS.  
Toronto, June 29.—Flour—Ontario wheat 90 cent. patents, \$5.30 to \$5.40 to-day in buyers' sacks outside for export, and at \$5.40 on track, Toronto. Manitoba flour, first patents, \$6.20 to \$6.40 on track, Toronto; second patents, \$5.50 to \$6, and strong bakers', \$5.65 to \$5.75 on track, Toronto.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.35 Georgian Bay ports; No. 2 at \$1.33, and No. 3 at \$1.31. Ontario wheat—No. 2, \$1.35 outside.

Barley—60 to 62c outside. Oats—No. 2 Ontario white 59c on track, Toronto, and 55c to 56c outside. No. 2 Western Canada oats, 60c, and No. 3, 59c Bay ports.

Peas—prices nominal. Rye—No. 2, 74 to 75c outside. Buckwheat—No. 2, 70c outside. Corn—No. 2 American yellow, 82 to 82c on track, Toronto, Canadian yellow, 76c outside, and 79 to 80c on track, Toronto.

Bran—Ontario, \$21 in bulk outside. Manitoba, \$23 to \$23.50 in sacks, Toronto freights; shorts, \$24.50 to \$25, Toronto freights.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Apples—\$4 to \$5 for choice qualities, and \$3 to \$3.50 for seconds. Beans—Prime, \$2.20 to \$2.25, and hand-picked, \$2.40 to \$2.45 per bushel.

Maple syrup—55c to \$1 a gallon. Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$12.60 to \$13 a ton on track here, and lower grades at \$9 to \$10 a ton. Straw—\$7.50 to \$8 on track.

Potatoes—Car lots, 80 to 85c per bag on track. Poultry—Chickens, yearlings, dressed, 14 to 15c per lb; fowl, 10 to 11c; turkeys, 16 to 18c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.  
Butter—No. 1 prints, 20c to 21c; tubs and large rolls, 18 to 19c; inferior, 15 to 16c; creamery, 23 to 24c, and separator, 21 to 22c per lb. Eggs—19 to 20c per dozen.

Cheese—Large cheese, old, 14 to 14c per lb, and twins, 14c to 14c. New quoted at 12c for large, and at 12c for twins.

HOG PRODUCTS.  
Bacon, long clear, 12c to 13c per lb, in case lots; mess pork, \$23 to \$23.50; short cut, \$23.50 to \$24. Hams—Light to medium, 5c to 5c; do, heavy, 14 to 14c; rolls, 12c to 13c; shoulders, 11c to 12c; back, 17c to 18c; breakfast bacon, 13c to 17c.

Lard—Tierces, 14 to 14c; tubs, 14c to 14c; pails, 14c to 14c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.  
Montreal, June 29.—Grain—Oats—No. 2 Canadian Western, 60 to 60c; extra No. 1 feed, 59c to 60c; No. 2 Canadian Western, 58c to 59c.

Barley—No. 2, 72c to 74c; Manitoba feed barley, 67c to 68c; Buckwheat—60c to 70c. Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$6.30 to \$6.50; do., seconds, \$5.80 to \$6; Manitoba strong bakers', \$6.60 to \$6.75; winter wheat patents, \$6.75; straight rollers, \$6.50 to \$6.60; do., in bags, \$3.15 to \$3.20; extra, in bags, \$2.65 to \$2.80. Feed—Manitoba bran, \$22 to \$23; do., shorts, \$24 to \$25; pure grain moulle, \$23 to \$25; miked moulle, \$28 to \$30. Chesters—Westerns, 11c to 12c, and easterns at 11c to 11c. Butter—Finest creamery, 23 to 23c. Eggs—18c to 19c per dozen.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.  
Chicago, June 29.—Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.50 to \$1.55; No. 3 red, \$1.35 to \$1.40; No. 2 hard, \$1.25 to \$1.30; No. 3 hard, \$1.20 to \$1.25; No. 1 Northern, \$1.30 to \$1.32; No. 2 Northern, \$1.25 to \$1.28; No. 3 Spring, \$1.17 to \$1.25. Corn—No. 2, 73c to 73c; No. 2 white, 75 to 75c; No. 2 yellow, 73c to 74c; No. 3, 73 to 73c; No. 3 yellow, 73c to 73c; No. 4, 71c to 72c. Oats—No. 2 white, 57c; No. 3 white, 51c to 51c; No. 4 white, 50 to 51c; standard, 50c.

Minneapolis, June 29.—Wheat—July, \$1.27 to \$1.27c; Sept., \$1.05 to \$1.05c; Cash, \$1.05 to \$1.05c; No. 1 Northern, \$1.25 to \$1.25c; No. 2 Northern, \$1.27 to \$1.27c. Flour—First patents, \$6.20 to \$6.50; second patents, \$5.25 to \$5.75; second clears, \$5.35 to \$5.85. Bran—In bulk, \$22 to \$22.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.  
Montreal, June 29.—Prime beefs sold at 6 to 6c per lb.; pretty good animals, 4c to 5c; common stock, 2c to 4c per lb. Milch cows from \$25 to \$55 each, most of the sales being at from \$35 to \$45 each. Calves, from \$2.50 to \$10 each. Sheep at 4c per lb.; lambs from \$3.75 to near \$6 each. Good lots of fat hogs sold at 8c to 8c per lb.

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Toronto, June 29.—Exporters' of

## KILLED IN A COAL MINE

### Seventeen Miners Suffocated or Burned to Death in Pennsylvania Mine.

A despatch from Wehrum, Penn., says: As the result of an explosion of gas in mine No. 4 of the Lackawanna Coal & Coke Company, shortly after 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning, seventeen miners were killed and sixteen injured. With the exception of one of those killed, they are foreigners. Just what caused the explosion has not been ascertained, but it probably resulted from an accumulation of gas.

The few men who escaped from the mine were burned and blackened, indicating that the force of the explosion was heavy. None of them

was in condition to give details, but from one it was learned that the explosion seemed to strike every portion of the mine simultaneously.

As soon as it was known that an accident had occurred at the mine, the greatest excitement prevailed both at the mine and in the little hamlet, a short distance away. Wives, mothers, sisters, and brothers rushed to the mouth of the mine tearfully imploring some news as to the fate of their loved ones. A number of the foreign women, screaming and crying, tried to rush into the dark pit of death.

the prime variety sold as high as \$6.55, and ordinary loads were firm at \$6 to \$6.40. The supply of butchers' fell far short of the demand and prices rose accordingly. The finest grades of this class were firm at \$5.50 to \$5.80; ordinary good loads selling freely at \$5 to \$5.25. Cows were in strong demand and took a rise of 15 to 20c. Stockers and Feeders—Steady demand, but supply short. Milk and Springers—Good milkers and near springers wanted. Sheep lambs—Easier, except for 8c for 9c per lb. Hogs—Selects quoted at \$7.75 f.o.b., and \$8, fed and watered.

EXTEND MEAT INSPECTION.  
Packers Urge Upon Government That Local Dealers be Included.  
A despatch from Ottawa says: The extension of the meat inspection provisions to local meat business and compensation for animals condemned and seized were urged before Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Sydney Fisher on Wednesday morning by a deputation which included representatives of Blackwell and Flavell, Toronto; Laing & Co., of Montreal; Matthews, of Ottawa; Hatton, of Collingwood; Fearman, of Hamilton, all big firms doing both interprovincial and export business. The delegation declared that the provisions of the pure food act to which they were subjected should be extended by Provincial legislation to local butchers and packers who do business in a single Province only and are therefore not subject to the Dominion act. Sir Wilfrid and Hon. Mr. Fisher were urged to use their influence with the Provincial Legislature to have local pure food legislation similar to the Dominion act. The Ministers promised to use their influence to have the request carried out.

FOUGHT THE RAILWAY.  
Mr. Dodd Built Wire Fence Across Track and is Now in Jail.  
A despatch from Yorkton, Sask., says: E. Dodd, a farmer in this locality, who has opposed the C. P. R. running through his farm, ever since the road was constructed, built a wire fence across the track on Tuesday, and he is now in a cell charged with obstructing a train. When the line was under construction Dodd held up a gang at the point of a loaded gun for several days, until restrained by the police.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.  
Great Britain and Germany Have Nothing Under Discussion.  
A despatch from London says: Foreign Secretary Grey, in the course of a speech here on Wednesday night, said there was nothing under discussion between Germany and Great Britain at the present moment which was liable to create difficulties between the two countries, nor was there anything in the innermost deliberations of the British Government which was likely to cause anxiety to Germany.

CHICAGO'S AUTO SLAUGHTER  
Machines Killing Three Persons Every Two Weeks.  
A despatch from Chicago says: Automobiles are killing Chicagoans this year at the rate of three persons every two weeks. In 1907 the slaughter was one person every three weeks, according to police statistics.

EXPANSION OF "800" WORKS.  
First Steel Made in the Open Hearth Furnace.  
A despatch from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., says: Mr. W. C. Franz, manager of the Lake Superior Corporation, in an interview stated that the new No. 3 open hearth furnace made its first steel on Wednesday. The foundation work on No. 3 blast furnace has been started and it is expected that in two weeks time work will be commenced on the new structural mill, which will include all requirements for making structural steel. The making of steel in the new open hearth furnace on Wednesday brings to successful culmination the first improvement under the new management, that is, since English capital was introduced into the concern. Mr. Franz said it would take about a year to complete the blast furnace and about seven months to have the structural steel mill in operation.

RECIPROCITY CLAUSE KILLED  
No Free Trade in Coal Between Canada and the United States.  
A despatch from Washington says: Rather unexpectedly to itself the Senate late on Wednesday concluded its consideration of the coal schedules. The Finance Committee through Mr. Aldrich reported an amendment fixing the duty on bituminous coal and shale at sixty cents per ton; on coal slack or culm, at fifteen cents per ton; coke and compositions used for fuel at twenty per cent ad valorem. A drawback equal to the duty is allowed vessels in the foreign trade.