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Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 17. NO. 11. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905. C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The Fair Captives

OR

THE SECRET CABINET

CHAPTER LXI.

Here he places her gently on her feet, but still with his arm round her, and, always in perfect silence, they grope their way to the road, where he finds the carriage waiting.

Having carefully placed her in the carriage, and covered her with furs to try and restore some warmth to her chill frame, he seats himself beside her, and the short drive home is commenced. At last the house is reached. Always holding her hand, he assists her out of the carriage, and leads her into the hall—the door standing wide open. No servants meet them, and drawing her with quick impetuous steps into the room on their right hand, he deliberately closes the door behind them.

A brilliant fire is blazing on the hearth, and three or four lamps are burning cheerily. For the first time releasing her, he unfastens her cloak and hood and flings them on the ground. Laying his hands on her shoulders he turns her more directly to the light.

"Speak!" he says in a hoarse tone. He is ghastly pale, white as the death from which he has just now so narrowly escaped, and across his right temple there is a slight streak of blood, still wet.

"Speak!" says he again, and now the word is command.

The strain of the past terrible hours has been too severe, and now she sinks beneath it. She bursts into tears.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

In a moment his arms are around her, crushing her against his heart.

"Darling, darling!" whispers he softly. "I am too happy! I do not know what to say. I cannot speak." And then again, "May I kiss you?"

He does not wait for permission, but presses his lips to hers.

When a few minutes have gone by he speaks again.

"Was it lately!" he asks.

"I don't know. I shall never know. I can't remember when it began. But——" she pauses, and stirs, restlessly yet happily. "I think it must have been always—always," she repeats.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," says he presently, with a half-laugh; "I used to think I had so much to say to you and now there is nothing. It is the great change, I think; the reaction from utter, horrible hopelessness, to such happiness as I believe no man has ever known before. I suppose it is enough for me to see you—to hold you here against my heart." Well, whatever comes after this I shall remain content—you love me?"

Something in his tone troubles her; she lifts her head, and regards him nervously.

"What is it?" she says.

"Listen to me, Vera. I shall not ask you to marry me. Not now, nor any other time. I shall not ask you to spoil your life. There is always this stain on me—that I am my father's son!"

"Stain! What stain? What has it got to do with you?" cries she indignantly. "Oh, do not speak to me like that! It makes me feel as if—you had not forgiven me. If there is a stain on you, it shall be on me, too. Surely you belong to me, and I to you! Oh, do not say you will not marry me!"

"But——" begins he.

"No, no, no, I will have no buts! Are you doing this to punish me? Ah, I know only too well how heartily I deserve it, but I hoped you would be generous enough to——"

"My darling, what folly! As if I ever had anything to forgive. But, seriously, Vera, have you thought all this out to the end? You cannot have forgotten——"

"I have forgotten nothing," interrupting him eagerly. "But what has it all to do with you and me? No one knows about it except Griselda and Tom, and even if they did—if the whole world were to shout it abroad I should not care. You would still be you."

"There are other things," he says; "you are now in a position to make a very distinguished marriage. People will remember that. I know how they regard you already."

"I know how I regard myself, as a robber—yes, a bare-faced thief. Come, see it in another light—say I don't love you at all, but that conscience has driven me into marrying you, just for the sake of restoring you your own property, which I meanly possessed myself of, some little time since."

"Oh, no," says he; "I wouldn't look at it in that light for anything. What! to think now, that your love wasn't mine! Do you believe I should live if I thought that?"

"Well, you needn't die," says she, "but are you going to condemn me to death—and all for a mere paltry touch of pride?"

"It isn't that, but I think you ought to consider things more than you do."

"I am going to consider you for the future, and nothing else," says Vera.

"Other people will consider for you, if you refuse to be sensible for yourself. Griselda——"

"Adores you!" triumphantly. "Sometimes, I confess, I have been jealous."

"Peyton——"

"Sings your praises from morning till night; that is why I am so fond of him."

"Lady Riversdale?"

"Pouf! If you can find nothing better to suggest than that, you are a doomed man. Why, she is your devoted servant; she has never forgiven me for having usurped your rights. Perhaps she will take me back into favor now!"

"You are determined then?" he says; "you will take me? Sweetheart, if you could only know how thankful I am to be taken!"

It is at this moment that Vera wakes to a certain fact.

"Your clothes are wet; you are positively drenched!" she cries in a tone of dismay. "Oh, why didn't I think of it before! Go away, go upstairs at once, and change everything on you. You will catch your death of cold!"

"Cold? I defy it," returns he radiantly. "My heart is warm enough to-night to conquer a second deluge. But you, darling," anxiously, "I should not have touched you, wet as I am, and all that exposure—that cold, terrible time on the beach—Vera, I implore, nay, I command you to take some wine, or a little brandy without delay."

"Go up to your room," says she imperiously; "I'll send you some brandy there. Command, indeed! Your turn has not come yet, let me tell you. It is I who shall command for a little while. Ah, there, do go. You know you said you oughtn't to touch me with that wet coat, and—yes—I'll promise to take some wine."

"You look very pale," says he apprehensively, releasing her.

"Do you know that we have had no dinner," says she, 'and it is now nearly half-past ten? Come, let us both get ready for it, though I suppose we shall have to call it supper, not that I think I could eat anything."

"When we see it we may," says Seaton. They go upstairs, hand in hand, like two little children.

"Don't be long!" entreats he, on parting with her at her doorway.

CHAPTER LXII.

In obedience to this ardent request, Vera makes short work with her toilette. And yet it is in a very marvel of a gown that she next makes her appearance—a gown far too lovely for a simple evening at home with only a cousin to entertain.

"Surely it was made for you only, madam," says her woman.

Downstairs, seeing him standing awaiting her, upon the hearthrug, she goes quickly to him with a charming accession of color, but no actual shyness.

"My beloved!" whispers he; "I never saw you dressed like this before, I always knew you were lovely, but now——"

"You have changed your mind?" says she gaily. "Come, this afternoon you refused to dine with me—to-night I lead you captive."

* * * * * *

He has gone down to the village next day, to keep his appointment with the fishermen, when Griselda, true to her promise to carry away Vera with her to her happy home at Girtonmore, makes her appearance.

"Was there ever such a night as last night?" exclaims she when she has tossed her hat on to a sofa; "it kept me awake half my time. When I wasn't dreaming bad dreams, I lay awake dying with fright, lest this old ruin was tumbling in—on top of you. It wasn't, however."

"No, it still uprears itself."

"Your spirits are better," says Mrs. Peyton; "you were down in your boots yesterday, you are up in a balloon to-day. One never knows how to expect you. Perhaps, that's what makes you so nice. That wreck last night must have upset you."

"It was awful!" returns Vera; "but five poor people were saved."

"By Seaton; so we have heard. It will be in all the papers to-morrow. I should think his undoubted pluck should melt even so determined a hatred as yours."

Vera blushed crimson.

"You're blushing," says Mrs. Peyton; "you are as red as fire—a sign of grace. After all, I believe I was right, and Seaton is not the demon you have always painted him."

"A demon! I don't think I ever called him a demon," murmurs Vera nervously.

"No, the word, as I recollect it, was even much stronger. But you know the veriest sinner unhung has his good point. Courage is Seaton's. Poor fellow! his life is so spoiled, that I dare say he was sorry the sea did not swallow him up, and put an end to his troubles."

"Why should you think that?" says Vera.

"Why shouldn't I? By-the-by, did you hear any particulars? Did you see him after the rescue?"

"Yes," in a rather constrained tone.

"Oh!" says Griselda. "Anything the matter, ducky? I never saw you look so queer before! That wreck, I suppose?"

"Yes, I dare say, to be there—watching—waiting—fearing lest every wave should swallow him—them. Oh! it was horrible!" she covers her eyes with her hands.

"Him?" repeats the astute Griselda firmly. "Vera, there is no use in your trying to deceive me. Something has happened; get it over at once. It will save time, and nothing else, as I shan't stir from this, until I hear all."

"But Griselda——"

"But me no buts. For one thing, you were on the spot watching lest the waves should swallow him. Where was the spot? The beach?"

"Yes," falters Vera.

"At that hour! And do you imagine, my good child, that I will believe that purely philanthropic feelings drove you out of a warm house in a storm that could have razed St. Paul's to the ground, merely to know how a ship in distress was faring? No, no, my Vera, there was something more."

"Well, what?" demands Vera.

"There was Seaton! And I verily believe——Oh, Vera, oh, darling, you are crying! Is it—can it be true that——?"

"Yes, it is true," says Vera.

"And when—when—did you know? When did it happen? It just arranges everything. And do you know all through I liked him, you will remember that?"

"And you," shamefacedly, "what do you remember? All the horrid things I said of him?"

"My dear, to credit me with such stupidity! Fancy any decent person now-a-days remembering anything that was best forgotten. But how did it all come about?"

"Oh, I don't know," coloring.

"Never mind. It was a mean question. Of course, I couldn't expect you to tell only——"

"I could tell you, if I could tell anyone—and you only," says Vera. "You see it was in this way. He was going out in the lifeboat with the other men to rescue these poor creatures, and I was down on the beach, and when I saw the raging sea, and then the frail few planks that stood between him and it and death, I—I—— Oh, Griselda, I thought I should have gone mad! And then somehow all at once I knew I knew everything. I knew that my pretended dislike had been but folly, though it was folly strong enough to deceive even myself for a long time, and that I loved him with all my heart."

"Yes, go on, it's beautiful!" says Griselda encouraging her largely. "I do like a real love affair; none of your wishy-washy sorts, but a bona-fide, stick-at-nothing romance! Well, you rushed forward, you threw yourself bodily upon him, and forbade him to tempt Providence, by rushing to a watery grave, when there was some one ashore to whom this particular sea-dog was——"

"I really think, Griselda, you—you needn't!" says Miss Dysart rather affronted. Mrs. Peyton laughs.

"You're so slow about it," she says; "a little push was all I meant. I thought it might help you on. Well, never mind! I can quite understand how you felt when you saw the sea on one hand and an idiot on the other."

"I don't think heroism should be called idiocy," says Vera rather coldly.

"It shouldn't be called so, of course. But, considering how matters stand, I for one should regard Seaton as an idiot if he had let himself be drowned last night."

"Well, he didn't," says Vera.

"No. That fact just barely saves him from my scathing sarcasm. Go on, Mrs. Dysart, I pine for the third volume. When you saw he would start in that unpleasant lifeboat, what did you do?"

"What could I do? Nothing, but wear my heart out till his return."

"What, nothing! And was that all that occurred to you—to sit down and grin and bear it? But I should like to know that you repent of your inaction at that supreme moment."

"No, I don't," says Vera indignantly. "Of course I know you are only amusing yourself, but still——"

"I'm not indeed. I seldom felt so solemn. If you like a man, isn't it better to demean yourself a bit rather than lose him forever? It's a large subject, I allow, and—— Well, let it go by for to-day, at all events. Darling girl, if I talked for ever I could not tell you how glad I am. I know he adores you, and there is something about him that assures me he will make you happy. "I need not ask, but I suppose he is quite another man now?"

"I think you would hardly know him," says Vera.

At this moment the door opens and Seaton enters the room. His first glance is for Vera. Griselda, regarding him keenly, admits the truth of Vera's last words. Truly, she would not have known him, so happily transfigured is the erstwhile melancholy face.

"Griselda has come to take me back with her to Gritonmore," says Vera flushing warmly.

"But not alone," says Griselda, "you will come with us, will you not? Tom will be more than pleased to welcome his new brother."

CHAPTER LXIII.

How sweet, how clear, how cool is the fresh spring wind. April is well begun, and a warm sunlight is no longer a novelty. At Graycourt, great openings in the old yew hedge have been cut, through which the delicate rays rush merrily upon the opening flowers within.

Vera, who has come out upon the terrace, and is now moving slowly down the garden feasting her eyes lovingly upon this exquisite scene. To-day, how different it is from the ocean she never can forget, with its wild white, raging surface; and yet to it, too, she bears no ill-will, for did it not give him back to her, in spite of all its seeming treachery? And to-morrow will be her wedding-day!

As Vera reaches the lowest terrace she sees Dysart come towards her from the wood.

A quick happy flush mounts to Vera's brow as she goes quickly forward, and gives her hand to Dysart.

"I thought you still in London," she says; "I did not think you would come down to The Friars until to-night, and I did not dare hope to see you until to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" says Dysart. He lifts her face and kisses her fondly.

"Oh, Seaton, the workmen," expostulates she," "don't you know they are everywhere!"

"Except here," says Seaton with a rather uselessly careful look around now, considering that the crime has been accomplished. He had indeed forgotten all about them. "I wanted to bring you these," bringing two or three jewel cases out of his pockets. "I thought, perhaps, you would wear them to-morrow."

"Oh, Seaton, how delicious!" cries she. "You extravagant boy, they must have cost a fortune!"

"I have only had them reset. They were my mother's," replies he.

"Ah, I thought there was a look about them one never sees in modern jewels," says she, and forthwith seats herself upon one of the stone steps, the better to admire her new treasures. "And if they look well now," cries she naively, "how will they look when I am en grande toilette?"

"I am glad you will wear them first upon your wedding-day," says he softly.

There is a pause whilst she is replacing them in their cases, and then—

"Do you remember, Vera, something you said about me very shortly after we first met? I have thought of it so often since."

"Well, don't think of it any more," says she.

"Why not? I don't mind thinking of anything now. You said you knew it would only take time to teach you to utterly detest me."

"Why do you remember that today of all days?"—her eyes are distinctly reproachful.

"Because I am rather proud of it than otherwise. You have had time and yet—you don't detest me, do you?"

"Oh, love," says she, "will you ever forgive me entirely, do you think? It seems to me that it must be impossible for you to do it. What madness possessed me in those days! All through, do you know, I believed I loved you, but so many things held me back."

"I don't regret it now," says he, "all I have gone through, all I have suffered——"

"Ah, I suffered too!"

"All we have suffered has only made this present happiness the sweeter. Perhaps I should not have reminded you of those past days just now, but, somehow, all my thoughts seem yours, I cannot keep anything back from you."

"Well, I defy you to make me sad to-day," says she with a little laugh. "Come, let us go to the end of the terrace and see what the men there are doing." They wander away in happy idleness to watch the workmen at their task, and scarcely have they done so, when Griselda trips lightly down the hilly path through the yew hedge to the gravelled walk below, closely followed by Tom Peyton.

"There's Vera!" cries she. "At last, and Seaton with her! Vera! Ve-ra! Here we are! Here I am! Aren't you glad to see us? After all, we were able to come quite early." By this time she is in Vera's arms. "And how are you, darling? No need to ask, Seaton is with you. How d'ye do, Seaton? I brought Tom, too, because he'd be sure to be late if he waited for to-morrow, and anybody late at a wedding puts everybody out so."

"It's very unfair," says Tom, in a melancholy tone. "I don't think I am such an unmitigated bore as she makes me out. I should certainly have been in time for your wedding, Vera, if I sat up all night to make sure of it. The fact is, she can't get on without me and so——"

"Never mind him," says Mrs. Peyton. "Well, and how does the trousseau go, Vera. Any chance of the wedding garment turning up in time? You know I always warned you against that woman. She is so ultra-fashionable that she thinks it her duty to disappoint two people at least in the year; and besides, she all but told Grace that——"

"That she certainly wouldn't disappoint me," interrupts Vera laughing. "If you go in and up to my room, you will find that spotless garment lying on my bed."

"It's come! It's on view! ye gods, and here have I been wasting my time!" cries Griselda. "Vera, you can follow if you will, but I for one can stay here no longer with such a temptation offered to me as a new wedding-gown."

"Wait, and I'll race you to the house," cries Peyton; "wait, can't you? Well, I do call that unfair." He puts forth his strength and soon overtakes her. "I think you needn't have done that," says he reproachfully.

"What?"

"Left me alone there with them."

"Why? Did they threaten you? molest you? show any desire to reduce you to powder?"

"They looked every bit of it; and they certainly gave me to understand that my room was, at all events, as good as my company. Spoony people have no manners; I thought the most ignorant knew that!"

But after all neither Vera not Dysart are thinking much about them.

"I suppose I must go in," says Vera reluctantly. "And you?"

"I must catch the next train back to The Friars. It seems too bad that I must leave you, but there is always a happy thought somewhere. To-morrow will come and than I shall never have to leave you again. Darling, sweetheart, forgive me the question, but—are you sure you love me?"

"I wish I was not so sure." returns she. "Do you know, that, as each morning comes, I——"

"Well, darling? As each day comes——?"

"I wonder how it was I didn't love you enough yesterday."

"Oh, Vera!" whispers he, straining her to his heart.

THE END.

The acreage of woods and plantations in the United Kingdom is 3,038,000.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Aug. 8.—Wheat—No. 2 white and red quoted at 85 to 86c outside, while new wheat for September delivery is quoted at 77 to 78c. Manitoba wheat is nominal at $1.10 for No. 1 Northern, Georgian Bay ports, at $1.06 for No. 2 Northern, and at 90c for No. 3.

Oats—No. 2 quoted at 40c at outside points.

Barley—No. 2 new quoted at 43 to 44c outside, and old at 46c outside.

Peas—No. 6 quoted at 73c outside, and milling peas at 75c.

Corn—American No. 2 yellow, 63½c and No. 3 yellow, 63c, lake and rail, Toronto.

Rye—Prices nominal.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are quoted at $4.15 to $4.25 in buyers' sacks east or west; straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade, in bbls., $4.50 to $4.65. Manitoba flours unchanged; No. 1 patents, $5.30 to $5.50; No. 2 do., $5.10 to $5.20, and strong bakers', $4.90 to $5 on track, Toronto.

Millfeed—At outside points bran is quoted at $11.50 to $12, and shorts at $18 to $19. Manitoba bran, in sacks, $17 and shorts at $19.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Choice stock, $2 per bbl.; cooking apples, $1 to $1.50 per bbl.

Beans—Prime beans sell at $1.65 to $1.75, and hand-picked at $1.75.

Hops—Choice lots quoted at 24 to 27c.

Honey—New at 6½ to 7c for strained, and at $1.50 to $1.75 per dozen, combs.

Hay—Car lots of No. 1 timothy are quoted at $8 to $8.50 on track here, and No. 2 at $6.50.

Straw—Car lots quoted at $6 on track, Toronto.

Potatoes—New are quoted in bbls. at $2.50, and at 75c per bushel.

Poultry—Chickens, 12 to 13c per lb.; turkeys, dry picked, 13 to 14c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound rolls are jobbing at 18 to 19c; tubs, good to choice, 16 to 18c; creamery prints sell at 21½ to 22c, and solids at 21½ to 22c.

Eggs—Ordinary stock sells at 17½c, and guaranteed fresh at 18½ to 19c per dozen; splits, 15c.

Cheese—Prices firm at 11¼ to 11½c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon, long clear, sells at 11 to 11½c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, at $16.50 to $17; short cut, $20.50 to $21.

Cured meats—Hams, light to medium, 13½ to 14c; do heavy, 13c; rolls, 11¼ to 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; backs, 15 to 15½c; breakfast bacon, 13½c.

Lard—The demand is fair, and prices unchanged. We quote:—Tierces 9¼c; tubs, 9¼c; pails, 9¾c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—Grain—Market for oats was steady at 48 to 48½c for No. 3 in store and 49 to 49½c for No. 2. Demand is light and so are stocks. Flour—Manitoba Spring patents, $5.40 to $5.50; strong bakers', $5 to $5.20; Winter wheat patents, $5.50, and straight rollers, $5 to $5.15 in wood; in bags, $2.40 to $2.50. Feed—Ontario bran, in bulk, at $14.50 to $15; shorts, $17.50 to $18.50; Manitoba bran, in bags at $15.50 to $16; shorts, $19. Beans—Choice primes, $1.75 per bushel; $1.65 in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $20 to $21 light short cut, $18 to $19; American cut clear fat backs, $18.50 to $19; compound lard, 5¾ to 6½c; Canadian lard, 9¼ to 9¾c; kettle rendered, 10½ to 11c; hams, 12, 13 and 14c; bacon, 13 to 14c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $10; alive, $7.25 for mixed lots, $7.50 for selects. Eggs—Straight stock, 17c; No. 2, 14c. Butter—Choicest creamery, 22½ to 23c; undergrades, 21½ to 22c; dairy, 18 to 20c. Cheese—Ontario, 11¼ to 11¾c; Quebec, 11½ to 11 3-16c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 8.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, $1.10 to $1.11; No. 2 Northern, $1.05 to $1.09; Sept. 84⅞c bid. Rye—No. 1, 60c. Barley—No. 2, 52c; sample, 40 to 50c. Corn—Sept., 54½c asked.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8.—Wheat—Cash, 81c; Sept., 81⅞c; Dec. 83⅞c.

Minneapolis, Aug. 8.—Wheat closed—Sept., 89⅞c; Dec., 87½c; No. 1 Northern, $1.07; No. 2 Northern, $1.04 to $1.05; No. 1 hard, $1.09. Flour—First patents, $5.95 to $6.05; second patents, $5.75 to $5.85; first clears, $4 to $4.10; second clears, $2.65 to $2.67. Bran—In bulk, $12.75 to $13.

KLONDIKE GAMBLERS.

One Man Lost Forty Thousand Dollars in a Week.

A despatch from Essex says:—Arthur Milne, who has been in the Klondike for the past eight years, was successful, and has invested in real estate in the vicinity of Calgary. He says the best kind of "pay dirt" in the Klondike is a hotel or gambling resort, both of which are thriving. The people have gone mad over gambling, the miners taking chances on anything. Large amounts are being lost. Just before he left a miner came in with $40,000 worth of gold. Within a week he had lost it all at the gambling tables, and had started back to the fields to make another fortune.

KILTIES FOR WINNIPEG.

Order of Scottish Clans Taking Steps to Form Regiment.

A despatch from Winnipeg says:—The Order of Scottish Clans is taking preliminary steps toward the formation of a Highland regiment for Winnipeg, and is arranging with other local societies for joint co-operation toward that end.

MUST REGISTER MARRIAGES

New Regulations That Will be Enforced by Registrar-General.

A Toronto despatch says: Hon. W. J. Hanna, through Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, has issued new regulations respecting the registration of marriages. There are between 18,000 and 19,000 marriages each year, and from 600 to 800 of these are not registered, while many are delayed, in some instances 15 months. Under the old regulations all licenses were held in the possession of the officiating clergymen, but under the new law these must be endorsed and forwarded to the department of the registrar-general. All marriages must be registered by official card, giving full details to the division registrar. Formerly the issuers of licenses retained the affidavits, but in future these will be filled out by the issuer on the back. Both affidavits and licenses will be placed on file in the department. Envelopes will be supplied to issuers of licenses for the return of information, and for the use of the clergyman officiating.

Some efforts will be made to have the marriage laws amended in the near future, to prevent the large number of objectionable marriages at border points.

TEMISKAMING RAILWAY.

Line to be Located to Juncion With Grand Trunk Pacific.

A Montreal despatch says: A session of the Temiskaming Railway Commission was held here on Wednesday, the chairman, Mr. C. B. Smith, and Mr. D. Murphy being present. After the meeting, it was announced that the line will be located to its proposed junction with the Grand Trunk Pacific, a distance of 275 miles. By next year 200 miles of road will have been completed. About 113 miles are being now operated by the commission. The traffic on the completed section, as well as the tourist travel, has been very large.

HAVOC OF WHITE PLAGUE.

Montreal's Death Roll From Tuberculosis.

A Montreal despatch says: Montreal's death roll from tuberculosis is a long one. Last year there were 692 deaths from this cause, 580 being due to consumption. When asked on Wednesday whether this figure was unusually high, Dr. Labergne, Medical Health Officer, said that while it was heavy, no comparison with preceding years was possible, as the taking of statistics in this regard was of recent inauguration. In the report of the Tuberculosis League for the year it is stated that investigation on the part of the league's officials has proved that the overcrowding of houses is a great factor in the growth and propagation of the fatal "white plague." Instances are given of the annihilation of almost entire families within the space of a few years.

ALBERTA CATTLE EXPORT.

9,000 Head Sent Out During the Month of July.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Cattle returns for Alberta for July show that 9,000 head were exported during the month. The estimated exports for August are put at 11,000. The export business showed signs of becoming freer, but reports of declining market are discouraging the shippers.

POPE HOMESICK

Anxious to Leave Vatican and Return to Venice.

A despatch from Rome says:—In Vatican circles it is asserted that the Pope is homesick. Members of his household say that he is showing signs of fretfulness and even a greater disturbance of his usual demeanor, owing to his longing for Venice, which overmasters him. It is believed he will leave the Vatican owing to this nostalgia and perhaps pay a visit to Venice, accompanied by his favorite niece, Gilda Parolin, betrothed to a Venetian nobleman, who, however, is without means. This news comes from an authoritative source, but it is certain that the majority of the cardinals will not allow the Pontiff to leave the Vatican.

SWEPT OVER THE FALLS?

Man's Upper Garments Picked up at Suicides' Point.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N. Y., says:—It seems highly probable that a Paterson, N.J., man has gone down to death over the American Falls, for early on Wednesday afternoon Officer Thomas Wilson, of the State Reservation force, picked up a man's coat and vest at what is known as "Suicides' Point" in Prospect Park. The garments are a mixture of light and dark blue. There was a small memorandum book, in which were written the names of several companies in various cities, where possibly the man had sought a position. This book bore the name Frank Lewis, and the address as above. It also contained a small expense account. Officer Wilson turned the garments over to Supt. Perry.

PROF. MAVOR'S REPORT.

London Board of Trade Publishes It in Pamphlet Form.

A despatch from London says:—The Board of Trade publishes Prof. Mavor's report on the Canadian North-West, with special reference to its wheat production for export. He draws the conclusion that great improvement in the productive power of the country and a considerable increase in the effective population is necessary before the North-West will be able to produce sufficient wheat to satisfy the wants of Great Britain.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

HAPPENINGS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

Telegraphic Briefs From Our Own and Other Countries of Re-

CANADA.

A marked advance has taken place in the price of leather.

During the year ending June 30, 146,266 immigrants entered Canada.

So far this year Winnipeg building permits aggregate in value $7,700,000.

The reductions in liquor licenses throughout the Province will not exceed 100.

A company has purchased land in Hamilton on which to erect 300 dwellings for workingmen.

The Michigan Central Railway has appropriated $100,000 for improvements to their shops at St. Thomas.

Two young men were sent to jail for prize-fighting in Montreal, and two promoters of the fight were fined.

Miss Lizzie Duffield of Ottawa, nineteen years of age, died as a result of a severe attack of hiccoughs, on Friday.

The food inspectors of Montreal last week confiscated a ton and a quarter of bad food products, mostly meats.

Investigations under Government auspices show that 25 per cent. of the food stuffs sold to Canadians are adulterated.

The Sailors' and Longshoremen's Unions at Kingston are agitating for an increase in wages from $1.50 to $2 a day.

Canadian owners are arranging to develope the Atikokan iron areas, with a view to shipping 50,000 tons of ore per year to the United States.

Directors of the Lake Superior Corporation deny the story that the United States Steel Corporation is negotiating for the purchase of the steel plant at the Soo.

S. D. McMicken, a C. P. R. conductor, was fined $30 and $100 or six months' imprisonment at Moose Jaw, Monday, by a magistrate for the theft af $3 in fares.

A Winnipeg despatch says the fruit area of British Columbia is 14,000 acres and by next spring 20,000 acres will be bearing. The growers are trying to capture the market of Western Canada.

Vincenzo Ferraro has entered action against the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal for $5,000, for the loss to herself and child of her husband, who was killed about a year ago by a hand-car of the company near Mattawa.

The story that the United States Steel Corporation would not erect a plant in Canada because the Government would withhold the bounty from them is officially denied from Ottawa. The bounty will be paid to any company that will manufacture in Canada.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The total liability of bankrupts in Great Britain during 1904 was over $60,000,000.

The London Times' commercial review says that the trade reports are more encouraging.

T. W. Burgess, an English long distance swimmer, for the second time failed to swim the English Channel.

The British Government will consider the proposals of the United Empire League for a permanent council for the Empire.

Winston Churchill was refused permission to introduce a bill limiting the time of the British Parliament to five years.

UNITED STATES.

There have been two hundred cases of yellow fever in New Orleans since July 13

A New York girl fell three stories, but alighted on a clothesline and saved her life.

There have been 283 cases of yellow fever in New Orleans and two suspected cases in New York.

An Indianapolis man ninety-seven years of age has just completed the construction of his own tomb.

A Chicago man charged with the murder of his wife and child says that he committed the crimes while asleep.

John J. Callahan, chief clerk in the foreign branch of the New York postoffice, was arrested in connection with the disappearance of money letters.

Captain John M. Collins has been appointed chief of police of Chicago in place of Francis O'Neill, who resigned. The new chief has risen from the ranks.

GENERAL.

Emperor William is credited with a plan to bar Great Britain from the Baltic Sea.

A Russian Commission has found that a tunnel under Bering Sea would be a danger to Russia.

Maud Gonne, the "Irish Joan of Arc," is suing her husband, Major McBride, for divorce in Paris.

Sweden has arranged for a loan of $25,000,000 to provide for conditions arising out of the separation from Norway.

STILL PURSUING ENEMY.

A despatch from Tokio says:—The Japanese in Saghalien are pursuing the remnants of the enemy southward. The Russians must continue fleeing southwards towards Patience Bay or surrender.

FLOODS IN NORTHERN COREA.

A despatch from Tokio says:—Northern Corea is suffering from floods that are the worst in 30 years. They threaten Russian communications on the Tumen.

MODERN MIRACLES.

"Strange things happen in this world." "Yes. I went on a picnic excursion once when it didn't rain and nobody got crippled for life."