

# MILLBROOK AND OMBEELED MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 17. NO. 13. \$1 per annum.

MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905.

C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

## The.... Laird's Secret

### CHAPTER III.

Following the rude country road, the two came out upon the open plain, a wide stretch of peat moss covered with blooming heather. About a mile inland, on the very edge of the water, were some half-dozen detached cottages, built of stone quarried from the moss and roofed with straw. Towards one of the smallest of these cottages Robin now led the way, and saw, as he approached, the garden, a woman seated on a stool, spinning on an old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

"Are you there, Robin?" she cried, "I was wondering what kept you so long away."

Then, perceiving Willie the Preacher, she added—

"I'm glad Robin found you, sir. I was waiting to speak with you."

She was a pale, clear-complexioned woman of six or seven and twenty, dressed in the petticoat and short gown of the Scottish peasant. Macgillivray approached her, lifting his hat, as to a lady, and gently took her hand.

"What is it, Lizzie, my woman?" he asked. "Courage, Lizzie! Whatever the trouble is, I'm here to teach you how to thole it."

She was about to answer him, but glanced nervously at the boy, who had crept to her side, and was playing with the wool upon the wheel.

"Robin, my lad," said Willie, "run down to the pool yonder, and see if the trout are rising. I'll maybe have a cast with the rod before I take the road."

Directly he was out of hearing, the woman covered her face with her apron, rocked herself to and fro, and sobbed convulsively.

"I see what it is, Lizzie," cried Willie. "Tis just the old trouble; but dry your eyes, and take counsel with one you ken to be your friend. I saw him this very afternoon, yonder in the town."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Whom should I mean but the lord of Linne? He's back from Edinburgh at last."

"And what then, sir?" cried the woman. "I wrote to him; I have his answers. He will never keep his word. And now my mind is made up. I cannot abide here. I must thole his shame, in the land across the sea."

"Bide yet, bide yet. His heart may turn."

"Never, sir, never. He is hard as his own gatestone, and cruel as the grave. See here, sir,"—taking a paper from her bosom—"I have a letter from my sister in Canada bidding me come to her with my boy, as I died here where my heart was broken. I could never rest in peace, even in the kirkyard."

"Canada's a long road," muttered Willie. "Have you money to take you there?"

"No, sir; but I'll beg my way, or die upon the road, rather than rest here. Think of all that I have suffered since my boy was born! Think of what folk have said, how even my own kith and kin have cast me off! And I have no one left, and no friend in all the world out yonder!"

"Is it me?" returned Willie, who during the above speech had been muttering wildly to himself. "A drun' on no'er-do-well, that should have been a shining light and an example! Ah, Lizzie, woman, I wish I was a decent man, for your sake. But bide a bit! I'll tackle the land myself; I'll speak the words of wisdom to him that is the father of your child!"

"He heeds neither man nor God," said Lizzie, sadly. "I have pleaded myself for many a long year, sir, and what have I gained?"

Here Robin ran back, flushed and panting.

"Will you come in, sir?" said Lizzie, rising, "and take something?"

"No, I'll be taking the road. I'm bound for Castle Hungerford."

"For the laird's?"

"To-night!"

"Night or morning, what then? I'll say my prayer before another sun has risen."

"Oh, sir, take care! It's ill provoking an angry man!"

"It's ill provoking a man that has the gift of tongues, and maybe a prophecy," cried Willie, with a curious laugh. "I fear but a curious one on God's earth, and that's Willie Macgillivray! Lizzie, woman, when I wills take a look into the depths of my own sinful soul, I'm sickened and afraid! But the laird o' Linne! the miserly cur! of a man, with a mother's love! Even Willie Macgillivray kens that! His own mother, did blessing her ragged, raving, drunken, good-for-nothing son; but she lives yet, watching him out of his weary casement, and whiles weeping sore as she sees him yielding like a brute beast to the curse o' drink."

So saying, he patted the boy's head kindly, and turning to Lizzie, wrung her hard in farewell.

"Bide a wee!" he cried. "I'll have to bury your head from sight

of the sunshine, and maybe, in your shame, to flee the land!"

Livid with rage, not unmixed with fear, the laird listened to this extraordinary exhortation, delivered in a loud voice, in a tone of impassioned oratory.

"Silence, you limmer!" he cried, as Willie paused. "Would ye wake the house?"

"I'll wake the depths o' Hell, if need be, in such a cause," answered Macgillivray. "I come here from Lizzie Campbell, who is your wife in the sight of God, and from your own begotten son, who in sight of God should be your heir."

"She sent you!—her!"

"Forbear your curses, John Moss-know, lest they come back, like ravens, to rest on your own roof. Yes, I come from the mother of your child, Robin Campbell as he is called, Robin Moss-know, lord of Linne, as he yet shall be."

"What does the woman want?" cried the laird.

"Justice," answered Willie. "She wants to know if you mean to break your word. She has kept your secret. Will you keep your promise?"

"That's no' my business," said John Moss-know. "I promised to make her your wife. Eh, man," he continued more gently, "have you no heart? Can you see that bonnie flower withering by the wayside? Can you see your pairn, flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone, cast away and neglected like the child of shame?"

"I have done all I can," returned the laird fiercely. "She chose her own road, instead of doing my will, and must take the consequences."

"Man, man do ye no' think shame," cried Willie. "I stand there in the sight of God, naked in sin and not afraid! Blood is thicker than water, John Moss-know! That I have seen your wife and son, and unless you speak the word, they will sail away from you for ever, leaving their curse to haunt you, and bring the wrath of the Lord on the wicked house of Linne."

"What do they want from me? Once and for all, understand that I have made my promise. You say she is leaving this place—so the better. She is a wise woman."

"She is a fool," answered Willie. "Were I in her shoes, I would stay here and cry out on you before all the world, till you set wrong right, and took home your son. But mind this, Moss-know! If she is dumb, I have a tongue! It will be an ill day when I begin to speak!"

The laird stared into the speaker's pale, determined face, and then, with an imprecation, strode up and down the room. Suddenly he paused and faced his tormentor.

"You want money, I suppose? That is why she has sent you."

"She wants what is her own," returned the mendicant. "She talks of going to Canada, and has no silver to take her there."

"How much does she want?"

"Just a trifle," said Willie; "about as much as John Moss-know has wasted at the gaming table in a night. Say, one hundred pounds!"

"A hundred pounds!" echoed the laird. "The man is mad!"

"The man's wise enough as you ken."

"Out with you! I'll talk with you no more."

"I'll stay till my business is done," was the quiet reply. Then, while Moss-know shook with rage, he took up the large volume which the other had been reading, and opening it, said, as if talking to himself—

"Famous Scottish Criminal Trials and Capital Offences, selected and arranged by a Writer to the Signet, Anno Domini 1797." Fine reading for a lonely night, John Moss-know, a brave motto—Justice, run, coelum et terram. I'm glad ye ken the law; but what the law says God still punishes, and the sodever will stand yet before the Judgment-seat!"

"Hold your tongue," cried the laird, "or I'll strangle you!"

In a moment Willie was on his feet, and before the laird could make a movement or utter a cry, he had seized him in a grip of iron, and pinned him against the wall.

"Man, man, I could thrash your neck like a young cock!" said Willie. "Stow what strength God gives those that serve Him over those that bring Him dishonor. But stow waste no more time! Give me the silver, that I may take it this night to her ye have wronged!"

"Will the woman promise, if I send her the money she asks, to leave Scotland at once?"

"She asks no money," said Macgillivray. "Tis I, Willie Macgillivray, that demand it in her name."

"If I consent, will you promise that she shall not remain to molest me?"

"I'll promise nothing; but have no fear—the poor lass is but too eager to be gone."

Moss-know seated himself, drew towards him a portfolio which lay upon the table, opened it, and drew forth a cheque-book.

"I will send her fifty pounds," he said.

"You'll send her a hundred!" said Willie. "Come, man, be generous for once. 'Tis for your own flesh and blood."

"I tell you I cannot spare so much. Do you think I am made of money?"

"I think you are made of granite, like the aether millstone, and that every golden guinea ye give is like blood gotten out of a flint. But you'll give what I ask, for all that?"

"To whom can I make the cheque payable? If I write her name here, it will be flaunted before all the world."

"Make it payable to me, the Rev. William Macgillivray, B.D., of Edinburgh University?"

"You take me for a fool!" cried Moss-know, angrily.

"No, no, laird; I take ye for the fool's cousin, germane a knave! Write, write, and sign!"

"How shall I know that you will not steal the money, and spend it in drink?"

"Because, knave tho' you be, you ken an honest man when you see one! All the world ken Willie Macgillivray, who, though poor in the world's goods, is a preacher and a prophet, and never robbed man or woman of a bawbee."

"Well, there!" cried Moss-know, filling up the cheque. "Take that and to bank in the morning, and let Jessie Campbell have the money."

Willie took the cheque in his hand, and read aloud—

"Pay to William Macgillivray, or order, the sum of one hundred pounds. Signed, John Moss-know."

"And now begone! But, mind, if I find you have misappropriated a penny of that money, you shall rot in gaol for a thief!"

"I'll risk it, laird. Understand that I accept this small sum only on account. It belongs to your wife to go to Canada, 'tis may be only for a time."

"Away with you!"

Willie moved towards the window but paused there looking out.

"Ah, but it's a bonnie night," he said. "The heavens yonder are thick with stars and constellations, and the moon's waving the aisles o' blue like a shining agate of God. Bewarned in time, Moss-know, and shake off your guilt. Down upon your knees, man, and pray!"

With this parting invocation, he leaned from the window and was gone, and stood there looking forth after him.

(To be Continued.)

**TWELVE MEN KILLED.**

Crushed Beneath a Huge Mass of Limestone.

A despatch from Allentown, Pa., says—A mass of limestone, weighing thousands of tons, slid from a side of the quarry of mill A. of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company at Ormered at noon on Wednesday, just five minutes before time to quit work. Twenty-seven men were working in the quarry, which is a thousand feet long, 150 feet across, and 300 feet deep. The heavy rains of the past two days had softened the earth and caused the fall of rock. Where the fallen mass slipped away from a smooth, nearly perpendicular wall was left rising sheer 100 feet above the bottom of the quarry, while the entire quarry floor was covered with broken rocks, and nearly nine of the men got away safely, four escaping by running upon a mass of rock at the opposite side of the quarry. The remaining eighteen were huddled in a space ten feet square, twelve being killed and six injured. Two of the latter may die. All of the men are Slavonians.

**LEADING MARKETS**

**BREADSTUFFS.**

Toronto, Aug. 22.—Wheat—Ontario—74 to 75c for No. 2 red and white at outside points; old No. 2 red and white are quoted at 77c to 78c. Goose and spring wheat are purely nominal.

Wheat—Manitoba—No. 3 Northern nominal at \$1.06; No. 2 northern, \$1.03, and No. 3 northern, 87c to 87½c, lake ports.

Flour—Ontario—90 cent. patents for export are unchanged at \$3.20 to \$3.25, buyers' sacks, east and west. Manitoba—\$5.30 to \$5.40 for first patents, \$5 to \$5.10 for second patents and \$4.90 to \$5 for bakers'.

Milled—Ontario—Bran, \$1.50 to \$1.52; shorts, \$1.7 to \$1.9, according to quality, at outside points.

Oats—New are unchanged at 28c to 30c for No. 2. Old oats are quoted at 30c to 37c for No. 2 at outside points.

Barley—The market is 28c to 43c at outside points, according to quality, new or old.

Rye—Dull at 57c to 58c at outside points.

Corn—Canadian nominal at 53c to 54c, batham freights. American firm at 62c to 63c, lake and rail freights, for delivery at country points, or on track, Toronto.

Peas—The market is considerably lower, in view of good crop prospects, being quoted at 65c to 67c for No. 2 outside.

Rolls—\$5 for cars of barrels on track here, and \$4.75 for cars of bgs; 25c more for broken lots here and 40c outside.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

Butter—Quotations are unchanged. Creamery, prints, 21c to 22c; do solids, 20c to 21c.

Dairy fat, rolls, good to choice, 17c to 18½c; do medium, 15c to 16c; do tubs, good to choice, 16c to 17c; do inferior, 14c to 15c.

Eggs—Quotations are unchanged at 17c to 18½c.

Potatoes—Quotations are about steady at 60c to 70c per bushel.

Baled Hay—Car lots of No. 1 timothy, old and new, are quoted at \$7 to \$7.50 per ton on track here, with \$6 for No. 2.

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

**MONTREAL MARKETS.**

Montreal, Aug. 22.—Live hogs have been further advanced to \$7.25 to \$7.75 per cwt., according to quality. It is not likely that the price of dressed hogs will be advanced, but \$10 will be the lowest quotation.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$20 to \$21; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat, \$19.25 to \$20.75; compound lard, 5½c to 6½c; Canadian pure lard, 10½c to 11c; kettle rendering, 12c to 13c, according to quality; hams, 22c to 24c, according to size; bacon, 13c to 14c; killed abattoir hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; alive, \$7.35 for mixed lots, \$7.60 for selects.

## PEACE OUTLOOK GLOOMY

### Both Sides Refuse to Compromise on Remuneration to Japan.

**GLOOMY OUTLOOK.**

A despatch from Portsmouth, N.H., says: Thursday's developments marked the beginning of the crisis in the negotiations. The main point discussed was the remuneration proposed by Japan. Each side clung tenaciously to its position, and it became apparent that there was no rhyme or reason in the further discussion at this time. There came the question of Japan's demand for the possession of the Russian ships interned at American ports, but there was such a divergence of views that the envoys decided to lay it aside temporarily, without recording that they were unable to agree. There was some discussion of Japan's insistence upon the limitation of Russia's naval armament in the Far Eastern waters.

**THE INDEMNITY DEADLOCK.**

The worst feature of the situation is the deadlock upon the question of indemnity. M. de Witte apparently believes that there is no hope of a compromise. His instructions from the original Russian plenipotentiary, that not a penny should be paid to Japan to secure immunity from further hostilities on the part of the Russian army of Oyama. The ready gone far enough to satisfy the most exacting enemy who had won many battles, but had not conquered. They believe that Japan will not be satisfied with less than the payment of several hundred million dollars by Russia, and they vow and declare that not a cent of this shall be paid.

As for the Japanese, it is contended they are equally determined to go on with the war if Russia does not consent to remunerate them for what they have spent in prosecuting the conflict. Japan must have money, it is held, and her only way to secure it is at the expense of her opponent. If the Russians are as firm as they say they are in their decision not to pay indemnity, and the Japanese as firm as they are represented to be in their decision to adhere to their demand for payment, then the jig is up, and there will be no peace.

**STATUS OF JAPANESE TERMS.**

A despatch from Portsmouth, N.H., says:—The substance and present per bushel. New crop oats are also weaker, and are now quoted to arrive at 38c to 39c for No. 2 white, and 37c to 38c for No. 3 white. The demand is only for small lots. Business continues quiet.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5.30 to \$5.70; strong patents, \$5 to \$5.40; winter wheat patents, \$5.10 to \$5.25; straight rolls, \$4.75 to \$4.90, and in bags \$2.25 to \$2.35.

Milled—Manitoba bran in bags, \$16 to \$17; shorts, \$19 to \$20 per ton. Ontario bran in bulk, \$14.50 to \$15; shorts, \$19 to \$20; milled, \$21 to \$24; straight grain milled, \$28 to \$29 per ton.

Rolls Oats—\$2.40 to \$2.42½ per bag. Cornmeal continued quiet and steady at \$1.45 to \$1.50 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover mixed, \$8.50 to \$7, and pure clover, \$6 to \$6.25 per ton in car lots.

**BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.**

Buffalo, Aug. 22.—Flour—Quiet and weak. Wheat—Spring dull; No. 1 northern, \$1.14½; winter strong; No. 2 red, quoted at 85c. Corn—Firm; No. 2 yellow, 60c; No. 2 corn, 60c. Barley—Dull. Rye—Quiet; No. 2, 61c. Canal freights steady.

**LIVE STOCK MARKET.**

Toronto, Aug. 22.—The following were the quotations:—Export cattle, choice, \$4 25 to \$4 75; Do, medium, 4 00 to 4 25; Do, bulls, 3 50 to 3 75; Do, cows, 3 25 to 3 50; Butchers' pickoff, 4 00 to 4 70; Do, choice, 3 75 to 4 00; Do, medium, 3 50 to 3 75; Do, common, 2 75 to 3 25; Do, cows, choice, 3 25 to 3 50; Do, common, 2 00 to 3 00; Do, bulls, 1 75 to 2 25; Feeders, short-keeps, 3 75 to 4 00; Do, medium, 3 40 to 3 75; Do, light, 3 00 to 3 50; Stockers, choice, 3 00 to 3 50; Do, common, 2 00 to 2 50; Do, bulls, 2 00 to 2 25; Export ewes, p. cwt., 4 00 to 4 15; Do, bucks, 3 00 to 3 40; Cull sheep, per cwt., 3 00 to 4 00; Lambs, per cwt., 5 50 to 6 00; Hogs, per cwt., 3 50 to 5 50; Do, each, 2 00 to 2 50; Calves, select, p. cwt., 7 25 to 7 35; Do, lights, p. cwt., 7 00; Do, fats, per cwt., 7 00.

**EATEN BY DOGS.**

Terrible Fate of an Eskimo Woman and Child.

A despatch from Halifax, N.S., says:—Word has been received here from St. John's, Nfld., that the steamer Kite, which has arrived there from the North, brings word from Oksak of a woman and child being eaten by Eskimo dogs. They were crossing to a neighbor's when the woman fell in an epileptic fit and 30 angry dogs set upon them and tore them to pieces. Only the woman's bones were recovered for burial.

## OYAMA EAGER FOR BATTLE

With His Generals He Protests Peace Terms Are Too Mild.

**STRONGER TERMS.**

A despatch to the London Telegram from Tokio, under date of Thursday, says that the throne received a strong memorial from Field Marshal Oyama and all the generals, declaring that the forces were anxious to deliver a crushing blow to the enemy, and strenuously advocating the imposition of stronger terms.

The same correspondent says that a distinct change of feeling has taken place in influential circles, and that peace prospects are now considered excellent.

**MORE GUNS FOR JAPS.**

A despatch from Berlin says:—The Japanese Government is negotiating with the Krupp for fresh orders of armor plate and guns. Director Eccius, of the Krupp firm, is rearranging the contracts with Japanese agents.

**KRUGER RETIRED.**

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—Vice-Admiral Kruger, commander of the Black Sea fleet, and Rear-Admiral Vishnevsky, the second in command, have been compulsorily retired. Capt. Gavzitch, commander of the Georgi Pobiedonostoff, one of the battleships on which the recent mutiny took place, has been retired with the rank of rear-admiral, and the commander of the transport Prout, on which there was a mutiny at St. Petersburg, has been retired with the rank of captain.

**ONLY ONE JAP CASUALTY.**

A despatch from Tokio says: A battalion of Russian infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, with 14 guns, attacked Ershilpaio in Manchuria, eight miles north of Changtu on the morning of Aug. 21. They were repulsed. The Russian loss was 35. There was only one Japanese casualty.

**CHINA'S EMPRESS IN PERIL.**

Life Attempted at Tien-Tsin Gate by Man Dressed as Soldier.

A Tien-Tsin despatch to the Frankfurter Zeitung, of Berlin, says that an attempt was made upon the life of the Empress of China on Wednesday as she was passing through the north-west gate of the city to her Summer palace. Her attendant was dressed as a soldier, and was bayoneted by the guard.

**TRAIN RUNS INTO RIVER.**

Only a Few of the Inmates Effect- ed Escape.

A despatch from Norfolk, Va., says:—An excursion train from Kingston, N.C., for Norfolk, over the Atlantic Coast Line with 169 passengers aboard, ran into an open draw at the point where the road crosses the eastern branch of the Elizabeth River, some five miles from Norfolk, at 12.20 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The first car of the train, which was reported to be filled with people, dived to the bottom of the draw, which does not exceed forty feet in width. It struck the centre pier, and thus displaced a portion of the roof. Through this small hole the half-dozen or so persons who escaped drowning crawled. The others as the cars were upflitted, rolled down into the lower end, which was submerged, and struggling and fighting for life, were drowned. Fourteen bodies have already been taken from the car, all except two being those of colored people.

**TYPHOID IN WINNIPEG.**

Seventy-three Cases are Already Reported for August.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: At a meeting of the Civic Health Committee on Thursday night it was announced that since Aug. 1 73 cases of typhoid fever has been reported at the City Health Office. Forty-two of the patients are residents of Winnipeg. From Aug. 1 to Aug. 15 last year 90 cases were reported to the authorities. Dr. Douglas stated that most of the fever cases had arisen in houses that were not modern, and that there were only four cases south of Notre Dame Avenue. The announcement has created considerable alarm in the city, many citizens fearing an epidemic as virulent as that of last fall.

**ANTHRAX CAUSED DEATH.**

Man Near Collingwood Caught Disease From Dead Cattle.

A despatch from Toronto says: The Provincial Health authorities have been informed that anthrax has caused the death of one man and six calves near Collingwood. Another man is reported to be ill with the disease, which however, is not regarded as contagious among human beings. The man who died contracted it while skinning some of the dead animals.

**WARSHIPS NOT BLOWN UP.**

A despatch to the London Times from Tokio says:—It is now ascertained that the Russian warships at Port Arthur were not blown up or sunk by gunfire. The Russians opened the valves, having previously greased and otherwise protected the machinery and vital parts. Evidently the capture of 203-Metre Hill exposed the ships to such danger that

**CZAR'S LOVE OF PEACE.**

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: The Czar received in audience yesterday on Wednesday the correspondent of the Novoe Vremya. He spoke of his love of peace and his repugnance to war, but, apparently, did not refer to current events.

**RUSSIAN DECISION TO SINK THEM.**

The Russians decided to sink them pending their recovery when the command of the sea had been regained by the Baltic fleet. Their four battleships and two cruisers will speedily form a serviceable addition to the Japanese fleet.

Reports of an inferior rice crop in Japan have been dispelled. The crop is now expected to be fully up to the average.

**ROADS ARE IMPROVING.**

A despatch to the London Times from Nogue says: "The weather has been completely dry for a fortnight, and the roads are improving, but the Liao Valley is a swamp, making operations impossible until the dry season is fully established."

The Russians periodically skirmish boldly close up to the Japanese front, but retire on asserting that the Japanese positions have not been changed. Their spies are being continually captured.