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The.....

Laird's Secret

CHAPTER V.

Early the next day, Willie Macgillvray stood at the door of Lizzie Campbell's cottage, and, after knocking gently, entered in. He found the woman busy putting together the few poor things that she possessed, and preparing for her long journey. Robin was there, bright and happy (as only children can be) at the prospect of the change.

"There, Lizzie, woman," said the mendicant, "I bring you part of your boy's birthright." And he placed in her hands a leathern bag containing a hundred pieces of gold.

"Has he sent it?" cried Lizzie, amazed. "Oh, Mr. Macgillvray, I cannot take it! 'Tis far more than I shall ever need!"

"Wheesht, and count it! I drew it from the bank this morning. They looked me up and down, as if I had stolen the cheque or forged the laird's name. Count it, Lizzie, woman!"

As he continued to insist, she sat down, and counted the sovereigns in her lap. Robin looked on in delight and wonder. When the counting was over, Lizzie looked up into Willie's face and cried—

"Oh, Mr. Macgillvray, 'tis far more than I shall ever need. It is yours as much as mine. Let me share it with my only friend."

"Put it up, Lizzie, and take care of it for the bairn," returned Willie, gently. "Am I a thief, or a loon, that I should rob him of a single bawbee of his birthright?"

"But you are so poor, and——"

"It is good that the servant of God should be poor. The Lord feeds the young ravens and the doves o' the rock, and He will feed Willie Macgillvray."

Then they sat down together, and talked of the future. The woman's mind was quite made up; she would sail to Canada, and join her sister. Some day, perhaps, she might return; she could not tell; all she craved for now was to be far away among strangers, in a strange land. Presently, having sent Robin on some pretext of a message to one of the neighbors, she heard the whole story of that stormy interview at the Castle; and at first, in her indignation she was for sending every penny of the money back to the man who had betrayed her. But Willie persuaded her that she was only taking what belonged of right to her child.

"Lizzie, woman," he said at last, "the mills of God grind small, and everything comes to them that ken how to wait. Though you be far away, I shall be here, with my een upon the laird, and, day by day, whene'er a chance comes, I'll be pleading the cause o' the first-born. The Lord that makes the tiger's heart and the cruel heart of man kens how to subdue it. Trust in Him, Lizzie and never despair!"

That very night, after darkness had fallen, Lizzie Campbell and her son, accompanied by Willie Macgillvray, walked on foot into the town of Linne, and took passage in a small coasting schooner, which was about to sail from that port to Greenock. A small wooden chest, containing all poor Lizzie's worldly goods, was carried into the town and aboard her vessel by a neighbor's son, a stalwart young shepherd. About midnight, when the wind was blowing freshly from the west, the vessel lifted her anchor and set sail.

Three nights afterwards, mother and son found themselves on board one of the great ocean steamers which sail from the Clyde to Montreal. They had taken a passage in the intermediate cabin. The steamer was to depart from Greenock at daybreak, and all night long Lizzie and Willie stood on the decks, talking of the past and the future. Then, as the sun rose crimson out of the east, bells rang to announce the hour of parting, crowds swarmed the decks and thronged the quays, men shouted, and, in the midst of all, the engines throbbed like a monster's heart. Tears streaming down her cheeks, Lizzie bade farewell to Macgillvray, who gave her a fatherly kiss upon the forehead, and then, lifting Robin in his arms, kissed and blessed him tenderly. Robin looked pale and sorry, but his eye was firm as that of a young hawk, and his heart was full of boyish expectation. Then, almost before he knew, Willie was hustled ashore, where, as the great steamer began to move away, he stood amid the throng on the very edge of the quay, stretching out his arms in blessing and crying—

"May He who guides leviathan through the waters pilot this ship across the ocean! May He who watches the husbandless and the fatherless spare the ship and all the living souls therein. Amen! amen!"

Wild and rugged, he fell upon his knees, praying and kissing hands to Lizzie and her son till they disappeared from sight. Then, waving his arms, he plunged into the crowd, and amid the laughter and jeers of the people, who saw in him only a half-witted gaberlunzie man, disappeared among the slums of the smoky seaside town.

It was one dark, rainy afternoon, just three weeks after that scene of parting, that John Mossknow, standing booted and spurred on the threshold of Castle Linne, saw a wild figure rushing up the avenue towards him, and recognized with a start the face of Willie the Preacher. Pale as death, more ragged and wild than ever, Willie ran up and met the master of the Castle face to face.

"Down on your kneesl" he cried. "Down on your knees, John Mossknow, and ask pardon of the God you have offended! The blood of the innocent is upon your head, the cry of the mother and the orphan is rising up against you, and the curse of Cain shall rest upon you and yours, till the Lord comes in judgment, and the sea gives up its dead!"

"The man is mad!" said Mossknow, amazed and terrified. "What do you mean?"

Then he perceived with astonishment that tears were streaming down the mendicant's furrowed cheeks. Sobbing and wailing, Willie drew from his half-naked breast a newspaper, and placed it in the laird's hands, crying—

"The wearifu' woman, whom I loved as my own daughter! The bonnie, golden-hair'd laddie, who was dearer to me than my own son! Read, ye murderer, read! God plucks the beauteous flower and spares the baneful weed! The house of Linne is desolate for ever, and the curse of blood hangs for ever on this wicked doer!"

Trembling from head to foot, Mossknow stood in the doorway, glancing at the paper. Behind him, in the lobby, stood the two servants of the house, startled by the sound of the mendicant's voice, and aghast at the strange scene. In a moment Mossknow learned the cause of Willie's agitation; for his eyes fell on an account of a great shipwreck—of the loss of the Clyde steamer Glenalorn, in a collision with an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland. Only some dozen souls, including the chief officer and three of the crew, had escaped in the long boat, and been picked up by a German steamer. The names of the saved were given, but there was no mention of the names of Lizzie Campbell and her son.

"My God! is it possible?" exclaimed Mossknow; then, turning to the servants, he shrieked savagely, "Why do you stand gaping and glowering there? In with you; in with you!"

They disappeared in terror, and he was left alone with the mendicant.

"This is ill news," he said. "God knows, I am not to blame!"

"Not to blame! It is the judgment of God upon you for your cruelty in driving them forth! Their curse shall haunt you till your dying day, and drag you down!"

"Peace, man, peace!" cried the laird. "As God shall judge me, I would give all I have to have averted this calamity. Come into the house, and let us talk it over."

He led the way into his library. Willie followed him, moaning bitterly.

"Maybe, after all, the lass and her child are saved," said the laird, pacing up and down the chamber. "This is but a hasty telegraphic account. Better news may follow!"

"Never, never!" moaned the mendicant. "I foresaw it. I saw death on her face as we parted on the quay. Oh, God, why are the innocent taken, and the guilty spared?"

Over what further took place between the two men it is unnecessary to dwell To do Mossknow justice, he seemed deeply concerned at the unexpected calamity, and grieved that he had not dealt more gently with Lizzie Campbell and her child.

From that time forth a curious friendship, if friendship it could be called, grew up between Willie the Preacher and John Mossknow, the laird of Linne. They had a common secret, and to a certain extent a common sorrow. Mossknow was a lonely man, superstitious, eccentric, gloomy and taciturn; he was fascinated by the character of his new acquaintance, the only creature in the world who had ever uttered the truth to his face, and bearded him in his own den.

Years passed on. No tidings from across the water came to contradict the cruel report of that fatal shipwreck. Willie Macgillvray went and came in the old wild way: a little older and a little sadder, that was all. Mossknow did not marry, but as time advanced his eccentricities increased. He seldom left home, but lived an ascetic life at the Castle. From time to time he was visited by Willie the Preacher. Every year deepened the intimacy between the two men, but not a single soul in the neighborhood guessed the nature of the tie which bound them together.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

CHAPTER VI.

It was New Year's eve, twenty years after. Instead of snow, heavy rain was falling, and the wind whistled as drearily as a voice singing wild requiems for the dead.

"An eerie night," muttered old Sampson Gardner, the landlord of the Rob Roy Inn, on the outskirts of the town of Linne, as he sat beside his kitchen fire, smoking his pipe and listening to the pattering of the rain and the weary whistling of the wind. "Wearifu' weather brings wearifu' times, and ilka year that slips past doesna mend matters Lord save us! the time has been when I hae seen the snow half a yard deep on the Linne road, and heard these old walls ring with the clink o' glasses and the laughter o' merrymaking folk; but noo scarce a traveller comes to the Rob Roy, and the old walls are full of chinks for the wind to creep ben; and, instead of snow, we get the awsome greeting o' the rain."

As he spoke, he rubbed his knees, and gazed with dimly blinking eyes into the fire.

The wind whistled down the chimney, and blew the blaze upon the hearth. A stream of rain was creeping in beneath the door, and soiling the silvery whiteness of the fine sea-sand which was strewn upon the fresh-scrubbed boards.

"Mysie, woman!" called Sampson, slowly turning round and gazing at the shining plates upon which the firelight played, as if in mockery at the dreary sounds from without, "Mysie, woman, come doon! We shall hae nae travellers here the night; we'll sup together, you and I. We'll try to imagine we're young, Mysie, woman, and we'll share a tumbler o' toddy to mind us that 'tis New Year's time."

As he spoke, he started, listened, and smiled.

The sound of wheels now rose above the whistling of the wind; then came three loud raps at the door.

Old Sampson put down his pipe upon the hob, shuffled across the floor, and drew back the bolts and bars. As the door flew open, admitting a blast of wind and a few heavy drops of half-frozen rain, a traveller entered.

"A wat night, sir!" cried old Sampson; and he gazed out in the blackness as if expecting other figures to issue forth.

But none came. The wheels crunched the gravel again as they moved away, and as they did so Sampson was recalled to himself by the harsh, imperious voice of his guest.

"Close the door! Don't you see how the rain is driving in? And come and get me something warm, for I must soon be on the move again."

As soon as the old innkeeper had obeyed the orders of his guest and securely fastened up the creaking door, he turned and gave a secret glance at the new arrival.

He was a young man, tall and thin, with black hair clustering about his head, and a pair of keen black eyes. Although the features were well-formed, it was by no means a pleasant face, especially when, as now, its expression was marred by a heavy frown and a restless wandering of the strange dark eyes.

He was wrapped in a Scotch plaid, the heavy folds of which had afforded him good protection from the rain; but the water dripped from the brim of his deer-stalker's hat, and made a little pool upon the floor.

"Did you say, sir, that you wished to gang forth again the night?" asked Sampson.

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"No, my man," he returned, with grim pleasantry; "I did not say so. Who the devil would wish to go out a night like this? For my part, I love comfort far too well; but when duty," he added, making a wry face, "calls me, why, I go."

He glanced around as he spoke, and for the first time noticed that a third person stood looking at him and listening to his words.

A little old woman in a mop cap and cotton gown—no other, indeed, than Maysie Gardner, who, in obedience to her husband's call, had descended the stairs, and now stood amazed at the sight of a stranger.

The young man looked at her calmly from head to foot; then turned away, and proceeded to divest himself of his wet wrappers. This done, he took a chair before the fire, and put his feet on the hob.

"Come, don't stand looking at me like two fools," he said, "but give me a glass of toddy! At the half-hour I shall be on the road again," he added, gazing at the hands of the old Dutch clock which stood in a corner of the kitchen. "That will give the horse seventeen minutes to rest and feed; and if the brute hasn't had enough by that time, why, it must starve, that's all!"

"Hae you far to gang, sir?" asked old Sampson, who resumed his pipe and seat while Mysie busied herself over the fire, preparing hot water for the stranger.

"I'm bound for Lynne Castle. Well, is that far away?"

"Only six miles, sir; but a gruesome road on siccan a night. I'm thinking you would be wise to bide here."

"And I think I should be a fool."

Neither spoke again.

The young man sat with his feet upon the hob, and quietly sipped his toddy, gazing moodily at the hands of the clock as they slowly travelled on.

Sampson smoked his pipe, and glanced alternately at the fire and at the dark face of the stranger, while Mysie quickly spread the cloth upon the table, and prepared the evening meal.

Presently a slight click of the clock announced the half-hour. The stranger rose, drained off the last of his toddy, paid the score, wrapped his plaid around him, pulled on his hat, and had the door thrown open just as the noise of the wheels of the trap was heard again at the front door.

Old Sampson bade the stranger good night and a God-speed on his journey. Mysie curtsied and smiled, but the young man took no heed. Without a look or a word, he crossed the threshold into the darkness, and the sound of wheels told them that he was being borne away.

"Lord preserve us a'!" muttered the innkeeper. "He's like an ugly wraith ganging to the hoose o' death," said Sampson. "I would rather the Rob Roy be without strangers than receive siccan limmers as yon."

Meanwhile the dogcart containing the stranger travelled very slowly along the road.

It was black dark all round. Every hour the wind was increasing in violence, and the chilly rain fell with ceaseless pattering upon the ground. The young man sat moodily silent by the driver's side, never even moving save when a blast of wind struck him with greater violence than usual, or the raindrops beat into his blinded eyes.

"A God-forgotten place," he said at last, as the dogcart stopped, and the driver whistled shrilly to call forth the lodge-keeper to open the gate. "Is this the entrance to the Castle?"

"Ay, nae doot," said the driver.

"Then the old fool at the inn lied. He told me it was six miles to it, and we can't have come six."

"We hae come four, sir; there is twa more to travel."

"What, is the drive through the grounds two miles long?"

"Ay, is it!"

The young man leaned back and laughed to himself as the carriage rolled through the gates and along a road which seemed to wind into a dense black mass of woodland. Here the wind whistled more drearily than ever, here the rain fell in a shower from the swaying branches of the fir-trees. And the young man raised his face to receive the drops, and laughed. Then he got a fit of impatience and urged the driver on.

But the road was bad, and the progress was slow. At every turn they seemed to plunge deeper into the mire, until the stranger began to think that they had lost their way. At length, however, a faint gleam of light reassured him. In two minutes more the dogcart stopped before the door of the lonely house.

The driver, quickly alighting, rang the bell, while the young man slowly unrolled himself from his rugs, and ascending the flight of stone steps, reached the top as the door was slowly opened.

It was opened by a shabby old man in plain dress, who bowed at the sight of the traveller, and standing aside, gravely invited him to enter. Doing so, the young man found himself in a hall, large and lofty, with a black and white stone paved floor and heavy oaken rafters. A faint blue light was cast from a lamp which hung suspended from the rafters.

"How is my uncle?" he asked quickly.

"The laird is nae better," returned the man, gloomily, as, bowing again he led the way across the hall, and, opening the door, motioned him to enter. "If you will be pleased to tak' a chair, I will inform the laird that you are here," he said; then he noiselessly closed the door and retired.

Instead of taking a chair, the young man turned on his heel, and looked searchingly around the room.

It was shabbily, even meanly, furnished, dimly lighted, and sombre-looking. Old moth-eaten hangings drooped about the doors and windows, while from the walls gazed down the forbidding faces of the lairds of Linne for many generations past. Oppressed by the intense gloom of the place, the young man shivered, and was about to draw near the faint spark of fire which flickered in the grate, when the room door opened, and the servant again appeared.

"The laird's compliments, and will you be pleased to tak' your dinner? He'll maybe gie himself the pleesure of seeing you later on."

The young man started, but said nothing; then he made a movement of assent, and followed his guide up to a sleeping room overhead.

"Dinner will be served in ten minutes, sir," said the man, as he closed the door.

"Whew! a warm reception to give to an affectionate nephew," said our traveller, when he found himself alone. "I begin to think the old fool is daft indeed! But, after all, there's method in his madness. A good dinner is by no means to be despised after such a journey."

He proceeded to make his toilet carefully. When he had finished, he began to feel quite cheerful, and as he descended the stairs he whistled a lively air.

The grave servant stood in the hall to receive him again. As he approached, the dining-room door was thrown wide open. Assuming all the airs of a grand seigneur, he was about to enter the room, when suddenly his eye fell upon an object which made him pause right in the shadow of the door.

(To be Continued.)

JAPS WERE DRIVEN BACK

Gen. Linevitch Reports Three Alleged Victories.

JAPS ARE CONCENTRATING.

A despatch to St. Petersburg from Guntzuling, the headquarters of the Russian army in Manchuria, says that the Japanese are concentrating at Litzatai, in the Valley of the Rivers Tzin, Khoun, and Gounian, whence 10,000 of them are advancing in a northerly direction.

The Emperor has received the following from Gen. Linevitch: "Advanced Russian detachments on Sunday, drove back the Japanese from their positions. One detachment in the Tzino Valley occupied the Village of Lagovtzeakzy; another operated in the direction of Schimiadzy, and a third dislodged the Japanese from their position on the southward of Mopeyschan. The three Russian columns drove the Japanese back to their position near Sendjan."

Gen. Linevitch also reports the repulse of a detachment of Japanese which was advancing on Kiaujorou-jou, in Corea.

UNDER THEIR OWN STEAM.

A despatch from Tokio says: The battleship Peresviet, which was sunk in the harbor of Port Arthur, and afterwards raised by the Japanese, arrived at Sasebo on Wednesday under her own steam. The cruiser Bayan, which was also raised by the Japanese, reached Sasebo on Thursday.

PLANS OF LINEVITCH.

A despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from New Chwang says that Gen. Linevitch is still strengthening his extreme right. His plan appears to be to divide the Japanese into two or more bodies by compelling them to devote their attention to their left flank and thus prevent the cutting of the Railway between Harbin and Vladivostock.

Numbers of Russians are continually surrendering as outcome of the revolutionary spirit which prevails throughout the army, even among the higher officers. This is why Gen. Linevitch will probably assume the offensive. There are skirmishes between rival scouts daily, the men getting to within fifty yards of each other. The most advanced lines on both sides are so irregular and make so many sharp angles that each side is able to menace the enemy's rear.

ROJESTVENSKY NEARLY WELL.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says: Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky, in a letter to his family, says he expects to have fully recovered from the wounds received in the Battle of the Sea of Japan by the middle of September, when he will start for Russia with the permission of the Japanese Government.

JAPAN ORDERS GUNS.

A despatch to the London Daily Mail from Hamburg says that the Krupps have received an order from Japan for sheet-iron and guns for the fleet of the value of $2,250,000.

VESSEL REFLOATED.

A despatch from Tokio says: The Russian torpedo-boat destroyer Silny, sunk in the harbor of Port Arthur during the siege, has been refloated.

DECISION IS IRREVOCABLE

Russia Will Not Pay One Penny as Indemnity.

The Standard's correspondent at St. Petersburg says that United States Ambassador Meyer still maintains an absolute silence regarding his brief interview of fifteen minutes with the Czar on Thursday. Reports from the palace say that the Czar did not display any desire to discuss President Roosevelt's message, the contents of which are still unknown. The correspondent adds that the accredited spokesman of the Foreign Office on Thursday afternoon said:—"I can state positively that the Government's decision not to pay one penny as indemnity or reimbursement, or whatever Japan may term it, in any form, is irrevocable."

The same authority declared that the Japanese had presented no new propositions, formally at least, and that the entire question of peace or war depends, according to the Foreign Office, on the disposal of the demand for an indemnity. The correspondent proceeds to give the following statement from a most competent official quarter:

"The free balance at the treasury is now £12,500,000. About £14,000,000 or £15,000,000 will be paid by the banks for the September loan, thus creating a free balance of about £27,500,000. The new year will find Russia with a free balance, without further loans, of from £10,000,000 to £20,000,000. Under the law the State Bank possesses the right to issue about £30,000,000 more paper against the present gold reserve, now amounting to £80,400,000, besides £20,900,000 abroad. Additional war expenses, besides the regular military appropriations, are about £80,008,000 yearly. It is admitted that the famine is certain to reduce the receipts in 1905 and 1906, but the authorities profess to be hopeful, and it must be admitted that in spite of the great famine area the total harvest is not far below the average."

The correspondent adds that the present internal conditions could hardly be worse. From 30 to 40 wounded persons are taken to the hospitals in Riga daily. The citizens have taken matters into their own hands. All carry arms, and a militia has been organized by means of which a state of complete anarchy is still averted. Every State throughout the Baltic district has a guard of armed rifles. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that the last mobilization was attended by far fewer disturbances than the former. Gen. Linevitch's forces are now probably 100,000 stronger than Kouropatkin's were.

STILL HAS HOPES.

The correspondent of the Times at St. Petersburg says:—"Thursday has brought the conviction that the highest influences are at work here as well as in Portsmouth to bring about peace. This, added to the optimistic telegrams, keeps alive the hopes of settlement. The Bourse has responded to this sanguine tendency.

"The principal factor is recognized to be the personal negotiations of President Roosevelt and the Czar. It is regarded as significant that the Czar has not closed the avenue to further negotiations. It is whispered that President Roosevelt has a determined ally among the Czar's kinsmen who is striving hard to counteract warlike counsels."

LAST EFFORT HAS FAILED.

The correspondent of the London Times at St. Petersburg says:—"From the best information there is little doubt that President Roosevelt's efforts for peace have failed. An important meeting of the Board of Foreign Affairs was held on Friday afternoon, at which Count Lamsdorff conferred with the members with regard to the latest developments. After the conference count Lamsdorff's representative said:—

"'We are in constant communication with M. de Witte, who has telegraphed many suggestions, but I assure you that the situation has undergone no change. We still refuse to consider indemnity in any shape or manner or form.'

"The Bourse opened buoyant on Saturday because of optimistic telegrams, but the buoyancy gave place to profound depression when the brokers became convinced that Peterhof would not give way."

The correspondent of the London Standard at St. Petersburg quotes Privy Councilor Kokovtseff, the Minister of Finance, as follows:

"If Japan persists in reimbursement the outlook for peace is extremely discouraging. In my opinion Russia will not pay any indemnity. I understand that the plenipotentiaries agree to transfer a portion of the railway to China, from whom Russia is entitled to receive its value. In the present conditions I would approve the handing over of that money to Japan to purchase Saghalien, which is equivalent to an indemnity, which is a mere playing with words."

INSISTS ON INDEMNITY.

A despatch from Tokio says: Count Katsura, the Prime Minister, is receiving hundreds of telegrams, letters and memorials urging the Government to insist on the peace terms as originally proposed. It is understood that the Government adheres to the demand for an indemnity.

LEADING MARKETS

TORONTO MARKETS.

Wheat—Ontario—New, No. 3 red and white, 75c to 76c; old, 77c to 78c, at outside points. Goose and spring nominal.

Wheat—Manitoba—No. 1 northern for October delivery was offered here on Wednesday at 90c, lake ports. Cash quotations are:—No. 1 northern, $105; No. 3 northern easier, 86c to 86¼c, lake ports.

Flour—Dealers' best bid for 90 per cent. patents for export is $3.10, buyers' sacks, east or west. Manitoba prices are unchanged. First patents, $5.30 to $5.40; second patents, $5 to $5.10; bakers', $4.90 to $5.

Millfeed—Ontario—Bran, $11.50 to $12 per ton in car lots, at outside points, shorts, $17 to $19, according to quality. Manitoba bran $17, shorts $19, Toronto and equal freight points.

Oats—28½c to 29c for No. 2, new for export; old, 36c to 37c, at outside points.

Barley—New or old, 38c to 43c, at outside points, according to quality.

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

Corn—Canadian—Nominal, 53c to 54c, Chatham freights. American firm at 62c to 62½c for No. 3 yellow, lake and rail freights.

Peas—65c to 66c, at outside points.

Rolled Oats—Car lots in barrels are quoted at $4.75 on track here, in bags at $4.50; 25c more for broken lots here and 40c outside.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Quotations unchanged.

Creamery, prints	22c	to 23c
do solids	21c	21½c
Dairy lb. rolls, good to choice	18c	20c
do medium	17c	18c
do tubs, good to choice	17c	18c
do inferior	15c	16c

Cheese—Quotations are unchanged at 11½c to 11⅞c.

Eggs—Continue firm at 18c to 18½c

Potatoes—Quotations are unchanged at 60c per bushel.

Baled Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at $7 to $7.50 per ton for car lots on track here, and No. 2 at $6.

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

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Grain — Flour— Manitoba spring wheat patents, $5.30 to $5.40; strong bakers', $5 to $5.10; winter wheat patents, $5.10 to $5.25, and straight rollers, $4.75 to $4.90 in wood, in bags $2.25 to $2.35; rolled oats, $2.40 to $2.42½ per bag; pearl hominy, $1.85 to $1.90 in bags of 98 pounds; cornmeal, $1.45 to $1.50 per bag.

Millfeed—Ontario bran in bulk at $14.50 to $15; shorts, $19 to $20; Manitoba bran in bags, $17 to $18; shorts, $20 to $21.

Hay—No. 1, $8.50 to $9 per ton on the track; No. 2, $7.50 to $8; clover, $6 to $6.25; clover mixed, $6.50 to $7.

Oats—No. 2, 42c to 43c per bushel, No. 3, 41c old crop.

Beans—Choice primes, $1.65 to $1.70 per bushel.

Peas—Boiling, none; No. 2 in car lots, 84c to 85c.

Potatoes—New potatoes in bags of 80 pounds, 50c to 55c.

Honey—White clover in comb, 12c to 13c per section in one pound sections; extract in 10-pound tins, 8c to 9c; in 60-pound tins, 7c to 8c.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $20 to $21; light short cut, $18 to $19; American cut clear fat back, $19.50 to $20.75; compound lard, 5¾c to 6¼c; Canadian pure lard, 10¼c to 11c; kettle rendered, 11c according to quality hams, 12c to 13c to 14c, according to size; bacon, 13c to 14c fresh killed abattoir hogs, $16; alive, $7.25 to $7.40 for mixed lots.

Eggs—Straight stock, $17½c to 18c; No. 1 candled, 19c to 20c.

Butter—Choice creamery, 22½c to 23¼c; undergrades, 21¾c to 22½c; dairy, 18c to 20c.

Oats—Prices show little change.

Rolled Oats—Are in only a nominal demand and the feeling on the market is easier.

Cornmeal—Pearl hominy is in moderate request.

Hay—A fairly brisk demand gives a firm undertone to the market for baled hay.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.

Flour—Quiet and steady. Wheat, winter firm; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 2 white, 83c. Corn firm; No. 2 yellow, 60½c; No 2 corn, 59½c. Oats strong No. 2 white, 29c; No. 2 mixed, 27½c. Barley, Ohio, sold at 45c. Rye unsettled; No. 2, 62c asked. Canal freights steady.

CATTLE MARKET.

The run of cattle offering at the Toronto Market on Tuesday was again light and, with some demand for all kinds, prices were well maintained.

Export cattle, choice	$4.50	$4.75
do good to medium	4.20	4.40
do others	4.00	4.30
Bulls	3.50	4.00
Cows	3.60	3.75
Butchers' picked	4.10	4.40
good to choice	3.90	4.10
fair to good	3.40	3.80
do common	2.50	3.25
do cows	2.50	3.50
Bulls	2.50	3.50
Feeders	3.60	4.00
do medium	3.30	3.60
do bulls	2.50	3.50
Stockers, good	3.50	3.80
do rough to com	2.50	3.00
Bulls	1.75	2.50
Milch cows, each	30.00	50.00
Export ewes, per cwt.	4.00	4.15
do bucks, per cwt	3.00	3.40
do culls, each	3.00	4.00
Spring lambs, each	5.50	6.10
Calves, per lb	3½	5½
do each	2.00	10.00
Hogs, selects, per cwt	7.10	0.00
do lights	6.85	0.00
do fats	6.85	0.00

HANGED HERSELF.

Female Patient of London Asylum Commits Suicide.

A despatch from London, Ont., says: Left to herself for five minutes, Mrs. Eliza Jane Millar, of Strathroy, a patient at the Insane Asylum, committed suicide by hanging at 8 o'clock on Thursday morning. The woman, who was about 62 years of age, was a victim of melancholia.

BUSINESS FOR BAILIFFS.

Report of the Inspector of Division Courts of Ontario.

A despatch from Toronto says:—The report of 1904 of the Inspector of Division Courts, just issued, indicates a gradual increase since 1900 in the number of suits entered and the amount of claims collected. The largest volume of business done in the last 25 years was in 1880, when 71,713 suits were entered, the claims amounting to $2,377,333.03. In 1900 only 38,686 suits were entered, with claims aggregating $1,202,745.31. Last year there were 40,630 suits, and the claims amounted to $1,729,572.06. The increase is attributed to the newer settlements, and the manufacturing and lumbering districts and cities.

Among last year's claims, 2,240 were for sums of $100 to $200, which previously would have gone to the courts. Of claims not exceeding $10 there were 9,967. On those the saving in costs is about $10,000.

The collections are $23,502.65 in excess of those of last year. It is held that very many suits are settled by parties out of court on account of the easy facilities afforded.

The officers of the courts do not appear to be overpaid. In 1904, 101 clerks and 136 bailiffs received under $100 in fees; 180 clerks and 133 bailiffs received from $100 to $500; 22 clerks and 10 bailiffs received from $500 to $1,000; and 16 clerks and 5 bailiffs received over $1,000. The percentage payable to clerks on their fees and enrolments amounted to $4,479.44.

CHILD KILLED BY FATHER.

Binder Severed Leg With Fatal Result.

A despatch from Brandon, Man., says:—Word has been received of an accident that occurred at Hayfield at 7 o'clock on Thursday evening. Mr. Daniel McPhee, a farmer who lives just opposite the Hayfield post-office, was cutting wheat in a field near his house when a number of children, among them his own, entered the field. Mr. McPhee ordered them away, and they apparently obeyed, as he noticed them some distance away, near the house, a few minutes later.

As he was passing with his binder at a point near his house he was startled by a cry that came from the wheat close by. A hurried investigation showed his little 3-year-old son Jack with his leg taken off just above the knee. The distracted father hurriedly sent for medical aid, but the little fellow died within an hour of the time of the accident. The boy had wandered away from his companions and was completely hidden by the tall grain, which had reached an unusually heavy growth.