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MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 17. NO. 15. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905. C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

The..... Laird's Secret

CHAPTER VII.

The cause of this sudden and embarrassed pause was a young girl, who, clad in a dress of plain homespun cloth, stood upon the dining-room hearth, gazing abstractedly towards the door. As the young man appeared, she bowed slightly, but he, without returning her salutation, continued to stand and stare stupidly at her.

She was quite a girl, not more than eighteen years of age, with eyes of azure blue and a skin like alabaster. Her figure was slight, but full of lissome curves, which were revealed by the clinging folds of her tightly-fitting dress. But for her delicate hands and strangely white complexion, she might have been taken for some peasant maiden. Her hair was bound up in a simple snood, her robe was simply cut, and reached only to the ankles, and a white kerchief was laid lightly round her neck and over her bosom.

When the young man had made his appearance she had stood calm and self-possessed; but as that curious gaze remained riveted upon her from the doorway, the hot blood suffused her face and neck, and she quickly turned away.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, stepping forward; then, as she merely bowed again, he added, quickly, "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Edward Linne."

If by this information he expected to ascertain the girl's identity in return, he was disappointed. The mention of his name merely served to dispel her momentary confusion, and, with a cold inclination of the head, she moved away, took her seat at the head of the table, and motioned him to be seated too.

Edward Linne was not the sort of young man to be easily put out. Although only five-and-twenty years of age, he knew as much of life as most men of fifty, but this sort of conduct rather puzzled him and made him feel anything but at his ease. Had he been left alone with the girl, he confidently believed that he would have soon succeeded in breaking through the ice. As it was he felt that his conduct was being quietly but keenly watched by the solemn-faced servant who stood behind the girl's chair, and he was uneasy under the scrutiny.

He was staggered, too, by the girl's wonderful self-possession. Who could she be, so calmly and so coldly to do the honors of the house? She was dressed little better than a peasant, yet her manners were those of a somewhat reserved young lady. A thrill of terror ran through him. Could his uncle, the laird, have married, after all, and have a family, and perhaps, besides a daughter, a son and heir.

It was years since he had met his uncle, and they had never been on very good terms. Some days before, he had been summoned from Paris, where he was then amusing himself, to come at once to the Castle, to which in all his life before he had never received an invitation. His uncle's eccentric habits and extraordinary love of solitude had long kept all his relatives at a distance.

Scarcely a word was spoken during dinner. All the young man's attempts at small talk proved unavailing. The girl was cold as an icicle, and declined conversation. Fortunately, the meal, which consisted of the very simplest fare, was soon over.

Altogether, he was not at all sorry when at length the ordeal came to an end, and the girl rose quietly from her seat, and with an icy bow left him.

"Who the devil is she?" he soliloquized, when he found himself alone. "She isn't a wife, for she doesn't wear a ring, and my venerable uncle can't surely, have a daughter?"

He rang the bell, asked the servant if his uncle would see him that night, and received an answer in the negative. The laird had already retired to rest.

"By the way," he said, "you only served water at dinner, and I am somewhat thirsty. Can I have something to drink?"

"Ye can hae some soor milk," returned the old man, grimly.

"Sour milk! Nice lively liquor in this climate. Have you no wine?"

"The laird," returned the servant, with a snort, "allows nae wine or fermented liquor intil the hoose. He's been teetotal these ten years."

"Humph! Perhaps you can inform me who the young lady is who sat down with me at dinner?"

"She's just Miss Marjorie," was the reply.

"But who is she? what is she doing here?"

"That's nane o' my business," returned the old man. "If you're curious, ask the laird!"

And, with another grim bow, the old man left the room.

"Pleasant quarters!" muttered Linne. "They may well call it Castle Hunger. Mutton broth, boiled mutton and carrots, for the gentle board, and not a drop of wine. The old miser! Well, I suppose I must content myself with a cigar."

He suited the action to the word, and began to smoke. He had not been so occupied many minutes, when the door opened and the servant stalked in.

"The laird's compliments, and will you put oot that tobacco? The smell o' the filthy reek is filling the hoose, and the laird can scent it in his bedroom!"

With difficulty suppressing an oath, Edward Linne threw his cigar into the fire.

"Here, show me my room," he cried; "I'l go to bed."

The old man nodded, and, taking a candle from the table, led the way slowly, and calmly to a dismal chamber at the top of the house.

"Mind and blaw oot the light," were his parting injunctions.

"Stop, give me some lucifers!"

"We hae nane. The laird forbids lucifer matches intil the hoose. Dae ye want to burn us a' in our beds?"

By noon the next day Edward Linne found himself closeted with his uncle.

The laird of Linne was now a man of about sixty years, with ill-health written in every line of his countenance. He lay back on an old tapestry couch in his bedroom, and fixed his eyes upon his nephew's face, as if to read his very soul.

"You've o'er much of your father's blood in you ever to do much good in the world," he said. "A young lad who gambles and bets and has disgraceful amours (ah, ye see I know!) at five-and-twenty, is not likely ever to be a credit to his family."

The young man colored, bit his lip, tapped the floor impatiently, with his foot, and said nothing.

"I am glad to see you lack the face to deny these things," said the old man, peevishly. "I ken your past life won't bear looking into. What I want is to make you promise better for the future."

"Of course, uncle, I will promise," said the young man, eagerly; "I have been wild, I know; most young men are; but I have come to years of discretion now."

"So had your father when he married your mother; and yet—and yet—Edward Linne," continued the laird, eagerly, "do you ever intend to marry?"

The young man laughed uneasily.

"I suppose I shall succumb to my fate some day."

"Say ye so?" said his uncle, grimly. "You mean—when you wear my shoon?"

For a time the old man lay looking at the fire, then he turned again to his nephew.

"Edward Linne," he said, "it was never with my consent that they filled your head with all this folly, and made you live a useless life because of my wealth, mind that! When my brother married your mother, he was dead to me. When I heard your wild extravagances and numberless follies, and was told that they regarded you as my heir, I laughed in my sleeve, and used to think how bravely I would deceive them. But when your father died, and broke the shameful chain which bound him to his kith and kin, my heart was kinder towards his son!"

He paused a moment, and continued—

"I excused your follies for the sake of what your father once was to me. I was willing to regard you as my relation by blood. Your subsequent conduct was told to me, and once or twice I was on the point of striking your name for ever from my will, but in the end I refrained. Weel, I am willing to forget and forgive again, if only you will put your hand in mine and promise never again to do aught which could bring disgrace upon our old name. I know you have no affection for me or mine. I know it's only the hope of my death which brings you here now; but, if I gain your promise of amendment, if I thought that the old place would be safe with you, why, I can, maybe, die in peace."

"Uncle," said the young man, gently, "is it so hard to trust me? Can you not believe that when I tell you I repent, I speak the truth?"

"Weel, weel, I will try to believe it; yet your past life promises but ill, I'm thinking. There, go now," he said, waving his thin hands impatiently; "I want Marjorie."

As he spoke, he touched a small handbell, which stood beside him, and almost immediately, in answer to the summons, there appeared in the dark doorway the fair, cold face of the young girl who had graced the dinner-table with her presence the night before.

She bowed to the young man as coldly as she had done on the preceding night, but when she reached the couch whereon the laird of Linne was lying, and took her seat on the small footstool by his side, her blue eyes lit up with such a light of affection as made the young man wonder still more. Then, as the old man again signalled for him to depart, he quietly moved from the room, and left the two together.

CHAPTER VIII.

No sooner were they left alone than the manner of the old man changed, and, taking the young girl's hand in his, he looked into her face with a curious smile.

"It's an ill task, Marjorie," he said, "waiting for dead men's shoon. How like you yon slip of my brother's?" Then, without waiting for her to reply, he continued, "He has a shifty eye and a treacherous heart. I'm thinking; eh, Marjorie? Did you see how he glowered when you came creeping in? He's wondering, I'll swear, whether you are kith and kin. Have you told him nothing?"

"Nothing," answered Marjorie. "We have hardly spoken to each other."

"Sandie says he asked for strong drink last night, and he nearly choked me with the fumes of his tobacco, the graceless loon! Yet, for all that, Marjorie, blood is thicker than water, and he's the heir of Linne."

"Yes, sir," said Marjorie, uncomfortable under the old man's eyes, still fixed with a curious expression upon her.

"Come, tell me, graceless as he seems, how would you like him for a husband?"

"For a husband!" cried Marjorie, starting.

"Ay, and why not? You are a lonely lass, and he will be the laird when I am gone."

"But you will not go! You are better and stronger already."

"The hand of Death is on me; the blood runs cold as quicksilver at seventy years. I'll soon be lying in my grave."

"No, no!"

"But ay, Marjorie! But if I was not ripe, do you think I would be gathered? Now, listen, Marjorie. I have been a sinful man. Thirty years ago, I was graceless as yon young limmer, but I have repented; and if there is hope for me, there may be hope for him as weel. Let that stand. You ken, Marjorie, I never married?"

"I know that, sir."

"But do you know all? You know nothing! 'Tis a secret that rests till this day between Willie Macgillvray and me. Years before you came to this house, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone was cast, by God's will, to the bottom of the sea!'"

The giel looked at him in wonder. His face was set like granite, but his eyes were dilated and shone like fire.

"There was a lass as bonnie as May morning. She was a poor peasant; I was a rich man; and I beguiled her under promise of marriage. She bore one bairn, a son, Marjorie. The golden-hair'd laddie! I think I see him now! Had I done my duty to man and God, he would be kneeling here this day, and all I have, all I have saved and kept (for I have aye been a saving man), would be his own."

He paused in great agitation, threw himself back upon his pillow, and gasped for breath.

"To not speak of all this," said Marjorie. "You will make yourself ill again."

"I must speak! The secret's gnawing me, Marjorie! 'Twas a judgment upon me! Willie Macgillvray said so, and he was right. I should have taken the woman to my heart, and the bairn upon my knee; but I was o'er proud, proud as Herod; and now, like him, I'm eaten up as with worms. Oh, but he was a bonnie bairn, weel-faced and comely, with eyes like the blue sky, and a voice like running water. Had he lived, he would have been a man o' men!"

"But what became of him, sir?" asked Marjorie. "Did he die?"

"Drown'd, drown'd! Mother and son went down, with a curse on me! I betrayed my promise; I refused to do an act of justice; and, sick with despair, she went away to join her folk in Canada. I would have called her back, but it was o'er late. 'Twas the year o' the great storm, and the ship was lost, with every soul on board."

He paused again, and, stretching out a lean hand, pointed to a rude painting in oil which hung over the bed; the portrait of a man in the prime of life, with a dark, forbidding face, narrow, harsh, and stern.

"Look yonder, Marjorie! That was me, when the strength of manhood was upon me, at the time when the curse fell! An Edinburgh artist painted it for five pounds and his keep, and folk say it is weel done; but to me, it seems like the ghaist of the wicked past. Weel, I repented! Sickness came, and in sickness I saw my sins grow bigger and bigger. Lonesome years followed. I had no friend, no man to whom I could open up my heart, but Willie the Preacher! At last, one day, ten years syne, he came to me, leading a wee lassie by the hand. 'Your flesh and blood is drown'd under the sea,' he said; 'here's something to keep and rear instead.'"

"Yes, I remember," sighed Marjorie.

"Your own father and mother were dead, and you were alone in the world. The moment I saw ye, my heart went out to you; for you had my son's clear skin, and blue eyes, and golden hair. But at first I was mad with Willie Macgillvray, and ready to drive you both from my door. 'Who is she?' I asked. 'The bairn of a better man than you or me,' the rogue replied; 'one Alexander Glenny, who was at college wi' me, and died a minister o' the kirk.' Then you began to sob and cry, fear'd of my frowning face; and that pleased me, and, since ye did not wish to stay, I inclined to keep you; and stayed you have till this hour."

Tears were streaming down the girl's cheeks. Her eyes were full of dreamy retrospection, all her face full of sorrow. Stooping forward, the old man patted her hand, not ungently, as he said—

"Dry your tears, Marjorie! It has been a cheerless life, I ken, here alone with me; but all is for the best. You have had schooling from the dominie, and Willie Macgillvray has taught you the Latin and moral philosophy, and you have a tongue like a lady. And a lady you shall be, when I am lying in the kirkyard!"

"Do you think I care for that?" cried Marjorie, "All I want is to remain with you, and be your nurse."

"Poor lassie! poor lassie!" muttered the laird. "You've grown round my heart like a mistletoe round the oak; and you're white and bright as the mistletoe-berry. My own daughter could not seem closer to my heart, Marjorie."

"I am your daughter, sir, am I not? Indeed, I love you like a daughter."

"Ay, ay, ay! And you shall be a lady yet; I have set my heart upon it. But oh, Marjorie, if I had seen my son. The bonnie laddie, flesh o' my flesh, bone o' my bone, that should have been my heir! Drown'd, drown'd! Will I meet him, I'm wondering, when the sea gives up its dead?"

He lay back upon his cushions, moaning and muttering to himself. Suddenly he started, and Marjorie sprang to her feet, for a voice in the room said—

"Who comes here like a wolf intil the fold? Who comes here like a thief in the night, to steal my boy's birthright?"

Standing erect and bareheaded in the middle of the chamber was Willie Macgillvray, as worn and woebegone, as ragged and wild, as ever, and covered now with the snows and frosts of many years. But though old age had set its marks upon him, his figure was still straight and hale, his voice deep and musical, his manner full of strength and power.

"Is that you, Willie Macgillvray?" said the laird, nervously. "What brings you at this hour?"

"I came to see the limmer who would steal the birthright," was the reply. "He's down yonder, and I have seen him!"

"You mean my nephew Edward? Weel, he is my nearest kin."

"The hawk lies wounded on the ground, and the corby-crow would inherit? Let me show him the door, and point his ill face southward, to the land whence he came."

"I sent for him," said the laird, sharply. "He will stay here till I bid him go."

Willie was about to speak again, but at a look from Marjorie he desisted. Falling back upon his pillows, Mossknow cried, waving his hand towards the door—

"Go! leave me—both of you! It is ill to trouble a dying man. Leave me, and let me try to sleep."

Without a word, Marjorie stooped and kissed him; then, turning to the mendicant, drew him gently from the chamber.

Passing downstairs in silence, they left the house, and, as they did so, encountered Edward Linne upon the threshold, leaning against the porch and indolently surveying the dreary landscape. He met Willie's scornful look with a careless yawn; but smiled and nodded to Marjorie as he went by.

(To be Continued.)

FATAL WHOOPING COUGH.

An Unusual Outbreak of Great Malignity in Ontario.

A despatch from Toronto says:—The returns to the Registrar-General's Department for the month of July showed that there was an unusual outbreak of whooping cough of great malignity, the total number of cases in the Province being eighty, with twenty-one of them fatal. The disease claimed more victims, in fact, than scarlet fever, diphtheria or typhoid.

The number of deaths from all causes was 1,871, a slight increase over the total for July last year, was 1,840. Smallpox, 8 cases, no deaths; scarlet fever cases, 2 deaths; diphtheria, 128 cases, 12 deaths; measles, 85 cases, 3 deaths; whooping cough cough, 80 cases, 21 deaths; typhoid, 89 cases, 19 deaths; consumption, 164 cases, 144 deaths.

TUNNEL UNDER NIAGARA.

Vanderbilt's Project for Quicker Transit Through Canada.

A despatch from New York says:—The Vanderbilts have practically determined to tunnel Niagara River for the purpose of securing quicker transit of traffic to and from the West through Canada. Civil engineers representing the Michigan Central Railway, are now looking over the ground between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with a view of ascertaining the best locality to construct the tunnel.

TROOPS PATROL STREETS.

Strike Follows Order for the Mobilization of Troops.

A despatch from Libau, Russia, says:—A general strike has been brought about here by the order for mobilization of troops. No factories are running, port loading has been discontinued, and the street railroads have stopped operations. Steam railroad communication has been interrupted and there are no newspapers issued. The arrival of reservists from the neighboring districts has added to the confusion as well as to the possibilities of disorder. The situation is growing tense, and many soldiers are patrolling the streets.

TO VISIT CANADA.

Baron Komura Has Accepted Laurier's Invitation.

A despatch from Portsmouth, N. H., says:—Baron Komura has accepted an invitation from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, to visit Canada on his way to San Francisco to take passage for Japan. Most of the transcontinental journey will be made over the Canadian Pacific, with the Japanese plenipotentiaries as the Dominion Government's guests. Mr. Takahira, Baron Komura's colleague, will return to his official duties as Japanese Minister at Washington.

RISING OF PEASANTS.

Tens of Thousands Armed in Russian Provinces.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says:—Three hundred representatives of the intellectual classes from St. Petersburg met at Terijoki, Finland, recently. One of the speakers described the peasant agitation in the Province of Saratov and Samara, Russia, saying that tens of thousands of peasants, with arms, were organizing for a movement to be made in the Autumn. Cossacks and infantry have been sent to Terijoki.

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 5.—Wheat—Ontario—Sales of new No. 2 white are reported at 76c, with 75c to 75½c for new No. 2 red. Old is at 77c bid.

Wheat—Manitoba—No. 1 northern $1.02, No. 2 northern, 99c, and No. 3 northern, 84c to 85c.

Flour—Ontario—$3.10 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' sacks, east or west. Manitoba unchanged First patents are quoted by the two big companies at $5.30 to $5.40, second patents $5 to $5.10, and bakers' at $4.90 to $5.

Millfeed—Ontario bran $11.50 to $12 per ton in car lots at outside points, and shorts $17 to $19. Manitoba—Bran $17, shorts $19 to $20, at Toronto and equal points.

Oats—Sales of No. 2 new are reported at 28½c low freight for export. Old sell at 34c to 35c at outside points.

Barley—Old and new 37c to 44c, according to quality, at outside points.

Rye—56c to 57c at outside points.

Corn—Canadian nominal. American easier at 62c for No. 3 yellow at Toronto, and 62½c for No. 2.

Peas—65c at outside points.

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

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Holds firm on an active export demand.

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

Cheese—Quotations are unchanged at 11½c to 13½c per lb.

Eggs—Quotations are unchanged at 18c to 19c.

Potatoes—55c to 60c per bushel. Receipts are increasing.

Baled Hay—No. 1 timothy is selling at $7.50 per ton on track here and No. 2 at $6.

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

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Sept. 5.—Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, $5.30 to $5.40; strong bakers', $5 to $5.10; winter wheat patents, $4.80 to $4.90, and straight rollers, $4.45 to $4.60, in wood; in bags, $2.15 to $2.25.

Grain—Old crop oats are selling at 42½c for No. 2 white and at 41½c for No. 3 do. per bushel ex store. New crop oats are quoted at 37c to 38c for No. 2, and at 36c to 37c for No. 3.

Rolled Oats—$2.40 to $2.42 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, at $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, 37c to 38c per bushel; No. 3, 36½c, new crop.

Beans—Choice primes, $1.65 to $1.70 per bushel, $1.60 in car lots.

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

Honey—White clover, in comb, 12c to 13c per section, in one-pound section; 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, $19.25 to $20.75; compound lard, 5¾c to 6½c; Canadian pure lard, 10¾c to 11c; kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams, 12c 13c to 14c, according to size; bacon, 13c to 14c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $10 to $10.25; alive, $7 to $7.25, mixed lots.

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

Butter—Choicest creamery, 22½c to 22¾c; under-grades, 21¾c to 22c; dairy at 18c to 20c.

Ashes—Firsts, $5.02½ to $5.07½; seconds, $4.55 to $4.60; first pearls, $7.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKET.

Buffalo, Sept. 5.—Flour—Quiet and steady. Wheat—Winter, easy; No. 2 red, 84c; No. 2 white, 81c. Corn—Light demand; No. 2 yellow, 59½c; No. 2 corn, 58½c. Oats—Stronger for higher grades; No. 2 white, 29c; No. 2 mixed, 27½c. Barley—Offerings light. Rye—No. 1, in store, 65c asked. Canal freights—Steady.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 5.—There was an unusually heavy run at the City Cattle Market to-day.

Export cattle, choice	$4.40	4.75
do bulls	3.50	3.75
do medium	3.00	3.25
do light	3.00	3.50
do cows	3.00	3.50
Butchers' picked	4.25	4.40
do choice	4.00	4.25
do medium	3.50	3.80
do light	3.00	3.40
do bulls	1.75	2.50
Stockers, choice	3.00	3.50
do common	2.50	3.00
do bulls	2.00	2.25
Milch cows, choice	20.00	50.00
do common	20.00	35.00
Sheep, export ewes	4.00	4.15
do bucks	3.00	3.40
do culls	3.00	3.25
Lambs, per cwt.	5.50	6.00
Calves, each	2.00	10.00
do per cwt	3.50	5.50
Hogs, selects	6.75	
do lights and fats	6.25	6.50

The contract for the carriage of the mails between Canada and Great Britain will be renewed with the Allan Line for a period of five years from August next.

CHINA MUST BE REMUNERATED

Terms of Arrangements Regarding the Eastern Railway.

A despatch from Portsmouth, N. H., says:—The Associated Press is able to give one additional and interesting as well as important detail in regard to the conditions of peace. Most important of all is the fact that the formal recognition of Japan's possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway below Kuenchengtse the junction of the branch to Kirin, involves a payment by Russia to China of a sum estimated at $75,000,000. This is the Chinese interest in the road, and for it China must be remunerated. The question of the ultimate possession of the road is a matter to be settled between Japan and China. Japan can keep the road or surrender it to China, demanding in return the money paid by Russia to China. If she elects the latter course Japan will therefore obtain as an indirect "spoil of war" from Russia the above-mentioned sum, in addition to reimbursement for the cost of maintaining the Russian prisoners of war, for which Japan will present an itemized bill. Japan is known to have given her word to China not to retain the railroad, which was really built for strategic purposes. But if China prefers the money to the railroad Japan could not be accused of bad faith. Inasmuch as Japan was desirous even before the war of extending the then projected Corean Railroad, which is already in operation, so as to eventually connect with the Eastern Chinese and Chankaikwang roads, and in the negotiations which preceded hostilities asked Russia to bind herself not to impose this aim, it is considered likely that she would herself prefer the railroad to the money. In addition to turning over the money obtained from Russia, China, if she took the railroad, would therefore have to reimburse Japan for the expense incurred by her in restoring the road, rebuilding the bridges and changing the gauge.

WHERE RUSSIA SCORES.

Whether it remains in the hands of Japan or ultimately becomes a part of the system of Chinese Imperial railroads, a traffic arrangement must be made with the part still in the possession of the old Chinese Eastern Co., the stock of which is held by the Russo-Chinese Bank. This adjustment will be arranged later. Both Russia and Japan, if the latter retains the road, are to be allowed to have "railroad guards" for the protection of the railroad property, and in case of disorder calculated to threaten its interests, are mutually to be permitted to send troops, but the number is in no case to exceed those required, and they are to be forthwith recalled as soon as their mission is accomplished. This, likewise, is a very important provision, and with the East and West Chinese Eastern line and the southern line as far as Kuenchengtse still in Russia's possession, would in case of a future issue give her control of the largest part of Manchuria—the whole vast territory from the fertile valley of the Sungari, called the "granary" of the province, northward.

Another important provision is that Japan's succession to the Port Arthur and Liaotung leases, which Russia surrenders, is conditional upon China's assent.

Mr. Dennison, who is to collaborate with Mr. De Maartens in the framing of the treaty, says no second treaty will be made here. Later a commercial treaty will be negotiated. Meantime a provision will be inserted in the present treaty, as stated by the Associated Press giving each country the benefit of the "most-favored-nation" clause in its commercial intercourse with the other.

JAPAN IS BITTER.

A despatch from Tokio says: Tokio heard of the peace at midnight on Thursday. The cable despatches announcing it were delayed here nine hours. When the receipt of them became known in the forenoon there was absolutely no demonstration. There was a marked absence of the flags which hitherto have been displayed on every and the slightest occasion.

Undoubtedly there is deep disappointment. The press and the public generally cannot comprehend why the demand for an indemnity was abandoned. It is rumored that the Cabinet will resign. The better informed classes and the farmers generally express more sober opinions. They consider that Baron Komura acted for the best. The original objects of the war have been attained, and, above all, it is understood that the Emperor was greatly averse to further bloodshed.

Upon the announcement of peace a flag was hoisted at half-mast at the Hochi newspaper office. At a meeting all the newspapers except the Kokumin decided to display flags at half-mast when the official announcement is made.

A majority of the newspapers here defer extended comment upon the conclusion of peace, preferring to await the announcement of official details. It is clear, however, that the disappointment caused by the agreement is deepening. There have been no celebrations whatever. The remarkable political truce that was maintained during the war has disappeared, and a term of intense anti-Government agitation is beginning. The Nichi Nichi Shimbun regards the settlement as a Russian diplomatic triumph. It says the Russians not only adroitly used the good offices of France and Germany, but also the new Anglo-Japanese treaty, to worst the Japanese plenipotentiaries.

The Chuo points out that the concessions are mutually humiliating, and says if anyone is satisfied it is President Roosevelt, he having succeeded in a difficult job.

The Kokumin says that Japan has apologetically got what she fought for. She is especially assured of the safety of her national existence. It expresses the nation's gratitude to President Roosevelt for his good-will and for his efforts to end hostilities. It says that the question of indemnity was important, but was not sufficient reason for continuing the war.

HOW CZAR RECEIVED NEWS.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Mail professes to describe the manner in which the Czar received the news of the conclusion of peace. He says: "The despatch was handed to his Majesty at 11 p.m. Admiral Abasa was summoned to decipher it. The Czar listened until the end was reached. Then he gave a deep sigh of relief and crossed himself, saying: 'Thanks be to God. My poor people will now again become tranquil.' He then hurried with suppressed excitement to the room of the Empress. On his return he dispatched a messenger to the Dowager Empress, who is said to have wept from joy on hearing the news."

JAPAN AGREES TO ARMISTICE.

A despatch from Portsmouth, N. H., says: Japan, through Baron Komura, has agreed to the immediate conclusion of an armistice. At 11 o'clock on Thursday night Mr. Takahira went to Baron Rosen's room and explained that he and Baron Komura had received instructions to arrange terms of an armistice. Baron Rosen immediately communicated with M. de Witte, and it is probable that a meeting will be held at once for the proclamation of a complete suspension of hostilities preliminary to the arrangements of the details by the two generals upon the battlefield.

ROCKS THROWN AT TRAIN.

John Monkman, of Unionville, Will Lose an Eye.

A despatch from Fort William says:—The special trains of harvesters from Toronto passed here on Thursday. All look like good harvest hands. Notwithstanding that the harvesters has behaved themselves in a gentlemanly manner on their way up, on Wednesday night while the train was passing through Trudeau, a station east of Jackfish, one of a party of Italian navvies for revenge threw a large rock at the moving train, the middle striking John Monkman of Unionville, on the forehead and seriously injuring him. He was taken to the McKellar Hospital, where his wound was dressed. The man will lose the sight of one of his eyes.

Miss Maxam of Roland, Manitoba, was also cut by a stone, but her injury was slight, and she proceeded west on the train. Trainmen account for the acts of the Italians by saying they must have thought they were taking satisfaction for the hard usage that the Nova Scotians bestowed upon the sectionmen when going through last week. Another harvester, Frank Manners, slipped when trying to catch the train at Port Arthur and had his foot badly cut and mangled. He was placed in the hospital at Port Arthur.

AUSTRALIA'S DEFENCES.

Forces to be Increased and Ammunition Stored.

A Melbourne dispatch states that, speaking on the Government proposals to increase the personnel of the partially paid forces by 1,300 men and to store a two years' supply of ammunition, Mr. J. W. McCay, ex-Minister of Defence, made a powerful speech in Parliament on Wednesday, declaring that the time had arrived for Australia to frankly abandon the attempt to provide defences entirely out of revenue. The Commonwealth, he urged, must borrow at least three-quarters of a million sterling, immediately, to rearm the forts. Australia could no longer burke her responsibilities. The speech created a deep impression, and was approved by all parties. Mr. Deakin, Premier; Senator Playford, Minister of Defence, and Mr. Ewing, Vice-President of the Executive Council, are now working out the details in co-operation with the Council of Defence to complete the defence policy, which will have a far-reaching effect. Mr. Deakin promises a public statement in a month's time.

VESUVIUS GETS BUSY.

In Full Eruption, Throwing Out Masses of Lava.

A despatch from Naples says:—Mount Vesuvius is in full eruption, and throwing out an enormous mass of lava. Deep rumblings are heard in the interior of the crater, and lava is flowing down the right side of the cone.