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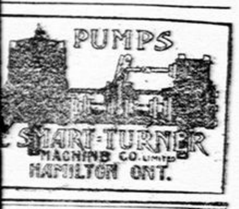

ROFITABLE BORDERS.

the very rich have fences their farms in Japan. The se do not like to spare the feet a fence would take up. rder around a field is neces- is made of mulberry trees, ves of which are good for ns. It is said that 190,000 at would otherwise be taken fences are thus used.

ING THE NERVES with opium you cough but the inflammation goes from ge. Allen's Lung Balsam, containing goes to the root of the trouble and seated affections of throat and lungs.

Prune—"I ain't seen your rl of late." Mrs. Pebbles—e poor girl is gone. She boil one of Hiram's cellu- ars and it exploded and we n her since."

Prolong Life.—De Sota, the lost his life in che wilds of whither he went for the pur- discovering the legendary n of perpetual youth," said to that then unknown country. Thomas' Eclectric Oil uate youth, it will remove the ns which make the young old ir time and harass the aged nely graves.

But are you sure her com- genuine?" Belle—"Posi- saw the box; on the lid None genuine without our ," and there was the sig- ght enough."

r Lunacy seemed the only al- for a well-known and highly lady of Wingham, Ont., who lled over two continents in a h for a cure for nervous de- dyspepsia. A friend recom- outh American Nervine. One ed, six bottles cured, and her cten testimony closes with ds: "It has saved my life."—

," said an inquiring youth, hen sits on an egg for ks and it don't hatch, is poiled?" "As an article of son, it is henceforth a ut for political purposes it es."

morbus, cramps and kindred annually make their ap- t the same time as the hot een fruit, cucumbers, melons, many persons are debarred these tempting things, but not abstain if they have Dr. ogg's Dysentery Cordial and drops in water. It cures and cholera in a remarkable d is sure to check every dis- the bowels.

Mother—"Now, Harold, you love most, papa or Little Harold—"Papa." ther—"But yesterday you oved me most." Little es; but I've thought it and decided that we men together."

not be expected to have faith in Shiloh's ption Cure, the Lung Tonic, as a cure for coughs and all diseases of the air passages, ve not tried it. We have faith in it, and y you that it will cure you we guarantee Doesn't cure you it costs you nothing. It t costs you 25c. That's fair. Try it

of many thousands of the most of climate we do not hesitate to say that it was cures Cough, Throat or Lung trouble. If we believe this we would not guarantee it as we do. Shiloh has had an unbroken success for thirty years, it has stood ible test without failure. Isn't that proof ove properties. Further

the many testimonials of those who have ed and been cured. Mrs. Archie Taylor, Ont., writes:—
a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure it very beneficial. I have two children had a terrible cough. I gave them I could think of, but they got no better ncoming my husband bought a bottle of We gave it to the children when they ept, and they slept all night. It cured pletely. I shall always keep it in the Geo

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UE NO. 42—05.

MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

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The..... Laird's Secret

CHAPTER XV.

While Willie, the hermit, was being interviewed by the stranger from Canada at the entrance to his cave, the gloom and sorrow were deepening over Linne Castle; for the laird was rapidly nearing his end.

For some time after the stranger had left the sick room the old man lay motionless, with his dim eyes fixed in a death-like stare. Marjorie, on her knees beside the bed, pressed the thin, cold hands, and sobbed piteously, naming his name, but he neither moved nor spoke; while on the other side of the bed stood Edward Linne, watching with a curious expression the heavy, stertorous breathing of the dying man.

Presently attracted by the piteous sobbing of the girl, he went to her, and lifted her from the ground.

"Come away, my girl," he said, tenderly. "This is no place for you."

But Marjorie resisted.

"Don't take me away from him!" she cried, hysterically. "Indeed, indeed, I must stay!"

"Then you must cease fretting," he whispered. "Come, be brave. You have been expecting this for weeks. It is better for him that it has come."

He placed her in an armchair which stood near the bedside; then he went to the bed, placed his fingers on the old man's pulse, and again looked with cold curiosity at the face. The eyes were now looking straight at him, and were full of recognition.

"He has recovered consciousness," he said nervously shrinking back.

In a moment Marjorie was by the bedside. She clasped the thin hand in both of hers, and gazed tenderly down upon the old man. As she did so, the light in his eyes grew softer, and his lips moved.

"He is speaking!—he wishes to say something!" cried Marjorie, bending low, that she might catch the words of the dying man. But she heard nothing. "What is it, sir?" she asked, softly. "Do you wish to speak? have you something to say to me?"

The head moved slightly, as if in assent.

"What is it?" she asked again, as she placed her ear closer to the old man's lips.

The heavy breathing continued, but she could not hear a word.

"Oh, it is terrible!" she cried, while the laird, still making violent efforts to speak, turned his eyes in piteous entreaty from one face to another. "What shall I do?"

"You can do nothing," said Linne, "but leave him to die in peace."

"But he wishes to say something, and cannot."

"No," said Linne; "I don't think he will speak again." For the eyes were already becoming dim, and were fixed again into that vacant stare. "Come, Marjorie," he continued, again placing the girl in the armchair, "this is not the sort of scene for you; but, if you will stay, you must be reasonable. If you cry so much you will make yourself ill."

He placed himself between the armchair and the bed, so as to hide the girl's view of the dying man; but it was unnecessary, for Marjorie's face was buried in her handkerchief. For some time no one spoke; Linne was soon in his own thoughts, and Marjorie lay exhausted in the chair.

Suddenly both started. There was a hurried footstep on the stairs, and the next moment the figure of Willie Macgillvray stood in the doorway.

With a cry of joy Marjorie sprang to meet him, but the old man, whose manner was full of strange excitement, quickly put her aside, and approached the bed.

"Are ye living, John Mossknow?" he said. "Tell me, are ye living, and do ye ken what it is I say?"

The eyes, still fixed and vacant, gave no sign of recognition.

"He lives, but he doesna hear me," said Willie, sorrowfully. "Tell me, Marjorie, my doo, has he been long like this?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "A while ago he recovered consciousness and tried to speak to me, but only his lips moved, for I could not hear a sound. Oh, Mr. Macgillvray, will he never speak again?"

"The Lord knows," answered the old man, reverently. "And now leave the room both of you, for I want to be with him alone!"

Marjorie looked at Linne, who replied, "I refuse to leave the room, and should like to know by what right you order me to do so?"

Willie looked up at him with a curious expression, full of contempt and dislike.

"You craw o'er soon, and you're no' the master yet, young man," said he. "But gang your ways; or if ye will not gang then stay and welcome."

"Shall I go, Willie?" asked the girl.

"No, Marjorie," he answered; "but keep away from me, lassie, for I have something to say to the laird."

Then, bending over the old man, he said—

"If ye ken who is by ye and who speaks till ye, make a sign."

He watched earnestly, but no sign came; except for the regular breathing the man showed no indication of life. Willie thereupon moved from the bedside, and walked excitedly up and down the room, muttering to himself. Now and again he paused, and gave a curious look at the young man who stood so calmly watching the death-throes of his kinsman. Presently Willie approached the bed again; this time he uttered an exclamation of delight. Once more the eyes were full of recognition.

"Keep back, both of you!" he said; "keep back! I have something to say to the laird."

He bent low and whispered in the old man's ear. Then he looked into the filmy eyes again.

"He kens what it is I'm saying," cried Willie. "Thank the Lord, he kens!"

But even as he spoke, the laird uttered a deep sigh, and his jaw fell.

"Marjorie, my bairn," said Willie, as he reverently bowed his head, "say a prayer, if you can; the laird is dead!"

It was indeed true. As Linne stepped hastily forward and laid his fingers upon the pulse, it ceased to beat.

"Yes, he is dead," he repeated with a sigh of relief. Then he turned nervously away, as if to shut out the ghastly sight before him.

So the shadow which passes from dwelling to dwelling fell upon Linne Castle.

Persuaded by Willie, Marjorie was induced to retire to her room, where, thoroughly exhausted with the fatigue of the night, she at last sobbed herself to sleep; while throughout the house, despite the moving hither and thither of the servants who were in attendance on the body of the laird, there was that hushed silence which ever accompanies death. Yet it was simply the old story over again—"Le Roi est mort; Vive le Roi!" for while in the room above the body of the old laird was receiving the ghastly honors of the dead, in the dining-room below stood the young laird, his heart expanding with joy at the position he believed he had attained.

"I'm glad it's over—very glad it's over," he said to himself; "for at times I began to be afraid the old man might recover, and so disappoint me after all. And now the question is, what am I to do? Sell up and be off, or linger here a bit, and live like a country squire? And Marjorie—what is to become of Marjorie? I know what I should like to do with her, but unfortunately I'm bound hand and foot. . . . And that reminds me! Mary is to meet me again to-night; and I must keep the tryst, too, or heaven knows what the little babbling fool may be induced to do if she hears of the old man's death. Well, I've time to have something to eat, and then I'll slip off; no one will see me. And suppose they do? who has a right to question my movements now? No one. I am master of the situation—absolute master; only, to avoid a scandal, I must keep the girl away."

He rang the bell, and assuming a tone of command which made the old servant start and stare at him in wonder, ordered a repast to be prepared for him at once.

"Stay," he said, as the old man was retiring. "How is Miss Marjorie?"

"She's lockit up in her ain room, Mr. Edward."

"Well, tell your wife to remain in attendance upon her. It is my wish that she should be treated in every way as she was before the laird died."

"I'll do as you bid me, Mr. Edward," said the old man, groaning as he left the room.

"And now," said Linne to himself, when the door had closed and the old man was out of hearing," "I suppose I shall be expected to pay another visit upstairs. Well, it isn't a pleasant performance, but it won't have to be often repeated, and I may as well make the best of it."

Assuming a becoming air of sadness, he opened the door, and passed quietly up the stairs to the room where his uncle was lying.

How everything was changed! The room was now in perfect order; while the old man, his grey hair smoothed from his brow, his hands crossed upon his breast, lay like a statue upon the bed.

But beside the bed stood Willie Macgillvray, soliloquizing aloud—

"It's all over now, John Mossknow," he said. "We have long expected the end, and yet 'tis come just a day too soon. Well, the Lord have mercy on ye, if your sins in the past bring more misery on them that survive you! 'As ye sow so shall ye reap,' saith the Lord; and you have died a miserable, friendless death, just as you lived a miserable, friendless life. Ay! ay! ay! There's only one human being in the world to mourn you."

He looked up, and saw Edward Linne standing in the doorway, coldly regarding him. The two men looked at each other with no very amiable eyes.

"I take off my hat with all humility to the new laird," said Willie, with mock politeness.

Taking no notice whatever of the speech or the speaker, Linne came forward, and standing on the other side of the bed, gazed for a few minutes at the corpse.

"If he led a strange life, he contracted questionable friendships," he muttered at last. "Well, his friends must be free of the Castle while he is here, I suppose, but after that they shall trouble it no more."

Turning on his heel, he left the room, and went straight to his own bedroom.

"Heavens! what a ghost I am!" he said, surveying himself in the glass. "One would think to look at me that the old fellow's death lay at my door. Well, I confess it has been a fatiguing job waiting for it; but now my penance is done, I can put off sackcloth and ashes and be myself again."

He made a hasty toilette, and descended to the dining-room, where he found his dinner waiting. After he had finished his meal, he took his hat and left the house unseen by any one. Being somewhat late, he walked quickly. When he reached the place of meeting on the seashore Mary was already there.

She was seated on the rocks, looking out upon the sea. The moment his eye fell upon her all his ill-humor returned, so that, when, with face aglow, she sprang up to meet him, he put her aside in anger.

"Don't play the fool!" he said. "I didn't come here for that."

"Edward, what is wrong?" she asked, amazed.

"What is wrong?" he answered, irritably. "Nothing is wrong—that is, nothing more than usual. But that is the way you women always go on if a man isn't eternally making a fool of himself. You begin to cry, and ask if anything is the matter. Well, now, the question is, what am I to do about you?"

The girl did not answer. She could not; sobs choked her throat, and her eyes were full of tears.

"I wish to heaven you had remained where you were," he continued, "and found me out at a more convenient time! But here you are, and something must be done, I suppose. One thing is certain; you can't hang about the neighborhood; and we can't continue to meet, or people will begin to talk. They always do talk in these confounded places."

"Maybe we'll no' hae to wait lang," said the girl. "They say the laird is sair spent."

"The laird?" he is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Yes; he died a few hours ago."

"Then you—you are the laird's heir?"

"I don't know. Yes, I suppose so," answered Linne, with a scowl.

"But you ken weel it's true, Edward. You—you are his only kith and kin; all the world kens that."

"And what everybody knows must be true, I suppose. Well, yes; I dare say that I am the laird o' Linne. And what then?"

"And what then?" answered the girl, eagerly. "That is a' you bade me wait for. Hae ye forgot your words yestreen? It's ill wark to rejoice owre the death of the puir gentleman, but the Lord kens weel what I have suffered: and if I seem a bit glad, He will pardon me. Edward, dear, speak kindly to me, noo that my time o' happiness has come!"

But he only scowled angrily.

"Mary," he said, "I want to speak to you seriously. Will you listen to me?"

"Ay, I'll listen," she said gently.

"Well, then, I must tell you— I had better do it now; I would rather not have faced it, but since you are here there is no help for it. Well, then, the laird's death will make no difference to you. I cannot acknowledge you as my wife."

She stared at him blankly for a few moments; than she repeated his words.

"You canna acknowledge me as your wife?"

"No; it is impossible."

"But why? Tell me why?"

"For a very simple reason; you are not my wife at all!"

The words were spoken slowly and deliberately, and while he spoke them he kept his eyes fixed upon the girl's face. The tender, tearful look passed away now, and the features hardened.

"You ken weel you are lying to me Edward Linne!" she said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you I speak the truth."

"Then tell me this," answered the girl; "if I am no' your wife, hoo comes it that I hae my marriage lines?"

"It was a false marriage," returned Linne. "Your marriage lines are waste paper!" He continued: "I should not have promised to marry you at all, only you were a little fool, and forced me to it. Then I made you promise to keep it secret, because I dreaded the truth becoming known. Well, I went away. Do you think, if you had been my wife, I should have left you year after year without a sign? No, I was too great a coward to tell the truth; but I thought the truth would dawn upon you, and that I should be spared the pain of this confession."

"You're no' in earnest, Edward," persisted the girl. "Think of your words last night."

"I do think of them; but what of that? I was a fool last night, and kept up the old farce because I hadn't the courage to tell the truth. But I have thought it over since I knew that the farce could not be prolonged, and that since you had found me, I must face the facts and tell you how matters stood. But don't mistake me, Mary! I don't want to be unkind to you. Since your father is dead, you are not bound to Scotland; I will give you money to take you to America, and you can begin a new life."

She laughed aloud.

"Begin a new life!" she said; "that is sae easy, is it? You talk o' a new life, Edward Linne; but can you mend the auld one. Can you gie me back the past and heal the heart you have broken? A' the years of sorrow that I had the ae thing that comforted and strengthened me was the knowledge that I was your wife, that I was an honest lass, and that, when the day came, I shouid be able to hold up my head amang the best. And noo you tell me that I am a sinful, wretched woman, and that my father did right when he drove me frae my hame. May God forgive you, Edward Linne! may God forgive you for the lee!"

She turned away, covered her face with both her hands, and sobbed piteously. He waited until her grief became more subdued; then he said—

"Of course it's hard to lose the position you have always looked upon as your own, but it shall be made easy to you. I don't wish to be ungenerous; I will supply you with money, and, as I said, you can go away."

"I dinna want your money," she said, rising and turning away.

"What are you going to do?"

"Dinna ask me. Wait and see."

"Mary, Mary!" said Linne, "look the matter in the face like a sensible lass. Think over what I have said; and when you have made up your mind as to what it will be best for you to do, let me know, and I'll do what I can."

But without a word she turned and left him. As she went, he smiled nervously.

"She is the sort of a women who might commit suicide," he said. "Well, since she is homeless and friendless, it might be the very best thing she could do!"

(To be Continued.)

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Oct. 24.—Wheat—Ontario—No. 2 red and mixed are quoted at 74½c to 75½c, with No. 2 white 76½c, at low freights. Goose and spring, 70c.

Manitoba—One No. 1 hard, 248 No. 1 northern, 83 No. 2 northern, 7 No. 3 northern, and 71 other grades. No. 1 hard is quoted at lake ports at 86½c to 87c; No. 1 northern, 83c to 83½c, and No. 2 northern, 81c to 81½c.

Flour—Ontario—Exporters are bidding $3 for 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, at outside points, with $3.05 to $3.10 asked. Blends for domestic use, $12.50 to $13 per ton at outside points. Manitoba unsettled; first patents unchanged at $4.90 to $5, second patents, $4.50 to $4.60, and bakers', $4.40 to $4.50.

Millfeed—Ontario—Bran in carlots, $12.50 to $13 per ton at outside points; shorts, $16 to $17.50; Manitoba bran, $16 to $17; shorts, $17.50 to $18.50 at Toronto and equal points.

Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 32c west and 32½c to 33c east.

Barley—48c to 49c for No. 2, 46c to 47c for No. 3 extra, and 43c to 44c for No. 3, at outside points.

Rye—Firm; 64c to 65c, outside.

Peas—70c to 71c outside.

Buckwheat—Firm; 53c to 54c, outside.

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

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The market holds steady, with receipts in all lines fairly large.		
Creamery, prints	22c	23c
do solids	21c	21½c
Dairy lb. rolls, good to choice	19c	20c
do medium	17c	18c
do tubs, good to choice	17c	18c
do inferior	15c	16c

Cheese—12¼c to 12½c per lb.

Eggs—Unchanged at 19c to 20c.

Poultry—Fat hens, 6c to 7c; thin, 5c to 6c; chickens, 8c to 9c; thin, 6c to 7c; ducks, 7c to 8c; turkeys, 13c; all live weight.

Potatoes—Ontario stocks are quoted at 60c to 70c per bag on track, and 75c to 80c out of store. New Brunswick potatoes are quoted at 85c per bag on track and 90c out of store.

Baled Hay—The demand for No. 1 timothy is good, and the market has a firm tone at $8 per ton for car lots on track here. No. 2 is dull at $6.

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

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Oct. 24.—The market for oats is very firm, and prices have advanced ½c to 37c for No. 2 white, 36c for No. 3 white and 34½c to 35c for No. 4 ex-store. Manitoba barley is firm and in good demand at 48c for No. 3 and 46½c for No. 4 in car lots ex-track.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, $4.90; strong bakers', $4.50; old winter wheat patents, $4.65 to $4.75; straight rollers, $4.30 to $4.40, and in bags $2 to $2.10. New winter wheat patents, $4.50; straight rollers, $4.15; do. in bags, $1.90 to $1.95; extras, $1.75.

Millfeed—Manitoba bran, in bags, $16 to $17; shorts, $19 to $21 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, $15 to $15.50; shorts, $20 to $20.50; middlings mouille, $21 to $24 straight grain mouille, $26 to $27 per ton.

Rolled Oats—$2.25 to $2.30 per bag.

Cornmeal—$1.45 to $1.50 per bag.

Hay—No. 1, $8.50 to $9; No. 2, $7.50 to $8; clover, mixed, $6 to $6.50, and pure clover, $6 per ton, in car lots.

Eggs—18c to 19c, and selected goods at 22c to 23c.

Provisions—Heavy Canada short cut mess pork, in tierces, $31 to $32; heavy Canada short cut back pork, $21 to $22; heavy Canada long cut mess pork, $21 to $22; heavy Canada short cut clear pork, $20 to $21; heavy flank pork, none; light Canada short cut clear pork, none; hams, 28 lbs., 13c; do. 12 to 18 lbs. 13c; do 8 to 12 lbs., 13c; boneless hams, rolled, 15c; English boneless breakfast bacon, 15c; Wiltshire bacon 50-lb. sides, 14c; Windsor bacon, backs, 15c.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, Oct 24.—Flour—Firm. Wheat—Spring easier; No. 1 Northern, 89½c; Winter strong, No. 2 red, 85½c. Corn—Unsettled; No. 2 yellow, 61½c; No. 2 white, 60c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 33 to 33½c; No. 2 mixed, 31½c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 72c. Canal freights—Strong.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Oct. 24.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, 91⅞c in elevator and 93⅞ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 95⅞c f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 94⅞c f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET

Toronto, Oct. 24.—There was another heavy run of over 100 cars of stock at the City Cattle Market to-day. The total receipts were 102 cars, consisting of 1,735 head of cattle, 1,705 sheep and lambs, 1,400 hogs, and 110 calves.

Export cattle, choice	$4 40 to	$4 50
do medium	4 15	4 25
do bulls	3 00	3 25
do light	2 75	3 00
do cows	2 75	3 25
Butchers' picked	4 25	4 40
do choice	4 00	4 10
do medium	3 60	3 75
do light	2 75	3 00
do bulls	2 00	2 25
Stockers, choice	3 00	3 25
do common	2 00	2 25
do bulls	2 25	2 50
Heavy feeders	3 50	3 70
Short-keep	3 75	4 00
Milch cows, choice	40 00	50 00
do common	28 00	33 00
Sheep export, ewes	3 85	4 25
do bucks	3 00	3 50
do culls	3 00	3 50
Lambs, per cwt.	5 90	6 10
Calves, each	2 00	10 00
Hogs, selects	6 00	
do per cwt.	3 50	6 00
do lights and fats	5 75	

ALL HANDS WERE DROWNED.

Barge Minnedossa Goes Down in Saginaw Bay.

A Detroit, Mich., despatch says:—The barge Minnedosa, of Kingston, Ont., was lost at 2 a.m. on Friday, in Saginaw Bay, with all her crew of eight, including Capt. Phillips and wife. The Minnedosa was coming down from Fort William, Ont., bound for a Lake Ontario port with a cargo of wheat. She was in tow of the steamer Westmount, which was also towing the barge Melrose. The tow lines broke during the storm, and the Melrose and Westmount were separated from the Minnedosa. They managed to make harbor at Harbor Beach late in the afternoon, and reported that they had seen the Minnedosa go down. The boat was owned by the Montreal Transportation Co., of Montreal.

The storm was one of the most severe in recent years. As far as returns are obtainable ten vessels have been completely wrecked and 12 to 15 others more or less severely damaged. Twelve lives are known to have been lost.

SCARED BEAR UP A TREE.

Held the Frightened Animal Till They Got a Gun.

A despatch from Vancouver, B. C., says: The largest black bear that has ever been seen in the Nicola Valley has just been killed near Quilohena. John Collett and J. McNeil spotted the bear on the side of a mountain, and after a race of five hundred yards outflanked him and succeeded in treeing him. Collett mounted guard at the foot of the tree, while McNeil rode to the ranch house two miles away to secure a gun. The bear made several attempts to escape, but Collett scared him back. On the arrival of McNeil with the gun the bear was twenty feet up the tree. Collett put two shots in him before he fell, when McNeil put the finishing touches with a revolver. The bear tipped the scales at nearly five hundred pounds, and measuring six feet ten inches. The animal was an old-timer as shown by the much worn teeth.

DEATH IN TORNADO'S PATH.

Eight Persons Killed in an Illinois Village.

A despatch from St. Louis says: Information has been received that a tornade swept through the Village of Sorento, Ill., on Tuesday night. Eight persons are dead, many injured, and 40 to 50 houses demolished. So violent was the tornado that some residences were swept away completely. Houses that remained standing were converted into temporary hospitals, and the people by lantern light in the pouring rain searched through the debris for the injured. The population of Sorento numbers 1,100 persons.

MULTIPLIED BY TWO.

Increase of Wheat Marketed Over Amount Last Season.

A despatch from Montreal says: There has now been marketed in the Canadian Northwest, along the line of the C. P. R., 14,500,000 bushels of wheat, as compared with 7,000,000 bushels for the corresponding period of 1904, and 100,500 cars have been loaded with that cereal and sent eastward to the lake front, as against 4,650 cars last year.

No less than 5,500,000 bushels of wheat have reached the Fort William elevators over the C. P. R., and 5,300,000 bushels have been shipped from that port to Georgian Bay terminals, Buffalo and Montreal.

FERTILIZERS TESTED.

Department Finds 50 Out of 88 Samples Genuine.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The Department of Inland Revenue has completed the examination of 88 samples of fertilizers, and found 50 of them to be genuine. Ten were below guarantee, four were doubtful, and 24 were not registered. Much difficulty was found in identifying the samples purchased, and the inspectors have in many cases been uncertain as to identity. The analyst suggests that manufacturers and importers be required to distinguish each brand by a perfectly distinctive name, as is already done by many manufacturers, to be always sold under its proper name.

A BIG LAND DEAL.

Minnesotans Buy 43,000 Acres on Vancouver Island.

A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., says: A syndicate of Minnesotans has completed negotiations for 43,000 acres of lumber lands on Vancouver Island, and will erect the largest sawmill on the Pacific coast.

CZAR WILL GRANT LIBERTY

Government Will Lead the Reform Movement.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Telegram claims to know that ukases are impending granting certain important liberties in connection with the establishment of the National Assembly, to which every reasonable facility will be given for making the political condition of the people practically as free as that of their Western neighbors. Wide-spreading changes will be made in the Russian administration, after which the Government will try to lead, instead of following, the reform movement, adopting lines of policy which will run parallel with the reforms demanded by the Moderate Liberals.

The aim will be to allow the people, through their chosen representatives, to work out their own destinies on national lines. The people will be permitted to elect freely members of the National Assembly, candidates will be allowed to publish addresses and deliver speeches, the restrictions on the press will be repealed, and the people generally will be treated with confidence. In a certain sense the coming changes may be described as a revolution from above.

EDWARD IS CZAR'S MODEL.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times says that Count de Witte is holding informal conferences with influential reformers, notably Editor Hessen, of the Pravo, and Gen. Kouzmin, who expounded their programme at great length. They received assurances that the will give precise indication on this meeting the wishes of the nation. Count de Witte declared that the Czar's greatest desire is to become a constitutional sovereign. His ideal is King Edward, who rules over loyal subjects without the terrible burden of responsibility imposed by an autocratic regime. He hesitated to grant a constitution solely because he is yet unconvinced that the nation desired it. Count de Witte intimated that it would be the high mission of the National Assembly to express the people's will in this respect, but he urged moderation, so as to avoid playing into the hands of the reactionary counselors who surround the throne.

The correspondent adds that it is difficult to foresee success for these overtures. The Reformers are so profoundly sceptical and suspicious of the Government that they may persist in their present intention of entering the National Assembly to demand an immediate charter of liberties. The Congress of Reformers, to be held at Moscow on Wednesday, will give precise indication on this point. The first electoral meeting was held in St. Petersburg Wednesday. Several speakers urged the extension of the franchise, pointing out that the capital, with a population of 1,409,000, has only 13,000 electors.

Thanksgiving Dinner

THE MENU.

Thanksgiving Day means good cheer and groaning tables. Below is given a menu in which the recipes are all tried and tested. It is not intended merely to be a well-balanced menu, but to have dishes to suit the individual taste.

Celery Soup—Cut two heads of celery in small pieces and boil in hot water until perfectly tender. Have ready a thin cream sauce made of 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons flour and milk added slowly, until right consistency is obtained. Mash celery through colander into this sauce and beat together thoroughly. Season with pepper and a dash of celery salt. Serve hot with little squares of toast.

Codfish baked with Tomatoes—Boil fresh codfish until tender. Pick up in small pieces and moisten thoroughly with tomatoes (canned) salt, pepper and a drop or so of Worcestershire sauce. Sprinkle bread crumbs over top. Bake in fish shells until set.

A good-sized turkey should roast from five to six hours first in a slow oven for at least two hours. Make the oyster stuffing as follows: Moisten thoroughly brown crusts of bread with the oyster liquor, add pepper, salt, a touch of onion, sage and savory, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 pt. oysters slightly chopped. If not moist enough, 2 tablespoons melted butter adds flavor.

The cranberry sauce should be made the day before and placed in a mold so it will turn out in shape. Serve with a spray of red chrysanthemums stuck in the center, if the table decorations are to be red; and by the way, nothing could be prettier than either red or yellow chrysanthemums to give color tone to the dinner.

Mash the potatoes with plenty of cream and butter and boil the squash a long time until very tender. It is then delicious if highly seasoned. Both potatoes and squash can be garnished with parsley.

Macaroni baked with cheese makes a delicious side dish. Use sufficient macaroni, broken into 2-inch pieces, to about half fill a pudding dish. Boil rapidly in salted water for about 20 minutes. Drain and allow to stand in cold water a few moments. Drain again. Put a layer of this into a baking dish, then a layer of grated cheese. Another layer of macaroni and so on until the dish is filled, having the top layer of cheese. Pour over the whole a cream sauce made of 1 tablespoon butter, 1 of flour, with 1 pt. milk stirred until boiling. Bake for about half an hour. Serve with hot buttered crackers, salted. Butter the crackers, sprinkle a little salt over the butter and heat for a few minutes in the oven.

Broiled quail should be thoroughly basted with butter and served on slices of hot buttered toast, garnished with lemon.

Bird's nest salad is made of hard-boiled eggs (with shells neatly removed), half hidden in a nest of lettuce. Thick mayonnaise dressing is served in a dressing bowl.

Spanish cream is a delicious and inexpensive dessert. Soak half box gelatine in 1 cup cold water. Place to boil one qt. sweet milk. Beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately. Stir into the beaten yolks half cup sugar. When the milk has reached the boiling point stir in the dissolved gelatine and the yolks and sugar. Let boil up thoroughly and then pour into the beaten whites, not letting them cook at all. Flavor with lemon or vanilla and set into molds to harden.

Delicious little chocolate cakes can be made as accompaniments: Whites of three eggs, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, lemon flavoring. The yolks of these eggs can be used for the salad dressing. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten whites of eggs and milk. Sift flour with the baking powder flavor. Bake in very small gem pans in a hot oven. Ice with chocolate icing: Melt 2 squares chocolate, add a little boiling water and add powdered sugar until thick enough, 1 teaspoon lemon extract. When icing the cakes put 1 candied cherry in the center of each before the icing hardens

Mince pies should be heated in the oven just before serving, and sprinkled with sugar.

The centerpiece of the table at the Thanksgiving dinner can be a big open work basket, with a red ribbon run through, filled with the harvest home fruits. Nuts and candies, to carry out the same idea, can be served in four little baskets similarly fixed.

Delicious home made candies can be made by beating stiff the whites of 2 eggs, adding confectioner's sugar until of right consistency, and a few drops of any desired flavoring. Take small lumps of this paste and roll into oblong shape. Remove the stones of dates and put half of the date either side of this mixture. When done these are delicious.

Afterdinner coffee should be very strong and black, and may be served either at the table or in the parlor.

"HARD LUCK CHILD" DEAD.

Drowned in a Tub After Six Years of Accidents.

A despatch from Vineland, New Jersey, says: Rosie Kennely, six years old, fell into a tub of water at her home here, on Thursday, and was drowned. Her death ended a long series of mishaps and sickness. She was known in the neighborhood in which she lived as the "hard luck child." Her first year of life was uneventful enough, but about the time she was a year old she came near dying while cutting her teeth. When she was two years old she had cholera infantum, and it was believed the attack would be fatal.

Just before she was three years old burglars entered the home of her parents. She awakened and cried, and one of them bound a cloth across her mouth, so that she was almost smothered. When she was four years old she fell from a second-story window without being seriously harmed. The next year she fell into a well, and escaped with bruises and a fright. She was six years old in August, and a few days later fell into a washtub filled with water and almost drowned. It was in the same tub that she drowned on Thursday.

POST-OFFICE STATEMENT.

Surplus Shown—Deficit on Yukon and Other Services.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The financial statement of the Post-office Department for the year ending June 30th, shows a surplus of $490,844. The Yukon and Atlin services is now included in the ordinary expenditure. Those services caused a deficit of $100,940. The year's transactions show an increase of 419 in the number of post-offices, 841 in number of postal note offices, 260 in number of money order offices, and 28 in number of savings banks. It is estimated that 285,541,000 letters were posted, an increase of over 25,000,000. The postage stamp issue was $6,202,834, an increase of over $500,000.

BALLOONS IN WAR.

Experiments by French War Office—Dropping Projectiles.

A despatch from Toulon says: In the course of further experiments with the huge Lebaudy dirigible balloon, constructed under the patronage of the War Office, the aeronauts on Tuesday succeeded in dropping dummy projectiles upon the forts, demonstrating the possibility of airships being able to completely destroy military works during hostilities.

The two British officers captured by Moorish brigands are still held in the mountains.