

MILLBROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. 18, NO. 31. \$1 per annum.

MILLBROOK ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Print

Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER II.

Somewhat to his surprise, and much to his delight, Roderick Vawdrey escaped that maternal lecture which he was wont indulgently to describe as a "wiggling." When he entered the drawing-room in full dress just about ten minutes before the first of the guests was announced, Lady Jane received him with a calm affectionateness, and asked him no questions about his disposal of the afternoon. Perhaps this unusual clemency was because of his twenty-first birthday, Rorie thought. A man could not come of age more than once in his life. He was entitled to some favor.

The dinner party was as other dinner parties at Briarwood; all the arrangements perfect; the menu commendable, if not new; the general result a little dull.

The Ashbourne party were among the first to arrive; the duke politely and affably; the duchess delighted to welcome her favorite nephew; Lady Mabel looking very fragile, flower-like, and graceful in her pale blue gauze dinner dress. Lady Mabel affected the palest tints, half-colors which were more like the shadows in a sunset sky than any earthly hues.

She took possession of Rorie at once, treating him with a calm superiority, as if he had been a younger brother. "Tell me all about Switzerland," she said, as they sat side by side on one of the amber ottomans. "Which was it that you liked best?"

"The climbing, of course," he answered.

"But which of all the landscapes? What struck you most? What impressed you most deeply? Your first view of Mont Blanc, or that wondrous gorge below the Tete Noire, or—"

"It was uncommonly jolly. But there's a family resemblance in Swiss mountains, don't you know. They're all white, and they're all peaky. There's a likeness in Swiss lakes, too, if you come to think of it. They're all well. And Swiss villages, now, don't you think they're rather disappointing—such a cruel plagiarism of those plaster chalets the image men carry about the London streets, and no candle-end burning inside to make 'em look pretty. But I liked Lucerne uncommonly, there was such a capital billiard table at the hotel."

"Roderick!" cried Lady Mabel, with a disgusted look. "I don't think you have a vestige of poetry in your nature."

"I hope I haven't," replied Rorie, devoutly.

"You could see those sublime scenes, and never once feel your heart thrilled or your mind exalted—you can come home from your first Swiss tour and talk about billiard tables!"

"The scenery was very nice," said Rorie, thoughtfully. "Yes; there were times, perhaps, when I was a trifle stunned by all that grand calm beauty, the silence, the solitude, the awfulness of it; but I had hardly time to feel the thrill when I came bump up against a party of tourists, English or American, all talking the same twaddle, and all patronizing the scenery. That took the charm out of the landscape somehow, and I coiled up, as the Yankees say, and now you want me to go into second-hand raptures, and repeat my emotions, as if I were writing a tourist article for a magazine. I can't do it, Mabel."

"Well, I won't bore you any more about it," said Lady Mabel, "but I confess my disappointment. I thought you should have such nice long talks about Switzerland."

"What's the use of talking of a place? If it's so lovely that one can't live without it, one had better go back there."

Ottoman to the spot where his mother stood, with the Duke of Dovedale at her side, receiving her guests.

It was a very grand party in the way of blue blood, landed estates, diamonds, lace, satin, and velvet, and self-importance. All the magnates of the soil within accessible distance of Briarwood had assembled to do honor to Rorie's coming of age. The dining-table had been arranged in a horseshoe, so as to accommodate seventy people in a room which, in its everyday condition, would not have been big enough for thirty. The table was covered with the finest floral show that had been seen for a long time. There were rare specimens from New Grenada and the Philippine Islands; wondrous flowers lately discovered in the Sierra Madre; blossoms of every shape and color from the Cordilleras; richest varieties of lilies, golden yellow, glowing crimson, creamy white; butterfly flowers, and pitcher-shaped flowers that had cost as much money as prize pigeons, and seemed as worthless, save to the connoisseur in the article. The Vawdrey racing plate, won by Roderick's grandfather, was nowhere by comparison with those wondrous tropical blossoms, that fairy forest of ferns. Everybody talked about the orchids. Everybody's comparative ignorance of the subject, and complimented Lady Jane.

"The orchids made the hit of the evening," Rorie said afterward. "It was their coming of age not mine."

There was a moderate and endurable amount of speechifying by and by, when the monster double-crowned pines had been cut, and the purple grapes, that were almost as big as pigeon's eggs had gone round.

The Duke of Dovedale assured his friends that this was one of the proudest moments of his life; and that Providence had permitted a son of his own to attain his majority, he (the Duke) could have hardly felt more deeply than he felt to-day. He had—arra—arra—known this young man from childhood, and—had—er—um—never found him guilty of a mean action—or—arra—disgust, according to the loose morality of his nation. But the English article must be flawless.

And thus the duke meanders on for five or six minutes or so, and there is a subdued gasp of approval, and then an uncomfortable little pause, and then Rorie gets up in his place, next to the duchess, and returns thanks.

He said them all how fond he is of them and the soil that bred them, how he means to be a Hampshire squire, pure and simple, if he can. How he has no higher ambition than to be useful and to do good in this little spot in England, which Providence has given him for his inheritance. How, if he should go into Parliament by and by, as he has some thought of attempting to do, it will be in their interests that he will join that noble body of legislators; that it will be they and their benefit he will have always nearest at heart.

"There is not a tree in the forest that I do not love," cried Rorie, fired with his theme, and forgetting to stammer; "and I believe there is not a tree from the Twelve Apostles to the Knightwood Oak, or a patch of gorse from Pickett Pass, as well as I know the forest, and I may live and die and be buried here; I have just come back from seeing some of the finest scenery in Europe; yet, without blushing for want of poetry, I will confess that the awful grandeur of these snow-clad mountains did not touch my soul so deeply as our beechen glades and primrose carpeted bottoms close at home."

There was a burst of applause after Rorie's speech that made all the children shiver, and nearly annihilated a thirty-guinea Odontoglossum vexillarium. His talk about the forest, irrelevant as it might be, went home to the hearts of the neighboring land-owners, when he rejoined his cousin, he found that fastidious young lady by no means complimentary.

"Your speech would have been capital had a century ago, Rorie," she said, "and you don't, arra, arra, as poor papa does, which is something to be thankful for; but all that talk about the forest seemed to me an anachronism. People are not rooted in their native soil nowadays, they're used to be in the old stage-coach times, when it was a long day's journey to London. One might as well be a vegetable at once if one is to be pinned down to one particular spot of earth. Why, the Twelve Apostles," exclaimed Mabel, innocent of irreverence, "she meant certain ancient oaks so named, as well as such of life as your fine old English gentlemen. Men have wider ideas nowadays. The world is hardly big enough for ambition."

"I would rather live in a field and strike my roots deep down like one of those trees, than be a homeless nomad with a world-wide ambition," answered Rorie. "I have a passion for home."

"Then I wonder you spend so little time in it."

abode of straight lines and French windows, plate-glass and gilt moldings."

They sat side by side upon the amber ottoman, Rorie with Mabel's blue feather fan in his hand, twirling and twisting it as he talked, and doing more damage to that elegant article in a quarter of an hour than a twelvemonth's legitimate usage would have done. People looking at the pretty pair smiled significantly and concluded that it would be a match, and went home and told less privileged people about the evident attachment between the duke's daughter and the young commoner. But Rorie was not strongly drawn toward his cousin this evening. It seemed to him that she was growing more and more of a paragon; and he hated paragons.

She played presently, and afterward sang some French chansons. Both playing and singing were perfect in their kind. Rorie did not understand Chopin, and thought there was a good deal of unnecessary hopping about the piano in that sort of thing—nothing concrete, or that came to a focus; a succession of airy meanderings, a fairy dance in the treble, a goblin hunt in three bass. But the French chansons, the dainty melodies with words of infantine innocence, all about leaves and buds, and birds' nests and butterflies, pleased him infinitely. He hung over the piano with an enraptured air; and again his friends made note of his subjugation, and registered the fact for future discussion.

CHAPTER V.

It was past midnight when the Tempest carriage drove through the dark rhododendron shrubberies up to the Tudor porch. There was a great pile of logs burning in the hall giving the home-comers a very welcome. There was an antique silver stand with its accompaniments on one little table for the square, and there was another little table on the opposite side of the hearth for Mrs. Tempest, with a dainty tea service sparkling and shining in the red glow.

A glance at these arrangements would have told you that there were old servants at the Abbey House—servants who knew their master's and mistress's ways, and for whom service was more or less a labor of love.

"How nice!" said the lady, with a contented sigh. "Pauline has thought of my cup of tea."

"And Forbes has not forgotten my soda water," remarked the squire.

He said nothing about the brandy, which was being poured into the tall glass with a liberal hand.

Pauline came to take off her mistress's cloak, and was praised for her thoughtfulness about the tea, and then dismissed for the night.

The squire liked to stretch his legs before his own fireside after dining out; and with the squire, as with Mr. Squares, the leg-stretching process involved the leisurely consumption of a good deal of brandy and water.

Mr. and Mrs. Tempest talked over the Briarwood dinner-party, and arrived with perfect good nature—at the conclusion that it had been a failure.

"The dinner was excellent," said the squire, "but the wine went round too slow; my glasses were empty half the time. That's always the way where you've a woman at the helm. She won't put out enough wine, and she won't trust her servants with the keys of her cellars."

"The dresses were lovely," said Mrs. Tempest, "but every one looked bored. How did you like my dress, Edward? I think it's rather good style. Theodore will charge me horribly for it, I dare say."

"I don't know much about your dress, Pam, but you were the prettiest woman in the Edward."

"Oh, Edward, at my age!" exclaimed Mrs. Tempest with a pleased look. "When there was that lovely Lady Mabel Ashbourne!"

"Do you call her lovely?—I don't. Lips too thin; waist too slim, too much blood and too little bone."

LEADING MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Wheat—Ontario—Winter wheat, No. 2 white, 69c bid, 70c asked; No. 2 red, 69c bid, 70c asked; No. 2 mixed, 70c asked outside. Spring—C.P.R. north; 66½c bid, 68c asked. C.P.R. south; 66½c bid, 68c asked.

Wheat—Manitoba, No. 1 northern, 80½c bid, 81c asked; No. 2 northern, 79½c bid, 80c asked. C.P.R.; No. 3 extra, 50c asked outside. Peas—No. 2, 70½c bid, 71c asked.

Oats—No. 2 white, 36½c asked, 37c bid. Toronto; 36½c bid, 37c asked. C.P.R. 35½c bid, 36c asked. Bran—Very scarce, \$17 to \$17.50; shorts, \$18 to \$19.

Flour—Dull; Ontario, \$2.70 asked for 30 per cent. patents or export, buyers' trade, outside, \$2.65 bid; Manitoba first patents, \$4.50; second, \$4; bakers', \$3.90.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The market for good butter is very steady:

Creamery	25c to 27c
Dairy solids	24c to 25c
Dairy prints	23c to 24c
do. pairs	19c to 20c
do. tubs	15c to 16c
Inferior	15c to 16c
Cheese—Prices are holding firm at 13½c for large and 14c for twins.	
Eggs—Storage, 23c to 24c; limed, 22c.	
New-laid are quoted at 30c.	
Poultry—Prices depend on quality. Chickens, dressed, 7c to 8c.	
Fowl	6c to 10c
Ducks	8c to 10c
Geese	7c to 9c
Turkeys	11c to 12c
Potatoes—Ontario, 5c to 6c per bag. Car lots here; eastern, 6c to 7c.	
Hay—\$11.50 to \$12 for No. 1 Timothy and \$9 for No. 2 in car lots here.	
Baled Straw—Firm at \$6.50 to \$7 in car lots here.	

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—A firm tone prevails in the local market, but very little business being done.

Wheat—No. 2 white, 42½c; No. 3 white, 41½c to 42c; No. 4, 40½c to 41c.

Peas—Boiling quality, \$1 in car lots here, \$1.10 in jobbing lots.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat, \$4.25 to \$4.60; strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.25; straight rollers, \$3.60 to \$3.70; do. in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extras, \$1.50 to \$1.55.

Manitoba bran, in bags, \$20 to \$22; shorts, \$21.50 to \$22; Ontario bran, in bags, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, \$21.50 to \$22; milled middling, \$21 to \$22; straight grain, \$28 to \$29 per ton.

Bolled Oats—Per bag, \$1.25 to \$2 in car lots, \$2.10 in jobbing lots.

Hay—No. 1, \$13.50; No. 2, \$12.50; No. 3, \$11.50; clover, mixed, \$11; pure clover, \$10.50 to \$11 per ton in car lots.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess, \$22 to \$24; half-barrels, \$11.25 to \$11.75; clear fat backs, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50; half-barrels, \$10.75; dry salted long clear bacon, 10½c to 11½c; barrels plate beef, \$12 to \$13; half-barrels do., \$6.50 to \$7; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11; half-barrels do., \$6; round lard, \$9½c to 9c; pure lard, 12½c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13½c to 14c; hams, 13c to 14½c, according to size; 1905, Grain from Duluth moved in a larger volume than ever before. There were shipped from the head of Lake Superior \$1,608,000 bushels, as compared with 59,678,000 bushels in 1905.

EGGS—The market is in a very quiet condition. A good local trade has been done new-laid, 35c; late fall sets, 25c to 26½c; cold storage and limed, 20c to 30c.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, Dec. 24.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring, quiet; No. 1 northern, 87c. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 48½c; No. 2 white, 47½c. Barley—Very strong; Western, in store, quoted 52c to 62c. Rye—Dull; nothing done.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Dec. 24.—Wheat—Spot cases; No. 2 red, 79c in elevator and 81½c l.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern Duluth, 87½c c.i.f. Buffalo; No. 2 hard winter, 78½c c.i.f. Buffalo.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—Quietness was the predominant feature at the Western Market to-day.

No good straight loads of exporters' cattle were on the market. The prices were almost nominal, the range being \$4.25 to \$4.75 per cwt.

Picked butchers' cattle, \$4.35 to \$4.70; heavy butchers', \$4 to \$4.30; fat cows, \$3.25 to \$3.60; common cows, \$1.50 to \$3 per cwt.

Short keeps, \$3.75 to \$4; feeders, \$3.25 to \$3.70; stockers, \$1.75 to \$3 per cwt, according to quality.

Sheep and lambs were steady at \$5.25 to \$6.25 for lambs; \$4.50 to \$4.75 for export ewes, and \$3 to \$3.50 for bucks.

Hogs were quoted at \$6.15 for select, and \$5.50 for lights and fats.

Milk cows were steady to firm. Prices ranged from \$25 to \$35 each.

WANT A BRITISH PRINCE.

Would Place Prince Arthur of Connaught on Servian Throne.

A despatch from London says: In connection with the recent rumors of a plot to place Prince Arthur of Connaught on the Servian throne, M. Mijatovitch, ex-Servian Minister in London, in a published interview, admits that he was within a year of delegates from Belgrade have vainly endeavored to interest him in the proposal, asserting that King Peter would be induced to abdicate peacefully in favor of a British Prince. M. Mijatovitch said he declined to have anything to do with such a fantastic suggestion, but declares there is a definite political party in Servia favoring a change in the dynasty.

THE LARGEST REVENUE YET.

Receipts of the Province This Year Reach High Point.

A despatch from Toronto says: Hon. Mr. Matheson, the Provincial Treasurer, is a happy man because he foresees that Ontario will weather the storms of the financial year of 1906 with ease. "We shall make both ends meet," he has said. "The revenue will be the largest in the history of the province," he added smilingly, as he spoke of the subject on Wednesday. At the same time the expenditure will be larger, yet the Treasurer appears to expect to have a comfortable balance. Last year the revenue reached \$6,016,000, while the expenditure was \$5,396,000. Asked whether the receipts for 1906 would be as much as \$7,000,000, Mr. Matheson would not be sanguine, but the indications are that they will not fall far short of that sum. The province has received an income of \$1,000,000 from succession duties alone. There will be receipts from the taxation of railways. The income of the Provincial Secretary's Department is larger than ever before owing to the increased commercial activity on the one hand, and to the augmentation of fees for licenses, such as to sell liquor, on the other. Finally the exchequer will be further filled by ten per cent. of the purchase price of Cobalt and Kerr Lakes, which must be paid at once by the purchasers of those valuable mining rights. To counterbalance these there has been considerable expenditure on the improvement projects inaugurated by the Government during the last session of the Legislature.

FISSET SUCCEEDS PINAULT.

A South African Veteran to be Deputy Minister.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Col. E. Fisset, D.S.O., has been appointed Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence to succeed Col. Pinault. The order-in-council appointing Col. Fisset to his position was passed on Wednesday afternoon. Without doubt the militia of Canada will receive the news that an officer who has shown his sterling worth upon the battlefields of South Africa on more than one occasion is to become Deputy Minister with satisfaction. Especially in Ottawa is the appointment popular. Col. Fisset is a son of the soil, having been born in South Africa in 1869, on the first contingent being connected with the Army Medical Service. He served in the operations in the Orange Free State, and at the engagement of Paardeberg helped to bear off the field on a stretcher. Capt. Arnold, who was wounded. For his distinguished bravery on this occasion he was mentioned by Lord Roberts in despatches.

PROFIT IN LAKE BOATS.

Never So Much Money Was Paid Out For Freight.

A despatch from Chicago says: Never before has so much money paid for carrying freight in lake vessels as during the season just closed. A rough estimate places it at \$61,000,000 for coal, iron ore, grain and lumber. The profits to the vessels were perhaps the largest in the history of the lakes. Careful computations, based on the earnings of typical steamers, show a net profit on steel sales of 13 per cent. On wooden ships of about 3,000 for coal, and 3,500 tons capacity the profits have averaged as high as 30 per cent., with an average of more than 25 per cent. on their insurance valuation. The cause of this great prosperity was the demand of the country for iron and steel. The total movement of iron ore for the season was 27,513,589 tons, an increase of 4,036,683 tons over 1905. Grain from Duluth moved in a larger volume than ever before. There were shipped from the head of Lake Superior \$1,608,000 bushels, as compared with 59,678,000 bushels in 1905.

SWINDLER CAUGHT.

A Bogus Cheque Operator is in the Toils at Galt.

A despatch from Galt says: A Galt woman's timely pointer to the police on Thursday led to the arrest of a man who has confessed to being a passer of bogus cheques, and is believed to be the swindler wanted in a number of Canadian towns and cities. Joseph Hall's store, New Ainslie Street, and asked Mrs. Hall whether she had any blank cheques she could spare, as he wanted to fill some out. Mrs. Hall suspected the man, and on his departure notified the chief of police, who placed the man under arrest. At headquarters the man was found with the bogus cheques in his gulf. At first he vigorously denied the charge, threatening reprisals, but finally weakened and admitted the whole thing. He said he was the son of a farmer named Horace Brown, living near Cainsville, a short distance from Brantford. He would make no further statement as to how long he had been operating.

BYRCE FOR WASHINGTON.

British Government Enquiries if He Will be Acceptable.

A despatch from Washington says: The British Government has enquired of the State Department of James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the Government at London, would be acceptable to the United States as the King's Ambassador to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand, who is to retire from active service soon. The appointment of Mr. Bryce, it is learned, would be perfectly satisfactory to the Government, although the State Department has made no formal reply to the Foreign Office in London. It is expected he will come to America to take up his new mission late in February or early in March. Sir Mortimer Durand will leave Washington shortly after Christmas.

A Melbourne despatch says several big gold nuggets were discovered recently near Tarnagulla, and two were found weighing respectively 967 and 373 grains, the largest seen in Australia in forty years.

15,000,000 CHINESE SUFFERING

Great Famine Follows Total Failure of Crops.

A despatch from Washington says: Official advices received here regarding the famine in North Kiangsu, China, confirm the stories of suffering and want in that section. The crops are reported as being almost a total failure to Tao Yuen, in Antung and Fung Townships. The country everywhere is under water and the people are compelled to wade often waist deep and in some cases, up to their necks.

Immediately west of Tsingho what formerly was a fertile plain is a valley extending 20 miles at the narrowest point and stretching for over 40 miles toward the south-west. "Here and there," the prefect says, "are the ruins of cottages which rise above this sea of water and can only be reached by boats. The people are in a state of absolute destitution, not only their food but also the reeds which constitute fuel being destroyed by the water. An urgent appeal is made for the stricken people."

CHAMBERLAIN'S MEMORY.

The Past Has Become a Complete Blank to Him.

A despatch from London says: The long retirement of Joseph Chamberlain, owing to gout and other ailments, has led to constant assertions and contradictions concerning the gravity of his condition. The Chronicle states that he greatly overtaxed his strength at the celebrations in honor of his seventieth birthday at Birmingham, with the result that he lost his memory completely. He could not remember what had taken place even a few hours before, and although his other faculties were and are unimpaired, his memory is gone.

GLANDERS IN WINNEPEG.

First Outbreak in Two Years—Twenty Horses Shot.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: The first outbreak of glanders to occur in Winnipeg in two years was detected two days ago, and on Thursday 20 horses afflicted were shot at the city nuisance ground. Local veterinary surgeons detected the disease, and the horses were slaughtered under the direction of James Lightfoot's board and stable, on Bannatyne Avenue, last night, while Slater's stables, on North Main Street, lost ten. The odd horse belonged to a local express company. It is supposed that the disease was first contracted in the bush and brought to the city by animals brought in from the camps.

MUTINIOUS SAILORS SENTENCED.

The Leader of Potemkin Rebels Gets Four Years.

A despatch from Sebastopol says: Fifteen sailors who participated in the mutiny of June, 1905, on board the Russian battleship Kniaz Potemkin (now the Pauleimon) were sentenced on Wednesday. The leader was condemned to four years' penal servitude, and the others to serve terms in the disciplinary camps, ranging from six months to two years. The prisoners were those of the crew who sought refuge in Roumania when the Kniaz Potemkin put into Kusteni, where she was eventually surrendered, and who subsequently gave themselves up to the Russian authorities.

LEAVES FORTUNE TO POPE.

Wealthy Prelate's Will Gives \$1,000,000 to Pontiff.

A despatch from Rome says: The death was announced on Tuesday of Mgr. Adami, one of the most wealthy Roman prelates. Mgr. Adami made valuable presents to Pope Leo XIII, and Pius X., his gift to the latter being a gold pectoral cross set with brilliants. By his will he left \$1,000,000 to the Pope.

TOOK CARBOLIC ACID.

Death of Patrick Langane, Foreman in Lumber Camp.

A despatch from Magnetawan says: Patrick Langane, foreman in Burton Bros. Camp No. 3, north of here a few miles, took a dose of carbolic acid on Wednesday night about 6 o'clock, mistaking it for cough mixture, and died from the effects in less than ten minutes. The unfortunate man was a good foreman and his untimely death is very much regretted.

SAVED FROM HAND.

Woolly Bear's Sentence Cannot Live.

A despatch from Toronto says: Excellency has commuted the sentence of death in the case of an Indian who was found guilty of manslaughter. He was to have been hanged on Friday. It was reported that the Government had intended to pardon him, but that he could only live if the Government therefore nature and not the law, allowed to take its course.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC DOUBLED

Returns at Fort William Show an Immense Increase.

A despatch from Fort William, Ont., says: During the season of navigation just closed 836 vessels arrived and 854 departed at the port of Fort William. A trifle more than 2,000,000 tons of freight of all kinds was received during the season, and about 2,135,000 tons forwarded. Six hundred and seventy-two vessels arrived last year. For the last time, 1,200 truck handlers and checkers, employed since last fall at the Canadian Pacific freight sheds, drew their cheques, thus marking the close of the season. There are still engaged at the freight docks 300 men, most of whom will be retained during the winter.

The volume of freight handled by Fort William during the season exceeded by far that of any previous year in the history of this port, and although the officials' statements do not state that it is comparable with the volume of freight handled by the port of Montreal during the same period, it is estimated that the tonnage received was 60 per cent. greater than that of 1905.

During the last 65 days 280,000 tons of freight and flour were unloaded in Fort William, as compared with 191,000 tons for the corresponding period a year ago. The increase was confined to no particular commodity, all lines of merchandise having shared in the advance. Of barbed wire that arrived since the opening of navigation only 15,000 tons, or enough to build a two-strand fence around the entire world, is stored. Enough soap was unloaded at the port during November to keep an army of 15,000 inhabitants clean for a year. Four trainloads of farm implements were received.

From Oct. 31st to Dec. 1st, 1906, five and one-half cargoes were transferred from vessels to the wharves. This was exclusive of the cargo of steamships that was transferred to the wharves.