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Rorie and Vixen;

OR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The day before the funeral Captain Carmichael received a letter from his step-daughter, offering to execute any deed he might choose to have prepared, setting upon him the income which his wife was to have had after Violet's majority.

"I know that you are a heavy loser by my mother's death," she wrote, "and I shall be glad to do anything in my power to lessen that loss. I know well that it was her earnest wish that your future should be provided for. I told her a few days before she died that I should make you this offer. I do it with all my heart; and I shall consider myself obliged by your acceptance of it."

The captain's reply was brief and firm.

"I thank you for your generous offer," he said, "which I feel assured is made in good faith; but I think you ought to know that there are reasons why it is impossible I should accept any benefit from your hand. I shall not re-enter the Abbey House after my wife's funeral. You will be sole and sovereign mistress of all things from that hour."

He kept his word. He was chief mourner at the quiet but stately burial under the old yew-tree in Beechdale church-yard. When all was over he got into a fly and drove to the station at Lyndhurst road, whence he departed by the first train for London. He told no one anything about his plans for the future; he left no address but his club. He was next heard of, six months later, in South America.

Violet had telegraphed for her old governess directly after Mrs. Carmichael's death; and that good and homely person arrived on the day after the funeral, to take her abode with her old pupil as companion and chaperon until Miss Tempest should have become Mrs. Vawdrey, and would have but one companion henceforward in all the journey of life. Rorie and Vixen were to be married in six months. Mrs. Carmichael had made them promise that her death should delay their marriage as little as possible.

"You can have a very quiet wedding, you know, dear," she said. "You can be married in your travelling dress—something pretty in gray silk and terry velvet, or with chinchilla trimming, if it should be winter. Chinchilla is so distinguished-looking. You will go abroad, I suppose, for your honeymoon—Pau, or Monaco, or any of those places on the Mediterranean."

It had pleased her to settle everything for the lovers. Violet remembered all these speeches with a tender sorrow. There was comfort in the thought that her mother loved her, according to her lights.

It had been finally settled between the lovers that they were to live at the Abbey House. Briarwood was to be let to any wealthy individual who might desire a handsome house, surrounded by exquisitely arranged gardens, and burdened with glass that would cost a small fortune annually to maintain. Before Mr. Vawdrey could put his property into the hands of the auctioneers, he received a private offer which was in every respect satisfactory.

Lady Mallow wished to spend some part of every year near her father and mother, who lived a good deal at Ashbourne, the duke becoming yearly more devoted to his Chillingham oxen and monster turnips. Lord Mallow, who loved his native isle to distraction, but always found six weeks in a year a sufficient period of residence there, was delighted to please his bride, and agreed to take Briarwood, furnished, on a seven-years' lease. The orchid-houses were an irresistible attraction, and by this friendly arrangement Lady Mallow would profit by the alterations and improvements her cousin had made for her gratification, when he believed she was to be his wife.

Briarwood, thus disposed of, Rorie was free to consider the Abbey House his future home; and Violet had the happiness of knowing that the good old house in which her childhood had been spent would be her habitation always, for she too was carried to the family vault under the old yew-tree. There are young people who languish for change, for whom the newest is ever the best, but it was not thus with Violet Tempest. The people she had known all her life, the scenes amidst which she had played when a child, were to her the dearest people and the loveliest scenes upon earth. It would be pleasant to her to travel with her husband, and see fair lands across the sea, but pleasanter still would be the home-coming to the familiar hearth beside which her father had sat, the old faces that had looked upon him, the hands that had served him, the gardens he had planted and improved.

"I should like to show you Briarwood before it is let, Vixen," Mr. Vawdrey said to his sweetheart, one November morning. "You may at least pay my poor patrimony the compliment of looking at it before it becomes the property of Lord and Lady Mallow. Suppose you and Miss M'Croke drive over and drink tea with me this afternoon? I believe my housekeeper brews pretty good tea."

"Very well, Rorie, we'll come to tea. I should rather like to see the improvements you made for Lady Mabel, before your misfortune. I think Lord Mallow must consider it very good of you to let him have the benefit of all the money you spent, instead of bringing an action for breach of promise against his wife, as you might very well have done."

"I dare say. But you see I am of a forgiving temper. Well, I shall tell my housekeeper to have tea, and buns, and jam, and all the things children—and young ladies—like, at four o'clock. We had better make it four instead of five, as the afternoons are so short."

"If you are impertinent we won't come."

"Oh, yes, you will. Curiosity will bring you. Remember this will be your last chance of seeing the Bluebeard chamber at Briarwood."

"Is there a Bluebeard chamber?"

"Of course. Did you ever know of a family mansion without one?"

Vixen was delighted at the idea of exploring her lover's domain, now that he and it were her own property. How well she remembered going with her father to the meet on Briarwood lawn. Yet it seemed a century ago—the very beginning of her life—before she had known sorrow.

Miss M'Croke, who was ready to do anything her pupil desired, was really pleased at the idea of seeing the interior of Briarwood.

"I have never been inside the doors, you know, dear," she said, "often as I have driven past the gates with your dear mamma. Lady Jane Vawdrey was not the kind of person to invite a governess to go and see her. She was a strict observer of the laws of caste. The duchess has much less pride."

"I don't think Lady Jane ever quite forgave herself for marrying a commoner," said Vixen. "She revenged her own weakness upon other people."

Violet had a new pair of ponies, which her lover had chosen for her, after vain endeavors to trace and recover the long lost Titmouse. These she drove to Briarwood, Miss M'Croke resigning herself to the will of Providence with a blind submission worthy of a Moslem; feeling that if it were written that she was to be flung head foremost out of the pony carriage, the thing would happen sooner or later. Staying at home to-day would not ward off to-morrow's doom. So she took her place in the cushioned valley by Violet's side, and sat calm and still, while the ponies, warranted quiet to drive in single or double harness, stood up on end and made as if they had a fixed intention of scaling the rhododendron bank.

"They'll settle down directly I've taken the freshness out of them," said Vixen, blandly, as she administered a reproachful touch of the whip.

"I hope they will," replied Miss M'Croke; "but don't you think Bates ought to have seen the freshness taken out of them before we started?"

They were soon tearing along the smooth Roman road at a splendid pace, "the ponies going like clock-work," as Vixen remarked approvingly; but poor Miss M'Croke thought that any clock which went as fast as those ponies would be deemed the maddest of timekeepers.

They found Roderick standing at his gates, waiting for them. There was a glorious fire in the amber and white drawing-room, a dainty tea-table drawn in front of the hearth, the easiest of chairs arranged on each side of the table, an urn hissing, Rorie's favorite pointer stretched upon the hearth, everything cozy and home-like. Briarwood was not such a bad place after all, Vixen thought. She could have contrived to be happy with Roderick even here; but of course the Abbey House was, in her mind, a hundred times better, being just the one perfect home in the world.

They all three sat round the fire, drinking tea, poured out by Vixen, who played the mistress of the house sweetly. They talked of old times, sometimes sadly, sometimes sportively, glancing swiftly from one old memory to another. All Rorie's tiresome ways, all Vixen's mischevious tricks, were remembered.

"I think I led you a life in those days, didn't I, Rorie?" asked Vixen, leaving the tea-party, and stealing softly behind her lover's chair to lean over his shoulder caressingly, and pull his thick brown beard. "There is nothing so delightful as to torment the person one loves best in the world. Oh, Rorie, I mean to lead you a life by and by!"

"Dearest, the life you lead me must needs be sweet, for it will be spent with you."

After tea they set out upon a round of inspection, and admired the new morning-room that had been devised for Lady Mabel in the very latest style of Dutch Renaissance—walls the color of muddy water, glorified ginger-jars, ebonized chairs and tables, and willow-pattern plates all round the cornice; curtains mud-color, with a mediæval design in dirty yellow, or, in upholsterer's language, "old gold."

"I should like to show you the stables before it is quite dark," said Rorie, presently. "I made a few slight improvements there while the builders were about."

"You know I have a weakness for stables," answered Vixen. "How many a lecture I used to get from poor mamma about my unfortunate tastes! But can there be anything in the world nicer than a good old-fashioned stable, smelling of clover and newly-cut hay?"

"Stables are very nice indeed, and very useful, in their proper place," remarked Miss M'Croke, sententiously.

"But one ought not to bring the stables into the drawing-room," said Vixen, gravely. "Come, Rorie, let us see your latest improvements in stable gear."

They all went out to the stone-paved quadrangle, which was as neatly kept as a West-End livery-yard. Miss M'Croke had an ever-present dread of the ubiquitous hind-legs of strange horses; but she followed her charge into the stable with the same heroic fidelity with which she would have followed her to the scaffold or the stake.

There were all Rorie's old favorites—Starlight Bess, with her shining brown coat, and one white stocking; Blue Peter, broad-chested, well-ribbed, and strong of limb; Pixie, the gray Arab mare, which Lady Jane used to drive in a park-phaeton—quite an ancient lady; Donald, the iron-sinewed hunter.

Vixen knew them all, and went up to them and patted their graceful heads and made herself at home with them.

"You are all coming to the Abbey House to live, you dear things," she said, delightedly.

There was a loose box, shut off by a five-foot wainscot partition, surmounted by a waved iron rail, at one end of the stable, and on approaching this inclosure Vixen was saluted with sundry grunts and snorting noises, which seemed curiously familiar.

At the sound of these she stopped short, turned red, and then pale, and looked intently at Rorie, who was standing close by, smiling at her.

"That is my Bluebeard Chamber," he said gayly. "There's something too awful inside."

"What horse have you got there?" cried Vixen, eagerly.

"A horse that I think will carry you nicely, when we hunt together."

"What horse? Have I ever seen him? Do I know him?"

The grunts and snortings were continued with a crescendo movement; an eager nose was rattling the latch of the door that shut off the loose-box.

"If you have a good memory for old friends, I think you will know this one," said Rorie, withdrawing the bolt.

A head pushed open the door, and in another moment Vixen's arms were around her old favorite's sleek neck, and the velvet nostrils were sniffing her hair and cheek in most loving recognition.

"You dear, dear old fellow!" cried Vixen, and then turning to Rorie: "You told me he was sold at Tattersall's!" she exclaimed.

"So he was, and I bought him."

"Why did you not tell me that?"

"Because you did not ask me."

"I thought you so unkind, so indifferent about him."

"You were unkind when you could think it possible I should let your favorite horse fall into strange hands. But perhaps you would rather Lord Mallow had bought him?"

"To think that you should have kept the secret all this time!" said Vixen.

"You see I am not a woman, and can keep a secret. I wanted to have one little surprise for you, as a reward when you had been especially good."

"You are good," she said, standing on tiptoe to kiss him. "And though I have loved you all my life, I don't think I have loved you the least little bit too much."

EPILOGUE.

Vixen and Rorie were married in the spring, when the forest glades were yellow with primroses, the mossy banks blue with violets, and the cuckoo was heard with monotonous iteration from sunrise to sundown. They were married in the little village church at Beechdale, and Mrs. Scobel declared that Miss Tempest's wedding was the prettiest that ever had been solemnized in that small Gothic temple. Never perhaps, even at Easter-tide, had been such a wealth of spring blossoms the wildings of the woods and hills. The duchess had offered the contents of her hot-houses, Lady Ellangowan had offered wagon-loads of azaleas and camellias, but Vixen had refused them all. She would allow no decorations but the wild flowers which the school-children could gather. Primroses, violets, bluebells, the firstlings of the fern tribe, cowslips, and all the tribe of innocent forest blossoms, with their quaint rustic names, most of them as old as Shakespeare.

It was a very quiet wedding. Vixen would have no one present except the Scobels, Miss M'Croke, her two bridemaids, and Sir Henry Tolmash, an old friend of her father, who was to give her away. He was a white haired old man, who had given his latter days up to farming, and had not a thought above turnips and top-dressing; but Violet honored him, because he had been her father's oldest friend. For bridemaids she had Colonel Carteret's daughters, a brace of harmless young ladies, whose conversation was as stereotyped as a French and English vocabulary, but who dressed well and looked pretty.

There was no display of wedding-gifts, no ceremonious wedding-breakfast. Vixen remembered the wedding-feast at her mother's second marriage, and what a dreary ceremonial it had been. The bride wore her gray silk travelling-dress, with gray hat and feather, and she and her husband went straight from the church to the railway-station, on their way to untrodden paths in the Engadine, whence they were to return at no appointed time.

"We are coming back when we are tired of mountain scenery and of each other," Violet told Mrs. Scobel in the church porch.

"That will be never!" exclaimed Rorie, looking ineffably happy, but not very much like a bridegroom, in his comfortable gray suit. "You might just as well say that we are going to live among the mountains as long as Rip Van Winkle. No, Mrs. Scobel, we are not going to remain away from you fifty years. We are coming back in time for the hunting."

Then came kissing and hand shaking, a shower of violets and primroses upon the narrow church-yard path, a hearty huzza from the assembled village, all clustered about the oaken gate-posts. The envious carriage-door shut it, bride and bridegroom, the coachman touched his horses, and they were gone up the hill, out of the peaceful valley, to Lyndhurst and the railway.

"How dreadfully I shall miss them!" said Mrs. Scobel, who had spent much of her leisure with the lovers. "They are both so full of life and brightness."

"They are young and happy!" said her husband, quietly. "Who would not miss youth and brightness?"

. . . .

When the first frosts had scared the beeches to a fiery red, and the berries were bright on the hawthorns, and the latest bloom of the heather had faded on hill and plain, and the happy pigs had devoured all the beech-nuts, Mr. Vawdrey and his wife came back from their exploration of Alpine snows and peaceful Swiss villages, to the good old Abbey House. Their six months' honeymoon had been all gladness. They were the veriest boy and girl husband and wife who had ever trodden those beaten tracks. They teased each other, and quarreled, and made friends again like children, and were altogether happy. And now they came back to the Forest, bronzed by many a long day's sunshine, and glowing with health and high spirits. The glass of Time seemed to be turned backward at the Abbey House; for all the old servants came back, and white-haired old Bates ruled in the well-filled stables, and all things were as in the dead and gone squire's time.

Among Roderick's wedding-gifts was one from Lord Mallow—Bullfinch, the best horse in that nobleman's stable.

"I know your wife would like you to have her father's favorite hunter," wrote Lord Mallow. "Tell her that he has never been sick or sorry since he has been in my stable, and that I have always taken particular care of him, for her sake."

Among Violet's presents was a diamond bracelet from Lady Mallow, accompanied by a very cordial letter; and almost the first visit that the Vawdreys received after they came home was from Lord and Lady Mallow. The first great dinner to which they were bidden was at Briarwood, where it seemed a curious thing for Rorie to go as a guest.

Matrimony with the man of her choice had wondrously improved Mabel Ashbourne. She was less self-sufficient and more conciliating. Her ambition, hitherto confined to the desire to excel all other women in her own person, had assumed a less selfish form. She was now only ambitious for her husband; greedy of parliamentary fame for him; full of large hopes about the future of Ireland. She looked forward complacently to the day when she and Lord Mallow would be reigning at Dublin Castle, and when Hibernian arts and industries would revive and flourish under her fostering care. Pending that happy state of things she wore Irish poplin, and Irish lace, Irish stockings, and Irish linen. She attended her majesty's Drawing-room on St. Patrick's Day, with a sprig of real shamrock—sent her by one of her husband's tenantry—among the diamonds that sparkled on her bosom. She was more intensely Irish than the children of the soil; just as converts to Romanism are ever more severely Roman than those born and nurtured in the faith.

Her husband was intensely proud of his wife, and of his alliance with the house of Ashbourne. The duke, at first inclined to resent the scandal of an elopement and the slight offered to his favorite Rorie, speedily reconciled himself to a marriage which was more materially advantageous than the cousinly alliance.

"I should like Rorie to have had Ashbourne," he said, mournfully. "I think he would have kept up my breed of Chillingham cattle. Mallow's a good fellow, but he knows nothing about farming. He'll never spend enough money on manure to maintain the soil at its present producing power. The grasp of his mind isn't large enough to allow him to sink his money in manuring his land. He would be wanting to see an immediate result."

As time went on, the duke became more and more devoted to his farm. His Scottish castle delighted him not, nor the grand old place in the Midlands. Ashbourne, which was the pleasure-dome he had built for himself, contained all he cared about. Too heavy and too lazy to hunt, he was able to jog about his farm, and supervise the work that was going on, to the smallest detail. There was not a foot of drain-pipe or a bit of thatch renewed on the whole estate without the duke having a finger in the pie. He bred fat oxen and prize cart-horses, and made a great figure at all the cattle-shows, and was happy. The duchess, who had never believed her paragon capable of wrong-doing, had been infinitely shocked by Lady Mabel's desperate course; but it was not in her nature to be angry with her idolized daughter. She very soon came back to her original idea, that whatever Mabel Ashbourne did was right. And then the marriage was so thoroughly happy, and the world gladly forgives a scandal that ends so pleasantly.

So Lord and Lady Mallow go their way—honored, beloved, very active in good works—and the pleasant valleys around Mallow are dotted with red brick school-houses, and the old stone hovels are giving place to model cottages, and native industries receive all possible encouragement from the owner of the soil; and, afar off, in the coming years, the glories of Dublin Castle shine like the Pole-star that guides the wanderer on his way.

In one thing only has Lady Mallow been false to the promise of her girlhood. She has not achieved success as a poet. The duchess wonders vaguely at this, for though she had often found it difficult to keep awake during the rehearsal of her daughter's verses, she had a fixed belief in the excellence of those efforts of genius. The secret of Lady Mallow's silence rests between her husband and herself; and it is just possible that some too candid avowal of Lord Mallow's may be the reason of her poetic sterility. It is one thing to call the lady of one's choice a tenth muse before marriage, and another thing to foster a self-delusion in one's wife which can hardly fail to become a discordant element in domestic life. "If your genius had developed, and you had won popularity as a poet, I should have lost a perfect wife," Lord Mallow told Mabel, when he wanted to put things pleasantly. "Literature has lost a star; but I have gained the noblest and sweetest companion Providence ever bestowed upon man." Lady Mallow has not degenerated into feminine humdrum. She assists in the composition of her husband's political pamphlets, which bristle with lines from Euripides, and noble thoughts from the German poets. She writes a good many of his letters, and is altogether his second self.

While the Irishman and his wife pursue their distinguished career, Rorie and Vixen live the life they love, in the Forest where they were born, dispensing happiness within a narrow circle, but dearly loved wheresoever they are known, and the old men and women in the scattered villages round about the Abbey House rejoice in the good old times that have come again; just as heartly pleasure-loving England was glad when the stern rule of the Protector and his crop-headed saints gave place to the reign of the Merry King.

From afar there comes news of Captain Carmichael, who has married a Jewish lady at Frankfort, only daughter and heiress of a well-known money lender. The bride is reported ugly and illiterate, but there is no doubt as to her fortune. The captain has bought a villa at Monaco—a villa in the midst of orange-groves, the abandoned plaything of an Austrian princess; and he has hired an apartment in one of the new avenues, just outside the Arc de Triomphe, where, as his friends anticipate, he will live in grand style, and receive the pleasantest people in Paris. He, too, is happy after his kind, and has won the twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery of life; but it is altogether a different kind of happiness from the simple and unalloyed delight of Rorie and Vixen, in their home among the beechen woods, whose foliage sheltered them when they were children.

THE END.

LEADING MARKETS

Toronto, Dec. 3.—Manitoba Wheat—No. 1 hard, nominal; No. 1 northern, $1.15; No. 2, $1.10; No. 3 northern, $1.05½.

Ontario Wheat—No. 2 white, red or mixed, 95c to 96c, outside.

Barley—No. 2, 65c to 67c, outside; No. 3 extra, 63c to 65c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 48c to 48½c outside; mixed, 47c to 47½c, outside.

Rye—82c to 82½c, outside.

Peas—88c, outside.

Corn—No. 3 yellow American, 67½c, Toronto freights.

Buckwheat—60c to 61c, outside.

Bran—$19 to $20, in bulk outside; shorts $21 to $22.

Flour—Ontario winter wheat, $3.80 bid; Manitoba patents, special brand, $5.80; seconds, $5.20; strong bakers', $5.10.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Supplies are a little heavier, but prices are unchanged.

Creamery, prints	29c to 30c
do solids	26c to 27c
Dairy prints	26c to 27c
do solids	23c to 24c

Cheese—13½c for large and 13¾c for twins.

Eggs—Storage are 23c per dozen in case lots; selects, 26c to 27c; new-laid, about nominal at 30c.

Poultry—Choice chickens, 7c to 9c; inferior, 5c to 6c; choice ducks and geese steady at 7c to 9c; fat, clean, dry-picked turkeys, 12c to 13c; thin turkeys, 8c to 10c.

Potatoes—85c to 90c per bag in car lots on track here.

Beans—$1.75 to $1.85 for primes and $1.85 to $1.95 for hand-picked.

Honey—Strained steady at 11c to 12c per lb. for 60-lb. pails, and 12c to 13c for 5 to 10 lb. pails; Combs at $1.75 to $2.50 per dozen.

Venison—Hindquarters, 11c to 12½c; fronticuarters dull at 4c to 5c; carcases, 8c to 9c.

Baled Hay—Timothy is quoted at $18 to $18.50.

Baled Straw—$10 to $10.50 per ton on track here.

PROVISIONS.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear bacon, 10¾c to 11c for tons and cases; hams, medium and light, 15c to 15½c; heavy, 13½c to 14c; backs, 16½c to 17c; shoulders, 10c to 10½c; rolls, 10½c to 11c; breakfast bacon, 15c to 15½c; green meats out of pickle, 1c less than smoked.

Pork—Short cut, $22.75 to $23 for barrels; mess, $19 to $20.

Lard—Firm; tierces, 12c; tubs, 12½c; pails, 12¾c.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Dec. 3.—Manitoba No. 3 white oats on spot, 59c; Ontario and Quebec No. 2 white, 58c to 58½c; No. 3 57c to 57½c; No. 4, 55½c to 56c; Manitoba rejected, 56c, and Quebec 55c per bushel, ex-store. Flour—Choice spring wheat patents, $6.10; seconds, $5.50; winter wheat patents, $5.75; straight rollers, $5.50; do., in bags, $2.60 to $2.65; extra, $2.05 to $2.10. Manitoba bran, $23; shorts, $25; Ontario bran, $23.50 to $24; middlings, $27 to $29 per ton, including bags. Milled mouille, $28 to $32, and pure grain mouille $25 to $37 per ton. The demand for hay is active. No. 1, $17.50 to $18; No. 2, $16.50 to $17; mixed, $15 to $15.50; clover, $14 to $14.50 per ton in car lots.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess, $22.50 to $23; half barrels, $11.75 to $12.25; clear fat backs, $23.50 to $24.50; long cut heavy mess, $21 to $23; half barrels do., $10.50 to $11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 10¾c to 11½c; barrels plate beef, $13.50 to $15; half barrels do., $7.25 to $7.75; barrels heavy mess beef, $10 to $11; half barrels do., $5.50 to $6; compound lard, 10c to 11c; pure lard, 12½c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13½c to 14c; hams, 12½c to 13½c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; Windsor bacon, 14½c to 15½c; fresh killed abattoir-dressed hogs, $8.50 to $8.75; alive, $5.50 to $5.85.

A moderate demand prevails for domestic eggs in the local market. Newly-laid, 32c; select, 26c to 27c; No. 1, 23c to 24c; seconds, 17c to 18c.

There is a very firm tone to the local cheese market. November tail-ends are selling at 11½c to 11¾c, and October at 12c to 12¼c.

A moderate and steady demand prevails for butter. Grass goods, 28c to 28½c; current receipts, 27c to 27½c.

BUFFALO MARKET.

Buffalo, Dec. 3.—Wheat—Spring firmer, No. 1 Northern, $1.15½ on track; No. 2 red, 81; winter firm. Corn—Higher; No. 2 white, 64¼c; No. 2 yellow, 67c. Oats—Unsettled; No. 2 white, track, 55c; No. 2 mixed, 47¾c. Barley—95c to $1.10. Rye—No. 2, 87c store.

NEW YORK WHEAT MARKET.

New York, Dec. 3.—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, $1.04½, elevator; No. 2 red, $1.05½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern, Duluth, $1.19½ f.o.b. afloat; No. 2 hard winter, $1.11½ f.o.b. afloat.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 3.—Good loads of butchers' cattle, $4 to $4.25; medium to fair, $3.50 to $3.75; cows, good, $3 to $3.25; cows, common, $2.25 to $2.50; canners, 50c to $1.50 per cwt.

Trade in feeders and stockers was dull. Feeders, best, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., $3.25 to $3.75; fair feeders, $2.75 to $3; stockers, 650 to 850 lbs., $2.40 to $2.75; common stockers, $2.25 to $2.50; stock calves, $1.50 to $1.75 per cwt.

Sheep, lambs and calves were steady. Export ewes, $3.75 to $4; export bucks, $2.50 to $3 per cwt; lambs, 4½ to 5½c; calves, 3 to 6c per lb.

Hogs went down to $5 for selects. Lights and fats sold at $4.75, and sows at $3 per cwt. Skinny hogs were not wanted.

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA

Speech of His Excellency the Governor General at the Opening.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Old timers cannot recall a more brilliant scene than that which the Senate Chambers presented on Thursday afternoon on the occasion of the opening of the fourth session of the tenth Parliament of Canada. Outside the Parliament Buildings the crowd was not as large as usual, this being due to the fact that from early morning snow had steadily fallen. So large was the attendance of ladies, in the Senate Chamber, especially from outside points, that seats usually set apart for the Senators were this year gallantly surrendered to the fair. Even in the centre of the floor, the places reserved for the diplomatic representatives, clergy, Deputy Ministers and other important personages, were occupied by the ladies. Over thirty Senators had to stand below the bar in the reservation set apart for this day for Commoners.

The booming of the guns on Nepean Point was the signal for the arrival of his Excellency, who entered the chamber preceded by a brilliant staff. After his Excellency had taken his seat on the wool sack, Black Rod was despatched to summon the members of the Commons.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

The speech from the throne was as follows:

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In again meeting you at a period of the year most convenient for the despatch of business, it gives me great pleasure to be able to congratulate you on the remarkable expansion of the trade of Canada with other countries, the total trade of the past year far exceeding that of any of its predecessors. A gratifying result of this expansion was that the revenue of the last fiscal period of nine months was more than sufficient to meet expenses on consolidated fund, National Transcontinental Railway, capital and special outlays, all expenses of the Dominion of every kind, and leave a balance of over three million dollars to be applied in reduction of the public debt.

The stream of immigrants coming to Canada continues to increase in volume, the year drawing to a close showing a larger number than any preceding year, and it is gratifying to observe the many coming from the British Isles.

The Dominion has been blessed by a large series of prosperous years, and though at the present moment its business is being restricted by the financial stringency which prevails throughout the world, I feel assured that this unfavorable condition will be temporary, and that the illimitable resources of Canada and the world-wide recognition of them give us ample guarantee of continued material progress.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The conference held in London in the months of April and May last between the Government of the United Kingdom and the Governments of the British Dominions beyond the seas satisfactorily dealt with many subjects in which the Empire at large is interested. A copy of the minutes of the proceedings will be laid before you.

Two of my Ministers, duly authorized by his Majesty for the purpose, and acting in conjunction with his Majesty's Ambassadors at Paris, have recently negotiated a convention with the Government of the French Republic respecting the commercial relations between France and Canada, subject however, to the approval of the French Chambers and the Canadian Parliament. A copy of this convention will be submitted to you immediately, and you will be asked to give it your sanction.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

The Government of Newfoundland having become involved in a controversy with the Government of the United States as to the true meaning of Article 1 of the convention respecting fisheries, concluded in the year 1818 between the United Kingdom and the United States, and Canada being also interested in the question at issue, my Government has joined with the Government of Newfoundland in an agreement to refer all matters of difference arising under said Article 1 to The Hague tribunal.

The difficulty of obtaining labor and materials at a time of great business activity has somewhat retarded the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway. Nevertheless, great progress has been made, both on the eastern division and on the prairie section of the western division. A section of the latter of about 250 miles has been available for handling the traffic of the present season. Contracts for the portion of the prairie section west of Edmonton are about to be let, and immediate steps will be taken for the commencement of work at both the eastern and western ends of the mountain division. Thus, in a very short time, the whole work from Moncton to the Pacific Ocean will be under vigorous construction.

ORIENTAL IMMIGRATION.

The unexpected influx of immigration of Oriental countries into British Columbia aroused a strong feeling of opposition. A member of my Government has been deputed to proceed to Japan to confer with the Japanese Government on this subject.

The sudden and unexpected collapse of the great cantilever bridge in course of construction across the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Quebec, may be regarded as a national calamity, and the event has evoked much sorrow for the lives which were lost on that occasion.

A commission has been appointed to enquire into the causes which led to the disaster. When received, the report of the commission will be laid before you. It will be necessary to devise means for the completion of the bridge within a reasonable time.

It is most gratifying to find that, notwithstanding the large reductions of postal rates which have been made, the revenue of the Post-office Department has continued to increase rapidly. The large receipts of this branch of the Government business will enable the department to make still more liberal provision for the extension of postal facilities throughout the Dominion.

WIDE GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

The time has arrived when the public interest requires that telegraph and telephone companies holding Federal charters should be placed under Government control. A bill will be introduced for that purpose. Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The public accounts for the nine months ending 31st March last will be laid before you without delay.

The estimates for the coming fiscal year will be submitted for your approval at an early day.

OTHER NEW BILLS.

Hon Gentlemen of the Senate.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Among the measures to be submitted to you is a bill for the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba and of other provinces, also a bill to provide for the issue of Government annuities for old age, a bill respecting insurance and bills to amend the Election Act and the Dominion Lands Act.

I commend to your thoughtful consideration the several subjects to which I have referred, and I trust that in your deliberation you may be guided by Divine light.

TRACED TO PENITENTIARY.

Alleged Bond Thief Wanted in Paris Now in Kingston.

A despatch from Kingston says: Detectives have secured trace of "Kid" McManus, wanted in Paris, France, for the theft of bonds. He is a convict in the penitentiary under the name of Martin and is a burglar of Continental notoriety. He will finish a seven-year term in February next, and on his release will be re-arrested on a charge of stealing bonds in Paris. It is said that the bonds were turned over to a confederate, who, it is thought, made away with them. McManus is wanted in the hope that he will give information as to where the bonds are. Some think they are hidden, others believe they have been destroyed. He was arrested in Ottawa for burglarizing Bryson and Graham's store and sent to prison.

GOVERNMENT ROAD'S EARNING.

Receipts for Temiskaming Railway for September.

A despatch from Toronto says: The receipts of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway for the month of September were $75,341, according to the report forwarded to the Provincial Treasurer. The disbursements were $61,637. The net revenue of Ontario's only Government road was thus $14,244 for the month, as compared with $11,611 during the same period last year. The passenger receipts for September, 1907, were $32,913, and freight earnings $32,389.