body was surprised that Sir Greville had not mentioned you, his favorite son, but had left you without a penny."
"I remember," said Neville.
"Well, sir," hurried on Trale, "we

did the old gentleman an injus-tice! He hadn't forgotten you: and he did what was right. I congratu-late you with all my heart! This," and he waved the will above his head, Neville started.

"Yes," said Trale, breathlessly, and evidently as much delighted as if he himself had come into a fortune. "Yes, third of the money is left to you."
"A third!" said Neville, incredulously

"A third!" said Neville, incredulously, for he knew how large a sum that third must represent. "And—and Sir Jordan."
"Oh, he's all right," replied Trale, dryly and grudgingly; "there's a third for him," he whistled softly, "and the rest, with all the jewels, goes to the young more than the same than the lady Sir Greville's first sweetheart; the lady Sir Greville bore sweetheart; the lady Sir Greville bore such a grudge against, begging your par-

Neville took the will and read it, but it is doubtful if, in his confused state, he would have understood it without Trale's explanation.

"It's all plain now, Mr. Neville," said Trale, gravely; "we can see now why Sir Jordan was willing to give that pot of money for the will. It just deprives him of two-thirds of his wealth!" CHAPTER XXVIII

Jordan fled from the wood and sped across the plain at a rate which would have astonished his fellow members of

The demon of fear had taken plete possession of him, and his only desire was to put as great a space as possible between him and the ruffian who,

he knew, thirsted for his blood.

He ran without stopping until he had left Burrows behind him, and reached the lane leading to the Court; then he stopped for sheer lack of breath and strength, and only then became consciand only then became conscistrength, and only then became consci-ous of a stinging, burning pain in his left arm.

Heft arm.

He put his right hand to the spot, and withdrew it wet with blood. Then he remembered hearing the sound of a revolver and feeling a sharp pang of pain at the moment the candle went out. Banks must have fired at and wounded him.

He listened, but could hear no sounds of pursuit, and after a moment to recover his breath he sped on to the Court again, and letting himself in, stole up to his room.

The first thing he did was to examine his wound. It was not a serious one the bullet having just scored the fleshy part of the arm below the elbow, but it was extremely painful, and Jordan gnashed his teeth and cursed and swore as he washed the wound and bandaged it with

Then he undressed himself with dif-Then he undressed himself with difficulty—he did not dare to summon his valet—and sinking into a chair tried to review the signation.

For the first moment or two it seems for the first moment or two it seems to him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he was utterly and irreduced to him the him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him the him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to him that he had not have a subject to hi

ed to him that he was utterly and irre-trievably rulad, and that the best thing he could do would be to leave the country. At the thought he broke out into another fit of cursing.

He, the Right Honorabie Sir Jordan

He, the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., a Cabinet Minister, the man people were regarding as, at any rate, a likely Premier, obliged to run away and hide himself. The thought was unendurable.

Then presently he began to take more hopeful view of the situation, and the fact that he had lost the bank notes rather helped him to this view than

Of course Jim Banks had the notes. He must have seized them a moment after he had fired, and having them he would be satisfied, and not likely to trouble Jordan at any rate for a time. So large a sum as Jim Banks had secured would keep him quiet perhaps for wears.

cured would keep him quiet perhaps for years.

As to the will, the ruffian had either lost or destroyed it, that was evident and he, Jordan, need not feel any anxiety on that score.

His spirits began to rise. After all, the business had turned out better than it had seemed to have done at first sight. The will had disappeared: the hots, every reason for absenting anneal to a lengthy period, and he, Jordan, could go on his way in comparative peace.

"Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't," retorted Frome, with much stateliness, as he walked off to the servants' hall, followed by the rest of the crowd.

When the valet took up the tea and the letters to Sir Jordan, he was in bed, and perfectly serene as if nothing had happened, and thanked the man with bland civility.

"Oh, one moment!" he said, as Greene, after attending to his master's wants, was leaving the room. 'If—er—the gentleman who came the other day, the old gentleman with the beard, you remem-

clear in his mind, and that was that his

One conviction, however,

way in comparative peace.

Here's a Real Summer Delight-

SHREDDED WHEAT

with milk or cream and fresh fruits. Discard heavy

foods and try this natural diet for a time and note

how your energies will increase and your spirits re-

NOURISHING WITHOUT BEING HEATING SOLD BY ALL GROCE RS.

"it's what I thought, Mr. Neville! It's marriage with Audrey must take place your father's, Sir Greville's, will!"

Neville stopped short and has face become the master of the Grange and

"It's what I thought, Mr. Neville! It's your father's, Sir Greville's, will!"

Neville stopped short and has face flushed.

"Yes, sir, it's his will, and the last, you may depend upon it; and—" he paused and read eagerly for a minute, then slapped his hand upon ehe table and cried out delightedly, "Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville! It's all right."

*All right!" repeated Neville. "What do you mean!"

"I mean that the old gentleman has done the proper and just thing!" said Trale, excitedly. "Don't you remember, Mr. Neville, what I said that everybody was surprised that Sir Greville had been hard at work scheming a mode of defense against all contingencies, got and discrete the country and the surprised that Sir Greville had been hard at work scheming a mode of defense against all contingencies, got

of defense against all contingencies, got up, disarranged the bed to give it the appearance of having been slept in, took his revolver, and deliberately fired it out

of the window.

In a few minutes he heard hurried footsteps in the corridor, and a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," said Jordan, in an agitated

voice, and the valet, with a pale face and alarmed manner, entered. "I—I beg your pardon, Sir Jordan," he said, with suppressed excitement, "but we heard a pistol shot just now,

Jordan was standing at the dressing table, holding the bandage round his

"It's all right, don't be alarmed?" he said, turning with quite a pleasant smile, though he seemed to wince as if in pain,

"it was I who fired."
"You, Sir Jordan!" said the man, advancing with astonishment, and staring at Jordan's bandaged arm.
"Yes," said Jordan. "I was turning

out this drawer in search of some med cine and took up the revolver. Very carelessly, I am afraid, for it went off, and the bullet struck me in the arm . I am rightly punished for keeping a loaded firearm; it is a ridiculous and reprehandible proteins. hensible practice, which I have always condemned. Let this be a warning to

you, Greenet"

"Oh, dear," said the alarmed valet.

"I'll send for the doctor, Sir Jordan at

Jordan stopped him.

"No, no," he said. "It is a mere flesh wound, and does not require surgical assistance. Besides—well," and he smiled, when we have committed a folly we do not desire that it should be made more not desire that it should be made more public than we can avoid. You can tell the household the simple facts, but please ask them to be good enough not to gossip about it. I do not wish to see it running through all the Londo

papers."
"Yes, Sir Jordan," said the man, to whom this statement and explanation seemed quite reasonable and natural. "Let me bandage it. Dear, dear; the arm's quite discolored already, Sir Jor dan.'

Jordan nodded blandly, thinking how quickly a practised surgeon would have seen that the wound had been caused

seen that the wound had been caused hours ago.

"Yes, but you see for yourself that it is nothing serious. Dip the bandage in the lotion, please, and—that is right, thank you. And you may get me a cup of tea. I think I will rest a little this morning. Bring me the letters, please, and remember—I do not wish the—er—accident rossined about."

accident gossiped about."
"Yes, Sir Jordan. We were all in a tremendous fright, and Frome thought it was burglars, for he declared he'd heard some one unlock a door after we had gone to bed last night."

It was the outer door by which Jordan had entered stealthily on his return

The man went down to the hall where the servants were crowding together and atlking in hurried whispers, and gave his master's account of the accident." "And a plucky one he is," he concluded. "Took it all as coolly as if he'd been in half a dozen battles. I wouldn't have given him credit for so much nerve, that wouldn't! It only shows how mistaken

you can be in reckoning up a person, don't it?" Frome nodded, but looked rather per plexed and dissatisfied. "It wasn't the library door I heard un-

locked," he said; "for as I passed it the last thing last night I noticed that the door was open."
"Or fancied you did, Mr. Frome," said

the valet, with dignity; he was quite impressed by his master's courage and pluck. "Perhaps I did and perhaps I didn't,"

| gentleman with the beard, you remember?"

"Yes, Sir Jordan."

he would go up to London at once; but he knew that he dared not go where there was a chance of Jim Banks turning up

again.
"I'll give him one day," he thought. "I'll give him one day," he thought.
"If he does not come to-day I shall know
that he is off with the notes. It's a
large sum to lose," and he groaned, "but
it's well spent if it rids me of the scoundrel. He'll leave the country soon, that's
one comfort, and perhaps Providence wildispose of him ence and for all. Such
vermin are sure to come to a sudden
end; some drunken quarrel will finish
him."

The valet entered.

The valet entered.
"Mr. Trale, Sir Jordan," he said. told him that you were unwell; but he told nim that you were unwell; but he said it was important business, and that if you could see him——

Jordan kept his countenance, though his heart leaped with the fear which

lurks ready to spring within your vil-lains' heart. Trale, the inspector, want-ing to see him! What could it mean? Could it be possible that Jim Banks had een captured?
"Certainly," he said, blandly. "Let

Mr. Trale come up."
"Up here, Sir Jordan?" said the valet.

"Yes, certainly. It may be important business. We must not neglect our public duties while we are able to per-The valet showed Trale up, and the

inspector's sharp eyes ran over Sir Jor-dan's face and round the room, as he said in his grave, official manner: "Beg your pardon for this intrusion, Sir Jordan, and I'm very sorry to trouble you, but you being the nearest magistrate, and, in fact, the only one in the

district just at present—"
Sir Jordan sat up in his dressing-gown Sir Jordan sat up in his dressing gown and a faint quiver passed over his pale face, but he kept his eyelids down and his lips impassively closed.

"Don't apologize, Trale," he said, graciously. "What is it? Sit down."

and he waved his hand to a chair. In doing so the dressing-gown fell away from his wounded arm, and Trale, with well-feigned start, exclaimed with reectful concern:
"Have you had an accident, Sir Jor-

dan? I'm sorry-

"Yes, an accident," assented Jordan, smoothly. "I picked up a revolver which had been lying in one of my drawers, and the thing went off and the bullet

grazed my arm. It is a mere nothing. You were saying—"
"Oh, one moment!" he said(as Greene, sionately. "Has the surgeon seen it. Sir Jordan? Sometimes these flesh

Jordan interrupted him, still smoothly, out with a flash of his eyes under his "It is a mere syntch, thank you Trale, and the surgeon would only laugh at me for troubling him on such slight

ceasion. What is it you want?" "Well, Sir Jordan, my men made an arrest last night."

He paused, and he saw the face he was watching with covert intentness grow a shade paler.

"An arrest" said Sir Jordan, with the polite and official interest due from the magistrate—no more.
"Yes, Sir Jordan, and as the man had

some of your property in his possession, I thought it my duty to come to you at once and take your instructions."

Jordan's face turned livid, and then

he turned it away and picked up a letter and glanced at it. Trale watched him with the keen, but hidden enjoyment of a born detective.

"Property of mine?" said Sir Jordan,
after a pause, and he forced a smile. "Yes, Sir Jordan. We've been on the look out for this man for some time past."

"Yes?" said Sir Jordan, scarcely hear ing his own voice.

All was over, then, Banks was caught and no doubt had made a clean breast of

it in accounting for his possession of the bank notes. But Jordan was a man who would die hard.

"So you have caught Jim Banks he said, with a congratulatory Trale put on an expression of surprise.

"Jim Banks, Sir Jordan? Oh, no. I wish we had, confound him!" Jordan drew a long breath of relief, and his heart leaped with a sensation of

reprieve.
"Not—not Banks?" he said, raising his brows, but still keeping his eyes under the concealing lids. "I thought from your tone that you had got that notori-

us scoundrel. "No, Sir Jordan. It's eurious you should have thought of him, sir. You haven't heard anything of him, Sir Jor-

He had come to give Sir Jordan chance; not for his own sake, but for Neville's. If Sir Jordan would make a clean breast of it and right his brother, clean breast of it and right his brother, Trale had, very rejuctantly, and after a terrible struggle with his sense of duty, decided to help Neville in "hushing up" Sir Jordan's villainy. For Neville had thought this the better plan, in order to avoid apublic scandal, which would ex-hibit his half brother in an unenviable

Trale waited anxiously for a reply to his last question.
Sir Jordan met his grave regard with a bland indifference.
"I? How on earth should I hear any."

thing of a man of that kind, my good Trale?" he said. Trale's eyes fell, and his lips grew

tighter.
"Just so, sir," he said. "It isn't likely as you say. But about this property. You know what it is that you've lost. Sir Jordan, of course? What we found

on this man?" Jordan was in a terrible fix. Had Banks passed the notes to a confederate who had ben caught?

"I-er—" he began, then he shook his head. "I have lost nothing that I am aware of, Trale," he said, rather But when at last the sun arose,

"If he should come, let him come up. I rather expect him with some important papers from London."

When the valet had left the room Jordan turned over his pile of letters impatiently, and then flung them aside. There was none from Audrey; she had not written him a line.

"Curse her," he muttered; "she treats me as if I were dirt. She can't write a short note of a few words to the man she is going to marry, can she? By Heavens! my lady, Fil break that proud spirit of yours presently! I will teach you to estimate Jordan Lynne a little more highly than you appear to do. Wait awhile, my lady; wait!"

He was so disappointed and mortified by her silence that he half resolved that he would go up to London at once; but he knew that he dared not go where there was a chance of Jim Banks turning up

Trale regarded him in silence for a moment.

"Perhaps you'll give it another thought, Sir Jordan," he said, in a low voice.

Jordan raised his lids and shot a keen glance at the grave face, and "I don't understand you, Trale," he said. "Why do you not tell me what this property is?"

I'd rather expect him with some important moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a moment.

"I'd rather expect him in silence for a mother thought, Sir Jordan," he said, in a low voice.

Jordan raised his lids and shot a keen glance at the grave face, and "I'd rather it came from you, Sir Jordan," said Trale. "You see, it's a question for you—if you'll presecute or not. Sometimes gentlemen woult rather get their property back, and let the thief go seot free. It isn't for me—" he stopped, then went on with extreme gravity." Sir Jordan," said Trale. "You see, it's a question for you—if you'll presecute or not. Sometimes gentlemen would rather get their property back, and let the thief go seot free. It

He stopped again, and watched the effect of the name.
"Neville?" said Jordan. "My—my brother Neville? What were you going to say about him—what has he to do with it."

"" was only thinking of what he'd wish done in the matter," said Trale, lowering his voice. "I suppose you haven't heard of him, Sir Jordan"

some object in wandering off in this pe-culiar way in hinting and insinuating, he

suspected.
"No," he said. "I have er—had him searched for-"Yes, sir. Perhaps if you were to put an advertisement in the papers, saying that something to his advantage had turned up he might think Sir Greville had left him a fortune—"

He paused and eyed Jordan attentive-

Jordan's hand, under the bedclothes closed spasmodically.

"As Sir Greville left him nothing. 1 should be sorry to receive him, Trale, he said, slowly. "And now about this this man and property?" and he raised his eyes and met Trale's gaze defiantly.

Trale breathed hard for a moment. He given Sir Jordan the chance he, had decided to give him, and Sir Jordan had declined to savil himself of t. Now it was to be war to the knife.

His manner changed to respectful offi-

cialism. "The man we caught had been robbing the Court fowlery, Sir Jordan, and was found with some of the prize birds in his possession," he said, almost briskly. "He is the cont of one of the gardeners, and I didn't know whether you wouldn't be inclined to let him off for his father's sake."

Jordan eyed Trale keenly. "Thank you," he said. "I quite appra-ciate your feeling in the matter, but you must remember that, as a magis trate, Trale, I have a duty to perform to society. This fellow must be made an example of. Yes, certainly, I shall prosecute, and his father will be discharged from my carrier." charged from my service."
"Very good, Sir Jordan," said Trale,

"Very good, Sir Jordan," said Trale, with straightened lips. "There's nothing more, Sir Jordan?" and he looked at him steadily.
"Thank you, no," said Jordan. "Be good enough to ring tha bel for my man. Good-morning, Trale. I am much obliged to woul forcoming and laying the begon ed to you for coming and laying the case before me so promptly, and I am sorry that my sense of duty will not permit

me to overlook this theft." "Good-morning, Sir Jordan," said Trale respectfully, and he went downstairs. "Well," he mur meet for Mr. Neville's and the old non-hooke. The given you a chance. Sin the said A ou'll wish you'd a chance. Sin faken it hely reading You're a cool hand, too!" and he shook his head with an air

of admiration. "But you don't best Mr. Neville, if I can help it!"

Jordan lay back, his brows knit, his lips working, as he went over every word that had passed.

Feast of the Garlands. The marriage market (or fair) which was recently held at Ecaussines in Belgium has many counterparts elsewhere says Pearson.'s Weekiv.

In several, ther- is held what is known as the feast of the garands. The marriageable maidens assemble at sunset, dance and make merry chaplet of flowers on her forehead and carries a nosegay tied with bright col-ored ribbon in her hands.

If a lad is attracted by a maid he plucks a flower from her bunch. pretends not to notice, but when the errymaking breaks up at dawn she will, if she reciprocates his feelings, tie the entire bouquet by the ribbon to the handle of the door of the cabin wherein he resides or alternatively fling it through the open casement of his bed-

The famous Tunis marriage mart, of which so much has been written, is held twice a year, in the spring and the autumn. The Tunisian girls attend in autumn. The Tunisian girls attend in their hundreds, each with her dowry in coin and jewelry disposed about her person. The "golden girdle of maidenhood" encircles her waist, and in it is an unsheathed dagger. When this is gently removed by a passing galtant and proposal has been made.

A prettier custom prevails among the A prettier custom prevails among the

Ooraon maidens, who at stated intervals assemble in the market place. In front of each is a lighted lamp, emblen of conjugal fidelity. A young man feels attracted. He gently blows upon the flame, extinguishing it. The gir relights it; it is a rejection. If sh leaves it alone the offer is acceptable. Even in England these curious mar

kets are not unknown, although they are not openly acknowledged as such One has been held on St. Martha's Hill Surrey, on each recurring Good Friday during some centuries. And the statute and mop fairs that are still celebrated in various rural localities are marriage

Staying Up Late.

(Alden Arthur Knipe in August St. Nicholas.) One evening when my bedtime came I didn't want to go. So mother said I might stay up For just this once, you know.

And so I stayed and stayed and stayed, Through all the night, I think, And never went to bed at all, Nor slept a little wink.

A-shining warm and red, I found I had my nighty on, And was sitting up in bed.



Dried Beef Unlike the ordinary dried beef—that sold in bulk— Libby's Peerless Dried Beef comes in a sealed glass jar in which it is packed the

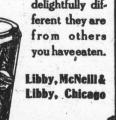
None of the rich natural flavor or goodness escapes or dries out. It reaches you fresh and with all the nutriment retained

moment it is sliced into those

delicious thin wafers.

Libby's Peerless Dried Beef is only one of a Great number of high-grade, ready to serve, pure food products that are prepared in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

Just try a package of any of these, such as Ox Tongue. Vienna Sausage, Pickles, Olives, etc., and see how delightfully dif-



LLOYDS' GAMBLES.

he Famous Insurance Concern Has Been Taking Queer Chances. Insurance against Black Hand outages and losses resulting from the possible election of William Jennings Bryan are not the only queer policies writ-ten by Lloyds, the English association of underwriters, which will insure against almost anything, providing an

dequate premium is paid.

Llovds has been in the insuring busiord of it ever having defaulted on a just

Lloyds was a famous coffee house in London frequented by business men of substance, who, like many of their kind to-day, were willing to take a gambler's chance to make good posite on their money. A group of patrons of the glace, including the substance of the glace, and the glace of the glace of the glace. money. A group of patrons of the place, including many owners of ships, decided to form a sort of mutual protective society and insure vessels and their carciety and insure vessels and their cargoes against loss by any of the numerous causes which afflicted travel by
sea in those days. Each one in the group
made himself responsible for a certain
amount of the possible loss and received
a proportionate share of the premium.
The first policy written was on the
ship Maria, on her voyage from Stockholm to London, says the St. Paul Desatch. The amount involved was £700

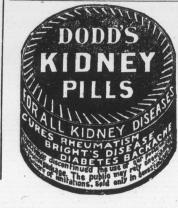
patch. The amount involved was £700 sterling, or about \$3,500. This policy was dated June 29, 1892. Having no thought of the long and honorable career ahead for their society, the founders made no attempt to perpetuate their own names in connection with it, but more as a joke than anything else decided to designate it by simply using the name of the po-pular proprietor of the coffee house, which served them such good cheer.

That was the beginning of Lloyds, Designed originally as a society for marine insurance— and that is still its princinal business—it has issued cipal business—it has issued policies against all conceivable kinds of risks. As in the beginning of its career, Lloyds is still backed by a group of men, much more numerous than the first group, and each one stands to lose more than did the whole of the order to Each member of the same than the coince

\$25,000 on his election. This fund makes up the reserve against the legitimate ousiness of Lloyds-namely, marine insurance

policies against Black Hand outrages and Bryan losses, is written by different groups of men who are members of Lloyds. If a man thinks the Black Hand lioyds. It a man thinks the Black Hand is going to blow up his store and cause him a loss of \$10,000, he goes to the Lloyds agency, which communicates with the home office, and a group of say, 10 members will bind themselves to pay \$1,000 each in event of loss, and the policy is written.

Nearly every stallion of importance or the Kentucky breeding farms is insured some of them for as much as \$100,000 Many race horses in training were in-sured until a few years ago, when a uccession of losses caused an advance of premiums to practically a prohibitive figure. The crowning blow came when James R. Keene's Highball broke his



leg in the last furlong of a race and had to be destroyed. Highball was insured for a large amount.

Race horses and valuable pclo ponies are still insured, but the policies usually only cover possible losses while the animals are in transit. The dangers of the race track and the polo field were found to be too many for the insurers.

Llóyds makes a lot of money out of the vagaries of the weather. It bets huge sums right along that it is not going to rain on a certain day. Every once in a while it does rain and it pays out a pretty sum. Proprietors of race tracks frequently insure against a rainstorm on big stake days. Rainy weather will cut the attendance in half, but the money offered for the big stake must be paid whether 10,000 or 30,000 persons witness the race. Recently a suburban real estate concern, which spent \$15,000 advertising an auction sale of lots, took day fixed for the sale.

Out a policy against a rainstorm on the Paderewski, on his concert tours, takes out half a dozen different kinds of insurance, accident and health, and a separate policy on his valuable fingers. Kubelik, the violinist, also keeps his fingers insured on his tours. Caruso and several other grand opera stars carry insurance against colds and other maladies which affect only the vocal organs.

Practically all the wealthy owners of automobiles not only insure their machines against damage by fire, theft, collision or other accident, but also carry liability policies. If the chauffeur runs down and kills or injures anybody the damages which the victim gets must be paid by the liability company.

Many business men in Britain carry insurance all the year round on the life of King Edward, as they did for years prior to the death of Victoria.

Some Wall street stock speculators make it a practice to carry insurance on the life of President Roosevelt, because of the market upheaval which would follow the sudden death of the head of the

of the market upheaval which would fol-low the sudden death of the head of the nation. Lloyds will not issue its ling policies to everybody. It must know the man and know that his ragular business will suffer a loss in event of the happenings against which he insures.

FRUIT CROP REPORT.

Weather conditions in Canada have

been favorable during the month of July for the fruit industry.

Apples are estimated somewhat lower for July than for June. Early and fall apples are estimated as slightly above medium. Winter apples at less than a

medium crop. Quality good.

Pears are reported a light crop, except in British Columbia and southern Ontario, where a medium crop is ex-Early peaches are reported a full

rop.

Late peaches are reported light to Cherries have proved a medium crop,

and have sold at fair prices.

Plums are reported light generally.

In British Columbia certain sections report a medium crop. In the Georgian Bay district three or four varieties pronise well.

Grapes are reported a full crop.

Strawberries and raspberries

en reduced by dry weather, but 11 average has been very good.

Small fruits, other than the above, re yielding or promise a full crop.
Tomatoes are a medium crop, ripening

early. Insects and funcous diseases are not so prevalent as usual.

The United States report prospects for a medium crop of applies, evenly dis-tributed in season and territory. Peaches are a full crop. Other fruits

Great Britain has prospects for a medium crop of apples; other fruits being good.—A. McNeill, chief fruit division.

DANGEROUS OPIATES.

Most of the liquid medicines advertised to cure stomach and bowel troubles and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When the mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little ones she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. And she has the assurance that no other madisting will so speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, if they come unexpectedly. Give the well child an occasional dose of these tablets and they will prevent sick-ness by clearing the stomach and bowels of offending matter. Mrs. Wilbert Bone, Carrville, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bewel troubles and know of no other medicine so satisfactory." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Brockville Out. FISHWOMEN ON THEIR DIGNITY. How They Forced the Removal of an

Officious Police Inspector. A telegram from Cherbourg describes a strange happening there yesterday morning. The fishermen had brought in a big catch of fish and shellfish and the market was just opening when a police inspector stepped up to one of the fishwives to make note of an infringement

of the local by-laws.

The woman had stepped two yards further than the by-law allowed her to do. A minute later a second police complaint was made-against a woman wh had undertaken to sell the fish of a fishwife who was ill. A third complaint was made against a fisherman wh out of his turn in putting up his catch for sale.

The news of the police officiousness are news of the police officiousness spread quickly. Many of the women were still bargaining with the fishermen, but the last bids and counterbids could not be heard for the shouts of the women established by the state of the tablished behind the fish baskets on the market place. In two minutes the word was passed round that the fishwives were going to close the market in ord show their indignation against the

For some time all was hurry and bustle; within ten minutes the market square had been cleared and the fish re-turned to the boats in which they had been brought into harbor. Thus it was that the 75,000 inhabitants of Cherbourg were without fish yesterday. The strike came to an end to-day owing to the removal by the municipal authorities of the obnoxious police inspector.—From the London Standard.