Tainted Gold.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,

Author of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's theatre, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wild West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager's, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcome, introduces himself as a friend of "F. E. Z," and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by the millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing.

CHAPTER V.

A Four-Wheeled Cab.

"Mrs. Charlton surely won't leave Mr. Anderson so soon—so suddenly?" Winifred said.

"She is leaving at once. You may take it from me, Miss Gray," answered Macaire, "that the place of leading lady will be vacant for you to fill."

The girl felt curiously giddy. "And—and if—I should have to refuse?" she faltered.

"I'm afraid, in that case, there'd be trouble—for everyone. Mr. Anderson's in a peculiar position. He has been careless. He must have money at once. Some enemies of his have been at work. Certain firms have refused to trust him. The new production is imperilled. If I should not see my way to backing him, Mr. Anderson would be at his wits' end."

"But—you have promised him, haven't you?"

"Only conditionally."

"You mean—but no, you can't mean that——"

"I do mean that, and nothing else. With you for his leading lady, matters are to go smoothly with my friend, George Anderson."

Lionel Macaire had not risen when Winifred rose. He had sat still, watching her. But now he got up, with his peculiar limp, like the sideways gait of a crab, and stood in front of the girl. She was obliged to look him in the face, unless she turned abruptly from him, and in her confusion she stammered out the first words that came into her mind.

"It's the strangest thing I ever heard! Why should you do all that for me? You scarcely know me. We are not friends. It's you and Mr. Anderson who——"

"But I wish that we should be friends. Don't you really understand? Winnie, don't you see that I'm in love with you?"

As he spoke, he caught her hands, but she snatched them away, panting, her eyes dilated. It made her sick to hear him call her "Winnie." She was that to no one save her mother and brother.

"You must be making fun of me!" she cried. "You are almost old, and you are very rich—horribly rich—while I'm only a young girl, and nobody at all. I—I thought you were married. Anyway, you can't really want to marry me. I——"

"My darling child, I can give you anything on earth," pleaded the millionaire. "But I can't marry you. You can have a theatre of your own, if you like, when you're tired of being leading lady here——"

"Stop!" cut in Winifred, in a low charged voice. "I do understand you now—at last. I—was very stupid at first. Mr. Macaire, we needn't talk about this any more. I've quite decided."

"You're going to let me lay the world at your feet."

"I'm going to do nothing of the kind!" the girl broke out irritably, almost childishly, for she was keeping back hysterical tears. "Oh, it doesn't seem a bit real, but it's horrid, perfectly horrid, that such a thing should happen to me. I must go now—and please, Mr. Macaire, never speak to me again—about anything."

He caught her dress and held it tightly. "You shan't go!" he ejaculated. "As you said, I am old—and I'm the ugliest man on earth—I know that. But I can give you things that queens might wish for in vain. And I can love more than other men. I've made love to many women, but I've only loved one woman in my life before I saw you. You've got hair and eyes like hers. Now I love you for yourself. I love you with all the love I gave her, and as much again besides. I will have you."

"No, you won't, Mr. Macaire." The girl's voice trembled between anger and tears. "Let my dress go. You will tear it to pieces."

"I will do more. I'll tear you to pieces if you try to resist me," said Macaire. "I have done that with everyone who went against me, all my life. I never failed."

"I—I'm not afraid of you!" (She was beginning to be horribly afraid of him. But she would have died at this moment rather than let him see that.) "It is cowardly of you to threaten me."

"I don't threaten, I warn. You are ambitious. I can more than satisfy your highest ambitions on the stage—and in society, too, if you have them. If you mean to be foolish, my little Winifred, you will never get on—you will never get on."

"Some ways of getting on cost too much," said Winifred, "and this is one of them. If you don't let me go, I shall cry out for help. You don't think I'd dare to—but I will—I will! Oh, I loathe you—your are horrible!"

"Go, then!" He released his hold upon her dress so suddenly that, straining to be free, she staggered forward, only saving herself from falling by catching at the handle of the door. "Go, then; but I tell you this, you'll come back to me—on your knees."

"Never!"

"We shall see!"

Blindly, she was fumbling with the door-knob. He caught away her hand, and held the door open for her to pass out, bowing and smiling a hateful smile.

"You loathe me. I am horrible. I shall not forget that. But—we shall see."

* * * * * *

Winifred was only just in time to take up her cue. Her head was throbbing, her heart beating so fast that she could not think. She forgot the lines that were so familiar to her, and twice (in stage parlance) "dried up," having to be prompted in a whisper by Mr. Anderson, with whom she was playing the scene.

If it had been with anyone else, she thought desperately that she might have done better; but it was sickening to feel that he must have known, or at least shrewdly guessed, what sort of things the millionaire meant to say, and that now, every moment, he was watching her to seize anxiously upon the secrets of her mind. Perhaps the matter was not really of as great importance to him as Mr. Macaire had said that it was; but certainly there was some understanding between the two men in which she was concerned.

Winifred hardly knew how she got rough the rest of her part that night. She was conscious during the last act that Macaire was sitting in the royal box again, his eyes fixed upon her. The giddiness came over her once more, and it was only by a severe effort that she continued the scene.

A good deal of fun generally went on behind the scenes at the Duke of Clarence's, for the members of the company were almost all ladies and gentlemen, and they knew each other very well. Between acts and between scenes much talking and laughing and some flirting was the order of the day in the green-room, but to-night Winifred Gray was missing. She kept closely to her dressing-room, and her maid wondered what had happened to make her so silent.

"After all, I don't quite see what he can do," she assured herself over and over again. "He can't expect Mr. Anderson to discharge me just because I refused to accept insults from him."

Still, she was vaguely afraid and depressed. Something indifinite, yet terrible, seemed to be hanging over her—so indefinite that she did not know in what form to look for it, or in what direction to attempt escape.

The play came to an end at eleven, and every night, at a quarter-past the hour, a four-wheeled cab, engaged by the month, called for Miss Gray at the stage door. She was generally ready by that time, but once in a while the driver had to wait.

This evening, as usual, a little crowd began to gather near the stage entrance five minutes after the curtain went down—a crowd of boys and young men who thought lingering no waste of time if they could see the actresses come out; for there were several at the Duke of Clarence's who were "the fashion" by reason of their good looks or some other attraction.

Most of the men were of the invertebrate type known as "Johnnies," and therefore a tall, roughly-dressed young fellow with a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat was conspicuous among them. He was ashamed of himself for being there; nevertheless, he had not resisted the temptation to try and see Winifred Gray once again.

When he left Mr. Anderson, Newcome had walked out of the theatre with a nod and a "thank you!" to Hansey at the stage door. For some time he had wandered aimlessly through the streets, with a great loneliness among the crowds who cared nothing for him; but suddenly, he had turned and gone back to the Duke of Clarence's. At the pit entrance he had paid half-a-crown (an extravagance in his circumstances), luckily finding a seat, late as it was, and seeing the play through to the end.

When it was over he could hardly have told what it was all about; but one thing he was sure of. Miss Gray was the prettiest and the sweetest girl he had ever seen in his life. He would have liked to do some great service for her, not to win her notice, but because of the warmth there would be in his heart only to feel that he had done it. Something about her—perhaps the expression of her eyes, or the way that her bright hair waved back from her forehead—reminded him of a woman who had once been supreme in beauty; a dead woman whose words had sent him tramping almost penniless and through bitter hardships, hundreds of miles on the way to England.

A girl and a man sitting directly in front of him were talking of Winifred Gray, and Hope Newcome listened with interest. If they had spoken evil of her he would certainly have inflicted summary punishment upon the man, but they had only good things to say. The girl told the man what a surprising "hit" Miss Gray had made last spring, and how she had been "made" after her first night at the Duke of Clarence's by the extravagant praise of one famous dramatic critic. She had only been in London a few months, but already her photographs were in greater demand than those of any other actress (Hope resolved at once to get one), while there was a new style of shoe and a new rose named after her.

Newcome went out with the crowd when it was all over, but almost involuntarily he turned towards the stage entrance for one more look at his divinity, whom perhaps he should never have a chance to see again.

The "Johnnies" stared superciliously at him, and looked at each other with raised, questioning eyebrows. Perhaps they would have laughed; but Hope Newcome was not exactly the sort of man one laughed at unless one were over six feet in height and broad in proportion. Still, he was ashamed of himself for forming one of such a group, and was half inclined to go away again without waiting for a glimpse of Miss Gray, when a smart brougham drove up, and close behind it a four-wheeled cab.

"That's Mrs. Peter Carlton's little turnout," one youth said to another, nodding at the brougham; and at the same moment a big man, who appeared to be without companions, stepped to the kerbstone and spoke in a low voice to the driver of the cab.

"That our Winnie's chariot. Comes for her every night. Not quite so grand as the other, eh?" remarked the youth.

"Give her time," said his friend; and they both laughed.

Hope Newcombe clenched his hands, and breathed hard. He would have liked nothing better than to teach the pair a lesson in discretion, but he realized that for Miss Gray's sake he had better let them alone. He looked with great interest at the plain vehicle which had the honor of taking Winifred Gray home, and he wondered what the well-dressed man on the pavement was saying in such a low, earnest tone to the cabman. He could not hear the words, but, as he listened, he caught the driver's answer. "That's all right, sir, but I couldn't do it. It's as much as my place would be worth."

Newcome's ears seemed suddenly to be sharpened.

"But look here," the other urged, "there's no reason——" Again his voice dropped so low that the rest was lost.

For three or four minutes the conversation went on. Newcome the only one in the crowd who continued to give it attention, for meanwhile Mrs. Peter Carlton and her maid had come out from the stage door, the actress in a magnificent evening wrap over a ball gown. She was evidently "going on" somewhere. Then appeared two or three pretty girls, whose small parts and salaries to match did not prevent their being beautifully dressed.

But Newcome did not even see them. The man who had been talking with the cab driver had now climbed up on the seat beside him, where, having turned up the collar of his light overcoat and pulled his round black hat somewhat down over his eyes, he sat silenly with arms folded.

At any moment now Miss Gray was likely to come out. The blood was beating in Hope Newcombe's temples. He had only landed in Liverpool a week ago from the ship in which he had been a steerage passenger. From Liverpool he had walked much of the way to London, to economise the little money he had left.

In that part of America whence he came, men did not take very long to make up their minds or to act after they were made up, and Newcome had not spent time enough in a slower country to change his ways.

For a moment he hesitated, because he hated making himself more conspicuous than he was already, and prudence whispered that he might be stumbling into a mare's nest. But it was only for a moment. Then he took one stride across the pavement and addressed the driver of Miss Gray's cab.

"If I were you," said he, "I wouldn't have anyone with me on that box seat."

Cabby stared, flushed and frowned, each phase of his emotion being visible in the light over the stage door.

"Of all the cheek I ever 'eard," he observed in return, "if that ain't about the wust! Wot business is it o' yours, anyhow, Mr. Buffalo Bill?"

Hope Newcome's handsome face was red, and his eyes flashed; but he was not going to spoil everything by a vulgar in a low voice, but cabby had purposely replied in a loud, clear tone, so that everyone near turned to see what might be going on.

"I overheard your conversation a few minutes ago with the man you've got beside you," Newcome answered, as quietly as before. This was an exageration of the truth; but it had the effect he intended. The driver wriggled on his seat and flashed a look at his companion as if demanding to be got out of the difficulty.

"I'm a friend of his," said the other, quickly. "If you heard anything you must have heard that. I'd like to know what affair it is of yours, though?"

"Well, I just thought I'd mention it, that's all," drawled Newcome, speaking, for the first time, with a pronounced Yankee accent. "And see here, I haven't got much time to spare for you. How long are you going to take about getting down?"

"Do you want me to call the police, and recommend them to pack you off to Bedlam?" demanded the man by the driver.

"You can do as you like about that," said Newcome, through his nose, "after you've come down off your perch."

Mrs. Peter Carlton had driven away, and the pretty girls had gone, and the crowd that was left threw itself heart and soul into the scene. Nobody had interfered as yet; for it appeared to all that under the bandinage there was more than met the eye or ear.

"Come now, you clear out of this," advised the driver's companion, "or you'll get something you won't like."

"I'll go when you've got down."

The man, who had kept his temper, and kept his voice under control as well, grew suddenly reckless. It was twenty minutes past eleven, and he was anxious to be rid of this persistent Paul Pry, whose interference was likely to prove inconvenient. He had been employed to do a certain thing, and though his bargain with cabby was far from complete, he had found the man amenable to reason, and was morally sure he would be open to further, more dazzling offers. Already he had paid five pounds down for the mere privilege of sitintg on the box seat of Miss Gray's cab, the driver so far suspecting nothing more serious than love sick romance; and there were other instructions which must be carried out.

He leant across the cabman and snatched the whip from its socket. "Now!" he exclaimed, "Will you stop this drunken game?"

He glanced down at the young man on the pavement, chuckling over the secret of his own great strength—the strength by which he partly got his living.

Hope Newcome gave him back stare for stare. With a quick movement he caught the threatening whip in the middle a few inches higher up than the spot where the other grasped it. The man on the box gave a wrench. Newcome twisted the other way, and the whip broke off short with a snap.

It was at this instant that Winifred Gray appeared in the doorway.

The sharp sound of the breaking whip was sharp in the girl's ears. She did not know what to make of the think that she saw, though it was clear that something extraordinary was happening—something in which her own cab and cabman were intimately concerned.

What she saw was a strange, silent struggle between a man on the box seat beside the driver and a man below, who had pressed himself close to the wheel. That man she had seen before. It was the "bronze statue" she had wondered about, and pitied and admired all in a breath as she went into the theatre a few hours—or was it years?—ago.

She saw the man on the seat raise the broken stock of the whip as if to strike. She saw the other seize his arm, and she saw the struggle that followed; the big fellow on the box, whose right arm was held fast, getting in one fierce, sudden blow with his clenched fist, but no more. The man on the pavement dodged his head like a practised boxer, and the vicious blow glanced along his forehead. Winifred's lips had parted to cry out "What has happened?" and the words were not uttered. Nobody spoke; but the crowd of idlers and loafers surged forward towards the combatants.

CHAPTER VI.

The Granting of a Visit.

The driver would have started his horse and got away if he could; but in the fraction of a second the tall, lithe fellow on the pavement realized his intention, snatched the reins and twisted them round his own wrist. Next instant the big man on the box gave a yelp of agony. The hand that clutched the whip-stock dropped limply; the left was thrown out blindly again in a mechanical attempt at retaliation that missed its mark, and seeing his opportunity the "bronze statue's" tactics changed. In a flash the hand that grasped the other's limp right arm sprang to his neck, and twisting in his coat collar, wrenched the stout figure from its high seat, bringing it in a heap to the ground. Then it was jerked up again, tottering and staggering, pale lips cursing.

"You shall pay for this—I'll have you up for assault!" the man sputtered, his face yellow-white. "Confound you! You've broken my arm."

"Have me up, by all means," returned Newcome, politely, though his breath was coming and going quickly. "If you don't mind the circumstances getting out, I'm sure I don't. I've nothing to conceal."

"What's up here?" demanded George Anderson's voice, and, turning with a start, Winifred saw not only the managed but his friend, Lionel Macaire.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Newcome!" the actor went on. "Have you been getting into a row?"

Hope Newcome faced him frankly. If he had glanced at the millionaire instead, he would have seen a thing which Winifred saw—or thought that she saw—with surprises and bewilderment.

Lionel Macaire's eyes were not even for her. They had darted straight as a hawk darts upon its pery, to the face of the man whom Newcome had so forcibly unseated. The look was brief as a lightning flash, but full of concentrated passion.

Then the eyes travelled to the man with the wide-brimmed hat, resting upon him for an instant with an extraordinary, an unreadable expression. And both looks passed so quickly that a sound later Winifred was hardly sure she had not magnified or altogether imagined their meaning.

"I think, Mr. Anderson, it won't amount to a 'row.'" Hope Newcombe answered, wiping a trickle of blood from his forehead, where a sledge-hammer fist had struck, aiming for his temple. "I merely objected, on principle, to persons getting a drive on other people's cabs, that's all."

"The gent was a friend of mine," grumbled the frightened cabman, flinging his crumb of explanation to Winifred Gray, who was his employer. "I guv 'im permission to get up beside me, not thinkin' the lydy would object, when blow me if this 'ere bloke didn't come interferin'."

"The 'gent,' as you call him, paid for you friendship. I say that—for it was clumsily done," said Newcome. "And if I might presume to advise the lady who has hired you, I would suggest that she asks for another driver to-morrow night."

Once the man who had stood nursing his broken arm looked at Mr. Macaire. In his bloodshot eyes was a question or an appeal, but it was unanswered. The milionaire stared through the great lumbering form as if it had been of thinnest air, his discolored face expressionless now as a mask.

With a mien of one ashamed and defeated, yet defiant still, the big fellow went lumbering off, muttering to himself as he walked. And with him the crowd of onlookers began melting away. The fun was over for them, though it had been prime while it lasted. They had seen what they came for, and a good deal more besides. Of the principal actors in the scene, only Winifred looked after the departing one, noting with a glance of shuddering fascination the bull-neck and the formidable though slouching shoulders. Then her eyes came back to the "bronze statue."

"Thank you for your advice," she said, quite simply. "I shall take it. And thank you for what you have done—though I scarcely understand even now what it was."

"There is nothing to thank me for," answered Hope Newcome. "But—may I call you another cab?"

"It is not necessary to trouble you further," said Mr. Macaire, speaking for the first time since his appearance. "Mr. Anderson and I will see that Miss Gray is taken care of."

To save her life, Winifred could not help looking straight into Hope Newcome's eyes. Perhaps she was not wholly responsible for the message they conveyed, but to him they seemed to say: "I don't want them to do anything for me. I want you to do it."

Accepting the message, his hat in his hand, the young pauper replied to the millionaire like an equal. "I assure you it is no trouble, but a pleasure. If the lady will allow me, I should like to get her a cab."

Near by a footman was touching his tall hat. Mr. Macaire's carriage had arrived.

"Come along, Anderson," he said, shrugging his shoulders. Both men bowed low to Winifred; Anderson nodded to Newcome, Macaire gave him another curiously contemplative look, and then the two were shut up by the footman in the millionaire's carriage.

"Ain't you goin' to have me, miss?" whined the driver. "None of this business ain't my fault."

"You can send in your bill to-morrow morning, and I'll pay you what is due," said Winifred. "But—— I shan't want you again. I'm afraid I can't trust you after this."

(To be continued.)

STEAMERS FOR BRAZIL.

Report That Thirty Vessels May Be Built in Great Britain.

A London correspondent states that a representative of the Brazilian corporation is in the Metropolis to arrange for the construction of 30 steamers for the Brazilian Lloyd.

This company enjoys a monopoly of the Brazilian coasting trade, which is, of course, confined to native-owned vessels. The dock extension at Rio de Janeiro has absorbed workshops and a dry dock which belonged to the company, and the compensation paid is the fund out of which this fleet is to be built.

The boats are to range from 600 to 2,500 tons gross. Most of them will have accommodation for passengers.

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THE CITY MARKETS

In the course of a week or so several different varieties of oranges will be placed on the local market. Wholesalers announce that the first shipment of California navels are en route, and will arrive here by the next steamer. Closely following them will be a consignment of Mexican oranges. These have already been shipped, and will be available almost as soon as the more popular fruit of California. Shortly after these varieties the Japanese oranges are expected. It is as yet uncertain when they will reach Victoria, but merchants look forward to their arrival sometime within a fortnight at the outside.

The only important change in market quotations this week is a drop in the price of sugar. It has gone down 25 cents on the one hundred pounds, a comparatively slight decrease, but sufficient to show that the inclination of that commodity is to decline rather than rise at the present time. There are no other fluctuations of general interest.

Appended are the complete quotations:

Hungarian Flour—	
Ogilvie's Royal Household, per sack ..... $	1.60
Ogilvie's Royal Household, per bbl.	6.10
Lake of Woods, per sack ...	1.60
Lake of Woods, per bbl.	6.10
Okanagan, per sack	1.60
Okanagan, per bbl.	6.10
Moose Jaw, per sack	1.60
Moose Jaw, per bbl.	6.10
Excelsior, per sack	1.60
Excelsior, per bbl.	6.10
Oak Lake, per sack	1.60
Oak Lake, per bbl.	6.10
Hudson's Bay, per sack	1.60
Hudson's Bay, per bbl.	6.10
Enderby, per sack	1.60
Enderby, per bbl.	6.10
Pastry Flours—	
Snowflake, per sack	1.40
Snowflake, per bbl.	5.50
O. K. Best Pastry, per sack.	1.35
O. K. Best Pastry, per bbl..	5.25
O. K. Four Star, per sack ..	1.35
O. K. Four Star, per bbl. ...	5.25
Drifted Snow, per sack	1.35
Drifted Snow, per bbl.	5.25
Three Star, per sack	1.50
Three Star, per bbl.	5.80
Coal Oil—	
Pratt's Coal Oil	1.50
Eocene	1.60
Sugar—	
B. C. Granulated, per 100 lbs.	5.00
Grain—	
Wheat, per ton	40.00
Oats, per ton	28.00
Oatmeal, per 10 lbs.	45
Rolled Oats (B. & K.)	5
Feed—	
Hay (baled), per ton	17.00
Straw, per bale	75
Corn	33.00
Middlings, per ton	27.00
Bran, per ton	25.00
Ground Feed, per ton	30.00
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	60
Vegetables—	
Sweet Potatoes, per lb.	5
Cabbage, per lb.	3
Island Potatoes, 100 lbs.	1.25
Onions, silver skin, per lb....	3
Turnips, per lb.	1½
Cucumbers, per doz.	30
Watercress, per lb.	25
Fish—	
Salmon, per lb.	4@ 5
Salmon, spring (smoked)	10
Haddies, per lb.	10
Cod, per lb.	8
Halibut, per lb.	10
Kippers, per lb.	10
Bloaters, per lb.	8
Rock Cod	10
Bass	8
Shrimps, per lb.	40
Herring, per lb.	8
Farm Produce—	
Fresh Island Eggs	50
Butter (Delta Creamery)	35
Best Dairy	25@ 28
Butter (Cowichan Creamery).	35
Butter (Victoria Creamery)..	35
Cheese (Canadian)	20
Lard, per lb.	15
Meats—	
Hams (American), per lb. ...	18@ 20
Bacon (American), per lb. ..	22@ 27
Bacon (rolled), per lb.	20
Shoulders, per lb.	12½
Bacon (long clear), per lb...	16
Beef, per lb.	10@ 13
Pork, per lb.	11@ 15
Mutton, per lb.	12½@ 18
Lamb, hindquarter	1.25@ 1.75
Lamb, forequarter	1.00@ 1.50
Fruit—	
Cocoanuts, each	10
Apples (local), per box	85@ 1.25
Peaches, per box	1.50
New Jordan Almonds (shelled), per lb.	60
Valencia Almonds (shelled), per lb.	50
Valencia Raisins, per lb.	12@ 15
Sultana Raisins, per lb.	15
Valencia Oranges, per doz...	25@ 40
Pineapples, each	40@ 50
Poultry—	
Dressed Fowl, per lb.	20@ 25
Ducks, per lb.	20
Geese, per lb.	20
Turkey (Island), per lb.	30
Turkey (Eastern), per lb. ...	30

WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Island Potatoes, per ton .....$	18.00
Sweet Potatoes, per lb.	3
Onions (Californian), per lb. ...	1¾@ 2¼
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	1.00
Lettuce, per crate	1.50
Bananas, per bunch	3.00@ 3.25
Lemons	4.00@ 4.50
Oranges (Valencia)	5.75
Oranges (Jamaica)	4.50
Dry Figs, per lb.	6½@ 7½
Walnuts, per lb.	15
Garlic, per lb.	10
Grape Fruit, per box	3.00@ 3.75
Pineapples, per doz.	3.50
Apples (local), per box	90@ 1.25
Pears (local), per box	1.50
Grapes, per crate	1.40@ 1.60
Grapes (Concord), per basket..	65
Citrons, per lb.	1¾
Bell and Chili Peppers, per box.	1.50
Cocoanuts, each	8
Butter (creamery), per lb.	25
Eggs (ranch), per doz.	38
Chickens, per lb.	12½
Ducks, per lb.	12½
Hay, per ton	16.00
Oats, per ton	27.00
Peas (field), per ton	45.00
Barley, per ton	28.00
Beef, per lb.	8
Mutton, per lb.	11
Pork, per lb.	11

—The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Metropolitan Methodist church will hold its annual sale of work at the residence of Mrs. Goodacre, Pandora street, on Wednesday, November 22nd.

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Cream of Wheat, per packet	20c
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Malta-Vita, per packet	15c
Malt Breakfast Food, per packet	10c

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ANOTHER WRECK.

Five Persons Killed and Several Fatally Injured in Railway Accident.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 8.—Five persons were killed and several were fatally injured in a wreck on the D. L. & W. railroad, about 10 miles south of here today.

OTTAWA NOTES.

Another Protest Against Quebec Commercial Travellers Tax—Railway Sold.

Ottawa, Nov. 8.—Colonial Secretary Lyttleton forwards a protest of the Imperial Board of trade against Quebec's tax on commercial travellers. The board says that it is so high that the tax cannot fail to be detrimental to the interests of British trade in Canada. Hon. A. Lyttleton asks the Dominion and provincial governments to give careful attention to the views of the board.

F. W. Hodson Resigns.

F. W. Hodson, live stock commissioner, has sent his resignation to the minister of agriculture. Mr. Hodson says he is getting a better position.

Quebec Southern Railway.

In the Exchequer court to-day the bid of Senator Bique of $1,051,000 for the Quebec Southern railway was accepted.

Asked to Send Exhibit.

The Dominion government has been invited to send an exhibit to Milan, Italy. From what can be learned at the department of agriculture it is not likely this will be done.

Ask Increased Duty.

Grey cotton manufacturers asked for a 35 per cent. duty at the tariff commission this afternoon.

SWEPT BY TYPHOON.

Tokio, Nov. 8.—A typhoon which took place yesterday, November 7th, has wrought extensive devastation in the province of Oshima, and in the islands adjacent thereto. Over 2,000 buildings have been destroyed and a steamer, it is said, has been wrecked. No loss of life is reported.

MINING CONGRESS

Will Be Held at El Paso, Texas, From November 14th to 18th.

El Paso, Texas, Nov. 8.—All plans are well advanced for the meeting in El Paso of the American mining congress, November 14th to 18th. A business men's committee of 100 has been busy with the arrangements for several months. Including what has been spent already, the city of El Paso will have spent $10,000 for the congress by the opening day.

First, and most important, of course, are the sessions of the congress itself. The directors and officers of the congress have planned the programme of the sessions so that there shall be something of value to everybody interested, directly or indirectly, in mines and mining. There will be something to interest the mine laborer and the mine owner, promoter and capitalist, merchant and engineer, prospector and investor.

To entertain and inform the visitors, there will be lectures illustrated by fine stereopticon views, there will be displays of ores, of machinery, and of photographs.

One big special feature will be the drilling contests. Miners representing every important mining camp in the Great Southwest will compete for $2,000 in prizes. The men who have twice broken the world's record and twice won the world's championship will go after the capital prize and the silver trophy, to which they are entitled upon winning a third contest, having already won it twice. The drilling contests will occur every day for a week.

After the congress is all over, special trips will be taken to the important mining camps of the Great Southwest.

SHEARWATER IN COLLISION.

Collided With the Steamer Transfer During Fog on the Fraser River.

Vancouver, Nov. 8.—At 7 o'clock this morning in a fog, as the Shearwater came out of Woodward's slough into the main channel of the Fraser she collided with the steamer Transfer. Her bowsprit tore away part of the pilot house of the Transfer and carried away the cabins on the port side. Capt. Street, of the Transfer, had a narrow escape. The navigating lieutenant was steering the Shearwater.

STOCKBROKER MISSING.

Left Hotel on Sunday and Nothing Has Been Heard of Him.

New York, Nov. 9.—A general alarm was sent out by the police last night for John W. Tisdale, well konwn throughout the south and west as a mining promoter and stockbroker. Mr. Tisdale but recently returned from Georgia and was stopping with his wife at the Hotel Seville. Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock Mr. Tisdale told his wife he was going out for a walk, and since then nothing has been heard of him.

ESCAPED UNINJURED.

Steamer City of Nanaimo Touched on Comox Spit During Fog.

Nanaimo, Nov. 9.—The City of Nanaimo on her way down from Union yesterday touched on Comox spit in a fog. She was running very carefully at the time and was not injured. She soon floated off.

You Are Ailing

FIND THE CAUSE FOR THE WEAKNESS AND NERVOUS DREAD THAT OVERSHADOWS YOUR LIFE.

You can't keep up forever.

Sooner or later Nature will rebel against the strain that is imposed on your overworked system. So far, will power and nerve may have tided you over, but the end is probably near at hand.

To-day the common complaint with weak men and women is lack of kidney vitality. Here you have the cause of your ill-health.

Wouldn't it be wise to use a time-tested remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they cure that "ailing" feeling in one night. Next morning you feel like new—bright, fresh and happy. Appetite improves, dull, sallow color grows ruddy and clear, proving that great good is being done by this scientific medicine.

Thus writes Mrs. D. F. Fowler, from Yarmouth: "I used to feel drowsy and heavy, my color was sallow, and there was usually a bad taste in my mouth. I had vague pains all through my limbs, and an annoying headache as well.

"After one dose of Dr. Hamilton's Pills there was a sudden change. I felt better, my appetite increased, and that exhaustion and depression gradually left me. Life seemed brighter and happier after I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills, so I strongly recommen such a good medicine."

Mrs. Fowler's letter is a message to you and all others in poor health. You can't do better than follow her advice. Dr. Hamilton's Pills you certainly need; then why not get them now and enjoy the abundant good health they are sure to bring you? Price 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1. At all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., and Kingston, Ont.

Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor

CURES:—Burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, sprains, wounds, lameness, soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sunburn, bites, stings.

STOPS:—Nose bleed, toothache, earache, bleeding lungs, hemorrhages, and all pains.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

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