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er. Heavy and orkers, \$7.25 to roughs, \$7.10 to dairies, 7.75 to Receipts, 8,800 common, slow. sheep steady. w \$8.85; yearl-thers, \$6.50 to ; sheep, mixed,

ODUCE. . 2 red western itoba, 8s 4d; fu-3-4d; July, 7s 8 merican mixed, 3-4d; new klin, firm; May, 6s

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26 to 30 lbs.— 1 lbs., 38s; clear 6d; long clear 5, 56s; long clear bs., 56s 6d; short lders, square, 11

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MITED N STREETS

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"Hold en!" cried Charley, settling his sofa cushions. "Don't be ill-ored and cut a fellow short. I hate bad manners, and I haven't finished. Maegregor—oh, hang it! Trevanion—told me to say he was coming over this evening if he can possibly get away, and what with a corpse downstairs, and murderess upstairs, and a skeleton in the Priory to be exhumed, and an inquest to be held tomorrow, I really think he has his hands full. However, he's coming, and, if you like, I'll demand his intentions while he's here, and bring him to the point at once, seeing I stand in a father's place to you. Hey?"

But this time Sybil was really gone, and Charley, settling his pillows, lay bell and come and decad-the only mourner—poor, crazed creature! Do you recollect her baleful chant, her weird prophecy. of which you were to be the victim? 'Dark falls the door upon the last fair daughted to fall, I fancy."

"How!" Sybil asked, rather startled. "Why, you are doomed—yes, irrevocably—to be my wife, within the next three months, I were morthed to my doom the last fair daughted to fall, I fancy."

"How!" Sybil asked, rather startled. "Why, you are doomed—yes, irrevocably—to be my wife, within the next three months. If I consent in three years you may think yourself fortunate. Here comes mamners, and the sevening if he can possibly get away, and what with a corpse downstairs, and murderess upstairs, and a skeleton in the Priory to be exhumed, and an inquest to be held to morrow, I really think he has his hands full. However, he's coming, and, if you like, I'll demand his intentions while the control of the contro

and Charley, settling his pillows, lay back and closed his eyes. "Be kind enough not to ask any more

questions, mamma, if you please," he said, plaintively. "I'm fit to drop of ex-haustion—beat out—used up—complete-ly flabbergasted! Pray allow me a genly flabbergasted! Pray allow me a gentle siesta, and don't exclaim any more. I have nerves, though no one ever considers them, and they've been worn to fiddle-strings by the tragic events of this day. So absurdly hot as it has been, too! And the first of September, and not one pop at the partridges! Oh! why couldn't Mrs. Ingram have postponed shooting that fellow four-and-twenty hours, at least?"

Charley gently dapsed into balmy slum.

death, and we'll answer questions by the wholesale the next time I come over. For the present, my dearest, adieu."

He made his escape barely in time, and rode back in the silvery September willight, to the Prior's Retreat—the house of mourning now—where old Hester still rocked and crooned shooting that fellow four-and-twenty hours, at least?"

Charley gently dapsed into balmy slum.

Charley gently dapsed into balmy slum-ber, while his mother, quite dizzy with all these horrors and astounding revela-tions, sought out her daughter on the

away, and she came close to him, with a paling cheek and a shiver.

"Oh, Cyrill"—she laid both white hands in his, and looked at him with tears in her violet eyes—"how could you deceive me so? And see what a tragedy it has evoked! That wretched man—that wretched woman! And your father—Oh, pitful heaven! what a fate his has been."

his has been."

"My poor father! But I could not have averted that. When I came to Speckhaven the town was ringing with the news of his disappearance, and the usurper of my rights was here. It was too late, then. His fate was as dense a mystery to me as to all others. And Sybil, I saw you, and I loved you from the first, and I determined, under my incognito, to woo and win you. Cyril Trevanion had been the dream and the ideal of your young life. As Cyril Trevanion, there would be little merit in winning you; it might be your own ideal you would at the cois of her hair—had opened a vein, and, without word or cry, she had lain there alone and bled to deeth.

CHAPTER XXX.

Laid in a rude pine coffin, without shrive or shroud, they buried her, in the twilight of the same day, in the dreary prison burial ground. And among all who had admired the brilliant widow, there was not one to look his last on her now, or mourn over that unhallowed grave. uld still love, not the real man. it be your own ideal as Angus Macgregor, the penniless ten-ant of the Retreat—the hard-working magazine hack—to win the lovely heirmagazine nack—to win the lovery heiress so many had sought in vain—ah,
that, indeed, would be a triumph. There
is the secret of my long incognito,
though I tell it to no one but you. And
my darling, who so nobly loved and accepted the obscure author, will love still
more dearly Cousin Cyril. For me, I am
the harriest man on earth?

the happiest man on earth?"

And then Cyrii and Sybil, and Bijou, and Amour set up furious and indignant yelps of expostulation; for this audacimale intruder deliberately kissed

"And Mrs. Ingram, Cyril? she is "Not wife, Sybil—she never was that; but she is the woman who duped me in-to eloping with her sixteen years ago-who wrought the ruin of my life. It was no marriage at the best—contracted by a miner, without a license, and perfrom even the shadow of a claim law set me free years ago. That table woman, Rose Dawson, shall

within the next three months. If I consent in three years you may think yourself fortunate. Here comes mamma, with a face that is a whole catechism in itself. Poor, dear mamma! she takes the fall of her pet, Mrs. Ingram, very deeply to heart."

"I shall beat a retreat," said Trevanion. "Tell my lady I am driven to death, and we'll answer questions by the wholesale the next time I come over. For the present, my dearest, adieu."

The inquest was held next day, and the verdict returned, "Wilful murder." A carriage and two constables were in waiting to convey the prisoner to Speckhaven Jail, to stand her trial, at the aut-

"I neither ask you to forgive nor forget. You will be happy in spite of me, I did my best—I fought to the last. I would have killed you if I could, but you have won!"

They led her away. She spoke no word as the carriage whirled through the town, followed by the hootings and groans of the mob, who would have torn her to pieces could they have reached her. They locked her in her dreary cell, which she was to leave but for a colder and darker home, and left her to herself and the long, pitiless night.

And in the morning they found her dead. A tiny knife—so tiny that she had hidden it in the thick coils of her hair—had opened a vein, and, without word or cry, she had lain there alone and bled to deeth.

CHAPTER XXX.

a very quiet one—and Gen. Trevanion's younger son, so foully murdered, was also laid in his long home. It was a grievesome week with its three funerals; and straightway they were buried and out of sight, people set themselves to the task of forgetting as rapidly as might be. It was the old sublime lesson of life over again—your fate and mine, some day—told in three words—dead and forgotten.

Perhaps, of all who remembered, there was none felt the pain of loss more acutely than Sir Rupert Chudleigh. His astonishment, his indignation, his dis-

Perhaps, of all win remembered, there of the first and the least contracted than for its arm of loss many from the standard of a claim in the law, set use free years ago. That mistrable woman, floss Davison, shall be written the law set use free years ago. That mistrable woman, floss Davison, shall be written the law set use free years and the law set use from the law set use free years and the law set use from the law set us

BORDERING ON THE MIRACULOUS

John McElroy's Heart Trouble Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

were. As if I could do it! You have been that way yourself, I dare say, and more than once, and if you multiply your emotions tenfold, you will about hit the mark.

The nuptials were fixed for May; Sybil would not hear of anything sooner.

"We are very happy as we are, my colonel," his fiancee said, hitting him with a rose-spray, "How do I know I will be half as happy when a humdrum Mrs. Trevanion? Besides, I shall wear my mourning for a year. Ah, Cyril! he was very, very good to me—the dear Could Not Work All Summer, and Doctor Failed to Help, but Cure Was Quick When He Used Dodd's

to tell you how happy

with a rose-spiny. Two ol I know I with a rose-spiny. Two ol I know I with a rose-spiny. Two ol I know I was seen that the spin of the spi the verifier and the very birds in the prand, romantic old woods seemed splitting their throats ringing out their songs of joy. The throat in wanton profusion.

And it came, that cloudless morning in Map-fairest month of all the year—and the very birds in the grand, romantic old woods seemed splitting their throats ringing out their songs of joy. The push of the charity children streed the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower of love—Noomed in wanton profusion.

It was a strange request, but they children streed the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower believe to be seet the servant Joe.

It was a strange request, but they children streed the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower believe to be an accordance of the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower turr and grave—a stop she know reached the weekest of an advance of the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower believe to be an accordance of the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower believe to be an accordance of the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the royal flower believe to be an accordance of the road with flowers, and, robed in white roses—the road with flowers, and, robed in white, road w

barracks, demanded to see Lieutenant Dobbs, ordered him to mount and ride with me, and once out of sight and hearing of everybody, I drew forth my deadly weapon and presented it full at his fourth waist coat button!

"'Now, then, Lieutenant Plantagenet Stanley Dobbs,' I said in that hoarse sepulchral voice in which Ristori plays Lady Macbeth, 'you have trifled with my affections long enough! The—th is ordered to Canada. Plantagenet Dobbs, you will never go to Canada alive!" I declare, Sybil, my voice was so

But it ended at last, and traveling gear was donned, and Cyril Trevanion handed his bride into the carriage and sprung in after her, with a "good-bye, old fellow!" and then they were off and away. "I declare, Sybil, my voice was so gruff that I nearly scared myself. For Planty, he looked fit to drop.
"'Good Ged! Miss Ch—Chedleigh, what—what do you mean?' he said, with chattering tooth.

twilight of the same day, in the dreary prison burial ground. And among all who had admired the brilliant widow, there was not one to look his last on her now, or mourn over that unhallowed grave.

And a week later a long and stately procession followed the plumed hearse that bore General Ewes Trevanion to his last resting place, in the vaults of the old monastic church. And the liton of the day—the talk of the county—this modern hero of romance, Cyril Trevanion, gazing out upon it with dark, dreamy eye.

The English mail had just arrived, and cyril sat, or rather, lounged beside her, sorting letters, papers, books. He took in a volume, cloth-lettered, very next and cheap, at three shillings and six younger son, so foully murdered, was also laid in his long home. It was a grievesome week with its three funerals; and straightway they were buried and cheap, and straightway they were buried and cheap, and straightway they were buried and cheap, and straightway they were buried and cheap where the filtenance of the muptial knot mark (there are vices that even the all-purifying influence of the nuptial knot mark). The results of the mark is proved the said, removing his cigar to make the remark for the finger of scorn and straightway they were buried and cheap. The nuptial knot mark is and straightway they were buried and cheap was a volume of the nuptial knot mark in the said are volume of the nuptial knot mark in the procession followed the brilliant widow, there are vices that even the all-purifying influence of the nuptial knot mark in the said are volumed to the said, removing his cigar to make the remark for the finger of scorn the purifying influence of the nuptial knot mark in the ware and in not all the chudleigh.

Side by side they sat—it was two months later—what he said sau of say of said way. What—what do you mean? He said, what—what do you mean?? I re-who the said as un of say of said way.

"What I say, fals

"Devotedly thine, "Gwendoline Chudleigh. "P. S.—How is darling little Bijou and

(The End.) FARMERS SELLING

Their Products by Cooperation in the States. Farmers' organizations all over the country are studying the problem of how farmers can get their products into the

les, according to the number of pounds produced.

The project has been discussed for nearly a year and is meeting with great faver among the united duirgmen. The promoters of the plan say, there is no limit to the possibilities of saving, once a merger has been formed. The salesman is not only to sell the butter, but being the representative of a large number of creameries, each one of which has from twenty-five to a hindred stockholders, he will be in a position to buy feed and other supplies for farmers' needs at an advantageous price. If the plan is successful it will mean a very material lessening is ting cost of creamery supplies for the consumer, and when the united creameries project is on a successful pasis the plan may be exterded to other branches of the marketing of agricultural products.—N. Y. Sun.

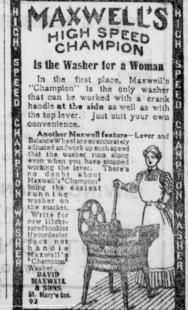
BOYS AND AIR GUNS.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Fond parents who five air rides to their dear boys ought to be willing to serve as the targets. It isn't quite fair for them to expect the neighbors or persons passing through the street to serve in that capacity. These are not responsible for the possession by boys of weapons that are deadly, in spite of the innocent appearance of the word "air." One boy of fifteen is now under arrest for shouting three men with his air ride. There are many other boys in this town who ought to be disarmed before they shall put out any one's eyes or kill the pets of the neighborhood, for a boy with gun, whether of air or powder, thinks anybody's dog or cat is fair game for him, and it is evident from the arrest made yesterday that some boys look for bigger game than these. Guns and pissing a city, and they are not proper toys for boys anythere, except in company with adults who can control them. (Philadelphia Record.)

WHY HE DROPPED Vancouver Saturday Sunset.)

MAXWELL



50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 18th, we commenced our annual alaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these rauge from \$15 to \$60 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Heraid, Weber, Wormwith and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

Wine Drinking France

In no country in the world is the sit-In no country in the world is the situation as to alcohol so desperate as in France. From all sides cries of despeir are rising. Thus the leader of the French Co-operative Movement, M. Mahillean, remarks that until a recent visit to Normandy and Brittany he had no idea of the intensity and rapidity with which the process of race poisoning is proceeding.

ing.
"In Caen, where for six years I was connected with the Faculty of Letters, I was horror-stricken. With the aid of Dr. Barthes and others I drew up causative charts of Normandy. The evidence showed that, if something does not occur to check the downward movement this province will be a desert inhabited with ideal in the control of the control o

this province will be a desert inhabited with idiots, insane and murderers."

"When I reached Brittany I asked of those who know the country best, "Tell me about alcholism. Is anything being done to stay its advance?" They raised their arms to heaven and replied in stricken tones, "The plague advances steadily. It has gone so far that one can hardly speak of it. The youth furnish a continually increasing number of imbeciles and criminals. In some places half, in others two-thirds of the conscripts cannot be accepted because of scripts cannot be accepted because of physical weakness. Those who enter the army sound are dragged down by their comrades. One cannot imagine a more doleful sight than that of the young soldiers at the railway stations young soldiers at the railway stations seeming home when their service is over. No jolly songs, only sad, glaring faces. Go to the wharves; it is worse there. The laborer hardly eats now. He rarely washes himself or changes his clothes. He only drinks."

"But, I asked, after hearing these

things, why don't you cry out to the na-tion?" "What's the use? No one lis-tens to us, and besides it's too late. There's no possible help for us now." From Record of Christian Work.

JIM BROWN-PESSIMIST.

(From the Detroit Free Press.) (From the Detroit Free Press.)
Jim Brown eays, saye he to me;
Life ain't what it used to be,
Everybody's money mad,
Things are goin' to the bad,
Politics is shameful now,
Preachers ain't as good somehow
As they were when he was young,
Even gospel hymne ain't sung
As they ought to be say lim. As they ought to be, says Jim-Least that's how it seems to hi

Jim Brown says, says he that men All were honester back then; Merchants all were kinder too. Trusted more than what they do; Women didn't nag the way Most of 'em take on to day, Children, he can recollect, Paid their parents more respect, Everything is worse, says he. Than it was in eighty three.

Jim hangs round th' corner store, Hasn't worked for months an' more; From the last job where he hired From the last job where he hired Out to work he son was fired.
Mrs. Jim, though, sews an' sews, Just to keep her kids in cloics.
It's 'bout all that she can do
I' buy shoes an' feed 'em, too;
Since Jim spends his time in fretting 'Bout how bad the world is getting.

CUT IT OUT.

(Niagara Falls Journal.) (Niagara Falls Journal.)

Here is a list of siang expressions, the Public Speaking Club of America and the West Side V. M. C. A. want their members to avoid they say:
Siang is the subterfuge of the slothful. Cultivate taste and discrimination in your use of the English language. Avoid all such terms as:
It's up to you.
I don't think.
Not on your life.

I don't think.

Not on your life.

You can search me.
I guess.

That's going some.

Can you beat it?

Sure I will.

There's some class to that.

Are you on? There's some class to that, Are you on?
That's awful nice.
It's a cinch.
Ob, fudge!
Cut it out.
Talking to beat the band. hey're not in it.

WHAT WE SHOULD SAY.

A little boy-Instead of a little wee A silver dollar-instead of a large

lver dollar. He drove the horse-instead of he He drove the doorway indrove the carriage.

He came through the doorway instead of through the door.

A mind content both crown and kingom is .- Greene.