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BEAR.

is of Galician anitoba Bush

t. 19.—The dieeight-vorold n farmer We-'s municipality, of the Pown of en discowers: 1 unes. The unfortunng for almost s ident now that m her home and r. When she was party, both arms the body and the a horribly muti-

ogo to attend to surmised she get her attenuot o must have got Saved From the Sea

"Kenton," said St. Maur, abruptly, "at that, Ken, and return your kind loan Monte Carlo I had played desperately that I am here." to try and win the thousands to clear myself to you, and stand free in honor of that to claim my darling openly. I lost-lost all-gambled away all that, and shut the door against retrieving it when I walked out of those gambling rooms, leaving play behind forever. I came back maddened, dazed, in a mental strike." and moral chaos between right and wrong, till I could see her; every point had its counterpoise, and I, could not alone see my way to the right course a half laugh; "for he said it was only to reconcile two opposite ends of justice. If I owned my marriage, I de- into his bankers for me when he wanted stroyed the security which you held entirely on my honor and silence. If I still kept silence I wronged her. That is how I stood till she came to my side that awful night to warn me of the danger-came, as I knew at once, with her reputation laid at my feet, if we were rescued at all, by those who knew us. I would not suffer the suspicion for a moment that she was, or ever had been less to me than wife. All question

of right and honor solved itself for me

in that instant, come what might of my

position to you; and when they all came

to our rescue, just after I had shot three rascals, I told them who she

"Of course you did, my dear boy! I would sooner lost the whole ten thousand than have you so basely false to all honor. As to Mr. Orde's part in this whole drama of wrong," said the moneylender, with a sudden outburst of strong and notes; "but you never were afraid feelings long pent up that was almost passionate, "I should just like to tell him a bit of plain truth. Was he the Deity, that he dared visit the mother's perfidy on her innocent child? It is not his fault that his wicked injustice has not quite wrecked two lives, as it so nearly has one; for if you had had that noble woman you love openly as your wife from the first, you would never have been the gambler you have; she would have saved you then as she has now. He can disinhed t you or not, just as he pleases; for, except a legacy or two. I've left a not mean fortune between you two entirely, and shouldn't alter my will if you never spoke to me again. I'm even with the old gentleman if he has cut you off for choosing the best wife a man ever took,"

"Ken!" exclaimed St. Maur, flushing up in his utter surprise, "your generous indignation is not needed, though you are perhaps right in the first part; but Uncle Will has not disinherited me. He sees his error as clearly, as bitterly as you do, and has taken Christine like a daughter into his heart. How could be resist her when I told him everything?"

"Oh, Falc!" she murmured, half smiling, "every one doesn't see with your

"I hope not quite, sweetheart. And

please my likes or dislikes without injustice to any one; and so, if Mr. Orde has behaved as he ought, so much the better for you and yours. Please say no more, Falc, or you will wound me. What are you going to do-or, rather what is he going to do, since by-gones are bygones? Where are you staying?"

"We came up last night to my chambers-we two and Rhamnee, I mean; not Uncle Will yet-and there we shall remain while we take and furnish a house. Then he intends-and he got quite angry when we opposed-keeping the Chase and two or three thousand a year for himself for life, and settling everything else on me-the real property entailed-by deed."

"Come, that's hardsome of him!" said

Ken, approvingly.
"Also," said Falconer, smiling at the remark, "he said he should pay my debts to you; and it is partly to settle

# MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind. - "Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I would bloat, and sufferfrom bearingdown pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pink-

ham for advice, and I began to take LydiaE.Pinkham's Vegotable Compound. After taking one and one-half bettles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to and leaves it to his friends."

every suffering woman."—Mrs. MAY

"But I heard he was at M

DEAL, Winchester, Ind. Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound has accomplished for

them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Girls who are troubled with painful

er irregular periods, backache, head-sche, dragging down sensations, faint-ing spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the seri-ous consequences and be restored to bealth by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and siways helpful.

"You needn't have bothered yourself about either matter yet, my dear fellow," said Morley, as the other came to the table and laid down a packet of notes and a cheque; "and as to this," touching the cheque, "better clear it in two or three instalments. Ten thousand pounds is a big haul for your uncle, I should say, just after a three months'

"I told him so. I told him I should the ten thousand he had long ago paid me to marry Blanche Leroy; not," he added, evidently amused, "having an idea why I refused. So we'll settle off scores now, dear old Ken."

"As you will, if Mrs. St. Maur will excuse our attention to the matter for a few minutes."

Christine smiled in happy content, and the mysteries of canceling bills, signing papers and entering in books were gone through. Then St. Maur turned suddenly in an

irresistible, wild impulse of relief, and bent over his wife with deep, passionate words in her ear: 'Free! free! Oh, wife, free as I have

never been for years!' Their lips met closely for one moment as he stooped, and then he drew back to his old place.

"You will get chaffed at the Polyglot," said Morley, locking up the check of chaff. "Not I. Faith, they're welcome! Chaff

won't rob me of my wife, or my old eager gladness into the handsome face; you'll not forget old Ken. I know. You'll both come and see me some-

"Indeed-indeed yes, Ken." "If you will let us," added Christine,

times?

"Ah, my dear, it will always be a pleasure. I am going to retire from business at Christmas. I have taken a pretty house and garden at St. John's Wood, and there'll always be the gladdest of welcomes for you both when you can spare the old man a visit."

"We shall 'spare' a good many then, never fear," said she, stooping to kiss gratefully the rugged, hard hand that held hers: "and you must come to see

"Well, sometimes, perhaps, my dear, when you are quite by yourselves, you know."

"Whatever pleases yourself best, Ken," said St. Maur; and then they bid good-bye for the present. CHAPTER XLIV.

"Halloo! how do, Beltmere? You back

"Thought you had tumbled over a "Ah, that is quite my right, you glacier!" declared another, as the nable daughte winer of the no kith nor kin; I'm childless—free to last Derby —walked one November "I wa morning into the smoking-room of the

Polyglot Club.

"Not yet, thanks. How do, all you fellows?" sinking into a chair. "What's the news? Who's dead, married, or otherwise done for? Been buried in the depths of Switzerland. Haven't seen a paper for a month or two. I'm starved for news!"

"Or scandal-which?" suggested Fitzroy, over the top of a society awfur. "Got to the right shop for that when you're round, then," retorted my lord, promptly. "What's become of that ape, Dolph Darnley? Got hipped by the

Jews, yet?" There was a shout. "Ha, ha! No," cried Trelawney; "he's made better use of his pretty pink face -he's hooked it with an heiress."

"By Jove! what a goose the girl must be! Name—name!" exclaimed Lord "Why, that flirt, Miss Leroy, who was desperately gone on Falc St. Maur, niece of the Doctor Clifford, whose daughter has just married Northcote." "What! Addison's brother-in-law? He is turned off really, then? Poor fellow!

Well, and where's St. Maur himself?" Another roar. "Oh, by Jove, that's the spiciest full of hope and low news, the rarest lark of all!" cried out dearest, my wife!" Fitzroy. "An artful scamp he is; and no one to suspect it, even when we were all stopping together at Addison's!

Ha! ha!" "Suspect what? What's the fun?" demanded Beltmere. "Go ahead, Fitz." "Why, Falc St. Maur is married !-

been married for years!" "What!" cried Beltmere, springing half up. "Nonsense! it is a big cram. Falc married for years! I don't believe

it; you're larking!" "I assure you we are not! 'Pon my honor, it's true. Do you remember that gloriously beautiful woman he was flirting with-you noticed her to me -at the Derby?"

"Yes, of course; used to see her on the Row, too." "That's his wife; and was years ago." "Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated my

'Yes; and the fellows at the Fawley are in despair - they never see him there. We've chaffed him, we've- Oh, but it's no good; nothing will make Falc play if he doesn't choose. He chaffs back, says he's had his turn of play,

"But I heard he was at Monaco in September, and gambling like a mad-man," said Beltmere, still staring with all his eyes. 'And I did hear that he was there, on, years ago, with a mere girl, whom he called Mrs. St. Mass; so perhaps she was, after all. Why was he so dark, then?" "Oh, the old tale; uncle didn't like

her people for some absurd reason, and so they kept it all secret until the late rumpus with the miners at his uncle's mines. Didn't you hear or read of that, Beltmere?"

"No-o, I tell you! I was buried alive: so tell us the tale. By Jove! I'll look him up. Such a wife for a fellow to flirt with! Where do they live now then,

"Oh, folly house! --- street, Mayfair." "Whew! uncle changed his note, then. and comes down handsomely!" said my mailing it.



STUNNING PICTURE HAT.

A crown of soft brown tulle or chiffon with brim of silver cloth, and a yellow, a lavender and a silver rose grouped together at the left side, makes up one of the most charming hats seen for early spring wear.

lord, "When did they set up this | William Balling "Just moved in," rejoined Trelawney. "Going to give a hop as a house-warming? Oh, he's just the same Falc as ever, and she-she's glorious!"

"I'll look him up, and get a card," said my lord, promptly; "but it's a shame, by Jove! that he has kicked over play and betting. Nothing used to frighten him in stakes."

"He's sure to be in here presently," said Fitzroy. "He and Frank Addison rode past awhile ago, attended by that Indian Rahmnee. Ah, there's an old paper, I do believe, with the trial of the ioters in it. Came off last week. and didn't they get sentences rather!" So the gossip and chatter went on.

"Now, Nell, don't you flirt too abominably with Falconer," whispered Addison, as they entered the brilliantly lighted salon of the new house. "for now I can institute reprisals, you know. Here she is!" as the beautiful hostess came up. 'A perfect woman, nobly planned,

To warn, to comfort and command." "Frank, don't be absurd!" laughed Mrs. St. Maur. You are nearly as bad as Falconer."

"Who is taking my name in vafn?" asked St. Maur. "You mem-sahib? as Rahmnee says. For shame, my dear! Helen, your hand for a waltz, and Frank may have my wife. Exchange is no robbery, and you are the last arrivals, so we may join the tripping feet." He whirled her away. William Orde, standing beside Dr.

Clifford, who had come in with his daughter and her husband, said, in a low "I was so grieved to hear from my

boy of your trouble about your niece, doctor. You could not stop it, I suppose ?" Clifford shook his head sadly.

"No-since she was obstinate! I refused Darnley-but she was of age, and walked out, I may say. She has cruelly disappointed me!" "You live with the Northcotes, Chris-

tine tells me?" Now the doctor's face brightened, "Yes; they insisted. I don't think Mimie would have married Archer till I

consented. She is a good daughter, Mr. Orde, and will be a good little wife." "I want you all down at the Chase for Christmas!" said Mr. Orde. "I told Falconer so. It's all finished now, and as my boy's wedding day is long past I mean to keep festival for it at Christmastide. Ah! if I could recall past years!"

"Ah! if!-we never can!" said the doctor, just as Falconer passed. "But we can look to the future with steadfast hope."

And late that night, when St. Maur and his young wife were alone, he drew her clase to his heart and whispered, as he kissed her dear lips again and again: "The past is buried, but the future is jumped me. But I laid 'em out." full of hope and love for us, my heart's (The End.)

The Worship of the Sward.

The sword has ever been the most potent influence in the life of the Japanese nation. Nothing has challenged its preeminent distinction. Enshrined in an in tense religious and patriotic sentiment, writes T. H. Manners Howe, in the Grapbic, it has been to Japan what the cross has been to the nations of Christendom. The emblem of all sacred and ward. temporal authority, it received a reverence almost equal to the worship of Indian adventure that happened to me a divinity. Great heroes had their vond- in '80 up Montana way." rous swords buried with them, or hung in a temple for the reverence and ad miration of all.

"I'll make it short,"

Yucatan, angrily.

"I'll make it short."

## Bravest Man

(By Stuart B. Stone.)

There were seven strange men from over the seas who sat in the lobby of the Hotel Seneca with Mr. Peter Rucker. The soiled, advertising-lined register showed after several signatures such unmiliar address as Hankow, Pietermaritzburg and Bombay, and on every bronzed face was the light of tale after tale worth the telling. It was Cannon of Adelaide who first began: "Up in the Australian bush in '99 I

ran into the bolomen-"Huh!" interrupted Peter Rucker; "talking about bolomen, www I was chased 75 miles by 10 bolomen in North Australia in '93. I just dodged and ducked around and got rid of 'em one by

bew and arrow." The company frowned at the little, peppery, red-faced man, and there was a general murmur of disapproval. Finally

one. Shot the last one with his own



SUDDENLY AND LOOKED IN AWED SILENCE TOWARD THE VESTIBULE DOOR.

Daniels, the Hankow man, took a long pull at his meerschaum and cleared his "I was on the Yang-tse-Eiang in

the Taiping war. One night a bunch of howling pigtails''-"Pigtails!" broke in Peter Rucker. again. "Sakes alive! I fought a dozen of

the heathens in Chefoo in the eighties. Stole a dirty, yellow little god and they The rest of the company moved their chairs back and eyed the interrupter

with strong disfavor. Peter Rucker rear-

ed back in his chair and half-closed his

eves in unmindful reverie. The company smoked silently, voluminously. At last Sumner of Yucatan began to speak: "In '76 I crossed the divide with a detachment of the Eighth cavalry.

The Shoshones had been on a rammage' Mr. Peter Rucker opened his pale gray eyes and bumped his chair for-"Speaking of Indians," he remarked, "I just want to tell you a rea!

"Make it short," retorted Sumner of

"I'll make it short," said Peter Ruck-



VASTLY REASSURED.

Wife (anxiously)—Did you mail that letter I gave you? Husband-Er-no; I'm awfully sorry m,y dear, but my pocket was Wife (relieved-Thank goodness! There is some chance of the thief

Apache Bill McGregor, the scout"——
"I knew old McGregor," put in Sumner with real interest. "We were rounding cattle on the up-

per Missouri, continued Peter Rucker "The Sioux were raising cain. Caught Bill and me in a trap in a big canyon neat as you please. Tied Bill to a

er. "I would have given my right arm to have made it short then. Me and

"I've heard of that-it was a close shave," said Sumner, while the others drew their chairs nearer and looked at Peter Rucker with intense interest.

"They set the stump afire," continued Mr. Rucker, "and commenced dancing around it—one of these tomtom yelping war dances. Had me tied to a tree. I worked loose while they were dancing around Bill. Skipped up the side of the canyon. Got a lot of hig rocks; rolled 'em down on the redskins; set up a hurran that echoed down the canyou and sounded like a thousand troopers charging, and rushed down on the

Mr. Peter Rucked stopped suddenly and looked in awed silence toward the vestibule door.

"Go on," admonished the impatient listeners. "What happened to McGregor? What did the redskins

Mr. Rucker pulled a red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. A little blonde woman came up to him and took him by the collar.

"You long-tongued idler! You cheap hotel babbler! You forgot to bring that ball of red yarn I sent you for!" "I know, Marthy," whimpered Peter

Rucker. "I forgot"——
"Of course you forgot, you lazy goodfor-nothing: scolded the little blonde lady. "You come home with me. I'll teach you to forget. I'll dress you down. I'll make you think"-

The vestibule doors closed upon Mr. Peter Rucker marching meekly in front of Mrs. Peter Rucker, who was still

"A brave man," murmured Sumner, of Yucatan, with a tinkle in his eye. "As I was saying, I as in the Austral-

ian bush in '90," resumed Cannon of Adelaide; and this time the tale had no interrupting.

### AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs. taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of oss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed or exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35. for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominion, Karn, Uxbridge, Goderich and Beli. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King etreet east, Ham Iton.

HOT BISCUITS.

(By Ed Howe, in Chicago Tribune.)) We don't know a lot, and we keep

adding to the list every day. The only way to get along with a woweek.

Whenever we visit the morgue on a rainy afternoon we always go back to the office disposed to give life another

Be good to your wife and she will treat you like a dog. Beat her up occasionally and she'll love you to death. What has become of the old fashioned man who used to fill his pipe before he lighted it.

Parson Twine says that when a cross word brings a tear to your wife's eve it is a sign that you are still reclaimable; but if she bursts into tears when you speak kindly to her, you have been a brute too long ever to win her back.

# Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THOS. TARDY.

The English Royal Society of Literature and the Society of Authors have decided that England should have a "Royal Academy" and "40 immortals," just like their brother literary mechanics have over across

the channel.
While Poet Laureate Alfred Austin and Playwright Pinero have been already "immortalized" and Kipling and Geo. Bernard Shaw have not, Thos. Hardy, the celebrated British architect, poet, prose writer and playwright, was one of the first to be placed upon England's "immortal" pedestal.

Hardy is one of the most prolific of English writers of the present day. He started out in life to be an architect, but writing poetry appealed to him more strongly. He reversed his course and versed awhile until it

but she can make a mighty good bluff

## ST. YITUS DANCE

A Striking Example of its Cure by the Tonic Treatment.

St. Vitus dance is the comm form of nervous trouble which at flicts children, because of the great demands made on the body by growth and development, and there is the added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment, that the nervous debility which leads to St. Vitus dance.
The remarkable success of Dr. Wil-

liams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus dance should lead parents to give their children this great blood-building medicine at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Palor, list-lessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them. Mrs. A. Winters, Virden, Man., says: "When my little girl was six years old she was attacked with scarlatina, which was followed by St. Vitus dance. Her limbs would jerk and twitch. Her speech became affected. and at last she became so bad that she could scarcely walk, and we hardly dared trust her alone. She was under the care of a doctor, but in spite of this was steadily growing worse, and we feared that we would lose her. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her older sister of anaemia I decided to try them again. After the use of a few boxes, to our great joy, we found they were helping her and in the course of a few weeks more her power of speech fully returned, and she could walk and go about as well as any child, and she has been well and healthy since. When illness come to any one of our family now, we never call in a doctor, but simply use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never disappoint us."
Sold by all medicine dealers or by

mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PRAYER.

All-bountiful Father, who openest Thy hand continually and satisfiest the desire of every living thing, we thank Thee for our daily bread. We thank and praise Thee, above all, for the Bread of eternal life. Thou has invited us into Thy banqueting-house and hast spread a table for us that our hungry souls may eat and be satisfied. Thou withholdest from us no good thing. Forbid that we should scorn Thy loving courtesy and through foolish absorption in earthly toil and pleasure neglect the graclous invitation of our King. Help us to draw near in humble gratitude, clothed in the righteousness which Christ bestows, that we may hear Thy welcome and taste Thy festal joy. Amen.

The young city of Prince Rupert, on the Pacific coast of Canada, is to use the single tax system to fight the land speculator. The city council recently decided to inaugurate Henry George's system as the basis upon which the new city's revenues will be raised, and Prince Rupert probably will be the first community in the world to start upon its civic career under such a plan. Vancouver, the rapidly growing city of British Columbia, south of Prince Rupert, adopted the single tax method a year ago, with splendid results, the building activity for six months totalling \$6,000.000 in spite of the doleful prophecies of the opponents of the system. Winnipeg, another city of Western Canada, has started to follow Vancouver's example.

Prince Rupert is able to start in such manner because of the unusual conditions surrounding its birth. The site was selected by the Grand Trunk Pacific as its western coast terminus when it was decided to build that road to the ocean. Everything that could be thought of to make a first-class city was done by the railroad before settlers had time to get to the place. The city was carefully laid out, adequate thoroughfares provided, locations for public buildings, schoolhouses, etc., set aside.

When people began to come to the yoing city however, they came with a rush, and the evils of too much and too exaggerated land speculation were unmediately foreseen. It is to prevent these evils from giving Prince Rupert a mushroom growth that the city fathers have decided upon the single tax sys-

COULDN'T HELP IT. (Cleveland Leader.)

"You must be very proud that your name led all the rest," we said to Abou Ben Adhem. "Why should I be!" he grouched. 'That list was alphabetically arranged."

There are tew things in life more difficult than for a girl to look intellectual when she is chewing gum. Riches have wings. If you don't believe it, invest in an aeroplane.



## No More Sour Catsup Calsup Flavor

dawned upon him that there was more honor than wealth in poetry, so he reversed one again and wrote his verses in prose. Now he is, as might be expressed, in pretty comfortable circumstances—and an "immortal" as well.

A girl may not really be able to love more than one man at a time.

PARKE & PARKE HANGETON DRUGGISTS CANADA