TO SHIPPERS
—OF—
E HOGS
a shipper of live hogs,
with us. Ship direct
ur commissions.
buyers of butter, eggs
OUR & CO.
LTON, ONTARIO

ET REPORTS

TO MARKETS.

ERS' MARKET.

dozen	0 25	0 27
airy	0 28	0 32
dressed	0 50	0 60
gs,		
	0 20	0 25
	0 25	0 30
	3 00	5 50
	0 50	0 60
case	1 50	0 60
100 lbs	2 50	0 60
	0 13	0 16

-WHOLESALE.

s, cwt	$10 00	$11 50
rs	14 00	15 50
e	12 00	13 50
wt.	9 00	10 00
wt.	7 00	8 00
	12 00	14 00
	12 00	12 50
	10 25	11 00
	20 00	22 00
	12 00	14 00

R MARKET.

ed as follows:—

	per cwt.
. Redpath's	6 71
	6 81
	6 71
100's	6 81
ons	6 71
ons	7 01
ies	7 01
ies	6 86
low	6 81
l yellow	6 61
	6 61
100 lbs	6 56

E STOCK.

lls; 91 calves; 2,143 hogs;

oice	8 00	to	8 25
	7 00	to	7 25
	6 00	to	6 25
ice	7 00	to	7 25
	5 50	to	6 25
	4 00	to	4 25
	7 00	to	7 25
	7 25	to	7 50
	6 00	to	7 25
	6 00	to	6 50
ch	85 00	to	100 00
	50 00	to	100 00
	6 00	to	6 75
	5 00	to	5 50
	11 00	to	12 00
red	9 50	to	9 60
	9 0	to	10 00
	9 0	to	10 00

INS, WOOL.

combing fleece,
Washed combing
1 to 32. Washed
33 to 35c. Washed
chaffy, etc., 25 to
ce combing, coarse,
ed fleece combing,
to 26c. Unwashed
ine, 27 to 28c.
butcher hides, flat,
y hides, flat, cured,
per lb., part cured,
er lb.
skins, green, flat,
y, cured, 16 1-2 to
rt cured, 15 1-2 to
ording to condition
ons or bob calf, 75c

take off, $4 to
e off, No. 1 $3.75 to
to $3.
sheepskins, $1.75
try sheepskins, 75c
bs and shearlings,

dered, solid in bar-
ountry stock, solid
5 to 6 1-4c, No. 2
No. 1 6 1-2 to 7c;

ner peddler stock,
Hallam's Weekly

ARKETS.

AIN OPTIONS.

High.	Low	Close.
1 24¾	1 20¾	1 20¼
1 06¾	1 02¾	1 03
1 06¾	1 02¾	1 03¾
0 56¾	0 53¾	0 54¼
0 44¾	0 42¾	0 44
1 61	1 51½	1 51½
1 64½	1 56¾	1 55¾

RAIN MARKET.

No. 1 hard, $1.25½; No. 1 Nor-
to $1.29; No. 2 Nor-
July, $1.21. Corn—
67½c. Oats—No. 4
our fancy patents,
econd clears, $4.20.

N MARKET.

hard, $1.25½; No.
$1.24¾; No. 2 Nor-
July, $1.19¾. Lin-

MARKETS.

se offerings to-
and 1,777 colored.
c, refused.
rontenac Cheese
day, 152 boxes of
were boarded; 475

e Cheese Board
white and 198
fered. Six buyers
e board at 15c.

E STOCK.

	6 35	to	9 50
	6 30	to	8 15
	7 20	to	8 35
	7 30	to	10 25
	7 35	to	7 37½
	7 40	to	7 37½
	7 15	to	7 40
	7 15	to	7 30
	6 90	to	7 55
	7 00	to	7 75
	6 20	to	7 10
	7 75	to	10 25

STOCK.

—Cattle receipts
d; active; $6.60
d; slow; heavy
to $6.25; yorkers
to $6.60; stags
ipts 200 head;
$6.60.
MARKET.
ding report
ranged from
Irish, Rise to
weight.

DOCTOR SAID ONLY HOPE WAS IN AN OPERATION

Was Skeptical When He Began the Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment—Relief Came Quickly

Here is a plain, honest statement in regard to Dr. Chase's Ointment. Between the lines of this letter you can read the gratitude which its writer feels. One does not suffer from annoying, distressing piles for ten years without appreciating a cure when it is obtained.

Almost every mail brings the report of someone who has been cured of piles by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Such statements are never used without the permission of the writer, and until we are satisfied that the cure is genuine and the writer a person of responsibility.

You may believe in operations for piles, and think there is no other cure. Write to Mr. Ingles, enclosing stamp, and he will gladly verify his statement. He will tell you that the pain, the expense, the risk of an operation are quite unnecessary. That relief and cure come with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Ernest W. Ingles, Penticton, B.C., writes: "I suffered from piles for ten years, and though I tried all kinds of ointments and injections I really had no permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. When I began this treatment I had absolutely no faith in it, for I had been examined by a well-known physician in Vancouver, and he said that an operation was the only thing that would benefit me. It was surprising the relief I obtained from the very first box, and now after using four boxes I am practically cured. My case was so exceptionally bad that I received no relief day or night, and for this reason the results are wonderful."

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment from any dealer at 60 cents a box. If you do not want to risk this much send a two-cent stamp to pay postage, and mention this paper, and we shall send you a sample box free. We are so certain that any sufferer from piles will obtain relief by using this ointment that we do not hesitate to make you this offer. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

A GIFT OF A SOUL

At this plain statement of facts a sudden anger was kindled in his heart against the innocent girl, whose interests were so directly opposed to his own that what was advantageous to him was fatal to her, and that it seemed impossible to make the brother live without causing the death of the sister. A fantastic idea presented itself to his mind, symbolizing their destinies under the colors of the cards, red and black—the one the color of blood, the other the color of mourning. If red turned up Juliette was to die; if black, he must fall back into his previous state of suffering.

A frenzy of selfishness seized upon him, and all his energies were concentrated in the desperate desire for life. He felt himself capable of anything to preserve it—even a crime. He carried his baseness as far as to raise his eyes to the sick girl, walking pensively in the garden, and to say to himself with fiendish satisfaction: "Two months ago it was I who dragged myself along that sunny walk, and I am now strong and able to enjoy life. All my regrets, all my complaints, which then seemed so unavailing, I may now cast to the winds, and indulge without restraint my desires and my hopes. All that I came so near losing I have regained. Life surges triumphantly within me, what matters the price I have paid for it!"

His conscience was silent. No voice rose up within him to protest against this monstrous deification of self. His heart was dumb, his mind was closed to every generous thought. No feeling within him rebelled against this horrible absolution which he gave himself for all the evil his useless existence had caused, and was yet to cause.

Yet in the midst of this moral insensibility a few words uttered by his mother caused him to tremble.

"I believe," she said, "that Juliette loved Pierre Laurier in secret. I have not dared to question her, fearing to hear her answer in the affirmative. For I could give her no consolation, and what can there be more cruel for a mother than to see her child grieving without being able to hold out to her a ray of hope? Yet if this be the case we ought to know it, for here, perhaps, is the wound we must seek to heal."

Jacques felt as if a power which he could not resist impelled him to try to clear up this painful mystery. Everything relating to his friend's death had a terrifying effect upon him, yet he felt attracted to the subject with invincible curiosity; he desired and, at the same time, feared to know the truth. He wished to be silent, yet he could not forbear saying:

"What if I were to speak to her? She might confide her secret to me."

"Question her very gently, then, and if she seems reluctant, do not urge her to answer. Leave her at liberty to keep her secret."

"Have no fear."

Juliette was approaching. Mme. de Vignes made a last mute appeal to Jacques' tenderness and compassion for his young sister, and went into the house.

The young girl, raising her eyes, saw her brother standing before her as if waiting for her. Her countenance lighted up, and a flush mounted to her cheeks. She seemed transformed, and the Juliette of the past, happy, gay and blooming, reappeared for an instant. But her brow clouded over again, her features relaxed, her mouth lost its smile, and she was once more grave and sad, as usual. Of her own accord she took her brother's arm, and leaning on it with evident pleasure,—

"You are now entirely well, my dear Jacques," she said.

He nodded affirmatively, pressing Juliette's hand gently at the same time.

"What a joy it is not to see you any longer sick and unhappy," she continued; "for you did not bear your illness with patience; you were not disposed to be resigned."

She shook her head gently, as if to say: "Women are more courageous: they bear suffering better." They had reached the very spot in the veranda in front of the house where Davidoff had announced to Jacques the death of Pierre Laurier. The window of the drawing-room, concealed by the blinds, was now as then half open, but Juliette was no longer on the watch for evil tidings. She knew her fate, and she awaited only the end of her sufferings. But no one on earth could give it to her. This deliverance must come to her from heaven. She seated herself, tranquil and indifferent, in one of the willow chairs, and fixed her gaze on the sea. "I must question her," said Jacques to himself. "What shall I say to her, and how begin the conversation? Her little head is so clear? She will weigh each one of my words and guess from them the meaning of my questions. The slightest blunder would put her on her guard. And she mistrusts me in the least I shall [illegible] from her. She [illegible] will be useful."

"Here we are in the middle of March," he began with a meditative air. "We must soon return to Paris. Will you not be sorry to leave this place, dear?"

"It matters little to me where I am," she answered indifferently, as if she thought to herself, "There is but one place where I can be at rest,—in the peaceful and silent tomb."

"I had fancied our departure would not please you, that perhaps it might grieve you, and I was going to ask our mother to stay here a few weeks longer."

She bent her head with a frown, and seemed determined to betray nothing of her thoughts. Her brother watched her with attention, in the hope of intercepting a quicker throb than usual of this poor wounded heart.

"As for me," he pursued, "I should not have been sorry to remain here longer. I shall leave this place with regret, for I am a bit bound to it by a most painful tie."

His voice failed him. He could never mention Laurier's name without a secret shudder, as if he felt he himself were in some way accountable for his tragic fate.

"Here I lost my dearest friend," he resumed, "a loss for which I can never be consoled. I fancy that in leaving this place I shall be going farther away from him; although I know not where his last resting-place is, since the waves have not given him back to us, and we have not been permitted the supreme consolation of saying a last prayer over his remains. This spot, where I saw him for the last time, has a fascination for me, as if I had a secret hope that I should her see him one day reappear."

At these words Juliette trembled, and she raised her eyes to her brother's with a questioning look. She felt a movement of joy, quickly repressed, however.

"Do you think it possible, then, that he is not dead?" she asked.

"His body has never been recovered," he answered in a hollow voice.

"And is he, alas! the only one that the jealous sea has refused to give up," cried the young girl, with a heart-rending look. "No! we ought not to cherish any illusions, or lull ourselves with false hopes. He had lost faith in the future, he had lost confidence in his friends, life had ceased to possess any attraction for him. Our loss is certain, irreparable. We shall never see him again! He has left us forever. We shall never again hear his voice, nor his laughter—nor even his complaints. He has gone to the land from which no one returns —and we may weep for him without any fear of our tears being causelessly shed."

She spoke with increasing agitation, and her grief, no longer restrained, overflowed from her heart to her lips like a torrent, swollen by a sudden rainstorm. Surprised, Jacques looked at his sister, seeking to discover, in the midst of the bitterness of the grief, which she expressed, some trace of a reproach addressed to himself.

"Does she suspect the terrible secret?" he asked himself. "If she had to decide between Pierre and me, which would she choose? Would she sacrifice her brother or her lover?"

Juliette wiped away the tears which flowed down her cheeks, and remained silent a moment; then she said:

"Heaven, in compensation, has delivered us from our anxiety in regard to your health. Enjoy life, Jacques, employ it in loving us dearly."

She made a movement as if to go. He detained her, and looking at her fixedly said:

"This, then, is the secret of your illness and your dejection. You loved him."

She answered without hesitation and without embarrassment:

"With all my soul. Besides my mother and you he was the only one who occupied my thoughts."

"You are not yet twenty. At your age there is no sorrow which is eternal. The future is still before you."

She bowed her head dejectedly; then said with great sweetness:

"Promise me never to speak on this subject again, will you? It would only cause me useless suffering. I am not one of those who can forget their sorrows, or be consoled by them. In the secret depths of my heart, the memory of Pierre will be the object of my worship. I shall think ceaselessly of him, but to hear his name uttered is more than I can bear. I promise you on my part, to take care of myself and to neglect nothing that might contribute to my health. I do not wish to distress you, nor cause you anxiety; but leave me at liberty to indulge my grief."

She smiled sweetly at her brother, and resumed her solitary walk up and down the etrrace.

Much affected, Jacques entered the house and went up to his mother's room. Madame de Vignes was anxiously waiting for him.

"Well?" she asked, as soon as she saw him enter.

"Well, I have spoken to her as we agreed, and I found her, if not reasonable, at least very calm. She grieves deeply and does not wish to be consoled. I had thought that a prolongation of our stay here might be beneficial to her, but I was mistaken. I think the best course to take would be to return to Paris at once, and make the child resume her former way of living. Solitude is not good for her. She has too much time in which to let her thoughts dwell on the one theme. Our friends will take possession of her. She will be diverted in spite of herself and this will have a favorable effect on her spirits, I hope."

"Do you think it would be well to make preparations for our departure at once, then?"

"No, that would seem too sudden. In a couple of weeks we might go."

"But you, my dear boy, would not the change of climate be prejudicial to you? We are still in March; in Paris it is still cold."

"No matter! My health is now excellent, and it is of Juliette alone that we must think."

"Very well, I will do as you advise then."

Jacques kissed his mother's hand tenderly. The breakfast bell rang, and they went into the dining-room, where Juliette soon joined them. Mme. de Vignes and her son spoke on indifferent subjects. Juliette was silent. The repast was a short one. A restraint seemed to weigh upon them all, and each wished to be alone. As soon as the meal was over they rose. The mother and daughter returned to their rooms in silence. Jacques lighted a cigar and went to take a solitary walk on the seashore.

In an indentation of the coast bordered by red rocks, the tide ebbed and flowed, forming a little creek. Vegetation stopped at the edge of the water, but on the sand mosses of a grayish-green color, resembling lichens, grew vigorously. Jacques seated himself here, and soothed by the delicious mildness of the sunshine fell into a revery. Silence and solitude reigned around. Immensity of space was before him, and above him. The sea and the sky met, blending imperceptibly together in the blue distance. Jacques' eyes, fixed upon the far horizon, were dazzled by the clear brightness of the atmosphere, and fascinated by the monotonous motion of the waves.

Little by little the scene before him faded from his view, and he saw again the ball-room as on the night of the veglione. He heard again the noise of the crowd, the stamping of the dancers on the floor, and the strains of the orchestra. He saw pictured before him the whole scene of the evening of the Carnival, and among the promenadors he could distinguish the white domino. She smiled seductively under the lace of her mask and her eyes glittered like diamonds through the apertures in the satin. The subtle and penetrating odor which emanated from her enveloped Jacques, and in this solitary spot he had so lively a sense of the proximity of this fascinating woman that he stretched out his arms vaguely as if to embrace her. The spell of the vision was broken, and he found himself once more alone. A feeling of irritation took

THE STANDARD ARTICLE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

[illegible] of this, as the thought that he should be indebted thus for the remembrance of Clemence—that she should have such power over him, that he could not abandon himself to his thoughts for a moment without being at the mercy of this sorceress. She had said to him, "Whether you wish it or not." It was in vain for him to try to resist her. He felt that she had woven her toils around him, triumphant and perfidious, the mistress of his thoughts and of his heart, and the despotic sovereign of his will. He asked himself why he resisted her, why he had an instinctive repugnance or rather fear of her. He knew she was dangerous; all who had approached her had suffered through her. And yet how beautiful she was, with her red lips, her velvety eyes, her divine form! What had he to fear? The remembrance of Pierre came to him. Had she not also loved him, the great artist? And with the same love at change which made it impossible for her to be constant to any one, had she not soon grown tired of him and cast him off? For her he had allowed the exquisite flower of his genius to wither. Like a high-mettled horse harnessed to a heavy load he had worked in order to earn money, to heap gifts upon her, and when he could no longer work, he had tried to win at play what his genius, drained and enervated, could no longer procure. All the various stages in the miserable story of Laurier's passion were known to Jacques. He had seen the painter pass through them one by one, in his lucid moments full of shame and exasperation at his folly, but ready to return to his bondage the moment the woman, at once hated and adored, beckoned to him with her rosy finger or let fall a word of tenderness. What was there, then, so satanic or so divine in this creature that she should exercise over men's hearts so potent a spell?

The only rival who could have triumphed over her was death. Why had his friend in a manner bequeathed her to him? Was it that he might avenge him? And did he think him capable of inspiring this enchantress with love?

He saw Pierre's face as it had haunted him so often of late in his terrible dreafs. It wore a look of indescribable sadness; he fancied he saw the lips move and that he heard them say: "Take care! I have bestowed life upon you, but she will destroy it. Destruction is her mission on earth. Avoid her. Beware of her! See to what she has brought me. She lied to you when she told you that it was my wish that you should love her. No, I have fled from her into the bosom of oblivion! Do not believe her, do not listen to her, do not look at her. Withdraw from her path. When you are with her you cannot resist her. This is the decisive moment in which you must choose between life and death."

The sombre countenance of Laurier faded away, and Jacques found himself once more alone, beside the restless sea in this enchanted solitude,

Pure Ice Cream

IT IS GENERALLY CONCEDED that Tuberculosis is transmitted by unpasteurized Ice Cream.

City Dairy Ice Cream is Pasteurized and therefore safe for even the youngest child.

The Purity and healthfulness of City Dairy Ice Cream is guarded in every way.

The matter of flavoring is an important one—**City Dairy uses no imitations** or synthetic **flavors—we flavor our "Maple Walnut"** with pure **maple sugar—we use Pure Fruits** in our "Fruit **Ice Creams" and flavor our "Vanilla"** with the **Pure Mexican Vanilla Bean. The** minute specks **in City Dairy Vanilla Ice** Cream are pieces of the **ground bean—"the specks make the flavor."** So **far as we know we are the only** manufacturers **in Canada using the Pure** vanilla bean, and **no other make can compare with the** delicate flavor **of City Dairy Vanilla Ice** Cream—the cost is **about double but the selling** price is the same

Ask for the Ice Cream in which "the specks make the flavor"—City Dairy.

For Sale by discriminating shopkeepers everywhere.

City Dairy

Look for the Sign.

TORONTO.

We want an agent in every town.

COOK IN A COOL KITCHEN

DON'T swelter over a hot range this summer. The NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstove keeps your kitchen cool and clean and does away with all the ash-pan, coal-hod drudgery of the coal range.

THE NEW PERFECTION lights like gas, regulates like gas, and cooks like gas. It is gas stove comfort with kerosene oil.

NEW PERFECTIONS are sold in 1, 2, 3 and 4 burner sizes by dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

ROYALITE OIL GIVES BEST RESULTS

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVES

"NOW SERVING 2,000,000 HOMES"

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Made in Canada

Overwork and Worry Are Serious

Often Indicate Overwork, and a Run Down Nervous System.

Overwork and worry have an evil effect on the system and often give rise to nervousness and sleeplessness. Other signs include a weak back, headaches and indigestion. In time if matters are neglected a complete breakdown of the nervous system follows. On every hand one can observe victims of this state of nervous exhaustion who are at a loss to know what to do with themselves, their nervous debilitated state having baffled all ordinary treatment.

If you are a victim of exhausted nerves, if your symptoms are as described above, you need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they are a powerful nerve tonic. Their strengthening action on weak nerves is due to the fact that they enrich and build up the blood through which the nerves are fed. Under the tonic influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all traces of nervous weakness disappear together with the headaches, the insomnia, the feeling of intense weakness and depression of spirits that mark the victim of nervous ailments. Here is the proof. Mr. Henry Marr, Port Felix, N. S., says: "It gives me greatest pleasure to testify as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began their use I was a physical wreck; my nerves were all unstrung. I suffered from frequent headaches and backaches, and was almost wholly unfitted for work. I had tried several remedies without success, when I finally decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I took six boxes and they made me a well man."

What these Pills did for Mr. Marr they will do for every other weak and nervous man, if given a fair trial. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

where nature bloomed radiantly under a cloudless sky. He said to himself: "I am growing superstitious. What do the frequent fears and the scruples that torment me mean? Can my life depend upon this woman? I have not yet so completely recovered from my illness as I had thought. But what is the cause of the anxiety I feel? Through what moral crisis am I passing? Because Pierre loved this woman is it then criminal in me to love her? For this is the thought from which my scruples spring. And after all is there not a great deal of individual caprice and of conventionality in what people have agreed to call right and wrong?"

"The only object of life is happiness," selfishness answered. And was not the love of this woman necessary to his happiness? His heart, filled with her image, was deaf to the voice of reason. At this very moment, seated on this sunny rock, the waves dashing, the spray up to his feet, silence and solitude around, he felt himself drawn toward the enchantress, and he trembled with impatience. He knew that within half an hour's distance the Battle of Flowers at Nice was drawing all the world of fashion to the Promenade des Anglais. Clemence would be there waiting for him, expecting him. He had but a step to take to join her.

His heart palpitated violently. His whole being reached out toward her. His reason, though vanquished, still protested: "But she has deiled you. She has told you she would hold you in her chains, willing or unwilling. Are you then going to obey her as if you were her slave? Truly you have very little pride or courage. Stay where you are, do not go. Avoid her."

But he was already on his feet. The magnetic influence which had always drawn Laurier back to her, no matter how much he might resist it, now exercised its sway over Jacques. The spell of this woman, who, ghoul-like, sapped the power of will of those over whom she wished to cast her spells, triumphed over distance, and prudence and over reason. It was in vain for Jacques longer to resist; she had already conquered. He went back to the house, took his hat and coat, and went away without bidding his sister good-by.

CHAPTER V.

The passion with which Clemence had inspired Jacques was all the more violent for having been so long resisted. And it was shared by her, and with equal ardor. For a time they lived apart from the world, devoted exclusively to each other, wandering among the flowering orange-trees of the garden, or reclining among the silken cushions of the Moorish saloon in the smiling villa on the Meatone road.

In the evening Jacques tore himself away with difficulty from the enchantress and returned to Roquebrun. His mother and sister saw him only for an instant in the morning before he went out. And with a profound sadness Mme. de Vignes saw that the unlooked-for restoration of her son to health had been the signal for the resumption of the dissipated life he had formerly led, and which had so nearly brought him to his grave. She had ventured a remonstrance, which had been received with a smile. Jacques, in a hurry to go, had kissed his mother, assuring her that he had never felt stronger in his life, which was true, and that she had no cause for uneasiness. And without staying further to listen to her counsels or her entreaties he had taken the train for Monte Carlo.

(To be continued.)

Cunning of the Fox.

A fox on emergency will sham death to perfection. A master of hounds once noosed a fox in a whip as he bolted before a terrier. The fox appeared to have been strangled. When held up by the scruff of the neck his eyes were seen to be closed, his jaws gaped and the body hung limply down from the head. He was placed tenderly on the ground only to dash off to covert.—London Standard.

Mr.— My dear, this tower goes back to William the Conqueror. Mrs. — What's the matter? Isn't it satisfactory?—Life.