

n. High, Low, Close GRAIN MARKET.

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were boarded. All

attle 1,400; cows 30; and lambs 600; hogs orime booves offered. Id at from 5 1-2 to a Id the common stock

Despatch-Cattle re-Inc head; active;

of to \$3.25; others

PRODUCE. dy. A., 9 1-24.

) ow - 'a He. ent - is, 61. inche Coast)-14, 15s. 14 to 13 lbs.—69s. 2 cut, 26 to 30 lbs.

18 :5.-70s. Light, 23 to 31 lbs.heavy. 55 to 40 lbs.-16 to 20 lbs.—65s. 6d. 11 to 15 lbs.—62s, 6d. mm, 12 tjerces, new—

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IVE STOCK.

e, are quoted as fol-1 yellow

MARKETS.

Frontenac Cheese

e Cheese Board meet-the offerings were 915 ored. The board was TTLE MARKET. and Batchelor report

quotations unaltered. 4c to 15 1-2c; Irish, 10 bulls. 10 3-4c to 12c, theese board meeting rese were hoarded; 300; balance refused, oxes offered; highest ales. VOOL SALES

erings at the wool by amounted to 10,100 fossbreds. There was kood wools, and the steadily maintained. s irregular. Russia erinos, often at five and paid 2s 7d for rea was quiet the the principal buyers. LIVE STOCK.

LIVE STOCK

4.300 head; active. 1.03; mixed \$3.50 to 50 to 58.05; pigs, \$8 6.40 to 56.13; stags,

seh a fair invention.

This is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies



"WHEN I pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, I want to be sure that my jellies and preserves will be just right. So I always use



No doubt that is just what her mother and grandmother did, too, for See has been Canada's favorite sugar for three generations. Absolutely pure, and always the same, it has for sixty years proved the most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be Action. Sugar, in one of the packages originated in Canada for Gestall Sugar.

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

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CHAPTER XI.

When Brother Trictian had finished I'll plant to his task in the orchard, he left his rake in the garden house, and started back to his cell; traversing the cloister which faced a stretch of the Abbey wall, unbroken save by a postern gate. He took a turn up and down the closster to stretch his aching limbs, and as he walked he talked to himself in a low and confidential tane; a habit much complained of by his brethren. "He speaks with the evil one, who so converseth," said certain zcalous ones, who, laying the matter before the Abbot, asked that their faulty brother (with a winkle in his eye) replied: "If we converse with but yourselves, be duly reprimanded. But the Abbot! there will be none to repeat your say-

ings." Thus did the father rebuke his over-zealous, tale-bearing sons, and little Brother Tristian talked to himself unmolested. Brother Tristian was head gardener of the Abbey, and his soul was in his ing to spring upon its prey. Her face carved pillar, it seemed to Brother between) bore its name cut in smooth chalk rock like tiny white gravestones. Onions, garlic, celery, lettuce, parsley, poppy, cabbage and carrots were there, each in its appointed place. And woe betide the careless assistant who nixed the seeds, or misplaced a stone. But the flower plot was Brother Tristian's joy and pride; and now, that fall had come, and his outdoor duties had ceased, he was planning a wonderful improvement therein. What this was, was a close secret, but the other monks knew that a rushlight often burned at late hours in Brother Tristian's cell.

and he was ever begging scraps of parchment from Jocelin, which he covered with lines and figures. Truly "Out of the fullness of the heart the month speaketh," for as Brother Tristian moved placidly ur and down the empty cloister, he was all unconsciously giving to the autumn winds his you postern! Theu were so bent on cherished secret

"Now," said he, with one lean little finger extended to draw imaginary lines in the air, 'around the sun-dial will I plant them, my tree-telling with its bar well in the socket," plants, and they shall be called the Virgin's clock,' in honor of our Lady. Zounds, 'twill be the triumph of all gardening. First will I plant me the on end, and crossing himself before Star of Jerusalem; it faileth never, but addressing his dread visitor. pops wide ope at the third hour to eatch the first peep o' dawn; then the dandelion;; it unfolds its cloth of gold who hath but to point her staff at at the fourth hour, and the other flow- any barred door or portcullis, and ers, each at successive hours. At the open it swingeth? And now, wight, fifth cometh my brave hawk's beard, stand not staring there!" But Brother For the next two I will have the Venus' looking-glass (a strange plant for an Abbey garden, methinketh), and ten I'll set the purple juniper; then Tristian that the cat's eyes flashed he Star of Bethlehem. Jerusalem's fire. Star again for. lazy little Jack-go-to-Bed-at-noon, it shutteth its eyes at voice. midday. To tell the first hour after "To Bradfield by some quiet way. midday, the succory will unfold, then I would speak with the Lady de Cokethe squill; at the third, maid Mari- feld." gold bares her bosom to the sun. Ah, "Why went thou not in at the Abmy beautiful flower clock! The Abbot's gate, then? Why pounce upon of himself will come to see it, and a poor monk with thy horrid staff?

rose of evening shall ope its delicate leaf, and shatter bloom, old canker he has supped. My chaplain cele-

be the wonder of the age." rose which has been crinkled and finally left the church and hurried to creased, then parched by the sun. The his cell. toothless mouth, with its blackened cracked lips, added to her weirdness: she leaned; for its handle was cut into a semblance of a cat's head.

old frere. An' I wot if thy Abbot keep woman out of anything, he will do more than mankind hath done since man's wife was made in Eden. How came I hither? Gramacy, by extolling thy weeds, I entered unob-

served." "But that postern gate was close locked, dame. I noted it as I passed stammered Tristian in dismay, tremblingly running his fingers through his scanty locks, which literally stood

"Odds heartlings! old shaveling; nath never heard of the witch of Ely,

"Along with me," she cried, im-

Dunstan, of Woolvit, will go mad with Mary, save me!" expostulated Trist- which at a later date made England's Dott, did I care to become the (who are the least artificial of crea-

gazing steck of all the popinjays of two courts? Haste thee! haste thee, menk! bott's house."

"A secret way? I know of no way, witch within the sacred walls of St. fury, "thou forgettest that the Reg-

"Twould be a sacrilege." | we owe no allegiance to the Regency "Ha, ha; never, sayest thou, sir or the Crown, and of a surety the gardener? Then I'll set a spell on Pope will uphold us in this just redark robes were broidered in golden it was at this stage that a friend who "Never!

Missais with rare floral counterfeits, now thoroughly terrified. What was squarely on Bigot, who biting his but who can make the pretty blessoms the sanctity of the Abbey to the safe- lips, made a hurried exit, followed by

"Aye, wonders never cease, orother," for if I am seen with a woman in the frate earl. said a low, cracked voice in his ear, followance bethink thee of the scanand Tristian glanced up to see an dai." This amused the beldame, aged woman in a scarlet cloak peering and she followed his reluctant steps at him through a cioister arch. She with a toothless grin at his diswas very, very old. She were a close gruntlement. When they had enblack cap with some tatters of a rusty tered the church, she walked behind black veil hanging over it, and ming-black veil hanging over it, and ming-hanging over it, and ming-h hair, which clung round her seared they were half way to the altar she son's proximity, for the favorite ever brow like dead leaves on a branch, de paused, and passing through an arch. nuded by winter winds. Her eves were nobbled briskly behind the carved mere hollows, with one glistening screen of pierce-timber work at the of the presence of the Queen) trustreddened lids, as if some wild creature and saying, "Farewell, old wight," could hardly be called wrinkled, as no Tristian; but though he searched till continuous lines were set therein; but the shadows of evening drove him both face and hands were like from the church, he could find withered petals of a yellow no signs of an opening therein and

"Woe is me! Woe is me!' he cried, continually beating his breast humiliation which the Princess' apas did the great black staff on which and shaking his head. "The brothren were right; in speaking to myself I have communed with the evil one, with yellow jewels for eyes. which and he hath finally appeared in this seemed to blink at the startled monk guise. I have been tempted by the "Godamercy! How, camest thou devil, and I have yielded; Satan is hither, dame? No woman entereth turned loose in the Abbey," and he these walls save by the Abbot's leaned his head against the stone wall of his cell, while tears coursed down "Monks and witches have no sex his sallow old cheeks. "Woe is me;

woe is me!" CHAPTER XII. Jocelin was chaplain and secretary to the Abbot; so his summons to Bradfield was not, in itself, indicative of his lord's restored favor, for if the Abbot had business with his royal guests, he would stand in need of his secretary. So Jocelin went on his way, unelated at the summons, and much vexed at his careleseness in so nearly revealing the secret of his love to the gossip of the Abbey. He passed down a terrace, through many enclosures. by divers paths, into a small yardway, and so, through a private door into the corridor on which the Abbot's parlor opened, and entered the room unchserved by its occupants. Abbot Samson sat there with the

Bishops of Ely and Waltham and sevfifth cometh my brave hawk's beard, then the viper's grass. The lettuce uneral dignitaries of the Church. Before them stood the leading advocates muttering to himself, "A witch, a Albune and my Lord of Clare, with Earl Bigot, a friend of Prince John. patiently, striking her staff on the anti-regent noblemen of that time) the creeping hawkweed. To strike me stones. Whereupon, it seemed to were clean shaven, with hair cut short on the neck; but the courtier, like his "Whither?" he queried in a faint the pointed beard and curling locks, filletted with a golden ribband, the court had adopted in contempt of its smooth-faced, short-locked opposers. As they stood thus, several half-andible comments on Bigot's attire passed between the advocates; for in those society notes, and mer like children

A secret passage to the Abave and smiling as ever.

save the walk down yonder terrace." "Then to the church, old fearful, command his vassals, be they ever so to the church," the witch of Ely high, Father," he protested, stroking cried, stamping her foot. But here back a perfumed curl which had fall-Tristian replied. Timorous as he en across his rosy cheek. This was was by nature, and much afraid of the last straw. witches, he would not conduct a "My lord," said the Abbot, in cold

ency lies with the church; as it is,

Joselin of Brakelond may illumine his "Nay, nay," interposed Tristian, lords," the Abbot turned his back the bishop, who seemed to be muni-"Hither, follow me, dame. Quickly, bling a prayer as he pattered after

held a sword.

Bishop of Waltham broke in hurriedly,

"Nay, my Lord, 'twas the Prior who proffered it; an exchange. This ward-

"Since when do Priors give our

wards in marriage, and princelings

elect Abbots? The Bishop of Win-

chester long ago held that the power

of king-making lay with the clergy,

and he proved it, in that he raised

Matilda to the throne. Knows the

takes more than the installation of

Bigot. By my halidame! John heaps

insult on injury when he demands the

hand of the daughter of my noblest

Advocate for a pander, a spendthrift,

a libertine, and last but not least, by

in his pouch."

realm.

anxious to avert the gathering storm.

ship for the right of election."

Abbot fairly bristled with rage.

As they supped a monk entered and announced that the Princess Rosamund and three nuns were in the courtyard of the palace; having been o'ertaken by night, in a journey from Ely, and craved the hospitality of the accompanied his brother, could not ing to her tardy appearance and plausible story to gain entrance at Bradfield. Jocelin, who from the elder monks knew well the story of Rosamund de Clifford, looked questioningly at the Abbot, expecting the peremptory dismissal of this ill-timed visitor; but the Abbot's thoughts were not on any ancient quarrel of THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT Henry's wife and mistress; and, then,

pearance would cause the queen and her son. "Why not," he said, aside to Jocelin, "the bastard is here, why not the dam?" And he gave instructions to admit the Prioress. Throughout the meal, Jocelin sat pale and silent, scarcely touching his food. Through what had passed in Claude. the Abbot's parlor, he had realized for the first time what this visit to Brad- be added that risiny of the most suc-

Prince, in demanding her hand for his favorite, had displeased her powerful guardian. Here was a ray of hope; but it flickered dimly for a moment, and then flared out, leaving Jocelin's heart all the more desolate, for its faint glimmering. If this suitor was ineligible, the Abbot, no doubt, had others in view. Perhaps Rohese had a lover siready, for among all the Abbot Advocates. there was surely some one for whom she had a preference. The thought was as wermwool, and he shuddered at the bitterness which swept over his heart. Faulkenbridge, for all his alike. burly frame and forty years, was good to look at, and my Lord of Clare had a handsome son, his esquire, famed for his beauty and daring. "She is not for such as thou, an' were she

free thy cath of celibacy separates shoulder

"Hast prayed and fasted, my son?" "Yea, father." "And repented thy sin?"

"Yea, yea, indeed!" Jocelin answered, earnestly, touched by the gentleness of his usually stern superior. "Then go in peace, my son. God's bentan on thee!" And Joselin, kiss-ing, he head, fell back among the attendant monks; while the Abbot led ing, died well. Though he was hilled verse.



promised the Prince by Prior Roger on the day of thy election. Nay, I the way into the audience chamber know not if he said not, by Brother But neither blessing nor pardon could Samson himself." The Abbot's face give peace to poor Joselin, as he was red, and he patted his silken slipbrought up the rear of the procession, per. "By our Lady, this fellow hints with hot eyes glaring flercely for a at Simony," he muttered. Here the sight of Geoffrey de Clifford, who had dared stretch forth a rapacious hand toward the ideal set up in his passionate heart.

Prince John had prolonged his feast unduly, being much of a gourmand and careless of the proprieties, which demanded his withdrawal from the board ere his host arrived. So he now rose with his court and withdrew to his dais at the farther end of the hall, leaving the surprised prelate and his monks to mass around the devastated table, while all was con-Prince no history? Ye who are his tutors teach him illy, methinks. It fusion; monks scurrying to their places behind the Abbot's chair, courloose principles (which ye have so tiers hurrying to their post around artfully set about) to make a king, gathering around the Oueen. Though such a slight was too obvious to pass unnoticed, the Abbot made no attempt to comment, except to command the removal of the unsightly remnants of the mont.

my treth, a bastard, without a cross Prince John and the Queen slightly bent their heads as the Abbott passed Displeased as the Advocates were by the Regent's demands, they exthem, and he, with extended hand. murmured the usual "Pax Vobiccim." changed glances of consternation at this. For while many of the nobles the of peace. though the flash in his eye boded litof England were opposed to Prince John, there were few who would have

CHAPTER XIII.

dared to thus criticise the ruler of the It was a sight worth the seeing-"No head is safe which ownering tongue so hot!" whispered Faulken-"Nay, nay, -'en though it wear a mitre," answered the other. Albuno was much disturbed and the Bishop of Waltham was white with apprehension. Only Bigot maintained his composure; his handsome, dark face su-"Surely the ruler of England can

pause following the Abbot's entrance: or in my life than I do at the present "We cry thee parden, Dominus, that time, and an this is que to the use of we dallied so long o'er our wine, not- Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have also ing not that the hour had passed. But given the Pills to my daughter who if we receive thee not in all seemli- suffered from anaemia and she has ness, blame thyself, who hath so roy-gained in flesh and become a strong,

sarcastically, "'twere passing strange give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair should I find myself amazed, for if trial and they will speedily restore your Highness remembers so slight an you to health and strength. Sold by occasion, you will bethink you that I. all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 as elected Abbot of St. Edmunds, first cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by kissed the princely hand as it held a The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-(To be Continued)

Offers Suggestions for Fruit Preserving.

In an edvice circulated throughout

ceasful makers of preserves have for years insisted on securing from their grocers the St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar (Pure Cane).

HOW MEN DIE IN BATTLE.

the artist and the writer give it.

just reached England. He commanded a trench party and because his range was imperfect be built a platform to raise the gun Bacause he would not ask another to espoce himself to the German fire Wilding stood head and shoulders above the "dirt line" from 5.3t in the morning until 4.36 o'clock in the afternoon, when a shell dropped into the trench beside him, leaving not encush of him for his comrades to bury. Reside his cap and side arms, laid aside during the heat of action, they found a letter to his mother and thin note to the "next de rest:" "For really the first time in 7% menth. I have a job on hard which

ebjects in view, from my study of them, which is the only way to play business or war. * * "He just crumpled up and flew into pieces," says the comrade who carried

is likely to end in gun, I and whole

outfit being blown to hell. Hewever,

it is a sporting chance and if we suk-

ceed we will help our infantry ne end. I know the job exactly and the

the recollection home to England. "The sporting enance" was against him, but the hearts of red blooded men warm more than a little when they hear how he took it when the chance came.

Wilding was a splendid member of the brotherhood of courage.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF RHEUMATISM

The Great Sulfering of a Calgary Lady Before Relief Was Found.

There is still a very prevalent belief that rheumatism is due to cold or wet weather. This belief is probably due to the fact that when the blood is thin and watery there is an acute sensitiveness to atmospheric conditions and a change to wet weather often means a return of the excruciating pains. Rheumatism, however, is rooted in the blood, and it can only be driven from the system by building up and enriching the blood. Hot baths and outward applications of liniment may give temporary redief, but cannot cure. If this gathering of the noblest and the blood, it simply fastens itself more mightiest of the realm. The great, firmly on the system, and the sufferer arched hall lit by many tapers, shin- ultimately becomes hopelessiy criping on the purple and silver of the pled. The truth of this is proved by Abbot's livery; the scarlet and gold the case of Mrs. Frank Ford, of Calof the royal household; the monks' gary, Alta. Mrs. Ford says: "I was black robes, which but accentuated the an almost heipless cripple from rheubrilliancy of the jewel-decked courtiers mediam. It seemed to have settled to and Indies. Frince John's dress of every joint. My arms and hands had erimson, falling to the middle leg, to be bandand. My ankles were so was gold-belted and a jeweled per owellen that I had to use crutches. dant hung from it between his knees. After doctoring for a long time and He wore an under tunic of golden growing steadily worse, the doctor adcloth, a green-lined mantie, red hose vised me to go to Banff Springs. I and collar, and sleeves of gold-begam- stayed there for eight weeks taking med cloth. The Queen sat beside him, daily baths and returned home poorer a stately, portly dame, past life's meri- in pocket by about \$150 and not one dian, her clear dark skin but slightly bit improved in health. I then entered wrinkled, and the strong mind presag- a local hospital, but did not derive ed by her large, dark eyes and Roman any benefit. I was in such constant o'clock and wall flower gardener: Then I'll set a spell on Pope will uphold us in this just re-tell the fourth and fifth thy flower-clock, and the summer's fusal. Announce to His Highness crescents, and the diamond disdem had been greatly benefitted by Dr. hour, and at the sixth the lovely primsun shall never shine on it. Wither that we will give him audience when glitared in her silvery hair like frost Walliams' Pink Pills urged me to try crystals on a snowbank. them. I began the use of the Pills and Near the entrance of the half on after taking them a few weeks the either side were the Abbot's soldiers swelling in the joints began to go and the royal body-guard: the latter down and the pain was relieved. This conspicuous by reason of a great ban- greenly encouraged me and I continner, bearing three lions rampant, ued the treatment until in the course which the curning hand of Rosamund of three months the cure was comhad long ago embroidered for the plete. I had thrown away the crutches, would walk anywhere and do my John was the first to break the own housework, and i never felt bet-

> "Though something I might 'plain, If you are suffering from rheuma-Prince," answered the Abbot, smiling tism or any weakness of the blood healthy girl."

> > ville, Ont.

Girls' Banks in Germany. There is a kind of savings bank for girls in Germany which might well be imitated in this country. On the birth of a girl the parents can insure her in one of these banks for a sum that will give the child on the completion of her aighteenth year a small capital to start In an advice circulated throughout Canada, the Fruit Branch Department at Ottawa suggests as being best for preserving purposes, certain brands of peaches: St. Johns, Elbertss, Crawfords and Smocks, and for plums Bradshaws, Gages, Lombards, Reins Claude.

The advice is timely and to it may the side of the completion of her eighteenth year a small capital to start in life with, to follow her profession of the completion of her eighteenth year a small capital to start in life with, to follow her profession of the eighteenth year a small capital to start in life with, to follow her profession of annual premium is a fixed sum and comparatively light and scarcely proved a burden. It certainly must prove a great help to a girl when she arrives at the age of discretion to find herself miss tress of a snug little fund of her ownstance.

The advice is timely and to it may

An Ancient Phrase.

The frequently quoted "I do not pin my faith upon your sleeve" is traced in sentiment to feudal times, when the partisons of a leader used to wear his badge pinned upon their sleeves. Sometimes these badges were changed for specific purposes, and persons learned to doubt; hence the phrase, "You wear the badge, but I do not atend to pin my faith on your sleeve." -New York American.

A SPLENDID RECORD

Men who die in battle die very much alike.

Few can comprehend the tragedy who do not see it, which is, perhapa, just ts well, since the actual circumstance is largely robbed of its dramatic veneer and robbed of heroics that the canadian Pacific Railway traverses over electrous and miles of country in Caracterist to washers; cuts its way through the shores of Lake Superior; crosses that the arrist and the writer give it. thee from her.' he told himself.

The Abbot, noticing Jocelin's melancholy, naturally supposed his young secretary was grieving over his past disobedience, and as they went toward the audience hall, he laid his hand kindly on the young months.

The powers of visualization do not canadian Rockies where the canadian Rockies where the canadian Rockies where the mountain sides under towards mountain sides under towards through great canyons; and he laid his sensibilities that move men to death hand kindly on the young months. sensibilities that move men to death unafraid.

Will Levington Comfort came more nearly to describing a soldier's death in battle than any other man of the pen guild, but used too many words.

Verchaingen came more narry versenting the actuality on canvas, but his colors were too bright.

The standard of dying is then somewhat vague to us. But we should say that the latter had a not the same climate conditions.

face and the