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675; cows and sheep and lambs near 8: medium 1-2 to 5 1-2 cows gers 340 to \$70

TIMS. steamer Van The crew was

im was a vessel feet long, built year. She was comirally. Nereus, of 1.22 the North Sea on lew drifted about a weather until picked up. BURGLAR.

ter a bout a ce Hill district he police to-day Toronto boy, d a quantity of ssession. About tity of some control of the contro ssession. About tity of jewelry

lea," said old ler, "You know the soldiers thy not make and send there the frent?"-4.

## MISJUDGED

Maybe it wasn't altogether, so to pair of dark hazel eyes were finely speak, official that Sir John went there." raid the guileless Slade.

If a village constable could be accused of winking, that was the preeise contertion which at that moment passed over the eye of Mr. Budge. Beryl was blissfully unconscious of

the interest she was exciting in the place. She had fall in in love with Dalchurst the year before, when she had passed through it on 2 meter drive. The charming village made a great impression on her, and she deded she wor d visit it again. When doctor advised her to leave Lonand to try to five for a time in she had remembered the and came down to search for a e. The one in which she had w settled was empty, and it happento suit her. It had not yet dawned on her that her connection, slight as it vas, with a society which demands rotes for women had become public property. If she had known this she would still have wondered that, any

one should trouble about it one way or the other. She had lived so long in London and abroad that she forgot that she must of necessity be an object of the most intense interest in a small vil-

Sir John went home and found his mother, as he expected, in the garden. "Vernon is coming to dinner tonorrow, and says he is much pleased. He is a funny chap. I found him chant of mine because he hears she is asking for a vote."

"I don't see why she should not have one," said his mother. "I am sure she knows as much about the matter as half the men in the village." I say, mother! You are not going to join them, too?"

"No, I am too old. It was not a question in my day. I got on very that I and my gun would be included well telling you what /you ought to in the things of which a poet says, do and seeing that you do it. But "The Pheasants, as they run, do make Miss Daintree is a lagry, and a sensible bit a gardener-cll strong po r favor. I shall tell the reg her very much if

tet him bully ancy old Vernon

in as I was passing be-"But she does not keep her books

point out their inexactitudes! The day-school teaching, and let you polish

enough out china to make your mouth home. Lady Weston began to wonder for one instant whether it were not by," he said; "I believe you underalways as well to rely on the judg-

ment of one's parish clergyman. "But what nonsense!" she told herthere is Dora." CHAPTER II.

"Mr. Vernon!" announced the manservant at the Hall on the evening of the next day.

'My dear rector, I am so glad you could come!" said his hostess. want to introduce you to a new parishioner of yours-Miss Daintree."

The rector perceived a tall figure in black standing near, and gave a stiff but correct bow in her direction. When he was once more engaged in conversation with his hostess ne had time to take in with more precision the outward appearance of his erring

He decided at once that she was too tall. In his heart he held that to be anything over five feet four inches savored of presumption in a woman. Miss Daintree exceeded this limit by five inches at least. He had been fully prepared to find that she wore her hair cut short; but instead of that her masses of bronze hair, lit by furtive gleams of gold and with a wilful wave of their own, were exceedingly well arranged.

Even his critical eye could find nothing wrong with her dress. She wore a princess gown of black velvet. cut square at the neck and relieved by the folds of some fine old Brussels roint. Some more of the same exquisite lace made the short sleeves. Her only ornament was a diamond neckiace; but this was a work of art. It was no brutal vulgarity, showing how many carats of stone, valued at so many pounds, could be strung together, but it was a triumph of the ieweler's art of the eighteenth century. Dainty roses in diamonds were threaded between loops and knots and

fleurs-de-lis. When he saw her hands, released eh, Righy?" from their long gloves, he noted them with genuine surprise. They were ton was at school with me and in the hands of a mystic of an age that every row bar that one. Just his is past, with long, slender paims, and luck! The beastly things have stuck long, slender, pointed fingers, and the in my brain ever since, and tags of general severity of outline which is them will come popping out on all characteristic of the psychic hand. On occasions. The worst of it is that the person of the Lady Abbess of some aristocratic foundation they would "side" when I do it, and the booky have been well in keeping; but what ones will persist in talking about were they doing on the person of a classic authors to me. It was a cruel

"hyena in petticoats"? And was it in accordance with the fitness of things that a "hyena" shoud pay so much attention to her clawsor rather to the manieuring of her get them some day," she said.

had nothing but grudging approval. I say, what would you do if you were row was broad and capable, the similarly afflicted?

framed with long black lashes, the nose was as straight as a nose need be, and the mouth beautifully cut. If any peril lay in the face, it was in the chin; this had a touch of wilfulness in its upward curve and a suggestion of a tendency towards flirtation in its deep dimple.

Besides Miss Daintree and himself and his hostess and Sir John the party consisted of Mr. Rigby, a young sportsman living in the neighborhood, and Dora Langton.

Miss Langton was the last to appear, but any woman would have thought her toilet a sufficient explanation of that fact.

There was no difficulty in classifying her-at least in the eyes of the men present. She was the ideal woman of the Rector's fancy, small and slight and very fair, with soft, bright gold hair and a pair of beseecking blue eyes.

"As guileless as a child," thought the Rector as he looked at her. "Weston must be mad net to secure the prize at once."

Mr. Vernon had the pleasure of taking his hostess in to dinner; he was glad to find that Miss Langton sat at his other side. It was true that she seldom had much to say, but she always looked so nice and listened with a pretty deference.

On the opposite side sat Beryl, next to Mr. Rigby. The young man was entertaining her by accounts of the imply fighting mad over the new painful expedients to which he had to resort to kill the time before the next shooting season came round, with the hunting following after.

"I say, don't you shoot, Miss Daintree? You should, you know. I'm sure you would like it if you tried; lots of ladies do."

"I don't think I should," Miss Daina fair diversion."

"But you hunt?" he asked. "Not even that. Besides, I don't keep a horse. No, you will have to make up your mind to the painful fact that I am no sportswoman." "Well I don't know how you ladies

He had better go manage to get through your time in en he sees her the country. I don't wonder that so

"I am a gardener, you know her in the garden, just to and I read a good deal. I assure you sk her if we could do anything for I am not looking round for any odd jobs."

in the garden," remarked Lady Wes- chiefs for deserving cannibals?" he wires, on wisest of women! What you want anything of the kind, you a comfort it must be to any govern- have only to speak. The rector will ment that they have not got you to put you on to district visiting, Suntooks are in cases in the drawing- up brass vases and embroider bookroom, and in the same room reposes markers in your leisure hours at

Mr. Vernon locked a "ttle annoyed. "Go on talking about horses, Rigstand something about them."

"That is the sort of depotic govern-"John is only a boy. Besides Daintree. Isn't it enough to make a man want to join the Primeval Shakers?

"I have never heard before of that delightful sect." said Miss Daintree. The name is most attractive." Here Lady Weston thought it well

to interfere; she did not like to see a frown on the face of the Rector. "As a gardener," she said to Miss

Daintree, "you will have to learn the little ways of our soil and climate. I believe you come from an even more kindly place."

"Yes, from Devon," said Beryl, with a soft glow in her eyes as she thought of the fair county of her birth.

"A ripping place!" broke in the irrepressible Mr. Rigby. "They give you treacle and clotted cream, on on the top of the other. I just let myself go on it. I knew next day why they called it "thunder and lightning." I had a fine headache! But I never saw so many pretty girls in my life. You ought to go there, Vernon; you meet battalions of them-none of your 'single spies."

"When you get to know Mr. Rigby better," said Sir John, with great solemnity, "you will be amazed and delighted by his acquaintance with the works of Milton and of Shakespere; not with all their works, you know, just two chosen specimens."

"His own choice?" asked Beryl. "Well, he may have been aided by a few words from his form-master at Mariborough and by the mention of the amount of cane he might expect if he did not return from the summer holidays with a knowledge of Lycidas and a really thorough acquaintance with Hamlet. It was a form of dastardly revenge taken by the authorities for some trifling misdemeanor,

"It's quite true, Miss Daintree, Wessome fellows think I am puting on wrong to have perpetrated on a defenceless boy."

Beryl laughed delightedly. "Perhaps you will be able to for-"Not till I have shuffled off this For the rest of her appearance he mortal coil. There it goes again!

may put the original out of your

"It is an heroic remedy, but PH try it. Yes, the play's the thing! Now, Phelieve that simple statement of fact comes out of my precious holiday task!"

Every one was well pleased that My Righy had been gently steered away from the cangerous sheal of the topic of church work and had entered the calmer waters of quotations from Shakespeare. The musical glasses followed almost as a matter of course "Are you musical?"

banes Langton. "I am a great lover of music," repiled Beryl.

"That means that she cannot play, said the Rector to himself. "What do you play?" asked Dora. "The piano chiefly-it is my faverite instrument; but I do play the fiddie a little as well."

"The piane is good enough for me," said Mr. Rigby, with an air of finality. 'A violin always starts wailing sooner or later. I like something that will crash out a good hunting chorus or a real march.

"If you, will sing a hunting song, I will play the accompaniments," she

"For the sake of sweet charity, do nothing of the sort. Miss Daintree!" said Sir John, in mock alarm. "Righy has only one hunting song, but that has seventeen verses, and he sings them all and has a chorus after each. When Rigby is here it is a case of We are never merry when we hear sweet music."

"That was not in my bit," said Rig by; "but I'll lay you five to two that was written by one of the two johnnies I had to learn. Will you take me, Weston?"

"No, thank you," replied Sir John. Later in the evening, when they ton begged Beryl to play. Mr. Vernon ed beside the ford," and the pathetic knew enough about music to feel a wail of the erdlittle asnamed of his doubt of her powers when the played Chopin's ex quisite Noctume in B. "Yes, that is music," he owned to

himself. "It's not decided enough fro me, said Mr. Rigby. "You think all the time that the fellow has something to say, and you fancy you have just got the hang of it; and then he goes right off, and before you catch his thought same thing over again in another

"We believe there is a great future before Rigby as a musical critic," said ish visage traces of some acute hidden Sir John, looking with affected ad- anxiety and of something that spoke

that Shakespeare or the other fellow? ton or any of the men in the "Oh, I have plenty to do!" said I know I am a Philistine—I like Phil- room, for what hidden s de you know about her Beryl hastily, not wishing to enter istines. What I want you to give me could there be to so limpid

child's skingets cman just as surely as Beefild eats. Det't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. 50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.

"For pity's sake, play him something, or sing!" said Sir John. "Will you not sing to us?"

"No; we are all songless birds here. Satisfy that rampant son of Philis-

Beryl began to play a rippling accompaniment, suggestive of the swishing of water among reeds, mingled with the trampling of horses. Then she began a descriptive setting of Rudyard Kipling's ballad, "Ford of Kabul River." Her hearers could catch the sounds of the cavalry riding down to the edge of the water, and the confusion in the darkness, and of the hasty direction to keep to the crossing-stake, and of the mad swim of the half squadron across the brinming river. When at the beginning of each verse the music raised itself elear above the noise of the water and the plashing horses, and rang out the "Blow the bugle, draw the sword!" it sent a veritable thrill through the listeners. Then came the were in the drawing-room, Lady Wes- my troop is down. Down and drown-

"There's the water low and falling, But it ain't no use a calling 'Cross the ford of Kabul River in the

It was all very confusing to the Rector, and he was not sorry when Miss Langton claimed Beryl's attention and drew her away into a far more chivalrous conversation. Beryl had you have to find he is saying the felt an instinctive friendship for the girl; perhaps she was a more acute observer than the other people in the room, for she saw in the pretty childgnize the fact that many of you go off to the parsons scornful, Miss Daintree. I say, is ridiculous by either Lady Wes-

Madame Incomes, who hangs out somewhere in or near Bond street?" Beryl merely shook her head; but Dora began a sudden sharp little exclamation which she turned off into a rather nervous little laugh. "Fortune-telling? Is that

atest fad?" she asked. "Well, a chap I know told me to go to her. I tell you she is Al; she told me no end about my horses and dogs, and said I was a hunting man, and that my tastes were all sporting, not literature."

"Evidently you did not get as far is Hamlet or Lycidas," said Sir John. Mr. Rigby proceeded to give more details of Madame Inconna's wonderful cleverness. Beryl only listened with half her attention, for the face of the girl beside her had grown very white, indeed, and she was clasping, as if for support, the carved arm of the settee.

"You are feeling the heat," said Sir John, noting the pallor.

"It is nothing." she said. "I have slight headache—there is thunder in the air, I think. If your mother will excuse me, I think I had better go to bed.'

She said "Good night," parting with frank friendliness from Beryl, and asking if she might call before long to see the cottage, which she understood now was so pretty.

Beryl gave her a warm invitation, for something in her heart told her that the girl was in want of a friend. "I fear there is thunder in the air of her life," she thought; "but how can that be when she has led such a sheltered existence?"

Beryl herself went home shortly afterwards. Mr. Rigby, begging most gallantly for the privilege of escorting her as far as Box Cottage. As the Rectory lay only a few hundred yards beyond Mr. Vernon could not very well avoid being of the party. He was still violently opposed to all Miss Daintree's views, but he could not help thinking that she was a less repulsive person than he had expected to find her.

The gift of prophecy is mine tonight, mother," said Sir John, after the guests had left. "Indeed! Then you will have to

join Saul, for I believe he has only got it intermittently." There goes old Vernon, supported

by Rigby, escorting Miss Daintree as far as the cottage! I prophesy that some day the Rector, unaccompanied by Rigby, will escort the same lady to the Rectory as its mistress." (To be Continued.)

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The credit of discredit of the invention of the revolver belongs to a Swiss of Vallorbe Jeans Francois Grobet, who is 1814 fashioned, with the collaboration of his son, the first "six shooter" which as a matter of fact attracted the attention of the them minister of Russia at Zurich, Count Capo d'Istria, who sent a specimen revolver to Carr Alexander I. The royal recipient rewarded the inventor with a valuable sing, which is to be presumed Grobet pawned, for he died a few years later in poverty.—London Telegraph.

affects of the disease. prompt, the cure is quick h this powerful remedy which vith is guaranteed to cure Catarra in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs. To be really cured, use only Catarrhozone and beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhezone which is sold everywhere, large size containing two months treatment costs \$1.00; small size 50c; trial size

## THE NAVY IN A STORM.

## Life On Warship in Bad Weather is a Thing to Dread.

"Battened Down" means much more to the modern sailor than to him of Nelson's time. In weather of which the old ships, with their high freeboards and protecting bulwarks, took little notice, the modern ship is battened down. The open, unprotected upper deck is swept fore and aft by high seas, and the smaller the class of ship the more she is affected.

Everything that science can contrive has been done to alleviate the discomforts of "battening down," which is closing all upper deck hatches to keep the seas which sweep over the deck from penetrating to the interior of the ship, but even then the mess decks are often awash. However, it is the lack of exercise and fresh air that tell most heavily on the health of the crew.

The difficulties with which old-time Admirais had to contend, as far as the health of their men was concerned. were not bad weather but lack of fresh provisions and fresh water. These do not affect the modern seamen ta all, as plenty of fresh water can be distilled and fresh provisions can always be replenished at the same time as the coal bunkers are refilled. An old-time sailing ship would ride out the heaviest of gales without tal ing much water on board, and even when forced to batten down the discomforts of between decks were infinitesimal compared with those of

It may not be generally known that with nearly every new type of ship the living space afforded to the men has grown less and less. This is due to a multitude of causes increased speed, increase in the size of guns, and the multitude of auxiliary engines with which a warship is fitted so we no longer find the great, airy mess decks of even thirty years as but a multitude of iron boxes which, at the best of times, have to be artificially ventilated. When all natural ventilation is stopped the iron beams and sides begin to sweat and the atmosphere becomes foul and rank. Yet it is doubtful if in a general way the men trouble much about these constrong; cares and other games are played or sleep is wood, and sailor now has a little motto of his own: "More wind less work," and it really works out like that when the upper deck is merely a mass of tumbling waters.

As a spectacle a modern fleet in a gale of wind is an imposing sight, and one hardly knows whether to give the palm to the stately leviathan or the perky torpedo craft. A battleship can hardly be called an ideal sea-going craft; she is much too massive to be buoyant and too cumbered with top hamper to recover herself easily. So she staggers along, butting at the seas but never trying to ride them; down will go her nose right up to the fore turrets, then, as she rises, hundreds of tons of water are lifted to be flung aft in great torrents. And yet for some reason known only to itself the navy prays that when it goes into action it may be in a gale of wind. Our men believe, rightly or wrongly, that no other navy has had so much sea training as itself, and that, therefore, the worse the weather conditions the better it will be for them in action. The small cruisers and torpedo craft

having nothing to do with weather; their job at sea is to get from one destination to another as quickly as possible. How they live through it in a mystery, for very often the only things above water are the bridge and the funnels; then one may see them poised on the crest of a wave with fifty feet of keel showing at each end. -Navy and Army.

## EVERYBODY VOTES BUT MOTHER (J. W. Bengough)

Everybody votes but mother She used to vote once, too, But when she got married to fath The law said it wouldn't do. When mother was just a spinster, Like my spectacled sister Ann. She had a right to the ballot,
But alas! she married a man!
So everybody votes but mother:
Father, Sister Ann, and I,
My widowed aunt and my brother,
And mother wants to know why.

Everybody votes but mother Everybody votes but mother.

'Cause mother she changed her name:
'Looks as though, somehow or other.

Getting married must be a shame;
They take away votes from fellows
Who have been convicted in court.

And it seems that spinsters who marry
Are bracketed with that sort.
So that's where they rank poor mother;
They've struck her name from the roll.
While sister and aunt and father
And I all go to the poll!

Everybody votes but mother.

Through our stupid and senseless law.
And there's not on the list another
Who needs the vote more than maw:
She cares for the home and the children
And she has a good right to say
On the laws that affect the household
In any possible way.
So we must have a vote for mother,
Without waiting for dad to die;
For the wife, as well as the widow
And spinster—or we'll know why.

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