

ERS' MARKET. dressed ...

packages .t. 100 los. ..

ie. 20 calves, 1,252 hogs

MARKETS

GRAIN OPTIONS. pen. High. Low. Close. 1 211/4 1 221/4 1 211/4 1 211/4 1 211/4 1 221/4 1 21/4 1 21/4

4.34 0 4614 0 4514 0 46 08 2 0814 2 0814 2 0754 S GRAIN MARKET. heat, May, \$1.24 3-8; No. 1 hard, \$1.27; No. 7-8 to \$1.25 3-8; No. 2 8 to \$1.22 3-8. Corn— to 76c; Oats—No. 3

GRAIN MARKET.

No. 1 hard, \$1.25; \$1.24; No. 2 do., \$1.20 to No. 2 hard, \$1.20 1-2; ly, \$1.24. Linseed cash, May, \$2.26 1-2. LIVE STOCK

LIVE STOCK. espatch-Cattle receipts

roughs \$6.40 to \$6.60: ns, receipts 4,000 head; 00 to \$10.50; yearlings ners \$7.25 to \$7.50; ewes b, mixed, \$7.00 to \$7.25.

"Never as now has felt unified, strengthfaith in its destiny", Harkonics, who is refugees from Serbia. mao has been in Austro-German forciki were not yet sufto attack that city. Premier Venizelos, return to power now M. Markonics, but in the ultimate tri-

HE FARMERS.

ch-The Minister of some time past been he banks the question of credit to farmers f increasing live stock expected that the approaching session nendment to propose which will facilitate more extended credit The legislation of rising a lien for aders to purchase seed

MISJUDGED

of match-making is positively alarming. I understood that Mr. Vernon had taken a decided dislike to your

"It is safer to begin with a little aversion!" he quoted, laughing. "Besides, he did not dislike her, for he had never seen her; he only disliked the fancy picture he had conjured up in his own mind, which he had labellde with her name. They can agree to differ on all subjects relating to the present century and fall back upon the dark ages in which their favorite boks were written; there they can wander hand in hand."

The Rector would not be pleased to hear you. He would tell you that he was not a marrying man." "Marrying men seldom marry.

they do it at all, they do it to excess, and sit up weeping over their dear fourth wife. Vernon believes he likes 'injured innocence' in white, fair but idiotic quite,' but he doesn't. It would bore him to death to be married to it."

"Talking about innocence, neither injured nor idiotic," said his mother, 'I do not think Dora has been looking at all well lately."

"Nor do I. Come now, mother, this is not an artful excuse to reproach me because I want her to look round and find some better fellow as a husband."

"That she will never do." said Lady Weston, proudly. "No I do not blame you in any way, although I think it would be better for both of you if your engagement were a settled thing. Why should it not be?"

Mother, you are one of the cleverest of women; but you have one blind spot in your clear eyes, and that spot is where your boy is concerned. You think he has only to ask and have; but that is where you are wrong. Dora likes me well enough, but she never misses a chance to let me know that I am almost the same as a brother to her. She is terrified whenever she thinks I am about to propose to her. You need not smile. This is no pretty girlish wile: It is genuine. A year ago she would have said 'Yes'; to-day she would say 'No.' I am quite sure of

"But why?" ssked his mother. must be only your fancy. There is no one else in the ease. She was much admired in London last year and on the Riviera a the winter, but she certainly showd no special pleasure in the society of any man. As for this neighborhoot you will not persuade evening at the end of May. you have rival in either the Rec- | Beryl had promised tor or Mr. R by."

"No, it is cerainly neither of them." he said. "I ar not sure that it is another Man at all; but she has some why she will not let me speak to her. Have you noticed no change. "I think she is not in very good spirits, nor does she look as well as

You had better find out if there is anything she wants. Our little Dora is too good a sort to be allowed to go about moping by herself and brooding over some will-o'-the-wisp of a trouble. She will tell you that it would be a funny thing if she could not, for you are a born Mother Confessor, and that is something very wonderful and very Lady Weston had not dreamed of

telling her son, but she had one little cause for anxiety of the existence of which he was unaware.

During the last few months she had been forced to notice that Dora must be sending a lot of money in some curious manner, the effects of which were not visible. Miss Langton had a small income of her own, which had hitherto proved ample for all her personal wants. Latterly Lady Weston had been unpleasantly struck by the fact that Dora received a great many bills, and did not seem at all inclined to meet them. On more than one occasion she had even borrowed money from Lady Weston, laughingly alleging that the payment of one of her dividends had been delayed, and that she would repay it very shortly. The time had sone on, and no repayment had been made.

Lately she had celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday, and Lady Weston had asked her what present she would like, fully expecting to be called upon to buy some trinket or other. To her unspeakable amazement her little cousin had faltered out that if she might have the money she would rather wait and get something later on. Lady Weston gave it, but as far as she knew no purchase had been

CHAPTER III.

Dora Langton paid the call she had suggested, and saw Beryl in her pretty cottage. She went again, more than once, and ended by making it almost a habit to see Beryl during each day. The latter encouraged her visits and scrupulously refrained from asking her if she was in any sort of trouble. When she can no longer bear her fear-whatever it may be-she will speak," thought Beryl. "That is why she has taken such pains to know me; she feels she will one day want a safe-

ty valve." Beryl passed on more than one cccasion the long-haired lodger at the White Farm, His appearance did not at all please her, nor was she much pleased by the stare with which he

"Who is that man lodging at the White Farm?" she asked the now friendly Mrs. Budge, who, hearing that the "quality" had taken notice of Beryl, condescended to come in and

do some washing for her. "I don't rightly remember the name," said Mrs. Budge, "but it's foreign, and I'm sure he looks a fereign-er with those big black eyes and his hair in such long curis as no decent Englishman would wear, let alone if he could grow them. But up at the White Farm they think a deal of him. Blake says he is the friend of

"My dear boy! Your sudden attack | good spirits and of all his folks that are dead and gone, and he can bring messages to tell him how they are getting on now." "Spiritualism!" said Beryl, "I had

dever thought of that." "It don't seem to amount to much when all is said and done," said Mrs. Budge, "He'll just bring a message, as if it had that moment come by the wires, 'Mr. Blake,' he says, 'your mother's very happy,' or 'Your father says he's better off than he was at Dalehurst.' That is about all. But because he described the shawl and the brooch the old lady used to wearwhy, Mr. Blake is carried away! I did point out to his widowed sister, her who keeps the house, that her oil picture, done by one of the artist people that come round, was hanging up in the dining-room, and that the brooch came out capitally. But there, when a man has made up his mind you might as well talk to a marble mantlepiece!"

sages?" said Beryl. "Me and Budge don't believe in nothing we can't see by day-light, miss, and not more than the half of that, If the spirits could do anything useful I'd think more of them. Why couldn't they say that night frost was coming a fortnight ago? Then Mr. Blake could have put some sacking over the peach-trees and not had all

"You don't believe in these mes-

the blossom cut. Or why not have dropped in to mention that a whole bunch of heifers were in the meadow grass laid up for hay and eating until they were ill? The old Mr. Blake would have been interested fast enough, and would have had a lot to say about it. But now that he's dead it seems he has got silly and or wants to talk poetry."

"Does this foreign gentleman read old Mr. Blake's poetry to his son?" They say he did begin it; but even Mr. Blake got angry then. He said if his father hadn"t found out how to make better rhyme he'd best leave it alone. Some thought the old gentle-

man's spirit was quite put out." Mrs. Budge withdrew, leaving Beryl very much perplexed at the thought of a palmist and a dealer in spiritualism settled down in a little Kentish village. The whole aspect of the man was to

her very sinister. She could never see him without feeling a jangling of her nerves. He had about him an indefinable air of tragedy and of bringing tragedy in his wake. Yet she never, in her wildest fancy, connected him with the shadow on the face of Dora Langton until one

don to send her some bluebells, which convinced."

in water. Beryl put off getting the inew exactly where she would find them, and knew also that they would be better if picked when the sun was off them. Yet, owing to some callers having taken up part of her time, she was later in going than she had in-

It was growing towards dusk when she started off along the road which lay in the direction of the Hall. A very few hundred yards out of the village lay an almost enchanted little sleepy hollow. Here were two deep pools, side by side, separated from each other by a grassy neck of ground bordered by wild brambles, clumps of fern, and strewn with flowers. sloping banks leading down on either side to the surface of the pools were starred with all sorts of wild flowers. The very first and the latest of the primroses bloomed here, mingled with clumps of the beautiful ill-named dog-violet and ranks of deep purple orchids. On the far side of the second pool, away from the road, the ground suggested that the old fable had come true, and that the sky had

fallen, for it was a sheet of soft blue, the home of the bluebell. Beryl, hasket in hand, jumped lightly over the wooden fence which separated this flower paradise from the road and turned towards this second pool. When she was well within the shelter of the hollow she perceived that she was not alone. She saw ahead of her the figure of a man leaning against a tree. She was close to him before she noticed him at all, and in the dusk she did not at once realize who it was that she had surprised. Apparently the unknown was also ignorant of her identiy, for as she got up to Lim she heard an unpleasant voice sav_

"If you think that I am going to wait half the day for your convenience, my lady, you are very much mistaken. You will keep any appointment in the future when I choose to make it, or it will be the worse

Then he stopped abruptty, for even through the dusk he saw that Beryl was not the person he was expecting She stopped, not exactly frightened, but decidedly startled at this address. The man recovered his composure first. He raised his hat. Beryl recognized him as the man lodging at the White Farm, the man to whom she had taken an instinctive dislike.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. is getting so dark that I did not see who it was. I was expecting an old friend, and I was chaffing -himabout being late. It has been such a lovely evening, has it not?" "Very," said Beryl, shortly. She decided in her own mind that she would

be obliged to disappoint her friend in

"Oh, I am not driving you away, I

stimulates the cells beneath, that new healthy skin is quickly formed. The antiseptic properties of Zam-Buk prevent festering, blood poison, and other complications. An occasional application of Zam

Buk will keep the skin soft and pliable, and every mother should see that the children use it liberally. Zam-Buk also cures piles, cuts, burns, ulcers, abscesse zema, ringworm and other skin diseases and injuries.

All druggists and stores, 50c.

box. 3 for \$1.25.

"I do not want anything now," said Beryl; "it is getting too late." "You make me feel sure that it is

my presence to which you object. I am quite unhappy. Let me make myself of use."
To Beryl's unmittigated disgust he stooped to pick the bluebells and began putting them into her basket. "Really, I will not stay for them

now," she said. "I would rather not. Good evening!" She turned away and retraced her steps to the fence. He resolutely accompanied her, and even offered to

his hand to help her. "No. thank you, I manage better alone," she said.

But in some way he contrived to get possession of her basket and to hand it to her over the fence when she was on the other side again, taking off his hat and wishing her good evening. Beryl's rage at his intrusive far.iliarity was by no means diminished by the fact that as she found herrelf once more on the road she came face to face with the Rector and Sir John. who were on their way up to the

They both took of their hats and greeted her, but they were both exceedingly astonished at the apparent fact that she had been on a flowergathering expedition with the objectionable person who stood staring after her and who gazed next with insolence at them.

Neither of the men said anything to each other about the incident, but they both felt a little disturbed by it. Beryl stalked along towards home, feeling highly irate and thinking that it was extraordinary how the presence hope?" said the man, as he saw her of one man of this description could turn away. "You have come for flow- spoil a whole place. Then her thoughts ers, I am sure. Do allow me shelp | turned back to the man's words, which had not been meant for her. Evidently this man had been expecting some

ate hurry, and the look of enziety on which made her haste a matter of the

Beryl did not know what to do. It seemed to be an impertinence to warn her or to attempt to pry into her affairs; yet she simply could not let that poor weak girl keep an appointment with the unpleasant man she had just left in the hollow.

"Dora," she said, "you are late, are you not? How will you manage to get dressed in time for

"I know-I am hurrying. Good "I am coming part of the way back

with you. Yes, I can hurry, too.

There are lots of things I wanted to

talk to you about." Dora did her very best to shake her off, but without success. Beryl would not quit her until she had seen her well within the shelter of the lodge

gates. Then she spoke. "Go on home, won't you, dear? Dora, I was in the hollow earlier this

evening. I don't think it is a good place for you." Dora looked at her in sudden ter-

"What do you mean? What do you know?"

"I know nothing, except that you are better at home this evening. shall know to-morrow whatever you think well to tell me. I think you will trust me.'

Truth to tell, as Beryl turned homewards once more she was not at all anxicus for a second interview with the stranger in the hollow, especially as he might be aware that she had interfered with his plans for the evening. She was quite relieved to see some little way ahead the ungainly figure of Slade and to walk home a little way behind him. The stranger remained invisible.

The next morning Beryl expected to receive a visit from Dora and was not disappointed. She took her at once into her long, low drawing-room, with its harmonious cool coloring, and made her rest in the easiest chair in the room. Beryl sat by saying nothing, but looking with infinite pity at the white strained face. Dora broke the silence abruptly and

unexpectedly.

"Will you lend me a hundred pounds at once-to-day, if possible?" she said. "A hundred pounds! I have nothing like that sum lying at the bank. Certainly I could sell out some of my securities and get it, but that would take time. And, Dora-don't think laws! me an utter brute-i should want to Is it to the man whom I saw in the hollow last night?"

"I must have it to-day," said Dora, wildly. "It will save me; but if I do not get it I am lost!" "My dear, that is quite none

and what is more he is a blackmailer who has begun to get frightened. Very likely he was disturbed at my having | brother lay dying at his side. surprised him last night. Now that you have told me this tell me more. and tell me all. If this man is demanding money from you, he must have or think he has some hold over you. What is this hold?"

hands; she flung herself round so as | grets and put an end to his life. to bury hands and face amongst the cushions of her chair and sobbed bit-Bervl was now kneeling beside her,

begging her not to cry so hopelessly. "Tell me what it is, dear. There is sure to be some way out, even if you cannot see it yourself. Anything is better than remaining in the is a villain."

"A villain! Oh, Beryl, if you only knew! . That man is my husband!" A silence settled on the room, for this was worse than Beryl had feared. "How long have you been married?"

"Since last October, when I was up "And no one knows?"

"No one. I found out how mad I had been, and I have done everything. endured everything, to keep it quiet. He did not mind that-I paid him."

The tone of intense bitterness which "Where could you have met him?"

to imagine any circle of society, howbraced Dora Langton and this

"Yes; the evening you felt so ill."

to me about many occult subjects and seemed to open a door to me into another world. I can't explain why this should have fascinated me, but it did. be grateful for it." You see I had never heard any of that sort of talk before. I thought her the most wonderful person on earth."

meant. She knew that some natures long, even unconsciously, to break through the barriers of time and space and to see and hear something of the world which lies in the un-

known direction.
(To be Continued.)

Customer (annoyed)-I wish to return the paper-cutter It is not ivory, as represented. Clerk-Not ivory, madam? I can't understand that, unless the elephant had false teeth. Boston

goes to the source of the trouble along with the air you breathe. Catarrhonone is free from occalne; it leaves no bad after-effects, it is simply nature's own

meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhosone, which is sold everywhere; large size, containing two months' treatment costs \$1.00; size, 50e; trial size, 25 cents.

HIS TRAGIC DREAM.

A Grim Ghost Story Set in a Hannted Dutch Castle.

The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family of the Netherlands: The young men were officers in the same regiment and were very popular. These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and determined to pass a night in an old haunted castle, where scenes of horror, it was alleged, marked the hours from dark till dawn,

It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights, and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped in his cloak, taid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake.

After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow. He rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room, where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange. sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets.

Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it: was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavallers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshiess

The figure at his side ordered him know to whom the money was going, to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at his the pistol he had continued to d discharged it full in his the shock and report he start

forgive me for saying so. if the same ed to his feet. The white figure, the has told you that, he is a blackmailer, ballroom, the fearful, ghastly dancers. all had vanished, nd he was in the room where he (d supped, but his

He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utserance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself Dora's head was covered by her unable to bear the burden of his re-

PAIN IN THE BACK

Usually Comes from Muscular Rheumatism.

Do not worry about pain in the hands of this villain, for I know he back. The worry will do you more harm than the pains. The cause of most backaches is muscular rheumatism, which is painful enough, but not fatal. Lumbago is a form of muscular rheumatism, so is a stiff neck. Sufferers from any form of rheumatism should keep their general health up to the highest standard by the use of a blood building tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, while taking good, nourishing food, without too much meat. Proper nutrition and pure blood are the best means of fighting rheumatism. Rheumatism comes from an acid in the blood, build it up. she threw into her words made Beryl strengthen the system, and drive out the poisonous acid that causes rheumatism. In this way sufferers have she asked, for it was indeed difficult found complete recovery as is shown by the following case: Mrs. Samuel ever cathelic, which could have em- Childerhouse, Orillia, Ont., says:-"About three years ago I was greatly afflicted with a severe pain in the "I had better tell you all. I was back, which I thought at first was trapped in the end by him and by a due to kidney trouble. I tried a woman. You heard Mr. Rigby speak | number of remedies but they did not of a fortune-teller, a Madame In- help me'any: in fact, the pain was growing worse, and got so bad that I was quite unable to it my housework. "Yes; the evening I felt so ill. That I could not even sweep a floor. I was woman was my evil genius. I went advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. to see her last autumn when I was and I am glad I acted upon the advice. in town. She made herself very for before I had been taking the "s pleasant to me, and was so sympa- long the pain began to subside, and thetic that I found myself telling her under the continued use disappeared everything. She is the cleverest entirely, and I have not since been woman I have ever met. She talked | bothered with it in any way My husband was also cured of a severe at ck of indigestion by this same medicine, so that we both have much reason to

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pille from any medicite dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for Beryl did understand what the girl \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

> LOST ALL. (Kansas City Journal)

"I hear that Hichwood's daughter ram away with the chauffeur." "Yes: and Hichwood is nearly crass

"Yes; and Richwood is a daughter in well, it is hard to lose a daughter in that way."
"Oh, I don't know so much about that; but they took the motor car with them."
In order to succeed the young doe. tor has to be more than merely a



Backache

The artist sketched this picture from life in a Toronto blacksmith shop, in order to get the correct pose of the smith at the anvil and shoeing a horse. Is it any wonder that the blacksmith's greatest troubles are backache and derangements of the kidneys? The constant strain on the muscles of the back and kidneys interferes with the filtering action of these organs. The uric acid poisons left in the blood cause pains and aches, backache and rheumatism, and such serious diseases as Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries

But it is not the blacksmith alone who is tortured by backache, for there are many occupations in which the continuous strain on the back leads to much suffering, and also to serious disease

Blacksmiths have always been strong in their praise of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by telling others of the good results accomplished by this treatment have added much to its popularity among farmers and horsemen generally.

Being direct and prompt in their action, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills appeal to the man of action. The liver is awakened, the bowels aroused and the kidnevs strengthened by the influence of this medicine. The filtering and excretory organs lose no time in cleansing the system of the poisonous matter which gives rise to pain and disease. Constipation is overcome, kidney derangements corrected, digestion improved, and you feel fine. Put them to the test when you are feeling out of sorts. Let them prove their value. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Drawchase's Kidney-LiverPills

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