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T. Miller.

PORTS

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SALE.

35	\$11.00
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HER HUMBLE LOVER

It was true that he had not spoken a word to her in the drawing room at the rectory, but she was not offended; she knew that he had refrained from addressing her because he desired to avoid any reference to their meeting on the beach. With the delicacy of a gentleman he had so behaved as to spare her any embarrassment. Signa quite understood it, and was in no way offended; she knew that he had read her uncle and aunt at a glance, and it made her arrand all the easier.

Still she approached the great, huge place slowly, scarcely hearing Archie's chatter as he ran by her side, occasionally turning off to chase a butterfly or pick a flower.

They reached the broad terrace with its moss-grown flight of steps, and Archie ran up them, calling to her to be quick.

"Perhaps he'll be gone," he said, apprehensively.

But he had not gone. The big door, with its panels of worm-eaten oak, was ajar, and with a strange feeling of mingled awe and curiosity Signa entered the hall.

Hector Warren had opened one of the shutters, and the light streamed into the vast space, discovering the massive beams of oak and walnut, the exquisite carving, in which the gilt-pure gold—still shone, a line of portraits, all the Delameres since the race obtained the name, locked dully down on the two intruders; fair woman in silks and satins, rows of men in armor and tunic, with sword and half-obscured by the dust, worth a king's ransom, works of art, and yet left to the moth by the young man who had inherited their name and their grandeur.

From the roof, all carved and gilded, depended a score of tattered flags, and on the gallery still shone, for all the dust, a great shield, emblazoned with the Delamere coat of arms.

Signa had been in many an ancient palace in romantic Italy, and visited many a German castle and famous Swiss chalet, but she had never felt same sensation as she felt now. She tried to laugh, but the laugh fled away on her lips. The vast place seemed like a church, and instinctively she glanced toward the east for the altar; but though there was no altar, there was a magnificent painted window, which she knew must be of priceless value.

She tried to laugh, but she could only manage a smile.

"Here we are at last, Archie," she said; but Archie was too excited to answer in the same strain.

"Isn't it grand, Signa?" he said. "I shouldn't like to sleep here!"

Signa laughed and walked toward the staircase, and being toward the admittance of a coach-and-four being drawn up to it, ran up to the foot of the painted window, and thence round to numberless corridors.

"I don't know where to find Mr. Warren," she said, half aloud. "We might wander about for hours, Archie. The place is like a cathedral."

"Suppose we shout?" suggested Archie; but Signa shook her head. It seemed like desecration.

"No—no," she said. "He said he wanted the library; that must—it ought to be on the ground floor. Let us try," and she opened the door leading from the hall, and entered a long, lofty room. It was the dining-room—a banquet-hall we should call it now. The dust of numbers of years rested as a falling veil upon the scene, yet its magnificence still made itself felt. Stained windows, exquisite carvings, magnificent pictures, and furniture which a connoisseur would have pronounced unique, struck Signa with a sense of awe and delight. Upon the long table stood an immense epergne of bronze, filled with flowers long since faded, and beside a chair lay a bouquet dropped by some fair hand, now perhaps turned to dust.

"This is the dining-room," she said. "We shall never find the library, Archie!"

"Never mind. Let us go on till we do. Isn't it jolly, Signa?"

"Jolly isn't the word for it, Archie," she said, trying to speak lightly. "How can a man leave all this to rust and decay?"

Archie didn't reply to such a physiological question, but slipped his hand from hers, and scudded to a door at the end of the room, and, pulling it ajar, ran in.

Signa followed, and then stood silent and motionless.

They had found the library at last. Before them was a room, not so elaborately fitted and furnished. The four sides were lined with books, the light coming from above through a dome of painted glass. Luxurious chairs were placed at worm-eaten writing-tables; portfolios six feet high

kind of Mrs. Podswell to take compassion upon a stranger and an unknown wail that has floated to her hospitable shores."

Signa smiled at this unintentionally high-flown acceptance.

"Then I will tell her," she said, rising; "they dine at six o'clock, and you will meet some people."

He bowed.

"I shall be very pleased," he said.

"How jolly!" exclaimed Archie from the top of the steps, where he had perched with a large folio of plates on his knee; "that is if they let me come in to desert. They do sometimes if the bishop isn't there."

"And why not when the bishop is there?" asked Hector Warren, smiling up at him.

"Because I once trod on his gouty toe, and he can't bear me ever since," replied Archie, with perfect equanimity. "I hope they'll let me to-morrow, because you're going to be there."

"Thanks, very much. Suppose I enter into a little conspiracy with you, Archie?"

"I don't know what you mean," he said, calmly.

"Let us imagine that, just at desert-time, you were passing outside the open door, and I saw you, and I might see like a cat. I can do that very well."

"You might venture so far," admitted Hector Warren. "Have you got a nice book up there?"

"Yes, pretty fair," said Archie.

"Then will you wait while I show Miss Grenville the picture-gallery?"

Archie nodded from his lofty perch.

"All right," he said. "I suppose I can look at any books I like. You can take care of her?" he added, gravely.

"Every care, I assure you," replied Hector Warren, gravely. "I promise to return her to you without a broken limb."

"Very well, then," said Archie, with an air of being satisfied.

Signa stood smilingly looking on while this negotiation was being conducted; then she said, as he took up the bunch of keys, "But I think we must be going back, Mr. Warren."

"Do not say that," he pleaded. "Let us take a look at the picture-gallery before you go; it is well worth seeing."

"I am all curiosity," said Signa; "but I am afraid that we have interrupted and disturbed you."

He smiled, and it was a sufficient answer.

"Take care of the dust," he said, as he opened a door opposite that by which he had entered. "It is not so thick here, excepting in the carvings. This is the long corridor to the picture-gallery; there is a door here which leads to the dining-room, and another passage which twines all round the house."

Signa looked at him with a smile of surprise on her face.

"How do I know?" he said, putting her question into words. "Because I have been exploring the place during the short time I have been here, and have gained a vast amount of information from a plan and guide to this building which I found on the central table in the library; I will show it to you."

"How do I know?" he said, as he opened a tall door with painted panels. "I have been here before, this morning and opened the windows."

Signa uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. It was a splendid apartment, a salon decorated in the most exquisite taste, and still furnished and unaltered, save by a thin coating of dust. The contents of the room were priceless, and how any man in his sane senses could have allowed such a collection of treasures to remain neglected and unguarded amazed Signa.

"It is a handsome place, isn't it?" he said, quietly.

"It is magnificent," said Signa. "simply magnificent. The place is a palace! It is difficult for me to realize that it can be so neglected and deserted!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not the first palace that has owned a fool for king," he responded, quietly; and he walked beside her thoughtfully, as she ran her eyes rapidly over the pictures.

"Some of these I feel sure, are masterpieces," she said. "To think of them being hidden away like this! What can possess Lord Delamere?"

He smiled gravely.

"Lord Delamere has been possessed by evil spirits, many and various," he said, in a low voice. "Amongst them they have driven him from his home, and made him a wanderer on the face of the earth. But you are an artist, I see," he said, more lightly, yet earnestly; "there is no mistaking the expression in the critical eye. If you will make a promise, I will have this gallery properly cleaned—you know I have Lord Delamere's permis-

son."

"What promise?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

"That you will come here now and again and spend half an hour with the pictures," he said, respectfully, pleadingly.

Signa flushed.

"I will come if I may," she said, simply.

"That is a bargain," he said.

"See, now, here is the bathroom. It was not a bad idea to open it on to the picture gallery. I wonder how many a young couple have wandered here to look at the pictures, reflected in each other's eyes?"

Signa laughed, then she clasped her hands in a genuine girlish gesture of admiration and delight.

"Ah, I don't know which is best!" she exclaimed, looking from the splendid salons, to the picture-gallery.

"Designed by Luigi Barry, frescoes by Boucher, carvings by Grinling Gibbons," so says the guide," said Hector Warren. "Yes, it is a fine room."

"Imagine it filled with guests, with music floating in the perfumed air, with laughter and gay chatter echoing in the galleries, fancy the place lit up and dazzling all its glory of blue and gold! Oh! I wish I could wave a magic wand and restore the Northwell Grange to its old glory! If I were master—"

"Or mistress?" she said, softly.

"Or mistress," she said, her eyes growing deeper and more rapt, "how proud I should be of it! Even as I am," and she laughed. "an insignificant nonentity, I would like to see the place fall of life and happiness."

"Would you?" he said, with a strange smile on his face as he leaned against a pillar and looked over at her, flushed with the faint excitement called up by the theme.

She laughed and recovered herself.

"Yes, but if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. I'm afraid Lord Delamere will not come back and restore the house of his forefathers, because Signa Grenville has a fancy for seeing it free from dust and full of life."

He did not reply, and in silence he followed her to the hall.

"What wonderful faces they have," she said, looking round at the portraits.

"Wonderful!" he said, half resting on a table and swinging the keys on his finger. "They are all said to have been particularly good-looking or particularly plain, as you say, and they carried the rule to their moral qualities. Good or evil, pure and simple, should have been the Delamere motto."

Signa listened with interest.

"Did you read that in the guide," she asked.

"Oh, I have heard Delamere say much the same thing," he said carelessly.

(To be continued.)

Johnny Roche's Tower.

Standing on the banks of the river Awbeg, between Malloy and Fernoy, County Cork, Ireland, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roche's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labor of one man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever, also erected a mill, constructing the water wheel after a special design of his own. Long before the introduction of the bicycle he went about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own construction propelled by foot power. His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river bed. John Roche died, but was not interred in the strange burying place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives despoiling such a morsel of sepulture unchristian. — London Strand Magazine.

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The Coffee Plant's Friend.

In Columbia there is a tree highly esteemed as shade for the coffee plant. It is found also in tropical Brazil, and possesses qualities that make it peculiarly suited for this particular use. It will live on a stony, poor soil, and a tree only eighteen months old will shade 144 square yards of ground, while when fully grown it may be fifty feet high and have a spread of fifty feet on either side.

THE PIGHT BAIT.

(Rochester Times)

A preacher, accompanied by two charging young ladies, stood entranced by the beauties of a passing stream. A fisherman, happening by, and mistaking his occupation, said:

"Kechin' man, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," replied the preacher, with dignity.

"Well, you sure have the right bait," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR KIDNEY DISEASE

23 THE PHARMACY

TIRES OF A MOTORCAR.

Why They Are Found Heated After a Long and Fast Run.

It is well known that after a long and fast run the tires of an automobile are found to be very hot, and many have supposed this is the result of the friction of the tire on the road. The Scientific American says that such is not the case, at least as to the greater portion of the heat.

"The real cause of heating," says that magazine, "is the internal friction of the fire itself, for as the tire is being constantly deflected by contact with the road, the various piles, or layers, which compose the tire do not act uniformly, and consequently there is more or less motion between them that results in friction and heat. The greater the change in shape in the tire as it contacts with the road the greater will be the friction."

"Of course the harder the tire is pumped the less will be the friction, but it is evident that, while a perfectly rigid tire would generate but little heat, it would fall in giving easy riding. So we must put up with some heating and consequently wear of the tire. The subject is one that is being successfully studied by the tire-maker."

THE SHADOW OF BROKEN HEALTH

Can Be Quickly Displaced Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When the shadow of poor health follows your life, when hope begins to fade and friends look serious, then is the time you should remember that thousands just as hopeless have been cured and restored to the sunshine of health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood which brings a glow of health to anemic cheeks; cures headaches, neuralgias, and backaches, drives out the stinging pains of rheumatism and neuralgia, strengthens the nerves and relieves as no other medicine can do the aches and pains from which womenfolk alone suffer. In an emergency of poor health give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. Here is a case that will bring home to many a weary sufferer, Mrs. E. C. Taylor, Ascot avenue, Toronto, says: "A few years ago I was so run down with anæmia that I could scarcely walk about the house, and was not able to leave it. I had no color, my appetite was poor and I was constantly troubled with headaches, dizziness and general disinclination to move about or do anything. I tried many medicines, but none of them helped me, and my friends thought I was in a decline. One day a friend who was in to see me asked if I had heard Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had heard of this medicine often, but had never used it, so I determined to give it a trial. I certainly got a pleasant surprise, for after using two boxes I could feel an improvement in my condition. Continuing the use of these pills I began to regain my health, the headaches and dizzy spells were disappearing, and I began to gain in weight. I am now able to do my usual work, and I have had cause to be a firm champion of them."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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apparently standardized, so that hundreds may come from the factory on one order, and missing parts be easily replaced. The profusely timbered doorway is made to meet the wall. Outside this, the front door may find a perforated sheet of metal, to serve for a doormat or scraper. Inside a flight of from 12 to 26 stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending rail of the staircase are adapted to framing of stout timber, with double top sills; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames and strengthened with iron ties, rods running from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden studs at right angles to them.

At the foot of the stairs a turneled corridor runs straight forward, for anything up to 50 yards, and from it open rooms and minor passages on each side. In many corners a second staircase, or two staircases, lead to a lower floor, which may be 20 feet or 40 feet below the trench level.

All these staircases, passages and rooms are, in the best specimens, completely lined with wood, and as fully strengthened with it as the entrance staircase already described. In one typical dugout each section of its planking and its adapted framing for mousing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emergency exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing station, there are beds for 22 patients and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Mametz, was designed to house a whole company of 200 men, with the needful kitchen, provision and munition store room, a well, a forge, fitted with sheets of cast iron, an engine-room, and a motor-room. Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by electricity.

In the officers' quarters there have been found full length mirrors, comfortable bedsteads, cushioned arm-chairs and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed sanitary wall-paper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child. Clearly there was no expectation of an early move.

Other German trench works show the same lavish use of labor as the dugouts. In the old German front trench south of La Boisselle an entrance like that of a dugout leads to a flight of 24 stairs, all well finished. At their foot a landing three feet wide and about five feet high, cut through a nearly vertical shaft. Descending this by a ladder of 22 rungs, you find a second landing like the first, opening on a continuation of the shaft. Down this ladder of sixty rungs brings you to the starting point of an almost straight level tunnel three feet wide and about five feet high, cut through pure, hard chalk. It ends in a blank wall. This is right underneath a huge crater which had evidently been held, and probably made by British troops. So that at the moment of the advance in July, nothing remained, presumably, for the Germans to do but to bring the necessary tons of high explosive to the end of their tunnel, and blow the mine under the base of the old crater. Like an incomplete dugout near Fricourt, the mine still contains part of the machinery used for winding up the excavated chalk to the surface.

German trench work is, therefore, more elaborate than the British, but that does not mean that it is better. No doubt the size and the overhead strength of German dugouts keep down casualties under bombardment and sometimes enable the Germans to bring up unsuspected forces to harass our troops in the rear with machine-gun and rifle fire when a charge has carried our men past an unheeded dugout of the kind. On the other hand, when an allied advance is made good, every German left in such a dugout will be either a dead man or a prisoner. No doubt, again, the German dugouts give more protection from very bad weather than ours. But they also remove men more from the open air, and there is nothing to show that the half-buried German army gains more by relative immunity from rheumatism and bronchitis than it loses in the way of general health and vitality. — London Times.

Common sense is very uncommon. — Horace Greeley.

Hun Trenches Were to Last

Along many miles of the western front, as it was till the end of June, it is now possible to stand at one's ease in the middle of No Man's Land and observe the differences between a German front trench on the one hand and a French or British front trench on the other. The first point to be noted is that the allied wire is only cut across by breast works or gangways at convenient intervals, while the German wire lies in a trampled mess on the ground. Then, the allies support their barbed wire mainly with wooden stakes, the Germans do it with iron. Next, our parapets owe much more of their strength than the German to visible sandbags.

Inside the two trenches the differences are greater. The allied trench looks in every way like the work of men who hoped and meant to move on before long. The German trench looks like the work of men who hoped or feared, that they would be in it for years. British trench housing has been much more of a makeshift, a sort of camping-out, with some ingenious provisions for shelter and comfort, but not more than the least that would serve. Most of the dugouts are just roughly delved holes in the earth with only enough props and rafters to hold the roofs up; their floors are bare ground, with a little straw on it; their doors, if they have any, are a few odd pieces of plank with a couple of other pieces nailed across; often the floor is on the trench level, to save burrowing. Lighting is done with candles, mostly bought at the canteen, and if anyone owns an armchair or a two-foot high mirror, it is the jest of the platoon.

The German front in the west is like a huge straggling village, but of wood, and strung out along a road 300 miles long. Of course, the houses are all underground. Still, they are houses, of one or two floors, built to certain official designs, drawn out in section and plan. The main entrance from the trench level is, sometimes at any rate, through a steel door, of a pattern

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