REPORTS

MARKETS.

RS' MARKET.

y	$0 00	$0 40
oz.	0 55	0 60
	0 25	0 28
	0 28	0 32
	0 17	0 19
	0 14	0 16
	0 18	0 20
	0 20	0 22
	0 17	6 19
	0 15	0 18
ool	3 50	4 50
	0 15	0 18
ool	3 50	4 50
	5 50	7 00
ool	5 00	5 00
	0 00	1 75
	0 00	1 75
	0 00	0 75
	0 00	1 75
	3 00	3 25
	1 00	1 50
	2 50	2 60

WHOLESALE.

7 50	$12 00
15 00	17 50
14 50	15 50
12 50	12 50
9 00	11 00
12 00	13 50
15 00	16 50
15 50	18 50
15 50	19 00
11 00	12 00
15 00	17 00
0 20	0 22

R MARKET.

on Canadian refined
Car lots.
Delivered in buyer's bags.
2 Pc. 7 48
100 lbs. 7 48
100 lbs. 7 48
100 lbs. 7 38
100 lbs. 7 28
100 lbs. 6 88
Granulated bags.
Yellows bags.
Car lots, f.o.b. Montreal.

MARKET.

Cars, with 10c extra for delivery.

	10 00	10 05
	8 75	9 50
	7 50	7 50
	7 50	8 50
	7 50	8 50
	6 00	7 00
	4 25	5 50
	5 00	7 00
	6 25	7 25
	6 25	6 75
	6 00	6 25
	50 00	100 00
	50 00	100 00
	9 00	10 00
	9 00	10 00
	8 00	15 00
	14 00	
	5 00	14 00

MARKETS.

AIN EXCHANGE.

	High.	Low.	Close.
	1 42¾	1 42¾	1 42¾
	1 43¾	1 42¾	1 43¼
	1 44¾	1 43	1 43¾
	0 61	0 60¾	0 61
	0 60¼	0 60¾	0 60¼
	2 71¾	2 71	2 71¾

GRAIN MARKET.

No. 1 May closed, $1.86
No. 4, cash, No. 1 hard,
No. 1 Northern, $1.87
No. 2 Northern, $1.84
No. 3 yellow, 97 to 97½
Flour 1-4 to 56 1-4.
$20.00 to $20.50

AIN MARKET.

No. 1 hard, $1.80; No.
No. 2 Northern, $1.83
Linseed—To arrive,
May-July, $2.04 3-8.

IVE STOCK.

7 75	11 00
6 00	10 00
6 00	9 00
5 00	10 25
11 00	15 00

to 20c higher.

11 05	11 55
11 15	11 70
11 20	11 75
11 20	11 25
9 00	10 75
11 30	11 60
0 75	11 00
11 75	14 25

VE STOCK.

active; $5 to $15.75.
active; heavy and
$11.90 to $12; light
pigs, $10.75 to $11;
$8.50 to $9.25.
receipts 2,000; active,
earlings $9 to $13.50;
ows $5.50 to $10.50.
$11

PRODUCE.

Homtreh bmhhm

(Pac. Coast)—£4

14 to 16 lbs.—107s
d cut, 26 to 30

to 16 lbs.—113.
s, light, 28 to 34

16 to 20 lbs.—105
14 to 18 lbs.—97s
ra, in tierces, new
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107s 3d.

white, new

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!" was the con-
hristian Herald.
ington Star.

HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Yes"—he assents—"that is—sometimes—to some people."

"She has been very kind to me," says Signa.

"Ah!" and he draws a long breath "Who would be otherwise? The veriest churl that lives would be turned——"

She stops him with a soft laugh.

"What a high flown compliment, Sir Frederick! It had quite an old-world ring."

"You think I do not mean what I say to you," he says, huskily. "You think that I—I can talk hollow nonsense and false flattery like—like—some other people! Miss Grenville, you do me a great wrong. I—I have never said a word to you that I did not mean—that has not come from my heart!"

"I am sure——" says Signa, trying to smile, but feeling as if she would give the world to be inside the drawing-room again.

"No!" he goes on. "Sometimes I wish I could talk as calmly and easily as—as other men; and I try—indeed, I try—though I feel the effect to be unworthy of me—don't misunderstand me——"

"I do not," says Signa. "Shall we go in now?"

"No," he says, rapt, and trembling with earnestness. "That is, I beg you to wait for a minute or two, to listen to me—yes, even at the risk of offending you, I will ask you to listen to me," and he presses his lips with his handkerchief to still their quivering. "Miss Grenville, during the last few weeks I have been an altered man! I—I used to be cheerful and happy and—and contented. Then you came—see how clumsily I put it—I cannot even plead my cause in proper words!" and he clinches his hands.

"Pray—pray do not go on," murmurs Signa, flushed and anxious.

"I must—I must!" he says. "I feel that I must tell you all that is in my heart to-night, or I may"—bitterly—"perhaps not have another chance. I said that I had become changed, and it is true. Miss Grenville, it is you who have changed me! Do not speak—not yet—I know you have never given a thought to me, but all the same you are the cause! Miss Grenville, I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that I loved you from the first moment I saw you!"

"Sir Frederic——" she says, with a sudden pallor.

"No, you must let me go on!" he breaks in, huskily, his hands clinched, his face set and white. "I loved you, as it were, in a moment, and—and—all the world was changed. I felt that it—if I did not win you, all I possessed, my beautiful home, and—and—my position in the world would not console me! I don't think that any man ever lover as I love you; I cannot forget you for a single moment. I am wretched when I am away from you, and—and I am almost as miserable when I am near you, for then I tell myself that you—you do not care whether I am near or afar."

It is so true that Signa turns her head away from him.

"And that fills me with such anguish that—that I wish I were dead! If this is love—and I think you will say it is—then I love you with all my heart and soul. In all my life I have never seen any one I—I thought more lovely, more beautiful in every way; and—and—if you will be my wife—if you will be the mistress of the Park, I shall be the happiest man in all the world."

"Sir Frederic!" she says, panting a little, and with infinite trouble in her beautiful eyes.

"Stop!" he says, beseechingly, tearfully. "And if you will say that you will be my wife, I feel that—that you will do right—that I shall make you happy. I will! Such love as I feel for you must—is sure to work its will. And—and—Heaven, if I could but plead my cause better!" he exclaims, biting his white lips. "I was going to add that I lay everything at your feet; but that's of course; if I were owner of all the world instead of being a—a Blyte, I would feel proud and happy to lay it down for you to tread upon! My heart is already at your feet! Don't—don't—in mercy's sake don't spurn it, Signa!"

He stops at last, breathless, panting, and inarticulate. For all his awkwardness he has not pleaded his cause so badly, and the last words have touched Signa deeply.

"What shall I say?" she cries, almost to herself, and he, misunderstanding her, catches at the question.

"Say that you will make me happy! You—you will not be wrong. Say it, Signa! Think—think of what I have suffered, how deeply, and truly, and——ecstasy I love you!"

"I am so sorry—sorry!" she murmurs.

"Don't say that!" he pleads. "For Heaven's sake, do not say that! I cannot bear to think that you mean—mean to refuse me! I do not know what I shall do! By Heaven, I think I shall go mad!"

"Hush!" she says, putting her hand on his arm, nervously, for the touch does almost madden him, and he trembles "I cannot bear to hear you talk like this, Sir Frederic," she says, gently, sorrowfully. "If—if I felt that I had said or done anything to—to lead you to think that I wished you to say what you have——"

"But you have not!" he breaks in, bitterly. "You have always treated me as if I were nothing more than—than a dog——"

"Sir Frederic!"

"Yes, that is true," he says; "for you could not be unkind to a dog! No, you have nothing to reproach yourself with. It is I who have been mad, and beside myself, and I could not help it. But—but you will not refuse me! I do not ask for much; I don't ask you to love me—not now, at once—I only want you to say that you will be my wife——"

A faint shudder runs through Signa's frame.

"I—I cannot!" she says, with a long breath; "do not say any more."

But he will not be silenced, though every word cost him untold agony.

"You—you cannot? You mean that you cannot love me?" he says. "I do not ask you—I said so; I do not care for that, if—if you say that you will only try—if you will only promise to bear with me, and let me love you. I will wait years, if you like;" and he stretches forth his hands wildly, imploringly.

"No, no!" says Signa, shrinking back; "I cannot. It is impossible, Sir Frederic. I—I am very grateful—very grateful. I know the honor you have paid me."

He make an impatient, scornful gesture.

"Don't speak of honor; you are fit to be the wife of—of—any one! You would confer honor on a prince! Think—I will wait for your answer; don't give it to-night. I—I will go now. I see I have been wild and mad. Let me write to you?"

"No, no!" she says, staying him with a touch of her hand. "It would be of no use; my answer would be the same. I—I never could marry you, Sir Frederic!"

He is silent, and stands as if he had been turned to stone; then he draws a long breath and looks round with a dazed, confused look, and wipes his forehead, upon which stands beads of cold perspiration.

"Why not?" he asks, hoarsely.

Signa is silent.

"I—oh, Sir Frederic, that is hard to answer," she says, gently, her heart full of pity for him. "I might as well ask you—you——"

"Why, I love you?" he says, eagerly. "Because you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; because your voice goes to my heart; because—Heaven—because I cannot help myself!" despairingly.

"You have answered your own question," she says, gently; "and I—I cannot love you, because I cannot help myself."

"You mean," he says, with fierce, deep bitterness, that seems to wring his heart, "that I am too late—that there is another——"

The blood rushes to Signa's face, then leaves it pale and shamed.

"Let me pass, Sir Frederic," she says. "I cannot hear any more."

"Stay," he says, piteously. "For heaven's sake, don't leave me like—like this! I cannot lose you altogether! I—Signa—Miss Grenville—I have been mad and foolish. I can see now that I have risked my cause too soon."

"No," she says.

"That I—I have frightened and offended you. For pity's sake, don't—don't leave me without saying that you forgive me—that I may see you again!"

Signa looks down.

"Sir Frederic," she says, "it would be better——"

"No," he says, pleadingly; "no, it would not. You think if I do not see you I shall get over it sooner, but I should not. Miss Grenville, let us—let me be your friend. You—you may want one—no, I do not mean that. Heaven! I scarcely know what I mean, or what I say; but this I know that if you take everything, your friendship and all from me, I shall go mad."

Signa is silent. There is no woman, unless she were altogether without heart, but would be moved to pity by such a prayer, and Signa's says. "I have nothing to forgive. You have—paid me a great honor, Sir Frederic, and I—I am sorry—that I should have to say what I have said But, ah! how could I help it? But there must be no more said——"

"No, no!" he assents, humbly, eagerly, biting his lips. "I agree to anything. I promise never to — to speak of my love again, if you will still let me call myself your friend." And he holds out a trembling hand. Signa touches it with her fingers reluctantly.

"I—I will go in now," she says.

He inclines his head.

"Yes," he assents, hoarsely. "You will not mind my remaining here — till," with a little, awkward smile, "I can get over—this?"

"No, no," she just murmurs, and he stands aside to let her pass, but as she does so, he, unseen by her, he stretches out his arms as if in his madness he, even at the last moment, thought of taking her to his breast.

Then, as she disappears in the dusk of the conservatory, he turns and covers his face with his hands, his tall, ungainly figure trembling like an aspen leaf. Then suddenly his mood changes, and with a passionate gesture he turns toward the window.

"Curse you!" he exclaims, between his set teeth. "It is you—you who have robbed me of her. But for you—Oh, Heaven, I wish that I were dead!"

Signa pauses in the conservatory to gain something like composure. It is the first offer she has ever had, and the first offer of marriage means so much to a girl.

As she leans a marble pedestal, it suddenly strikes her that she has refused not only Sir Frederic's love, but the title and the Park, and a little feeling of dismay just for a moment creeps over her, but it is only for a moment. If, as he had said, he had been a prince instead of simply Sir Frederic Blyte, her answer must have been the same.

And yet she pities him; no sign of his emotion has escaped her; the white face and clinched hands, the husky voice, and big drops upon the knitted brows.

"Poor Sir Frederic," she murmurs. "It seems so cruel! He was so happy until I came, he says, and now—ah! I am afraid that the love which the poets make verses about for us to sing in drawing rooms is now—ah! I am afraid that the love which Sir Frederic feels!" Then she sighs, for something whispers to her. "And you, too! Your time is coming, if it has not come!"

At last she feels strong enough to face the drawing-room; and meaning to enter without attracting notice, stands for a moment, watching an opportunity to glide in; but there stands the stalwart figure of Hector Warren beside the curtains, her shawl upon his arm, his whole bearing like a sentinel on duty at a royal apartment.

Signa starts and colors, and lifts her eyes to his with a strange glow in them, for, woman-like, she feels that he has had something to do with her refusal of the Park and the old title; and, woman-like, she softens toward that which has made her sacrifice herself.

"Have you been waiting so long?" she says, and there is a soft tremor in her voice.

He inclines his head ever so slightly.

"Yes," he says. "I saw that you were engaged"—he pauses a moment before the significant word which, for all he knows, may have such an important meaning—"and I dared not interrupt you."

A vivid flush covers her face, then leaves it pale.

"Thank you," she says, taking her shawl, her eyes drooping, so that he cannot read the truth in them. "My aunt is going, I see. I hope I have not kept her."

"No; the last rubber is only just over. Let me put this shawl on for you, may I?"

She turns and he wraps it round her, and his hand feels her quivering still with vague excitement, and he bends his head and whispers in her ear:

"Ah, if I could but know your thoughts, I wonder whether I should be most wretched or most happy?"

She does not answer for a moment. Then, as he opens her lips, Lady Rookwell comes up to them.

"I hope you have had a pleasant evening, my dear?" she says.

Then she looks round.

"Where is Sir Frederic the Great? Have you thrown him over the terrace?"

Signa murmurs something, her face scarlet: but Lady Rookwell doesn't seem to care whether she has committer murder or not, for she goes on addressing Hector Warren this time:

"Casalina was the name of that place, wasn't it, Mr. Warren?"

He thinks for a moment.

"Oh, you mean the village where your niece met Delamere. Yes."

"I thought so," she says. "I remember now that I had heard the name before. That was the place where your agreeable friend shot the man," and she nods and grins. "Good night, my dear. Give me a kiss. You are quite sure you haven't thrown Sir Frederic over the balcony? Good night, Mr. Warren, and thank you very much. My poor dinner-party would have been a very thin affair but for you. Casalina—pretty name, isn't it?"

"Exceedingly," says Hector Warren, leaning over his shoulder as he offers Signa his arm and presses her hand to his side. "Good-night, Lady Rookwell," and nothing can be more careless and easy than his voice or his smile.

But the name is so musical and poetical that it shows it call up visions of sunny vineyards and cool green olives, jars upon Signa's ears, and makes her shudder. In her mind's eye she pictures the figure of the wicked Lord Delamere coming through the pouring rain, with the thunder crashing overhead and the lightning playing about his pale, wicked face, and the vision haunts her.

"I wish," she says, in a low voice, and with an uneasy laugh, "that Lady Rookwell would try and forget Lord Delamere for a little while! She has always some story or anecdote to tell concerning him, and each one makes him blacker and less agreeable than the former. I wish she would let us forget that there is such a person."

And she looks up into his face with a wistful little smile, half ashamed of her weakness.

His eyes meet her glance with an intent look of smoldering passion, and he is silent for a moment, then he says, lightly:

"So do I. No, poor Delamere does not improve upon acquaintance. Let us forget him."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Girl, you must be out of your mind!" This is what Aunt Podswell says standing bolt upright, and speaking with an energy which no one would have given her credit for being capable of. Signa stands, one hand resting on the table, her head bent, her face pale—so pale that the dark lashes lie like threads of silk upon her cheeks; her shawl has slipped from her shoulders, which gleam ivory white through the dress; beautiful as a picture by Millais she looks in the light of half-a-dozen candles that the rectory servants have left burning in the drawing room. But her beauty does not mollify Mrs. Podswell—indeed, it only seems to aggravate her into more intense indignation and fury; her light grey eyes gleam with scorn and disappointment; her thin—it must be written, alas!—her vixenish features are distorted with anger, and she looks, as she is, in as bad a temper as a woman can be. For, bit by bit, on the journey home, Aunt Podswell has worried out of the reluctant Signa the fact that Sir Frederic has proposed to her and been—rejected! Reluctantly, and very slowly, Signa has been brought to admit it, and now the storm has burst.

"You must be stark, staring mad!" she says, catching her breath and shaking with passion, "to refuse—you!—Sir Frederic Blyte! Do you know what you have done? Have you got enough sense to realize what—what such an offer means; or are you so mad with vanity and self conceit—"

"My dear!" murmurs the rector, rubbing his chin and snuffling uneasily.

"Do not interrupt me, Joseph, if you please. This is a matter in which I have a right to say a word. She is under my roof, and in my charge, I have a duty to perform from which I shall not shrink. I know what I am saying. It is vanity and self-conceit that are at the bottom of this. She has become puffed up by the hollow, fulsome praises—of that old worldling, Lady Rookwell, until she doesn't know whether—whether—she is standing on her head or her heels!"

(To be continued.)

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, post-paid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides, regularly or irregularly, bloating, sense of failing or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, write to me to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8 Windsor, Ont.

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Paint on Putnam's Corn Extractor tonight, and corns feel better in the morning. Magical, the way "Putnam's" eases the pain, destroys the roots, kills a corn for all time. No pain. Cure guaranteed. Get a 25c bottle of "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.

FRESH GREEN FOOD.

Vegetables Eaten Daily Will Regenerate Blood.

In an abstract from an article in a foreign medical journal, made by the Medical Record, in which endeavors to show that the green coloring matter of vegetation is not only the most powerful regenerator of the blood, but a valuable stomach and regulator of assimilation. In the same journal for June 3, Mallart, of Geneva, attempts to demonstrate the same thesis from an economic-historical viewpoint. True, chlorophyll is notably rare in Geneva, and this may be due to the fact that the town is surrounded by a vast acreage of market gardens. These in turn have been made possible by the great fertility of the land, which has made the industry profitable for centuries. Green herbs are produced in the greatest variety. So much in use are legumes that the Genevese have been termed "legumevores," and legume soup, which also contains leeks, lettuce and carrots in water, and salad vegetables in the summer is a characteristic Genevese dish which is famous as an appetizer. Aside from the soup, great quantities of green vegetables are consumed: green beans, green peas, watercress, cress, dandelion greens, artichokes, asparagus, fennel, spinach and other chlorophyll (green coloring substance in vegetable) containing vegetables. On the other hand, the demand for vegetables poor in chlorophyll, such as cabbage and cauliflower, is not greater in Geneva than elsewhere in Switzerland. When the Genevese emigrate they invariably miss this abundance of green stuff.

Maillert advises the daily use of green legume not only for the anaemic and dyspeptic, but for the healthy as well. Chlorophyll has been given as such to the anaemic, but doubtless cannot replace the fresh vegetable. The author does not allude to the value of tinned beans and peas in this connection, but it is evident that from a dietetic standpoint they cannot replace the fresh articles.

Is Your Tongue Furred? Have You Headache?

How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs house-cleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine to-day, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure, 25c. per box, at all dealers.

Trouble in the Trenches.

A "Jack Johnson" had exploded with a deafening roar, and Murphy, wiping his eyes clear of mud with his respirator, looked around to see Clancy, his chum, lying very still.

"Spake to me, Terrence!" he whispered. "Are ye alive or dead?"

"Dead!" faintly murmured Clancy.

"What a liar the man is!" soliloquized Murphy, much relieved.

Then Clancy sat up.

"Ye know I must be dead, Murphy," he said, "or it isn't the loikes of you would be callin' me a liar!"—Exchange.

Week-Day References.

When Billy Bennett applied for a job as office boy he produced testimonials from two clergymen who knew him well. But the hard-hearted business man was not particularly impressed by them.

"We don't want you on Sundays, my lad," he said. "Haven't you a reference from somebody who knows you on week days?"—Exchange

Dangerous Throat Troubles Prevented by Nerviline

IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS QUICKLY.

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Rub your chest and throat, rub them thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will be immediate.

Nerviline will save you from lying awake to-night, coughing, choking and suffering from congestion in the chest and acute pain in the throat.

Nerviline will break up that dull neuralgic headache—will kill the cold and chill at its very beginning—will save you from perhaps a serious illness.

To take away hoarseness, to break up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat or bad cold in the chest, you can use nothing so speedy and effective as Nerviline. For forty years it has been the most largely used family remedy in the Dominion. Time has proved its merit, so can you by keeping a bottle handy on the shelf. Sold by any dealer anywhere at 25c. per bottle.

The Seismograph.

Though the man in the street might easily make a seismic disturbance for the rumbling of a traction engine or an explosion, the marvelously delicate instruments which record earthquake shocks are immune from such delusions. The recording pen of the seismometer ignores any local tremblings which have not a seismic origin, but the faintest real earth quakings, though they have traveled thousands of miles through the earth, set the pen tracing the telltale graph by means of which the seismologist calculates the place, time and magnitude of the happening.—London Chronicle.

Famous Trees of History.

Which are the most famous trees of history? Shakespeare's mulberry, with its innumerable posterity, is often and surely, says the Pall Mall Gazette, a high place belongs to the apple tree from Sir Isaac Newton's garden, long from which is in the possession of the Royal Astronomical Society. A story of the famous apple, like that of the egg Dickens, is probably more than half legend. It is traceable to Voltaire (Philosophie de Newton), who had it from Newton's niece, Catherine Barton. The incident is said also to have happened at Woolsthorpe in the autumn of 1665, and the tree commemorated by tradition lasted till 1820, when, owing to decay, it was cut down.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Soap as an Antiseptic

Some medical authorities, realizing the antiseptic properties of soap, say that we are quite safe in using it for the treatment of certain diseases, but to others it is dangerous, and I am inclined to agree with the opinion that with a clean skin and a clean person people need have much of no fear. A writer in the New York Medical Journal says: "Soap is now proved to be an effectual antiseptic and to be efficacious but it possesses a higher. Pathogenic bacteria introduced into soap or applied on the surface are incapable of multiplication. The typhoid bacillus is very sensitive to soap, and added by a 5 per cent. solution in a short time. More than half the total number will die in one minute. The thorough use of a pure toilet soap is not only a mechanical method of cleansing, but is an active factor in cutting down germs life."

Fooled the Waiter.

"I have spotted another meanest man."

It was the fat plumber who spoke.

"Who is it this time?" the thin carpenter asked.

"Umson."

"What's Umson been doing?"

"He took me to dinner with him in a swell hotel the other evening."

"Do you call that mean?"

"No, but listen."

"I am listening."

"When he had finished he took a small piece of tinfoil that had covered a little square of cheese——"

"Uh huh——"

"Placed it on a silver dollar to get a perfect impression——"

"Yes——"

"And then left the impression on his plate so as the waiter would think he was getting a fine tip."—Youngstown Telegram.

Some people shouldn't be trusted too far; or too near, either.

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