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AM TELL. Old in Denmark

viss Borrowed It.

ilvery body knows

it a contary, . in heroca linier's beautifui ther in our colin in translation, ham Tell with all il enchusiasm. And torian and tells us chromeles on the the with the dates nis that were wip

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swiss narrative, and on shows that it the Danes, the origbeen shot from the head by a German gil. when King NItest the man's skill at remote story it is concealed another arwith which to kill ured his child. John lean historian, was e for robbing us of

is a belle, it is quite announce her en-

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HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

most entertaining and-er-charming subject again. I will accept it that tor, "and if-er-Signa had not been Warren to Sir Frederic Block foolish enough to reject Sir Frederick for his sake, bride amazing bride

or his sake, being a month."

mazingly."

To-night, after the rector has drunk thought..." amazing v." entices Signa into the open air.

"Well, Bir," she says, nestling up to him as he draws the white, fleecy | finery. shawl round her, "what is it? Do you want to smoke or what?"

"I want to talk; but I can smoke as well, if I may," and he lights a truth, she would declare she liked reason for asking you." the rankest of tobacco if her god happened to be partial to it.

'Signa," he says, putting his arm round her under pretense of drawing the shawl closer, "I have come to make a business proposal." "I can't talk business with

arm around me, sir." she murmurs, rub his chin!-poor Mr. Podswell, it natvely. "You should hand me to a is an awful disappointment for him! seat, and stand with your hands be- never mind; I am not to mention that hind you. He laughs.

"I can talk better like this Signa, we have been so hard at work on behalf of other people that we have had no time to think of ourselves lately, Let us do so to-night. How should you like to be married this day

Signa starts and draws a long breath then she flushes a deep red, and tries to put him at arm's length: "Not at all," she says, tremulous-

"No? Then say this day fortnight?"

"Oh, Hector! How foolish!" "This day week, then?" he says, drawing her to him.

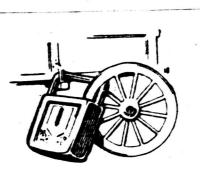
"This day-five years!" she says. with bowed head and flushed face. "Will not that do?" "It certainly will not!" he says, "Listen, Signa, if-if you are quite

"Quite sure?" she echoes, softly, her violet eyes raised to his. 'Quite sure that you would not re-

pent-that you love me well enough to trust me-marry me in a month from now. There, darling! I meant to break it to you, as all bad news | should be broken, but it has slipped out. This day month!' "Oh! is it so soon. Why-whycannot you wait longer?"

"No longer, darling! Even that seems ages off. I shall count every Why sea. day until the day arrives! should you not, Signa? You don't repent, do you? You are still sure that life. you do not regret? Blythe Park-" "Isn't it rather chilly. I think I will go in," she says.

"Forgive me, darling!" he murmurs, holding her tightly. "But it my darling, if you knew how precious only be cured through the blood, All seems so much, all that you are giv-



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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

"He is-ahem!-certainly one of the ing up! Well, I won't touch on that I have ever met," says the rec- you prefer the mendicant, -- Hector.

his one glass of port, and Hector | "That, like Jacob, I was going to has smoked his eigarette-which he is wait seven years, perhaps?" he says, allowed to do under the veranda-he laughing softly. "Why do you know, goes into the drawing room, and wait- I thought I was wonderfully considing until the couple are fast asleep, erate in giving you so long, but I remembered that ladies required at least a month to get their wedding

> Signa laughs. "My wedding finery will be but a

poor display." "A clean cotton gown is all I stipucigar a special privilege permitted by late for, he says, "on condition that Signa, who is wise enough to know I may dispense with the awful blue, that a cigar is the one rival which a shiny frock coat which is considered woman need never fear, and who likes as antimissicar-I beg pardon!-veil the scent of a fine Havana in the don't refuse me! I have a special evening air; though, as a matter of for the bride. Come, my darling,

"If you wish it," she says, with another long breath. But it is dreadfully short. What will Aunt Podswell sav?

"She will groan and sigh, and sniffdear Aunt Podswell!" he says, smilyour ing. "And the rector will cough and

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odious subject, am I? Just thirty-one it so that he can look at it with passionate wistfulness.

"Is it so sweet" she interposes. with lowered eyes. He does not answer her, and his face grows pale, as if with some pas-

sing thought. "Heaven! how women can trust!" he murmurs. "Trust!" she says, with gentle

wonder. "Yes, yes," he says, almost to himself. "Are you not trusting all your future life in me-to me who am not worthy to touch the hem of your dress!-to me of whom you know

nothing!" She smiles. "Know nothing? Why, it is, oh, Know nothing. It seems to me as if I had known you all my Why is that?"

"Don't ask me." he says, still pale and troubled. "Your pure and stainlove overawes me. There! your love is to me! -how I treasured your sweet innocence and trustful-Ah, Signa, my own, own darling, if a lifelong devotion can prove my love for you, you shall learn what

he drops his arm and moves away

Half-frightened, Signa sinks into a chair; and he takes a turn or two on the terrace. Then he comes back to her, with the dark cloud dispersed from his brow, and bends over her. "Signa," says he, "have you noticed that I have not made you a single present, not even the regulation, engaged ring which the happy lover generally places upon his betrothed's fin-

She looks up at him with a smile. "Have you not? I never thought of

"Not even a ring!" he says. "And I will not give you one until I can give you a plain hoop of gold. But I must give you something, Signa." "Give me your love." she says. look-

ing up into his eyes, steadily. "You have that already," he returns almost solemnly. "But see, here is something else." and he draws a long. blue envelope from his pocket and taps it with his finger. "It is not so pretty as a ring, is it?

Signa smiles with amused surprise. "What is it?" she asks. "I cannot tell you just now," he

lows, sently, "But I want you to take it to-night as my wedding or betrothal gift. Will you do so?" Signa holds out her hands and he

"You are not to open it," he says, smiling thoughtfully, "until after we are married, or—" he pauses, then smiles again lightly smiles again, lightly— "unless anything happens to me-

gives her the packet.

"Happens to you!" with a sudden gravity.

He laughs. Yes: I mean in case I shouldshould—well, slip down the steps on my way home an break my neck---"Hector!"

He laughs. "of course I am joking, Signa." he says, apologetically. "But—this is business, you know-in case anything should happen to me before you are my very own, then you are to open this, you understand?" Signa holds the big envelope at arm's

"I understand," she says. "But hadn't you better keep it?" and she

"No," he says, echoing her laugh; "it is yours, absolutely. It is very ugly. isn't it? Never mind. I will see if I

merit which you are desirous of disposing of-such as Antique Furniture, Old Plate, Brassware, Prints, Engravings, Old Arms, Armour, Curios, etc.? If so, you will find it of interest to you to consult

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can find enough money to buy an engagement ring-Signa laugns.

"Ah, you are making fun of me!" she cays. "No. I am quite serious." he says. but with a happy smile. "Put the ugly

blue envelope in your pocket, if you have one." "I haven't." she admits, piteously: but I can hide it away. And I am not

to open it--"Until after our marriage, darling," he says, "or —unless anything should happen to me."

Signa looks at it, pale and troubled: then she holds it out to him. "I don't think I care for it." says, with a little pout.

But he gently pushes her hand back. "Take it, my, darling," he says. "it is ugly, but it is my wedding-gift!" And slowly and reluctantly she disposes of it in some feminine hiding-

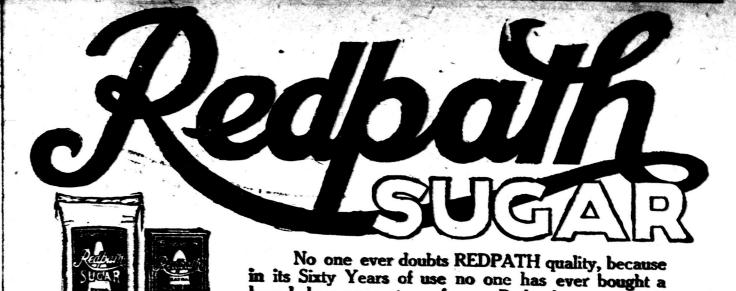
CHAPTER XXI. It is the afternoon of the twentyfourth, the eve of the important day toward which not only Northwell, but nearly all the district has been looking forward with feelings of intense curicsity and excitement. The mere fact of the Grange being reinstated as a habitation would have excited the interest of the county in which the name of Delamere still ranked high: but when added to that fact the story of how and why it came to be so reinstated got about, the curiosity was intensified. That the invitations should be issued in the joint names of Lady Rookwell and Laura Derwent caused days, and you will be my own! It much amazement and wonderment. seems too sweet to be true!"—and he and people did not hesitate to suggest takes her face in his hands, and turns | that Laura Derwent had "caught the eccentric Lord Delamere somewhere on the Continent," and that their engage-

RHEUMATIC WEATHER

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If you suffer from rheumatism, or any other disease of the blood, begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by alf medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brocksays, waving the blue envelope up and ville. Ont.



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barrel, bag or carton of poor Redpath sugar. It is

that the whole thing was irregular and tic in the extreme, and society is in scarcely-well, proper; but no one refused the invitation on that account, and those who had not received tickets strove, almost madly, to procure one.

In all, about two hundred were in-Rookwell quite approved of; but Laura Derwent had written to inquire the size of the ballroom and ante-rooms, neglected." and had told Lady Rookwell to fill them. "They will want airing," she had said; "and as every one who doesn't get a card will be your and my mortal enemy, we had better make as few as possible." For days Lady Rookwell had been busy in the preparation of her list, and when it was completed it showed a catalogue of guests which contained the elite of an aristocratic district, with a sprinkling of the upper middle-class, such as the Jenks' and the local professional men, with

their wives. Altogether, Lady Rookwell was rather proud of her list. "It will be a success, my dear," she said to Signa, to whom she confided all her ideas on the subject. "You see, I could have had a title, or something like it, with the whole two hundred. for everybody was anxious to come. Why, the dear old duchess - how I do hate that woman!actually drove over to call on me the

other day, and she hasn't been near me for a year! But, if we had kept it amongst the Olympians, it would have been cold and stiff; and Laura doesn't want that. You see it is a bit of to him!"

"Rather a stupendous bit of fun," said Signa, tainking of all the expense. and the days of hard work-especially

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or her beloved. And Lady Rockwell had shrugged her shoulders. "I shan't say anything more about it, my dear," she said. "I gave in when that lover of yours gave in. Of

course I think it an awful piece of tomfoolery, and a wicked waste of money-though, after all, the Grange wanted cleaning and doing up! There -I've said my say long ago, and hav ing consented to join the band of lunaties, I must go through with my share of the madness."

As two hundred people cannot be expected to dance without something to eat and drink during the evening, Lady Rockwell had made arrangements with one of the London firms of contractors, and an elaborate preparation had been made in the kitchegs. which were to result, so said the contractors, in as handsome a supper and as plentiful a supply of wines and ices as even Miss Laura Derwent could wish.

And now it is the eve of the great day, and Signa, as sne sits in the drawing-room of the villa-for Lady Rookwell has insisted upon their dining with her, "to talk things over and see if anything has been forgotten"-Signa, as she sits smilingly listening? to the flow of sharp, cynical remarks which her ladyship pours out upon men and things, and the coming occasion in particular, is conscious of a strange feeling of suppressed excitement, which Lady Rockwell is sharing with her, if she would but own it.

"If anything goes wrong to-morrow," she says, nodding her head until the diamonds in her cap and ears glitter again, "Laura will never forgive me. The foolish, flighty girl has actually got the thing into the society papers. Look here! here it is in 'The Upper Ten' of the week. Read it, my dear." And she throws the paper gently in-

to Signas lap. "It is said," remarks the paragraph, "that the restoration of N--- ll Grange, one of the seats of the Earl of D-e, which he has lent to Miss Laura Derwent for a county dance, has cost an immense sum of money. and that the little party-numbering not less than two hundred-will be one of the most brilliant gatherings of the year. There has been quite a

scramble for cards-"Shameful: my dear, isn't it?" "-and the disappointed ones are all tearing their hair. The curious feature of the affair is, that it is not yet known whether the noble owner will

ment would be formally announced on ; be present. If he should be, he would memory of a disagreeable old woman the evening of the ball. Not a few of course be there, in his own house, who was stupid enough to be fond of raised the voice of censure, and hinted as a guest. The whole thing is roman- you." Miss Derwent's debt for a really substantial sensation. We may add that

N----- Il Grange is one of the finest specimens of the old fashioned county 'places' that still exist; and it has vited—a larger number than Lady been long a source of regret in the county that so large and handsome a house should have been closed and

"Isn't it shameful?" exclaims her ladyship again. "What is the world be ungrateful to refuse them I should coming to? You see, they don't dare never forgive you, I shouldn't, into print Lord Delamere's name in full. deed. or the house, but they don't hesitate to do so with Laura's name. That's what it is to be a professional beauty; and last week they even hinted in this paper that she and he were engaged." "Perhaps they are,- says Signa, with a smile.

"Of course not! My dear, it is impossible. She only saw the man for an hour or two. Oh, no; if they were engaged, or there was any likelihood, surd business. Isn't your young man

Signa colors faintly; she has looked at the clock a dozen times in the last two minutes. do at the Grange, and he was kept,

"Yes; but there was a great deal to perhaps," "He has worked like a navvy," says Lady Rookwell. "If Laura does her duty, she will go down on her knees

"I don't think he'd care about that." enters. laughed Signa.

"And your dress, how abou that"" asks Lady Rockwell. "I declare we have none of as given a thought to that! And you, like the idiotic, un- of the Scotch court of sessions, once selfish child that you are, never men- waited on him with a woeful counten-

Signa, leaning back and resting her fortune. My cow has gored one of shapely head in her hands. "I shall your lordship's cows, and I fear it canany other-and," quickly, for she sees must pay for it." "Indeed, my lord, something hovering on the old lady's it was not my fault, and you know lips, "I should prefer it to anything I am but a very poor man." "I can't

dear," responds Lady Rookwell, con I " "Well, my lord, if it must be so cisely; "it is more distinguished and I cannot say more. But I forgot what uncommen looking than anything you I was saying. It was my mistake encould get in London-or Paris, either. tirely. I should have said it was your Hem!

frowns, then leaves the room. When fair, Go along and don't trouble me she comes back she has an oblong mo- just now. I am very busy. Be off 1 rocca case in her hand, and pushes it say?"-American Law Review. across to Signa with a matter of is-

"That's all for you, my dear," she love in a cottage, eh?" sneered the says, as if she were passing her a suburbanite. "Sure. There's no jank newspaper or some such trifle. "Wear for to consider," replied the sophistithem to-morrow, and keep them in cated apartment house dweller.

Signa opens the case, and utters low exclamation, as she sees, reposing in the ruby velvet, a suit of magnifi-

cent diamonds and pearls. "Oh, Lady Rookwell!" she says. with a tone of awe and dismay, but with the light which naturally comes into every giri's eyes at the sight of

pretty things. "But-but-"Now don't be ungrateful," says the old lady, very brusquely; "for it would

Signa gets up and crosses over to her and kisses her, which is a great thing for Signa to do, for she is not

free with her kisses save to one favored individual. "I was going to refuse them," she says in a low voice, "but I wish they weren't so-so very valuable, as I

know they must be, "Tush! What's the matter" retorts her ladyship. "Valuable as they may she wouldn't have gone in for this ab., be, they are of no use to me; I should never wear them; besides I've got too very late? And she looks at the clock, many baubles of the same sort; poor Rookwell was fond of decking me out like an Indian idol. I don't think he ever went to London without bringing me something of the kind. They used to love him at Howell & James' like a brother. I think they'll look nice on your gauze, dear. You can wear that flower spray in your hair. Let me put it-oh! here's one who will do it bet-

(To be continued.)

ter" she breaks off, as Hector Warren

Quite Different.

A tenant of Lord Halkeston, a judge ance and said: "My lord, I am come "Oh, my dress is all right," says to inform your lordship of a sad misear my Egyptian gauze-I havent not live." "Well, then, of course, you help that. The law says you must pay

"Well, you are right there, my for it, I am not to lose my cow, am lordship's cow that gored mine." "Oh. She puts her hand to her lips, is that it? That's quite a different af-

"So you are a strong advocate of



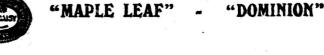


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