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C. W. RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

Rorie and Vixen;



CR, A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"If I were Lady Mabel, I think under such circumstances I should leave off writing poetry."

"That would be quite absurd. Mabel has a hundred tastes which I do not share with her. She is devoted to her garden and hot house. I hardly know one flower from another, except the forest wildings. She detests horses and dogs. I am never happier than when among them. She reads Eschylus as glibly as I can read a French newspaper. But she will make an admirable mistress for Briarwood. She has just that tranquil superiority which becomes the ruler of a large estate. You will see what cottages and schools we shall build. There will not be a weed in our allotment gardens, and our farm laborers will all get the prizes at cottage flower shows."

"You will hunt, of course?"

"Naturally; don't you know that I am to have the hounds next year? It was all arranged a few days ago. Poor Mabel was strongly opposed to the plan. She thought it was the first stage in the road to ruin; but I think I convinced her that it was a natural thing for the owner of Briarwood; and the duke was warmly in favor of it."

"The dear old kennels!" said Vixen. "I have never seen them since—since I came home. I ride by the gate very often, but I have never had courage to go inside. The hounds would know me."

"You must renew your friendship with them and you will hunt, of course, next year?"

"No, I shall never hunt again."

"Oh, nonsense! I hear that Captain Carmichael is a mighty Nimrod—quite a Leicestershire man. He will wish you to hunt."

"What can Captain Carmichael have to do with it?" asked Vixen, turning sharply upon him.

"A great deal, I should imagine, by next season."

"I haven't the least idea what you mean."

It was Roderick Vawdrey's turn to look astonished. He looked both surprised and angry.

"How fond young ladies are of making mysteries about these things!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I suppose they think it enhances their importance. Have I made a mistake? Have my informants misled me? Is your engagement to Captain Carmichael not to be talked about yet—only an understood thing among your own particular friends? Let me at least be allowed the privilege of intimate friendship. Let me be among the first to congratulate you."

"What folly have you been listening to?" cried Vixen; "you Roderick Vawdrey, my old playfellow—almost an adopted brother—know me so little!"

"What could I know of you to prevent my believing what I was told? Was there anything strange in the idea that you should be engaged to Captain Carmichael? I heard that he was a universal favorite."

"And did you think that I should like an universal favorite?"

"Why should you not? It seemed credible enough, and my informant was positive; he saw you together at a ball at Brighton. It was looked upon as a settled thing by all your Brighton friends."

"By Captain Carmichael's friends, you mean. They may have looked upon it as a settled thing that he should marry some one with plenty of money; and they may have thought that my money would be as useful as any one else's."

"Vixen, are you mystifying me? are you trying to drive me crazy? or is this the simple truth?"

"It is the simple truth."

"You are not engaged to this man—you never have been—you don't care for him, never cared for him?"

"Never, never, never, never!" said Vixen, with unmistakable emphasis.

"Then I have been the most consummate—"

He did not finish his sentence, and Vixen did not ask him to finish it. The ejaculation seemed involuntary. He sat staring at the palms, and said nothing for the next minute and a half, while Vixen unfolded her great black and gold fan, and looked at it admiringly, as if she had never seen it before.

"Do you really think those palms will break through the roof again in the present Lord Southminster's time?" Roderick inquired, presently, with a tone of intense interest.

Vixen did not feel herself called upon to reply to a question so purely speculative.

"I think I had better go and look for mamma and Mrs. Scobel," she said; "they must have come back from the supper-room by this time."

Roderick rose and offered her his arm. She was surprised to see how pale he looked when they came out of the dusk into the brilliant light of the gallery. But in a heated room, and between two and three o'clock in the morning, a man may naturally be a little paler than usual.

Roderick took Vixen straight to the end of the room, where his quick eye had espied Mrs. Tempest in her striking black and scarlet costume. He said no word more about the duchess or Lady Mabel; and, indeed, took Vixen past the elder lady, who was sitting in one of the windows with Lady Southminster, without attempting to bring about any interchange of civilities.

"Captain Carmichael has been kind enough to go and look for the carriage, Vixen," said Mrs. Tempest. "I told him we would join him in the vestibule di-

lun, but had forgotten the date at the moment when she arranged her little dinner. Yet she felt offended that Vixen should insist upon keeping her engagement to the Scobels.

"But, dear mamma, I am of no use to you at your parties," pleaded Vixen. "I was at all necessary to your comfort, I would give up the school feast."

"My dear Vixen, it is not my comfort I am considering; but I cannot help feeling annoyed that you should prefer to spend your evenings with a herd of vulgar children—playing oranges-and-lemons, or kiss in a slate, or some other ridiculous game, and getting yourself into a most unbecoming perspiration—to a quiet home evening with a few friends."

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"Such a delighted self!" she exclaimed, gaspingly.

"I'm afraid your dress has suffered," said her partner.

"Not in the least," protested Mrs. Scobel, with the fortitude of that lady-like martyr to a chafing career, celebrated by Sidney Smith, who splashed from head to foot, and with rills of brown gravy trickling down her countenance, vowed that not a drop had reached her.

"This," says the reverend wit, "I esteem the highest triumph of civilization."

"Your carriage will be the third," the captain told Mrs. Tempest, while Roderick was putting Vixen's cloak around her in the vestibule; "there are a good many people leaving already."

Roderick went with them to the carriage door, and stayed in the porch till they were gone. The last object Vixen saw under the Southminster lamps was the pale grave face of her old playfellow.

He went straight from the porch to the supper room, not to find himself a place at one of the snug little tables, but to go to the buffet and pour out a glass of brandy, which he drank at a draft. Yet, as a rule, there was no man more conspicuous than Roderick Vawdrey.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was waiting with Lady Mabel—positively the last dance before their departure.

"Roderick," she said, in an awe-stricken undertone, "I am going to say something very dreadful. Please forgive me in advance."

"Certainly," he said, with a somewhat apprehensive look.

"Just now, when you were talking to me, I fancied you had been drinking brandy."

"I had."

"Absolute undiluted brandy?"

"Not brandy, sometimes denominated 'sherry.'"

"Good heavens! were you ill?"

"I had what people call a turn."

CHAPTER XVI.

May had come. The red glow of the beech branches had changed to a tender green; the oaks were amber; the winding forest paths, the deep inaccessible glades where the cattle led such a happy life, were blue with dog-violets and golden with primroses. Whistling was close at hand, and good Mrs. Scobel had given up her mind to church decoration, and the entertainment of her school-children with tea and luncheon in that delightful valley where an iron monument, a little less artistic than a pillar post-office, marks the spot where the Red King fell.

Vixen, though not particularly fond of school feasts, had promised to assist at this one. It was not to be a stiff or ceremonious affair. There was to be no boy of young ladies, oppressively attentive to their small charges, causing the children to drink scalding tea in a paroxysm of shyness. The whole thing was to be done in an easy and friendly manner, with no aid but that of the school-mistress and master. The magnates of the land were to have no part in the festival.

"The children enjoy themselves so much more when there are no finely dressed people making believe to value upon them," said Mrs. Scobel; "but I know they will be delighted to have you, Vixen. They positively adore you."

"I'm sure I can't imagine why they should," answered Vixen, truthfully.

"Oh, but they do. They like to look at you. When you come into the school-room they are all in a flutter; and they point at you awfully; don't they, Miss Pierson?" said Mrs. Scobel, appealing to the school-mistress.

"Yes, mamma, I can't cure them of pointing, do what I will."

"Oh, they are dear little children," explained Vixen, "and I don't care how much they point at me if they really like me. They make me such real nice little bob-courtesies when I meet them in the forest, and they all seem fond of Argus. I'm sure you have made them extremely polite, Miss Pierson. I shall be very pleased to come to your school feast. Mrs. Scobel and I'll tell our good friend Trimmer to make no end of cakes."

"My dear Vixen, pray don't think of putting Mrs. Trimmer to any trouble. Your dear mamma might be angry."

"Angry at my asking for some cakes for the school-children, after being pained for seventeen years! That couldn't be."

The school feast was fixed three weeks in advance. For the Wednesday in Whit-sun-week, and during the interval there were many small meteorologists in Beechdale school intent upon the changes of the moon, and all those varied phenomena from which the rustic mind draws its auguries of coming weather. The very crowing of early village cocks was regarded suspiciously by the school-children at this period. It happened that the appointed Wednesday was a day on which Mrs. Tempest had chosen to invite a few friends in a quiet way to her seven o'clock dinner; among them few Captain Carmichael, who had taken Mrs. Hawbuck's cottage for an extended period of three months. Mrs. Tempest had known all about the school feast a fortnight before she gave her invita-

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"My dear Vixen, it is not my comfort I am considering; but I cannot help feeling annoyed that you should prefer to spend your evenings with a herd of vulgar children—playing oranges-and-lemons, or kiss in a slate, or some other ridiculous game, and getting yourself into a most unbecoming perspiration—to a quiet home evening with a few friends."

"You see, mamma, I know our quiet home evenings with a few friends so well. I could tell you beforehand exactly what will happen, almost the very words which will be said; and how the conversation will go; how you will turn up your nose at the vulgar children, and how you will get into a most unbecoming perspiration."

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"I'm afraid your dress has suffered," said her partner.

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THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADING CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, March 19. — Flour—Ontario wheat 90 per cent. patents are quoted at \$2.65 to \$2.67 in buyers' sacks outside; for export, Manitoba first patents, \$3.50; second patents, \$4; and strong bakers', \$3.30, Toronto.

Wheat—Manitoba grades are unchanged. No. 1 Manitoba hard quoted at 92c North Bay, all rail; and No. 1 northern at 90c. No. 1 hard quoted at 88c lake ports, and No. 1 northern at 86 to 86 1/2c lake ports.

Corn—No. 3 American corn is quoted at 53 1/2 to 54c on track, Toronto. Canadian corn is quoted at 46 to 47c, Chatham freight.

Call Board.

Wheat—No. 2 Ontario red winter offered at 73 1/2c east, with 72c bid. No. 2 mixed offered at 72 1/2c outside, with 71 1/2c bid at 78 per cent points. No. 2 goose, 66c bid east, without sellers.

Barley—No. 2 wanted at 53 1/2c east; No. 3 extra at 50c at 78 per cent points, and No. 3 at 50c at 78 per cent points, but not offered.

Oats—No. 2 offered at 80c outside, with 79 1/2c bid at C.P.R. 78 per cent points.

Oats—No. 2 white offered at 39 1/2c on a 5c sale to Toronto, with 38 1/2c bid at 78 per cent points. Five thousand bushels sold at 39c at 78 per cent points, March shipment.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Good to choice winter stock, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per bbl.

Berries—Hand-picked selling at \$1.50 to \$1.55, and primes at \$1.40.

Honey—Strained quoted at 11 to 12c per lb., and comb honey at \$2 to \$2.50 per dozen.

Eggs—New quoted at 18 to 21c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy is quoted at \$12 to \$12 1/2 here, and No. 2 at \$8 to \$10.

Straw—\$7 to \$7.50 a ton, on track here.

Potatoes—Ontario, 90c per bag on track, and New Brunswick, 95c to \$1 per bag.

Poultry—Turkeys, fresh killed, 13 to 14c; chickens, dressed, 10 to 12c; alive, 10 to 12c; ducks, dressed, 11 to 12c; geese, 10 to 11c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Pound rolls are quoted at 22 to 23c; tubs, 20 to 22c; large rolls, 20 to 22c. Creamery prints sell at 26 to 27c, and solids at 23 to 24c.

Eggs—Steady at 20 to 21c per dozen in cases lots.

Cheese—Large cheese, 13 1/2 to 14c, and twins, 14 1/2 to 15c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs in car lots are unchanged, with prices quoted at \$8.20 to \$8.30 here. Bacon, long clear, 11 to 11 1/2c per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$21 to \$21.50; short cut, \$22 to \$23.50.

Hams—Light to medium, 15 1/2c to 16c; heavy, 14 1/2c to 15c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 16c; breakfast bacon, 15 1/2c.

Lard—Tierces, 12 1/2c; tubs, 12 1/2c; rolls, 12c.

BUSINESS IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, March 19.—Grain—The local trade in oats continues quiet. Ontario No. 2 was quoted at 43 1/2 to 44c; No. 3 at 42 1/2 to 43c, and No. 4 at 41 1/2 to 42c per bushel, ex-mills, for instance.

Wheat—Patents, \$4.50 to \$4.60; straight rollers, \$3.35 to \$3.45; do, in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.70; extras, \$1.45 to \$1.55. Feed—Manitoba bran, in bags, \$21; shorts, \$22 per ton; Ontario bran, in bags, \$23.50 to \$24; shorts, \$24 to \$24.25; milled middlings, \$22 to \$25 per ton.

Provisions—Barrels short cut mess pork, \$22 to \$23.50; half-barrels, \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat backs, \$24 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$22; half-barrels, \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salted long clear bacon, 12 to 12 1/2c; barrels plate beef, \$11 to \$12.50; half-barrels, do, \$8.25 to \$8.75; barrels heavy mess beef, \$12 to \$13; do, in cases, \$13 to \$14; lard, \$2 to 10 1/2c; pure lard, 11 1/2 to 12c; kettledressed, 13 to 13 1/2c; compound, 13 to 16c; breakfast bacon, 15 1/2 to 16c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.50. Eggs—New laid, 23 to 24c. Cheese—October made white, 13 1/2c; colored, 14c nominal.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

St. Louis, March 19.—Wheat—Cash, 76 1/2c; May, 75 1/2c; July, 77c.

Duluth, March 19.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, \$1.35; No. 1 northern, 80c; No. 2 northern, 78c; May, 80c; July, 80c.

Minneapolis, March 19.—Wheat—Closed—May, 78c to 79c; July, 80c; September, 78 1/2c; No. 1 hard, 81c to 81 1/2c; No. 2 northern, 78c to 79c; No. 3 northern, 75c to 76c. Flour—First patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30; second patents, \$4.05 to \$4.15; first clears, \$3.25 to \$3.35; second clears, \$2.40 to \$2.60. Bran, in bulk, \$17.50 to \$17.75.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, March 19.—The activity of the market in the better classes of cattle was maintained.

Export cattle were sold at \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt. The market was steady, and the offerings were moderate.

In the choicest cattle trade was pretty fair at prices ranging from \$4.50 to \$4.80 per cwt. The general quotations were: Fair to good, \$4.20 to \$4.60; medium, \$3.75 to \$4; cows, \$2.25 to \$2.45; calves, \$1 to \$2 per cwt.

A steady demand obtained for a limited number of short-cuts at \$4.20 to \$4.60 per cwt. Stockers were steady at \$2.75 to \$3.25 per cwt.

Trade kept steady in lambs, which were selling at \$6.75 to \$7.25 for grain-fed, and \$5.50 to \$6.50 for common ones. Export ewes were worth \$3.75 to \$5.25, and export bucks, \$3.50 to \$4.50 per cwt. Hogs sold at \$6.55 for select, and \$6.60 for lights and fats.

PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Proposed Amendment of the B. N. A. Act.

A despatch from Ottawa says: Sir Wilfrid Laurier gave notice on Friday night of an address to His Majesty for an amendment to the B. N. A. Act to amend the scale of payments to be made by Canada, to the several provinces of the Dominion for the support of their Government and Legislatures. The proposed amendments are as follows:—

A. Instead of the amounts now paid, the sums hereafter payable yearly by Canada to the several provinces for the support of their Governments and Legislatures, to be according to population, and as follows:—

1. Where the population of the province is under 150,000, \$100,000.
2. Where the population of the province is 150,000, but does not exceed 200,000, \$150,000.
3. Where the population of the province is 200,000, but does not exceed 400,000, \$180,000.
4. Where the population of the province is 400,000, but does not exceed 800,000, \$190,000.
5. Where the population of the province is 800,000, but does not exceed 1,600,000, \$220,000.
6. Where the population of the province exceeds 1,600,000, \$240,000.

B. Instead of an annual grant per head of population now allowed, the annual payment hereafter to be at the same rate of eighty cents per head, and gracious consideration."

HOW A FOREST GROWS.

Trees Have to Fight for Life, and Only a Small Proportion Survive.

In order to understand fully the planting and tending of forest trees, it is necessary for one first to understand how a forest starts and develops throughout its history.

Take a case where a fire has burned off a tract of land which before was covered with forest, or a tract where all the trees have been blown down by a severe windstorm. On this ground seeds from neighboring trees may fall in large numbers. Some of these will germinate, though perhaps only a small part of those that fall, for Nature is very lavish in such cases.

After a year or two a great many little seedling trees will be found. For a few years every one of these little seedlings will have full chance to grow and develop as it likes. It will have to meet many dangers—those from drought and frost and too much rainfall, for all the trees will die from such causes. But when these are overcome each little tree can grow ahead at its best rate for some time, enjoying as much as it likes of soil, space and light.

THE FIGHTING BEGINS.

As the years pass, however, and the little trees grow, the time comes when the crowns of the trees begin to touch one another (the term "crown" means the branches and foliage of the tree as a whole). Thus the soil is now almost completely shaded, and is benefited by being so shaded and is also made richer by the humus or humus made by the decay of the leaves and twigs fallen from the trees.

The trees themselves are also greatly affected. Every tree, of course, just like all other plants, must have light in order to make its own food and so make a healthy growth; if its supply of light is cut off, the tree is hindered and perhaps killed altogether. But the tree can no longer grow out sideways, for all the space in that direction is occupied. So it spends all its strength in growing upward. The fastest and strongest growers are the trees that finally survive. The effect of having the light cut off is shown in the lower branches. These become sickly and finally die, and in time are blown off by the wind or knocked off through being struck by other branches or are broken off in some other way.

In the meantime the fastest growing trees are getting the most light, and so they have the best chance for development. Having got above the other trees, they get the chance to spread out sideways, and finally to kill their slower-growing companions. This process will go on year after year, and in the end but a small part of the trees which originally started in the race will be alive.

ACTUAL EXAMPLES.

The results of actual work done in the forests show this nicely. In the Tartie Mountain Forest Reserve in Manitoba, where the coniferous tree is the popular one, it was found that, while the average number of poplar trees per acre when the trees were ten years old was four thousand (4,000); when the trees had reached eighty years of age, the number was reduced to three hundred (300). At forty years of age there had been 850 left, and at sixty years 425 had remained.

THE ENTERPRISING EMIGRATE.

Britain Being Robbed of the Flower of Her Agricultural Population.

A despatch from London says: The Illustrated London News says that Canada's excellent land and enterprising advertisements will doubtless tend still further to diminish Great Britain's agricultural population, and after a time leave nothing at home but the very young, very old, or very stupid and unenterprising sections of the rural dwellers.

PITTSBURG LOSS \$9,000,000

Disastrous Effect of the Worst Flood in Its History.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., says: With the rapid receding of the waters of the Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio Rivers which was taking place here on Friday night, conditions are fast assuming normal proportions, and the greatest and most destructive flood in the history of the city is at an end.

Ten square miles were inundated. The loss in actual dollars will probably never be known, but an estimate of \$9,000,000 has been made for Allegheny County and summarized in the following tables:

Loss in output of steel mills	\$8,500,000
Loss in output of other industries	2,000,000
Loss in wages of employees	1,875,000
Estimated damage to industrial plant	2,500,000
Total	\$14,875,000

Extolment was caused on Friday by several fires, one of which swept the Mount Washington district had to be dynamited on account of a shortage of water in the mains. The loss from these fires will not exceed \$250,000.