THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER I.

It was a calm southern night, with a silver moon shining serenely in a cloudless sky, and over the glittering expanse of ocean steamed the P. and O.'s vessel "Neptune," on her way from Brindisi to Malta. Every revolution of her powerful engines sent her plunging through the blue waters, with the waves breaking in tumbling masses of white foam from her towering sides. The passengers, numbering about three hundred, were all in high spirits, having had a most delightful voyage from Australia, and were looking forward, with pleasure, to their arrival at Valletta on the morrow.

Can there be anything in the world more pleasant than sea life on a steamship with jolly people? Anyone who is a good sailor, will answer "No," though perhaps Ulysses, who travelled over these same waters, might not agree, but when the wandering Greek had not a P. and O. steamer at his command.

On this charming night a dance was in progress on the hurricane deck, and the immense area had been draped with brilliantly colored flags, thus turning it into an admirable ballroom. Miss Kate Lester, the belle of the ship—a position she knew she occupied, and, by the way, took full advantage of all benefits to be derived therefrom—was the pianist, and was playing the "Venetia Valse," to which a number of young people were dancing. The white dresses of the ladies, the darker costumes of the men, and the vivid tints of the flags, all seen under the powerful radiance of the electric lights, made up a very pretty picture.

Ronald Monteith thought so, at all events—and Mr. Monteith was a very good judge of beauty, especially if it were feminine. He leaned lazily against the bulwarks and surveyed the festive scene with a smile on his handsome face, but—Joseph like,—took no notice of the many glances he received from bright eyes. Tall and sinewy, with fair hair and mustaches, blue eyes, and a skin bronzed by exposure to the hot southern sun, Monteith was decidedly good-looking, and by no means undervalued his personal appearance. His father was a wealthy Australian squatter, who owned large stations in the Riverina District, and, being, a liberal-minded and liberal-handed man, had sent his son forth to see the world. Master Ronald, nothing loath, departed with a goodly supply of money, several letters of introduction, and a huge capacity of enjoyment; so, as can easily be seen, this lucky young man's lines were cast in pleasant places. There were lots of pretty girls on board who would have liked to marry him; nevertheless, his highness threw his handkerchief to none of them, yet flirted with all. He was not a clever man by any means, but he could ride, shoot and swim, and box to perfection, all of which athletic accomplishments, found favor in the eyes of women; he was, moreover, an honorable gentleman, with a kind heart and a generous spirit.

As he stood there in a meditative attitude, wondering if he could summon up sufficient courage to dance with the thermometer at somewhere about eighty, a young fellow, who rejoiced in the name of Patrick Ryan, came up and took him by the arm.

"Come and have a drink, me boy," said Mr. Ryan, with a slight touch of the brogue, "I'm half dead with dancin', not to mention the way I've to talk to the girls, and tai' 'em enough lies to make me recordin' angel take to shorthand."

"Then why the deuce don't you stop it?" retorted Ronald, as he accepted this bacchanalian invitation and they went down to the bar.

"Oh, begad, think how the girls would tear their hair, and mine, too, if I didn't look after them," replied Pat; "it's purely ornamental ye are, but 'tis better to be good than beautiful and a mighty poor consolation, anyhow."

Pat Ryan was certainly not beautiful, being short and dark, but his lack of good looks was more than made up by the possession of a clever tongue, which was generally going from morning till night, and as he could sing, play, write verses and flatter a woman to perfection, he was a great favorite on board.

"Well, I'm off to the halls of dazzling light," he observed when they had finished their drinks and were once more on deck. Come along, ye lazy divil, and I'll get you a partner."

"I'm too hot," objected Ronald, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, just hear him," said Pat in disgust, "Why, I've seen ye all day in the saddle under a burnin' sun, and divil a growl from ye, and yet when I offer ye a pretty girl to dance with, ye refuse; and, as for the girl, begad, her beauty would tempt St. Anthony himself and small blame to him."

"Who is she?" asked the Australian, with some show of interest."

"Miss Lester, no less."

"I thought you were sweet there yourself, Pat."

"I'm sweet on all the girls, me boy—there's safety in numbers, and I believe in quantity as well as quality."

"You're getting too deep for me," said Ronald, pulling a very black pipe from his pocket, "so I'll go and have a smoke."

"A pipe, too!" echoed Pat, "faith it's woman's greatest enemy."

"And man's greatest friend, retorted Monteith, as he strolled off.

Pat, laughing went away to arrange another dance, and to this end asked Mrs. Pellypop, tall, majestic, and aggressively virtuous, was the mother-in-law of a bishop, and was on her way home to pay her daughter a visit, an event regarded by the worthy prelate with anything but unmixed joy She had an eye-glass—very effective to crush presuming people—a chilling smile and very strong opinions about her own position; in short she was a type of all that was virtuous and—disagreeable.

While the dancing was thus going on, Ronald, having lighted his pipe, strolled up and down the long deck for a few minutes, then leaned meditatively over the side and watched the glittering waters sweeping past. While thus engaged he felt a light touch on his arm, and, on turning round, saw a man he knew standing near him.

"Hullo, Ventin," said Ronald, removing his beloved pipe for a moment, "why aren't you dancing?"

"Because I hate dancing," retorted Mr. Ventin, irritably; "I'm sick of the perpetual jangle of that d——d piano, of Miss Lester's flirtations, and of Mother Pellypop's virtues—I'm sick of the whole thing, and I wish the voyage were over."

"I don't" replied Ronald, taking a seat on one of the deck chairs; "it's very jolly, I think."

"Yes, I daresay," said Ventin, gloomily; "you are young and rich, with all the world before you. I, on the contrary, am old."

"Rubbish!"

"If not in years, at least in experience. I have lost all my illusions, and have discovered the gold of fancy to be only the tinsel of reality. You stand on the threshold of a happy career; I can only look back on a ruined life."

Ronald looked at him curiously as he spoke. A handsome face certainly, but with innumerable wrinkles and hollow cheeks; dark, piercing eyes; black, smooth hair, touched with white at the temples; and a thin-lipped mouth, with a heavy, dark mustache. Yes, Lionel Ventin was handsome, but one whom a woman would rather fear than admire. For the rest, a slender figure, high-bred manner, and in general a cool, nonchalant, demeanor, which but ill accorded with the restless glances of his eyes on this particular night.

Ronald had been introduced to him in Melbourne a year previously, and then lost sight of him, never expecting to set eyes on him again. But the first person he met on board the "Neptune" was Ventin, and a strong friendship soon sprung up between them, which seemed quite unaccountable, considering the difference of their dispositions. But the fact was Ventin liked Ronald's happy, pleasant manner, and, on his part, Monteith felt for the other that strong admiration which a young man always has for one who is older and knows more about the world than himself. Ventin had been everywhere and seen everything. He had shot big game in the Rocky Mountains, hunted elephants in Africa, and tigers in India, knew London, Paris, and Vienna thoroughly, and, when he chose to exert himself could be a most delightful companion. To-night, however, he seemed restless and ill at ease, which rather surprised Ronald, accustomed, as he was, to the cool, careless manner of his friend.

"I don't know why the deuce I should trust you," said Ventin, sitting down near Ronald and eyeing him keenly; "we are only fellow-travellers, and I am not usually given to confidences, but occasionally it does a man good to open his heart to someone."

"Fire away, old boy," said Ronald, puffing out a big cloud of smoke, and settling himself comfortably in his chair; "you look like a man with a history."

"Happy the nation that has no history," quoted Ventin, cynically. "I suppose the same remark applies to a man's life. My history begins in that accursed Malta, for it was there I met her."

"Oh! a woman!"

"Of course; most men's histories commence and end with a woman, that is why confidences are so monotonous. Well," turning restlessly in his seat, "I may as well say Ventin is not my real name. No—it is—well I need not tell you my real name, as it is quite unnecessary. I didn't do much credit to it when I had it, and I daresay my present name is not quite blameless. Bah! Why do I sentimentalize? Forty years of life ought to have knocked all that out of me."

"You're not forty!" said Ronald, looking curiously at him.

"Why?" asked Ventin, quickly turning his haggard face toward the Australian; "do you think these wrinkles due to age or dissipation?—To both, I'm afraid, though I suspect the latter had had more to do with them than the former. God made man in His own image. He can't be very delighted when He sees how hard we strive to mar His handiwork."

There was silence for a few minutes, and the two men could hear the regular beating of the crews, the fitful sound of music mellowed by distance, and the gay laughter of the dancers. The voices of the whist players, disputing over some point in their game, came from the smoking-room, and in the semi-darkness extending along the deck could be heard the soft notes of a woman's voice, or the deeper tones from a man.

Then Ventin began to speak in slow, measured tones, quite different from his former vehement style

"I was never a good young man," he said, cynically; "but I don't think I was worse then the generality of fellows. Give a boy money and place him amid the temptations of London, and, in nine cases out of ten, he'll go to the devil, or, if he doesn't go, it is because some lucky accident prevents him. Perhaps he has a man-of-the-world friend who advises him—or he loses his money, and has to leave the primrose path, —or, he may marry a good woman, and her influence may save him from his worst enemy, himself. Ah! if we only knew the value of a good woman's love—how she can be our guardian angel, and keep us pure and honorable in the midst of temptation! But we never find out the value of such treasures till it's too late—but there"—with a weary sigh—"I am sentimentalizing again! Let me go on with my story.

"I lost both parents at the age of twenty, and I went to London with plenty of money and no experience whatever. Unluckily, I had no one to play the part of Mentor to my Telemachus, so I had to gain wisdom by experience, and pretty dearly I paid for it. I became a hard, cynical man of the world, for a thirteen years' residence in London was a liberal education to me in the nil admirari philosophy of to-day, and then—well my money lasted longer than my health, and I became seriously ill—so bad indeed that my doctors ordered me to Malta to be cured. Oh, heavens! how ironical is Fate—it was merely a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire—for my part I prefer the frying-pan. It was true the balmy air and bright skies of Malta cured me of one disease, but unfortunately I contracted another not so easily dealt with—that of love.

"I became acquainted with two charmingly pretty girls of the ages of twenty-three and nineteen, and—forgive my apparent egotism—both fell in love with me. It was the choice of Hercules over again, but unluckily I chose the wrong lady, and married the elder. 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,' so the younger soon hated me like poison, and left Malta for England. I married the woman of my choice and then my punishment commenced. She was a perfect devil, with nothing but her beauty to recommend her. Her father boasted they had Arab blood in their veins, and my belief is that the ancestor of the family must have been Eblis himself. Often and often she threatened to kill me for some petty thing, and I believe she would had not some instinct of danger restrained her. If I looked at another woman, there was a storm of reproaches—if I were away for a day, her jealous mind conjured up a hundred infidelities—in short, our married life was a hell upon earth. At last, after a year of this cat-and-dog existence, I determined to leave her, and to this course she assented, after a good deal of persuasion. A deed of separation was drawn up, by which I allowed her a handsome income on condition that she resided in Valletta. She agreed to this and, after a stormy parting, I went to England, and lived there a moody, discontented man."

To be Continued.

AN EFFECT OF CANNONADING.

A German scientist has been making some observations in South Africa on the subject of the influence of repeated detonations on the ear. He examined the ears of ninety-six soldiers before and after a battle, and found marked changes in no fewer then forty-four, or nearly 50 per er experimenters, however, have not found it effective in the case of phylcent. In some cases he found small hemorrhages in the ears, in one case a large bleeding, while the firing caused the edge of the ear drum to become red in thirty-seven cases.

THE SUN'S RAYS.

The earth receives not more than one thousand millionth part of the total radiation of the sun's rays. If any considerable portion of this heat was concentrated upon the earth it would not only become uninhabitable, but speedily be consumed.

CARDBOARD.

The Norweglans are exporting asphalted cardboard, which can be used for walls and ceilings and many other purposes. It is composed of several layers of compressed paper coated with asphalt. It is cheaper than wood, but just as strong, and will not rot or crack.

STOMACH TROUBLE

MAKES THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE MISERABLE.

Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P. E. I., Gives Her Experience for the Benefit of Similar Sufferers—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Watchman, Charlottetown.

Mrs. John Holland, of Tarantum, P.E.I., is well known and highly respected in the community where she resides. For some years her life was one of misery and suffering, having been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity, dyspepsia. A reporter hearing of her restoration to health through the agency of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, called upon Mrs. Holland to obtain particulars, which were cheerfully given as follows:—"About four years ago I became very ill, I was attacked with a distressing pain in my stomach, accompanied by flashes of heat and cold. These attacks were generally preceded by a sleepiness and stupor which required constant exertion to keep awake. I had little or no appetite and food lay as a stone on my stomach. As time passed, I was growing worse, vomiting of food set in, with sudden changes of heat and cold in my feet. I was so reduced in strength as to not be able to walk any distance without resting. To work I dare not attempt. I began to feel that I could not live very long in my present condition. I was reduced in weight to 115, pounds. Two years ago I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before this I had tried various advertised medicines, but without any benefit resulting. I was using the second box of the pills before I felt any benefit, but from that my recovery was rapid. I used in all five boxes of the pills, and have never felt better in my life than I do at the present moment. All the disagreeable sensations that accompany dyspepsia have vanished; I can enjoy my meals with relish, and my weight has increased from 115 to 139 pounds. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and as I have not had the slightest touch of the trouble in that time I feel safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I would strongly advise others suffering from stomach troubles to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

NEW EXPLOSIVE.

An Italian military officer has produced a new explosive. He makes use of the explosive properties of water electrically decomposed; he incloses this in a box or other steel receptacle hermetically sealed. It explodes with a force more than 50 times greater than gunpowder, and nearly 30 times greater than dynamite. He is adapting this to rifle cartridges, and the Italian Government is making tests in Turin. It is called Cosmos.

USES FOR CHIMNEY SOOT.

Experiments in France have shown that chimney soot is valuable, both as a manure and as an insecticide. Its fertilizing properties are particularly noted in gardens and meadows. M. Dasserre, a winegrower in southern France, avers that "chimney soot kills the phylloxera with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and at the same time endows the vines with extraordinary energy of growth." Other experimenters, however, have not found it effective in the case of phylloxera, although it kills many kinds of larvae.

A NEW TABLE.

A new table, for use by invalids confined to bed, is made so that it can be raised or lowered, and can be increased or decreased in diameter, to overlap the side of the bed. By pressing a knob it can be converted into a reading desk, and spring clips are provided for holding the reading matter in position. The mechanism of this table is so easily worked that an invalid can perform the necessary operations without assistance.

Triumphs of Dr. Chase

Over the Most Obstinate Diseases That Torture Human Kind — Remedies That Bring Health and Happiness to Canadian Homes.

The marvellous successes of Dr. Chase's great family remedies prove to all the world that no disease is too severe or of too long standing to yield to these great prescriptions. Their worth to the sick and suffering can never be estimated.

PILES FOR 23 YEARS.

Mr. W. T. Wigle, "Uncle Mike," Kingsville, Ont., states:—"For about 23 years I was troubled with piles, which at times would cause most intense distress by itching, and would ulcerate and bleed. I was treated by several physicians, and tried every remedy I could hear of, but could get no more than slight temporary relief. A traveller, Mr. Golding of Toronto, recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I at once purchased from our dealer and obtained relief after the third application. Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me That was two years ago, and I have never since had a touch of piles. It has since cured many to whom I have recommended. It and I am anxious to have every sufferer know of its value."

PALE AND WEAK.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P.E. County, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, wornout appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Mr. Geo. Benner, Wiarton, Ont., writes:—"I don't like to have my name put in public print, but I feel it a duty to my fellow-men to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For about four years I was troubled with chronic constipation and weakness of the kidneys. My condition was serious when I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I verily believe that they have saved my life. I am now well and feel like a new man".

Dr. Chase's portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine remedies. Imitators dare not reproduce them. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BOERS CAPTURE BRITISH

Entire Squadron of Scots Greys and 90 Lincolnshires With 2 Guns, Captured.

A despatch from London says:—The War Office has received the following despatch from Gen. Roberts:—

"Pretoria, July 12.—The enemy having failed in an attempt to get round our right and in our rear, made a determined attack on our right flank yesterday. I regret to say they succeeded in capturing Nitral's nek, garrisoned by a squadron of the Scots Greys, two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, and five companies of the Lincolnshire Regiment. The enemy, in superior number, attacked at dawn, and, seizing the hills which commanded the nek, bought a heavy converging fire upon the small garrison. Nitral's nek is about 18 miles from here, near where the road crosses the Crocodile river. It was held by us in order to maintain road and telegraphic communication with Rustenburg. The fighting lasted more or less throughout the day.

"Immediately on receiving information early in the morning of the enemy's strength I despatched reinforcements from here under Col. Godfrey. Before they reached the spot, however, the garrison was overpowered.

"The two guns and the greater portion of the Scots Greys were captured, owing to their horses being shot, and also about 90 of the Lincolnshires.

"A list of the casualties has not yet been received, but I fear they were heavy.

"Simultaneously an attack was made on our outposts near Derdedorp, northward of the town, in which the 7th Dragoon Guards were engaged. The regiment, which was handled with considerable skill by Lieut.-Col. Lowe, kept the enemy in check until he retired on his supports. We would probably have suffered slight loss had not one troop mistaken some Boers in the bushes for ours.

"Smith-Dorrien had a successful engagement with the enemy yesterday afternoon near Krugersdorp, inflicting heavy loss.

"Buller reports that the Boers who were destroying the railway near Paarde Kraal were driven off yesterday after a short action.

"Hart reports from Heidelberg that the surrendering of arms and ammunition continues in that district."

FOUGHT TO THE DEATH.

Details of the Engagement at Nitral's Nek.

London, July 13.—Details are now at hand regarding the disaster to the Lincolnshire Regiment on Wednesday.

Two companies of the Lincolnshires and a squadron of the Greys were at the foot of the pass when the attack began. They fought all day, and extricated themselves at night.

SURPRISED BY HEAVY FIRE.

It appears that five companies were ordered Tuesday to proceed and hold the pass through Magalesburg, in the neighbourhood of Dasposort fort. They arrived in the afternoon at the pass, where three companies with two guns took up a position, and camped for the night, leaving two companies on a plain south of the pass. The eastern hill was rugged, rocky, and inaccessible, but further east apparently approachable from the main ridge. At daybreak Wednesday the Boers appeared on the eastern kopje and opened a heavy fire. Confusion ensued. The colonel ordered the men to take up a position on a kopje west of the gap.

From this point a hot fire was kept up during the entire day. Two guns under the escort of the Scots Greys, placed in advance of the main body, were captured after a stout resistance. Nearly every man was killed or wounded. A Maxim gun was brought into action early in the day. The fire was too hot and the men were forced to retire.

BRAVELY SAVED THE GUN.

A sergeant, aided by seven volunteers, saved the gun. There was a continuous fire all along the line, the Lincolnshire Regiment men vigorously replying.

GALLANT BRITISH CHARGE.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the Boers appeared to the left of the position occupied by the British. An officer and fifteen men attempted to charge them, and fourteen men were killed or wounded as the result. Three companies were practically surrounded, but they kept up a steady fire, unwaveringly, until towards nightfall when their ammunition gave out.

WAITING WITH FIXED BAYONETS

The latest arrival from the scene states that at the time of his escape the men were taking a good position under cover and with fixed bayonets were awaiting the approach of the Boers.

It is understood upon good authority that the Boers have employed armed natives. Two of the natives leaped from cover when a small party from the Lincolnshire Regiment stepped up and demanded their surrender. A soldier stepped forward and shot both of the natives dead. One officer who succeeded in making his escape had an encounter with an armed native.

BRITISH LOSSES HEAVY.

It is feared that the losses of the British were numerous. About thirty of the British soldiers straggled back to camp to-day. According to all accounts a great force is being assembled to prevent further progress of the Boers.

Commandant Grobler, who commanded the Federals at Nitral's nek, had four guns.

The Seventh Dragoon Guards at Pyramid hills, north of Pretoria, were simultaneously attacked. The British loss was insignificant.

HORRIBLE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Man of 70 Years Kills His Wife, Then Blews His Own Head Off.

A despatch from Cayuga, Ont., says:—The people of this community were startled on Saturday morning when they heard of the horrible death of James Swick and his wife, an old couple about 70 years of age. The old man first killed his wife and then put an end to his own existence. The scene of the tragedy is at a farm house in East Seneca, about four miles from the village of Canfield and ten miles from Cayuga.

OLD MAN HAD ACTED STRANGELY

The old man had acted strangely for some time past, but the family thought little about it. On Friday at noon their son Harvey went to the field to cut wheat, leaving the old couple alone in the house. When he returned at night a dreadful spectacle was presented to him. The mother was lying dead with her head horribly bruised, apparently by a hammer, and the father was lying with his head almost shot off, by means of a shot gun in his own hands. Death must have come almost instantly to him.

There were signs of a struggle between the old man and woman, as her throat showed finger prints, he evidently trying to strangle her first, then completing his work by means of a hammer, as her head was badly battered. The hammer was found hidden under the house, where the old man had put it after doing his terrible work. Then he completed his own destruction as already described.

AN INQUEST HELD.

Dr. Kerr, coroner, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Coulter, crown attorney of Haldimand, went to the scene of the tragedy and held an inquest, but no new developments were brought out.

Suicidal tendencies are in the family, as one of his brothers killed himself several years ago. They are well-to-do farmers, and have a family grown up. There was a double funeral on Sunday afternoon, when the old couple were laid away. Two coffins were taken to the sad home from the undertaker's here this afternoon.

ALL FOREIGNERS WERE KILLED.

Purport of an Official Telegram From the Governor of Shantung.

A despatch from Shanghai, says:—An offional telegram was received Sunday night from the Governor of Shantung, stating that a breach was made in the wall, after a gallant defence and all the ammunition had given out. All foreigners were killed.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c., in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 17.—The market today was a dull and uninteresting one.

Choice export cattle sold at from $5 to $5.25 per cwt.; light stuff at from $4.50 to $4.80 per cwt. The demand was easy.

There was no quotable change in the price of good to prime butcher stuff; the best grades sold well, but if the supply had been large medium and common cattle would probably have broken badly.

Stockers continue easy.

Bulls, feeders, milch cows, etc., are unchanged.

There was no change in lambs and sheep.

Choices veal calves will sell.

Several loads of cattle were unsold at the close.

For prime hogs, scaling from 160 to 200 lbs., the top price is 6 1-4c; thick fat hogs, 5 3-8c; and light hogs, 5 1-4c per lb.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt	$4.30	$5.25
Butcher, choice, do. ...	4.00	4.50
Butcher, med. to good.	3.50	3.75
Butcher, inferior.	3.00	3.25
Stockers, per cwt.... ...	3.00	3.50
Sheep and Lambs.		
Sheep, per cwt. . .	3 25	4 00
Spring lambs, each. .	2 00	4 00
Bucks, per cwt. . .	2 50	3 00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each. . . .	25 00	45 00
Calves, each. . . .	2 00	8 00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt. .	6 00	6 25
Light hogs, per cwt. .	5 00	5 25
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	5 12 1-2	5 37 1-2
Sows.	3 00	3 25
Stags.	2 00	2 50

Toronto, July 17.—Wheat — Chicago prices declined about 2c to-day, and local prices were lower. Manitoba No. 1 hard, g.i.t., sold at 95c; same, Toronto and west, at 92c; and at upper lake ports, at 89c. Ontarios are quiet at 70 to 71c, outside.

Millfeed—Dull. Bran $13 to $13.50; and shorts, $14 to $14.50, west.

Corn—About steady. No. 1 American yellow, 49 1-2c, on track here; and mixed at 48 1-2c.

Peas—Quiet. Car lots are quoted nominally at 60c, north and west; and 61c east.

Barley—Steady. No. 2, 40c, west; and 41c east; No. 3, 42 to 43c.

Rye—Quiet. Car lots, west, 54c; and 55c east.

Oats—Dull. White oats, north and west, 27c; and east, 28c.

Flour—Business quiet. Ninety per cent. patent, in buyers' bags, middle freights, is quoted at $2.85 to $2.90; and in wood at $3.15 to $3.20.

Detroit, July 17—Wheat—Closed.—No. 1 white, cash, 83c; No. 2 red, cash, 83c; July, 83c; August, 83 3-4c; September, 84 1-4c.

Chicago, July 17—Wheat — Dropped 2 1-8c for the September option today. Reported improvement to the spring crop throughout the Northwest and unresponsive cables gave the bears their innings. Corn and oats ruled strong and closed practically unchanged. Provisions were lifeless and weak. Pork closed at a decline of 10 to 12 1-2c. Lard lost 5c, and ribs 5c. The Price Current estimated the wheat crop at 550,000,000 bush. Chicago receipts were 60 cars, six of contract grade. Minneopolis and Duluth got 158 carloads, compared with 475 for the same day last year. Western primary receipts were light, 492,000 bush. against 884,000 bush. last year.

Minneapolis, July 17.—Wheat—July, 79 1-2c; September, 79 5-8 to 79 3-4c; December, 80 5-8c, No. 1 hard, 82 1-2c; No. 1 Northern, 80 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 79c.

Milwaukee, July 17.—Wheat—Lower. No. 1 Northern, 82 to 82 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 80 1-2c. Rye—Steady, No. 1, 62c. Barley—Steady; No. 1, 62c, 1, 63c, Barley—Steady; No. 2, 47 to 48c; sample, 40 to 46.

Duluth, July 17.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, cash, 83 3-4c; August, 83 3-8c; September, 83 3-8c; December, 83 3-4c; No. 1 Northern, cash, 81 3-4c; August 81 3-4c; September, 81 3-4c; No. 2 Northern, 79c; No. 2 spring, 76 3-4c. Corn—43 7-8c. Oats—27 to 27 1-2c.

40,000 RUSSIAN TROOPS.

Despatched Overland From Russia Within Ten Days.

A despatch from London, Friday, says:—A despatch to the Standard from Odessa says that more than 40,000 troops have been despatched during the past 10 days from Moscow overland to Khabarovsk. It is added that it is intended to raise the army in the Amur Government, Central Asia, to 200,000 men.

SHOT THEIR OWN WOMEN.

Legationists Use Revolvers to Save Their Loved Ones From a Worse Fate Than Death.

A despatch from London, says:—The Shanghai correspondent of The Express, on the alleged authority of couriers who brought the story in regard to Pekin gives a very sensational account. He says:

"Maddened with hunger, after having been without food for many days, the members of the legations and the guards made a sortie on the night of June 30 and killed 200 Chinese in an unexpected attack. Gen. Tung Fuh Sian, enraged over the loss of so many men, brought up heavy guns and Prince Tuan gave orders that every foreigner must be destroyed. His words were: 'Destroy every foreign vestige and make China a sealed book to all western powers.'

FIRED ON CHING'S TROOPS.

"Prince Tuan had previously discovered that Prince Ching was supplying the foreigners secretly with annumition. He therefore ordered Gen. Tung Fuh Sian to fire on Prince Ching's troops, and it is reported that Ching was killed or seriously wounded.

"In the final attempt to cut their way through, the legationers formed a square, with the women and children in the centre. When the Boxers realized that they were being attacked they became like wild beasts and shot each other in the darkness.

FOREIGNERS KILLED THEIR OWN WOMEN.

"The foreigners went mad and killed all their women and children with revolvers. Heavy guns bombarded all night until the buildings were demolished and in flames. Many foreigners were roasted in the ruins. The Boxers rushed upon them and hacked and stabbed both dead and wounded, cutting off their heads and carrying these through the streets on their rifles, shouting fiercely. They then attacked the native Christian quarters, massacred all who refused to join them, outraged the women and brained the children. Hundreds of mission buildings were burned.'

ALL CHINA AFLAME.

The correspondent adds: "All China is now aflame with revolt against foreigners. Only in the extreme west is there quiet. Every port, even Shanghai is menaced. In the Province of Hupe and Hunan thousands of native Christians have been massacred and tortured, the women first being outraged and then massacred."

FOUGHT ALL DAY SASURDAY

Strathcona Horse Driven in Temporarily by the Boers.

A despatch from London says:—A report from Platkop says that the British engaged the Boers all day long on Saturday.

Scouts and mounted infantry arriving north located the Boers 1000 strong, occupying the ridge, from which they were driven yesterday. Col. Thornycliff's men held the ridge facing them.

Members of the Strathcona Horse were driven in temporarily on the right by the heavy musketry fire. After a stubborn resistance, the Boers forced the British to bring the howitzers into action.

The infantry deployed for a general advance under Clery's direction.

The Boers opened fire in all directions, shelling with the guns posted on the British right.

The Mounted Infantry, in the face of a severe fire, attacked the Boers.

A gun posted on an entrenched kopje four miles to the east forced the Boers from a number of ridges, detached parties retiring in the centre, while a gun on the right was withdrawn through a ravine towards an entrenched hill.

GEN. DEWET'S THREAT

Said He Would Shoot Steyn If He Surrendered to the British.

A despatch from Senekal, Orange River Colony, says:—Gen. Rundle's rapid advance has, it is said, forced the Boers into an obviously bad corner.

President Steyn is reported to have given up all hopes since the loss of Bethlehem, and would have surrendered, but Gen. Dewet threatened to shoot him and it is believed he was imprisoned in his own lager.

Capt. Driscoll of D Scouts, who went alone to Zuringkrantz to view the Boer positions, was surprised at breakfast by four Boer scouts. He picked up his rifle and commanded them to surrender or he would shoot. The four surrendered, although Driscoll was ten miles away from the main body of the scouts and close to a large Boer force.

A VICTORY FOR HUTTON.

Defeats Erasmus' Commando With Considerable Loss.

A despatch from Pretoria, says:—Generals Hutton and Mahan had four days' fighting south-east of Pretoria, resulting in the defeat of Erasmus' commando with considerable loss.

FROM THE NORTH.

30,000 Russian Troops Advancing on Pekin.

A despatch from Shanghai, says:—It is confirmed, from apparently trustworthy sources, that 30,000 Russian troops are advancing on Pekin from the north.

BETHLEHEM CAPTURED.

Fight Lasted Two Days and at Noon the Town Was British.

A despatch from London, says:—Lord Roberts has sent the following despatch to the War Office:

"Pretoria, Saturday.—Clements' and Paget's forces entered Bethlehem on Saturday. The former, on nearing the town, sent in a flag of truce demanding its surrender, which was refused by Dewet, when Paget, making a wide turning movement, succeeded in getting hold of the enemy's most important position covering the town. This was carried before dark by the Munster Fusiliers and Yorkshire Light Infantry. The following morning the attack was continued and by noon the town was in our possession and the enemy in full retreat.

"Our casualties were 4 officers and 32 men of the Munsters wounded; 1 missing; Captains Macpherson and Weakes and Lieut. Conway severely, and Lieut. Boyd-Rochefert, Scottish Rifles, slightly wounded; 7 men of the Yorkshires wounded; 1 killed; 2 wounded of the Imperial Yeomanry.

"Paget reports that but for the accurate practice of the Thirty-eighth Royal Artillery and the Fourth City Imperial Batteries the casualties would have been many more.

"Baden-Powell reached Rustenberg during the evening of Sunday without opposition. He found all quiet there and public confidence entirely satisfactory, thanks to the prompt and bold grasp of the situation taken by Major Hanbury-Tracy.

"The district west of this is somewhat unsettled owing to the small force which attacked Rustenburg being still in the neighborhood. Measures are being taken to meet this

"Further information regarding the capture of Bethlehem has now been received from Clements. He states that the country there is broken and difficult. Consequently his and Paget's cavalry were unable to make any wide turning movements. Clements attacked one position while Paget attacked another.

"The position assailed by Clements was gallantly captured by the Royal Yeomanry, who captured a gun of the Seventy-seventh, lost at Stormberg. The list of casualties has not been issued, but Clements states they are few considering the strength of the positions assailed.

"Hunter's cavalry under Broadwood reached Bethlehem on Sunday. Hunter, with his main force, was within nine miles of the town when Clements despatched his report."