ALLIES ENTER PEKIN.

Official Despatches to That Effect Reach Washington.

A despatch from Washington says: The allied forces have captured and entered Pekin in the face of obstinate resistance, and the members of the foreign Legations are safe. Official confirmation of the fall of the Chinese capital came to the United States Government to-night in the shape of two cablegrams, one from Admiral Remey, and the other from Counsul Fowler at Chefoo.

It appears the allies decided to attack the city by the east gate. There are four entrances to the city of the East, two leading to the Chinese city and two to the Tartar city. Just which of these was selected as the attacking point Consul Fowler's despatch does not disclose.

Contrary to the press reports of to-day Consul Fowler's despatch shows that the attack on the city met with strong resistance. The Japanese force engaged with the advance, according to the understanding of the officials here, numbered 10,300 men, so that the loss suffered by them was over one per cent. No mention is made of the losses of the forces of the other armies, but it is presumed that it was in proportion to that suffered by the Japanese.

Nothing has come to the War Department directly from Gen. Chaffee, but the adjutant-general's office is momentarily expecting advices.

The officials were on hand during the evening, and waited until a late hour before leaving for home without receiving any despatches.

BEFORE THE RESCUE.

A despatch from London says:—A despatch to the Central News from Shanghai says Mr. Goodnow, the American Consul-General, is certain that the latest Pekin despatch from Minister Conger should be dated August 13. The Central News' correspondent gives the following interpretation of Mr. Conger's message:—" Violent attacks by the Chinese continue daily. Seven marines dead. Other Americans living. The approach of the allies gives us strong hope."

A despatch to the Central News from Shanghai of Thursday's date says M. Bezaure, the French Consul, received on that day the following message from M. Pichon, the French Minister at Pekin. The message was sent from Pekin on August 11:—"We are still holding out in the ruins of the Legation. All the members of the Legation are well. Eleven of the guards have been killed. Relief is expected on the 14th."

ROBERTS' PROCLAMATION.

No More Passes to Be Granted to Burghers.

A despatch from Pretoria, says:—Lord Roberts has issued a proclamation cancelling his previous order regarding oaths of neutrality and passes. Hereafter no oaths will be taken or passes granted, and all the burghers will be regarded as prisoners of war. Houses in which armed Boers find shelter will be liable to be razed, and farms used by the fighting burghers will be destroyed. Damage to the railways will be punished by fines on land.

The reasons for this action are the lack of appreciation shown by the Boers, and their misuse of the leniency shown them, they taking advantage of it to continue their resistance to the British, and the continual breaking of the oath of neutrality, which the Government of the Transvaal, it is said here, has advised the burghers is not immoral.

Gen. Paget has blown up with dynamite the pass at Hornie's nek, ten miles from here. Yesterday he drive the Boers out of the surrounding district, killing four.

A MOST TRYING MARCH.

Gaselee Says Troops Are Suffering Severely Faom Heat.

A despatch from London, says:—General Sir Alfred Gaselee, commanding the contingent of troops from India in China, has wired to the Government from Matow, under date of August 11, via Chefoo, August 15, as follows:—

"Arrived here early this morning, after a most trying night march. The troops of all nationalities are suffering severely from the heat. Ten of our horses died yesterday from sunstroke. The enemy is believed to be entrenched north of Chang-Chia-Wan. There is no further news from the Legations."

General Gaselee sends ptwo earlier despatches repeating advices already received by the British Government.

DEATH FROM SMALLPOX.

Alexander Constans Dies in Isolation Hospital at Cornwall.

A despatch from Cornwall, Ont., says:—Alexander Constans, the young man who was suffering from smallpox in the Isolat hospital, died Thursday. Deceased, who was a son of Henri Constans, East Cornwall, had been employed on the tug Chieftain. He contracted the malady somewhere outside, and when he became ill was put ashore at Cornwall. The local doctors, as soon as they discovered the nature of his ailment, at once isolated the entire family, and later on conveyed them all to the contagious disease hospital, where they were given a medical attendant and nurse. None of the other members of the family took the disease, but they will all be kept in quarantine for some time. The boat on which the young man was employed has been quarantined near Quebec.

GEN. GASELEE'S REPORT.

British Carried First Line of Defence in Fine Style.

A despatch from London says:—The British Government received from Chefoo, General Gaselee's brief despatches of recent date describing the capture of Pietsang and Yangtsung. He says the Japanese dislodged the enemy from Peitsang in gallant style. Describing the fighting at Yangtsung, General Gaselee says:—

"After ascertaining that the enemy held the railway embankment, we went forward for the attack, with the Americans on our right and the Russian battalion on our extreme left. After a rapid advance of nearly three miles, during which they were under a hot shell and rifle fire, our troops carried the first line of defence in fine style. We are now encamped on the left bank of the Peiho, near the railway bridge over the Peiho. Casualties, about 50 killed."

JAPS' SPLENDID CHARGE.

It Resulted in the Capture of Ten Chinese Guns.

A despatch from Shanghai, says:—The following despatch has been received from the Associated Press correspondent with the allied forces, and forwarded by mail to Chefoo and Shanghai:—

"The glory of to-day's fighting belongs to the Japanese. They did all the hardest fighting. The Americans were in reserve, and had no casualties. The Japanese, advancing across the plain, had no shelter, and flanked the Chinese from their strong mud walls and trenches extending five miles.

"The feature of the battle was the magnificent Japanese cavalry charge, which resulted in the capture of ten field guns. The Chinese retreat was orderly, and they left but few dead on the field. The correspondent of the Associated Press counted 200 dead or wounded Japanese. The British loss was two men killed and a few wounded.

"The British naval brigade guns and two big Russian guns had a duel with the Chinese guns, which resulted in silencing the latter. The Russians found the plains east of the river flooded, and joined the main army west of it. Every vehicle in Tien-Tsin is impressed for the transport service of the allies, including all waggons and rickshaws drawn by coolies."

GERMANY'S CONTINGENT.

7,000 Men to Commence Embarkation on August 31.

A despatch from Cologne says:—The Cologne Gazette says the embarkation of the German East Asian army brigade will begin on Aug. 31, and will continue for eight days. Eight North German Lloyd steamships and some vessels of the Hamburg-American line will transport about 7,000 men and a great amount of war material.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

Toronto, Aug. 21.—Wheat—Chicago closed off again, and local prices were distinctly easier, both Manitobas and Ontarios easing off. Quotations are as follows:—Ontario, red and white, old, outside, 68c; and new, 66 to 67c; spring, outside, 68c; Manitoba, No. 1 hard, g.i.t., 89c; Toronto and west, 86c; same, upper lake ports, 83c.

Millfeed—Scarce and steady. Bran, $12 to $12.50; and shorts, $14 to $14.50, west.

Corn—Chicago prices were rather easier. Local prices were steady owing to scarcity. No. 1 American yellow, 48c, on track here; and mixed at 47c.

Peas—Quiet. New peas, car lots, west, sell at 55c; and east at 56c. Old peas about all out.

Barley—Quiet. New, No. 2, 38c, outside; old, No. 2, 40c.

Rye—New rye, 49c, outside; and old, 51 to 52c.

Oats—Steady and in fair demand. New white oats, west, sell at 25c; old white oats, north and west, 26c; and east, 27c.

Flour—Very quiet and prices easy. Holders ask $2.80 for 90 per cent. patent, in buyers' bags, middle freights; and exporters bid $2.75. Special brands sell locally from 10 to 20c above these figures.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Market very firm for pork products, and demand very active. Supplies here getting short. British Columbia demand has been very heavy lately. Dressed hogs unchanged. At farmers' waggons choice will bring $7.50 to $8, according to quality, for butchers' use.

Quotations for provisions are as follows:—Dry salted shoulders, 7 to 7 1-2c; long clear bacon, car lots, 8 1-2c; ton lots, 8 1-2c; case lots, $3-4 to 9c; short cut pork, $18.50; heavy mess, $16.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, heavy, 11 1-2c; medium, 12 1-2 to 13c; light, 13 1-2c; breakfast bacon, 12 to 12 1-2c; picnic hams, 9 1-2c; roll bacon, 10 1-2c; smoked backs, 12 to 12 1-2c. All meats out of pickle 1c less than prices quoted for smoked meats.

Lard—Tierces, 8 1-4c; tubs, 8 1-2c; pails, 8 3-4c.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Market steady, and a little better demand. The deliveries are fair. Dealers were selling to retailers to-day as follows:—Dairy, tubs, 17 to 18c for choice; 14 to 15c for second quality; small dairy, lb prints, 18 to 19c; creamery, tubs and boxes, 20 to 21c; pounds, 21 to 22c.

Cheese—Steady. Dealers here quoting new at 11c.

CHEESE MARKETS.

Kingston, Aug. 21.—At a meeting of Frontenac cheese board to-day, there were 585 white and 532 coloured cheese boarded, and 357 sold at 10 3-4c.

Brockville, Aug. 21.—At the cheese board to-day 2,470 boxes were boarded, of which 1,453 were coloured; balance white. There was very little business done on the board, the salesmen and buyers being apart in their idea of the price of cheese; 10 7-8c was best offer, and at this figure Derbyshire got 300 white and 330 coloured; Webster, 150 coloured; and McGregor, 40 coloured.

HIDES, SKINS, AND WOOL.

Large purchases in Chicago have strengthened the market, and prices are likely to go up here rather than lower, after the drop on Monday. Wools, are easy and slow, and without change. Calfskins will probably go lower. Other lines unchanged.

Hides—Local dealers quote green cows, 7 1-2c; and steers, 8c; cured, 8c. Country hides are quoted at 1-2c less.

Sheepskins—Dealers quote from $1.25 to $1.40. Spring lambs—Dealers are paying 45 to 5-c.

Calfskins—Weak at 9c for No. 1, and 8c for No. 2.

Tallow—Local dealers are offering 4 1-2 to 4 3-4, and asking 5 to 5 1-4c.

Wools—Fleece, 16c offered here, with holders in country asking 2 to 3c higher, car lots, pulled, extra, 20 to 21c, and supers, 18 to 19c.

Buffalo, Aug. 21.—Spring wheat—No. 1 hard, spot, carloads, 82 7-8c; No. 1 Northern, spot, carloads, 80 7-8c. Winter wheat—No. 2 red, 74 1-2c; No. 1 white, 73 1-2c bid. Corn—Dull; No. 2 yellow, 44 1-4c; No. 3 yellow, 44c; No. 4 yellow, 42c; No. 2 corn, 43 3-4c; No. 3 corn, 43 1-2c; No. 4 corn, 41 1-2c. Oats—Steady; No. 1 white, 25 3-4 to 26c; No. 3 white, 24 3-4; No. 4 white, 23 3-4 to 24c; No. 2 mixed, 23 3-4c; No. 3 mixed, 23 1-4c. Barley—Good malting, 45 to 46c. Rye—No. 1, 53c, asked; No. 2, on track, 51c asked. Flour—Quiet but firm.

Detroit, Aug. 21.—Wheat closed:—No. 1 white, cash, 76 3-4c; No. 2 red, cash, 77c; August, 77c; September, 77 3-4c.

St. Louis, Aug. 21.—Wheat closed:—Cash, 70 3-4c; August, 70 1-4c; September, 70 1-8c; December, 73c.

Minneapolis, Aug. 21.—Close—Wheat—In store, August, 73 1-2c; September, 73 1-2c; December, 75 to 75 1-8c; on track, No. 1 hard, 76 1-4c; No. 1 Northern, 74 1-4c; No. 2 Northern, 72 3-4c. Flour and bran—Unchanged.

Duluth, Aug. 21.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, cash, 77 7-8c; September, 77 7-8c; December, 78 3-8c; No. 1 Northern, cash, 75 5-8c; September, 75 3-8c; December, 76 3-8c; No. 3 spring, 70 7-8c. Corn—39 1-2c. Oats—24 to 24 1-4c.

Toledo, Aug. 21.—Wheat—Spot, 76 3-4c; September, 76 7-8c; October, 77 5-8c; December, 78 7-8c. Corn—No. 2, cash, 42 1-2c; September, 41 1-2c. Oats—No. 2, cash, 22c; September, 22 1-4c. Rye—No. 2, cash, 51 1-2c. Clover seed—1898 prime, $5.40; 1899 prime, $5.75; October, $6.05; No. 2, $5.25 to $5.40. Oil—Unchanged.

Milwaukee, Aug. 21—Wheat—Easier; Northern, 76 1-4 to 77c; No. 2 Northern, 74 1-2 to 75 1-4c. Rye—Firm; No. 1, 51 1-2c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 50c; sample, 35 to 49c.

East Buffalo, Aug. 21.—Cattle—Demand moderate, feeling steady; veal calves, light supply, good demand, and higher; choice to extra, $7 to $7.25; good to choice, $6.50 to $7. Sheep and lambs—Lambs, choice to extra, $5.75 to $6; good to choice, $5.50 to $5.75; yearlings and sheep were quotable at $4.50 to $4.75; common to fair, $3 to $4.25. Hogs—Mixed, $5.40 to $5.45; heavy in light demand, $5.35 to $5.40; yorkers, $5.55 to $5.60; pigs, $5.60 to $5.65; roughs, $4.60 to $4.80; stags, $3.75 to $4; the general close was dull.

Chicago, Aug. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 16,000; good to extra prime steers, $4.60 to $5.60, poor to medium, $4.60 to $5.40; selected feeders steady, $4 to $4.75; mixed stockers, $3.30 to $4; cows, $2.90 to $4.40; heifers, $3 to $4.90; canners, $2 to $2.80; bulls, $2.75 to $4.40; calves steady, $4.50 to $6.75; Texans, receipts, 1,200; Texas fed steers, $4.25 to $5; Texas grass steers, $3.40 to $4.25; Texas bulls, $2.50 to $3.35. Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; mixed and butchers, $4.95 to $5.30; good to choice, $5 to $5.27 1-2; roughs, heavy, $4.75 to $4.95; light, $5.05 to $5.37 1-2; bulk of sales, $5.05 to $5.20. Sheep—Receipts, 13,000; good to choice wethers, $4.25 to $4.40; fair to choice mixed, $3.65 to $4.15; Western sheep, $4 to $4.35; Texas sheep, $3 to $4; native lambs, $4.25 to $6; Western lambs, $4.75 to $5.85.

FLOCKING TO DE WET.

His Ranks Are Being Constantly Augmented.

A despatch from Pretoria says:—Gen. De Wet, the Boer commander, whom the British have been unsuccessfully trying to capture for a long time, has now retreated north-west of Rustenburg. Eighty prisoners who escaped from him report that his strength is now 7,000 men.

The Boers in the districts through which he passes take up arms again, and those who do not do so willingly are forced to join the ranks. Commandant Steenkamp, who was wounded at Dornkop, and who subsequently took the oath of neutrality and returned to his home, is again fighting.

Gen. De Wet's success in evading the British is certain to bring large accessions to the Boer's fighting force.

Small commandoes near Johannesburg drove in the British outposts at Sachswald yesterday.

Gen. Viljoen, with 800 men, is directly north of here.

KRUGER HELD BY BOERS.

Will Use Force if Necessary to Prevent His Escape ---He Wants Peace.

A despatch from London says:—A correspondent of the Central News who was lately released after undergoing two months' captivity at Nooitgedacht has arrived at Durban, Natal, whence he cables confirming the assertion that President Kruger wants peace, but says that the fighting commandants want to continue the war. They are confident that they can hold the difficult Nooitgedacht country for at least six months. They are not at all alarmed by the prospective stoppage of supplies imported by way of Delagoa bay, as they have abundance of provisions, a large part of which are buried.

They have ninety guns at Machadodorp.

The correspondent professes to know that when President Kruger was at Machadodorp he wanted to leave the country, pleading that his health was bad. The military leaders suggested that Watervalenden was a desirable and healthful place, and they simultaneously provided the President with a large guard of honor, who were instructed not to lose sight of him day or night.

The leaders argue that the President is responsible for the war, and must face the consequences. They will prevent his flight forcibly if necessary.

DE WET AGAIN ESCAPE

Effected by Breaking up His Force into Small Bodies.

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

Hunter's engagement on August 13 was a bigger affair than he led me to suppose in his first telegram. Three of the Highland Light Infantry were killed, and 33 wounded. Seven others of the corps were also wounded. One is missing. A lieutenant died of his wounds.

"I much fear that De Wet has managed to elude his pursuers by, I imagine, breaking up his force into small bodies. He was last heard of near Rustenburg.

"Kitchener's latest despatch is dated August 15. He reported that he was pressing to Hoare's assistance from the south-east.

"Carrington was yesterday at Ottoshoop, a little east of where Erroll's yeomanry was engaged with the enemy."

Gen. Hunter's action mentioned in Gen. Roberts' despatch, had not been previously reported. It is presumed that he had an engagement with Gen. Olivier south of Heilbron.

TAUHGT A LESSON.

Boers Who Commandeered Surrendered Burghers

A despatch from Pietermaritzburg says:—General Buller is taking stern measures to prevent the persecution of surrendered burghers.

Recently Field Cornet Delange, on the main road to Vrede, carried off three neutrals. General Buller demanded their surrender, which was refused.

Thereupon, Major Gough, with mounted infantry, four guns, and two pom-poms, supported by infantry from Standerton, surprised Delange and 300 Boers in laager in the early morning. The laager was shelled and the enemy scattered in all directions, several being killed.

Major Gough also seized a number of cattle and burned Delange's house to the ground. There were no casualties on the British side.

COL. HOARE RELIEVED.

Kitchener, After a Forced March, Saves the Gallant Band.

A despatch from Cape Town says—Lord Kitchener, after a forced march, has relieved Col. Hoare and the British garrison at Elands river.

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN DEAD.

While Ill, Tried to Reach Kruger, But Perished en Route—Badly Wounded in Recent Fight.

A despatch from London says:—The Lorenzo Marques correspondent of the Daily Mail says a report emanating from the office of Mr. Pott, Consul of the Transvaal states that President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, is dead. The correspondent adds that he learns he died on the road while trying to reach President Kruger. He was previously reported to be very ill, but the correspondent says he is informed that he died from the effects of a severe wound. He states however, that the details are not authenticated.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER V. Continued.

"You are a jolly old ass, Ronald," observed the candid Irishman, "to go on like this, making a fool of yourself."

"I can't help it," said Monteith, ruefully surveying at a distance a group of young fellows standing round Carmela; "just look at her; she doesn't care a bit about me."

"Of course, you say that," said Pat, lighting a cigarette, "because she doesn't devote herself exclusively to you. I tell ye what, girls don't like being made faces at because they speak to another fellow; hang it, I've seen you speak to girls enough."

"That was before I—I," hesitatingly, "met Miss Cotoner."

"Before you were in love, ye mean," retorted Pat; "begad, ye've got the disease badly. Are ye going to marry her?"

"I will, if she'll have me."

"Then why don't you ask her?"

"I've only known her a few days, isn't that rather soon?"

"Not a bit, women like to be taken by storm," wisely remarked Pat, who was just out of the nursery, and fancied he knew the sex—Heaven help him—"go in, and win, my boy."

"By Jove I will," said Ronald, eagerly, and then fell to thinking what his father would say to the marriage. He didn't know who the young lady was—what she was—knew nothing about her family, and yet—and yet, he adored her. Why shouldn't he marry her? He was his own master and if his father cut him off with a shilling, he could work—she was worth working for—yes, he would ask her to marry him—of course she would say yes—for it never entered this confident young man's head that women sometimes say "No." So Master Ronald went on building castles in the air, all inhabited by himself and Mrs. Monteith—no, hang it, not yet—the girl from Malta.

He was aroused from these golden visions by a touch on his arm, and turning round, saw his special dislike, the Marchese Vassalla, looking at him. The Marchese detested Monteith, both for his good looks, and for the evident regard Miss Cotoner had for him. He would like to have dropped his rival over the side along with poor Ventin's body, but as he couldn't do this, he was excessively polite, and watched for an opportunity to do him an injury. Here was a chance now, and the wily Maltese took full advantage of it. He overheard the conversation between Pat and Monteith, so determined to dash all Ronald's hopes to the ground, by telling him that Carmela was engaged. To this end the serpent came into Ronald's paradise, and smiling, invited him not to have an apple, but a drink. The young man would have refused, but then he thought he might learn something about Carmela, and, after all, the Marchese was her cousin, so he consented, and went down to the bar with the smiling Maltese gentleman.

As it was about eleven o'clock, they found the bar surrounded by thirsty soul having cocktails. In fact, there was a "Cocktail Club" on board, and it was a very popular drink with the young men, particularly if they had been up late the night before. Cocktails, therefore, being the prevailing beverage, the Marchese and his victim each had one, and then the former gentleman opened the campaign.

"I shall be sorry when this voyage is over," he said, carelessly.

"So shall I," replied Monteith, thinking of the chances of meeting Carmela in London. "But I daresay I'll meet Miss—I mean you again."

"I don't think so," said Vassalla, coldly. "Myself and my cousin only stay a few days in London, and then go down to some friends in the country."

"Oh!" said Ronald, and looked blank.

"And then," pursued his tormentor, eying him mercilessly, "I am coming back to London to arrange about our marriage."

The poor lad turned pale as death.

"Whose marriage?"

"Mine and my cousin's. Did you not know we were engaged?"

Ronald finished his drink in a mechanical sort of way, and putting down his glass, walked away to his cabin, and shut himself in. The Marchese looked after him with a grim smile.

"I think that will give you food for reflection, my friend," he muttered, lighting a cigarette as he strolled away.

"What's up with that Maltese devil?" asked Bentley. "He looks quite pleased with himself."

"It's more than Monteith did; he walked away as pale as a ghost," said Pat.

It's about the girl from Malta, you bet," said Bentley, sagely, and no one contradicted him.

Miss Cotoner was without her attentive cavalier all that day, and was much surprised thereat. She asked her cousin about him, and that smiling gentleman told her Ronald was ill, and had gone to lie down. And indeed, Ronald was ill, not with a head-ache, but with a heart-ache, which was worse, and he lay all day in his narrow berth bemoaning his hard fate. Nor did he come to dinner, and Miss Cotoner was so vexed to think he was so ill, that she sent her steward with a little note to his cabin, saying how sorry she was, and she hoped he would be well enough on the morrow to take her over Gibraltar, all of which Monteith read and puzzled over.

"She's a flirt, a heartless coquette," cried the poor boy; "she's engaged to another man, and she's trying to break my heart, but she won't. I care no more for her than this bit of paper," and he threw the little note on the floor.

After a bit, however—with the usual inconsistency of lovers—he picked it up, and thought what a pretty hand she wrote, and then that he would go over Gibraltar with her, and he would find out if she were really engaged to that beastly Maltese. Ronald's language was strong but not choice. Then he sent a reply to Carmela, saying he would see her in the morning, and afterwards drank a bottle of champagne, and felt better. Oh what a queer disease is love, with its hopes, its fears, its smiles and tears, its kisses and blisses, and—its intense egotism.

The next day Monteith arose, cooled his hot head with a shower-bath, donned a suit of spotless white flannels, put a straw hat on his curly locks and sallied forth with the determination to save his charming Princess from the clutches of the ogre Vassalla, or die in the attempt.

"Hullo," cried Pat, seeing the unusual splendor of Master Ronald's apparel, "going on the mash to-day? gad you'll knock the Gib girls over like nine-pins."

Whereat Ronald informed Pat in confidence that he intended to try his fate with Miss Cotoner that day, and Pat informed Ronald, likewise in confidence, that he thought he was quite right, and would bet him a bottle of champagne he would be accepted, which wager Monteith took, and went on deck with a light heart and a strong determination to win. All this time, however, in spite of his new-born love, Monteith never for a moment wavered from his determination to hunt down the assassin of his dead friend, and told Captain Templeton as much.

"How are you going to go it?" asked Templeton, dubiously, "we cannot even find out Ventin's real name."

"Isn't there a portrait of him among his luggage?" asked Monteith. Templeton shook his head.

"Not anything likely to lead to identification," he answered, "but I'll have a talk with you after we leave Gibraltar, for I must confess I would like the riddle solved," and the captain went off to his post on the bridge as they were now nearing the famous Rock.

Who that has once seen it can forget that enormous gray mass rising up from the blue water into the blue sky, with the red-roofed town nestling at its base? Monteith had never seen anything so impressive since Aden, which he had beheld, vague and mysterious, in the starlight. He realized with a thrill of pride that this was one of the visible signs of England's greatness, and he thought with satisfaction, that he, too, was of the race that had conquered it. Aden, Malta, Gibraltar, all held by England; it made Ronald quite patriotic when he thought of the impregnability of these strongholds. If he had been a poet he would have burst into verse, but as he was not he simply contented himself with a commonplace observation;

"By Jove, it's wonderful!"

The Anglo-Saxon race are rarely enthusiastic.

The ship cast anchor about a mile from the shore, and soon Ronald and his beloved were in one of the boats dancing over the choppy water. Pat also was in the boat, and so was Mrs. Pellypop and Kate Lester. Ronald hinted to Pat that the old lady would be in the way, but Pat magnanimously said he would look after both her and Miss Lester, so as to leave Monteith free to pursue his wooing with Carmela.

When they reached shore, they rejected all the offers of carriages made by brown-skinned natives of the Rock, and sauntered leisurely up the dusty streets, under the massive gateway above which they could see the red-coated sentries, and walked right into the market-place, where a lot of buying, selling, swindling, and talking were going on. Jews, with black, beady eyes and hooked noses, invited them into dingy little shops and produced oriental goods; and sedate-looking Moors in baggy trousers and large turbans watched them, with Eastern apathy, as they passed along. The tall white houses with the striped awnings over the windows, the crowd of dirty little brats howling for money, the number of red uniforms about, and the narrow, crowded streets, all afforded them much amusement. Then Mrs. Pellypop, inveigled by the willy Pat, went into a shop to buy some things, and was soon engaged in a lively altercation with the shopman, who spoke broken English, and showed her broken things which he said came from Granada, and would have had a broken head if Mrs. Pellypop had not reflected that using her umbrella for such a purpose might lower her dignity. Pat and Miss Lester looked on and laughed at the scene, so, taking advantage of the confusion, Ronald and Carmela slipped away and climbed up the steep lanes to the old Moorish castle which frowns over the town.

"I don't care much for ruins," said Miss Cotoner, putting up her red sunshade, and a pretty picture she looked under it; "there's a good deal of sameness about them; but Moorish architecture is picturesque."

"Yes, very!" assented Ronald, who would have agreed to anything she said.

"I have Arab blood in my own veins," observed Carmela; "at least, so my father said. One of our ancestors was an Emir."

"Is your father alive?" asked Ronald, who saw in this remark a good opportunity for finding out all about his beloved.

"No, he died a long time ago," she said, sadly. "My mother is also dead, and I lived in Malta with my sister."

"Was that your sister who was with you the first time I saw you?" Carmela nodded.

"Yes, we did not get on well together, so I left her, and am going to some relations in England."

"Then I shall not see you again," said the young man in a moody tone.

"That depends on yourself," she replied, blushing.

All the blood rushed to Ronald's fair face, and it was only by a great effort he prevented himself from taking her in his arms, and kissing her.

"Does your cousin, the Marchese go with you?" he asked eagerly.

"I believe so."

"I suppose you are glad?"

"Glad!" she looked at him with surprise; "why on earth should I be glad?"

"Because—because—well" — desperately—"he's going to marry you."

Carmela frowned.

"Who told you so?"

"Vassalla himself—is it true?" asked the young man breathlessly.

Miss Cotoner looked at him in a queer manner for a moment, then turned away her head.

"My parents arranged a match between us," she answered nervously.

"And you?"

"I'm not in favor of it—I don't think there is any chance of my ever marrying the Marchese."

Ronald sprang forward with a cry of delight.

"Oh, Miss Cotoner—Carmela—I——"

"Would like to see the fortifications," she answered, quickly nipping the declaration, she knew was coming in the bud; "I wouldn't; let us go down to the Alameda."

She turned away, and Ronald followed mortified and humbled at his failure, but half way down the hill began to pick up his spirits.

"I can't expect her to fall like ripe fruit into my mouth," he thought, hopefully; "and it's impossible she can love me in so short a time."

He was wrong there, for Carmela liked him very much—in fact, more than she cared to acknowledge to herself; but she would not allow him to speak because—well, because she was a riddle. Woman is an eternal riddle that man has been trying to solve since the beginning of the world, but every attempt has failed.

To be Continued.

CITY OF HONG KONG.

Said to Be One of the Unhealthiest Spots on the Globe.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken, the perfect sanitation of the city, the fine natural drainage, the cleanliness of the streets, Hongkong is one of the most unhealthful spots on the globe. With its tropical heat, the lofty peaks that half encircle it catch the clouds that the rapid evaporation creates, and they are squeezed like a sponge, the floods of rain pouring down in streaming torrents.

The houses are ill-ventilated, though built as well as they could be, with perforated ceilings, through which the air circulates, admitted from openings pierced by the outer walls. The floors are brilliantly waxed, carpets, owing to the great dampness, being dispensed with. The great difficulty is to secure light and proper ventilation. The streets are very narrow. In the gardens, while plants flourish luxuriantly, there is no grass, but the ground is green with moss, just as it grows in damp, shady places in cooler climates.

English women who come out with complexions of cream and roses grow thin and shallow. The Hongkong complexion is a startling grayish green, and the old resident has with this pallor dark blush circles under the eyes.

OUTSPEEDS A HORSE.

Ostriches are not the only swift-running animals that can outstrip the speed of a horse. There is a land crab in Cuba that can rival the ostrich, and go much faster than a horse.

COSSACKS DESPISE TRADE.

The Cossacks rarely become merchants. Though they maintain 60,000 fighting men, and can muster 128,000 in an emergency, there are but 440 of their own people engaged in business.

NEW DEFINITION.

Papa, what is a broker?

A man, my son, whose chief effort in life is to reduce his customers to that financial condition expressed by the significant term of "broke." For this reason, Harry, he is called a broker.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Is the World's Greatest Cure for Itching Skin, Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles.

It is extremely doubtful if there ever was a remedy that was endorsed by such an overwhelming mass of evidence as is Dr. Chase's Ointment. The remarkable soothing, healing qualities of Dr. Chase's Ointment are a mystery to physicians, and, though they are slow to recognize merit in any discovery, they join heartily with people of other callings in endorsing and recommending Dr. Chase's Ointment as the most successful treatment ever devised for itching skin diseases.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist Minister, Arkona, Ont., writes:

"For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is all gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me."

You must not think that Dr. Chase's Ointment is for piles only, but we mention this ailment as the most difficult to cure of all itching skin diseases, and the disease which has never been absolutely conquered by any other treatment.

Among the ailments for which Dr. Chase's Ointment is being used by scores of thousands of people with universal success may be mentioned:

Eczema, salt rheum, tetter, baby eczema, rash, barber's itch, chilblains, itching eyelids, ulcers, poisoned flesh, burns, scalds, sores, blind, itching, bleeding and protruding piles, and itching skin diseases of every description.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale at all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 60cts., by Edmanson Bates & Co., Toronto.

DYSPEPSIA AND HEADACHE.

An Elderly Lady Tells of Her Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After a Score of Other Remedies Had Failed.

Dyspepsia causes more genuine distress than most diseases that afflict mankind. In this country from one cause or another, its victims are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and those afflicted always feel tired, worn out and miserable, and are subject to fits of melancholy or ill temper without apparent cause. It is obvious that the human body, in order to perform its functions, must be properly nourished, and this cannot be done when the food is improperly digested. Those who suffer from indigestion should exercise care as to diet, and only easily digested foods should be taken. But more than this is required — the blood needs attention in order that the stomach may be strengthened and the secretion of the gastric juices properly carried on. There is no other medicine offered the public that will not so promptly and effectively as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. F. X. Doddridge, St. Sauveur Que. In conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Doddridge said:—"For quite a number of years I have been a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, accompanied by the sick headaches that almost invariably come with this trouble. I suffered from terrible pains in the stomach, bloating and belching wind. All food seemed to disagree with me, and as a result of the trouble, I was very much run down and at times I was unable to do even light housework. I am sure I tried a score of different medicines but without success, and as I am sixty years of age, I had come to believe that it was hopeless to expect a cure. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, urged me to try this medicine and my husband brought home a couple of boxes. Before they were finished, I felt much better, and we then got another half dozen boxes, and these have completely restored my health, and I not only feel better than I have done for years, but actually feel younger. I very cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers.

If your dealer does not keep these pills, 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.

THE ART OF BED-MAKING.

Before making up the beds see to it that the rooms have been aired. On a clear, sunshiny day open the windows before breakfast and strip the bed, hanging the clothing over chairs near the windows.

Allow the rooms to air for a couple of hours and shake the bed clothing free of dust. If the day is rainy do not open the beds while the room is airing. They will gather moisture if you do. On a damp day hang the bedding to air in the rooms with the windows closed, make up the beds and air the rooms again after the beds have been made up.

The most important part of bedmaking is to get the sheets properly adjusted. Wrinkles in a sheet are an abomination. The bottom sheet should be tucked in securely at the top so that it cannot be jerked down by the restlessness of the sleeper.

The top sheet should be tucked in tightly at the bottom so that it cannot easily be drawn out of place.

It should be laid with the wide hem at the top and the rough side of the hem turned uppermost, so that when it is folded back over the coverlet the right side will be exposed.

WHERE'S THE BUTTERMAN?

In the navy are you, my friend? inquired a man with mutton-chop whiskers to his neighbor in a bus.

The sailor nodded.

Well, said the other. I'm not exactly in the navy, but I'm a naval contractor—that is, I furnish the cheese to the navy.

Oh, ye do, do ye? said the sailor, jumping up. You are just the chap I've been looking for these thirty years and he gave him a sledge-hammer blow on the chest. Now, he roared, looking round with a glare, show me the blackguard as furnishes the butter, and I'll bury ye together!

CLEVERNESS.

If you want a man to think you are smart you have only to make him think you think he is smart.

HER SIGNATURE.

If not yourself, said a wealthy old bachelor to a charming young lady, whom would you rather be?

Yours truly, was the immediate reply.