HOW PALACE WAS TAKEN.

Chinese Asked for an Armistice and Then Attacked Legations.

A despatch to the London Morning Post from Pekin, via Chefoo, says that the Tsung-li-Yamen on August 12 requested a conference with the Ministers, with the view to bringing about peace, the request was refused, as there was nobody on either side who was authorized to treat. That night there was the longest fusillade of the siege, the firing lasting twelve hours. On August 13 the Tsun-li-Yamen begged to be excused from holding a conference, saying the members were too busy. Later the board wrote that they had forbidden further firing on the Legations, and that they would court-martial anyone who disobeyed, but that evening there was the sharpest general firing. Many shells fell in the Legation. Fifteen hundred Americans attacked the Imperial palace on Aug. 15, and captured the four courts. The American flag is flying on the Imperial granary. The Imperial Bank has been looted.

GEN. GASELEE'S REPORT.

A despatch from London says:—Gen. Gaselee, the commander of the British forces at Pekin, has telegraphed to the War Office as follows:—

"At a conference, August 12, it was agreed that the allies should concentrate within five miles of Pekin, August 14, and the assault should begin August 15. The attack, however, commenced early in the morning of August 14, and our troops had to make a forced march of 15 miles from Tungchow in great heat.

"We are on the extreme left, and attacked the south-east gate of the Chinese city. There was practically no opposition, as we were not expected at that point.

"The Indian troops broke down and rushed the gate and I entered with cavalry and guns. I then sent other cavalry and the Punjab Infanty to the Temple of Heaven to secure our left flank and camping ground, and with the other corps pushed on towards the Legations.

"At 3 o'clock we got on the canal opposite the water gate and were signalled from the wall held by the Legationers.

"I, with a portion of the staff and seventy Indians, rushed across the almost dry moat and entered through the water gate without loss. We found all well in the Legations. Macdonald immediately showed me around the positions with the view of further action.

"In the meantime our field artillery had been brought up to bombard the central gate of the Tartar city; but a sortie by the Americans and Russians of the garrison along the wall anticipated the bombardment, and the gate fell into our hands.

"Two field guns were then brought into the Legation, and the rest were sent back to the Temple of Heaven. At about five in the afternoon the Americans, under Gen. Chaffee, entered the Legation, and then we moved on towards the central gate of the Tartar city for the night.

"By nightfall we had four hundred men in the Legation."

Here apparently some words are missing.

"During the evening at the Temple of Heaven we were engaged, and, after inflicting heavy losses, we occupied the south gate of the Chinese city."

YUNG LU'S OATH.

Swore To Murder All The Foreigners With Aid of Boxers.

A despatch from Hong Kong, says:—A prominent reformer has obtained from the Yamen runners a letter from General Yung-Lu, commander-in-chief of the Northern armies, to General Tung-Fu-Sian, commanding the Kan-Su troops, saying:—

"It is not convenient to accomplish my secret orders," and proceeding:—

"The foreign devils, counting their superior strength in warships and guns, have dared to exert all their power to rob and insult us, but their populations are small and entirely dependent on the Chinese productions. China now possesses cannon and rifles and plenty of well-trained troops. I don't fear the foreigners. In the case of San-Mun, I refused Italy, with the result that nothing was taken. It is evident that the foreign devils are cowards. I and Prince Tuan recently obtained the help of millions of Boxers possessing magic boldness. I swear to murder all foreigners, with the assistance of the Boxers, who are supplied with arms."

General Tung-Fu-Sian, in his reply, which was also obtained, says he is of the same opinion, and places the Kan-Su troops at General Yung-Lu's disposal.

ALL DE WET'S WAGGONS.

Together With Three Gun Trains Captured.

A despatch from Pretoria, says:—General De Wet has been prevented from joining his forces with those of General Botha. General Baden-Powell has headed off and captured all his waggons.

The Boers are reported to be in considerable numbers and forming commandoes at Lichtenburg and the Western districts, but they are said to be short of arms and ammunition.

Generals Paget and Baden-Powell attacked the forces of General De Wet Saturday, and released 100 British prisoners. They captured 50 Boers and took three gun trains.

The Boers are retreating to the north.

The British garrison at Banks station was confronted by a Boer force, who commanded them to surrender. The garrison declined, and the Boers failed to attack. The demand is believed to have been a ruse to cover Commandant De Wet's return to the Orange River Colony.

BLACK FLAGS MARCH NORTH

Devastating Villages on Their Way —Disorder in South Continues.

A despatch from Hong Kong says:—Outrages in the southern provinces continue. The Christian station at Yungtak was destroyed on Aug. 21, and the native Christians were made prisoners and tortured. The mob demanded a ransom of 244 tales for each prisoner. Several English-speaking natives who were prisoners were beheaded because the ransom was not forthcoming.

The Black Flags are marching on Pekin, and are devastating the districts on their way.

LIEUT. CORDUA SHOT.

Lord Roberts Confirmed Death Penalty and He Was Executed.

A despatch from Pretoria, says:—Lieut. Cordua, who was found guilty of complicity in the plot to murder British officers and abduct Lord Roberts, was sentenced to death, Lord Roberts concurring in the finding.

CORDUA SHOT.

A despatch from London, says:—A despatch to the Central News from Pretoria says that Lieut. Cordua was shot Thursday.

SENTENCE APPROVED IN LONDON.

A despatch from London, says:—The press generally approves the execution of Cordua. The Daily Chronicle alone deplores the imposition of the death penalty, which it considers is so unlike General Roberts that it suspects it was dictated by orders from England.

STEP NEARER ST. HELENA.

Paul Kruger's Proclamation Counter to That of Roberts.

A despatch from London, says:—President Kruger, according to a despatch from Lorenzo Marques to the Daily Express, has issued a proclamation counter to the latest proclamation issued by Lord Roberts, The Transvaal President says:—

"It will help you nothing to lay down your arms or to leave the commandoes. Every step homeward means a step nearer St. Helena."

WILL REMAIN IN PEKIN.

Foreign Ministers Not to Leave the Capital.

A despatch from London, says:—It is semi-officially stated that the Ministers will remain in Pekin. The Chinese Ambassador is constantly visiting the Foreign Office and vainly endeavouring to induce the Government to accept Li-Hung-Chang's mediation. He declares that all the pro-foreign statesmen have been murdered except Li-Hung-Chang.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

Toronto, Aug. 28.—At the Western Cattle yards to-day there was a total of 47 loads, including 200 cattle, 700 hogs, and 250 sheep and lambs.

The market was dull, and prices remained unchanged. The majority of the offerings were left over.

Some choice lots of export cattle were offered, but there was very little trading. Prices remained steady at $4.80 to $5.12 1-2 per cwt.

In butchers' cattle the supply was equal to the demand. Choice selections were quoted at $4.35 to $4.50 per cwt. Inferior grades were practically unsaleable.

In shape and lambs the offerings were moderate, and the demand slow. Choice export sheep were quoted at $3.75 to $4.25 per cwt.

The hog market was steady, the bulk of the arrivals being held over.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.	
Shippers, per cwt.	$ 4 50 — $ 5 12 1-2
Butcher, choice do.	4 00 — 4 50
Butcher, medi., to good.	3 25 — 3 60
Butcher, inferior.	2 80 — 3 15
Stockers, per cwt.	2 00 — 2 75
Sheep and Lambs.	
Sheep, per cwt.	3 75 — 4 25
Spring lambs, each.	3 00 — 3 75
Bucks, per cwt.	2 50 — 3 00
Milkers and Calves.	
Cows each.	25 00 — 50 00
Calves, each.	2 00 — 8 00
Hogs.	
Choice hogs, per cwt.	6 00 — 6 25
Light hogs, per cwt.	5 12 1-2 — 5 37 1-2
Sows.	3 00 — 3 60
Stags.	2 00 — 2 25

THE STREET MARKET.

Two hundred bushels of fall wheat, read and white, were sold on the street to-day at 70 to 71c per bushel; one load of barley sold for 41 1-2c per bushel; two hundred bushels of oats were sold, the old bringing 32c and the new 28c per bushel. Another large hay market prevailed to-day, twenty loads being sold at from $12 to $13.50 per ton.

Wheat, wht., straight.	$ 0 70 — $ 0 71 1-2
Wheat, red.	0 70 — 0 71 1-2
Wheat, goose.	0 00 — 0 69
Wheat, spring.	0 00 — 0 72
Oats, old.	0 32 — 0 32
Oats, spring.	0 00 — 0 28
Barley.	0 00 — 0 41 1-2
Hay, old, per ton.	12 00 — 13 50
Hay, new, per ton.	12 00 — 13 50
Straw, per ton.	0 00 — 10 00
Dressed hogs.	7.75 — 8 00
Butter, in lb. rolls.	0 18 — 0 19
Eggs, new laid.	0 13 — 0 14
Chickens, per pair.	0 50 — 0 80
Turkeys, per lb.	0 11 — 0 11
Ducks, each.	0 30 — 0 40
Potatoes, new, per bu.	0 35 — 0 40
Beef, hindquarters.	7 00 — 9 00
Beef, forequarters.	4 00 — 5 50
Beef, carcase.	5 50 — 7 50
Mutton.	5 00 — 7 00
Lamb, spring, per lb.	0 12 — 0 12 1-2

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—There is a better movement, and values are steady. 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; lbs., 21 to 22c.

Cheese—Dealers here quoting new at 11c.

THE CHEESE MARKETS.

Brockville, Ont., Aug. 28.—At the Cheese Board to-day 2,402 boxes were boarded, of which 1,320 were coloured, balance white. Business was not very brisk; 10 1-2c being the best offer. At this price McGregor bought 390 coloured and 90 white; Derbyshire, 340 coloured and 250 white; Webster, 185.

Kingston, Aug. 28.—Special—At the Cheese Board 399 boxes of white and 445 boxes of coloured cheese were boarded. The buyers were Messrs. Scott, Murphy, Alexander, Thompson, Hissell and Crawford. Mr. Alexander bought 210 boxes of cheese at 10 5-8c a lb. The bidding started at 10c; many salesmen refused 10 1-2c

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Market firm on all provisions, dressed hogs unchanged. Lard very firm. At farmers' waggons choice will bring $7.50 to $8, according to quality, for butchers' use.

PRODUCE.

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, 8 3-4c to 9c; short cuti pork, $18.50; heavy mess, $16.50.

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

Lard—Tierces, 8 1-4 to 8 1-2c; tubs, 8 1-2 to 8 3-4c; pails, 8 3-4 to 9c.

Eggs—Offering free, and market without much change. Some real choice eggs are bringing 13c, but the usual run is from 12 to 12 1-2c. No. 2 hot weather eggs sell at 9 to 10c. Dealers here are buying choice eggs at 11c delivered.

Potatoes—An easy market, and lower prices looked for. At farmers' waggons dealers here are buying at 30 to 35c, and sell out of store at about 40 to 45c per bush.

Beans—Choice hand-picked beans are worth from $1.70 to $1.75.

Honey—Firm. Dealers are paying 6 to 7c, outside. Dealers quote from 8 to 9c per lb. for 5, 10, or 60-lb. tins. Comb honey sells here at $1.50 to $1.75 per dozen sections.

Baled hay—Very little being brought here. No. 1 timothy will bring $8.75 to $9, outside.

Baled Straw—Car lots are quoted at $5 to $5.50, on track.

Hops—Sell at about 12 to 13c for Canada, '99's.

"B.-P." AGAIN SCORES.

Rescues 100 British Prisoners and Captures 26 Boers.

A despatch from London says:—The news from South Africa consists of accounts of reconnaissances. Credit is given to General Baden-Powell and General Paget for preventing General De Wet going east and joining the other Boer generals. De Wet is reported to have crossed the Megaliesberg without waggons, using the bridle path. The Boers in the Vryheid district are active. They are raiding in Northern Natal, and have mounted a gun on the Transvaal side of the Buffalo river near Dannhauser, which commands the railway.

The following despatch has been received at the War Office from Lord Roberts from Pretoria. "Baden-Powell rescued one hundred British prisoners at Warm Baths August 22, and captured 25 Boers and a German artillery officer.

"Buller's casualties August 21 were seven men killed, and Capt. Ellershaw and 37 more wounded, and five missing.

"Kitchener, August 22, had eight casualties.

"While reconnoitring in the Komati valley, Rundle found 140,000 rounds of ammunition buried.

"The columns pursuing De Wet made wonderful marches. Colonel Mackinnon covered 224 miles in 14 days."

A despatch to the Standard from Pretoria, says:—"General Baden-Powell headed off General De wet, preventing his junction with the main body of the enemy. De Wet abandoned his transport and took to the hills, his commando dispersing, some trekking south. Lord Kitchener has returned to Pretoria."

WILL REATTEST THEM.

Militia Department's Instructions to Col. Otter.

A despatch from Ottawa, says:—The period of service of the first contingent will terminate in October, and in reply to Col. Otter's request for instructions, he will doubtless be advised to reattest the men for further short term in the field should they be required. In official circles it is not considered any of the men—much as their friends would like to see them in Canada again—will ask for their discharge, although they would be entitled to it. There is just a possibility that the regiment will be ordered home before October.

Lieut. Ecclestone, in charge of the Canadian postal corps in South Africa, writing to Dr. Coulter, Deputy Postmaster-General, states that Sergt. R. Johnston, of Winnipeg, a member of the postal staff, has been invalided to Netley after a severe attack of enteric fever. Murray, of the London division, has been detailed for duty with the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and has rendered such good service that he has been recommended for promotion to the rank of sergeant-major. India has sent a postal contingent of four dusky natives to South Africa to look after the India work. The Australian postal men quit sorting letters to get into the fighting line, with the result that they had to be replaced with another postal staff from Australia. The Canadian postal corps stands as the pioneer contingent from the colonies and their good work is warmly commended.

30 PLOTTERS BEHEADED.

They Were Armed With Old Muzzle Loaders and Policeman's Whistle.

A despatch from London, says:—It is reported in Shanghai that Viceroy Chang-Chi-Tung has executed thirty reformers who were plotting to burn the city of Hankow. They each had an old muzzle-loading gun and three hundred policemen's whistles. A few thousand placards which they had prepared were seized.

A TRAGEDY NEAR QUEBEC.

MAN AND WOMAN SHOT DEAD ON THE STREET.

Woman Dragged Out of House and Killed With Baby in Her Arms.

A despatch from Monte bello, Que. says:—A man named Stanis Lacroix this afternoon shot and killed his wife and an elderly man named Hypolite Thomas.

Lacroix and his wife have not lived together for some little time, the latter residing in Hull. This morning she came here by train, and in the afternoon Lacroix procured a revolver and went to the house where his wife had gone on her arrival. He either dragged her out of the house or the woman ran out, when he shot her dead on the street. She was holding her small child in her arms at the time, but the child was not injured.

He then shot Thomas who had called at the house a few minutes before. Thomas walked a few hundred feet after being shot, and then fell dead.

The murderer took refuge in a house close by and refused to give himself up. Later in the evening, however he was secured.

DE WET BURIES HIS GUNS.

Gets Back In Orange River Colony With 300 Men.

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

"Paget reports from Hammanskraal that Baden-Powell engaged Grobler's rear guard all day yesterday. Grobler was driven back east of Pienaar's river. Baden-Powell occupied the railway station of that name. During the fight Baden-Powell's advance force and that of the enemy galloped into each other, the Rhodesians losing Colonel Sprekley and four men killed and seven wounded. Many of the Boers were killed or wounded. They were at Cyferkuil this morning. Plumer and Hickman were closely pursuing them.

"It seems certain that De Wet, finding it hopeless to make his way eastward, has recrossed the Magaliesberg with a few wounded, with the intention of returning to the Orange River Colony. He is in a very different condition from that when he left Bethlehem with six or eight guns and 2,000 men. His guns have mostly been buried and his personal following cannot be more than 300.

"It is stated that Steyn with a small bodyguard has crossed Pienaar's river on his way to join Kruger at Machadodorp."

BOERS ARE MOBILIZING.

Botha, With 8,000 Burghers, is at Machadodorp.

A despatch from Twyfelaar, says:—Through secret intelligence agents the British authorities learn that Gen Louis Botha, the commander-in-chief of the Boer forces; Gen. Lucas Meyer the commander of the Orange Free State forces; and Gen. Schalkburger Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic, with eight thousand Boers have assembled at Machadodorp, generally understood to be the headquarters of President Kruger, on the Pretoria-Delagoa bay railroad, with the whole Boer artillery, including the heavy pieces formerly at Pretoria.

WILL POUR IN TROOPS.

Capture of Pekin Makes No Difference to Russia.

A despatch from Odessa says:—The capture of Pekin will not make the slightest difference in the regular despatch of Russian troops to the far East. The military authorities continue to charter extra troopships in every available quarter. Fifteen transports are now in berth here, destined for the East. The suburban camps and city barracks are filled with troops arriving for embarkation. Troops from a number of the central and northern Governments are arriving here on account of the congestion of military traffic on the Siberian railway.

THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Its Fate Left to the Decision of the Governments.

A despatch from London, says:—A despatch to the Daily Telegraph from Taku, dated August 24, says that a conference of Ministers and generals on that day decided to refer the questions bearing on the fate of the Forbidden City to their respective Governments. The correspondent, it is added, are returning. Everything is quiet.

FAITH.

A happy child plays on the door
And stacks his blocks and sings,
And he knows naught of ancient lore
And naught of worldly things;
But faith is in his heart, and when
'Tis dark he kneels to pray,
And what is all the lore of men,
The fairest fruit of brush or pen,
Against the faith he has, the faith I, too,
could claim one day?

Beside the great cathedral door
A poor old woman stands,
A stranger unto worldly lore,
With knotted, tired hands!
But faith is rooted in her breast,
She hears the bell above,
And on the book her lips are prest,
And when 'tis night she goes to rest,
Triumphantly believing in her Saviour's holy love!

Oh, sage, what is the lore you teach?
Oh, man of science, all
The wise conclusions that you reach
Are pitiful and small
Beside the faith of him who plays
About the floor—
Beside the faith of her whose days
Were useless if she might not raise
The book to trusting lips to say Ave at the door!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

DECEIVERS EVER.

The Sorry Justification of Miss Porter's Judgment.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

It is all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad may go all to pieces over some Henrietta through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victims to quite as many bunko games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that it was a theory at all. They said that Porter neglected his only child and let her run wild.

At the age of 5 little Miss Porter was a grown, smoked cheroot cigarettes with an air and swore fluently. But at the age of 20 she was as innocent, if not as ignorant, as the aforesaid convent maiden popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English and handsome and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and after the custom of America, and more especially of the west, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all, she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions. She had to manage all those little matters alone. Judge Porter believed that she was equal to it by reason of his training, and, besides, he had other things to attend to.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate, but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The 5 o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley, who was just then in the library across the hall smoking and reading and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theater the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I dare say it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other.

"Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

Miss Porter tried not to look proud as she spoke the sonorous syllables and emphasized the hyphen. "It was Gilen Hartpole Clayton-Calverley," she said.

"Oh!" said her mother's friend. "And where is he from?"

He was from England, from London.

"Oh!" she said again. "And who is he?"

Miss Porter informed her that he was well connected—splendidly connected. She was a little vague, but that was because she could not keep all the names at her tongue's end.

How had she met him? It was becoming decidedly cross questioning, and Miss Porter raised her brows. There was the same look in the baby blue eyes beneath them that had preceded the evil language years ago. But she was quite deadly civil now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she asked.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dear. Are you perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of more or less half the peerage, on nickname terms with all sorts of dukes and lords and things; a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was terrible, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled, yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big leathern chair before the fire, smoking his briar pipe, and that night she told her husband about it. "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:

"His easy, unswept hearth he lends
From Labrador to Guadaloupe,
Till, elbowed out by eleven friends,
He camps at sufferance on the stoop.

"The Spanish is bad, but the sentiment's all there."

"Some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Don't you be the some one, then. Let her work out her own—salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Anyway, the notion of an elopement rather appealed to her Californian love of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over across the bay with a light heart and made her way to the sequestered spot where he was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such were her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control and sudden financial reverses and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it, and her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks, at the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I say," a man said to her casually, "I saw your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had got into anyway and explained in answer to her horse entreaty that he had been in Randsburg on business and had seen the Britisher in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up. I didn't speak to him, and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

There was the suspicion of a twitch about the corners of his mouth, but Miss Porter could not see that it was funny. She could readily understand why he had chosen to hide his identity. A name like Clayton-Calverley would naturally be unwieldly in a rough mining town.

Now she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking any one's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to ignore, "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until 6 o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until 6 o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But, then, Calverley would show her that, and at 6 o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shack indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him that she should have lived in luxury all these months, the while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock, an untidy woman and weary looking, but pretty, withal, and young. And the two children who clung to her skirt were pretty also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red covered supper table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty. "Giles!" she wailed, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was perhaps the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed. "How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife. Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit after the manner of women and of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak, no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers' arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said in her sweet English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain she checked her. "I understand," she said. "You need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.'" She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."—Argonaut.

He Didn't Ask.

He is a small boy who likes to have the things that he wants, and he is diplomatic in getting them. The other day he had gone out to make a call with his mamma upon an old friend.

"Now, dear," said mamma as they stood on the doorstep, "remember that you are not to ask for anything."

"Yes, mamma," answered the small boy.

"I have been busy almost all the morning making crullers," said the friend as she entered the room and greeted them. A beatific expression spread over the small boy's face.

"I like to hear you talk about crullers," he said, with a smile of more than childlike innocence.

"Why, are you fond of them?" asked the mamma's friend in a pleased tone.

"Oh, yes, very," said the small boy, looking, if anything, still more innocent.

"I didn't ask for them, mamma," he cried in a tone of indignant protest as the door closed on the cruller maker, who had gone to bring in a sample.—New York Times.

An Ingersoll Story.

"I will tell you a story about the late Colonel Ingersoll which I never saw in print," said a lawyer who knew the great agnostic well.

"When he was an attorney in Peoria, Ills., a young wife called to see him about filing a suit for divorce. Ingersoll questioned her closely and after she had detailed a number of grievances he told her that none was sufficient. She was much perturbed in consequence and finally appealed to him to know on what grounds she could procure her bill. The colonel took a lawbook from his collection and pretended to examine it. After this he turned to her and said: 'Madam, I find nothing in this book to fit the situation. But if you can establish the fact that he is addicted to the unmasculine habit of eating ice cream soda I know a judge who will give you a decree.'

"That, in Ingersoll's opinion, in a man was inexcusable."

Keeping His Fingers Supple.

How any great pianoforte player keeps his hands supple has often been a matter for wonder, but M. Paderewski, the king of pianists, revealed the whole secret. "The night before I play I turn my hands over to my valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle," declared M. Paderewski. "Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. That makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last he rubs the palm of each hand very hard—as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go on the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot! I should say so; just about as hot as it is possible for a man to stand it." So this is the way it is done.

Not Bloodhounds.

"We have for many years past," says the New Orleans States, "been protesting against the practice not only of the northern, but even of the southern, press, whose editors should know better, of speaking of the dogs used in pursuing criminals—or runaway slaves before the war—as 'bloodhounds.' It is extremely doubtful if any of these wiseacres ever saw a 'bloodhound,' but the term is so blood curdling, you know. The dogs used for this purpose are the common fox or deer hound, probably the most timid of all dogs, and are remarkable for their keenness of scent. Their owner or trainer simply follows their cry and thus comes up with the fugitive. The latter when overtaken has no difficulty in keeping off the dogs, which hay around him, but keep at a safe distance from knife or stick until the hunter comes up."

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"What the fool does in the end, the wise man does at the beginning."
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CEYLON TEA has been phenomenal. Four years ago practically unknown To-Day a household necessity the result of careful blending and expert packing. In Lead Packets. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c

QUEENS IN UNIFORM.

Young Queen Wilhelmina's joy knew no bounds not long ago when the Kaiser appointed her colonel of the 15th Hussars, though it was not her first command. The Queen of Saxony is highly popular with her soldiers, and often displays her gorgeous uniform at the monthly drills of her corps, the 2nd Royal Saxon Queen's Hussars. The Queen of Greece gets much satisfaction and a fair amount of glory from being the only lady admiral in the world. Alexander III. was always extremely fond of his young relative, and, knowing her Majesty's passion for the sea, gave her ships instead of troops.

Rheumatism..

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the *cause* of those fearful shooting pains and stiff, aching joints. There is but one sure way—

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TROUBLES.

A crowd of troubles passed him by.
As he with courage waited.
He said: "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected;
Who weakly say good-bye to hope—
We go where we're expected.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Magical in potency and power, penetrating at once to the diseased nerve. Nerviline — nerve-pain cure — cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science, may be used for all nerve pains. Test at once its efficacy.

THE COST OF WAR.

Some idea of the cost of the South African War may be derived from the amount of war material sent out. One hundred and seventy million rounds of small-arms ammunition have been dispatched, in addition to 886,000 rounds for field guns, howitzers, etc. To clothe our troops we have sent out 280,000 khaki suits, over 370,000 pairs of boots, 200,000 jerseys, 1,020,000 pairs of worsted socks, 400,000 flannel belts, and over 500,000 flannel shirts. Besides these, some 18,000 tents, 420,000 blankets, and 300,000 waterproof sheets have been forwarded.

AN EXTENDED EXPERIENCE

Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails. It makes no sore spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Towne—Yes, I'm looking for a house; we'll have to move. The roaches where we are now scare my wife almost to death. Browne—I thought you said the only thing that could really frighten her was a mouse? Towne—That's just it. At a little distance these roaches look like mice.

WHICH?

A young and newly-married couple were entertaining their friends, and amongst the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company.

His conduct, although almost unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humour he looked round and remarked, "Is this pig?" which immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet-looking individual sitting at the other end of the table, "Which end of the fork do you refer to?"

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $2.50 per day.

Strategy—That fellow Bumbleton is a deep one. What has he been doing? Why, he got the new boarder into a brisk controversy with the landlady over the reasons for woman's mental inferiority, and under cover of it he smuggled a second piece of huckleberry pie.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Barnes—Wonder what has happened to the Sweetsers? They used to be dead in love with each other. Why everybody was laughing at their devotedness. Now they are as glum as they can be. Farmer—I know. She was silly enough to get him to go shopping with her the other day.

W P C 1039

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