WITH FIXED BAYONETS.

Militia and Strikers in Collision at Valleyfield and Several Injured.

A despatch from Montreal, says:—Two companies of the 5th Royal Scots were called out for active service at Valleyfield to-day, and left by special train about two o'clock. The call to arms came in the usual way. The Mayor of Valleyfield wrote to Lieut.-Col. Roy, D.O.C., at Montreal, stating that the strike in the Montreal Cotton Company's mills had assumed such proportions and the actions of the strikers were such as to warrant military intervention. He stated that the strikers interfered with those working, and refused to allow coal to be taken to the boilers, and that the police of the town could not cope with the rioters. He therefore asked for two companies of militia, with full power to quell the disturbance by arrest or otherwise.

The request was duly signed by the Mayor of Valleyfield and two justices of the peace, in accordance with the requirements of the Militia Act. Lt.-Col. Roy, on the receipt of the letter put himself in communication with Lieut.-Col. Ibbotson, commanding the Royal Scots, whose turn for duty it was. One hundred men were called out.

WITH FIXED BAYONETS.

The situation at Valleyfield is very serious to-night. The town seems to be in the hands of the mob, and the situation became so threatening that a message was sent to Montreal asking for the despatch of more soldiers. The arrival of the first detachment of militia from Montreal this afternoon appears to have infuriated the strikers, and a big mob of them gathered outside the mills and started in to smash the windows. The Royal Scots, under command of Colonel Ibbotson, charged the strikers with the bayonet. The mob retaliated, and in the melee several of the soldiers and a number of the rioters were injured. It is feared that several of the soldiers have been fatally injured.

It is feared that the rioters will set the mills on fire, and grave trouble is anticipated.

MORE SOLDIERS DESPATCHED.

In response to the demand for soldiers, which was received here about 11 o'clock an urgent requisition was sent out, and arrangements have been made to despatch several hundred men by special about midnight to the scene of the trouble.

The Montreal Cotton Company is building a new mill there, and the labourers employed in the preparation work for its construction asked for an increase of wages from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per day. The company refused to accede to the demand because the men accompanied it with threats of violence. They have succeeded in preventing any further work going on outside, and they are now attempting to prevent the running of the mills where there are some 3,000 employes who are not on strike.

Last night the supply of coal for the working of the mill was nearly exhausted, and during the night an endeavour was made to get in more coal. The strikers, however, succeeded in preventing this. There are some 250 men around the mill this morning preventing anything going in or out. The result is, that being unable to get the coal in, the portion of the works known as the bleachery has been entirely closed, and the employes are consequently thrown out.

DON'T WANT WORK.

The Town Council of Valleyfield made an offer to employ the strikers on the drainage works which are now in progress there, but the men declined to accept employment from the Council. A meeting was held last night, at which the strikers still insisted upon being employed by the company at a dollar and a quarter a day, and they repeated their previous declaration that they would prevent the mill running until their demands were complied with. It was then decided to call out the militia.

BRITISH ABANDON MAXIMS

ENEMY HOWEVER WERE COMPLETELY REPULSED.

Our Loss 20 Killed and Wounded and 13 Taken Prisoners.

A despatch from Hoopstad, Orange River Colony, via Cape Town, says;—The Cape police had a stiff fight with two Boer commandoes. A convoy left Wegdraii in the afternoon, and shortly after it started the Boers appeared on the north bank of the river and attacked the police, but were repulsed with loss. On reaching higher ground a large body of Boers encircled the Cape Mounted Rifles' scouts.

The Boers outnumbered the scouts ten to one, and as they poured in a murderous rifle fire the Cape Mounted Rifles were compelled to abandon two galloping Maxims. The guns were only abandoned after the men had made the bravest effort to save them, and when they found this could not be done they destroyed the mechanism. The police then retired slowly. A number of horses stampeded, but the officers and men pluckily remained and rescued their wounded and dismounted comrades.

Just before dark the police were reinforced, the Boers were completely repulsed, and the convoy reached this place without loss of a single animal. The British casualties were seven killed and thirteen wounded, and thirteen men were taken prisoners.

GIROUARD EXONERATED.

Has Placed no Orders in the United States.

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

"Pretoria, Sunday, Oct. 2. — Referring to your telegram of Oct, 9th, no orders have been placed by Col. Girouard in America. I believe Wernher, Beit and Company, acting for various mining firms, have, owing to the inability of English houses to complete orders on time, placed a portion of their orders in America."

BOER OFFICERS CAPTURED.

Refugees Discontented Through Delay in Being Allowed to Return to the Transvaal.

A despatch from London says—Lord Roberts telegraphs the War Office that he expects to leave for England on Nov. 15. He also says that General French is expected to reach Heidelberg to-morrow, and that Colonel Ayton has captured Field Cornets Doonsen and DeBeer.

REFUGEES DISCONTENTED.

A despatch from Cape Town says—The Refugee Committee to-day cabled a statement to Colonial Secretary Chamberlain regarding the continued delay in granting permission to refugees to return to the Transvaal. Upon the receipt of a reply a mass meeting will be held by the refugees, who are daily becoming more discontented because of the continued refusal of the authorities to permit them to return to their homes.

TO PERSUADE DE WET.

A despatch from Pretoria, Sunday, says—Van Post, an influential burgher belonging to Pretoria, has obtained permission to proceed to the Orange River Colony for the purpose of seeing De Wet and of representing to him the absurdity of continuing the struggle.

A GUILTY MISSIONARY.

A despatch from Durban says—The German missionary, Prozesky, has been found guilty at Newcastle on the charges of treason brought against him. The judge, remarking that the accused, having taken the oath of allegiance, was as much liable to all the penalties for treason as a native-born subject of her Majesty, sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £500, and failing the payment of the fine a further period of nine months' imprisonment.

WIVES OF MARAUDERS.

A despatch from Pretoria says—Arrangements have been made to despatch 270 Boer women from Pretoria and the district to the Boer lines. These women are practically fed by the British while their husbands are marauding and sniping.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

THE STREET MARKET.

Toronto, Oct. 30.—On the street today 200 bush. white wheat sold at 68 1-2 to 69c, 300 bush red winter at 68 1-2 to 69c, 500 bush goose at 67c, 3,000 bush barley at 43 to 46c, and 300 bush oats at 28 to 29 1-2c. Fifteen loads of hay sold at $14 to $14.75, and two loads of straw at $12 to $12.50. Dressed hogs were unchanged.

Wheat, wht., straight	$ 0 68 1-2 $ 069
Wheat, red.	0 68 1-2 069
Wheat, spring.	0 69 0 70
Wheat, goose.	0 00 0 67
Oats.	0 28 0 29 1-2
Barley.	0 43 0 46
Peas.	0 00 0 58
Rye.	0 00 0 53
Buckwheat.	0 00 0 47 1-2
Hay, per ton.	14 00 14 50
Straw, per ton.	12 00 12 15
Butter, per lb., rolls.	0 20 0 21
Eggs, new laid.	0 00 0 20
Chickens, per pair.	0 35 0 50
Turkeys, per lb.	0 10 0 12
Geese, per lb.	0 06 0 07
Ducks, per pair.	0 50 0 75
Potatoes, per bag.	0 30 0 35
Apples, per bbl.	0 40 1 00
Beef, hindquarters.	7 00 8 50
Beef, forequarters	4 00 5 50
Beef, carcase.	5 50 7 50
Mutton.	5 00 6 00
Lamb, spring, per lb.	0 08 0 09
Veal, carcase.	6 50 7 50
Dressed hogs.	7 25 7 50

DAIRY MARKETS.

Scarcity of choice dairy has caused demand to run more on creameries. There is a good enquiry for creamery boxes at 20 to 21c. Choice dairy, in prints, pails, or crooks, is wanted. It will sell quickly. Commission houses sell to the trade as follows;—Dairy, tubs and pails, choice, 18 to 19c; medium, 16 to 16 1-2c; and poor, 13 to 15c; dairy, prints, choice, 19 to 20c; creamery, boxes, 20 to 21c; and pounds, 22 to 23c.

Cheese—Full cream, July and August make, sells at 11 1-2 to 12c.

CHEESE MARKETS.

Kingston, Ont., Oct, 30.—At the meeting of the Frontenac Cheese Board to-day there were 820 boxes of white and 1,631 boxes of coloured cheese boarded. The following factories sold at 10 1-2c—Gilt Edge, Perth Road, Sunbury, St. Lawrence and Silver Springs.

Brockville, Ont., Oct. 30.—To-day 2,820 white and 1,890 coloured cheese The highest bid was 10 5-8c, which sellers declined to accept.

PRODUCE.

Eggs—Unchanged. Quotations are as follows;—New laid, 19c; fresh, 17 to 18c; held, 15 1-2c; limed, 15 1-2c; and culls, 9 to 10c.

Poultry—Receipts light, owing to the mild weather. Prices unchanged. Quotations are as follows;—Chickens, per pair, 35 to 50c; ducks, per pair, 40 to 60c; turkeys, per lb, 9 to 11c; geese, per lb, 6 to 7c.

Potatoes—Easier, on pressure to sell by outside holders. Car lots, on track here, sold to-day at 27c. Sales, out of store, are made at 35c.

Field produce, etc.—Turnips, out of store, 30c per bag; onions, 60c per bag; carrots, 40c per bag; apples, per bbl, 50c to $1; sweet potatoes, per bbl, $2.50.

Dried fruits—Dried apples sell at 3 to 3 1-2c; and evaporated at 4 1-4 to 5c.

Beans—Ordinary white beans bring $1.20 to $1.25; choice hand-picked beans are quoted at $1.40 to $1.45.

Honey—Dealers quote from 9 to 9 1-2c per lb for 5, 10 or 60-lb tins, according to the size of the order. Comb honey sells at $2.25 to $2.75, per dozen sections. Comb honey is in good demand, and is about 25c dearer.

Baled hay—Steady. Choice timothy, on track here, $9.50 to $9.75; two-ton lots, delivered, sell at $10.25 to $10.50.

Baled Straw—Car lots of good straw are quoted at $5 to $5.50 on track; and ton lots delivered at $6 to $6.50.

Hops—Continue dull New crop is quoted here at 13 to 14c, and yearlings at 8 to 10c.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged at $7.25 to $7.50 .Provisions continue firm all along the line. Demand is fair, and stocks are light.

Quotations for provisions are as follows:—Dry salted shoulders, 8c; long clear bacon, loose in car lots, 10; and in case lots 10 1-4 to 10 1-2c; short cut pork, $19.50 to $20; heavy mess, $17.50 to $18.

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

Lard—Tierces, 10c; tubs, 10 to 10 1-4c, pails, 10 1-4 to 10 1-2c.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Oct. 30.—There were all told close on sixty carloads of live stock received at the Western cattle yards this morning, including 2,000 sheep and lambs, 1,000 hogs, 900 cattle, a couple of dozen calves, and a few milch cows.

For cattle the market was a dull one, buyers would not pay the prices asked, and sellers preferred to hold their stuff and see what the Friday market may bring forth.

A few deals were made in shipping cattle, but there was practically nothing doing, and quotations are nominal.

The trade in butcher cattle is dull, the continued mild weather being one alleged cause; to-day, as usual, the good stuff sold readily enough, but we had only a little of it. Prices for medium and common cattle are weak, and not much of it changed hands this morning.

There is an enquiry for good feeders, but for inferior stuff the trade is quiet.

We have no changes to report in the value of export bulls; there was a fair enquiry to-day.

Only a slow trade was done in stockers, at unchanged prices.

The supply of milch cows continues of poor quality. A few choice cows are wanted.

Sheep are steady and unchanged.

Lambs were in too ample supply, and prices gave way from 20 to 30c per cwt.

Good veal calves are wanted; all here found a ready sale.

Hogs are still quoted at the prices of last Tuesday, but the tendency is decidedly downward and another drop in prices may be looked for at an early date.

The best price for prime hogs is 5 3-4c per lb., and light and heavy, 5 1-2c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

U. S. MARKETS.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Wheat was firm to-day on the big cash sales here yesterday, December closing 7-8 to 1c higher. Corn closed 1-8c, and oats 1-c to a 1-4c up. Provisions at the close were 12 1-2 to 20c improved. Wheat started the day active and nervous, December at 72 5-8 to 72 7-8c, 1-4c over the previous day's close. Liverpool showed a decline, as had been expected; receipts were liberal, and the weather was still engaged in helping the farmer get his grain to market. The North-West was principally on the purchasing side. December, without any material reaction, despite some profit taking, advanced to 73 3-8c, at which the market closed, 7-8 to 1c over yesterday. New York reported 22 loads taken for export. Clearances at the seaboard were equal in wheat and flour to 46,200 bush. Primary receipts for the day aggregated 941,000 bushels, compared with 968,000 bushels last year. Minneapolis and Duluth reported 511 cars, against 539 last week, and 476 a year ago. Local receipts were 222 cars, 4 of which were contract. Estimated receipts to-morrow; Wheat, 150 cars; corn, 300 cars; oats, 170 cars; hogs, 26,000 head. There will be no session of the Board of Trade Saturday.

Detroit, Oct. 30.—Wheat closed—No. 2 red, cash, 75 3-4c; October, 75 3-4c; December, 77 1-4c; No. 1 white, 73 3-4.

Milwaukee, Oct. 30—Wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, 75 to 76c; No. 2 do, 73 1-2 to 74 1-2c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 56c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 57c; sample, 40 to 57c.

BRITISH CAVALRY CAPTURED

Attack on Jacobsdal Repulsed With Heavy Loss to the Garrison.

A despatch from London, says:—There has been a lively recrudescence of Boer activity over a wide area in South Africa. The burghers have captured 42 British cavalrymen near Philippolis and have blown up the railway near Norval's Pont, which is in Cape Colony, it being the point where the line crosses the Orange river.

President Steyn has reappeared in the colony, and has established the capital at Fourieburg.

It is believed that the Boers have retaken Ficksburg, on the Basutoland Border.

They have burned the railway station at Waschbank, midway between Dundee and Ladysmith, in Natal.

They have derailed and captured a train with a detachment of the Highland brigade, after a fight, near Greylingstad, in the southern part of the Transvaal. The troops guarding the line of the Fraserburg road in the middle of Cape Colony have been sniped at. It is uncertain whether the roving commandoes which captured Jacobsdal remained there after overpowering the garrison. It is possible that they will seek to break the railway near Kimberley.

ASLEEP IN THEIR TENTS

British Garrison at Jacobsdal, Near Kimberley Surprised and Many Killed by Boers.

A despatch from Cape Town, says;—Two hundred and fifty Boers attacked Jacobsdal at midnight. The attack was a complete surprise to the British, the garrison being asleep in their tents, where several of them were killed. The garrison consisted of one company of Cape Town Highlanders, 53 of whom had only been at Jacobsdal for a week, they going there from the Modder river camp. The British loss was 14 killed and 13 wounded. The affair has caused a sensation in Cape Town, where the men belonged.

WERE DRIVEN OFF.

A Cape Town despatch to the Central News says the Boers made desperate efforts to capture Jacobsdal, but were driven off. The British loss was 14 killed and 26 wounded.

A Cape Town despatch to the Exchange Telegram Company corroborated the Central News version of the fight at Jacobsdal.

Jacobsdal is a small town in the Orange River Colony, only 22 miles south-east of Kimberley, Jacobsdal out a very important figure in the operations around the Modder river in February last, which resulted in the siege of Kimberley being raised and the flight of Cronje. It was upon Jacobsdal that Cronje's left flank rested during the eventful period that he opposed Methuen, and it was upon this place that the first Canadian contingent marched when the sudden invasion of the Orange Free State took place.

WIPED OUT A COMMANDO.

Entire Party of Boer Snipers Killed by a Single Shot.

A despatch from Hoopstad, Orange River Colony, says Gen. Settle's column is doing a great deal towards pacifying the disturbed district in that neighbourhood. The column halted at night recently, and the rear-guard was attacked by the Boers, who poured in a heavy rifle fire. The Boers crept up over the sand, and were not heard until they poured in several volleys. The British had twenty wounded. Subsequently, when returning to Hoopstad, the column was sniped at by nine Boers who were concealed behind the bush on the river bank. A well-aimed shrapnel shell was sent into the bush. Eight of the Boers were killed, and the ninth, who was wounded, surrendered.

General Hunter's column has burned the village of Bothaville, 30 miles from Commando's drift, to the ground. The reason for this was that the Boers in that vicinity had been sniping at the British continuously.

The Boer Commandant de Villiers has died at Bloemfontein of wounds received in a recent battle.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER XVI.

Of course Ronald went straight to Foster's office, and there made his report regarding the statements of Vassalla. The barrister listened to Monteith in silence, and, when he was in full possession of the facts, sat absently scribbling on his blotting-paper much to Ronald's disgust at what he deemed his inattention.

"Hang it, Foster," said the Australian, irritably, "I wish you'd say something; you've not lost your tongue, have you?"

"No; nor my brains either," retorted Foster, lighting a cigarette, "you'd better have a smoke; it will soothe you."

"I don't want to be soothed."

"Oh, yes, you do," returned Gerald, imperturbably; "try one of these; they are real Russian cigarettes."

In order to propitiate his companion, Ronald took one and smoked away in sulky silence. Mr. Foster settled himself deliberately in his chair, and fixing his clear eyes on Monteith, began to talk.

"What do you think of the position of affairs now?" he asked, knocking the ash off his cigarette.

"It seems to me that the game's up," retorted Ronald, suddenly.

"On the contrary, the game is just beginning to be interesting," said Foster, calmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Ronald, sitting up straight in his chair. "I tell you, Vassalla not only told me plainly that Mrs. Verschoyle was not on board, but showed me a letter in her own handwriting which confirmed it."

"Oh, yes," said Foster, satirically, "I must acknowledge it's all very beautifully arranged."

Ronald looked at him in amazement.

"What is beautifully arranged?" he asked, shortly.

"The plot."

"Plot—what plot?"

Foster arose from his chair, and walked slowly to and fro with his hands behind his back.

"I tell you what, my boy," he said, rapidly, "this thing is becoming more mysterious with every fresh discovery. Verschoyle had no enemy, as far as we know, but his wife; we have documentary evidence saying she intended to murder him, and he was murdered at the very place where she was staying. Roper says she did not leave the house. Vassalla says she was confined to her room with a headache. Fudge! I don't believe any one of them."

"Then you think she was on board?" asked Ronald, eagerly.

"I'm certain of it. I ask you, as a logical man, whether a jealous woman like Mrs. Verschoyle, knowing her husband was on board the 'Neptune,' could resist the temptation of seeing him? Nonsense! I tell you she was on board, and if Vassalla says she was not, he has a reason."

"What reason can he have?"

"He wants to shield her from the consequences of her crime. He is her cousin, and blood is thicker than water."

"This is all very well," said Ronald, quietly; "but all your views are quite theoretical, and we cannot obtain a single particle of evidence to prove that she came on board at all."

"How do you knew we cannot?"

"Well, there's Roper's letter—her own letter and Vassalla's denial. Who else can prove she was on board?"

"Miss Cotoner."

"Oh!" Ronald arose and went to the window, "I don't think so," he said, turning round. "If Mrs. Verschoyle quarrelled with her sister, it's not likely she'd go near her."

"Perhaps not, but Miss Cotoner might have seen her. You'd better go and ask her."

Ronald hesitated a moment, then made up his mind.

"Very well; I'll call at the Langham this afternoon, and may possibly see her; but I think it's a wild goose chase."

"We'll see," said Foster, shortly, returning to his books, while Ronald went off to his hotel, took a light luncheon, then dressing himself carefully, ordered a hansom, and drove to the Langham.

Carmela was in, so Ronald sent up his card to her, and asked for the favor of an interview. This, however, Carmela hesitated before granting, as she was very angry with Ronald's supposed treachery towards herself. Had she not seen her rival with her own eyes, and been told of Monteith's infatuation for that detestable woman, as she called innocent Mrs. Taunton? And now he had the bad taste to ask for an interview—well, she would grant his request, and would show him that she was not a woman to be lightly won and thrown over.

What consummate actresses women are! When Ronald entered her drawing-room, he expected to find Carmela pale and anxious, through fretting over his long absence from her side, and it was rather a blow to his self-love when she came forward with a bright, smiling face and outstretched hands.

"How do you do, Mr. Monteith?" she said, in her low, sweet voice; "you are quite a stranger."

Ronald muttered something about business as he took her hand, and then sat down, thinking to himself that this heartless coquette could never have cared for him. Carmela on her part, rang for afternoon tea, and then began to talk lightly of the most common-place topics, much to Ronald's secret irritation.

"Sir Mark and Miss Trevor are out," she said, gaily, leaning back in her chair; "and it is a mere chance you found me in."

"When do you go to Marlow?" asked the Australian, abruptly.

"Next week, I think. I must confess I am a little tired of London."

"And Vassalla?"

She looked annoyed.

"I do not know what my cousin is going to do. Ah! here is the tea. Let me give you a cup;" rising and going to the table.

"Thank you," said Ronald, mechanically; "I want to speak to you on serious business."

"Do you indeed?" carelessly. "Milk and sugar?"

"Both," he answered, annoyed at the flippancy of her tone; "this business is very serious."

"It must be, judging from your tone," she replied, giving him his tea, and returning to her own seat. "By the way, what did you think of the Italian Exhibition?"

"What!" he said, with a sudden start. "Oh, yes, of course—I met you there when I was with Mrs. Taunton."

Carmela winced; so her rival was a married woman!

"I do not know her," she said, idly balancing her spoon on the edge of her cup.

"No" he said, bending forward; "but you know a relative of hers."

"Indeed?" carelessly; "and his name?"

"Leopold Verschoyle."

Carmela let her spoon fall with a crash, and turned her pale, scared face to Ronald quickly.

"Leopold Verschoyle?" she said, rapidly, while her breath came quick and sharp. "What do you know of Leopold Verschoyle?"

"I know he was your sister's husband."

"Was! she smiled scornfully. "You speak in the past tense because of his divorce."

"No; I speak in the past tense because of his death."

"Death!" She arose to her feet with a look of horror in her dark eyes. "Is Leopold Verschoyle dead?"

"Yes. I will tell you all about it if you will answer a question."

She sat down again, pale but composed.

"And the question?"

"Was your sister, Mrs. Verschoyle, on board the night the 'Neptune' left Malta?"

"Yes."

Ronald sprang to his feet in horror.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am," she answered, raising her eyebrows. "My sister and myself had a quarrel during the day, and I did not say good-by to her at the house, so I suppose she was sorry, for she came on board and took leave of me there."

"But Vassalla says she was not on board."

Carmela looked surprised.

"Why, he was with her all the time! I was separated from them by the crowd, and I did not see my sister again, but Vassalla told me he had seen her safely down the gangway before the ship sailed."

Ronald sat wrapped in thought; so Foster was right, there was some plot on foot; he made another attempt.

"But I saw a letter from your sister to Vassalla, in which she says she was not on board, being confined to her room with a bad headache."

"Why should my sister write such a letter?" asked Carmela, angrily. "I don't understand all this mystery; there was no reason why she should conceal the fact that she said good-by to me on board the 'Neptune.'"

"I hope not" he said, gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your sister's husband was on board."

"What!" She rose to her feet, looking like a tall white lily; "how is it I never saw him? I would know Leopold Verschoyle among a thousand."

Ronald, seeing the deep interest she took in this man, became brutal.

"The reason you did not see him," he said, coldly, "was because he was murdered, and his name was Lionel Ventin."

"My God!"

A white heap on the floor, and Ronald bending over it, trying to bring her back to consciousness. He sprinkled some water on her face, and with a low moan she sat up, and pushing her dark hair off her forehead, looked confusedly at him.

"I must have fainted," she said, as he assisted her to a seat, "but the shock was too much. God knows I have forgotten Leopold Verschoyle many a long day since; but dead! oh, it is too horrible."

Ronald sat in silence, not daring to say anything.

"Who killed him?" she asked, suddenly looking up.

"I don't know."

She clasped her hands over her knees, and looked fixedly at him.

"You don't know for certain," she said, slowly; "but you have your suspicions, and I want to know everything; tell me all."

Whereupon Ronald told her what had happened, and how the links were being slowly added to the chain of evidence that seemed to connect her sister with the crime. When he was done she was pale, but composed.

"It is very strange," she said, in her clear voice, "and I do not know what to say. I do not like my sister; she is a woman of violent temper, but I am certain she would not commit a crime."

"Then why does she deny being on board the night the crime was committed?"

"I cannot say, because she certainly was. I must write and ask her. I will also speak to Vassalla; there is something mysterious about this affair; but my sister must clear herself; it is too horrible that she should be suspected of such a crime; and this," with a sudden thought, "is why you are always with Mrs. Taunton?"

"Yes; she is quite distracted over her brother's death."

"Vassalla said you loved her."

Ronald sprung to his feet with a cry of anger.

"Then he lies; the only woman I ever did love, and ever shall love is—"

She placed her hand on his lips.

"Hush! Do not mention her name till the mystery of Leopold Verschoyle's death is solved."

"And then?" he said eagerly, catching her hand.

She drew it away quickly with a stifled cry.

"I cannot say," she said wildly wringing her hands; "God only knows the end. My sister must defend herself from this charge. I will write to her at once."

At this moment a knock came to the door, and Carmela had just time to turn and conceal her haggard face when a servant entered with a telegram, and Ronald took it while the the man retired.

"This telegram is for you," he said, holding it out.

"For me?" she said, turning and taking it from him; "what can it be about?" and she tore open the envelope, read the telegram, and gave a cry of delight.

"What is it?" asked Ronald, anxiously.

"I need not write to Malta," she said, quickly; "my sister is on her way to England."

CHAPTER XVII.

Gerald Foster was eagerly awaiting the arrival of Ronald, in his chambers, for he was anxious to know what Carmela would say about her sister's movements on the night in question. He was pacing up and down his room, biting his nails, and casting impatient looks at the clock.

"He's a long time away," he said, aloud; "I wonder what on earth she's telling him. The worst of it is, Monteith is so transparent that she will see through his motive at once, and, in order to shield her sister, will deny everything. They don't like one another, but for the credit of her own name she won't say a word—ah!" as a footstep on the stair attracted his attention, "here is my ambassador—I am anxious to learn the new move in the game. Well," as Ronald entered the room, "am I right or wrong?"

Ronald threw himself into a seat with an air of lassitude, and looked gloomily at the floor.

"You are right."

Foster gave a cry of triumph.

"I knew it; things are coming to a crisis, my dear fellow, and we'll soon this woman to earth."

"I hope not."

"You hope not—why?"

"Because I am anxious to marry Carmela, and I do not want to have a murderess for a sister-in-law."

"Whether its made private or public, you are bound to have that," replied Foster, dryly; "my advice is not to marry her."

"But I love her madly," said Ronald, raising his heavy eyes to his friend's face, "it would kill me to lose her."

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, but love did not kill them," said the barrister, cynically; "you'll get over this fancy in time—but come, tell me all about it."

So Ronald related his interview with Carmela, to which Foster listened attentively.

"I wonder what Vassalla will say to that?" he said, when the Australian had finished; "you see, Mrs. Verschoyle was on board after all."

"That does not prove her guilty, of the murder," retorted Ronald.

"Then why does she try to prove an alibi?" said Foster, quickly. "Why, everything we find out only makes the case stronger against her. I should like to have an interview with her."

"That will be easily managed; she is coming to England."

"You don't say so! When?"

"Miss Cotoner received a cablegram while I was there," said Ronald, "and her sister is on her way now."

"What the deuce does she mean by running her head into the lion's mouth?" observed Foster, in a puzzled tone. "She must know that such a crime cannot be passed over in silence."

To be Continued.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

How is this, waiter? You charge for three plates of soup instead of two.

Excuse me sir — the third is the one that I spilled over madame's dress!

PERFECTLY RAW WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

A Terribly Painful Case of Burning, Torturing Eczema, Which Was Thoroughly Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The torture which is caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of eczema makes it one of the most distressing of ailments, while the presence of the raw flesh, which refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, adds to the misery of the sufferer.

The following case is reported as one which illustrates the extraordinary control which Dr. Chase's Ointment has ever eczema, both as a prompt relief for the dreadful itching and as an antiseptic healer, which speedily and certainly brings about a thorough cure.

In vain were all sorts of medicines and ointments used and doctors appeared to be helpless before the dreadful ravages which the flaming fires of eczema were making. Here is the way Mrs. Knight describes this interesting case:

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, states: "My mother, Mrs Wright, of Norval, suffered for a number and winter with eczema on her foot. She could neither walk nor sleep, and it became so bad that she was perfectly raw from her toes to her knees. After trying every available remedy without success, and almost hopeless of relief, she began using Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used eight or nine boxes, with the happy result that she is now completely cured. Anyone wishing further particulars can communicate with Mrs. Wright, Norval, Ont. After such a grand success, is it any wonder that we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?"

It is just such tests as this one that have convinced physicians of the truly wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. If you are a sufferer, with any itching skin disease, or have a sore that will not heal, make a test for yourself. You will certainly become an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Dr. Chase's Ointment, just as is everyone who knows its merits. Besides curing the most severe forms of itching skin diseases, Dr. Chase's Ointment is delightfully healing and soothing in all cases of chafing, skin irritations, sore feet, prickly heat, pimples and blackheads. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Toronto.

GROWING GIRLS

SHOULD BE BRIGHT, CHEERFUL ACTIVE AND STRONG.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at This Period as It Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery —Some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the birthright of every girl. These are health. But unfortunately this is not the conditions of thousands of growing girls. On every side may be seen girls with pale or sallow complexion, languid, stoop shouldered, and listless. Doctors will tell them that they are anaemic, or in other words that their blood is poor, thin and watery. If further questioned they will tell them that this condition leads to decline, consumption and the grave. What is needed is a medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, strengthe the nerves and thus restore the vigor, brightness and hopefulness of youth. For this purpose no other discovery in the annals of medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thousands of once hopeless girls have been made bright, active and strong through their use. Among those who have been brought back almost from the grave by the use of this medicine is Miss M. C. Marceaux, of St. Lambert de Levis, Que. Miss Marceaux says; "It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of the benefit I have experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I resided in Wisconsin with a relative, where I devoted my time studying English and music, intending to make the teaching of the latter my profession. I was never very strong, and my studies fatigued me much. When about fourteen I became very pale, suffered from severe headaches, and weakness. I consulted a doctor, and acting on his advice, returned to Canada. The fatigue of the journey, however, made me worse, and finally I got so weak that I could not walk without help. I was extremely pale, my eye-lids were swollen, I had continuous headaches, and was so nervous that the least noise would set my heart beating violently. I almost loathed food and my weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds. Neither doctor's medicine nor anything else that I had taken up to that time seemed of the slightest benefit. I was confined to bed for nearly a year and I thought that nothing but death could end my sufferings. Happily an acquaintance of my father's one day brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I did so, and I thought they helped me some, and my father got more. After I had used a few boxes all my friends could see they were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was enjoying better health than I had ever had in my life before, and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I tell you this out of gratitude so that other young girls who may be weak and sickly may know the way to regain their health."

Girls who are just entering womanhood are at the most critical period of their lives. Upon the care of them depends their future happiness. Neglect may mean either an early grave or a life of misery. If mothers would insist that their growing daughters use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally, rich blood, strong nerves, and good health would follow. If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHE HAD.

"Ah!" said the young man with the little bald spot on the crown of his head, "your life has been a calm, placid, emotionless one. You have never met your fate. You have never been in the grasp of an overmastering passion that has seized you by the heart strings and held you quivering!"

"Surely I have!" she replied, wonderingly. "I am learning to play golf!"

THE EVAPORATION OF TREES.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 123 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.