THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

In the pretty quaint drawing-room of White Cliffe, Squire Cliefden sat alone—an old man whose hair was gray and whose face was furrowed with age, whose figure was bent and whose hands trembled with weakness—an old man who had not been pleased to grow old, whose thoughts, cares, interests had been bound up in this world, and who knew no other. He sat in an easy chair, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, his hands folded, his face hopeless in its expression.

The Cliefdens had once been the leading family in the county, and Cliefden Hall the most hospitable mansion in it; but long before the present Squire was born, Cliefden Park was sold, its name changed, and all that remained of the once vast estates was a low rambling, picturesque place called White Cliffe. It is an awkward matter to be born with the tastes of a Grand Duke, a love of luxury, and a desire for position, when one possesses very limited means. This was what had happened to Squire William Cliefden. His father's one prayer, one sincere desire, had been that he should win the old lands back again. He had died with such words on his lips; and they had set his son's heart on fire. But it was much easier for him to spend than to save. He went abroad, hoping always that some wonderful chance would enable him to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though it never came. At that time he was a handsome, gallant young man, with no more idea of the value of money than a child.

He passed some years quicksilver-mining in Spain, and then returned to England, none the richer for his wanderings in search of wealth. Soon afterward he married a fair placid girl who had a large fortune, and with whom he lived happily enough. Catherine Somers loved her handsome erratic young husband, and was quite content. She never wondered whether he had had other loves or other interests, she was placidly, quietly happy.

One day a terrible accident happened to the Squire. He was struck by a falling branch of a tree, and carried home senseless. Even now he suffered from the effects of the injury which had nearly proved fatal at the time he received it. During his delirium his one cry was "Dolores, Dolores!" in a voice so full of acute pain and misery that it brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him. "Dolores, Dolores!" was reiterated by the sick man all through the dark hours of the night and the early hours of morn, while the simple, unsuspecting English wife knelt by his side, and wondered who Dolores was.

As he grew better, the Squire ceased to repeat the name; and his wife believed the cry to have arisen from some wandering of his fevered brain. When his little daughter was born, he said that she must be called "Dolores," and his fair wife smiled as she said, "That was the name you repeated so often when you were ill." So the beautiful, golden-haired child was called "Dolores," a name as ill-suited to her bright blonde loveliness as anything could well be.

Whatever the romance or tragedy of the Squire's life had been, it was never discovered. If a wild, deep, unhappy love, it died with him and was never told; nor did he ever betray himself in any way respecting it, except when his voice took a more musical tone in the utterance of the name "Dolores."

The gentle wife died and was buried. Then the Squire devoted himself to the task of making a fortune for Dolores. But fate was not kind to him. He liked to speculate, but no speculation ever turned out well for him; he lost more than he made; and now, when he was old, when energy, spirit and hope were all gone, the news had come to him that he was utterly ruined.

He had gathered together every available shilling—he had even mortgaged White Cliffe, so sure was he of success—and he had invested the money in mining shares which he had been assured would bring him in at least thirty per cent., and sell at any time for thrice their value. He was certain to make a large fortune—so the agents of the new company told him. And the Squire—never very keen where money was concerned, never very sound of judgment, in making investments—was only too delighted. He staked every farthing he had in the world, and for one year he enjoyed a wonderful increase of income. But that morning he had received a letter which told him of his utter ruin. The company was a complete swindle; the manager had absconded with all that remained of the capital, and there was nothing but ruin for all the deluded shareholders.

The Squire had received that letter in the morning, and he had hardly stirred since. For many hours he remained just as he was, trying to realize the utter abject misery into which he had fallen. His hands folded, his eyes closed, his life wrecked and ruined, no more piteous sight could be conceived than the old man in his sorrow.

The door opened slowly, and into the darkened room, came a beautiful graceful girl, whose face was full of anxious solicitude. She went up to the drooping figure and laid her loving arms round the Squire's neck.

"Papa," she said, "can you not cheer up? It might have been worse—death is worse."

"Worse, Dolores?" he questioned sadly, "Ah, no! Death is much more merciful than poverty and ruin. I could face death with a smile; but I am the last of the Cliefdens, and disgrace is worse than death."

"There is no disgrace for you, papa. It is not your fault that other men are rogues and swindlers. Tell me, dear, what will be the worst for us?"

"The worst for me will be the workhouse or an almshouse in my old age; for you there will be hard work, Dolores?"

"Is it so bad as that?" she asked wonderingly. "Must we leave White Cliffe?"

"There is not even a chair in the house that belongs to us," he replied. "The house, pictures, furniture, plate are no longer ours. We are absolute paupers, Dolores—and that is a hard thing to say."

"Very hard, papa; but I am quite sure I can work. I can make money enough to keep you and myself. I will do anything—teach, paint, sing; I would go on the stage—I would do anything to help you."

A softened look came over his worn face.

"I know it, Dolores; but you have never been used to work. The Cliefdens have until now kept some of their old state. If I could only have lived at White Cliffe until it was time to die! If I could only have slept where all the Cliefdens sleep! But I shall die in an almshouse and be buried like a pauper. How could you work for me, child?" he continued. "I have lived in luxury all my life; I must have dainty food and choice wine; I must have comforts,—good fires, good clothes, my books my papers. How could you earn money for all these things?"

Before she had time to answer there came a great peal at the door-bell.

To be Continued.

It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by their Wonderful Cures.

Derangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for diseases of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust, in the urine, scanty painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease.

Mrs. Pursley, 139 Lippincott street, Toronto, says:—"I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies."

Mr. James Cork, Cunscon, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states:—"Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief.

"At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Mysterious Crime on the S.S. Neptune.

They went to Mrs. Verschoyle's room and hunted everywhere for the paper so much required, but in vain. Ransacked her desk, looked through her trunks, but without any satisfactory result.

"Perhaps she's left it about for greater safety," said Foster, referring to Poe's queer story of the "Purloined Letter."

The landlady was called up and questioned, but denied ever seeing the paper.

"Perhaps she had it with her," she suggested as the three gentlemen looked blankly at one another.

No, the body had been searched so they left the hotel in despair.

"Looks bad for Vassalla," said Ronald.

"Not a bit!" retorted the stout-hearted Winks, "the stiletto evidence will get him off; but Mrs. Verschoyle evidently intended he should swing, and has perhaps destroyed the paper."

He went off, so Ronald invited Foster to dine with him at the "Tavistock," an invitation which that gentleman accepted. All the newsboys along the Strand were calling out sensational sentences about the case, and Ronald bought some papers to read. When they entered the hotel the clerk handed Ronald a letter that had been waiting for him all day. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, and Monteith opened it carelessly, but on glancing at the contents he gave a shout which startled Foster.

"What's the matter, old chap?"

"The missing paper!" gasped Ronald, holding it out; and so it was. Foster took it and read it.

"My dear Monteith—I'm sick of life, and as I've no one to consult about staying in it, I'm going into the next world, straight off. Lionel Ventin."

"This puts Vassalla's innocence beyond all doubt," said Foster, "but the signature will have to be proved—can you do it?"

"No," replied Monteith, "but there's Mrs. Taunton."

"Yes!—we'll have to see her," said the barrister, putting the letter in his pocket; "but how the deuce did it come to you?"

"I don't know," said Ronald, blankly, "unless she never intended Vassalla should suffer, but sent me this to-day and the case would have been quashed to-morrow. I believe she was mad."

Foster thought so, also, especially when they went back to the hotel, and found how the letter had been posted. Mrs. Verschoyle had placed it in an envelope and directed it to Ronald, but evidently changing her mind went out leaving it on the table. A waiter coming in had seen it, so posted it at once, thinking it was an oversight on Mrs. Verschoyle's part.

There was no difficulty in proving the document to be authentic, as Mrs. Taunton affirmed at once that both the writing and the signature were in her brother's handwriting, and supported her assertion by producing his letters to her, which put the whole question beyond a doubt.

This curious ending to a curious case made a great sensation, but Vassalla took his acquittal very coolly. He was more annoyed at Carmela's refusal to marry him than anything else, as that young lady not only refused to see him, but wrote a letter and upbraided him for the falsehood he had told, regarding her sister's guilt to gain her hand.

Vassalla did not answer the letter, but seeing there was no hope for him went off to America, and found among the passengers the Bishop of Patagonia, and his wife, accompanied by Mrs. Pollypop, who had insisted on coming. The Bishop yielded, in the secret hope that some benevolent cannibal might eat the old lady, but she evidently did not look inviting enough, as she is still alive and hearty.

Mrs. Verschoyle, whose unhappy fate no one particularly deplored, was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and lies there at rest, with all her loves, her hates and ambitions. Carmela could not honestly pretend to mourn, but she regretted that the last interview she had with her was such a stormy one.

Ronald went down again to Hurley, and spent the summer months on the river in the delightful company of Carmela, who, now that the cloud, so long overshadowing her life, had passed away, was perfectly happy. They were wrapped up in one another, and paid no attention to the other guests at Bellfield.

This was decidedly selfish, and would have been resented, only it so happened that two other couples under Sir Mark Trevor's hospitable roof were doing precisely the same thing.

In the first place, Mr. Patrick Ryan had persuaded Kate Lester to agree to change her name for his own.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," observed Pat when he proposed. "I give you my name and you give me yourself."

"And you call that a fair exchange," retorted his lady-love. "I think you're getting the best of the bargain—I'm marrying a poor man."

"And you call that a fair exchange," "that's where my self-sacrifice comes in. I can't support myself, so I'm going to support you—we can live on bread-and-cheese and——"

"Well?"

"If you've no objection we'll have an acting charade on the last word."

They did!

Sir Mark was resigned to the infliction of two loving couples staying with him, but he did feel rather crushed when Gerald Foster asked him to bestow Bell's hand upon him.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the astonished baronet, "it's a catching disease—I'm glad Mrs. Pollypop isn't here or I'd fall a victim to matrimony myself."

He liked Foster, however, and moreover saw he was a man likely to make his mark in the world, so agreed to the engagement, and resigned himself, in a Christian spirit to the awful fact of living in the same house with three young men engaged to the same number of young women.

"I feel like an elderly Cupid," he said, plaintively, "the only remedy for this epidemic of love-making is to get them married as soon as possible."

So as soon as possible the marriages took place all at the same time in the church at Marlow, and the excitement was great over the treble event, as such a thing had not occurred in the neighborhood within the memory of man.

It will be interesting news to all matrimonial pessimists that none of these marriages have as yet turned out failures, nor does there seem the least chance of any such possibility.

Foster, with the assistance of his father-in-law, soon got plenty of briefs, and is now a brilliant Q. C., cherishing dreams of the Bench and Woolsack.

Miss Lester's uncle dying, left her all his money, which Pat devoted to restoring the home of his ancestors, where he lives now with his pretty wife, and is not much troubled, except by his tenants, who won't pay any rent.

And Ronald?

Oh, Ronald is in far-off Australia, and by his side stands Carmela.

The End.

WHY HE KEPT ON PLAYING

He had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously, and with wild gesticulations, ordered him to clear off.

The organ-grinder, however, continued to grind away, till finally the old gentleman had him arrested for disturbance. At the police-court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested to do so.

Ma no understatan' mooch Ingleese, was the reply.

Well, said the magistrate, but you must have understood what he meant when he kept stamping his feet and waving his arms.

No, ma not know, replied the Italian; ma tink he comed to dance to my music.

The organ-grinder was discharged.

PAINS IN THE BACK.

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LORD RUSSELL'S GOOD-BY.

Affection of England's Lord Chief Justice for His Son.

Since the death of Lord Russell many pleasing anecdotes have been told of him, and among them one which is marked by an intimate touch of family affection, appealingly human.

His youngest son was about to sail for South Africa, as lieutenant in an artillery regiment. As the transport parted from her moorings, the Lord Chief Justice, standing on the pier, eagerly scanning the faces which lined the vessel's bulwarks, was unable to discover that of his son.

Disappointed, and yearning for a parting look, he raised his fingers to his lips, in the manner so familiar to boys, and emitted a shrill whistle. The evidently familiar call brought young Russell to the side of the vessel, and father and son, gazing wistfully into each other's faces, waved what proved to be a last farewell.

The act was characteristic of the man, and a hearty cheer from those who heard and saw testified to the fulness of human sympathy when a "touch of nature" moves it.

ONE FOR JACK.

At the trial of a seaman for shooting a comrade counsel for the Crown asked one of the witnesses, also a seaman, whom he was for—plaintiff or defendant.

Plaintiff or defandant! says Jack, giving his trousers a hitch, shiver me, if I know what ye mean. I come to say summat for that there—pointing to the prisoner.

You're a pretty fellow for a witness, said the counsel, not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!

Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the shipbe was in at the time, he replied, Abaft the binnacle.

Abaft the binnacle, repeated counsel; what part of the ship is that?

Ha, ha! chuckled Jack, you're a nice feller for a counsellor, not to know where abaft the binnacle is!

NICE FOR THE TORTOISE.

Now, Mary, said a mistress to her newly-imported maid, in the kitchen there is a pet tortoise, and I hope you will be very kind to it. Do you know a tortoise when you see one?

No, mum; shure and what loike is it?

After having explained it to her, the girl went and brought it forth.

Is that it, mum?

Yes.

Shure, that is what Oi was using to break the coals wid.

BRITAIN'S WELCOME HOME.

Lord Roberts Was Received by Royalty.

A despatch from London says:—Crowds of people on Thursday flocked to points of vantage along the route to be followed by Lord Roberts from Paddington Station to Buckingham Palace, but the numbers in no way compared with those present on the occasion of the demonstration in honor of the return of the City Imperial Volunteers from South Africa.

Fears of a repetition of the riotous behaviour on that occasion deterred many persons from joining in the public welcome. Warned by the occurrences at the time of the Volunteers' return, the authorities furnished barriers to prevent crushing, and 15,000 regular troops, in addition to thousands of police, lined the route, blocked the side streets, and were concentrated in the wide spaces to guard against dangerous rushes.

RECEIVED BY ROYALTY.

Lord Roberts reached Paddington station only 20 minutes behind the schedule time. As he descended from his saloon carriage to the platform of the elaborately decorated railroad station he was greeted by the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Duke and the Duchess of York, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The members of the Royal family shook hands heartily with the Field Marshal, while the bands played the National Anthem. The Princess of Wales engaged Lord Roberts in a conversation for some length.

The scene was altogether brilliant. Everywhere were masses of bunting, troops, ladies in bright costumes, Cabinet Ministers and staff officers.

The Prince of Wales, with Lady Roberts, soon left the railroad station in a royal carriage drawn by six horses and escorted by Life Guards, preceding Lord Roberts to Buckingham Palace.

THE PROCESSION STARTS.

The people on the stand opposite the carpeted platform could see little but cocked hats and ladies' bonnets. The first captain of the Empire, five feet two high, was invisible except from the front of the circle. After congratulations had been exchanged, Lord Roberts walked with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Adjutant-General. General Sir Evelyn Wood, and reviewed the guard of honour. The veteran Field Marshal, who appeared to be in perfect health, with pink cheeks, bore himself jauntily and with evident enjoyment.

He walked down each rank, saluting with his left hand, as his right hand is still in a sling, speaking to the sergeants, and occasionally picking out a private for a few words, recalling previous service together.

After the inspection Lord Roberts had a few minutes' conversation with his old comrades, before he went out into the station enclosure to meet London's multitudes.

After Lord Roberts had replied to the address from Paddington, the procession was formed, the headquarters staff, in six carriages, following immediately behind the Field Marshal, who occupied a state carriage escorted by Indian cavalry. The Secretary of State for War, Mr. William St. John Brodrick, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis of Lansdowne, were seated in another carriage. A detachment of cavalry brought up the rear.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM PREVAILS.

The party proceeded to Buckingham Palace, by way of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Deafening cheers greeted the Field Marshal and new Commander-in-chief of the forces along all parts of the route. Clubland was ablaze with colour and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The ladies admitted to the hallowed precincts thronged the windows and the balconies. The hotels and other buildings were all lavishly bedecked and all crowded from top to bottom with cheering spectators.

The roar of welcome rolled on unceasingly until the veteran commander entered the gates of the palace.

DE WET DRIVEN BACK

Reoccupation of Important Towns by the Boers.

A despatch from London, says:—The effect of the withdrawal of troops from the Transvaal and Orange River Colony to deal with the invaders in Cape Colony is seen in the continued activity of the Boers there. Gen. Knox is holding Gen. De Wet, who has been pushed further north, but the Boers have reoccupied Jagersfontein, the richest and most British town in the Orange River Colony. They are also probably in possession of Fauresmith, which place the British abandoned on Christmas day concurrently with their abandonment of Jagersfontein. The inhabitants, with hundreds of waggons and carts loaded with their belongings, mournfully moved to Edinburg, where they encamped. The men had defended the towns for months, but the military authorities decided that it was impracticable to continue sending them supplies, as they were so far from the railway.

Reports from Durban state that armed Boers are in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith, possibly seeking a chance to release the Boer prisoners there.

3,600 MORE VOLUNTEERS.

Australia and New Zealand Will Send This Number

A despatch from Melbourne says:—In response to the suggestion from Colonial Secretary Chamberlain that more troops from the colonies would be acceptable for service in South Africa, 1,000 men have volunteered at Victoria, 600 in South Australia, and 2,000 in New Zealand. These men have signified their desire to serve against the Boers.

HAVE JOINED HANDS

The Two British Forces in Cape Colony Unite

A despatch from Cape Town, says:—Information regarding the invasion is scanty. Col. Williams attacked the eastern invaders Jan. 1 near Middelburg, but failed to dislodge them. He has since been joined by Lieut.-Col. Grenfell, and the Boers have retired.

General Brabant has arrived at Graaf Reinet.

PURSUING DE WET.

Cannon Firing Continually Heard at Maseru.

A despatch from London, says:—Advices from Maseru, Basutoland, dated Wednesday, say that three separate columns are still pursuing Gen. De Wet, but with no success beyond taking twenty-eight prisoners. Cannon firing is continually heard.

All the English have deserted Ficksburg, taking their stocks of grain across the border, and the Boers have looted the town.

According to the Daily Mail's correspondent at The Hague, the directorate of the Netherlands South African railway, has applied to the Amsterdam courts for a suspension of payments.

BULLETS AMD DYNAMITE.

The British Make An Important Seizure.

A despatch from Cape Town, says:—An important seizure of bullets and dynamite has been made in the Fraserburg district. The explosives arrived from Cape Town packed in condensed milk cans.

It is learned that the Boers invading Cape Colony obtained only six recruits among the Afrikander residents in the Hopetown district. It is believed here that their measure of success in other districts was equally small, the Dutch sedition mongers fearing to translate their words into deeds.

Recruiting is proceeding at an active rate. The new regiment, the Prince of Wales' Light Horse, has established a recruiting record.

PROTECTING THE MINES.

Boers May Do Thousands of Pounds Damage.

A despatch from London says:—The Cape Town correspondent of the Times remarks upon the impossibility of Gen. Kitchener, with his present force, protecting the Rand mines, and says that marauders would be able in an hour or 2 to do damage amounting to thousands of pounds. He instances the Kleinfontein mine, which was recently damaged to the extent of £210,000. The mine cannot be started up again in two years.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

BREADSTUFFS, ETC.

Toronto, Jan. 8.—Wheat—Quotations are as follows:—Red winter, 66c; and white, 66c, middle freights; spring wheat, easy, 69c; Manitoba, No. 1 hard old, g.i.t., 98c; No. 2 at 92c; No. 1 hard, North Bay, 96c.

Millfeed—Scarce. Ton lots, at the mill door, sell as follows;—Bran, $12 to $12.50; and shorts at $14 to $14.50 west.

Corn—Tone firm; No. 1 American, yellow, 45c; No. 3 yellow, 43c; No. 2 yellow, 44c.

Peas—Steady; No. 2 sold, midule freights, at 61 1-2c; and east at 62c.

Barley—Continues dull. No. 2 east, 41c; and middle freights, 40c; No. 3 extra, 39 1-2c, east; and 38 1-2c, middle freights.

Rye—Firmer; new rye, 47c, west; and 48c east.

Buckwheat—About steady. Car lots, west, are quoted at 49c; and east at 50c.

Oats—Quiet demand; No. 1 white, east, 27c; No. 2 white, north and west 26c.

Flour—Unsettled. Holders outside are asking more money. So far foreign markets have not responded much.

PRODUCE.

Eggs—Cold stored eggs rather firmer. Prices are as follows;—New laid, 28 to 30c; cold stored, selects, 19 to 20c; limed, 15 to 16c.

Poultry—Receipts to-day were very light, and demand very quiet. Prices were firm. Turkeys sold at 10c; geese at 7 to 8c, chickens, at 30 to 40c; and ducks, at 60 to 70c. The market was bare of stock at the close, and more could now be used.

Potatoes—Tone steady. Sales are being made outside at equal to 30 to 32c here. Sales, out of store, are made at 40c.

Field produce, etc.—Turnips, out of store, 30c per bag; onions, 70c per bag; carrots, 35c per bag; apples per bbl, $1 to $2; sweet potatoes, per bbl, $2.50.

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

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

Honey—Firm. Dealers quote from 9 1-2 to 10c per lb, for 5, 10, or 60-lb, tins, according to the size of the order. Comb honey sells at $2.40 to $2.75 per dozen sections.

Baled hay—Firm. Choice timothy, on track, $10.25; two-ton lots, delivered, $11.

Straw—Scarce. Car lots of straw, on track here, $7.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs on the street were unchanged at $7.50 to $7.75. Car lots, on track here, were quoted firmer at $7.15 to $7.25 for mixed lots. Provisions continue quiet but steady.

Quotations for provisions are as follows:—Dry salted shoulders, 8c; long clear bacon, loose, in car lots, 10c; 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 13 1-2c; light, 13 1-2c; breakfast bacon, 13 to 13 1-2c; picnic hams, 10c; roll bacon, 11c, smoked backs, 12c. All meats out of pickle 1c less than prices quoted for smoked meats.

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

Duluth, Jan. 8.—Wheat—Cash, No. 2 hard, 68 1-2c; No. 1 Northern, 74 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 65 1-4 to 70 1-4c; No. 3 spring, 56 1-4 to 63 1-4c; to arrive, No. 1 hard, 77 1-8c; No. 1 Northern, 75 1-8c; May, 78 5-8c; July, 78 5-8c. Corn—31 3-8c; oats, 24 3-4 to 24 1-2c.

Minneapolis, Jan. 8.—Wheat—Cash, 76 1-4c; May, 77 1-2 to 77 5-8c; July, 78 1-2 to 78 5-8c; on track, No. 1 hard, 78 1-4c; No. 1 Northern, 76 1-4c; No. 2 Northern, 73 3-4c. Flour—Ten cents higher on patents. Bran—In bulk, $11.75 to $12.

Toledo, Jan. 8.—Wheat—Cash and January, 80c; May, 83c; July, 81 1-2c. Corn—Cash and January, 37c; May, 38c. Oats—Cash and January, 23 3-4c; May, 25 1-2c. Rye—52 1-2c. Cloverseed—1898, prime, $6.25; 1899, prime, $6.50; January, $7; March, $7.10. Oil—Unchanged.

Buffalo, Jan. 8.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Spring steady; No. 1 hard, carloads, spot, 88 5-8c; No. 1 Northern, ell, carloads, 85 1-8c. Winter wheat—Nominal; No. 2 red, 78c; mixed, 77c; No. 1 white, 76c, on track, Buffalo. Corn—Firm; good demand; No. 2 yellow, 41 1-4c; No. 3 do., 41c; No. 4 do., 40 1-2c; No. 2 corn, 40 3-4c; No. 3 corn, 40 1-2c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white 30 to 30 1-4c; No. 3 white, 29 to 29 1-4c; No. 2 mixed, 27c; No. 3 mixed, 26c.

Barley—Stronger; extra, 63 to 64c; fair to good, 56 to 59c. Rye—No. 1, 57c asked; No. 2, on track, 56c.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—Wheat scored the highest price of the season to-day on heavy buying, but broke sharply later on profittaking, and closed weak, May 1-2c lower, Corn closed 1-8 to 1-4c lower, oats 1-8c higher, and provisions practically unchanged.

STILL MOVING SOUTH.

Boers Break the British Cordon at Zuerberg

A despatch from London, says:—The Boer raiders of the Cape Colony are still moving south without apparently any hindrance. A party has passed Middleburg to Roode Hoogte, and another has reached Glenharry, 20 miles north of Graaf Reinet, one of the chief centres of anti-British sentiment in the colony. General Kitchener's official despatch allays any anxiety regarding the capture of the town at present.

A report from Cape Town states that 700 Boers have broken the British cordon at Zuerberg, and are looting and burning within a few miles of Richmond, which town is threatened. There are some rumours of engagements between the invaders and their pursuers, but no details are given. It can be inferred from certain vague statements that great bodies of British mounted troops are chasing the Boers with the evident hope of being able to drive them where they can be captured, and thus prevent all chance of their return to the Transvaal or Orange River Colony.

Martial law has been proclaimed in five more districts.

TO REMOVE PRISONERS.

Will Be Taken From Camp and Placed on Transports.

A despatch from Cape Town, says:—The military authorities are preparing for all contingencies, it has been decided to transfer the Boer prisoners from the camps to transports.

Farmers coming into Carnarvon describe the Boers as traveling in parallel columns, with numerous flanking parties sweeping the country of horses, plundering loyalists, and carrying off everything eatable. It appears that they are accompanied by strings of pack horses lightly loaded.

Colesburg telegraphs that Kritzinger's commando is crossing the Middelburg district, but is getting few if any recruits.

Here in Cape Town such business men as are unable to leave are organizing a town guard, composed of the leading citizens. The commercial companies have asked the Mayor to call a mass meeting to urge the Government to suppress disloyal newspapers and to proclaim martial law.

BRITISH LOSSES

Casualties in the South African War Total 51,687.

A despatch from London says:—The War Office has issued a table of the war losses to the end of 1900. The total casualties of every kind were 51,687 but owing to the fact that a majority of the men invalided home have recovered and rejoined their commands, the total reduction of the forces was 14,830. There are also missing and prisoners seven officers and 898 men. The number of invalids who left the service and are unfit for duty is 1,570.

DUTCH RISING FEARED

Open Assistance Given to the Raiding Commandoes.

A despatch from London, Monday, says;—There is no official and little other news of the situation in the Cape Colony, but what has arrived is not encouraging to the British. Despite the rapid progress made in arming the loyalists there is general uneasiness in Cape Town and the neighborhood owing to the ignorance concerning the whereabouts of the invaders. There is no indication that they are being checked. Every day adds to the probability of a Dutch rising. Reports of assistance openly given to the Boers multiply. The farmers in the western districts are exceedingly unwilling to sell horses to the Government. It is stated that in one district they have refused to sell, and defy the Government to seize their animals. Elsewhere the Government is commandeering horses, but is paying a good price for them. Troops have occupied Malmesbury, from the Parliamentary representation of which ex-Prime Minister Schreiner was lately ousted. Martial law was proclaimed as soon as the troops arrived, and all the horses were seized. The British residents in several villages around Cape Town have taken refuge there, finding life unendurable among their rebelliously inclined neighbours. Meanwhile the troops that can be spared from Cape Town and volunteers for the front are being forwarded to the Piquetburg road, 50 miles north of the capital, which will apparently be used as an advanced base.

HUGE WARSHIPS.

Britain Will Build Two Monsters for the Navy.

A despatch from London says:—The British Admiralty has decided to build two battleships which are intended to be the largest in the world. The distinction of having the largest warships has hitherto been held by Italy, with the Lepanto and her sister ship, the Italia. Great Britain's two projected large warships, to be respectively named the Queen and the Prince of Wales, will be 2,000 tons heavier than the Italian ships mentioned, reaching the enormous displacement of 18,000 tons, which is 3,500 heavier than America's biggest armour-clad vessel. These tremendous British vessels will carry nothing larger than 12-inch guns. Their batteries will chiefly be composed of these guns and of 7.5-inch and 6-inch guns. The determination to increase the bulk of the battleships was only arrived at after much discussion, for since the days of the Royal Sovereign, of 14,150 tons, the Admiralty has been inclined to favour battleships of smaller displacement, of which the Canopus, of 12,950 tons, is the best type. In the meanwhile Russia, France, the United States, and Japan have all been increasing their displacements, till Great Britain has been almost left behind. Now she steps in, taking the lead with the Queen and the Prince of Wales, to say nothing of the London and the Formidable, both of 15,000 tons, now nearing completion.

ELIGIBLE FOR PENSIONS.

Dependents of Dead Canadians to be Provided For.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Widows or orphans or other dependents of Canadian soldiers who died in South Africa, will be provided out of the Imperial patriotic fund. This is shown by the following cablegram from Mr. Chamberlain to his Excellency the Governor-General just received:—

"Questions of pensions for widows and orphans of non-commissioned officers and men are now being considered. Descendants of Canadian soldiers who died through the war are eligible for grants from the Royal Patriotic fund."

NORTHERN DISTRICT

Commandant Viljoen Destroys Valuable Mines.

Cape Town, Jan. 4.—Commandant Viljoen is conducting a campaign of mine destruction in the north. During the past week he has destroyed British property valued at £50,000.

The owners recently applied to Gen. Kitchener for protection, but were informed that they must, not look to the military to guard their property.

Lord Kitchener, is however calling for five thousand men to guard the Rand mines.

A NEW GOVERNOR.

Lieut.-Col. MacCollum Will be Sent to Natal.

London, Jan. 4.—It is officially announced that Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal, has been transferred to the Governorship of Cape Colony. He will be succeeded in Natal by Lieut.-Col. Henry E. McCallum, Governor of Newfoundland.