THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was all over now, Dolores told herself. There was an end of her dream. Some one else had taken her place at the piano, and a beautiful voice was filling the room with melody. Just then she was hardly capable of a clear thought. She did not know that Sir Karl stood watching her with wistful eyes, eyes full of pain and wonder, that last "good-by" ringing in his ears and stirring his heart. He could not help seeing that she had sung it with a purpose; and that purpose was to bid farewell to him. "Too late!" Ah! it was indeed too late! But if it would be for her happiness, he must be content.

"She does not look like a girl who would sell herself for money," he thought. "She has the face of one who could give her life for the man she loved."

Lola was quick enough to see that there was something amiss; and she was not far wrong in her surmise.

Dolores never knew how the rest of the evening passed. It must have been a very pleasant one, for there was plenty of laughter, dancing and music, and the charades were highly applauded; but Dolores sat in a long painful dream, as though she were taking her part in a play, while her thoughts and heart were elsewhere. It had been a proper test, that little incident of the red and white roses. It seemed to Dolores as read as though Lola had said, "Which of us two do you prefer, Dolores Cliefden or myself?" and Sir Karl had answered, "I prefer you, Lola," whereas to him it had been so unimportant that the red rose he had chosen still lay upon the floor.

"She might have said good-by quietly," he thought, "and not have sung it in words that must haunt me until I die. She sung them reproachfully too, as though it were my fault that I am her lost friend. I should have been her friend until death, but she is marrying for money and not for love."

The miserable night came to an end at last. Sir Karl went away first, and Dolores was driven home in madame's carriage. The girl was thankful to be alone, to be where she was not compelled to smile and talk while her heart felt ready to break. The stars were shining, and the air was laden with sweet odors. She was very young; but she said to herself that all was ended now except duty. Never again would the sound of a voice or the fall of a footstep make her heart throb; never more would her pulses thrill at the touch of a hand. She would live her life, do her duty, and at the end would come sweetest rest. She had nothing to do now but to write to the generous man who had laid his fortune at her feet and tell him that she had decided, and was ready to marry him.

When she reached White Cliffe, she heard that the Squire had gone to bed. She was relieved to know that she would not have to see him that night; by morning she would have regained her composure, and would be able to meet him with a smiling face.

It was her own fault entirely; she repeated that to herself again and again. She ought to have had more sense than to give even one thought to a man who did not care for her. All that she suffered was the just reward of her own folly; no one could pity her; she could only feel ashamed for herself. She knelt down and prayed as she had never prayed in her life before; and when she laid her head on the pillow, it was with the feeling of wearied relief which one has who has fought a good fight and conquered.

Early the next morning she went to the Squire. He was in his study, his favorite room, with a cup of coffee before him. He looked up quickly as she entered, and she read in his eyes the anxiety, the hope, the fear that he did not express in words. She went and knelt down by his side.

"I have come to a decision, papa," she said. "I thought I would ease your mind by telling you at once. I have decided to marry Lord Rhysworth."

The Squire pushed his coffee-cup aside, looked at his daughter earnestly, laid down his paper, and sat for some moments in silent delight.

"Is it really true, Dolores?" he asked at last.

She put her arms round his neck and drew the white head upon her bosom.

"Yes, papa; you shall live at White Cliffe until you die. You shall never leave it to go amongst strangers; and you shall have all your comfort dear. You will be rich again, and have money to do with as you like. You will be very happy, my dearest—happier than you have ever been."

Something in her voice seemed to disturb the Squire, for he raised his head, and, in his turn, drew the beautiful face down to his. He looked at it long and anxiously; even to his dim eyes there was a wonderful change in it. The brightness was gone; the light that shone there now was of heaven rather than of earth; it was the calm of content hardly acquired; it was an expression quite different from anything he had seen on his daughter's face before.

"Dolores," he cried in a sharp voice, "you—are you happy?"

"Quite happy," she answered.

"There is no one you care more for than Lord Rhysworth, is there? Tell me the truth, Dolores? I would not let you sacrifice yourself for me; you must not do that. Is there any one you like better? I—I would sooner be dead, my child, than that for my sake you should marry a man whom you do not love, and lose one whom perhaps you do love."

He never forgot the strange smile that came over her face as she laid her hands upon his shoulders and looked at him.

"You may believe me, dear," she said. "There is no one who cares for me; who should? I do not see many people. I am too young to have thought of such things. No one cares for me; believe me papa."

If he had been more shrewd and worldly, he must have noticed that, although she repeated her statement that no one cared for her, she never once said that she cared for no one. The Squire went on:

"I was a coward yesterday, Dolores. The idea of poverty frightened me. I could have cried like a child then; but, now that I look at you, Dolores, in the light of another day, I feel braver and stronger. In the course of nature I cannot live many years. What does it matter, if only you are happy, dear?"

There was a faint quiver on her lips; and then she said—

"I am quite happy, papa. In the years to come, when you think about this, and about my marriage, always remember that I was quite happy, that I had no regrets, and that I was most grateful to the generous man who rescued us."

He listened attentively.

"Those are pleasant words, Dolores; but they have not the right ring."

"You may believe me," she said. "You must always remember that I am perfectly happy. If ever you see a cloud on my face, tell me about it; if you find my spirits flag, then you may believe that I am not happy. Kiss me, papa, and tell me you believe me."

He kissed the sweet face and laid his hand caressingly on the golden head.

"I believe you, my darling, and I am quite happy too in the belief."

Then she rose from her knees and busied herself in arranging his papers.

"I will write to Lord Rhysworth today," she said; "and perhaps he will come over. Papa, grant me this favor; if he comes, see him for me this once. I will see him to-morrow."

This the old Squire promised to do.

"Dear Lord Rhysworth," Dolores wrote—"I have been thinking well over the question you asked me, and I have come to a decision. I thank you for your generous offer, and, in accepting it, assure you that it shall be the one endeavor of my life to make you a good and faithful wife.

"I am, dear Lord Rhysworth, yours very sincerely.

DOLORES CLIEFDEN."

It was not a very enthusiastic love-letter, but true and honest. She meant just what she wrote, that she would endeavor to be a true and good wife to him as long as she lived. In her own heart there was an unuttered prayer that her life might not be a very long one. She was not quite aware of it herself.

Lord Rhysworth received the letter, and was transported with delight after reading it. He went at once to White Cliffe, where the Squire received him with heartiest welcome. He did not see Dolores. She was fatigued, the Squire said, with her long evening at Beaulieu. If he would ride over on the morrow, Dolores would see him then.

Without having gained a glimpse of the fair face he loved so dearly, Lord Rhysworth went away. That same evening from Deeping Hurst came a magnificent bouquet for Dolores; and never a day passed afterward without presents of fruit and flowers finding their way to White Cliffe. The old Squire seemed to grow young and strong again under the new influence.

Next day Dolores saw Lord Rhysworth. He kissed her hands with old fashioned gallantry.

"You have made me the happiest man on earth," he said, "and the devotion of my whole life shall repay you."

"I will do my best to make you happy," she answered.

And that was all the wooing that ever passed between them. It was enough perhaps for reason and common-sense; but, alas, for the girlish dream of love and romance! How would it end?

CHAPTER VII.

In less than two days the news of Dolores's engagement had spread all over the country. It gave general satisfaction, for every one liked and esteemed Lord Rhysworth; and of Dolores Cliefden the whole country was proud. She was "one of them;" she had grown up amongst them; she belonged to a family that had once been first in the country; she was beautiful and high-bred. One and all rejoiced in the good fortune that had befallen her. True, a few simple-hearted women who had married for love themselves and believed there was nothing like love thought the difference of age too great, said amongst themselves that Dolores was young enough to be Lord Rhysworth's daughter, and that it was a pity he was so old, and wondered as they kissed the rosy faces of their children whether Dolores loved Lord Rhysworth. They were only a few happily married women who thought this. The girls envied her; there was hardly one in the country who would not have changed placed with her.

Lola smiled when she heard the news.

"That is just what I thought," she said, "and I am sure that the day on which I went over to White Cliffe was the day on which the offer was made. Dolores had something on her mind, I know, and it was this. It will be strange if she is Lady Rhysworth and I am Lady Allanmore. We shall be greater rivals than ever then."

No doubt came to her mind that she should not one day be Lady Allanmore. Sir Karl had evidently had a passing fancy for Dolores; but it must end now, and she would soon take Miss Cliefden's place. "A sensible marriage," Lola called it; and she knew well that the manner in which she used the word "sensible" conveyed more than a volume could. Most people who heard it thus emphasized smiled, and went away with the word "mercenary" in their minds.

Sir Karl was one of the first to hear the rumor confirmed. He had ridden into Deeping to attend some meeting held on county business, and there found every one discussing the coming alliance. As he was riding away, he met Lord Rhysworth, and, after a few words of greeting, he said boldly—

"I wonder if I may congratulate you, Lord Rhysworth?" There was a curious look on the young man's face, a paling of the lips and deepening of the lines about his mouth, which did not strike Lord Rhysworth. "You have carried off the greatest prize in the country," said Sir Karl, "if it be true that you are going to marry Miss Cliefden."

He was profoundly touched when Lord Rhysworth raised his hat as though he would do all honor to the name.

"I hope," said his lordship, "with the blessing of Heaven, that I am going to marry Miss Cliefden. I speak to you more frankly, Sir Karl, than I should to any one else. I am the happiest man in the world, and I hope to make my dear wife the happiest of women."

"I trust that every desire of your heart may be realized," responded Sir Karl; and he meant it. "Shall I presume if I ask when the wedding is to be?" he added.

To Be Continued.

"Grippe Deadlier Than Smallpox."

Says Dr. Dillingham of the New York Health Board—The Dreadful After-Effects Most to Be Dreaded.

Every reader of this paper can recall many cases in which the after effects of la grippe have proven fatal. How many people are now complaining of special ailments or lingering sufferings or weaknesses which are clearly the results of the debilitating effects of la grippe.

The best plan is to prevent la grippe, if possible, or, once a victim, to apply yourself diligently to obtaining what relief you can. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully beneficial, because it allays the inflammation in the throat and bronchial tubes, loosens the cough, heals the lungs, and prevents pneumonia or consumption.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a mere cough remedy. It is far more. It thoroughly cures the cold as well, and seems to take the aches and pains out of the bones. No ordinary cough mixture could ever attain the enormous sale which this medicine now has. For old and young alike it can be used with perfect safety and with absolute assurance that the effects will be remarkably beneficial.

If weakened and debilitated by the enervating effects of la grippe there is nothing so suitable for your use as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the great nerve restorative and blood builder. The regular and persistent use of this great food cure is bound to result in the upbuilding of the system, because it contains in condensed pill form, the most efficient restoratives known to man.

Though only known in Canada for a few years, this famous discovery of Dr. Chase, the Receipt Book author, has become generally recognized by physicians and people alike as a great strengthener and blood builder. In no case is it more successful than in restoring and reinvigorating a system wasted by la grippe. Whether weakened by overwork, worry or disease, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will renew vigor and vitality. Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

How You May Boil an Egg, Make Tea or Time a Race Without a Watch.

You can measure time, in the absence of a watch, by the beating of your heart. In most adults the heart beats about 70 times per minute. If you are boiling an egg, making tea or watching a 100-yard race, all you have to do is to put your finger on your pulse, and you have a first-rate stop watch. But the pulse is not the same in all people. It beats as slowly as 50 to the minute in some, and as fast as 75 in others. It would therefore be necessary to know at what rate your pulse usually beats.

Another way of measuring time with tolerable accuracy is by the breathing. Most people breathe 15 times per minute, or once every 4 seconds. So that in boiling an egg for 3 minutes you would count 45 breaths.

The writer once experienced being confined in a coal mine for three days in consequence of an explosion occurring while he was attending a badly injured workman. When his watch stopped he had no means of telling how the time was passing. Remembering that he had a clinical thermometer with him, he was, however, able to count the days, and even to tell the hour of day or night with tolerable accuracy in the following way:

The average temperature of the body is 98.8 degrees. But it rises and falls at certain hours of the day with perfect regularity. At about 6 in the morning the temperature is at its lowest, being only 98 degrees. Three hours after breakfast it touches the mean or average point. At 12 noon it is up to 98 degrees or a little over. All day it continues to rise, and it is at its very highest at about 6 o'clock in the evening, or from that to 7—namely, 99 4-5 degrees. Then it gradually falls throughout the night, going very low about 3 a.m., when most deaths occur from this cause, and touching the lowest point between 5 and 6.

QUEEN'S SENSE OF HUMOUR.

Creation of the Office of "Her Majesty's Stirrup Holder."

The Queen for all her dignity, had a keen sense of humor, a quality to which two anecdotes just recalled give emphasis. She strongly disapproved of some little paper shades affixed to the candles in her room. She looked at them for a moment, then turned to the attendant and ordered her to "take off their petticoats."

She was also amused by the uncourtier-like comment of a Scotch woman who found her knitting stockings, a form of needlework unfamiliar to the Queen. "Eh!" said the old woman, "but I'm sorry for your poor man if he gets no better stockings than that."

Even the crabbed Carlyle lost his crabbedness in speaking to the Queen and he gave at least one particularly happy description of her, when he wrote: "Her whole manner is melodiously perfect." He added later: "She makes you feel too, if you have any sense in you, that she is Queen." The world has felt that she was Queen. If any have not, it is quite certain that they have no sense in them.

An anecdote typical of the decision and kindness of the Queen is told concerning one of her first royal acts. She was much devoted to her riding master, Mr. Fozard, and asked if there was any office open which he could fill. The reply was in the negative. "Then I will make one," she said, and Mr. Fozard became "her Majesty's stirrup-holder."

On Wren's tombstone is the best known of epitaphs: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." If anyone seeks for a monument for the Queen, we may give the same command, "Circumspice." Only he must look round, not a single building, but the whole circle of the world. Australia, Canada, Africa—such are her monuments.

DOCTORS BAFFLED.

A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

A despatch from San Francisco, says;—A pilot's attempt to bring in during a thick fog the big Pacific mail steamer City of Rio de Janeiro, early Friday morning, led to the wreck of the vessel on Fort Point ledge, outside the Golden Gate, and the loss of 131 persons out of a total of 208 on board.

The explanation of the terrible loss of life is that the vessel sank in fifteen minutes after she struck, thus carrying down most of the small boats which still hung on the davits.

The officers showed great coolness, and the passengers behaved well until the bow began to sink suddenly. Then when it was seen that the vessel was on the point of sinking there was a wild panic. Men and women ran screaming to the boats only to find them not lowered.

Over one hundred Chinese were huddled together below, simply dazed with terror. Many jumped overboard and were carried down by the suction of the steamer. All about was thick darkness, which probably prevented many from escaping.

The most prominent passenger on the steamer was Rounsaville Wildman, U. S. Consul at Hong-Kong, who was accompanied by his wife and two children. It is thought all are drowned. The ship was in command of Pilot Frederick Jordan when she struck. He was rescued. Captain William Ward went down with his vessel. As nearly as can be learned, there were 208 people on board the Rio de Janeiro, as follows:—Cabin passengers 23; second cabin, 7; steerage, Chinese and Japanese, 58; officers and crew, 114. The following have been accounted:—Rescued, 77; bodies at the morgue, 10; total, 87; Missing, 121.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

thick fog settled down on the water.

The cause of the disaster were very conflicting. Pilot Jordan declares that they were coming in slowly when a They were going at about six miles an hour, and the tide was racing out at four miles an hour. It was dangerous to go any slower, and the only thing to be done was to keep on and watch carefully. He could see the light near the cliff house and at Fort Point, and he figured they were well in the stream when the vessel suddenly struck. Captain Ward asked what should be done, and Jordan, judging from the great damage that would be done by the jagged rocks, said "Get out all your boats at once." Capt. Ward sprang to the starboard side, and was getting the boats out when the bow suddenly dropped down. Jordan rushed from the bridge down to the deck, realizing that the ship was sinking. He helped Mrs. Wildman into a boat and had one of the Wildman children grasp him around the neck. Then the vessel sank. He thought he went down fully fifty feet. When he came up the child was gone. He could see nothing of the steamer nor of any of the boats, so he struck out, and was soon able to climb on a part of the deck-house on which one Chinee was floating. After three hours they were picked up

SCHEEPER'S COMMANDO.

Exact Whereabouts of His Force Is Unknown.

A despatch from Cape Town, says;—The Government reports that the exact whereabouts of Commandant Scheeper's force, which is a small one, is unknown. He has certainly abandoned his original intention of crossing the railway between Prince Albert and Beaufort West, and is breaking back easterly, followed by Gens. Parsons and Grenfell. During the last few days parties of Boers have been reported in the neighborhood of Willowmere and Uniondale. They probably belong to Scheeper's commando.

Parties of invaders continue to move about in the Middelberg and Steynsburg districts, looting on a small scale. The principal body, estimated to number 300 men, appear to be located at Zurberg, north-west of Steynsburg.

Troops are assembling at various points on the Midland line, with the object of clearing out the marauders, who probably consist of small bodies of Boers, who have crossed the Orange river at various times during the past month.

In the Albert district the Boers have been reinforced by a number of young colonists, who were recruited in the districts invaded.

KITCHENER'S NEW ORDER.

Thought to Indicate a Big Move Eastward.

London, Friday, Feb. 22.—Despatches to the Daily Mail report that Lord Kitchener has issued instruction that no goods of any description are to go forward by the Delagoa Bay line until further notice, with the exception of urgent military and hospital supplies. This order is supposed to indicate a big move eastward.

COLD WEATHER IN EUROPE.

Coldest in Germany in Twenty-Five Years.

A despatch from Berlin, says:—In some parts of the country the weather is the coldest known in twenty-five years. At Cologne, a young lady reveller was frozen to death in the street, and a coachman fell from his carriage with both legs frozen. Near Remagen a bicyclist was found dead. In the Gulf of Dantzic a fishing cutter was frozen in, and three of the crew perished. The Moselle at Coblentz is frozen solid. At Hirschberg the temperature is twenty-nine degrees below zero centigrade, and in the Upper Hartz, thirty. From all the mountainous regions come reports of great snowfalls.

HER CONDITION WORSE.

Empress Frederick Cannot Live Many Days.

A despatch from London, says:—A great crowd assembled at Charing Cross station on Saturday night to witness the departure of King Edward for Port Victoria, on his way to Germany to visit his sister, Empress Frederick. The train left the station at 10 o'clock. When the King arrives at Port Victoria he will board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, where he will sleep for the night. At 6 o'clock Sunday morning the Royal yacht will leave Port Victoria for Flushing, escorted by the cruisers Australia and Severn. It is expected the King's visit will last ten days, but this depends altogether on the condition of his sister.

According to a Berlin despatch, the disease from which the Empress is suffering has made rapid progress in the past few days, and the pain has become intense. The spinal column is affected.

DE WET ROUTED.

Two of His Cannon Captured, With Much Ammunition.

A despatch from London, says:—Lord Kitchener telegraphs the War Office from Middelburgh, under Sunday's date, as follows; —

"Col. Plumer reports that on Feb. 23 Col. Owen captured De Wet's 15-pounder, a pom-pom, some carts full of ammunition, and 50 prisoners. We sustained no casualties. The enemy are in full retreat, and are dispersing. They are being pursued vigorously. De Wet's attempt to invade the Cape Colony has completely failed."

DESTROYED A CULVERT.

The Boers Captured a Trainload of Foodstuffs.

A despatch from Johannesburg, Wednesday says:—The Boers destroyed a culvert between Natal spruit and Klip river, on the railroad just south of here, at dawn to-day. They captured a trainload of foodstuffs, and after taking all they could conveniently carry, set fire to the rest and disappeared over the veldt.

OFFICIALLY DENIED.

Report That Plague Has Broken Out Among the Troops Not True.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—All the plague patients here, fifteen in number, are doing well. Eighty-two Kaffirs are confined in the contact camp.

The report that the plague has broken out among the British troops is officially denied.

131 LIVES LOST IN A WRECK.

Struck on a Rock Entering Golden Gate at San Francisco.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

BREADSTUFFS, ETC.

Toronto, Feb. 26.—Wheat—Exporters now bid 66 1-2c for red, white, and goose wheat, low freights to New York, and holders ask 67c. Red and white, north and west, is quoted at 64c bid and 65c asked. Manitobas firm on scarcity. No. 1 hard, old, g.i.t., 98 1-2c; No. 2, 94 1-2c; No. 1 hard, North Bay, 97 1-2c; No. 2 hard, 93 1-2c.

Millfeed—Scarce and firm. Ton lots at the mill door, sell as follows;—Bran, $13 to $13.50; and shorts, $15, west.

Corn—Firm. American, No. 2 yellow, on track here, 47c; and No. 3, 46c.

Peas—Firm. No. 2, middle freights, at 63 1-2c; and east at 64c.

Barley—Firm. No. 2, east, 42 1-2 to 43c; and middle freights, 42 to 42 1-2c; No. 3 extra, 40 1-2c, east; and 40c, middle freights.

Rye—Steady. Car lots, 48c, west; and 49c, east.

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

Oats—Firm, but demand is rather quieter. No. 1 white, east, 29 3-4c; No. 2 white, north and west, 28 3-4c.

Flour—Quiet. Export agents bid $2.60 for straight roller, in buyers' bags, middle freights; and $2.65 is asked by the mills, which do not do their own exporting. Choice brands are quoted from 10 to 15c above these figures.

Oatmeal—Car lots of rolled oats, in bags, on track here, are quoted at $3.25 per bbl; and in wood, at $3.35 per bbl.

Buffalo, Feb. 20.—Flour Steady; light trade. Wheat—Spring, No. 1 Northern, old, 83 3-4c for small lots; no offerings, c.i.f. Winter wheat—Nothing doing; millers would probably pay 70c for fancy white, and 77c for No. 2 red, on track here. Corn—Quiet; No. 2 yellow, 43 3-4 to 44c; No. 3 do., 43 1-2 to 43 3-4c; No. 2 corn, 43 1-2 to 43 3-4c; No. 3 do., 43 1-4c, through billed. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 31 1-2c; No. 3 do., 31c; No. 2 mixed, 29c; No. 3 do., 28 1-2c, through billed. Barley—Unchanged. Rye—No. 2 on track, 56c asked.

Detroit, Feb. 26.—Closed:—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 79 1-2c; No. 2 red, cash and February, 79 1-2c; March, 81 3-4c.

Duluth, Feb. 26.—Wheat—Cash, No. 1 hard, 75 1-4c; No. 1 Northern, 73 1-2c. No. 2. Northern, 67 3-8 to 70 3-cc; May 76 1-4c; July, 76 3-4c. Corn—May, 38 7-8c. Oats—26 1-4 to 26c.

Minneapolis, Feb, 20.—Wheat—Cash, 74c; May, 75 5-8 to 75 3-4c; July, 75 1-2 to 75 5-8c; on track. No. 1 hard, 76c; No. 1 Northern, 74c; No. 2 Northern, 67 3-4c.

PRODUCE.

Toronto, Feb. 26.—Eggs—Eggs are easy, owing to increasing supplies of new laid. Prices are as follows;—Strictly new-laid, 20c; fresh gathered, 16c; cold stored, 14 to 15c; limed, 14 to 15c.

Poultry—Prices for bright stock are as follows;—Turkeys, 10 to 11c; geese, at 8 to 8 1-2c; chickens, at 40 to 50c; and ducks, at 60 to 80c. Cold stored turkeys and geese are quoted 1 to 2c lb under bright stock.

Potatoes—Steady at 28c for car lots, on track here; and 35c out of store.

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 $1.40; choice hand-picked beans are quoted at $1.60 to $1.75.

Honey—Firm; dealers quote from 10 to 10 1-2c per lb. for 5, 10 or 60-lb tins, according to the size of the order. Comb honey sells at $2.50 to $2.75 per dozen sections.

Baled hay—Steady. Choice timothy, on track here, $10.25; two-ton lots, delivered, $11. to $11.25.

Straw—Car lots of straw, on track here, $5.50 to $6.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVICIONS.

Toronto, Feb. 26.—Dressed hogs continue scarce. There are practically no offerings of car lots on track here. Packers bid $7.50, and holders outside ask $8, for car lots, on track here. On the street prices are firm at $8.50 to $8.75. Provisions are firm, and in good demand.

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 pork, $18 to $19

Smoked meats—Hams, heavy, 12c; medium, 12 1-2 to 13c; light, 13c; breakfast bacon, 13c; picnic hams, 10c; roll bacon, 10c.

Toronto, Feb. 26.—We had at the western cattle yards to-day fifty carloads of live stock, including 1,500 hogs, 700 cattle, 250 sheep and lambs, 30 calves, and a few milch cows.

Trade was fair; good stuff sold readily enough, but we had an undue proportion of unfinished cattle, and for this kind the market was a slow one.

Shipping cattle sold at from 4 to 4 3-4c, and for the best offerings 5c per lb.

Good to choice butcher cattle sold steadily at from 3 1-4 to 4 1-4c per lb; and for a few extra choice lots a shade more was reported paid. Secondary and inferior cattle ranged at about the rates quoted below, with a weak tendency.

There was no quotable change in stockers, feeders, and bulls.

There is an enquiry for a few choice milch cows up to about $50 each.

Good to choice veal calves are in steady request.

Good grainfed lambs are unchanged steady and wanted.

Sheep are a fair sale at unchanged prices.

Hogs are firm at the advance of last Tuesday.

"Singers" are fetching 6 3-4c per lb. and light and fat hogs, 6 1-4c.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 190 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt.	$4 00	$5 00
Butchers, choice do.	4 00	4 25
Butcher, com. to good.	3 50	3 75
Butcher, inferiow.	2 75	3 00
Stockers, per cwt.	2 75	3 25
Export bulls, per cwt.	4 00	4 50
Sheep and Lambs.		
Export ewes, per cwt.	3 00	3 50
Butcher sheep, each.	2 50	4 00
Lambs, grn.fed per cwt.	4 25	4 75
Do., barnyds per cwt.	3 75	4 25
Bucks.	2 50	3 00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.	20 00	50 00
Calves, each.	2 00	3 00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, per cwt.	6 50	6 75
Light hogs, per cwt.	6 00	6 25
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	6 00	6 25
Sows.	3 50	4 00
Stags.	2 00	2 25

SWEEPING THE COUNTRY.

The Boers Are Scattering in Disorganized Parties.

A despatch from London says:—Gen. Kitchener, in a despatch dated Middleburg, Feb. 24, reports to the War Office as follows:

"Gen. French, who was at Piet Retief, Feb. 22, reports that the result of his column sweeping the country to the east is that the Boers are retreating and scattering in disorganized parties, totalling some 3,000 men, in front of him. Amsterdam and Piet Retief have been occupied. Troops are protecting the Swazi frontier.

"Gen. French will push on, but he is much hampered by continuous heavy rains.

"I regret to say that Major Howard a very gallant officer of the Canadian Scouts, was killed on Feb. 17."

TRAITOROUS LANGUAGE.

Sentenced to Twelve Months' Hard Labour.

A despatch from Kimberley says:—A local shopkeeper has been convicted by the military court here of traitorous and disloyal language against the late Queen and the British Government, and of disfiguring the Queen's picture. He was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour, and to pay a fine of £200 or undergo an additional six months' imprisonment.

Another man was sentenced to pay fine of £150 or undergo three months' imprisonment for leaving Kimberley while on the suspect list

BOTHA SUING FOR PEACE.

All the Boers Proper Anxious to surrender.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—It is rumoured in Johannesburg that General Louis Botha is suing for peace. It is understood that, in addition to the scarcity of food and ammunition, continual hardships coupled with the worrying tactics of the British have told heavily on the burghers. The Boers proper it is said, are anxious to surrender. It is only the mercenaries and the rebels, who have nothing to lose, who desire the continuation of hostilities.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

London, Ont., has four smallpox patients.

The Canadian Northern Railway will use Nova Scotia coal.

Port Arthur will have ten regular line steamers this year.

Brantford City Council has decided in favor of union printing.

Brantford may erect a South African war memorial, to cost $5,000.

Six new cases of smallpox have been reported near Dorchester, N. B.

Nova Scotia's gold yield last year was 30,000 ounces, valued at $570,000.

Chief Powell wants fifteen additional men for the Ottawa police force.

Many Ottawa people will take their children from school to prevent them from being vaccinated.

Fernie, B.C., is rejoicing in the prospect of a big smelting industry. The conditions are favourable.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declined the invitation of the Canadian Club of New York to attend their annual banquet.

A. P. Love, of the geological staff of the Dominion has resigned to take a position in the Dominion Steel Works at Sydney, B. C., at a salary of $6,000 yearly.

The Great Northern Railway has secured control of the Montreal Terminal Railway, which gives it a valuable franchise and a good entrance to Montreal.

The establishment of an iron and steel industry at St. John and the development of New Brunswick's coal area are among the important matters that will be considered by the New Brunswick Legislature.

Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic delegate at Ottawa, is to leave Canada, according to a Rome despatch, to succeed Mfr. Martinelli, the Papal delegate at Washington, who is to be made a cardinal.

The January statement of the Post-Office Savings Bank shows that the total deposits on hand at the end of the month were $38,868,673; deposits during the month totalled $950,551, and withdrawals $768,866.

A violent snowstorm accompanied by a heavy gale swept over Halifax on Sunday, doing great damage. The roof of the grand stand at the Exhibition grounds was blown off and pieces of timber were carried six hundred yards.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The price of British steel is declining.

This spring King Edward will visit Ireland.

The new naval program of England includes five submarine torpedo boats.

The estate of Lord Armstrong inventor of the gun of that name, is worth £ 1,339,946.

The London Daily Mail advocates a tariff for revenue purposes, not as a protective measure.

Dr. T. Anderson of Edinburgh claims the discovery of a new star, which is now one of the brightest in the sky.

The Prison Reform Committee of London, ask for the release of Mrs. Maybrick the convicted prisoner.

Adelbert S. Hay, United States Consul at Pretoria was banquetted at London, Secretary of War Brodrick was present.

British locomotive trade, Sir Christopher Furness says, has decreased 25 per cent., while American has advanced 450 per cent.

The British steamer Ophir, on which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will sail for Australia, is being fitted out with a wireless telegraphy plant.

Thomas O'Donnell, M. P., who was prevented from speaking the Irish language in the British House of Commons, says he will continue to speak it until he is knocked down and dragged foom his place.

UNITED STATES.

One of the suspects in the Cudahy kidnapping case at Omaha is under arrest.

The Kansas Legislature has passed a bill classifying saloons as public nuisances.

At Sharon, Pa., an Erie & Pittsburg freight train ran into a crowd of men on their way to work. Five were killed outright.