THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the north of England at White Cliffe, the residence of Squire Cliefden. His speculations have failed and he is a ruined man. He is old, and is crushed by the dread of the poor-house. Lord Rhysworth, the wealthy master of Deeping Hurst, at this point makes a proposal of marriage to Dolores Cliefden. The Squire urges his daughter to accept the offer and thus provide for her aged and penniless father. Dolores gives Lord Rhysworth a temporizing answer as his proposal awakens her to the fact that she loves Sir Karl Allanmore of Scarsdale—a love of which she was not before fully aware. Lola de Ferras, a French refugee and a playmate of Dolores' childhood-days, also loves the debonair Sir Karl, and confesses to Dolores that she has made up her mind to win him. Dolores and Lola are known as the white and red roses. Both are strikingly beautiful—Dolores, gentle, modest and lovable, is of the fair type; Lola, brilliant and passionate is of the dark type. Between the two springs up a rivalry for the affections of Sir Karl. Dolores, modest and withdrawing constantly imagines that Sir Karl shows a preference for Lola. At last, misled by a trivial occurrence into thinking that he has finally chosen between them, and that he prefers Lola, she sings him a pathetic farewell which he is at a loss to understand, and accepts Lord Rhysworth's offer. It is only when, betrothed to Lord Rhysworth, she has received a dower of land which places her father in affluence, that she learns that Sir Karl loves her. The truth is bitter to both. Dolores, with sweet resignation decides to be a true wife to her betrothed. Sir Karl determines to travel in France in an endeavor to forget his disappointment. Lola goes to Scarsdale to upbraid him for not calling at Beaulieu, her mother's residence, to say good-bye. He does not wish to give her grounds for thinking that he cares for her and is brusque. She asks him to be friends. Sir Karl consents and leaves; Dolores is married. Two years passe; she has a daughter, and her husband dies.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"If I were you," continued Lola enthusiastically, "I should take care to enjoy myself. I should go to London always for the season; I would be a queen in society; I would rule my little world royally. I would accept all the homage offered to me, but take care that my heart was never touched. I would enjoy life to the utmost, but I would never marry again. Your life would be spoiled by a second marriage."

"That is hardly a fair way of looking at it," said Dolores. "I should certaily never live that life."

A dark look came over Lola's beautiful face. She was silent for some little time, but by no means baffled.

"Have I told you my news, Dolores?" she asked. "I talk so quickly, I cannot remember everything I say."

"I do not remember any particular news," answered Lady Rhysworth, "Have you any?"

"Yes; that energetic young wanderer of mine, Sir Karl, is coming home. He will be here in a few weeks."

There was no change in the fair face of Dolores, no flush, no anxious look. She was calm and pale.

"Yours?" she said quietly. "Why do you call him yours?"

"He is mine, after a fashion," replied Lola, "Do you think, if I were nothing to him and he were nothing to me, that we would correspond regularly with each other? If you knew all that passed between us on the evening before he went away, you would not ask me why I call him mine."

In her heart of hearts, Lady Rhysworth did not believe Lola. How could she when she remembered what Sir Karl had said to her? She made no reply, but gazed thoughtfully at the beautiful, agitated face before her.

"Why are you looking at me?" asked Lola. "Do you not believe me? Ah, Dolores, it will be an evil day for any one who comes between Sir Karl and myself—an evil day and an evil hour!"

"You are talking nonsense," said Lady Rhysworth.

"I hope I am," replied Lola. "But there is no chance of any such thing. I need not fear."

Dolores turned away. She would have nothing to say in the matter. She tried to make herself believe that it did not in the least concern her. Then Lola declared that it was time for her to go. She would not remain when Dolores asked her; and her visit ended in a struggle between herself and little Kathleen for a kiss. In after years Lady Rhysworth often thought how strange it was that, bribe, coax, persuade her as she would little Kathleen would have nothing to do with Lola.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sir Karl was in Italy when he read the news of the sudden death of Lord Rhysworth and understood that the woman he loved was free. His first feeling was one of narrowful regret. He had always esteemed and liked the master of Deeping Hurst, and it seemed sad that he should die so soon after his marriage with a girl whom he loved so dearly. His second thought was that Dolores was free. More than that he could not realize; he would not pursue the subject. The woman he loved was mourning the loss of her husband, and she should have his respectful sympathy. No letter of condolence that Dolores received expressed greater kindness than Sir Karl's. He told her that no one felt more sincerely sorry than himself that a good man had been so suddenly taken away. Not a word more did he say. While her head was bent in bitter sorrow he would not remind her of the past. It was to him as though she were in a sanctuary where no profane thoughts must follow her.

During all these long months he had heard continually from Lola. He did not answer each letter; he merely wrote when politeness required it. He never liked to think about the little scene that had taken place between himself and Lola; the glamour of her rich, dark beauty, the passion in her face and voice, intense love for him expressed in her whole demeanor had impressed him then, as was only natural, and he had in some measure been thrown off his guard. Recalling the scene now, her conduct appeared to him bold and unmaidenly. He could not but regret also the solemn pledge of friendship that had been almost wrung from him. It had been given originally against his better judgment, and it was against his better judgment now that the friendship continued.

In his letters to her he was most guarded. He did not write one sentence that could mislead her; he merely thanked her for the news she so constantly sent him, gave her information as to his travels; or related any little passing event likely to amuse her; but he avoided all allusion either to friendship or love. It was not Lola who told him of Lord Rhysworth's death—she had said nothing even of his illness; but, when Sir Karl read of it in the papers he wrote at once and asked her if the news was true. She was compelled to answer then. It was at this time he wrote to her more frequently than at any other.

Lola had two aims in life; the first was to marry Sir Karl—the second, to keep him apart from Lady Rhysworth. She wrote to him, telling him how inconsolable Dolores was, and how firm was her resolution never to marry again—how deeply grieved she was at her husband's death, how surprised people were to discover that, after all, she cared so greatly for him, and that, on her part as well as on his, it had been a love-match. Sir Karl smiled a little when he read this. It certainly had no very depressing effect upon him, "As he destroyed the letter, he murmured, "Poor Lola!" and half wondered why the girl cared so much for him, seeing that he had never given her any encouragement.

Sir Karl had decided what his plans should be. He would finish his Continental tour; he would not return to England until Lord Rhysworth had been dead at least fifteen months; but, when he did go, he would do his best to win the only woman he loved on earth.

It was the fact of Sir Karl's continued absence, almost more than any other, which gave Lola such hope; She knew so little of his character that she said to herself, if he had really loved Dolores, he would have returned post-haste when he knew that she was free, he would not have—so astute or just upon a power for her—come home. Surely it was a sign that he was not in love with Lady Rhysworth. She determined to make matters clear to Dolores by dropping hints to her that she considered Sir Karl belonged to herself. This she had done frequently, though they were all vague, mysterious hints, unsubstantial as the hopes they rested on. She had gone over to Deeping Hurst on that bright morning, because she had received a note from Sir Karl. She had written, asking him, if he returned by way of Genoa, to execute some trifling commission for her; and he had replied, saying that he should take quite another route; but hoped to be back in England in a few weeks. By return of post she wrote to remind him of his promise that he would see her before any one else on his arrival. Sir Karl tore that letter into shreds; if he kept his promise, Lola would not gain any advantage by it.

She had hastened to Deeping Hurst with the intelligence of his return, wishing to see for herself what effect it would have upon Dolores. In no other way, but by that one question, "Why do you call him yours?" had Lady Rhysworth betrayed the least interest in the matter; and that question Lola had found difficult to answer. She thought much about it, and it puzzled her a little. If Sir Karl had loved Dolores and Dolores had loved him, there had been nothing as far as she knew, to prevent them from marrying. She never dreamed of the cross-purposes and misunderstanding that had taken place. When the idea occurred to her that perhaps all the difficulties and dangers she had had to encounter and combat before Dolores's marriage might return with her widowhood she scorned it; it should not be so. Fate would move heaven and earth to prevent Sir Karl's being won by Dolores. She had given fair warning that she would not suffer any one to come between herself and him. Rightfully or wrongfully, she considered him her own.

The love had grown in her heart until it had become a part of her life, and would cease with it alone. She had many lovers, many offers of marriage; and Madame de Ferras wondered why she had accepted none, why she sent every one away. When she had first returned from Germany, her one idea and aim had been to marry for money; and to forego everything else; she did not remember now that she had ever had such a thought. The passionate nature, so long repressed, was now thoroughly aroused. She would have given up everything for Sir Karl, even to the last drop of blood in her veins, and would have been happy in so doing.

Madame de Ferras would say to her at times—

"For whom are you waiting, Lola? You send away some of the best men in the county. Do you mean never to marry?"

"When the right one comes, mamma, you will see," she always replied.

She had refused Lord Marley, a rich old nobleman who had spent the last five years of his life in looking for the most beautiful wife he could find, and who finally decided that Lola was the handsomest woman he had ever seen. But she sent him away with the knowledge quite new to him, that his money could not buy everything. She refused Sir Alec Forbes, a handsome talented young Scotchman who adored the very ground she walked on. She even said, "No" to Mr. Newton, a millionaire, who would have made her one of the wealthiest women in England. One after another she dismissed them, to the wonder and annoyance of Madame de Ferras and the surprise of the whole neighbourhood. No one could divine why she had dismissed all her admirers. People shook their heads as one lover after another was sent away. Lady Fielden said the girl must be waiting for a Royal Duke. No one acquainted with her, would have believed that Lola de Ferras, proud, beautiful, imperious as she was, had given her whole heart and passionate love unsolicited; no one ever seemed to associate the word "love" with her proud dark beauty and imperious grace.

Lola would not listen to the hateful suggestions that perhaps she would have all the battle to fight over again, and that Dolores as a widow might be as dangerous as she was before marriage. The girl would not credit that any such misfortune was in store for her. She looked forward to a happy ending for her love-story. Sir Karl would return; she would be the first whom he would see; he would tell her how he had missed her, how he valued her friendship, and he would ask her to be his wife. He would hear how many lovers she had refused, and he would feel, without any words from her, that it was for his sake. She persuaded herself that it would not be decorous for Sir Karl to think of Lady Rhysworth. At the same time, she determined to be with Dolores as much as possible, so as to keep watch and guard over her.

Sir Karl had not given the date of his return, nor could Lola guess exactly when it would be. She was watching for it impatiently. At last she thought of an ingenious device. She persuaded one of madame's servants to go over to Scarsdale on some pretext, and while there to ascertain the precise day that Sir Karl was expected home. It was cleverly managed. Her messenger told her that he was to return on the third of July; and, from the moment Lola heard the news until he stood before her, those words never left her—"The third of July." On that day all her sorrows were to end, and the Paradise on earth for which she had been waiting was to begin.

CHAPTER XV.

The third of July had come at last; and, when Lola rose in the morning, and opened her window, letting in the balmy air, her heart beat with happiness. Well might the birds sing joyously, well might the green earth look its fairest; he was coming who would make all things bright to her. She resolved, lest she should miss him, not to leave home that day at least. He might come in the morning, at noon, or at night; but let him come when he would she must be there. She would not for all the treasures on earth miss the first look into his face, the first sound of his voice. She had longed for his presence all these months, and now she was to see him.

In vain, during that lovely sunlit day, did Madame de Ferras beg that Lola would either drive out or walk out with her; the girl was resolute. She would not for the world missing Sir Karl to have been a queen. She could not plead headache, for she looked so well and happy. All that she could answer was—

"I am not inclined to go out today, mamma. Will you excuse me?"

Through the long hours of the morning, dressed in the most artistic fashion, she waited. But morning, noon, and afternoon passed without bringing him. The dressing-bell rang, and she donned her prettiest attire, a silk of pale amber richly trimmed with black lace, her neck and arms gleaming like white marble. She wore amber roses in her hair, and the clouds of black lace were looped up by the same flowers. She looked long and earnestly at herself in the glass; she thought of the pale sweet face and golden head of Dolores. Weighing the merits of herself and her rival, she gave the decision in her own favor; there was no comparison between the fair tranquil loveliness of Lady Rhysworth and her own magnificent beauty.

"There is no fear," she said to herself; "he could never hesitate between Lady Rhysworth and myself—no man could. Setting aside the fact that I love him and that my great love must win some return, he could never prefer her to me."

Madame de Ferras guessed a little of the truth when she saw her daughter's face suddenly grow deathly pale. It was at the sound of carriage-wheels followed by a loud peal at the hall-bell.

"Who can that be?" cried madame.

Lola had said something in a vague way about Sir Karl's return, but had not told her the date.

"Surely," said madame, "it cannot to Sir Karl?"

One glance at Lola was a revelation to her. Now she could see why her daughter had refused one love after another, why, in the very springtime of her loveliness, she had cared apparently for no one; it was all because she loved Sir Karl. Madame felt a thrill of terror. What if Sir Karl did not return that love?

Before she had time to say more, before she had recovered from her surprise or Lola from her emotion the young Baronet was announced. He came in, looking handsomer than ever. The warm suns of France and Italy had bronzed his face, and he was altogether greatly improved. Madame de Ferras, as she looked at him, owned that it was no wonder her daughter was infatuated with him; but Sir Karl and madame herself were both startled when Lola went forward to greet him. They had never seen anything like her face then, and probably never would again—the mingled pleasure and pain, the happiness, the expectation, the fear.

She could not speak to him; but she went forward with outstretched hands. Madame watched the whole scene with tremulous anxiety. She saw that her daughter loved Sir Karl, but she was by no means so sure of the state of his feelings. She saw nothing but simple pleasure in his face—there was no light of love in the frank blue eyes.

"I am very pleased," he said, "to see you once more, madame," and you Miss De Ferras."

There was no rapture in his voice or manner. He looked, as he said, pleased, and nothing more.

To Be Continued.

Comfort for Poor Sleepers.

The Mystery of Sleep—Insomnia a Warning of Overwork or Approaching Nervous Collapse Which Is Not to be Lightly Disregarded.

"Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles, and the solace of the nerves; it is the hush of activities; it is a calming of the pulse; it is a breathing much slower, but much deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; it is a doctor recognized by all schools of medicine. Lack of sleep puts patients on the rack of torture or in the mad house, or in the grave."

Sleeplessness is a warning that the nervous force of the body is being exhausted more rapidly than it is being created and points to ultimate physical bankruptcy. The nights do not repair the waste of the day. Some unusual effort must be made to overcome this state of affairs, or collapse is certain. Scientists have pointed out certain elements of nature as being peculiarly suited to the needs of an exhausted nervous system. Through the medium of the blood and nervous system these restoratives carry new life and vital energy to every nerve cell in the human anatomy.

While these elements of nature are combined in various proportions it is now generally conceded by physicians that the prescription used by Dr. Chase with such marvellous success in his immense practice is the one which gives most general satisfaction. This preparation is now known as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and has come to have an enormous sale in every part of the continent, where nervous disorders and sleeplessness are so prevalent.

Each and every sufferer from nervous and physical exhaustion, thin, watery and impure blood, and the demon insomnia, can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with positive assurance that the regular use of this famous food cure will gradually and thoroughly build up and reconstruct the nerve cells and bodily tissues and permanently cure sleeplessness and irritability.

You must not confuse Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with sleep-producing drugs and opiates. It is different from any medicine you ever used, and instead of tearing down the tissues and deadening the nerves, it cures by filling every cell with new life, vigor and vitality. As a spring tonic and invigorator it is marvellous in its action, instilling into weak, worn, tired human bodies the strength, elasticity and buoyancy of perfect health. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Spring Feeling.

NOT EXACTLY SICK—BUT NEITHER ARE YOU WELL.

Close Confinement During the Winter Months Has Left You Weak, Easily Depressed and "Out of Sorts."

The words "weak and depressed" expresses the condition of thousands of people in the spring time. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity. Sometimes you have a headache; slight exercise fatigues you; your appetite is variable; you are easily irritated or depressed; perhaps there are pimples or slight eruptions that indicate the blood needs attention. Whatever the symptom may it should be attended to at once, else you will fail an easy prey, to graver disease. Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken, that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation. A tonic is what is needed to help nature fight your battle for health, and there is only one always reliable, never-failing tonic, and that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, strengthen the tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, easily tired people, whether old or young, bright, active and strong. Among those who have proved the health-bringing qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Emma Chapput, of Lake Talon, Ont., who says: "I cannot thank you enough for the good I have derived through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I honestly believe that but for them I would now be in my grave. My health was completely broken down. My face as white as chalk, and if I made the least effort to do any housework I would almost faint from the exertion, and my heart would beat violently so that I feared I would drop where I stood. I was a great sufferer from headaches and dizziness as well, and my appetite was so poor that I scarcely ate at all. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and then I decided to send for some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes and before I used them all I was as well as I had ever been, with a good healthy color, a good appetite and an entire freedom from the ailments that had made me so miserable. You may be sure that I will always have a warm regard for your invaluable medicine."

Do not experiment with other so-called tonics—you are apt to find it a waste of money and your health worse than before. You will not be experimenting when you use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have proved their value the world over, and you can rely upon it that what they have done for others they will do for you. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, I want you to marry me, don't you know, said the exquisite to the plain girl.

Oh, yes I no, she responded, and had to write it out for him so he could get the full force of her reply.

REMEDIES WANTED.

Little Freddie—Please, Mr. Druggist, papa wants a bottle of liniment, and mamma wants a bottle of china cement right away.

Druggist.—All right. What's wrong?

Freddie—Mamma hit papa with the sugar bow!.

A GOOD REASON.

Papa—You know, James, how much I disapprove of fighting—still it is gratifying to know that you have beaten a bigger boy than yourself. Why did you fight him?

James—E said I looked like you, dad.

TOOK UP ROOM.

Willie, to his stout aunt,—Aunt Susan, I didn't know you could talk. Aunt Susan on the mother's side—Why, Willie, what do you mean?

Willie—Papa said that all you did was to take up room.

REWARDED AMBITION

Well, the Rockleighs have succeeded in getting into the swell set at last.

Indeed! They've had a hard time of it in spite of all their money. How did they manage it, I wonder?

The whole family's down with the mumps.

HOW IT LOOKED.

Maggie—Did little Chimmie get anything else for his birthday 'sides dat candy cane?

Katie—Guess he did! I hain't seen him sit down since he's bin chawin' on it.

DIPLOMACY.

Mamma, I wish you'd let cook put up my lunch instead of doin' it yourself.

It's no trouble, my dear.

I know.

Well why——?

'Cause she's got a better appetite than you an' she puts more in.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

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

Toronto, April 16.—Wheat.—The weakness in wheat in Chicago causes weakness here. Ontarios are hard to sell. Manitobas are dull, but dealers are still asking 97 1-2c, g.i.t., for No. 1 hard. Quotations are as follows:—Red wheat, 66 1-2; white wheat, 66 1-2c; and No. 1 goose wheat, 66c, low freights to New York; Manitoba, No. 1 hard, old, g.i.t., 97 1-2c asked; No. 2, 93 1-2c asked; No. 1 hard, North Bay, 96 1-2c asked; and No. 2 hard, 92 1-2c asked.

Millfeed—Scarce. Ton lots at the mill door, Western Ontario points, sell at follows:—Bran, $15; and shorts, $16.

Corn—America, No. 2 yellow, on track here, 47c; No. 3, 46c.

Peas—Steady, No. 2 middle freights at 64 1-2c; and east, at 65c. A round lot, high freights, sold at 63c to-day.

Barley—Holders asking more money. No. 2, low freights to New York, was quoted at 45c asked; No. 3 extra, same freights, 44c asked.

Rye—Steady. Car lots 49c west, and 50c east.

Buckwheat—Quiet. Car lots west, are quoted at 51c; and east at 53c.

Oats—Firm. No. 1 white, C.P.R. east, 30c; No. 2 white, north and west, 28 1-2c. Ten thousand bushels, No. 1, middle freights, sold at 29 1-2c.

Flour—Holders of 90 per cent. patents, buyers' bags, middle freights, ask $2.90 per bbl. Exporters were bidding $2.55 to-day.

Duluth, April 16.—Wheat—Cash. No. 1 hard, 72 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 70 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 65 to 69c; May, 71 3-4c; July, 72 7-8c. Oats—27 1-4c Corn—40 1-2c; May, 41c.

Minneapolis, April 16. — Wheat — Cash, 70 3-4c; May, 69 3-4c; July, 71 1-2c; on track, No. 1 hard, 72 3-4c; No. 1 Northern, 70 3-4c; No. 2 Northern, 67 3-4 to 68 3-4c. Flour and bran—Unchanged.

Milwaukee, April 16. — Wheat — Steadier; No. 1 Northern, 72 to 72 1-2c; No. 2 Northern, 69 to 71c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 53c. Barley—Strong; No. 2 57 to 58c; sample, 41 to 54c.

Buffalo, April 16.—Flour — Quiet. Wheat—Spring; stronger tone, but prices unchanged; No. 1 Northern, old, carloads, 75c; do., c.i.f., in store, 80 3-8c. Winter—Several cars, mixed and State, offered at 76c, but the best bid was 2c under that figure. Corn—Easy; No. 2 yellow, 46c; No. 3 do., 45 3-4c; No. 2 corn, 45 1-4 to 45 1-2c; No. 3, do., 45c through billed. Oats—Weak; No. 2 white, 31 1-2 to 31 3-4c; No. 3 do., 30 1-2 to 30 3-4; No. 2 mixed nominally, 29c. No. 3 do., 28 1-2c, through billed. Barley—Feeling strong; malting, 64c; spot sold at 60c. Rye—No. 1 quoted at 59c; No. 2, on track, 58c.

Chicago, April 16.—While the grain market was very nearly steady, the trade generally was tame in the absence of new factors. May wheat closed 1-8 to 1-4c higher, May corn 1-4c lower, oats 1-8 to 1-4c down, and provisions 2 1-2 to 7 1-2c higher.

PRODUCE.

Toronto, April 16.—Eggs—There was a large supply of fresh eggs on the market to-day, and prices were easy. Sales were made at 12c. Demand was active.

Poultry — Receipts light. Bright stock is quoted as follows:—Turkeys, 11 to 12c; geese at 8 to 8 1-2c, chickens at 40 to 50c, and ducks at 60 to 80c; choice cold stored turkeys and geese are quoted at 1 to 2c per lb. under bright stock.

Potatoes—Easy, at 27c for car lots, on track here. Sales, out of store, are made at 35c.

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 4 1-2c; evaporated, at 5 1-2c.

Honey—Firm, with stocks light. Dealers quote from 10 to 10 1-2c for 5, 10, or 60-lb tins, according to size of order. Comb honey sells at $2 to $2.25 for dark; and at $2.50 to $2.75 for choice clover, per dozen sections.

Maple syrup—New run maple syrup is in good demand. Five gallon tins are quoted at $5 to 90c per Imperial gallon; and gallon tins at 95c to $1.

Hops—Quiet. Choice 1900 growth are quoted at 14 to 16c; and yearlings at 8 to 9c.

Beans—Steady. Ordinary white beans bring $1.55 to $1.60; choice hand-picked beans are quoted at $1.65 to $1.70.

Baled hay—Firm. Choice timothy, on track here, $11.25; two-ton lots, delivered, $12.

Straw—Firm. Car lots of straw, on track here, $6 to $6.50.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs on the street are firm at $8 to $8.50. Car lots are scarce, and quoted nominally at $7.60 to $7.80, on track here. Provisions are firm, and demand continues active. Quotations are:—Dry salted shoulders, 8c; long clear bacon, loose, in car lots, 10c; and in case lots, 10 1-4 to 10 1-2c; short clear pork, $20 to $20.50; heavy mess pork, $19 to $19.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, heavy, 12c; medium, 12 1-2 to 13c; light, 13c.

Lard—Pails, 10 1-2c; tubs, 10c; in tierces, 10c.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Supplies are large, and the market is quite weak. Prices are as follows:—Dairy, tubs and pails, good to choice, 13 to 16c; medium, 14 to 15c; poor, 11 to 12c; dairy prints, choice, 17c; large rolls, good to choice, 15 to 16c; creameries, boxes, 19c, and pounds, 20 to 21c.

Cheese—Full cream, July and August make, sells at 10 1-2c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, April 16.—At the western cattle yards this morning we had a fair market. All told 56 carloads of live stock were received, including 1,100 cattle, 800 hogs, 80 sheep and lambs, and 75 calves.

There was a good demand for export cattle; good to choice sold from 4 3-4 to 5 1-8c per pound; and light from 4 1-4 to 4 5-8c per pound. There was a fair clearance of everything here. The cattle receipts were largely composed of export cattle.

Butcher cattle was in small supply, and the demand was consequently brisk, and the sales quick. Good to choice cattle sold at from 3 7-8 to 4 3-8c per pound; with other grades quotably unchanged but firmer.

Shipping bulls were in fair demand at from 3 3-4 to 4 1-4c per pound.

A light run of stockers sold fairly well at from 2 3-4 to 3 1-4c per pound.

Milch cows were poor in quality, and proportionately poor in price.

Calves are a little off in consequence of the large run we have had lately, but good veal calves are wanted, and will fetch good prices. Good veals are worth from 5 to 5 1-2c per pound.

"Small stuff" was about steady and unchanged, the supply being short.

Grain-fed lambs are worth from 4 1-2 to 5 1-4c per pound.

"Barnyards" sell at from 3 3-4 to 4 1-2c per pound.

Export ewes are worth from 3 to 3 1-2c per pound.

Bucks are worth from 2 1-2 to 3 1-4c per pound.

Hogs are unchanged and steady, with an upward tendency.

"Singers" sell at 6 7-8c per pound; thick fat at 6 1-4c; and light at 6 3-8c per pound.

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

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.

Shippers, per cwt.	$4 25	$5 25
Butcher, choice do.	3 75	4 37 1-2
Butcher, ordi. to good.	3 50	3 75
Butcher, inferior.	2 75	3 12 1-2
Stockers, per cwt.	2 75	3 25
Export bulls, per ct.	3 75	4 25

Sheep and Lambs.

Export ewes, per cwt.	3 00	3 50
Butcher sheep, each.	2 50	3 50
Bucks, go-ly per ct.	2 50	3 25
Do., bn.,yard, per ct.	3 75	4 50
Do., spring, each.	3 00	6 00
Bucks, per cwt.	2 50	3 25

Milkers and Calves.

Cows, each	20 00	45 00
Calves, each.	2 00	7 00

Hogs.

Choice hogs, per cwt.	6 60	6 87 1-2
Light hogs, per cwt.	6 15	6 37 1-2
Heavy hogs, per cwt.	6 00	6 25
Sows.	3 75	4 00
Stags.	0 00	2 00

THE PLAN THAT FAILED,

De Wet is Not Much of a Hero to His Own Men.

A despatch from Steynsburg says;—An educated burgher, who was wounded and captured by Henniker's column on Friday, has been brought here. He states that it is an utter fallacy to suppose that the Boers entered Cape Colony in response to an invitation from the local Dutch. Their real object was to draw the British mobile columns from the Transvaal, and thus enable Botha to collect the scattered remnants of his force, and organize a stronger defence. In this hope the prisoner admits that they were bitterly disappointed, their invasion of the Colony having failed to diminish in the slightest degree the vigour of our offensive operations in the Transvaal. He also affirms that the Boers had no reason to suppose that they would be joined by any large number of rebels, and that they were not surprised at the small number of recruits they obtained. The whole feeling of the Transvaalers and Free Staters on commando towards the colonial Dutch he says, is one of profound contempt and disgust. De Wet's reputation is greater among the British than among his own men.

90 BOERS KILLED.

Cape Invaders Receive Crushing Blow at Jansenville.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Midland farmers assert that ninety Boers were killed in the recent engagement at Jansenville. It is said that this is the most crushing blow the Boer invaders have yet received. Before starting for Rosmead to participate in the operations now proceeding in the midlands, Crewe's colonial column was addressed by Dr. Smartt, Commissioner of Public Works in the Sprigg Cabinet. Dr. Smartt thanked the men on behalf of the Cape Government, for the magnificent services they had rendered and were about to render to the Empire.

$25,000 CHEQUE.

A Mark of Appreciation From Lord Strathcona.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Lord Strathcona has sent Col. Sam Steele a cheque for $25,000, as a mark of his appreciation of the manner in which the gallant colonel commanded Strathcona's Horse in South Africa.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

What the People's Representative Are Doing at Toronto.

MUNICIPAL SANITARIA.

A clause was inserted in the Municipal Act with a view to enabling any municipality or two or more municipalities in Ontario to enter into an agreement with the National Sanitarium Association for the establishment and maintenance by the association of sanitaria, for the treatment of consumptives, giving this association the same powers and privileges afforded by the Municipal Sanitaria Act of last session.

SUBURBAN RAILWAY BILL.

The Toronto Suburban Railway Company's bill was considered by the Railway Committee, and the right of extension to Hamilton agreed to. The company was granted the right to connect with electric railways, but the clauses to permit connection with steam roads were thrown out.

TOLL ROADS ACT.

The House went into committee on the Premier's Toll Roads Expropriation Act. The principal amendment gave the Township or County Councils power to raise the money for the purchase of toll roads, without submitting the by-law to the ratepayers.

THE UNIVERSITY BILL.

The House went into committee on the University bill. Mr. Whitney enquired whether there was to be any understanding as to how much land the Government was to expropriate for the science buildings. The clause gave them power to take it all, he pointed out.

Hon. Mr. Hartcourt said that it was necessary to prevent the possibility of the erection of another building within a few feet of it. The Government would take no more land than was necessary. The question of how much could not be decided until the plans were completed.

Progress was reported on the bill.

THE MANITOULIN RAILWAY.

The House went into committee on the bill relating to the Manitoulin and North Shore railway.

The Premier drew attention to a clause providing that the connection should be completed between Meaford and Owen Sound before May 1st, 1902, and that the whole line was to be completed by June 1st, 1906.

Mr. Boyd, North Grey, urged that proper safeguards of the interests of the towns of Owen Sound and Meaford be provided.

Mr. Hoyle asked some questions looking for fuller information on the line. One point he raised was whether the proposed smelter would not be a mere profitable enterprise for the railway company.

The Premier responded that it would be, to all intents and purposes, a public smelter. The member for Algoma had for years urged the necessity for a bonus toward such an enterprise, which would be a great boom to the small miners of the district.

Mr. Whitney pointed out that, according to the bill, the company was entitled to lands other than those along the line of route.

The Premier replied that the reason for this was that the Crown did not possess enough lands along the line of route to entirely fill its obligation.

TAXES UPON YOUNG MEN.

Mr. MacDiarmid, West Elgin, pressed the second reading of his bill to exempt from taxation the incomes of all men up to $1,000, and to abolish the poll tax altogether. In speaking to his bill, Mr. MacDiarmid pointed out that the poll tax was universally detested, and that it was generally a dead letter in most cities. The revenue therefrom was small, and the cost of collecting it almost equalled it.

On the suggestion of the Attorney-General, the bill was referred to the Assessment Commission, with the understanding that the House expressed no opinion on the question.

TRADING STAMP BILL.

The House again went into committee on Mr. Graham's bill to permit municipalities to abolish trading stamps. The member from Brockville declared that he had no intention of abandoning the bill. He charged the trading stamp companies with holding "Red Letter Days," and giving away stamps on these occasions, in return for signatures to petitions against the bill. Children in many cases wrote down their parents' signatures without the consent of the latter.

Other members also spoke, no one defending the practice. The bill passed committee by a very large majority.

LUMP SUM FOR KINGSTON.

Hon. Mr. Harcourt moved a grant of $22,500 per annum for five years to the School of Mining and Agriculture, Kingston. Originally the sum of $5,000 per year was proposed.

THE MANITOULIN RAILWAY.

The Manitoulin and North Shore Railway bill was given its third reading. Mr. Whitney spoke of the point raised by Meaford and other towns, which wished to be assured they would not be held up for bonuses by the company. The Premier assured him that the Minister of Public Works had power to designate the route, and would not abrogate his functions.

SUCCESSION DUTIES BILL.

went into committee on the Premier's bill to amend the Succession Duties Act. Several members criticized the clauses relating to the recognition of the debts of deceased as calculated, in its wording, to make heirs pay dues on a valuation in excess of the real value of an estate. Amendments were made to meet these, and many other verbal criticisms, and the bill passed the House.

Mr. Whitney's bill to amend the Controverted Elections Act, was declared "lost on division."

Mr. Lucas' bill to amend the Liquor License Act was also thrown overboard.

The last item on the order paper was Mr. Auld's bill to amend the Ontario Game Protection Act, which was declared lost on division, also.

THE WIND UP.

The Premier then rose to move the adjournment of the House. In doing so, he alluded in a complimentary way to the admirable manner in which the Speaker, Hon. Mr. Evanturel, had discharged his duties, alluding especially to his position as a French-Canadian, presiding over an assemblage of English-speaking Canadians.

Mr. Whitney seconded the Premier's remarks, and spoke feelingly of the harmony which had always exist between the two races.

The Speaker warmly thanked both sides of the House, and indulged in a little feeling flattery all round; including incidentally to the fact that he would serve but one more session.

Then the whole House rose and sang "God Save the King," and the House was declared adjourned.

BOER LAAGERS CAPTURED.

300 Horses, Besides Arms and Equipment Taken.

A despatch from Johannesburg says: The announcement in the Johannesburg Gazette that the regular service of passenger trains between the Transvaal and Natal is suspended till further notice comes as no surprise at the present juncture. At this moment are are experiencing guerilla warfare to the fullest extent. Numerous instances of the maltreatment and shooting of black women and children are continually reported with confirmatory details. The enemy for the most part are now conducting warfare in a spirit totally alien to the dictates of civilization, and must inevitably forfeit the consideration which has characterized our conduct of the campaign hitherto.

Sir Bindon Blood takes command of his district next Wednesday.

Colonel Crabbe surprised a Boer laager at Sands drift on Sunday morning. The enemy fled to the hills, abandoning 300 horses, besides arms and equipment. This commando is most probably that which was reported to be making north-west of Colesberg towards Saxony some days ago.

General Bartell found a force of Boers under Eintett, Grobelaar, and Henderson holding a strong position at Smaldeel, and after some fighting forced them to retire east, leaving five dead and several wounded on the field. Ten prisoners were taken, and all the enemy's waggons and carts, and several thousand cattle and sheep were captured. The British loss was one man wounded.

WHAT THE POWERS ASK.

Claims on China Filed Amounting to More Than $300,000,000.

A despatch from Washington, D.C., says:—Mr. Rockhill, the United States special commissioner to China, has sent to the State Department a revised statement of the claims thus far filed by the powers against the Chinese Government. The aggregate of the claims is lower than the first report, being under $300,000,000, but the authorities regard this as exorbitant, and will endeavour to cut it in half. Mr. Rockhill's information shows that the claims of the powers to date are about the figures given below:

Russia.	$ 90,000,000
Germany.	70,000,000
France.	40,000,000
Japan.	30,000,000
United States.	25,000,000
Great Britain.	24,000,000
Belgium.	5,700,000
Italy, Austria and Spain	30,000,000
Grand total.	$314,700,000

Some of the powers have not itemized their claims, and Mr. Rockhill's figures are only in the nature of rough estimates. It would not be surprising therefore, should the claims amount to more than stated above. The Russian claim is as large as given because of the invasion of Russian territory by Chinese troops and the destruction of Russian homes and the murder of Russian subjets, the destruction of railroad property in Manchuria, and the despatch of so many troops into China. France's claim is large because under a treaty with China her protection of native Christians is established. There are thirty thousand Catholics who suffered death as a result of the operations of the Boxers.

The three gold bars stolen from the specie room of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse during that vessel's last trip from New York were discovered by a steward during the cleaning of the ship near the second cabin.

Directors of a large St. Petersburg Insurance Company are being prosecuted for misapplying $750,000, according to a despatch from Moscow.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Notes of the Proceedings in the Canadian House of Commons.

CANADIAN STEEL RAILS.

Hon. Mr. Blair stated that he has contracted with the Sault Ste. Marie Company for 25,000 tons of steel rails for the Intercolonial. "We had," he explained,