

Cattle Markets.

Prime	1.10	1.05
Choice	1.05	1.00
Good	1.00	0.95
Butcher	0.95	0.90
Low	0.90	0.85

Wheat Markets.

Mar.	1.12	1.07
July	1.10	1.05
Sept.	1.08	1.03
Dec.	1.06	1.01

Farmers' Market.

Wool	1.10	1.05
Sheep	1.05	1.00
Cattle	1.00	0.95
Pork	0.95	0.90

A New Woman!

That's what any woman is after a hot cup of FRAGRANT



TEA. It chases away that old tired feeling and fills her with new life. SO DELICIOUS, TOO.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"During the voyage Mr. Merrill showed himself quite an adept in arguing living pictures," Mr. Leighton continued, with a scornful curl of his lips, "and amused himself upon one occasion by cleverly reproducing a tableau representing the secret marriage which I have described. Ah!" he interposed, with a start and quick look at Florence, "that was what caused your fainting fit—did it not occur to me until this moment?"

"How strange! and I did not once dream, until now, that you knew the secret of that tableau," the fair girl responded, with a flush and a smile.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Leighton observed, with a sweeping glance that included his whole audience, "you all understand the meaning of the words which I uttered as I entered the room. I asserted that if Miss Richardson were the wife of any one, she was mine; but she is no man's wife—she is as free as the air; that ceremony was only the rankst farce, and I have always deeply regretted my share in it. I ought to have revealed my identity and openly denounced the impostor the moment I realized the great wrong he was doing; and there has been no time since, when, if I could have learned who the unfortunate lady was, I would not have sought her and frankly confessed the whole story."

"Yes, everything that you see for miles around you, besides a great deal of money and you are a baronet now—you are Sir Arthur Vincent Page, and these portraits over the mantel are the likenesses of your father and mother."

"It all seems very queer," said the lad, with quaint thoughtfulness, "and what I have to—live here?"

"Yes—at least some time; we don't quite know what to do with you, just at present, and while you are growing up," said Mr. Leighton, smiling.

"I can tell you," gravely observed the boy, "I want to stay with you, somebody as before, I must have a name," he concluded, turning to the attorneys who, he seemed to understand, had some authority in the matter.

"Yes, my boy, for a good many years yet," replied Mr. Wellington.

"Then I want Uncle Carroll. I will never, never go away from him," asserted young Sir Arthur, with some excitement, and clinging appealingly to his friend.

"I am inclined to think that is well thought of, if you will accept my word," Mr. Leighton said to the attorney, turning inquiringly to the young man.

And so, after some discussion, it was arranged, greatly to the boy's delight, and later, Walter Carroll Leighton was legally appointed the youthful baronet's guardian, and to him was committed the duty of rearing and educating the little waif whom he had rescued from the slums, and to whom he had restored his rightful inheritance and position.

It was decided best that the Seavers should not return to London; that night, as they had planned; there were many things to be discussed in connection with the events that had occurred recently, and they all agreed that the Towers would be the best place for their consultations.

Accordingly, a groom was dispatched to the station for August, who, it will be remembered, had left the room.

Mr. Leighton turned to the two strangers, whom he had designated Messrs. Sanderson & Richards, wool merchants, in London, and requested their testimony as to his identity. They both affirmed that they had known him for a long time having seen him upon several occasions in Sydney, when they had been there to transact business, and also in London, where he had sometimes accompanied his father upon his trips thither. They also recognized the prisoner, as Andrews, whom they had also met in Sherwood Leighton's office in Sydney.

"Now, William, since that point is settled beyond dispute, you will please tell me where I can find the papers that belong to me," Mr. Leighton remarked as he approached the departed-looking man.

"Do you flatter yourself that I will tell you anything? curse you!" he began fiercely, when the officer in charge tapped him sharply upon the shoulder.

"That's my advice and be civil, young man; it is observed in a warning tone, "your game is up for good and all. Where are those papers?"

"Quick!" And the official towered above him menacingly.

"Well, if you must know, they are in the safe in the library," was the sullen reply.

"And the keys, if you please," said Mr. Wellington, coming forward and extending his hand for them.

The departed baronet fished a guilty crimson as he met the attorney's gaze.

"In my right hip pocket," he muttered, but quickly averting his eyes,

that it was ludicrously presuming in going through that ceremony with you. Are you sure that you forgive me?"

"Have I not assured you that that was my salvation?" she inquired, and he approached her.

"Ah! you are good to say that," he eagerly responded, "and if I but dare to hope that I might be able to contribute toward your future happiness, it would be joy beyond expression. Darling, I was on, emboldened by the flush on her cheek, while his noble face was full of passionate yearning. 'I have loved you ever since we viewed that wonderful sunrise together from the upper deck of the Germania; and, once since then, I have been encouraged to hope that you were not indifferent to me. Love, was it your special significance in your eyes when you laid your hand in mine as you bade me farewell the night before you started for Switzerland, or was it my imagination that made me think so? I must have been a little more affection in your heart for me, dear?'"

He held out his hand as he ceased, and Florence, as if impelled by some irresistible influence, crossed and stood before him, and laid her hand again in his, with the same confiding trust that characterized her farewell on the night of which he spoke.

"Ah! my beloved! Dare I hope that I may claim it?" the lover exclaimed, with a ring of joy in his tones.

"It is yours, if you wish it—that wonderful sunrise meant as much to me as to you," Florence answered, and the next moment she was folded close in her companion's strong, loving arms.

"But I never can call you Walter," the fair girl asserted, when later, she had become a lady and a custom of the law, and she had been called her for addressing him as Mr. Leighton; "that name will always be hateful to me because of my cruel experience with that impostor. May I call you Carol?"

"Anything you like, sweetheart," he fondly returned. "Yes," he added, gravely. "I think I prefer you should not call me Walter, for henceforth that name shall fall to have unpleasant associations for both of us. I shall be Uncle Carroll to Ja-Arthur; can I ever get used to that change, I wonder?" he interposed, smiling, "and so it will be in harmony if I am Carol to you."

"Carrol," said Florence, a few moments later. "I want to tell you that, somehow, I have been thinking of you and the attorneys, Wellington & Hayes, remaining in the great house. The child had been a wondering listener to all that had been said, and the fact that he was the lord of Worthing Towers was almost more than he could comprehend.

Two hours afterward nearly every guest had departed, only the Seaver party, with Mr. Leighton and young Sir Arthur and the attorneys, Wellington & Hayes, remaining in the great house. The child had been a wondering listener to all that had been said, and the fact that he was the lord of Worthing Towers was almost more than he could comprehend.

"Do you mean that this great, big house and everything in it—all the horses and carriages, too, are mine—really mine?" he questioned gravely, and with wide eyes, when during a quiet interval, his friend tried to explain the situation more fully to him.

"Yes, everything that you see for miles around you, besides a great deal of money and you are a baronet now—you are Sir Arthur Vincent Page, and these portraits over the mantel are the likenesses of your father and mother."

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THE PRODUCTION AND CARE OF MILK IN WINTER.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, by Prof. H. H. Dean.)

Canadian dairymen appear to have lessened their efforts in the production of winter milk; consequently we have a shortage and a period of high prices. Not many are in a position to avail themselves of the good prices now offered for dairy products of all kinds, and especially for fine butter.

Essentials for Economical Production.

1. Fresh cows. It is unsatisfactory trying to produce milk with a herd of cows most of which have been milking during the past summer. At least one-half the cows should freshen between the first of November and the last day of February.

2. A moderately warm, clean, light, well-ventilated stable is a great aid in the economical production of winter milk. Cold and badly ventilated stables mean added cost for feed.
3. Cheap, succulent feed is needed. This is best got by providing corn silage, mangels, clover hay, and suitable meal. A very good ration for a cow giving 40 pounds of milk daily, or making 11-2 to 2 pounds of butter per day is 30 to 40 pounds corn silage, 30 pounds mangels, 8 to 10 pounds clover hay, 4 pounds bran, 3 pounds ground oats, and one pound of cake. If possible, cut the hay, cut the roots, and mix the bulky feed together for a few hours before feeding. Add the meal to the bulky part at the time of feeding. The foregoing amount may be divided into two portions, and one-half be given to each cow night and morning. The cows should be fed regularly, and each animal should be under close observation by the feeder in order to note her appetite, response in milk flow, and other conditions. If the feeder finds that the cow can profitably consume more than eight pounds of meal daily, then extra meal may be given. Careful feeders who weigh the milk from each cow will soon learn the limit of profitable feeding for each animal.

Care of the Milk.

If the cow be kept clean and this milk be drawn in a clean manner into a pail by a clean person, and removed shortly after straining from the barn, there is no reason why winter milk should have a "cowy odor." This "cowy odor" is usually caused by filth which drops into the milk during the milking; or is absorbed by the milk from the foul air in the stable.

Milk should be removed from the stable before it cools to the temperature of the stable air; otherwise it will absorb taints rapidly.

After straining the milk does not usually require any special cooling other than that which takes place from the cold air, if it be stirred occasionally to prevent the cream rising and to insure uniform cooling throughout the whole mass of milk. It is also necessary to prevent the milk from becoming rancid in the best results.

If sent to a winter creamery, it should be delivered at least three times a week. If manufactured on the farm, it should be made into butter as soon as possible after it is drawn from the cow. The longer that milk is kept before being made into butter, the poorer will be the product.

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

Derangement of the stomach or bowels is responsible for most of the ailments that afflict infants and young children. For keeping the stomach and bowels in proper condition, see Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a medicine which meets all the needs of little ones. They have kept my little one as bright and healthy as can be. These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opium or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Ask for the Tablets at all medicine dealers, or at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOODER CHEESE.

The Montreal Produce Merchants' Association is endeavoring to promote the interests of all engaged in the Dairy Industry in Canada, whether as producer or consumer, desires to repeat and emphasize the objections expressed in former circulars. That the manufacture of fooder cheese is detrimental to the interests of all and should be discontinued.

The experience of the past has shown that for the most part cheese made from fooder milk is not of a quality good enough to enhance the reputation of Canadian cheese or increase its consumption by the British public. Further, it has been found that on the average the quantity of cheese produced during our grass season is about as much as can be consumed at prices profitable to the producer.

The Association appreciates the fact that the disposal of milk produced before the opening and after the close of the grass season is a very important question, but in view of the improved methods introduced in the manufacture of butter in recent years, and the superior quality now produced from fooder milk with increased demand at remunerative prices, the Association confidently recommends that wherever possible butter should be manufactured instead of cheese during the winter season, or say from the 15th November to the 1st of May.

J. Stanley Cook, Secretary.

LONDON'S WINTER FOG.

London fogs have been legislated against, have been bottled, analyzed, dissected, inquired into, and "sat upon" by the committee, but we still know no more about them than from the aurora borealis. Only a couple of years ago the London County Council took them in hand. A committee of experts, consisting of the health officer, a chemist, a bacteriologist, and a specialist in localities that they seemed to be rather the result of general atmospheric conditions, the London "fetterer" was informed by sucking in suburban fogs and invariably hanes over central London; that fogs rarely occurred when the temperature was over forty degrees F., and that they were most frequently after a night ten degrees colder than the preceding day. I have seen estimates which place the direct indirect loss to London by fogs at over £2,000,000 a year. One day of really severe fog will cause the metropolitan consumption of gas and electricity, in excess of her ordinary requirements, to supply a town of 5,000,000 for a whole year. A fog of a few days means a heavy casualty list. The great fog of 1890 increased the mortality of London by 2,500 in three weeks. The fog which ended on January 2, 1952, after enduring London without intermission for a fortnight on end, caused an excess of 1,500 deaths in one week—Harper's Weekly.

In Russia.

In the land of Killemtsky and Goshoot-downovitch, Where the people and the government is havin' the time, That's the place I'm fighting shy of. All the money you could get in that land, On a quarter of a acre wouldn't be a trans-Atlantic ship. Me for gold! there a minute on a trans-Atlantic ship. Let the life I've growed so fond dot might be givin' me. All the papers says excitement there has been, I'd be glad to see you in that land. In the land of Killemtsky and Goshoot-downovitch.

If I lived in Killemtsky or Goshoot-downovitch, I'd be glad to be handsome, famous, popular or rich; I'd be burdened with a yearning to be adorned in the money you could get. For there's not a drop of martyr blood flows in the veins of this land. I would cut 'frigid climate and would I wander for my health. Feeling that my existence was the fittest form of wealth, You would never find me fighting fiercely in the land of Killemtsky and Goshoot-downovitch.

—A Song of the Average Man—Baltimore American.

The old Georgian mansion at Turnhurst, Staffs., where James Brindley, the great engineer and schemer, lived the last seven years of his life, with his girl wife, and there died, has been converted into a workhouse.

"So the sailor went into the wild, forsaken Scottish upland, and at the farm along the way he asked for a shepherd's place. One farmer, the fourth one, need-

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Rich, Pure Blood Will Drive Out the Most Obstinate Case of Rheumatism.

Growing pains, aching joints, stiffened muscles, tender, swollen limbs—these are rheumatism, acute or chronic, and causes ceaseless agony and crippling thousands. It is acid in the blood that causes rheumatism. Liniments may ease the pain temporarily, but they never cure. To cure rheumatism you must remove the acid in the impure blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills positively cure rheumatism, acute or chronic. They directly on the blood, driving the acid out. They make new, warm, pure blood, and send it throbbing through the heart and lungs and limbs. This new blood banishes every ache and pain—brings good health and full activity. Mr. H. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., says: "For a number of years I was badly troubled with rheumatism, and was so crippled up I could scarcely do any work. I tried quite a number of medicines, but they did me no good. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised for this trouble, and I got a number of boxes. Before the third box was used, I found myself improving. I continued to use the pills throughout the winter and they have completely cured me. I got so that I could work on the coldest day with a coat and not feel a twinge of the trouble. I have told quite a few of my neighbors about the pills, and they are a popular medicine here."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure, warm blood that they have such great power to cure disease. They positively cure rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, and the ailments which women alone suffer from. The purchaser must be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Gigantic Dam.

Upon the Tunga Barda River, near Hospet, in the extreme western corner of British India, construction has been begun on a tremendous dam. This rivulet, which has recently constructed a reservoir on the Nile. The sources of the Tunga Barda are in the western ghats, and the course of the river is easterly across India, flowing four hundred miles to the sea. The scope of this project is to construct a dam nearly a mile long by 150 feet in height, thereby forming a huge reservoir approximately forty miles in length and covering an area of one hundred and fifty square miles. By means of this project some hundred and fifty billion cubic feet of water—about five times the capacity of the Assuan reservoir and equal in area to about three times that of the Nile—will be available for the irrigation of the surrounding country. The cost of this project is estimated at three and a half crores of rupees, but owing to the extent of the country it will be able to irrigate it is anticipated that the scheme will be a successful paying one.

An Extravagant Shah.

It is high praise to say of anything that it is the most beautiful of its kind in the world, yet this claim goes uncanceled when applied to that matchless temple of architecture, the Taj Mahal. Shah Jehan, the builder of this "dream in marble," as it has been called, ascended the throne as emperor of the Mogul empire in 1627.

He was noted for his taste in building and for the fabulous sums of money that he spent in his later years. At a "fete given" to celebrate the first anniversary of his reign, he was weighed against gold, silver and precious stones, and then sentenced them broadcast to be scattered for him by the emperor. This entertainment cost about \$68,000,000.

Notwithstanding this lavish expenditure, he conducted the finances of the country so judiciously that the treasury was in a better condition when he relinquished than when he received it, and this was without excessive taxation or oppression to his subjects.—From The Taj Mahal, by Austin Cook, in Four-Fractal News, for March.

THE CZAR IN PROVERB.

It is a recent number of the Paris Figaro were found collated some characteristic proverbs that regard the Czar and his position and find much current application:

"When the Czar writes on a dish it breaks into pieces for very price."

"The crown does not protect the Czar from headache."

"Even the lungs of the Czar cannot blow out smoke."

"The Czar's back, too, would bleed if it were gnawed with the kerat."

"When the Czar writes with his left hand, he is in good health; if he writes with his right hand, he is in a bad way."

"The Czar is a man of God, but his brother he is not."

"The Czar's arm is long, but it cannot reach to heaven."

"Neither the Czar's vinegar make anything sweet."

"The hand of the Czar, too, has only five fingers."

"The voice of the Czar has an echo even when there are no mountains in its vicinity."

"The troika (team of three horses abreast) of the Czar leaves a deep track behind."

"It is not more difficult for Death to carry a fat Czar in his cart than to carry a thin Czar in his cart."

"The Czar is in the eye of the Czar's country many and many a handkerchief."

"When the Czar writes, his Ministers have only one eye and the countrymen are blind."

"What the Czar cannot accomplish take care of."

"Even the Czar's cow cannot bring anything else into the world but a calf."

"When the Czar has the smallest his country bears the scars."

Mrs. Carnegie, wife of the millionaire, though the daughter of an old New England family, is as greatly devoted to Scotland as her husband. She takes a great interest in his philanthropic enterprises and does a lot of good to the poor in her own unostentatious way. Mrs. Carnegie takes particular delight in giving a helping hand to struggling artists and students.

The very day that her father was sentenced Inez disappeared and her cousin never saw nor heard of her afterward. Her claimant had been dismissed before they went to Brighton. One evening, shortly after this disagreeable business was settled,

that it was ludicrously presuming in going through that ceremony with you. Are you sure that you forgive me?"

"Have I not assured you that that was my salvation?" she inquired, and he approached her.

"Ah! you are good to say that," he eagerly responded, "and if I but dare to hope that I might be able to contribute toward your future happiness, it would be joy beyond expression. Darling, I was on, emboldened by the flush on her cheek, while his noble face was full of passionate yearning. 'I have loved you ever since we viewed that wonderful sunrise together from the upper deck of the Germania; and, once since then, I have been encouraged to hope that you were not indifferent to me. Love, was it your special significance in your eyes when you laid your hand in mine as you bade me farewell the night before you started for Switzerland, or was it my imagination that made me think so? I must have been a little more affection in your heart for me, dear?'"