rket Reports —OF— The Week.

oronto Farmers' Market.

n receipts to-day were light, ruled steady. Wheat firm, with 0 bushels of white and red $1.04 to $1.05. Barley un- bushels selling at 48c. Oats also with sales of 200 bushels at 35½c

eady, with sales of 39 loads at a ton for timothy, and at $7 to . Straw steady, three loads selling $11 a ton.

ogs are unchanged, with sales at the latter for a few choice light

bushel	$1 04	to	$1 05
bushel	1 04	to	1 05
g, bushel	1 00	to	0 00
bushel	0 35	to	35½
	45½	to	46½
	0 70	to	0 00
bushel	0 60	to	0 00
hel	0 48	to	0 49
	0 00	to	0 70
y, ton	9 50	to	11 00
y, ten	7 00	to	8 00
ton	10 00	to	11 00
	7 50	to	8 00
	2 00	to	3 00
	0 18	to	0 18
y	0 25	to	0 28
nery	0 28	to	0 30
ring	0 13	to	0 15
	0 13	to	0 14
r lb.	0 18	to	0 22
r dozen	0 35	to	0 50
r bag	0 65	to	0 75
per dozen	1 00	to	1 50
dozen	0 20	to	0 40
bag	2 00	to	0 00
arters	7 50	to	8 00
arters	5 00	to	5 00
, carcass	7 00	to	7 25
n, carcass	6 00	to	6 25
cwt.	7 50	to	8 00
t.	8 00	to	9 50
wt.	10 50	to	11 50

tish Cattle Markets.

are quoted at 11 to 12c per lb.; beef, 8¼ to 8½c per lb.; sheep, lb.

ding Wheat Markets.

	May.	July.
	1.13⅝	0.93⅝
	1.08½	0.90⅛
	1.08⅝	0.93⅝
	1.10⅛	1.01⅝

adstreet's on Trade.

reports to Bradstreet's say: ale conditions here continue actory. The orders for spring nearly every branch of trade eavy and cover a wide dis- f lines. The roads continue or less bad state. There has interference with the deliver- try produce and prices have ening tendency. Live hogs especially scarce and firm, gs, however, that the roads atter condition shortly. Man- and other industries are re- ely engaged.

rom Toronto to Bradstreet's, revailing bright spring we sulted in a rapid developme. ade. Orders for spring goods in fairly satisfactorily. Of- country produce here have d and prices are firm. The f the season has found its e harbor and although some here the opening of naviga- t be long delayed. The metal e stiff and active. The hard- ess is brisk; builders sup- specially so, and the outlook ding trade in this city is e is a large volume of trade this time of the year, with Orders from that portion of are heavy, the years water f freight bound for the west d to prove unusually heavy. e the mild weather of the as made country roads bad, e sections travel is reported ill. Spring activity is gener- ble and orders are well to tions show little improve- that of the preceding week. 's business reports from y trade conditions there are The movement of whole- e not heavy, but orders ar fairly well, and the opening n will see great activity in of shipping goods. Payments quiet in some lines. ports say spring trade has out fairly well during the e so, the manufacturers are nd are actively engaged in lines. Orders to wholesale air, and there is a good de- lines of spring and summer

Bradstreet's from Ottawa some slight slowness in of collections and a little some lines of wholesale ndition of business here is

reports say: Spring trade t fairly well as the weath- favorable. Good orders ar e wholesale houses. Collec- ll slow. The country is in condition and if money is al estate speculation, while rms may be slow, the rapid made on all hands in busi- generally will to a certain tract the bad effects. Val- are steady to firm. Building this centre will soon com- arge scale.

d Vancouver reports to say: Coast trade shows from conditions of a week al activity throughout the more pronounced and the ook has lost none of its Wholesale trade has been . The demand for all lines the interior has been heavy spring lines is opening out nts are being met fairly

ANAGER ARRESTED.

the Failure of the Bank of Yarmouth.

N. S., April 10.—The arrest donas of the Bank of Yar- made upon information r W. E. Stavert, who has ng the books, charging him made false monthly returns rnment.

arraigned to-day and re- l April 13th, for prelimin- tion. He was released on

of David Carey of Overton, ed yesterday, is said to be eable to the failure of the ank. The loss of his money his mind, in his delicate lth and he did not rally. ting of the creditors of W. nd Sons held to-day a state- resented showing the gross against the estate to date 91.

Our Honest Belief

is that we have brought

Blue Ribbon

TEA as near perfection as modern methods and material will permit. BLUE RIBBON TEA has a DECIDED INDIVIDUALITY that lifts it above the line of comparison with other brands. TRY THE RED LABEL.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

By Constance Morris.

"That is not true," he said, sullenly.

"No?" queried Edgerton. "Not two tables away sits the Ambassador who sat as judge and listened to the story that drove you out of the clubs of London and Paris. Your knowledge is dangerous to the Russian court, and your experiences are so well known at the German that you have been warned not to venture there again. At the Italian court you did not even give your enemy opportunity to see his murderer."

"It is a lie, a lie!" broke in D'Ornano, hoarsely. "I struck in self-defence."

"There is not a country of importance, outside of America," went on Edgerton, as if he had not heard the interruption, "where you can live, nor will you be safe here unless you return at once to her Royal Highness the letters written by her mother, the Princess Sophia. You know me; there are few clubs in New York that do not count my father a charter member, and on whose list I have not been enrolled since a boy. There are few courts of Europe where I have not served either as attache or secretary for my country. Whose word will be believed—Richard Edgerton's, gentleman, or Louis D'Ornano's, chevalier d'industrie? Now, give to Her Royal Highness the letters."

D'Ornano sat silent, his chin inclined slightly on his breast, his teeth closed tightly on his under lip; he started passionately over the heads of the people out into the night.

"The Archduchess is waiting," said Edgerton, and his voice rang like steel which rasps on iron inadvertently.

D'Ornano reached his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a book-shaped leather case. He snapped back the sapphire clasp and took out the contents—a package of letters. They were bound loosely with a rubber band, and Edgerton recognized the crest of the former Princess of the House of Saxe-Meinrad.

He laid these silently before the girl. A group of army officers, their faces flushed with Burgundy, noisily arose, and amidst the babble of stimulated voices, D'Ornano got to his feet. He turned to the girl, bowed low with a dignity no less than her own, laughed mirthlessly, and walked from the room.

She looked into the corridor for the figure of the elderly man with the clean-shaven face, and then rose suddenly.

"It is over," she said, with a great sigh of relief.

The fineness of her beauty, the easy, perfect grace of her carriage, made an opening instantly for her among the threatre parties of men in evening dress and women in spangled gowns and delicate wraps that stood about the door.

The corridors were becoming deserted. She stepped into a dimly lighted room, whose walls were decked with oriental hangings.

Softly, in the small balcony outside, an orchestra played the Rhapsodie Hongroise, the notes soaring, then pausing, thrilling and pulsating to the beatings of Edgerton's heart.

She turned to him, her lips trembling. She came near him and laid a hand on his arm.

"I couldn't thank you there for the service you have just done me; I don't see that I can do it any the easier here."

Edgerton ignored her last words; he put out his hand for a minute and held it over hers; his eyes were shining and his voice was curiously sweet.

"Will you sit here?"

"Yes," answered the girl, tremulously.

"Your Royal Highness—what is your name, your Royal Highness."

"Charlote Elizabeth Sophia Louise," she replied plaintively.

Yes. He remembered now. The Little Archduchess Charlotte, she had been called.

"Charlotte Elizabeth," Edgerton's compelling eyes never left her blue ones; "do you know how many weeks I have seen you?"

She squared her lovely shoulders and looked at him whimsically, and then nodded her blonde twice, silently.

"Oh, you do?" laughed Edgerton, gayly. "And how many, pray?"

"Six weeks," said the girl, quickly and proudly, with her eyebrows raised while the hot blood flew to her cheeks, and there came to her face a look of sudden sweetness and great happiness.

The violins were flooding the warm air with their soft melody.

They sat under a majestic silk-threaded canopy of olive green, gold starred. Delicately wrought chains of linked iron caught here and there the heavy folds. Against the faded colors of the Persian rugs that covered the wall hung swords of Malamocco, dented and twisted. Scimiters from Tunis or Algiers, spears from Archivis and ancient bronze firearms of Moroco penetrated and held to the walls turbans curiously woven in the exquisite dull colors of the far east. Above, a soft red light glowed through the iron lattice of a Byzantine lamp. Curtains hanging on either side of the canopy were heavily laden with gold crescents and a great gold star and crescent, that insignia of the Orient, caught the tuoquoise that hung over all.

They might have been in Tangier, so completely were they hidden from the outside world.

He bent his head slightly; his voice was deliberate, but intense and earnest.

"It is a great presumption to dare to ask you to listen to me at all, but I dare all things because I love you. I love you so that everything which is not worthy is hateful to me. I used to think I knew what love meant—I used to think love was found in companionship and could not be unless tender speeches were exchanged, and vows made, and that it needed caresses to live on. I now know that when one truly cares it means all one's life. Until to-night you have given me nothing; not a word, not a look and yet, since I have seen you, I have been madly happy in just knowing that you live. I have been supremely content in just knowing I could look at you from day to day. It was because I recognized you as the one woman in all the world for me that I have held you apart and above all others."

He leaned forward and crushed his hands together, where they rested on his knee.

"I have loved you with all my heart and sol, always, always, from the first moment I saw you on the steps of the hotel at Marienbad. Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess of the Blood, Archduchess of the House of Austria, Princess in Toscany, Duchess in Styria, I love you. Will you be my wife."

The girl sat motionless, her face pale and her hair gleaming in the changing glow of the dull red light. She raised her head, as if she were listening to a voice coming from a long distance.

"I care not one jot for all your titles. Are you not the same as any of those beautiful young girls we have just left? Ah! but not the same, because you are the woman I love. You will not think me boastful when I say" —Edgerton paused and then went on humbly—"when I say there are few larger incomes today than mine. There is nothing in the world you have ever had that I cannot give you; and there will be one thing you will have as long as you live, and that is love."

It was a strange question to be answered in a public room in one of the largest hotels in the world, but neither of them felt it strange or fanciful. To the girl Fate was dealing the serious issue of her life; it could not be affected by any incongruity in her surroundings. To the man it was the paramount moment. She turned her head and her breath came softly, and she said quite solemnly:

'I am going over to the window. Ten minutes, is all I ask, and then you shall have your answer."

Edgerton regarded her steadfastly. He did not reply, but threw back his head slightly and so stood gravely silent. The soft breezes from the river stirring the seedy pearl fringes on the Moorish lamp, made the only sound to disturb the looming silence.

As she recrossed the room to him, Edgerton caught the gleam of something brilliant and shining in her hand. It was a miniature of an elderly man, with a splendid if austere face. It was backed like a locket in dull gold, and surrounded alternately with flawless diamonds and emeralds en cabochon. As they sat down again under the Oriental canopy, she laid it in his hands. Her face was very pale and her eyes were wet, but held a look of great tenderness.

"Do you see this," she asked, and her voice rang very clear and sweet. "It is a likeness of the finest gentleman in all Europe, and the saddest. By the grace of God he is Emperor of a mighty Empire and—and my grandfather.

"Look at him well, Richard Edgerton, he has been father, mother, companion and friend to me. He has been burdened with sorrows, distresses and humiliations, and you are asking me—and in my selfishness I was base enough to think it possible—to be the one to add that finishing touch to his already embittered and unhappy life."

She straightened her shoulders and shut her eyes tightly for a moment, and the hands in her lap twisted and straightened one on the other—and she whispered: "If love were the only thing to be considered."

Edgerton's heart pulsed loudly, and in the fullness of his love he picked up the white glove which she had dropped and set his lips on it once, twice, and then quietly put it down.

"If love were the only thing, I would follow you to the world's end, for we princesses are all the pawns of Europe, and I swore that if ever love came to me, no matter what the guise, I would take it—and so I will not say I am too isolated by my lofty position, that Destiny has placed me so high I cannot accept your love because of your dignity or rank, or that my happiness lies in being true to my country. I will not say so, for love has come to me. No—no—wait!" she continued, humbly.

"For many years our house has been pursued by a series of catastrophes so awful that they have convulsed the world. A divine Providence has placed a brave man—he is quite the bravest men I ever knew—to rule a great country. He has been surrounded by ingratitude, selfishness and treachery. He has had to bear all miseries and humiliations in the full daylight, under the pitiless sun of royalty, on an elevation so flooded with light that every criticism of an action remains a blemish. You shall hear of his youth. He had a brother whom he loved. He was supplicated to rule another country and was promised loyalty and devotion, and the story has one sequel which is emblazoned now among the cactuses and sand-hills of Mexico. He lost him by murder and treachery. He had a cousin, and gave him affection and companionship, but Providence erased the light of his reason, and died a music-mad, selfish lunatic.

"Then, after years spent in grief and bitterness of spirit, he sought for consolation in a consort, and a great God gave to him a woman pure, perfect and divine, and all his royal cousins and sovereigns rejoiced.

"He was given an heir to his throne, and in the fullness of his pride and happiness he thought the burdens of his house lifted, but it was not to be. He lost him, and his loss shocked two continents. I need not tell you how my father died." She threw out her hands with a sudden fierce movement, and said bitterly: "The tragedy they called an accident. The shame and horror of it! For me," she took the miniature and laid it softly to his lips, "he has borne the ignominy and the shame; so no hint of its horror ever assailed my youth, no prodding into its cause ever made my life unhappy. He has let it rest and borne the censure of his people and all Europe."

Her voice dropped to a whisper.

"He has borne for my sake the scandal and weaknesses of my mother's life, and the mesalliances of his heirs! But even these were not the hour of his suffering. What were his other trials compared to the fearful sorrow he was called upon to bear when they tore from his side his beloved Empress, not by serene death but by murder—cruel, outrageous and bitter to bear? He has suffered every affliction, he whom God has placed so high. Ah, they have hurt him so!"

She put her two hands up to her face and covered her eyes. Edgerton reached out and drew them away; then he took one of them between his own and let his lips rest on its silently and gently, and his words came stumblingly, and all he could say was, "I love you."

Her lips quivered.

"And I—I am the last of his race, the last to uphold his throne. In his old age he has only just me. Could I hurt him more? Say it; shall I hurt him more?"

Edgerton sat beside her silently. He closed his teeth on his lower lip tightly. He took her two hands in his one, and held them close against his heart.

"My Princess, my Charlotte Elizabeth," he said, softly, and caught his breath sharply. "He shall never be hurt again—never through me—never."

And the Archduchess Charlotte Elizabeth Sophia rose to her feet. She stood very erect in her dignity and her young beauty. She could not speak, but stood quietly and searched his face with her fearless eyes long and earnestly.

Suddenly, at the far end of the room where it gave on the corridor, a figure appeared—a figure, sombre and sable, towards which the eyes of the Archduchess and Edgerton turned as with a common impulse.

"Helmholtz!"

They breathed the name in unison. She held out her hand and Edgerton took it gravely, and bending over it raised it to his lips.

"God bless Your Royal Highness," he whispered, in a voice vibrant with emotion.

Her hand trembled under his touch and her mouth for the moment lost its firmness of outline.

"Auf wiedersehn!" she murmured, softly. "Sometime—sometime——"

And then she turned, the sentence still-born on her lips.

Edgerton stood motionless for a full minute. A mist swam before his eyes. When its passed, Her Royal Highness and the black figure in the doorway were gone.

(THE END.)

FOR HOMELESS CATS.

Institution Established by Pussy's Friends in Washington.

The very severe winter weather which has been unusually prolonged in Washington, has turned all charitable hearts to the consideration of the suffering that exists. The poor citizens have been cared for, to the extent of the means at hand; the birds have been fed by the kind-hearted, dogs are under the care of the District, but the poor, homeless cat, the friends of the felines say, would be entirely forgotten were it not for the comparatively few members of the Washington Cat Club. If not neglected, possibly they would be maltreated by heartless persons.

For several years it has been the constant effort of the club, both in summer and winter to institute a home and a shelter for the downtrodden stray, the outcast and wanderer of the cat family, the much despised and ill-treated alley cat, which by reason of the carelessness and thoughtlessness of citizens is a nuisance and a pest. The homeless cats of the city destroy property (the flower beds, young chickens, etc.,) disturb slumber ,wreck nerves and wring hearts through their sufferings at the hand of the small boy and the vicious adult, and are a menace to the health, not only of our pets, but of our children and of our households.

The cat's condition is not of its own making, it is urged. Its roving and night howling is not of its own seeking, but through the hardheartedness of man it is forced upon it. If a cat howls it is condemned, but if it sits for hours watching for a rat, man's most despicable pest, it gets neither credit nor reward, and when the snow is deep, and there is no way for it to get a morsel to eat, it is forgotten. It will not even be allowed a sheltered place, be it the cold of a back porch, to lay its weary, hungry, but patient body, if the ordinary human is cognizant of the fact.

After many trials, the surmounting of many obstacles and with much hard work in conducting shows, and many hours of thought and discussion on the part of the club members, their object has been accomplished. A cat home exists and has for several months past, and the energies that the club commands are taxed to maintain it. The home is located at 1830 32nd street northwest, directly opposite the old reservoir, one of the highest points of the city. It is a neat little two-storey basement brick house, nicely painted and kept by the couple in charge in the prime of neatness and good order.

The basement rooms are set aside for the cats, and runs in the large yard forty by sixty feet have been erected. The yard is protected on the north by a stone wall surmounted by the regulation fence, making an enclosure at least fourteen feet high and on the west by a brick building, which, as will be seen, protects the runs on the north and west whence the cold winds blow.

A hydrant in the yard supplies plenty of fresh water, and several large shade trees will produce the necessary shade in summer. There are quite a number of cats being cared for at present, and all who wish are cordially invited to pay a visit to the refuge.

Boarding pet cats is one of the features and its only source of revenue.

The whole object in the organization of the Washington Cat Club was the endeavor to protect and in every way better the condition of the domestic cat, by fostering the love of them, improving the breed of the best varieties, caring for the homeless ones and painlessly ending the lives of the hopelessly sick and maimed. With this object in view, it is the earnest wish of the club to continue the refuge and home where the broadest humanity and best methods of care for these beautiful and useful creatures are employed.

To accomplish this the club asks the co-operation of all those interested in the real wel-fare of the cat in lessening the number of vagrant, starving ones in our streets and alleys. It is hoped that those interested will join the club and that contributions for the maintenance of the home will be forthcoming.

Boarding cats will be fed and cared for in strict accordance with the owners' wishes and instructions. They will be called for and delivered free, within the city limits. A small fee will be charged for calling for stray cats.—Washington Star.

A SPRING NEED.

The Indoor Life of Winter is Hard on the Health.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the spring feeling. The reason — close confinement indoors during the winter months, breathing the impure air of badly ventilated houses, offices and workshops. The trouble may manifest itself in a variable appetite, little pimples or eruptions of the skin, a feeling of weariness, and perhaps an occasional headache, or a twinge of neuralgia or rheumatism. Perhaps you think the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out of the system by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one absolutely certain, blood-renewing, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Thousands of grateful people have testified that these pills are the best of all spring medicines. They actually make new blood; they brace the nerves and strengthen every organ of the body. They make tired, depressed ailing men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mrs. N. Ferguson, Ashfield, N. S., says: "For the benefit it may be to others, I take much pleasure in saying that I have found wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began taking them I was so badly run down that I could scarcely go about the house. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and weak spells, but the pills have fully restored me and I am now enjoying better health than I ever expected to have again."

If you want to be healthy in spring don't dose yourself with purgatives — they only weaken — they can't cure. Don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish al spring ailments, and make you active and strong. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAN OUT OF WORK A CRIMINAL.

Laws of Germany so Hold and Provide for Sick and Old.

Interesting details regarding the condition and treatment of the poor by the municipality of Berlin are contained in a report forwarded to the state department by United States Consul Haynes at Rouen, France. From this report it appears that it is a crime in Berlin to be out of work.

When a ragged man makes his appearance on one of the streets in Berlin he is immediately requested by a policeman to show his papers. If they show that the bearer has slept more than a certain prescribed number of nights in an asylum for the homeless, from three to five days, he is immediately conducted to the workhouse, which, although not a prison, resembles the latter in all details.

Every person of humble means is insured by the State in Germany. Clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and old age. The state has built an immense sanitarium at Beelitz at a cost of nearly $2,500,000, where the invalided citizen is sent with his pension, in order to expedite his return to the ranks of the wage earners.

The whole object of the Berlin municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well-being of its citizens, and although the Germans are not soft-hearted in the manner of achieving this purpose, they have this recommendation—they succeed.

Dr. Freund, the chairman of state insurance in Berlin, takes the ground that the state should do everything to fit its citizens for the battle of commercial competition, and when it has done everything (when it has first equipped then safeguarded and afterward assisted in distress) it should punish sternly and steadfastly the lazy and the indolent. Fall sick, says the state to its work people, and we will nurse you back to vigor; drop out of employment and we will find you fresh work; grow old and we will provide you with bread and butter, but become lazy and vagabond and we will lock you up and make you work till you have paid the uttermost farthing of your debt.

Rags and misery dare not lie about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the state will certainly develop it as well as it is possible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he solicits employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employment for 50,000 men.

The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs.

For a Home Garden.

Leading Varieties of Vegetables, With Notes on Methods of Cultivation by Prof. H. L. Hutt.

At this season of the year the question of the farmer's garden comes up. Too often the arrangements for the making of the home garden are neglected till too late, and especially is this so in regard to the ordering of the seeds. It requently occurs that it is necessary to order some varieties of seeds from a distance and therefore it is well to decide early what varieties are to be planted. The following list of varieties of vegetables has been prepared with a view to aiding in the choice of kinds suitable for the home garden, and very brief culture notes have been appended to each.

Asparagus—Conover's Colossal and Palmetto.

Plant in rows 4 feet apart, and 2 feet apart in the rows; apply manure liberally and cultivate thoroughly.

Beans—Summer, golden wax; autumn, Burpee's bush Lima; winter, navy. Sow when danger of spring frost is past.

Beets.—Globe, Egyptian turnip; long, long smooth blood.

Sow as soon as ground is fit to work. Thin when small to 3 inches apart, and take out every other one as soon as they are large enough to use.

Carrots.—Chantenay and scarlet Nantes.

Sow early and thin the same as beets.

Cabbage.—Early, Winningstadt; late, flat Dutch and Savoy; red, mammoth rock.

Sow seed of early variety in hot bed about middle of March, and transplant to open ground about end of April. Sow seed of late varieties in the open ground about the end of May, and transplant about the first of July.

Cauliflower.—Extra early Erfurt and early snowball.

Treat the same as cabbage.

Celery.—Early, white plume; medium, Paris golden yellow; late, giant Pascal.

Sow seed in seed box or hot bed about first of May. Prick out into flats or cold frame when about an inch high, and transplant into trenches four or five feet apart about first of July.

Corn.—Early, golden bantam and white Cory; medium, metropolitan; late, country gentlemen and Stowell's evergreen.

Sow about first of May, and if plants are injured by cold or frost, sow again about the 24th of May.

Cucumber.—For slicing, white spine; for pickling and slicing, cool and crisp.

Sow in hills about 4 feet apart when danger of frost is over.

Lettuce.—Toronto gem, and California cream butter.

Sow seed as early as possible and at intervals of one month for succession of crops. Thin plants to 6 or 8 inches apart to secure good heads.

Muskmelon.—Rocky ford or emerald gem and Montreal market.

Sow seed in enriched and well prepared soil when danger of frost is past. Hills should be 5 or 6 feet apart.

Onions.—Yellow Danvers, prize-taker, and red Weathersfield.

Sow as early as possible. The thinnings may be used as green onions.

Parsnips.—Hollow crown.

Sow as early as possible and thin to 6 inches apart in row. Leave part of the crop in ground over winter for spring use.

Peas.—Early, Steele Briggs' extra early; medium, Gradus; late, champion of England.

Sow early kinds as early as possible, and others at intervals of two weeks to obtain succession of crops.

Potatoes.—Early, early Ohio; late, Empire State.

Keep potatoes for early planting in a warm room in the light for three weeks before planting. Plant a few for early use as soon as the ground is fit to work, and follow with others when danger of frost is past. Plant late varieties about the 24th of May.

Rhubarb.—Victoria, or any carefully selected seedling variety.

Plant 4 feet apart. Manure liberally, cultivate thoroughly, and break out seed stalks as they appear.

Salsify.—Long white.

Sow as early as possible and thin to 4 inches apart in the row. Part of the crop may be left in the ground over winter for spring use.

Squash.—Summer, crookneck and white bush scallop; winter, Hubbard.

Do not plant until danger of spring frost is over. Bush varieties require about 4 feet of space between hills. Hubbard should have at least 8 feet.

Tomatoes.—Early, Earliana, Dominion Day and Mayflower.

Sow seed in seed box or hot bed about the middle of April. Transplant in the open when danger of frost is past.

Watermelon—Hungarian honey and Cole's early.

Plant when danger of frost is past in well prepared hills 8 feet apart.

PRUNING :: :: FRUIT BUSHES.

Among the things that should occupy the attention of the farmer and the fruit grower at this time of the year, one of the first in importance is the pruning of his fruit trees and bushes. In the farmer's garden the bush fruits are very generally neglected though the pruning which they require is simple in nature and can be done with comparatively little labor. The following directions may serve as a guide for some who have bushes to prune this spring:

Raspberries—The pruning of raspberries may be summed up briefly as follows: Remove the old canes after fruiting; thin out the weakest of the new canes so that the row may not be too thick; head back the new canes to about three and one-half feet, so that good strong lateral shoots may be developed near the ground. Strong laterals may be headed back about one-half. In some localities where there is danger of the canes being injured during the winter, it may be best to leave the pruning until spring, but where there is no danger of injury from frost the work is as well done in the fall.

Blackberries or Thimbleberries—These should be pruned much the same as raspberries, except that the new canes should be left somewhat longer, four to four and one-half feet being considered about right. It is generally advisable to prune blackberries in the early spring, as the canes are liable to freeze back during the winter.

Gooseberries—Without care gooseberries become a tangled mass, which prevents the proper development and the easy harvesting of the crop. The fruit is borne on one, two and three year old wood, mostly, however, on the one and two year old wood. The aim should be to replace the three-year-old branches with good healthy new shoots very early each season. Six main branches, two of which may be replaced annually, is a good base from which to build the frame of the bush. Head back the new growth about one-third and keep the bush just open enough to permit the easy harvesting of the fruit. If opened up too much there is danger of the fruit being injured by sun-burning.

Red and White Currants—Currants are borne on the short spurs arising from the old wood, and near the base of the new shoots. Two year old canes produce the finest quality and the largest quantity of fruit, although some fine berries may be produced on the three-year-old branches. Train the bush to six main stems, two of which may be removed each season and replaced by two vigorous young canes. All other new canes arising from the ground should be removed. Head back the two new shoots about one-half and all new branches one-third. Keep the head of the bush open enough to permit of free circulation of air and to admit sufficient sunlight to ripen the fruit properly.

Black Currants—The treatment of black currants does not materially differ from that of reds. The fruit is borne on one-year-old shoots arising from older branches. As the bushes grow larger and stronger than the reds, it is well to leave about eight canes, renewing two each season. Head back the growth severely to encourage the formation of many new spurs from the old wood for the production of fruit. Leave the head open enough to permit of free circulation of the air and the entrance of sunlight to the centre of the bush.—Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College.

George—"Ethel, dear, I'm going to interview your father to-night." Ethel—"All right, George; and if anything happens I'll come to the hospital twice a day until you are able to get out again."

VALUABLE TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets are for children of all ages — they are equally good for the new born babe or the well-grown child. They will promptly cure colic, indigestion, constipation, teething troubles, diarrhoea, and simple fever. The Tablets break up colds, prevent croup and promote healthy sleep. They are guaranteed not to contain a particle of opiate or any of the poisons found in so-called "soothing" medicines. Every mother who has used these Tablets speaks of them in the highest praise. Mrs. T. Timlick, Pittson, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the most satisfactory results I can recommend them to all mothers as a remedy for teething and other troubles of childhood." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Marquis of Bute.

The Marques of Bute who has just started on a prolonged hunting and exploring expedition in Central Africa, has not yet reached his 24th year, but he has already done some noteworthy things in the way of big game shooting. In this respect he differs very curiously from his father, the late Marquess, who created the port of Cardiff, for the latter never fired a gun in his life, and, though a splendid business man on occasion, was perhaps more devoted to his fine library of a quarter of a million volumes than to anything else, the Bute docks not excepted. Herein is presented another of the complex problems of the law of heredity, for the present Marquess, who has inherited this priceless collection, together with many a thousand acres and an enormous rent roll, will in all human probability never care to open one of the volumes. Lord Bute should have been born a bibliophile, yet, long before he had done with his teens—indeed, from quite early boyhood—he became a naturalist and by the time he was 15 there was not a bird of the air not a beast of the field, nor a plant, with whose habits he was not familiar. He has travelled far and wide, is a young man of clear head and keen judgment, and he is one of the most patriotic of Scotsmen.

Curious Freaks of Lightning.

One of the fantastic tricks which lightning plays upon its unfortunate victims is a kind of flashlight photography. There are numerous instances of this which are more or less "authenticated," but they seem almost too wonderful to be believed. One of these is of a young man in New Jersey who was struck by lightning and was taken in an ambulance to the hospital at once. There seemed to be no wound except a small mark on the back, but while the doctors and nurses were examining him, a picture began to develop on the skin. Soon before the wondering eyes of the watchers appeared a perfect picture of the figure of Christ nailed to the cross. The explanation is that on the wall opposite the bed on which the young man lay was the picture which was reproduced on his skin.

Another instance is of a man who was struck by lightning, and on his chest were red marks resembling the tree with all its branches under which the man was standing when he was killed. From France comes the story of a peasant girl, who was driving a cow from the pasture when she was overtaken by the storm, and she and the cow took refuge under the tree. A bolt killed the cow and stunned the girl. When she recovered consciousness she discovered on her chest a picture of the cow she had been driving.

The chatelaine of the castle of Renatonpaire was sitting in a chair in her salon when the chateau was struck by lightning. She was quite uninjured, but on the back of her dress was found a perfect copy of the chair on which she had been sitting, down to its minutest ornament. These are a few of the many strange pranks which lightning plays upon us.

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