

Market Reports
OF
The Week.

Toronto Farmers' Market.

The grain receipts to-day were confined to 200 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of fall selling at \$1.02, and 100 bushels of goose at 77c.

Hay quiet and steady, with sales of 25 loads at \$10 to \$11 a ton for timothy and at \$8 to \$9 for mixed. Straw unchanged, one load selling at \$10 a ton. Dressed hogs are unchanged, with sales at \$9 to \$9.50, the latter for a few choice lightweights.

Wheat, white, bush	\$ 1.06	\$1.02
Do., red, bush	1.00	1.02
Do., spring, bush	0.95	0.96
Do., goose, bush	0.77	0.00
Oats, bush	0.46	0.00
Barley, bush	0.49	0.00
Peas, bush	0.72	0.00
Celery, per doz.	10.60	11.00
Do., mixed, ton	8.00	9.00
Straw, per ton	10.00	0.00
Dressed hogs	9.00	9.50
Apples, bbl.	1.00	2.75
Eggs, doz.	0.16	0.17
Butter, dairy	0.20	0.23
Do., creamery	0.22	0.25
Chickens, fall, per lb.	0.13	0.14
Turkeys, per lb.	0.14	0.17
Potatoes, per bag	0.65	0.75
Cabbage, per doz.	0.50	0.75
Celery, per doz.	0.40	0.50
Onions, per bag	2.00	2.00
Do., forequarters	6.00	7.50
Do., choice carcass	8.50	9.00
Do., medium carcass	7.25	7.75
Mutton, per cwt.	8.50	10.00
Veal, per cwt.	13.00	15.00
Lamb, spring, per cwt.	13.00	15.00

Toronto Live Stock.

Receipts of live stock at the Union Stock Yards were 82 carloads, composed of 1,653 cattle, 4 sheep and 32 calves. The quality of fat cattle was fairly good, but not as many choice cattle as last week.

Exporters—Prices ranged from \$5.24 to \$5.65 per cwt., with the exception of two loads of prime cattle that were sold at \$5.80, but the bulk sold at \$5.40 to \$5.65; export bulls sold at \$3.65 to \$4.56 with few at the latter price.

Butchers—There were few of choice to receive quality. Choice picked loads of beefers, 1,150 to 1,180 pounds each, sold at \$5.65 to \$5.75; loads of good at \$5.22 to \$5.25; fair to good at \$5 to \$5.25; common to medium at \$4.65 to \$4.90; low, at \$3.75 to \$4.60 per cwt.

Veal Calves—Veal calves sold at \$4.56 to \$5.20 per cwt.

Sheep—Sheep sold at \$4.75 to \$5 per cwt.

Hogs—H. P. Kennedy quotes prices at \$6.75 per cwt. and \$6.50 per cwt. for fed and watered.

Leading Wheat Markets.

New York	May	July	Sept.
London	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Paris	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Amsterdam	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Brussels	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Antwerp	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
London	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Paris	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Amsterdam	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Brussels	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2
Antwerp	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2	1.17 1/2

British Cattle Markets.

London cattle are quoted at 11 1/2 to 12 1/2 for the refrigerator beef, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2 for the sheep, and 11 1/2 to 12 1/2 for the pig.

Cheese Markets.

Pleasant report: At our cheese board to-day 100 boxes of Cheddar, 100 boxes of Swiss, 100 boxes of Gouda, and 100 boxes of Emmentaler were sold.

Bradstreet's.

Trade advices from Montreal to Bradstreet's say: There is a dull tone to trade which wholesale men had not expected and were rather surprised to experience.

Receipts are hardly coming forward as well as might be expected, although in some lines they are fairly good. Navy ration is now in fairly good swing, and heavy shipments of goods are being made. A cheerful tone is imparted by the good business expected in the way of dairy exports.

London and Quebec reports to Bradstreet's say: There is a fairly satisfactory tone to business conditions here, despite a little quietness in some lines of wholesale trade. This more especially affects dry goods, for which orders are a little slow coming forward. With warmer weather retail stocks of summer goods will move better and there will be a general improvement in this line of goods. There is a better movement to the hardware and grocery trade. The demand for building materials is rather more active. Collections in all lines are fairly good. The outlook for the fall trade is brighter than was the case a year ago.

At Quebec trade, as a rule, is reported satisfactory and the outlook appears favorable. Collections are rather more active. A little slow, show an improvement over this time a year ago. Local shoe manufacturers are fairly busy. Building trade is quiet.

Winnipeg advices say: As the climatic conditions become more favorable to the growth of the crops and as the number of immigrants coming into the country steadily increases, there is a more hopeful feeling evident in business conditions generally. Collections are still slow, but gradual improvement is noticeable in all respects.

Bradstreet's advices from London say: While the wholesale trade is a little quiet, there is fair activity in other lines of business. Manufacturers are busy and collections are generally good. In some cases collections are slow, but in others they are good.

Ottawa advices say: There is a fair Ontario demand for all lines of goods. Retail trade here has a good tone. Country remittances are a little slow, but city collections are fairly good. The total volume of business is as large as usual at this time of the year.

The condition of trade at Hamilton remains fairly satisfactory. Wholesale trade is rather more active seasonally, but the prospects are for considerable improvement as soon as warmer weather sets in. Stocks of hardware and groceries are moving well, and collections are generally fair. Retail trade is a little quiet in the country.

A FREAK CHICKEN.

Sandwich Boats One With Four Legs, Three Wings and Two Tails.

Windsor, Ont., May 29.—Eli Bethune, Sandwich East farmer, has a freak chicken with four legs, two tails and three wings. The chicken was hatched with nine others five weeks ago, and manages to navigate even with its double set of pedal extremities.

It is as healthy as any chicken in the brood. The small feathers have begun to appear, and the chicken, if it were, will have two distinct tails and three wings.

ECONOMICS

Some buy an inferior tea because it is cheap—might as well buy a cheap tea because it is inferior. The same thing, but NOT ECONOMY either way. With



TEA YOUR STRENGTH, FLAVOR, QUALITY, VALUE—that's ECONOMY.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"This is what I call true enjoyment," goes on Hal, flinging himself full length on the lawn, and resting his round chin on his hands, and staring straight up at the sky. "If I had my choice of a profession, I'd be a pirate or a smuggler. We only want a couple of kegs of French brandy in the boat to complete."

"At least, we seem to have some spirits on board," says Vernon Vane, turning with a smile to Jeanne, but—"The skipper never a word says she, But steers straight out for the open sea."

Straight out goes the Nancy Bell, her sail spread out like a swan's back, the water rushing back her keel and the crimson pennon fluttering in the gentle breeze.

Still Jeanne is grave and preoccupied, and it is not until the line of frowning cliffs is left behind that she looks down at the stalwart figure at her feet, as it lies half sitting, half at length, clad in its fishermen's garb.

"Not come accustomed to sailing, Mr. Vane," she says at last. He looks around and up at her with his quiet smile.

"Yes," he says, "it is no novelty to me I have sailed the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic and I am old friends."

Hal stares. "In a yacht, Mr. Vane?" "Vernon Vane nods."

"Yes, a yacht, Hal." Hal stares at Jeanne. "Fancy, Jeanne!" he exclaims wistfully. "And where is she now?" she asks.

"What remains of her is stuck on a coral reef in the South Sea."

"You mean," ejaculated Hal, "and were you on board, Mr. Vane?" "Vernon Vane nods."

"My!" sighs Hal, enviously. "Don't envy me," says Vernon Vane. "I have my share of adventures, but it is interesting thing to read about, but it is interesting thing in reality, Hal. There's no romance in sailing in a cockle-shell of a boat half full of water, without sails or compass, and with three loaves of bread, a quart of fresh water and a box of sardines between nine men. I used to believe in wrecks until I had one on my own account, and I've lost faith in their jollity now."

As he spoke he looked at Hal, but Jeanne leaped forward, listening intently, and although her eyes were lowered, her mind was hard at work, and as full of wonder as Hal's.

Who and what was this mysterious stranger who seemed to have had such experience, and to be possessed of such varied talents? Artist, musician, sailor; what else would he prove himself to be? "You did not tell us anything of this last night," she said, dreamingly.

"Did I not?" he said, turning on his elbow and looking up at her; "I did not think it would interest you, or I would have done so. Besides, running a yacht on a coral reef does not redound to my credit, and you might have refused to permit the presence of such an unlucky sailor on board the Nancy Bell."

Jeanne smiled. "I did not think you'd come," she said. "And I knew that I should," he said, coming a little nearer to her, but still keeping a wary eye on the sail. "I could not have refused, though perhaps it would have been wiser," he added, almost absently.

"Do you think I shall be run on a reef, then?" said Jeanne, naively. "You may," he said, looking at her intently; "but not on a reef of this coast—there are other reefs than Newton Regis' cove, Miss Jeanne."

He spoke half jestingly, but the smile that slightly curved his lip was a grave one. Jeanne looked at him musingly, innocently.

"Then you had better come and take the helm," she said. He shook his head. "I am 'No, I am a bad pilot,' have been drifting too fond of drink until I drifted into Newton Regis' harbor."

"There is no harbor at Newton Regis," said Jeanne, still innocently, but a little puzzled by the hidden meaning in his words. "I have almost become convinced of it," he answered, in a low voice; "at least that there is no harbor for me."

A woman of the world would have understood him, or have blushed and turned away; but Jeanne, child-woman only as yet, neither blushed nor turned away, but sat leaning forward and looking at him with his handsome and rather sad eyes, with a gleam of wonder in her clear, musing ones.

He looked at her for a moment, then he pulled a short pipe from under his jersey. "Is this permitted, Commander Jeanne?"

Jeanne nodded. "Ah, now you're a complete fisherman, Mr. Vane!" exclaimed Hal, kicking up his legs. "Jeanne, I wonder what the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames would say if he could see us now!"

Vernon Vane looked at Jeanne for her answer. "What should he say?" she asked, quietly, without a trace of embarrassment, and Vernon looked back at her. "He'd be horrified," said the boy. "I'll be bound he's no sailor. He'd be ill, Mr. Vane, for a pound. Those awkward fellows always are; they haven't known

pauses. Jeanne's arm is around his shoulder, and her sweet young face is close, very close, to his. He has not looked at that face since he took her up, but suddenly he glances down and their eyes meet.

It is only for a moment, but Jeanne's eyes close, and her lips quiver with the same thrill that ran through her on the preceding evening, and he fancies that her face has grown paler as he sets her lightly down.

Then he pushes the boat into the deep water, and climbs into her as she glides; and they set off for home.

It has been easy work running, but they have to tack now, and the sail flaps backwards and forwards as the wind catches her. Jeanne's hands grasp the helm more firmly, and her eyes are gravely set upon the cliff. She does not once look toward Vernon Vane, until a sudden gust blows the sail straight against the mast, and nearly sweeps the boat to the water's edge; then she says, "There's going to be a storm."

Vernon Vane looks up at the suddenly darkening sky and on.

"You know the coast?" he says. "Yes," says Jeanne, pushing back her hat and grasping the helm; "once we round the point we run before the wind."

There is no hesitation in her voice, and certainly no fear, though even while she has been speaking, the sea has grown more fierce and the sky more threatening.

"Now we shall see her go!" exclaims Hal, excitedly. "Jeanne will show Mr. Vane," says Jeanne, pushing back her hat and grasping the helm; "once we round the point we run before the wind."

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THE CODLING WORM OF THE APPLE.

By Prof. Lechhead.)

The codling worm is the cause of greater loss to the apple industry than any other insect. The extent of the loss to Ontario alone runs up every year into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and into the millions in the United States, all because the remedies which have been devised by the entomologists, have not been applied by the apple-growers.

While there is but one brood of the codling moth east and north of Toronto, there are two broods west and south of the apple belt. The different stages of this insect pest should be familiar to the apple grower, for only with this knowledge can he apply his remedies intelligently. The life story may be stated concisely as follows: The insect winters over as a caterpillar in a cocoon in some protected place, and in early June when the blossoms are falling from the apple the adult winged moths appear. The females deposit their eggs on the leaves and newly formed fruit. In about ten days the caterpillars escape from the cocoons and a few days later enter the eggs, usually at the calyx end. The worm remains inside the apple about 20 days, after which it comes out to spin a cocoon within which it lives until spring if there is but one brood, but only about two weeks if there are two broods in a two year period. The second brood of moths appear about the end of July or the beginning of August; then eggs are again deposited, and the worms which hatch out about the middle of August, leave the apple again in September to make cocoons within which to spend the winter.

With our knowledge of these facts, we are able to state quite definitely, the best times to apply remedies. The plan is to poison the worms with Paris Green or some other arsenic mixture before they enter the fruit. The trees should be sprayed (1) a few days after the blossoms fall; and (2) the middle of August, when the second brood of moths appear. An additional spraying ten days or two weeks after the first will, in most cases be productive of much good. It is advisable, of course, to use the arsenic mixture along with Bordeaux to control the scab fungus at the same time that the codling moth is being threatened. For the scab two additional sprayings are necessary—one before blossoming and one in July.

The Bordeaux-Paris green mixture is prepared according to the following recipe: Bordeaux 40 lbs. Paris green 4 lbs. Water 40 gal.

Paris green 4 lbs. dissolved in 15 to 20 gallons of water in a barrel, and in another barrel the lime is slacked carefully and 10 to 15 gallons of water are added to make a milk of lime. Then the contents of the two barrels are poured into the spray barrel through a strainer. Finally the Paris green is made into a paste with water and put into the barrel along with the Bordeaux. It is very necessary that the agitator should work while pumping is going on so as to keep the Paris green well distributed throughout the mixture. Use a good spray pump and spray the trees carefully at the times mentioned above.

The practice of banding trees is commendable, but everything taken into account is more expensive than spraying, and is moreover, actually harmful to the helpless little ones without curing the larvae destroyed every ten days or two weeks during the latter half of June and all of July.

Every fruit grower should acknowledge the value of such birds as the Chickadee, Bluebird, Downy Woodpecker, Nuthatch, Bluebird, Swallows, Wren and Song Sparrows in checking the increase of the codling moth and other injurious insects, and is moreover, actually harmful to the helpless little ones without curing the larvae destroyed every ten days or two weeks during the latter half of June and all of July.

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