Market

3 50 to arket. d for fruit, and berries, basket, 5 to 30c. Cantaabbage, bbl., \$1. rkets.

d to-day 13 facall colored; of5 yer. Bailie. t. 1,250 offered: 565, Alexander nd fifty offered; at 10 13-16c; balweekly meetre to-day, there 4 1,870 colored.

to 10%c. Markets. ept. Dec. May. 8714 8844 9046 8415 8316 87% 78% 81 84 8514 --84% 83% 36% Frade.

ons there show a week ago. light and hotiry goods trade vement in fall utlook in this and orders comceries are quiet ment in handons have interof country protions are firm or all kinds but manufacturers very few lines been quiet for thout the counrders are light. t here. Groceris very little for immediate fall lines are de is a little fair and val-The unusually est all line of of the year's

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trade in seathough counon acount of nerally satisnation here is

rop prospects rehants were in the year ing on more M. The retail ely and they red out and ishing. -There is a e trade here.

fairly large to be good. and condiactory. Proactive. The heavy. There eal estate in ricts of the rly true at ovement has n of a boom.

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atch to the lgeria, says ed to allow remain at he observathe sun on at Philippewhich it is ntatives of s is conveyector of the nd a party

Spain. ers are crys action on ss that will at that the was allowed

r be obliged.

entists who fications at You Don't Know Good Tea UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED

Its FRESH, NATURAL FRAGRANCE pleases the most critical and will be a REVELATION to you.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA.

BLUE RIBBON'S IT. Try the Red Label.

bitterness, "if this day's work could be takes out his cigar case, and, with tremb- how she can play the part which he has dale's a happy man!" crased, my hand should be the first to ling fingers, lights a cigar. wipe it out. I say it calmly; act you as Oh, potent tobacco! who, knowing the injury you have done; you will but | your praise? add a sharper sting to it by publicity.

You are no child, Jeanne; you have Vane, Marquis of Ferndale, sees his following the lithe, upright figure, ing his gun and bag to a servant, inproved yourself too much a woman; ly and curses the madness which has think before you set every tongue wagthink before you set every ging, every finger pointing at the man trampled upon that sweetest gift which whose love you won by deceit and con- the gods can give a man—love! That back the bitter words and angry looks dressing-room." east aside all you have played for? You the remaining symptome of the Fernare the Marchioness of Ferndale, this dale passion; but it shows, clearly as the forehead puckered in her endeavor to set apart for the marquis and his newlyis your house, your settlement deeds the noonday sun, how great a fool he solve the problem of her future course, married wife. are in my lawyer's hands already signed. has been. Yesterday I reverenced your simple, generous, childlike nature too deeply to speak of such matters; to-night, knowing what I know, I can speak out. I repentant until the dawn comes creep- wasting the precious moments of reconhave made as ample, and more ample, ing slowly from the east, and throws its ciliation in the night air; and thus wastprovision for you, than if you had a gray, cold light on a face as cold and ed, they vanish, to return, who shall say score of lawyers at your back. All gray as its own... this is yours, you cannot leave it-you

take away my good name by leaving your home. She is at the door, but she hesitates -something in the word, or the tone of the last word, touches her to the heart and wrings it. With a low erv, she sinks into a couch and bides her face. Vane turns whiter than before, his mad passion, already half spent, falls

suddenly like an exhausted flame. With

have robbed me of my heart, do not

a groan he strides across the room and, kneeling beside her, lays his burning "Jeanne," he breathes fiercely, "say

that you love me-" At his touch, at the almost savage energy of his words, she shudders and springs to her feet. It is her turn now. "Do not touch me," she breathes, all the passionate indignation of a wohan scorned blazing in her eyes. "Do not come near me. You have driven me half mad, but I have sense to remember what | you have accused me of. You-you think I married you for all this," and she waves her hand with a scornful gesture. "You think me false, and treacherous, and deceitful. You hate and deback, though I want to go-yes, want to -vou do not understand why; you cannot, you are too unjust! I did deceive bursts into a passion of tears. you, and I will bear the punishment. ! Because I did it I will stay: I will not do you any further harm, as I have done that we are apart-we will keep so. I scared and horrified by the sound. will stay until you tell me I may go -until you tell me that I may go!" and bling. "What has happened? Crying

eyes and moves toward the door. He rises slowly, and looks at her with a bewildered stare. Is this Jeanne-the yielding, loving girl, who used to cling to him blushingly, so childlike in her ways and words that it seemed desecra- their lords and masters-they can weep! ity. tion to kiss her? This proud, passion- | Man, poor man, meets the sharp, sudden | ate, indignant woman cannot be Jeanne. stroke of misfortune, the dull, persistent was less conceited, less lazy, and if not and a quarter pounds will be expended borne by admiration. Never has she a shifting sense of misery, and finds no seemed so levely in his eyes as she ap- outlet for the bubbling, seething pain real good fellow. pears now-her lithe, graceful figure which threatens to stifle him; but womdrawn to its full height, her eyes flash-

"Jeanne," he cries, hoarsely, "what I have said 1-for neaven's sake forget it! Jeannie, come back to me! 1-there is

ing like diamonds, her lips apart.

"Yes," she says, with a look of anguish, "you thought you loved me." "Some mistake-I have been mad! Jeanne-my Jeanne-forgive me! come

bird; rather, like an eagle, she is soaring | worth of them. above him, and beyond his reach.

With one lithe movement she moves away, extending one hand to keep him "No," she breathes, "no-no! I cannot forget! We are apart-apart!"

Terrified in his turn, he holds out his hands to her. "Jeanne," he implores, "have you for-

you lost all love for me so soon?" A sharp pang seems to wring her heart. "Yes," she breathes "I did love you, but not now-not now. You have driven He has made a step toward her, but

at the gentle, cold words he stops and ing with an effort. "From to-night we she has drawn further away from his- and she, is his wife. "I will not force your love. It was yours to give or to withhold. -so ends this last hope of happiness!" "Crushed by your own hand," she says, which stares back at her in the glass. "by your own hand!" and without an-

but when he lifts his head and finds that | the doubts and fears which kept her si- hear them talking about her at dinner depart empty handed she has gone, he starts forward, calling | lent on all concerning that baleful visit | last night ?" ber name:

other word she turns and moves silently

"Jeanne-Jeanne! Come back!" that she has gone beyond recall. With ver and her heart ache! It is true, all a smothered oath he flings himself onto | that the fair-heired, fashiouable beauty | back. a chair, and looks about him with a daz- | told her! Vane's love for her was a

"God knows," he says, with suppressed | and fro with agitated steps; then he

cealment! Besides," and his lips twist cigar has effected all that reason, love that have built up the barrier between into a painful smile, "why should you and experience failed to do-it dispels them.

on the balustrade, and his head on his gles against the dull anguish that beats hands, and there he remains smoking and at her heart, he is moodily, remorsefully

With a wild, almost blind haste Jeanne crossed the hall, and goes up the great staircase.

One or two of the servants are moving about. Tully, the butler, crosses the hall slowly, and solemnly stands

A maidservant, coming from one of the rooms, stands back against the hall ing it is only an unhappy woman. There are softly shaded lights upheld

reaches her own room. As she enters the boudoir Mrs. Flem- | Marly Station. ing rises from a chair.

wild eves. you?-yes, I remember. No, do not companion is no other than our wait, please.'

"Go, please, at once!" and, following her and she had only spoken the truth.

to the door, she locks and bolts it. She goes to the innermost room, and go! But it is not true that I deceived you | bolts and locks both doors, and then, "Oh, Hal-Hal!"

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaims, trem-

And so ends Jeanne's wedding-day.

While the world lasts, women have one great, vast advantage over But surprise is mingled with and over- | blows of adversity, with a wrung heart, en! no anguish is so intent but, sooner or later, it finds its expression, its outlet,

and-its relief. When Jeanne stood confronting the passionate storm of Vane's bitter disappointment and unreasoning jealousy, she would as soon have dreamed of laughing as of crying. But once alone, in the soli tude of her room, away from the reproachful anger of that voice, and the bitter scathing of those eyes, she can And he moves toward her with out- weep, and the overstrained misery relaxes, the feverish excitement is allayed. But Jeanne, the old Jeanne, is not to Tears! who calls them idle? Not a wombe whistled back to his finger like a tame an, surely, for every woman knows the

Jeanne does not cry for long, the very violence of her grief forbids that, and almost as suddenly as she threw berself on her knees, calling on "Hal," she is upright again and facing her position. With a little tremor of shyness and alarm, she looks at the strange richness of her surroundings, upon the decorations of the dainty little roms, the rare gotten 1-1 love you, Jeanne? Have hangings and exquisite furniture, the costly appointments where is she?

As she goes to the table, her hands fall on a magnificent dressing case, and her gaze rests on the coronet and initials emblazoned upon each of the brushes, upon the golden tops of the scent bottles. And here Jeanne remembers that she is the Marchioness of Ferndale, it is not "You will have it so," he says, speak- all a strange and fevered dream. The man from whom she has fled, whose are to live apart—one only to the world. hard, cruel words ring in her burning Oh, do not shrink!" for as he speaks, ears, is her lover, is the great marquis-

Every word of that bitter accusation she calls up, sparing herself not one. She over the thick carpet to the conserva- has deceived him-yes; no matter with what motive. It is true that she has de Lane. No, the marchioness isn't any of the place. No allowance was made ceived him! How could she tell him of thing of the kind. Why, man, didn't you for the distinguished visitor; he had to He scarcely knows that she has moved, | ceived him! How could she tell him of of the Lady Lucelle She had deceived him, and lost his love-if ever hers to But before he can reach the curtain he lose. If ever it was hers to lose! That bears the outer door close, and realizes | is the thought which makes her lips qui-

"He does not love me," she says to the chaffing. cold; I, who am not plain Jeanne Berty women, too, in my time. Suppose my tram now, but the Marchioness of Fernday will arrive perhaps when I'm old, dale! He thinks that I shall make a and have the family gout. One generated

Then she falls to pacing to and fro on idon't know what it means, you are the the thick Persian carpet, her little hands | lucky one. But about the marchionclasped before her, her dark brows drawn | ess ? into the straight line across her eyes, as they used to be when the Nancy Bell to observe that everbody says she was nearing the bar and danger loomed is to be the new beauty. Two or three

calmly. You cannot repair by flight your virtues, can speak too highly in is a girl no longer, but a woman-proud, crossing the lawn. contemned, and injured!

he would himself solve it there and then. For, with a groan, he leans his elbows | But while she fights for courage, strug-

CHAPTER XXI.

"Oh, yes, 'tis now September, the harvest has begun, in the sun."

as my lady goes along the corridor, as his gun, stops to wipe the perspiration a well child they will prevent these if it were a goddess passing, little think- from his face. Tramping by his side ailments, and keep the little one well is a companion sportsman. Both of and strong. Mrs. Joseph T. Pigeon. by gleaming statuettes along all the cor- them we know, for the man who is singridors, and Jeanne remembers her way, ing is that Lord Charles Nugent, who, I found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfacor finds it by instinct, and at last nine months ago, said farewell to a cer-

There is the same careless, happy-go-'I was right to wait, my lady, was I lucky expression on his face, and as he not?" she says; then stops suddenly, whistles and hums the old English air, I struck dumb by Jeanne's white face and and quaint words, he looks more like a schoolboy than a man whose name is equal safety to the new born baby or "Right," says Jeanne, at random, famous in every court in Europe as one "Are you waiting for me? Who are of fashion's most ardent votaries. His friend Clarence, Viscount Lane. Now. "But your ladyship will let me comb | Lady Lucelle had said in her letter that Clarence Fitzjames was very much al- per around each box. As you value your "No-no!" says Jeanne, hurriedly, tered since he had become Lord Lane,

He had spent the last three months in t travel and in losing that languid, lack- and keeps them well. Sold by all drugadaisical air, upon which, as Clarence gists, or you can get them by mail woman-like, falls upon her knees and Fitzjames he had prided himself pretty at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. is a hopeful sign. considerably, but which as Lord Lane Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. he felt ought to be abandoned. He had Stifle as she may the sobs that shake | cast off the self-affectation, and, as no one can travel and move about in the you so much. This great place is large | Mrs. Fleming hears them as she passes | world without acquiring a little informaenough for both of us. You have said the door, and, pausing a moment, is tion and increment of knowledge, he was by William Waldorf Astor, the Ameri- put a stop to. He says there are too rather more sensible tuan of vore.

As a finishing touch I should like to be able to add that his morals had imwith a sob she presses her hands to her like that, already! Poor child-poor proved, but-well, the less said on that

ing his selfishness, and passing for a two years.

birds seemed half-asleep."

to the other shoulder. "Can't help it," rejoins Charlie, "I'm the estate. afraid Ferndale and his wife will be there | Round the castle masons and carnow before I get home, and I'm anxious penters are building a picturesque

there's his wife, whom I haven't seen bridge build across the moat joins the teeth, "nor him either. We have never meadows stretched. This lake will met, although I've heard of his going to cover an area of nearly fifty acres and the same house as myself; but some- will be sixteen feet in depth. thing kept either him or me away, and In its present topsy-turvy state the

"There isn't a joliler fellow going — day seven hundred and fifty truckleads ward's friendship for France binds French when you know him. A little stiff at of soil are carried away to make a bed. Canada still closer to Britain. Truly first, perhaps, a little what-do-you-call- for the great lake. Round the outer it ?- eccentric; but as easy going as a edge of the estate runs a fine deer windmill. Awfully glad he's coming! months. The funniest start he went up on the hill a model farm has been on that ever you heard of !" "Sh-sh!" breaks in Clarence, suddenly, "there goes a brace!" and, raising his

gun, he brings them down. Clarence, trudging back with his newlykind of them, I suppose-tall and serene, Jeanne hides her face in her hands, and thinks—thinks as she never thought be in black satin—it's black velvet if it's a fore, staring at the sweet, pale face duchess, satin for a marchioness, and I charged at a moment's notice who have Times reports that fifty-nine officers suppose all the rest of 'em have to go in tried to snapshot the operations. Only

attention," says Clarence, with a little ing the working of the miracle. Hever

"Thinking of past times, and lost loves, VIII. domiciled Annie of Cleves.-Lon-

"You're right I ,was; and what's more, I haven't got over it yet, for all your

dainty Venetian mirror; "and he fears I "Lucky beggars, most of you are," says shall bring scandal and idle gossip upon Lord Charles, with light envy. "Never the great name he has given me. He was hit in my life; don't know what a need not fear! I, too, can be proud and grande passion is. Seen plenty of pretnoise before his people, and let the ser- ally gets knocked over by a schoolgirl, vants see the trouble between us! He doesn't one?' and acquires a past fond-

shall see. Oh, Jeanne Jeanne, if you ness for bread and butter, and marma have any courage, now is the time to see lade." "Chaff away," says Clarence. "If you

"Eh? Oh, yes, I was just going ahead, her red lips set tightly and close-ly, and her heart beating quickly. For the future, from to-night, they are to live apart, widely sundered, though living in the same house, breathing the charming as she is beautiful. Rather night had been staying at Ferndale, and same air. He has said it, so shall it be. wonderful, that, isn't it? For my part, There shall be no moan, no wail, no com- most of the lovely women are confoundplaint made by her. As he reminded her, ed bores. It's the same with horses; if she is the marchioness, and not plain ever you see anything on four legs as Mrs. Vane, for whose incomings and out- pretty as paint, you may lay your life goings the world cares nothing; she is there's something wrong deuce of a the marchioness. whose every word and temper, splint thrown, or something look will be noted. "Well!" and she con- But, of course ,the marchioness is the exfronts her glass defiantly, "he shall see ception that proves the rule, and Fern-

By this time the two men had made And as this resolve is made, Jeanne their way into the grounds, and were

Charlie sprang up the stairs two at a If he could see her now, her white lit- the dressing-rooms attached to the suite time, and knocked at the door of one of

(To be continued.)

SICKLY CHILDREN.

More children die during the hot weather months than at any other season of the year. Their vitality is then at its lowest ebb, and an attack of diarrhoea, cholera infantum or stomach trouble may prove fatal in a few hours. For this reason no home in which there The golden-bearded barley is ripening are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all stomach and bowel So hums a gentleman, who, leaning on troubles. If the Tablets are given to dred swears. Better raise the fine. Bryson, Que., says: "My little one was attacked with colic and diarrhoea, and tain Vernon Vane on the platform of them in the house." These Tablets not tory that I would not now be without only cure summer troubles, but all the young children. They contain no opiate liquors. or harmful drug, and may be given with well grown child. There are imitations of this medicine and mothers should see and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf is found on the wrapchild's life do not be persuaded to take a substitute for Baby's Own Tablets-the one medicine that makes children well

ASTOR'S PALACE OF MARVELS.

Amazing wonders are being wrought part of the subject, the better, perhaps. The artistic owner is spending money A man's manner may be improved by his with lavish hand in beautifying the exbecoming a viscount, but his morals, as panse of 2,000 acres that spread around a rule, remain what they were, or grow the old moated castle. Though the to the Northwest and grow up with the ed confidence in the effect of spraying. more luxurious with increased opportun- cost of the undertaking is probably not | country. definately known to Mr. Astor himself But certainly Clarence was improved, the popular estimate is that a million selfish, had learned the art of conceal- upon the improvements during the next

Upon the hill up which the two men England to-day. About a thousand men were climbing stood a gray old pile. Nu- of all trades have taken up their resigent Abbey, Charlie's ugly but substan- dence in the neighborhood. Recently the girls be taught to sew and do such the Daily Mirror paid a visit to the "Jolly hot," says Nugent: "more like place, which nestles at the foot of a hill July than September; no wonder the The road which hitherto led close to the castle has been diverted, and now "And we've been pelting along so," re- passes some hundred yards further able to use them. She also believes in marks Clarence, wiping the perspiration away. To make this new road it has teaching live, not dead, languages. She from his face and shifting his game-bag been necessary to build two bridges over the river Eden, which winds through

to see him when he arrives-not that I model vilage toned to harmonize with need stand on ceremony with him; but the gray old walls of the castle. yet. You don't know her, do you?" new buildings with the old. But the "No." replies Clarence with a yawn most gigantic part of the work is the that shows his double row of excellent making of a lake where formerly green

we never met. Awful big pot, isn't estate suggests Clapham Junction, for everywhere run railway lines, and fussy "What, old Vane ?" laughs Charlie. little engines sport up and down. Each fence and a pond is being dug. High built, with every modern and most perfect appliance. Close behind the castle Italian garden is being laid out, sur-

"And his wife-what's she like ?" asks es and stone brackets for statues. The utmost rigor is observed to keep from taking photographs of the builda few days ago a well known member

of Edward III. It was here that Henry beset the British in the Boer war.

to scorn peace terms. It may soon have on the \$10,000,000 which was given to aroused Russian people.

Those thirty fanatical Doukhobors are improving. They have this time selected August for their nude pilgrimage "in

Seventeen thousand men will needed this year to harvest the wheat of whom will not return.

Mr. Wannamaker, the Philadelphia de partment store owner, is the latest United States millionaire to secure one of England's "ancestral homes"-Temple House, at Marlow. The millionaire colony is growing in Britain.

There are no fewer than six hundred and nine labor unions in Great Britain, with a total membership of 1,905,116, of which number 122,644 are women. The aggregate income is about \$8,000,000, and the expenses \$7,000,000, so that \$1,000,-000 can be laid aside every year to swell the sinking fund.

A Toronto cigar store has a branch of the Anti-Swearing League, where it costs a fine of one cent to use a "cuss" word. The other morning \$3 which had been collected in one-cent fines was handed over to the Hospital for Sick Children. That represented three hun-

Sir Wiliam Macdonald, Montreal's great tobacco manufacturer, is 72 years | this year. of age, and is said to be as spry as a statement is made that, although he is a tobacco manufacturer, he has never bard, barring rot, appears to be the minor ailments that afflict infants and smoked and never drank spirituous only plum that stands out prominently

The Norwegian people have voted on the question of separation from Sweden, that the words "Baby's Own Tablets" and of the 320,000 ballots cast it is estimated that only about one three thousand was against the proposition. We hope it will be a case of "Go worm. Small fruits have been a mein peace"; and Norway expresses a will- dium crop, realizing good prices. ingness to abolish the border forts if Sweden regards them as a menace, which

Mr. Armes, of Montreul, is anxious to see the exodus of young men from the Maritime Provinces to the United States can milionaire and naturalized British | many bright young men from there and subject upon the historic Hever estate from Quebec going south, and he bein Kent, which he recently purchased. lieves that by a litle judicious effort the acreage will make the exports into on the part of the Government these young fellows could be tempted to go

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who was recently elected a school trustee at Roslyn, Col., made a neat little speech at the There is no busier area in industrial first meeting of the Board which she BULLETINS ISSUED BY THE POULTRY attended. She proposes to advocate that useful things, and that the boys be taught to use their hands so that when they turn to trade later they will be proposes also to look after the comfort of the scholars in a general way.

The French-Canadian press of Montreal, says the Witness, is expressing its unbounded delight at the visit of the French fleet in British waters. The Canada, the Presse and the Patrie unite in declaring that the visit makes the peace of the world assured. The Presse says: more contentment we feel in our work the stronger will be our ties of loyalty to Great Britain." So that King Ed-Edward is the Peace Maker.

against the Hereros began in January, 1904, about a year and a half ago. By rounded by high walls with manw rich- May of that year the Kaiser had 6,000 troops engaged in trying to suppress the sent out all told nearly 14,000 men. The ing as it rises. Workmen have been dis- Berlin correspondent of the London of the peerage motored over for the of disease, while the casualties in the "Getting quite a cynic in your old age, purpose of taking a snapshot or two ranks are given as 1,194, including non-Mr. Astor himself takes the keenest manently invalided. The pecuniary loss "There was a great deal of cackle interest in his great project, and is con- to Germany up to the present time has the judge who recently passed on him about some one, but I didn't pay much stantly down at Hever Castle watch- been about \$60,000,000. And the end is remarked that the individual was a Castle is of great antiquity and was not yet. The Germans will now be better Charlie laughs and claps him on the built by Sir William Hever in the reign able to appreciate the difficulties that

ed, vacant stare.

The black fit is passing rapidly, the window, and passes to told her: Values love lot all that gone—dispelled by the discovery that his whim was balked and hot as a furnace. With a fresh cath, the miserable victim affects the tide. In fact, the cash of the cash o

Russia may have to call her peace | the pot boiling. His yearly allowance, mmissioners home to negotiate an in- which is made to do duty for the 60 members of the Imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides he has the yearly The Russian Government cannot afford incomes of \$500,000 from the interest to struggle for its life against an him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amounts to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,673 acres and valued at \$512,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000. The Mikado is 54 years old, six feet tall, stout, and weighs about 200 pounds. the great Northwest. Many of them | Empress Haruko is two years his senior. will go from Ontario, a great number of The couple is said to be a very loving one, although Crown Prince Harunomiya is not the Empress' son.



An analysis of the reports of correspondents to date shows a continued falling off from the good indications of previous reports. Fungous diseases are beginning to show seriously though insects

are not as prevalent as usual. Apples will be a light crop, probably about 50 per cent. of last year's crop. It must not be forgotten, however, that the general scarcity will prevent any waste such as has been common for the last two years. Sales are being made at \$1.00 to \$1.25 for No. 1's and 2's on the trees. Barrels are lower in price than last year, running from 25c in Nova Scotia to 30 and 35c in Ontario, but where proper arrangements have not been made early in the season prices are

likely to go higher than this. Pears will be a very light crop, scarcely enough for the local market. Blight has worked sad havoe in many orchards

Plums-The drop and plum rot have young fellow. The somewhat remarkable | lessened the prospect for plums to such an extent that the prospects can be rated for a light to medium crop. The Lomwith a fairly good yield.

Peaches show a light crop in the Essex and Kent districts; a medium crop on bearing trees in the Niagara district. The market will not be over-

cherries have been a medium crop, but badly infested in many cases with fruit The reports from Great Britain and the continent would indicate a light to medium crop. Reports from twenty of the largest apple growing American States show seventen States having a

Sweet cherries have rotted badly; sour

light or poor apple crop, some a failure; three, Wisconsin, Kansas and Oklahama, report the crop promising or good. Careful estimates by correspondents place the exports from the Annapolis Valley at 200,000 barrels. The apple crop in British Columbia is below the average but a considerable increase in the Northwest Territories somewhat

larger than last year. It is pleasing to note the increas-There are several enquiries for power

Yours truly, A. McNeill, Chief, Fruit Division

DIVISION, OTTAWA.

Three bulletins containing useful information for the poultryman are being issued by the Poultry Division of the Live

Stock Branch at Ottawa. Bulletin No. 7 is a re-written and revised edition of Profitable Poultry Farming (No. 6), and contains chapters on (1) Incubation, (2) Brooding, (3) The Chicken Trade, (4) Selection of Suitable Breed, (5) Crate-fattening Chickens, (6) Preparing Chickens for Market. (7) Marketing, (8) Some Station Work. (9) The Egg Trade, (10) The Flock, (11) Feeds

for Poultry, (12) Trap Nests. Bulletin No. 8, Farmer's Poultry Houses, a pamphlet of 15 pages, treats of the needs, location and essentials of a poultry house for the farm, and gives plans of seven good poultry houses used "Sentiment goes far with us, and the in Canada. Statistics of the value of poultry in Canada, divided into Provinces, with quantities exported etc., are

Bulletin No. 9, Diseases and Parasites of Poultry, also a pamphlet of 15 pages, describes the various diseases affecting poultry, with the treatment adopted by

successful poultry men. Any or all of these bulletins may be Germany's war in Southwest Africa | had on application to F. C. Elford, Chief of Poultry Division, Ottawa, Ont.

THE COW FOR CHEESE FACTORY. Prof. E. E. Elliot, Wasrington Experiment Station at Pullman, says: We are revolt. Up to the present time he has considerably interested in the Holstein breed and are doing what we can to extend its influence throughout the dairy sections of the State. With the recent extension of the condensed milk have been killed in- action or have died | industry in this Str te as well as the production of cheese, we find that the Holstein is growing more and more in favor. We have also a show calf which we are commissioned officers. In addition to feeding which is the product of a shortthese, 238 men have been sent home per- horn bull out of a purebred Holstein cow. This calf weighs 550 pounds at the age of eight and one-half months, and splendid illustration of the possibilities of good feeding cattle from such a cross

> Grounds for Suspicion (Pitteburg Post.) Junior Partner-I guess it's time to fire