

Reports of Week.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes various commodities like wheat, oats, and flour.

Trade Review. There is a fairly good demand for heavy metals...

Hardware is active for spring goods. Sprung goods are going to the...

Weather has given a wholesale trade here. Business is in spring...

Trade generally bright. The outlook for good. Country deliveries of...

Arrested. The suite, who have people of the Volga seen arrested near the pretender's...

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TO TEST IS TO KNOW. Get a packet from your Grocer and try it. CEYLON TEA is the Purest and Most Delicious tea on the market.

LOVE AND A TITLE

While these two were drinking great draughts from the fountain of love which had suddenly sprung up in the desert of despair...

At sight of Hal, dusty hot and perspiring, with her smooth skin flecked with foam—there was a general hum of excitement and a gathering around him.

Before any of them could reply a tall form came striding down the yard with a lantern in his hand.

"What mystery?" asked Hal cautiously. "Let us go in while you tell me, I want to see Vane."

"Vane!" exclaimed Nugent, stopping short. "Hasn't he been with you then?"

"Then, where the devil is he, and Nugent?" "Where are the rest of them?" demanded the only person left in the castle.

"Look here, Nugent," said he, "Jeanne is all right, I know." "Thank Heaven!" said Nugent, who, for all his light and careless manner...

"I am always at your service, count," said Nugent, cheerfully. "And now can I help you? Candidly, I'll help you first and fight you afterward..."

"Thanks, my lord," he said, with a smile that caused his eyes to disappear under a perfect network of wrinkles.

"I would not for the world be guilty of so impudent an intrusion; your word is quite sufficient. Permit me to apologize for disturbing you, and to assure you of my eternal gratitude."

"You're quite welcome, count," said Nugent. "I can only repeat that I haven't the remotest idea where the princess is, and my profound conviction that she is not with the marchioness."

"A thousand thanks, my lord. Gentlemen, I must take my leave. Good-night, or, rather, good-morning, for I see the dawn is at hand."

"Steady!" exclaimed Nugent. "He'll hear you, and be back to put a bullet through your unvarnished body! And so that is your little game. Master Hal!"

"No, no one is ill—at least, I hope not," said the count, fixing his piercing little eyes upon Nugent's ingenious face.

"What!" exclaimed Nugent, amazed; then he exchanged glances with poor Bell, and looked down.

"All of us are well, my lord," said Nugent, smiling. "I beg your pardon," said the count, bending forward.

The Best of People. Make mistakes unintentionally, but no one ever made a mistake in buying Blue Ribbon TEA.

Bacon Hog Production

If the bacon trade of Canada is to continue to improve, it is necessary that hog raisers adhere to the class of animals most suited to the requirements of the British market.

AGONIZING NEURALGIA

Due to Poor Weak Blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Insure a Cure.

Neuralgia is the surest sign that your whole system is weak and unstrung. Those sharp, stabbing pains are caused by your jangled nerves.

WHO CANNOT BE AN M. P.

The British House of Commons is limited by a statute of 1885 to 670 members, of whom 377 represent counties, 284 represent cities and boroughs, and 9 represent universities.

DO YOU NEED A PUSH?

This Little Boy Not Only Needed It, But Got It. "When I was a little fellow I was inclined to wait to be coaxed, relates a learned and successful man in an exchange."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Meets the mothers needs in caring for the health of her little ones as no other medicine in the world can. Tablets cure constipation, indigestion, colic, simple fever, diarrhoea, teething troubles and expel worms.

The Life of Centenarians

On the closer study of the life of centenarians, we perceive how an optimistic belief in their strength has helped them to bear the weight of their years.

As a contractor for public works he was still at that period personally superintending his workmen.

One of my friends, a most distinguished Englishman, M. W., whom, in spite of his 87 years, I am careful not to call an old man, leads an active life as if he were no more than 30.

And as a matter of fact, in the following year M. W. renewed the lease of his London house for 99 years.

Mr. Harcourt, who died in 1904 in the Island of Guernsey, at his estate Rouge Huishe at the age of 111, was by no means cut off, up to the end of her days, from the outside world.

Such also was the case with the beautiful Mme. Scrivaneck, the glorious rival of Dejazet, whom I saw, towards the year 1890, giving lessons, and private tutoring, at the age of 80.

What a fragrant bouquet of delicious and fortifying herbs might be culled from the delicate thinkers who have meditated long on old age. Try to train yourself in it, and you will taste, little by little, under their influence, the charm of quiet, in the place of the worries of fear.