

MARKETS.

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Table with columns for WHOLESALE and various commodity prices.

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Advertisement for Redpath Sugar for Jams and Jellies, featuring a woman with a sugar container.

Advertisement for Jocelin's Penance, featuring a cross design.

CHAPTER I. "I did renounce the world; Palace, farm, villa, shop; Its pride and greed, Trash—such as these poor devils Have given their hearts to, All at eight years' end, Brother Jocelin smiled as he traced the letters of the Missal he was illumining, and softly sang King Knut's song— "Merrily sang the monks, While merrily rowed the King, And all the birds did also sing, And tell their loves 'Twas spring—'twas spring!" He was low of stature, and dark of eye, with clear-cut features of singular beauty, and his hands were white and effeminate, for Brother Jocelin, as a limner, was free from those menial tasks which fell to the lot of the uneducated monk.

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When Jocelin was eight years old, being accustomed to running in and out of the Abbey kitchen for the soup and bread on which they existed, what with having lived among wandering friars, inferior clergy, and the monks of Bury, his head was full of legends and small children in poverty, scarcely relieved by a daily dole from the Abbey.

"It was just here that St. Edmund touched me, mother," said Jocelin, as they passed through the Abbey gate. After some talk with the Prior, and child was admitted into the Abbey, and left by his mother, as was young Samuel of old; thus, at the age of eight renouncing the world, the flesh and the devil. "Ah," mused Brother Jocelin, leaning his head on his hand, "such a dream was easily interpreted by the monks. Otherwise, I might now have been bearing arms under Sir Adary, a right valiant squire, instead of dreaming over an antiphony, and who knows if fortune and St. Edmund had not interfered with my fate, but I might have borne my grandsire's crest upon a knightly shield?"

The refectory was a noble wainscotted hall, lighted from above, with a stone bench around two sides. In front of the arched door, above the wainscoting, was a pictured Christ, to whose entering, Jocelin made obeisance. He turned left of the hall was the ambry, where stood the massive golden grace-cup, and nearby was the niche, wherein were kept the ewer and basin in which the novices laved the brethren's hands. A great table stood in the centre of the room, with a smaller one near the window, through which food was passed from the kitchen. On one end of the table, a blushing novice was reading the evening lesson in very bad Latin.

CHAPTER III. The inmates of the Abbey, roused from their slumbers by the tolling of bells, were assembled in their various chapels of the Nocturnal service. The outside was falling heavily, dreading out-ride, and the monks, with the low rumble of thunder. As the last 'Kyrie' was sung in the chapel of our Lady, the deep Abbey bell boomed out solemn and deep. The praying monks rose from their knees, and stood looking at one another with whitening faces.

At the age of forty-five he had returned to the place of his friend and master, Abbot Gaunauris, and the Abbot sunk into a slough of debt; deserted by the learned monks he had known, and filled with idle, ignorant men. The buildings were out of repair, many valuables stolen or lost.

not only half of the Abbot's treasure, but all the rest of the Abbey's. The monks, on their part, were not less diligent, and continued, eating flesh and having other parts of the order. Books remained unopened, no houses were maintained, the whole estate evidencing the direct neglect and abuse. While the Abbot, like a frightened hen in charge of ducklings, tried vainly to rule his idle, rebellious monks finally retiring to Bradford, whence he held his sway over the disorganized Abbey. Deeply in debt to the Jews, who were clamoring for their rights at the very gates, the Abbot and Prior signed paper after paper, reducing the living fund of the Abbey, and borrowed more and more each succeeding year.

So while the bell tolled, the Norfolk monk thought bitterly upon these things. "Roger, the Prior, will make such another Abbot as Hugo, and I doubt not it is on him the choice will fall: an' were I out of this vile prison, wherein I am so unjustly confined!—But of the dead ought but good!" he murmured, and checked his angry musings with a prayer for the repose of old Hugo's soul. Loving his Abbey, and jealous of its fame, of aggressive nature with great executive ability, Samson was feared and nicknamed "Burrator," or "Quarrelor." The monks long since had reached the conclusion, by arguing from occasional empty stomachs, and knowledge of the increasing Abbey debt, that if things were allowed to continue on the same basis, no roof would be left to cover them, and, forced to become friars, they would have to wander over the country, precariously living on alms; and the most of them realized that it would take a strong hand and clear brain to set things right. And so already the tide was turning in Samson's favor, when Prior Roger summoned the Sub Prior, Jocelin, and some of the other brethren to the Abbot's house before Nocturnal, with the news that the Prelate was dying.

GUN-FLINTS. Their Making Still a Big Industry in Britain. It is interesting at the present time, writes Wilfred Mark Webb in Knowledge, when the manufacture of cartridge and shells is of the utmost importance to the nation, to remember that the production of gun-flints is still going quietly on. Thousands are expected every year, particularly in tropical countries, where more primitive methods linger, or are found to the more convenient, or again, where the British Government sees to it that modern firearms do not get into the hands of the natives. There seems little doubt but that the maker of gun-flints, or the flint-knapper, as he is called, is carrying on an industry which has continued unbroken from very early prehistoric times, when man first began to fashion implements of stone. You never can tell, many a man with a coat of arms wears a bakery trowsers.

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