

MARKETS.	REPORTS	MARKETS.	REPORTS
5.10	1.50	1.50	5.10
5.00	1.40	1.40	5.00
4.90	1.30	1.30	4.90
4.80	1.20	1.20	4.80
4.70	1.10	1.10	4.70
4.60	1.00	1.00	4.60
4.50	0.90	0.90	4.50
4.40	0.80	0.80	4.40
4.30	0.70	0.70	4.30
4.20	0.60	0.60	4.20
4.10	0.50	0.50	4.10
4.00	0.40	0.40	4.00
3.90	0.30	0.30	3.90
3.80	0.20	0.20	3.80
3.70	0.10	0.10	3.70
3.60	0.00	0.00	3.60
3.50			3.50
3.40			3.40
3.30			3.30
3.20			3.20
3.10			3.10
3.00			3.00
2.90			2.90
2.80			2.80
2.70			2.70
2.60			2.60
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0.50			0.50
0.40			0.40
0.30			0.30
0.20			0.20
0.10			0.10
0.00			0.00

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce.

**CONTAINS NO ALUM**

All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.



**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

ENGLIETT CO. LTD.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

**TRUE TO HIS RACE**

He closed and sealed these letters, and rang for a late waiter, into whose hands he placed them, with the order that they should go by the first mail.

And then, having done all that it was possible to do in the premises that night, he retired to rest.

The next morning the Earl of Wellrose, Captain Douglas and Dr. Kinlock left Southampton for London by an early train. A double compartment in a first-class carriage had been engaged and fitted up comfortably with additional cushions and rugs. So the journey was accomplished with more ease to the invalid officer than could have been hoped for in his weakened condition.

On reaching London they took rooms at the nearest hotel, the Paddington, where they passed the remainder of the day and the night.

The next morning, with precautions for Captain Douglas's comfort, the party started by the Great North-Western train for York, on route for Seton.

They reached that cathedral town in the afternoon, rested there until the next morning, and then resumed their journey. The afternoon of the third day brought them into Edinburgh. And thus, by short and easy stages, they in turn reached Glasgow, Stirling, Callender and finally, on the evening of the fourth day they reached by coach, the little port of Killford, where the steamer *Suzanne* was waiting. Lord Wellrose's order to take them up to the loch to Seton Castle.

Immediately on leaving the coach the party went on board the steamer. It was a cold, clear, starlight night, and Benjamin, who sat on deck, gazed at his old camp coat, the very obscurity of the landscape lent the weird charm of awe to its beauty. They passed the narrow, winding "strait", which connected the sea with the loch, and where the turns were so short that every few minutes it seemed as if the bows of the boat were going straight up to the land. At length a final turn brought them out upon the broad expanse of the loch, encircled by its lofty mountains, now looming dimly through the clear, starlight night.

Benny uttered a low exclamation of delight.

"You should see the loch by day-light, or by moonlight, when, indeed, it is exceedingly beautiful," said the earl.

"It is beautiful, exceedingly now, under the dim light of the stars," answered Benjamin, in a low, hushed tone.

And then the brothers relaxed into that silence which is more eloquent than words, as they gazed upon the darkly glorious scene.

A few minutes more brought them to the foot of the water stairs leading from the loch up into the wooded hills of Seton Castle.

Lord Wellrose gave his arm to his brother, and supported him in going up the stairs, at the top of which they found a large and commodious closed carriage waiting to take the travellers to the house.

Lord Wellrose, Captain Douglas and Dr. Kinlock took their seats, and the horses started.

They drove up a winding road through the thick woods, to the top of the hill, where they entered an avenue of oak trees that presently led them up to the front of the house, where the windows were shining with hospitable lights.

Mrs. Bruce, the aged housekeeper, with the household servants at her back, received the party at the door. She had been the earl's nurse a quarter of a century back, and this circumstance constituted a bond of strong affection between herself and her foster-child. She had been promoted from the nursery to the head

**SPLITTING PAINS IN THE MUSCLES  
DRIVEN OUT QUICKLY BY "NERVILINE"**

Rheumatic Pains Go—Suffering Ceases—Cure Comes in Even Chronic Cases.

For aching bones and sore muscles nothing will soothe away the pain like Nerviline.

For nerve-racking twinges in the muscles, for torturing backache or lameness, you'll find Nerviline is full of soothing power.

You see, Nerviline has the power—about five times stronger than ordinary soothers, and can penetrate very deeply. It contains juices and essences of certain herbs that give it the power to drive out congestion, soothe and soothe.

It is using, Nerviline.

Just rub it on—it won't blister or burn, and can do nothing but good. Whenever there is pain or suffering, Nerviline will go and will drive it out. It penetrates to every cell of a sore muscle; it sinks to the heart of every stiff sore joint; it searches out the pain of rheumatism quickly.

Give Nerviline a trial. See how fast it will limber your lame back, how quickly it will cure neuralgic headache, how fast it will break up a bad cold or ease a sore throat.

The best family pain-remedy ever made is Nerviline. Forty years of great success proves this.

For emergent cases, when the doctor isn't handy there is nothing better than the 5¢ family size bottle; trial size 10¢, all dealers or the *Catarrozone* Co., Kingston, Canada.

**Advice to Dyspeptics Well Worth Following**

In the case of dyspepsia, the appetite is variable. Sometimes it is ravenous, again it is often very poor. For this condition there is but one sure remedy—Dr. Hamilton's Pills—which cure quickly and thoroughly.

Sufferers find marked benefit in a day, and as time goes on improvement continues. No other medicine will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They supply the materials and assistance necessary to convert every thing eaten into nourishment, into muscle, fibre and energy with which to build up the run-down system.

Why not cure your dyspepsia now? Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, 100¢.

break balcony, while gazing at a magnificent scene, he taking the poetry of the comforts of life, the elegance of the necessities, or to bring it right home to your hearts and stomachs, it's like having the desert without the dinner! There, the tea and muffins are cooling on the breakfast table, to say nothing of the haddock and eggs."

Lord Wellrose laughed, and they all went in to breakfast.

And, after breakfast, Benny was obliged to lie down on the sofa of his room. Whether it was from the reaction of his excitement on reaching his native shores, or whether it was the fatigue of his long journey, or from the progress of an incurable malady, or from all these causes combined, Benny was again prostrated with weakness, so he was compelled to keep his sofa.

"How is this, Kinlock? Why does he not get stronger?" enquired the earl of the surgeon, as soon as they found themselves alone together.

"I told your lordship the truth from the beginning, I never deceived your lordship," said the surgeon, gravely. "Do you mean to say that he will never get better?"

"He will be better and then worse, as is the way with people suffering as he does; but, my lord, he will never recover," gravely replied the doctor.

"You medical gentlemen may sometimes be mistaken, may you not?"

"Then I will cling to the hope that you are mistaken in this instance," said the earl, as he arose and went to his brother's apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

He found Benjamin reclining on a sofa.

"How do you feel now?" he inquired, taking a seat by her side.

"Tired—a little tired, but very comfortable and happy," replied Benjamin, nodding his head.

"Is it but the effect of your long journey?" said Lord Wellrose, taking the thin, white hand and holding it in his own.

"My lord," began Benny, after a short silence, "since I reached home I have been longing to ask you more particularly about Suzy."

He hesitated in some embarrassment and his pale face flushed.

"About Suzy?" suggested the earl.

"Yes, my lord; about Suzy."

"And I, also, have been wishing to speak to you of her; but as you did not mention—"

"And here Lord Wellrose paused, in a little less embarrassment than Benny had betrayed.

The subject, there had been, and still was, a singular reticence in both these brothers on the subject of Suzy. And the reason was obvious; both loved each other with a brotherly love, and both loved or had loved, Suzy, with a love that was certainly not brotherly.

"You hear from her often?" said Benny, half-questioningly.

"I hear from her and write to her by every mail. We exchange letters about once a fortnight."

"She is well, but our correspondence is by no means what you would suppose it to be."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed no. She writes to me as though I might be her respected pastor instead of her betrothed. You shall see a recent letter here. It is a sample one. And it will be no breach of confidence, since there is not a word in it that might not be proclaimed from the church steeple."

He returned in a few moments with Suzy's letter. He put it open into Benny's hand.

And, oh, he saw and marked that frail hand tremble as it touched the paper.

Benny began to read the letter—a cool, friendly, formal letter, such as any girl might have written to a male relative, with whom duty compelled her to correspond, but such as certainly no girl ever before wrote to her betrothed lover.

Benny finished reading the letter, raised his eyes to the face of the earl, and started with surprise and perplexity.

Lord Wellrose smiled.

"Why, what on earth does she mean? What in the world is the matter?" inquired Benny.

"Nothing is the matter. The child has found out her mistake in having a real and lasting love," said the earl, calmly.

"How long has she written to you in this style?"

"Always—that is, ever since she began to answer my letters at all."

"Then it must have been and must still be, mere timidity that caused her to write so coldly. Suzy was timid in some respects."

"It was not timidity in this case, I will prove it to you. The letter that you have just read is the last but one I received from her. This one that I am now about to show you is the very earnestly requests me to free her from the engagement to me, assigning as reasons the unattainableness of the property, her own personal unfitness for all, the change in her own feelings, which has taught her that she never truly loved me as she once thought she did."

Moreover, she gives me no chance to refuse her request, for she tells me, in conclusion, that she is coming home to England, and shall be on the seas before another letter from me can reach her."

While the earl spoke, Benny's memory was busy with the past. He remembered that just before they parted, Suzy had said to him, and he had confessed to him a crime she had formed of absconding herself from England until the earl should be cured of his indiscreet attachment. He remembered that he himself had begged and entreated Suzy to have her consent that this test should be put to the strength of his love.

And she had said that she would think of it, and she had decided now whether she had told her purpose. And now he asked the question—

"Did your lordship suspect that she would change to this style?"

"Never! It has taken nearly two years for the truth to gradually reach me."

Benjamin looked anxiously at his brother.

"How calmly the earl took his disappointment! But perhaps he was only exercising self-control. Benny ventured another question:

"And you, Lord Wellrose? You! How is it with you? What shall you do?"

"It is well with me, Benjamin. Just as soon as Suzy shall arrive in England I shall take great pleasure in seeing the child, and freeing her from her foolish engagement."

Benjamin stared at the earl in speechless astonishment.

"Don't look so shocked, my dear fellow. Our harmless passion was a brief hallucination, and nothing more. I was fascinated and dazzled by the beautiful singer, and she—" the earl paused.

"Was fascinated and dazzled by the splendid young nobleman, the lion of Parliament, and the idol of society," said Benjamin, finishing his sentence in his own way, with fond enthusiasm.

"There!" said the earl, patting Benny's hand, and laughing quietly. "How much I wish that all the world had as great faith in me as you have. But to come back to Suzy. It is all over between us. I shall always love the child as a dear, good little sister. But for the rest, I only wait to comply with her request, and free her from her engagement, before offering my hand to Lady Hinla Moray, who has long had my heart."

As the earl ceased speaking, he looked at Benjamin, and was started to see the change that had overtaken his son's face and wasted form. His face was marble white and half concealed under his trembling hands, and his form was shaking as with a chill.

"Douglas! Douglas!" said the earl, bending anxiously over him.

"Oh, if I could only live now! Oh! I wish I could live now!" murmured Benny, in a very low tone.

"Live! my dear boy, you must and shall live! You have so much to live for now, so much more than you know. Never give up! Never kill more than disease does. Ah, that cruel cough!" murmured the earl, suddenly breaking off from his discourse, as a violent paroxysm seized and shook the invalid, as if it would have shaken his fragile frame to dissolution.

"Yes, I have her to live for now," said Benny, as soon as the paroxysm had passed.

"Yes, Lord Wellrose, I will tell you all now. I loved her! My lord, oh, heaven, how I loved her! With no brief passion, but with a deep, true, vital love, that grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," from infancy to childhood, to youth, to manhood, through good and through evil; in presence and in absence, in hope and in despair!"

The earl in an almost inaudible voice said, "It is little to say that I would have died for her, but I would have done that for his beloved, and I would have died an ignominious death on the scaffold and left my poor memory to infamy only to have saved her brother from a felon's grave, and her name from the shadow of reproach."

"That was how I loved Suzy. Lord Wellrose, said Benny with an unusual outburst of emotion.

"You were deeply moved."

"You loved her so, and yet you would have promoted her marriage with me?" he said.

"Yes, my lord, because I thought she loved you, even as I loved her. And her happiness—yes, yours, too—was dearer to me than my own."

"But now you know she never loved me so—never really loved me at all, like me by my strong resemblance to you, her life love. The tremendous sacrifice of your life and good name for her sake naturally awoke her heart to the knowledge of your great love and her own. And she did well and wisely in going away to her parents and the Antipodes, and there to wait for me and Providence to set us all right. Be comforted, my dear Douglas, for she returns your love."

As the earl spoke there was a knock at the door, presently followed by the entrance of a footman, who said respectfully—

"My lord, their graces the Duke and Duchess of Cleioth have arrived, and wish to see your lordship."

"So soon! I did not expect them quite yet," said the earl to himself.

"Tell their graces I will attend them immediately," he added to the servant, who went away with the message.

"Dear Douglas, you hear that my father and mother have come. I must give you for a little while, but I will soon return," said the earl as he left the room.

"What a comfort it must be to have a father and mother living," murmured Benny to himself as his brother closed the door.

Then the racking cough seized and tore him with violence.

(To Be Continued.)

**A Composite Product.**

Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not on your life! He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grown up daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.—Puck.

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It is using, Nerviline.

**Smothering of Asthma Stops Quick  
Thousands Cured By "Catarrozone"**

powerful antiseptic found in the Gum Tree of Australia, and also is fortified by other germ-killing principles, when so scientifically combined, make *Catarrozone* a veritable specific for Asthma, Catarrh, and Bronchitis.

Even though many other remedies have failed—even though you are discouraged and blue— cheer up and try *Catarrozone* to-day. What it really does is done for others, it will surely not fail to accomplish for you.

*Catarrozone* is not expensive. One dollar will buy a complete course from any druggist. The money will be well spent, because your immediate improvement in health will surpass your fondest expectations. Don't wait— today is the time to use *Catarrozone*.

**TRUE FRENCHMAN**

Shot Away a German Placed Maligning the British.

In a letter to his sister in England a young French officer on service in the neighborhood of St. Mihiel, recently promoted for gallantry on the field of battle, tells this story:

"The Germans could think of nothing better to do a few days ago than to put on the walls of their batteries a large placard of white canvas on which was written:

"Mere! a la brave France—haine a l'Angleterre." Our trenches are from 60 to 90 metres from those of the "Boches," and with glasses it was easy to read the placard. In the evening I was on patrol with five good fellows of my half section, and we crawled towards the German lines till we were within twenty-five metres or so; and we hid ourselves in a big hole made by a shell.

"I said to my men: 'I have given you socks, gloves, cigarettes and other things. You know where their cannon are—they were sent from England. I want to see no more of that placard. Let us do away with it. We have our arms, let us put some shots through and destroy it.'

"The thing was done. I gave the order to fire, and in three minutes only some shreds of the stuff remained. The worst of it was that our fire provoked a terrible fusillade along the whole length of the line. We dragged into the shell hole and waited till the firing had finished—about half an hour—and then we regained our own trenches. My lieutenant greeted me with 'So it was you who started that fusillade?' And when I said 'Yes,' he asked what for. I explained that I was a Frenchman, having married an English woman, and added that I wanted to see no more of a placard which referred to that nation in such terms. We whipped me for a bit, but when we were relieved the story was told to the captain, who passed it on to the colonel. The end of it all was a promise of my stripes as under-tenant."

**He Could Not Make One Step**

THEN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED WALTER J. ROBERTS.

Newfoundland Man Finds a Firm Cure After Suffering Ten Months of Torture.—Doctors and Other Medicines Failed to Help Him.

Lewisport, Twillingate District, Feb. 8—(Special)—A thrilling story of a splendid cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills is told by Walter J. Roberts, a well-known resident of this place.

"My trouble started from a cold after measles," Mr. Roberts states. "For nineteen months I was confined to the house, and for ten months I could not make one step.

"I tried many doctors and medicines but got no relief from them. The trouble was in my feet, legs and arms, and at times was almost unbearable. I could not feed myself for those ten months.

"At last I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, taking twenty-eight boxes in all, and am glad to say they made a firm cure of me."

"At last I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, taking twenty-eight boxes in all, and am glad to say they made a firm cure of me."

Mr. Roberts' troubles were caused by diseased kidneys. That is why Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Diseased kidneys fail in their duty of straining the impurities out of the blood and the consequence is trouble all over the body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure diseased kidneys.

**GERMAN BRUTES**

Thirty-five French in One Action Ill-used After Being Wounded.

In a *Neuchatel* (Suisse) paper, quoted in the *Journal des Debates*, the following appears over the signature of Dr. Vouga:

This is an instance which, if necessary, I can swear to. Being at Besancon I saw in one of the wards of the Hospital of St. Jacques a little French soldier of twenty-two, who attracted my attention owing to the curious bandaging of his head." The doctor goes on to give a detailed account, too long and too horrible to quote here, of the injuries received in a wound in the thigh. These were effected by the butt-ends of the guns of a regiment hailing from Baden. In the same case thirty-four comrades of the infantryman were picked up, each with a bullet in the head (over and above the wounds which had laid them low).

"As I left," adds the doctor, "I said to the little martyred soldier: 'You must hate the brigands.' 'No, sir,' said he, 'we mustn't be hard on them, they belong to a different race from you.'"

**SICK HEADACHES PERMANENTLY CURED**

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Correct the Cause of This Troubl.

There are few ailments that cause more genuine misery in the home than attacks which are generally termed sick headaches. The attacks are often periodical and when the members of a family is prostrated at intervals there is not only her own suffering to consider, but the discomfort caused to the other members of the household. Sick headaches arise from a variety of causes, and most of them can be relieved or cured through the timely treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Hugh Docherty, Roseville, Sask., says: "I suffered for years with what the doctors called nervous prostration and sick headache. When these spells came as I could not work nor walk, and the pains in my head were as bad as any bearable. At times the pain in my head was so dreadful that I felt I would drive me mad. I tried many different doctors at times, and only took bottles of medicine, but I quit taking medicine altogether and tried dieting, but it made no difference. I was still an agonizing sufferer. Finally my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and for some weeks I felt a little better and I gladly continued their use. My nerves began to feel stronger, the terrible headache came with less frequency, and after taking the pills for some months disappeared altogether. From that day to this I have had no return of the trouble, and all other ailments have been cured. I am now as well as ever, and I am proud to say in praise of the Pills as they undoubtedly saved me from a life of almost constant agony."

It is by building up and sustaining the blood and strengthening the nerves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills work so seemingly marvelous, and what they have done for others they will do for all ailing people if given a fair trial. If you do not find them at your local druggist, you can get them by mail at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Portland, Me.