T REPORTS

O MARKETS

RS' MARKET.

oz.	0 46	0 50
choice	0 28	0 33
...rgreased	0 18	0 20
	0 13	0 15
	0 18	0 20
	0 18	0 20
	0 25	0 30
	0 30	0 40
	3 00	4 50
	0 40	0 50
	0 40	0 50
	0 30	0 65
	1 15	1 35
	0 35	0 40
...upper	1 15	1 25
	1 00	1 25
	3 75	4 00
	0 35	0 40
	0 75	0 85
	1 00	1 25
	0 15	0 18
	0 22	0 25
	0 20	0 30
	8 50	9 50
	4 75	5 25

T MARKET.

...wholesale, to arrive ...ow per cwt.

...Feb.	$6 71
	6 21
	6 21
	6 21
...ingal	5 96
...ages	6 41
...ed	6 11
...d	5 36
...ages	6 42
	6 26
	6 31
	5 71
...granulated	6 01
...50 lbs.	5 36
...100 lb.	5 71

WHOLESALE.

...cwt.	$9 50	$11 00
	14 00	15 50
	11 75	12 50
	10 25	11 00
	13 00	14 00
	10 50	11 00
	13 50	14 50
	11 00	13 00

E STOCK.

...ttle;	67 calves,	1,552
...oice	7 50	8 00
...oice	6 75	7 25
	6 35	6 50
	5 25	6 00
	5 [illegible]	5 25
	5 00	5 50
	3 25	3 75
	4 25	5 25
	6 00	6 75
	6 00	6 75
	5 00	6 00
	60 00	100 00
	65 00	100 00
	[illegible]	[illegible]
	4 00	4 75
	8 50	8 85
	9 25	9 65
	8 00	
	4 25	11 00

MARKETS

ERAL OPTIONS.

	High	Low	Close
...ern	1 02¾	1 00⅝	1 00⅝
...ay	0 93¾	0 92⅝	0 93⅝
...ec	0 88¾	0 88¼	0 88¼
...ay	0 47½	0 45	0 45¼
...ec	0 41¾	0 40¾	0 41⅛
...ay	0 36¾	0 36¼	0 36⅜
	1 63	1 65	1 66
	1 67	1 65	1 67
	1 64	1 63½	1 64
	1 70	1 68	1 70

GRAIN MARKET

...al December, 95 7-8c; ...No. 1 hard, $1.00 7-8c; ...7-8 to 99 7-8c; No. 2 ...96 7-8. Corn—No. 3 ...Oats—No. 3 white 34 ...and bran unchanged.

RAIN MARKET.

...No. 1 hard, 98 7-8c; No. ...No. 2 Northern, 98 ...2 hard, 97 7-8c; De...ay, 99 3-4c. Linseed, December, $1.85; May,

E MARKETS.

...e Frontenac Cheese ...re today 530 boxes of ...red; 225 boxes sold at

...oday's cheese board ...gs were 2,240 colored ...The highest offer of ...no sale.

There were 789 white ...ed cheese boarded and ...ck Hill Cheese Board ...hite selling at 15 13-16c ...1 15 3-4c. Six buyers

WOOL SALES.

...ll assortment of 8,400 ...at the wool auction ...grades were firm, and ...suitable for coils, 1c w...y, and they were fre...

TTLE MARKET.

...and Batchelor report ...mer demand. Selects ...Irish, 10 1-4c to 11 ...to 11 1-4c, live weight.

LIVE STOCK.

...ows and spring...mbs 1,500; hogs 1,100.

...medium 5 to 6 3-4; ...3-4; bulls 4 to 4 3-4;

...1-2 to 5 1-4, hogs 9 1-4.

LIVE STOCK.

...spatch—Cattle receipts ...Head; active and

...00 head; active; heavy ...d $7.60 to $7.70; york...pigs $7.00; roughs $6.40 ...to $6.00.

...receipts 4,000 head; ...others unchanged.

LIVE STOCK.

...

	5 00	10 50
	6 50	8 00
	2 80	8 25
	7 25	11 00
...000		
	6 50	7 45
	6 45	7 70
	6 30	7 00
	6 30	6 50
	3 75	7 10
	6 60	7 25
...000		
	6 00	6 60
	7 00	9 15

D, PRODUCE.

...

...lb. 4 1-2d.
...lb. 2 1-2d.
...r, old—12s. 3 1-2d.
...w—11s. 2d

...1-2d.
...tents—42s
...Pacific Coast)—63. 10s.

...14 to 16 lbs.—77s.
...nd cut, 26 to 30 lbs.—

...24 lbs.—75s.
...s, light, 28 to 34 lbs.—

...s, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs.

...s, 16 to 20 lbs.—71s.
...s, 11 to 13 lbs.—63s.
...tern, in tierces, new—

...d—56s. 9d.
...S in 56-lb. boxes—56s.
...n, finest white, new—

...ity—34s.
...ndon—40s. 1 1-2d.
...s—40s. 6d.
...12s. 6d
...1-2 to 3 3-4d.
...6d.
...hull refined, spot.—

TY BATTALIONS.

...Simcoe's lead in raising followed by many including Ontario, Essex, ...nd several from the ...m Sharpe will com...county battalion. The ...ch Oliver Wilson, M. ...erhaps two, while Bur...ood two.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label

MADE IN CANADA

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MONTREAL

HEALTHFUL BISCUIT, CAKE AND PASTRY

DIRECTIONS

THIS BAKING POWDER IS COMPOSED OF THE FOLLOWING INGREDIENTS AND NONE OTHER PHOSPHATE BI-CARBONATE OF SODA AND STARCH

MANUFACTURED BY E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

CONTAINS NO ALUM

SHOWS THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST

Jocelin's Penance

"Mary's bosom, sweet mum, thou art unjustly cruel to thy king's son. I meant no questioning, believe me! Lovest thou me not at all, Primrose mother?" and the wily Geoffrey, balked in his attempt at discovering the purport of his mother's journey, covered his defeat by an adroit movement to his reprover's side, and winding his arm about her, with endearing words, soothed her impatience and placated her ire.

"Ah, thou hast thy father's way, love; thou art far more fitted for England's throne than the forked thing which sits thereon. Methinks Elinor must oft gird her teeth at night, contrasting her mandrake of a boy and thee, my bonny prince!"

"Little doubt of it, sweetest madam. But my answer; what sayest thou, Lady Prioress; cannot these waxen fingers pluck a few pence from thine household's goodly purse for an unworthy wight?"

When Rosamund, in a mollified tone, asked: "An' what sum wisheth this naughty, pestering popinjay? This maid-seeking, pleasure-hunting votarie?" Geoffrey named a sum so large that it caused her to start from his encircling arms.

"What! What! Why, 'tis full half of all the income of our revenues, wretched boy! By my Christendom, thou ravest!"

"'Tis well, then, madam, that thy son be branded through the courts of this realm and France as a preading coward and thief? I lost the sum to Louis of France at dice!"

"And shall the coffers of this holy house be robbed to pay a shameless gamester's debts? Sideath! Get thee back to thy dissolute companions and borrow of them, or thy darling brother! I'll raise no cross of the sum."

"Then, woman, if thou wilt have the tale in verity, the sum must be forthcoming by twelfth-night, or by the saints, I'll find me in some dungeon to rot there until they take me to butcher off my head. John left a jewel casket unlocked, and I, being in sore need (by Jesu, he should not have placed temptation in a needy wretch's way!) I—Oh, well—Nay, mother, look not on me with such terrible eyes! I but borrowed his jeweled belt pendant that I might raise money thereon from Benedict, the Jew, knowing full well that thou, dear, patient mother, wouldst reimburse the heathen dog, and then I'll put the bauble back. John's away in the north, and will not miss it until he returns, some two or three weeks hence."

"Miserable wretch!" murmured Rosamund, beating her breast. "A thief, a thief, my son a thief."

"Well, what was my mother?" retorted Geoffrey brutally. "God's eyes, am I to have the chink or not?"

The wretched mother did not resent his insult, but continued to smite her breast, saying, "Peccavimi! I do but deserve it. That which we sow in corruption shall we reap in corruption! Aye, aye, I'll find a way to raise the sum," she responded. "I'll raise thee the sum, my son, never fear."

Geoffrey's face cleared. It was as if some hand had wiped an ugly picture from a tablet, and limned a fair one in its stead. His debonair smile came back, his eyes sparkled, as he exclaimed gaily:

"By Our Lady, Mummy dear, squeeze thou an extra penny out—add fifty more for thy scapegrace, mother, dear, I pray thee!"

"Yea, I'll give thee fifty more," said Rosamund bitterly. "As I have given thee all that I was—I am, or ever hope to be—as I gave thee life and nourishment when first thou camest into the world! And thou'lt suck me dry, and then go and seek another nurse. Thy father took my best and brightest days and dashed me in this duty corner to die of mould and mildew, or just exist in the cloister gloom, as some poor leek grows blanched within a cellar. God's love! Are women all so repaid for loving faithfulness? Does love bring naught but punishment and pain?

"Come, come, thou king's brat; we'll go over the doubly falsed books again and see if by some hook or crook we'll pay thee not safe out of thy thievery!"

And the two left the guest room; the mother white and silent, with compressed lips, and aching heart; the son protesting, flattering, cajoling, with all the assurance of a practiced lickspit; the creature birth and training made him. Rosamund, with her capable brain, realized this only too well, but her mother's heart bled and anguished over this ripened fruit of her guilty love.

Above them, Rohese, in her windfall upon her knees beside the bed to pray. Gradually her limbs relaxed and she sank against the couch. Heaven had taken pity on her, and sent its gentle messenger—sleep — to heal her swept prison, pressing her white face against the barred casement, and gazing through the snowy darkness towide — Ave Maria." And, weeping she ward Ely, wondered whether Jocelin and Dame Bernice knew of her plight, and if they would try to rescue her. But she sighed, to think it improbable that the witch could again send a key which would release her. And no doubt, ere this, poor Jocelin knelt again in the blackness of his Oubliette, praying for death to end his suffering.

"Alone, alone," cried the girl, "doomed to weary imprisonment, in the power of a very fiend, methinks. Even were I the guilty wretch she calls me, surely her calling and her sex should teach her to be kind to one in shame and sorrow! Ah, Heaven seems so far off! Thou holy saints, wilt thou not intercede for me? Thank Jesu, when the doors of earth are shut, the doors of Heaven will stand open bruised heart."

She dreamed Henry of Leicester had risen from his grave to champion her cause; and that she leaned upon his arm, a happy bride, while the organ pealed through the Abbey church and Jocelin, with face uplifted, radiant, played as the Abbot blessed them from the altar. Through a painted window the sunshine streamed across the tesselated floor, and in its beam two bright and glorious angels smiled upon them.

Far away another sleeper tossed on his couch within a hut by the riverside; and an aged woman, trying to assuage his burning fever, murmured charms and self-reproach in the same breath. 'Twas Dame Bernice who chanted over Jocelin.

"I confide in the efficacy of this excellent book, which expels the fierce wolf through fascination and disablement. Which muzzles the mouth of the burning spirit of the entails. Anoint thee, spirit of fire, from these gentle veins! Las me, las me, I drugged poor wight too deep. 'Twas kindly meant, I trow! But now, poor Jocelin, blazing fever holds thee in fiery talons. Anoint thee, thou fire-fiend, I say!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Closely, carefully did the mother and son study the Priory accounts far into the night, but few pickings were left for these vultures, who had for years so systematically preyed upon the poor convent, that at most all the Prioress could promise Geoffrey was but a small part of the needed sum.

The tapers burned low in the Prioress' parlour, the wind swept eerily about the battlements and towers of the lonely place, as mother and son stared at each other with despairing eyes. Geoffrey sank down upon a chair and laid his head upon the table where the records lay.

"All is lost then, by Jesu! I feel the axe upon my neck. John will never forgive me, and that devil dog Jew forced me to sign a bond ere he would deliver me the gold I got for the pendant."

"Thou were a fool to be so tricked," said Rosamund, tartly. Her hand trembled as it plucked at her quivering mouth. She was thinking, thinking, as only a desperate woman can; turning this way and that in the darkness of her despair for a ray of hope. She could not borrow on the utensils of the Priory as they (in fulfillment of the rule under which it had been established) were few in number, and of silver instead of gold, save the candlesticks and ewers, which were of brass and iron.

"Holy Saints! Thou art saved, my son! The maid Rohese has been consigned by the Abbot to my charge." Geoffrey glanced up indifferently.

"I see naught in that, save an order of punishment for a haughty wench whom by my halidame I should like well to humble!"

"Thou shalt! Thou shalt, my bonny boy! She refused thy suit and aspersed thy mother's name. Now she shall be glad to bear the bastard's name. 'Tis said she burned for a monk. We'll quench her fire with a right royal cavalier, by Jesu! And she shall have a Lady Prioress for grandam to the bastard's child. By fair means or by foul, she shall. The wench is here, and by Henry's love for me, my son, if she'll wed or not, I'll give her thee for thine own. Her coffers are stuffed fat with gold, and her lands will bring thee a princely revenue. On the morrow I will urge my Prince's suit. To bed, to bed, dear one, and dream thou of the golden gain and golden girl thou shalt enjoy, for though it irks me to the core, I can but say she is fair." And the two locked up the records and retired, rejoicing that they had found so easy a solving of their troublesome problem.

But early on the morrow came a messenger summoning Geoffrey to John's bedside in his castle at Northumberland; where he lay ill of a frequent recurring ailment caused by gluttony which later compassed his death.

There was naught for it but to go. Geoffrey persuaded his mother to journey with him a part of the way, and then take her course to London, where, by intercessions and threats, she was to endeavor to regain the jewel from Benedict, by promising a far larger sum than the Favorite had received; to be paid on his marriage with the Lady de Cokefield.

So poor Rosamund, a martyr to her maternal love, made ready, attended by Brother Simon and one nun, and set out at once, for there was no time for dilly-dallying with reluctant brides. The Favorite's precarious position was at stake; perchance even now some officious courtier was already creeping into favor by his ministrations to the royal invalid; so, bidding farewell to his mother, as she turned off into the London highway, Geoffrey rode northward in a very bad humor; abusing and cursing his attendants until he was in much danger of getting a whittle stuck through him from behind.

Some days later Jocelin awoke from a long, deep sleep; weak, but with mind restored. During the time in which he was convalescing from the effects of the witch's drugs, Dame Margot came daily to the hut, demanding her letter; but her loud clamoring brought forth naught save a glimpse of the grim face of the witch frowning on her from the narrow lattice. And not once could her demands, entreaties or tears induce the inflexible dame to open the door one inch, or reveal aught of the contents of the missive. Truth to tell, Bernice had mislaid it among the many odds and ends her great chest contained; and had neither time nor inclination to search for it while Jocelin was ill. Now that he grew better, she ascribed his speedy convalescence to her powerful charms and invocations, far more than to (what was no doubt the real cause) her constant administering of such herbs as were known to her rude science.

One morning, a fortnight after Rohese's departure, Jocelin sat making sandals for the journey back to the Abbey, for his illness had left unchanged his determination to return thither. Bernice sat near by nodding over her distaff. Suddenly her swaying head became fixed; her body grew rigid, and the distaff dropped from her hand with a clatter which attracted Jocelin's attention, and caused him to rush to her side. She sat ashen and motionless, gazing into space, with her thin lips drawn tight over her toothless gums. It was a horrid sight. In vain did he chafe her hands, and lay away the folds of her gown from her throat. He crossed the room for water, and as he turned again to the old woman's side, her body relaxed and she sank together on her seat, a crouching, mumbling heap.

"Woe, woe—Rohese, Rohese!" For some time she repeated these words, seemingly unconscious of her surroundings, but finally she cried excitedly to Jocelin:

"She's in the toils, wight! They have her fast. A vision, a vision, by Hecate! I heard that she-wolf say unto her cub (they stood by written books outspread upon a desk). 'Think on the golden gain and golden girl thou shalt enjoy! I have her safe!' Hadst thou not lain so low, my son, I'd learn of this long ere now. Now, perchance, it is too late; and she is in some loathsome den in London town! Ah, why were witches born with hearts? I dare not try the circle of the rhomb again. Asmodeus fierce did threaten me, as I risked it thrice. No magic, black or white, can now avail. Thou must to London town in search of her."

"Thou didst but dream, dame! Pray God, thou didst but dream!" cried Jocelin. Ere she could answer him a great clamor arose outside. It was Margot and simple Tom, who pounded and called—

"Josha, old dame! If thou'lt not bring the letter forth we'll to the Bishop with complaint." Dame Bernice sprang to her feet.

"Aye, there'll I find where Geoffrey is, and with him I doubt not we'll find the maid. I'll to the Bishop's," and donning her cap and cloak, she grasped her staff and was out upon the astonished pair in a trice.

"What—how now? Gossip Margot and witty Tom? Beshrew me if it ain't!" she exclaimed with effusive welcome. "The letter? Ah, 'tis bad, bad doings dame. I go now to the Bishop's seneschal (a worldly wise wight, who's lived up London way) to ask him what he thinks best to do. No, I'll tell thee no whit of it till I speak with him. And vex not thyself that I opened not my door to thee this long while, for mine own familiar hath for some days been biding here. Soft—would'st like to spy him? Peep through the casement then, Margot; see where he sits by the fire. But make no sound, for if his glance but fall on thee, by paddock, thou wilt change into a toad."

Fear and curiosity racked Widow Margot. She longed to see what all the village talked of with bated breath; for on winter nights, when the wind shrieked high, many a dame would say, "Aye, there's the witch of Ely's fiend a calling her." The widow shuddered at the danger of the thing; yet felt that the honor of Ely was, in a way, at stake. So, to shqw herself brave and to satisfy her curiosity, she took one frightened peep. What she did get was a glimpse of Jocelin bidding his beads inside the dusky room, but she sprang back with a cry.

"Mary Mother! He all but spied me. O dame, forgive whate'er I've said to cross thee o' late! Thou shalt have an oaten cake each week, good dame, by my Christendom!"

"Mother, mother, let Tom spy!" said the simpleton, pulling at her dress like a child, his great round, beardless face and prominent blue eyes wide with terror.

"Nay, saints forbid, my son. 'Twas the fiend himself; a great black man in a cowl, forging an iron chain, blowing sparks upon it with his breath, and fanning it with his hairy tail; Jesu! I saw his cloven foot beneath his monk's gown! Fare thee well, Goody, I'm off for Our Lady's chapel to say a rosary there. If thou'lt honor my poor house upon the morrow, and bring the missive thither, I'll promise thee a bowl of broth, and such a pie of reeking mince as thou ne'er saw afore."

The witch, well satisfied with her stratagem, amiably agreed to go; resolving privately to find the letter that very night; and she hastened away to the Bishop's palace to find the seneschal, a gnarled, cross-grained old fellow, who had once been a varlet in London, and to whom the townsfolk had given the names of "Miser" and "Warlock," the former for his stinginess, and the latter from the fact that he and Dame Bernice were old cronies, and had many a crack together in her hut, or in his office, a little chamber far down in the south wing of the Episcopal residence.

When she had found him, Dame Bernice was not long in worming out of him all he had overheard in the palace concerning Geoffrey and his mother. They had left the Priory with a nun and priest, and had ridden in great haste toward London. When she was convinced that this was all he knew, the witch departed and was soon home again, where she found Jocelin pacing the floor in helpless agitation.

"The two are gone, but I could learn down and calm thee now. Cackling They're hatching some poukerie, beshe rode with them dressed as a nun. no whit of Rohese, though no doubt shrew me, if they're not! Sit thee ne'er laid an egg, and ye must do like some tailless raton, whilst I plan the doing o' it. I'll dig within this catch-it-all of mine to see if I can find the widow's letter she so prateth of; or else she'll have the Bishop round our ears."

Bernice, after much turning over the chest's contents, produced the letter and began to read. As she read, her grim old face brightened, till with a sigh of relief, she finished it and, coming to Jocelin's side, and clapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Aha, my bucco! The way is shown! Fate hath not clipped short old Bernice's good days! Canst strum a lute?"

"Aye," answered Jocelin wonderingly.

"Knowest thou songs, wight? Canst turn a jest or play on words?"

"I know somewhat of minstrelsy, dame, and in the old peaceful days, before my madness wrecked my life, 'twas said I had a ready wit and agile tongue. But, las me! all that is passed away with innocence and happiness."

"Well, then, it shall return again with folly's bells and nonsense to keep it company. For thou shalt don a fool's garb, and play the part of fool (which thou hast so lately practiced) at John's court."

"Why, dame, what would such as I do there in Cockneytown among the rich and gay of a court?"

"Make 'em laugh, thou fool; or weep, it matters not which, so long as thou keepest thy eyes and ears wide ope, and find the whereabouts of the maid. Hist thou! This missive from the Prince's chamberlain reads thus:

"'Unto the Widow Margot, Greeting: Thy brother, with his latest breath, did entreat me to give thy son his jester's garb, his belt and hood; in fact, his place in court; saying he was a rare fool; indeed, knows many a song and old-wife tale, and is as loony mad as any one could wish a ninny to be. In short, dame, thy brother Petros lieth a corpse, and with this packet of his garb I bid thy son come unto his Highness' court to take his uncle's station.'

"See thou, great hawk! Thou'lt act the fool instead of Tom."

"But what of Widow Margot, dame?"

"What, what! the Devil's tail! Thou talkest like the speaking bird a traveler once brought home from Ind, which cried, 'What, what' all day. Beshrew me, if I'm not returned here in an hour with the motleys for thee, and Margot's right good will that any save her precious boy may risk life and limb in the King of Cockney's Court." And the witch was gone in a moment.

(To be Continued.)

Buried Gold Discovered.

A farmer in the Cape district of South Africa, whose farmhouse was burned down, found when ploughing up the spot where it had stood, a number of metal bars encrusted with sand. Upon closer examination this proved to be soft and yellow. It was then found that there were 16 bars of nearly pure gold. Their value was $45,000. Some of the ingots represent the old South African Republic of the Kruger days.

Some people at once jumped to the conclusion that this was a portion of the millions which "Oom Paul" was supposed to have removed during the war. Many years ago there was a big robbery from the mines, and it is possible that this find includes a portion of the booty.

FAT STOCK SHOW

As evidenced by advertisement on another page of this issue, the Toronto Fat Stock Show are giving special attention to the farmer and breeder, and are offering many handsome prizes for classes where stock must be bred, fed and owned by exhibitor. This is work along the right lines and should bring out a good entry.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laguhing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

LEGAL THEFT.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

It is impossible for a woman to steal from her husband, says the Attorney-General of Oregon. Thus the morality of going through friend husband's pocketa has high legal indorsement.

WE PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR RAW FURS

FREE "Hallam's Trappers Guide" English or French, 64 pages, tells how and where to trap and other valuable information for the trapper. "Raw Fur Price List" "Fur Style Book" of beautiful furs, coats and garments, also "Furs and Sportsman's Supply Catalog" Guns, Traps, Animal Bait, Fish Nets, also at lowest prices, all illustrated. Sent FREE. Address

JOHN HALLAM LTD. 358 Hallam Building TORONTO, CANADA

To be really smart this season one must have a dance gown that is quite short, quite transparent and quite decollette! And in the illustration above we have all of these charming elements. It is fashioned in cream net with a fringe trimmed drop of Georgette crepe and inserts of the daintiest opalescent embroidery. The bodice is quite simple with square neck and wing sleeves. The metal cloth girdle drapes in surplice effect with point in front lending a basque effect.

LOOKING OLD TOO SOON

The Condition of Too Many Women and Too Many Girls.

Too many women and too many girls look old long before they should. Their faces become pale and drawn; wrinkles appear and their eyes lack brightness. Can this be wondered at when they so frequently have headaches, backaches and a general feeling of wretchedness and weakness? In most cases it is the blood that is to blame. From one cause or another the blood has become thin and watery, and it is a fact that anaemia (bloodlessness) more than any other cause, gives women this prematurely aged appearance. It is important that the blood supply of girls and women be regularly replenished—important not only on the score of looks, but to restore robust health, which is of greater value. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore the system shattered by overwork or worry. These pills give a glow of health to pale faces and make tired, weary women and girls feel bright and happy. With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at hand there is no need for any woman or any girl to look ill or feel ill. Mrs. J. McDonald, jr., Hay, Ont., says. "I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Some years ago I had anaemia, and as I did not realize the seriousness of the trouble I soon became a complete wreck. I got so weak I could hardly walk. I neither ate nor slept well, and could not go upstairs without stopping to rest. At times I had an almost unbearable pain in my back and would have to remain in bed. I suffered almost constantly from a dull headache, and, when sweeping, if I would stoop to pick up anything I would get so dizzy that I would have to catch hold of something to keep from falling. At times my heart would beat so fast that I would have a smothering sensation. My eyes were sunken and my hands and limbs would be swollen in the mornings. I tried several kinds of medicine without benefit, and my friends thought I would not recover. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long could see and feel that they were helping me. I gladly continued the use of the pills until I was completely cured and I cannot say enough in their praise, and I strongly recommend them to all run-down girls and women."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How Plants Breathe.

Plants have two experiences common to all living things, although they have none of the senses possessed by animals. They breathe the air and perspire. The leaves and stems of plants correspond to the respiratory organs of animals, and it is by this means the plants take in the air. Plants are chiefly water absorbed from the earth. Of the 25 per cent. solid matter the principal constituent is carbon, nearly all of which is absorbed from the atmosphere by the action of minute bodies contained in the green leaves. Plants also absorbe oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen from the atmosphere through their leaves and also through their roots. All contribute to building up the organic structure of the plant. Used up moisture is given off by plants through their leaves, just as animals perspire through the pores of their skins. Calculations made as to the amount of water thus perspired by plants show that the sunflower, only three and one-half feet high, gives off as much moisture as a man.

A RIGHT, NOT A FAVOR.

(Philadelphia Record)

It should also be remembered that whether or not woman would prove a potent uplifting voice to politics, justice demands that she shall be heard. She would be given the ballot not as a favor, but as a right.

"Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?" "I know it." "Ah! perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?" "Seen one? I married one."—Houston Post.

Smoothest Regulator Of Them All Is Hamilton's Pills

No Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion or Sour Stomach, where they are used.

A PERFECT CONSTIPATION CURE

They Cleanse the Liver and Move the Bowels While You Sleep.

Like a ship in the night, your constipated headache and digestive troubles will disappear after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

They cure the worst cases, act quietly at night while you sleep, and give you next morning the freshest, briskest, happiest feeling you have known in many a day.

Hamilton's Pills will cheer up the most despondent sufferer.

They will make tired out folks feel like kids at play.

They overcome backache, sideache, liverache and stomachache, and kidney ills.

If they fail to do this, you can have your money refunded. Fair enough, eh?

Don't stay sick or ailing; this is grand family remedy at once. It will give you energy, spirits, ambition, appetite, good blood, better nerves—in short good health. You can get all this in a 25c box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which are sold by all good dealers in medicine.

FILES.

Necessary Instruments on the Farm and in the Workshop.

The choice of a file to any particular piece of work will be determined by the form of surface to be worked, the amount of material to be removed, the nature of the material and the finish to be left on the surface.

From the twenty different standard forms and cross-sections in which files are manufactured, the user must choose the proper form of file to best fit the work in hand. Next the amount of material to be removed will determine the size and coarseness of the file, the size being the length in inches of the file body without the tang, and the coarseness depending upon the six grades of cuts—rough, coarse, bastard, second-cut, smooth and dead-smooth. The bastard and second-cut are the grades most used for general work and the smooth or dead-smooth for smooth finish work. All of these forms may be had as either single or double cut. The double cut file will bite more freely and leave a more broken surface than a single cut file of the same size.

The nature of the material worked determines in a large measure the "life" of the file. A new file should never be used on very hard material, such as scale of castings and forgings or on hardened steel, nor should it be used on soft tough metals or on thin edges where it bites too freely. Files should not be thrown into drawers together with other tools. They should be kept clean by brushing and should never be placed where they will rust, as that will ruin any file.

A good file handle is necessary for good work. In filing, the pressure is applied to the file on the forward stroke and entirely removed on the back stroke, though the file need not be lifted from the work. As with all metal cutting tools, the pressure should be sufficient to cause it to bite freely, as this is easier on the cutting edge than just scraping over the surface.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

An electrically-heated glove will keep the chauffeur's hands warm in winter.

There are very few old maids in Japan.

A bucket with a shower bath attachment is one of the newest camp conveniences.

The town of Dyes, once a Klondyke metropolis, had dwindled down to a population of seven persons.

Rats destroy every year at least a twentieth part of the sugar canes in Jamaica, amounting in value to little short of two hundred thousand pounds.

The 6,000,000 farms of the country carry an average debt of $1,000.

Granting that the average consumption of tires by motor cars is eight tires per car per year, which includes all types of vehicles, there will be require during one not less than 20,000,000 tires, valued at from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000—figuring the average price of tires at $15.

The United States Mints sent out $141,500,000 in coin during the year, of which $105,000,000 was gold and $2,000,000 in pennies and five-cent pieces.

In an 18-mile race an express train was beaten by an eagle by 12 minutes.

Every German regiment has a chiropodist in its ranks.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro has 88 miles of anchorage and is said to be the finest in the world.

Most of the wrestlers of Japan come from a long dimb line of ancestors who followed the same profession.

The amount of material carried from the land into the ocean, in suspension and in solution has been estimated at 3½ cubic miles a year.

The roar of a lion can be heard farther off than the sound of any other creature. Next comes the cries of the hyena, the screech-owl, the panther and the jackal.

The Church of the Holy Ghost at Heidelberg is the only one in the world in which both Protestant and Roman Catholic services are held at the same time. A partition wall in the centre separates the two congregations.

Ants have the faculty of crossing water by means of the surface tension of the liquid, but they resort to it only under great pressure.

Not until Henry the Eighth's time were raspberries or strawberries or cherries grown in England, and we do not read of the turnip, cauliflower and quince being cultivated before the sixteenth century.

The first English newspaper is said to have appeared in 1622, when Dutch printers and booksellers began printing in Amsterdam large sheets in English for circulation in England.