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AIN MARKET No. 1 hard, \$1.30; No. No. 2 Northern, \$1.23; \$1.20. Linseed—Cash. \$1.20. Linseed—Cash. May \$2.40; July, \$2.39 VOOL SALES. here was an active o bales offered at the Crossbreds nerinos frequently ad-L. and poor merinos

The home trade of the offerings. Sev-eds were taken for IVE STOCK 3 49

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winter, new-13s, 1d. w-10s, 10d. acilic Coast)-it to western--117s, 6d. Western--11/8, od. 4 to 16 lbs.-91s, cut. 26 to 30 lbs.-73s 1bs.-75s, light. 28 to 34 lbs.-

heavy, 35 to 40 fbs. 16 to 20 lbs.—74s. 34. .n 56-1b boxes-62s, flaest white, new-

lon—53**s.** 63s. -10 1-4d.

ull refined, spot-

DUTY-FREE Cable. Beginning n all agricultural

MISJUDGED

'Oh, I don't know nothing! I leave in at one glance the position all knowing to the police—they're paid | the metionless form, he said: for it. They are the ones to see through stone walls. I'm only a plain man. I li tell you what I heard, since you press me so, I came along to her carden to nail up a bramble rose that was flapping in the wind. I went along by the back, over the fields. The grass was long, and I suppose I made no sound. I heard voices, and there was Miss Daintree quarrelling with the man from the White Farm. Oh, very white and bitter he looked! I couldbear what he had to say, but I heard her as plain as you please. That weapon will be fatal to you, she said. What do you make of that?" "Had she any weapon in her hand?"

"Nothing but a bit of a trowel, and that couldn't have done anything." What did he say?' "He turned on his heel and went off

"I never saw them speaking," said

Budge. "No more did I. But it wasn't more than a day or so ago that I met her out latish, walking very fast along the read. I thought she looked as if she had been having words with some

Budge had now come to the end of the visitor's knowledge, and thought he had better assert himself.

"When you have a complaint to make it. When you haven't you keep still. If Miss Daintree wants the help of the police she'll get it, and I shall not let myself be carried away by remembering anything about the society she belongs to."

'And I say the same as Budge," said his wife, who had had time to remember that Miss Daintree paid well. Slade knew he was being ill-used, but could not exactly lay his finger on the offence. He smoked his pipe out in silence and then went home. Here he revenged himself on all women by giving his wife many hints about an exciting story which he alone could tell, and then refusing to

say another word. -It had just crossed Beryl's mind to wonder how much he had heard, not for her own sake, but for Dora's.

Next day she again resolved to get flowers for her disappointed friend in London. This time she did not leave it nearly so late, but started off without waiting for her tea. She went in the direction of her favorite hollow. It was a gloricus afternoon, and the country-side was looking its very best and its most joyous. When she came to the fence she took a look round. just because in her mind still lingered the remembrance of the other afternoon.

There was no sign of any waiting terly absurd to think that such an en- cial, of Eudge. counter could take place twice. At least the place was quiet enough to never heard any narm of him to speak day, and her heart was light as she of, nor much good." started off on her quest.

lovely, but it seemed as if the very edv. finest grew out of her reach. The other side of the pool showed still the bluest patch of all the nollow, and she made her way to the grass-covered path between the sister pools. She had actually passed a great

clump of bramble Lushes mingled meals there. with a tangled undergrowth of wild parsley and the dark spotted leaves of the orchids when, in a strange, back- of the two women, but he speedily ward-looking sense in her mind, it convinced himself that they were quite flashed across her that there was ignorant that anything had happened. semething out of order about the ground just at that spot. She retraced her steps, and saw that there were marks of footprints-of very deep foetprints, indeed--and that the turf and ferns were torn. Also on the ground and on the pure green leaves were deeper spots than those on the leaves of the orchids which caught the light and gleamed with an ugly red.

A switten terror seized her and made her heart beat fast. What had happened here? She thrust some of the undergrowth aside and looked dewn the grassy slope to the poel, and then, for the first time in her life, she screamed aloud.

The form of a man lay there at her feet, half in, half out of the water. It lay very still indeed, far too still. It had a curious broken look, as if it had, after all, some kinship with the green things around which had been bruised and battered in its fall. One arm lay yet trafling along the bank, the hand full of the twigs of bramble and leaves at which it must have clutched unconsciously. The head and shoulders were out of the water as he lay face downwards against the turf; but the head was not good to look at. The sullenly lapping waters hid the

rest of the figure. Beryl dashed down to the brink of the pool, not allowing her eyes to rest upon that poor ill-used head, and tried to drag the man by his shoulders out of the water. The weight was too much for her, and she called for help. No voice came, nor any sound of footsteps. She repeated her unavailing efforts, than raced back along the green pathway, up the steep bank, to the fonce. She looked up the read towards the Hall and saw no one. then down towards the village, and made out the figure of a man coming

in her direction. She jumped over the fence and ran to meet him. He quickened his steps at ner call, and she saw that it was Budge, the village policeman, not yet returned to his duties on account of

lits hurt wrist.

"Come!" she called. "Come at case! There is a man here ill, hurt, perhaps dead!"

Budge hastened his pace considerably and came up, looking carlously at her white face and at some up that will be had! "Dead!" said Mr. Bigge !!! can't he was so hearly and well."

The bill the truth he is dead."

"Dead!" said Mr. Bigge !!! can't he had well."

"Dead!" said the farmer. Why, he have complained of having deciming the land."

"Dead!" said the farmer. Why, he have complained of having deciming the land."

"Don't touch anything: He is dead

I must get help." "Shall I wait acre?" asked Beryl. "No, best not. You go up to the Hall lodge and ask the lodge-keeper

to come. I will got some one from the village." Both were successful in their quest. and the poor motionless form was

lifted out of the water and laid on the dry ground. "Who is it?" asked the lodgekeener.

"The man staying at the White Farm."

"Who found him?"

"Miss Daintree," replied Budge. 'Now, my men, take care not to make too many foctmarks here. We have to carry him back to the village, and then I must let the inspector know." The news spread through the place -the Blakes' louger dead, found by

Before two hours had passed the inspector had been telephoned for and arrived from the nearest townlet, acc. mpanied by a detective. Escorted by Eudge, new a person of great importance, they looked at the poor victim. 'Head knocked in, said the inspec-

Miss Daintree, and undoubtedly mur-

"Find the weapon!" said the other

They visited at once the scene of the tragedy, and the detective took look round.

"Ah, what's that?" he said. That was a moderate-sized jagged stone, itself rather smaller than man's head, stained on one of its ragged edges.

"That did it." he said. "Pick it up. but put a mark on the ground where you found it. This was a quarrel, not a thought out affair.'

The newcomers acted everything they could—the position in which the body had been found, its distance from the path, and the distance at which the stone with which they believed the deed had been done was left. Then the detective looked at the footprints which were rapidly been-

ing crossed and recrossed "It was a lady found him?" asked the inspector.

"Belonging to these parts?" "No. a stranger, only just settled

down. Then they returned to learn what the doctor had to say. His opinion was that the unfortunate man had not been dead many hours when found, and that the wound in the head had undoubtedly been the cause of death.

Do you know much about him?" figure, and Beryl thought she was ut- asked the inspector, not strictly offi-

"No; he was only a lodger here. I

The detective went off to the White At her feet the bluebells were very Farn: to tell the inmates of the trag-

He found only Mr. Blake's widowed sister and his young daughter. They were peacefully engaged in their household duties, getting a substantial tea ready for the master of the farm and such of his men as had their

The detective's eyes roamed round the premises and searched the faces "I was just wanting a word with

Mr. Blake," he explained when he appeared at the door. "Well, then, you just step in and writ, sir," said Mrs. Riggs. "My bro-

ther will be home punctual for his tea.". him,

ma'am?" "At half-past six, neither sooner nor iater. There's much work to be done

just new, and there are no idle hands on the place." "Is Mr. Blake quite well?" he asked. affably.

"Ch. yes: he doesn't complain! He has his health, and knows how to be thankful."

"But if he is so busy now he may not be back for his tea?"

"Oh, Joshua ian't that sort! When the meal is ready for him he is ready for it, His dinner is at half-past twelve and his tea at half-past six, and he is never missing than."

"You had a lodger, Mrs. Riggs? said the detective, suddenly. "We had one, sir. A decent, quiet sort of shiftless, thriftless, useless body. He's from London, so we didn't

look for much in him. He is about the place somewhere." Just then the farmer care in and greeted his unknown visitor.

"I called for a word with you," said the latter. "The fact is I'm a detective "Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Mr.

Blake, slowly. "You didn't hear of anything wrong, Mr. Blake?"

"Can't say I did. The men is mostly at work, and they have no time for fooling. "Tisn't time for the hoppers, either. Is there anything afoot, sir?" "Not enough," said the detective. There is one who ought to be afnot and isn't. When did you last see

your lodger. Mr. Blake?" "Why, at dinner, to be sure! He doesn't come round the farm with me. He was at his meal, and picking as well as usual-eh. Fanny?"

cold, sneezing or catarri, don't use a snuff; use a sensible treatment like Catarrhozone. It heals and soother brings relief at once, cures thereo In bronchitis and throat trouble, no doctor can do better than prescribe Catarrhozone. Try it; see what wonders it works what power it possesses. Different from the old way you inhale Catarrhozone, Get a dollar outfit, which includes the inhaler, and is guaranteed. Smaller sizes, 50c; sam-lle size, 25c, at all dealers.

"And he never said Good-bye to us!" The detective looked at them all. and decided that each had shown the most natural surprise possible; but the remark of the girl lingered a little in his mind.

"What was it, sir?" asked Mrs. Riggs. "I suppose it was his heart?" said

the farmer. "No: 'twas his head, and that had been hit by something very hard."

The pretty daughter jumped up with "Hit! What do you mean? Father, he doesn't mean he was murdered?"

"Yes, miss," said the detective, looking full at her, "he was murdered." The farmer sat down heavily in an armchair.

"Murdered! A man we had here under our roof! 'Tis enough to make a man's brain turn. Who did it?" "That's what I'm here to find out." said the other. "You don't know of any quarrel he had?"

"No; he was a seft-spoken chap, not the one to quarrei or to stand up for himself—one of your easy-going "He didn't quarrel with any one that

know of," said Mrs. Riggs; "he was never friendly enough with any of the folk round here."

"I shall have to ask you to let me see his things," said the detective, "and they'll have to be left undisturbed for the present."

The belongings of the dead man were duly sealed up, to be inspected later; but the detective took away some documents with him. As he left the place he was convinc-

ed that these good people were as unaffectedly shocked and surprised as any people could be. His face set more grimly than usual as he came to this conclusion, for it gave point to one or two remarks which had been made to im by Budge. Beryl went home filled with horror.

She ordered hot water to be taken to her room, and then changed the dress with the terrible stains.
"Take this to Mrs. Budge and ask

her to wash it for me, please, Emily, the said to her servant. The servant took it, and returned

th a message that Mrs. Budge would ords with her husband, and the dress did not at once go into the wash-tub. When she had once more dressed and felt a little more composed Beryl at in her drawing-room, with an achin- head, wondering if she would ever lose the impression of the terrible sight she had seen. She had aimost fallen asleep from sheer mental fatigue when her servant announced-

"Miss Langton!" Dora came in, waited one moment until the door was closed, and then threw herself on the sofa near to

Beryl, saying-"Oh, Beryl, Beryl, I feel as if a load too heavy for me to bear had been lifted from my shoulders!"

Beryl looked at her in some surprise. She was herself so unselfish that it struck her rather painfully that in the face of death and crime this girl should think only of herself. Then she remembered how long she had lain under the harrow, and thought it might be natural after all. "It was terrible for him." she said

gravely. "Oh, yes, yes; horrible! But he was bad man, I don't care what you think of me, I am glad, glad! I am glad he is dead! I am free at last! Beryl, you might be a little glad too

"I found him." said Beryl. "Oh, yes, I heard that! I had forgotten. That was horrible for you.

Was it an accident, or had he tried to drown himself?" Berly snook her head. "No; he was murdered." "He can't have been! Who could do

it? No one could have had as much cause as I had. It must have been some one who followed him down from London."

"Very likely. But, Dora-" "Well?"

"Do you remember that there will have to be an inquest, and that involves inquiry into a lot of his life?" "Beryl, remember you have promised not to say one word of what I told you. I know you are true as steel, but I can't help remembering that had I only held my tongue a few days longer I need never have let any one know my secret. Well, it is over nowthe person I feared is dead."

"How about his sister?" "She is abroad. She made England too hot to hold her, and went off hurriedly. She may come back, but she has now no real hold over me. I should defy her!" "There you would be right," said

"How strange that he should have gone to the hollow again!" said Dora. That is where I was to have met him that afternoon you would not

leave me. "Yes. I used to love that spot. Now I shall never go near it again, for I should always see the trampled grass and the dark figure lying where the

bank and water met." "Don't!" said Dora, with a shudder. "It is too terrible! I wonder if the police suspect any one?"

CHAPTER V. The police did indeed suspect some one of the murder of James Richardson, but there was such a tremendous element of uncertainty about the whole affair that they scarcely knew how to give form to their suspicions. Besides, they were not in agreement amongst themselves, for Groves, the detective, entirely disagreed with the theory which had been propounded by Budge and adopted by his suptle pennyroyal, then wrap in a news-

viewed in an outlying horses room, which had been speedily prepared for the terrible purpose.

The first part of this proceedings cents entirely with the already well-known facts which had attended the finding of the body and its identification, Joshua Blake was called to witness to the fact that the dead man was his lodger and that this was the second visit he had paid to Dalehurst.

"Did you find him a quiet and inof-"Did you find him a quiet and inoffensive member of your household?"

asked the Coroner. Yes, sir; he was quiet enough. A bit fanciful over his talk about calling up spirits, but I never saw him angry nor quarrelsome

A question was here interposed by one of the jury as to whether the deceased had appeared to possess money or not. "That was as might be," said the

farmer. "Sometimes he'd say, 'Farmer, I'm stone-broke; you'll have to wait day or two, but it's coming, never fear.' And sure enough in a day or two he'd pay me up all he owed." "Did he seem to get the money in

the form of cheques or notes, or in coin? "I never saw aught but gold." was the answer. "And at the time of his death was

"He owed me for a week; I was coking to get it before long." "Do you know if his income came to him in the form of presents from any

he in one of his prosperous seasons or

one, or was it dividend on invested money? "He said it was a reward for the smartest thing he had ever done. When I asked if he could put me in the way of making a bit too he only laughed and said it was the sort of

thing that could not be done twice." Further inquiries elicited that the ead man appeared to have had no settled home nor any relations, and that he never received any letters whilst he was at Dalehurst at least. Search amongs his papers appeared to

have revealed nothing. You knew of no one bearing a grudge against this man," persisted the Coroner-"no one who was supposed to actively dislike him"?

"No one." "Did you know of any one-any woman, I mean-who was supposed to icve him? Love is as likely a motive in cases of this sort as hate. Was he keeping company, as you would say, with any girl."

"I know nothing about it," said Blake, doggedly. tto be Continued.)

THE AGONIES OF NEURALGIA

nee to it." But Mrs. Budge had a few A Nerve Trouble, Always Due Weak, Watery Blood.

> Only those who have been attacked with neuralgia can form the laintest idea of what its victims suffer. __ with the Leghorns she may have a followed in the hat, muff and collar, tingling of the tender skin, a sharp large comb and strong feathers she is worn with a galactime sun. sudden stab from some angry nerve; must not lack any of what the stockthen piercing paroxysms of pain that men call "feminine characteristics." is neuralgia. The cause of the trouble | She must be a good feeder, since an is disordered nerves, due to weak, watery blood. The cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new, she is to turn out a nice egg yield, markable and perhaps unexpected conrich, red blood, and thus scothe and Summarizing the characteristics of a strengthen the disordered nerves and cure neuralgia. Mr. Louis Martin, Mildmay, Ont., says: "I am writing to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. Two years ago I was a physical wreck. My nerves were all unstrung and I suffered tortures from neuralgia, in the head and throughout the nervous system generally. I was almost unfit for work, and only managed to get along with the greatest difficulty. I doctored for about five months and in this time took over forty dollars' worth of medicine without any benefit. More, I was actually growing worse, and finally had to take to my bed. My nerves got so bad that could not turn over in bed without help and the pain was something awful. As I am a farmer you can easily see that necessary work was being neglected, so I sent for a brother who was in Alberta, to come-and take charge of the work. When my brother arrived he at once urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me of some cures that had come under his observation. I got half a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone there was no doubt they were helping me. Altogether I used nine hoves of the Pills and by that time I was a well man, and it is impossible to say how thankful I was for my release from pain."

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

A Momento.

A merchant who had been traveling some months was on his return informed of the death of a valued friend. A few days later he called upon the drink at all times. bereaved widow to offer expressions of sympathy. During the visit he remarked.

"I was a good friend of your late husband. Is there not something of sell for a higher price. his which I could have as a momento of him?" She raised to his her velvety eyes,

which a few moments before were moist with tears, and said: "How would I do?" Pennyroyal Keeps Furs.

All insects dread pennyroyal. The smell of it destroys some, and drives others away. At the time that pennyroyal can be gathered or bought, get some oil of pennyroyal, pour some into a saucer, steep in it pieces of new cotton wadding, and place where required. When putting furs away for the summer, fold carefully with a lit-

lain rules.-Wordsworth.

paper, and gum down the edges. When wanted they will be found the same as when put away. A few strong instincts and a few straw on hay on hand.

SAYS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS BADE HER WELL

Boyd's Cove, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., Jan. 24.—(Special.)—"After two years of weakness and suffering I am again

in perfect health, and I give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pilis." That is the statement made by Miss Gertie M. Newman, an estimable young lady living here. She is so overfeyed at her recovery that she wants all suffering women to know how she found her cure.

"I had a cold to start with," Mas Newman continues, "and then things just seemed to go from bad to worse. My back ached, I had cramps in my muscles, and I suffered from headaches. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing, my eyes were puffed and swollen, and I perspired freely with the least exertion. I was always irritable, and in the mornings I had a

hitter taste in my mouth. "Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney little hot water over it and the ice Pills I decided to give them a trial. I took a dozen boxes in all and you can see how they helped me. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all suffering women'

Dodd's Kidney Pills are affering woman's best friend.

THE POULTRY WORLD

čeno 2004 0 2000 2000 2000 2000 2 PICKING LAYERS.

An old poultryman tells us that his profits are not influenced so much by the good hens he has as by the loafers in his flock. The loafers are a canstant source of expense, are most likely to develop disease or to start bad habits in the flock, and seem to have a discouraging effect upon hens that are disposed to lay. Next to culling the cockereis from a young flock comes the weeding out of worthless bullets.

wedge shape and various other physical signs of good layers, but the use of these "systems" of selecting layers involves considerable experience. If the poultryman has been studying his ficek as closely as he should, watching the good layers, he will have certain characteristics of a good layer pretty well fixed in his mind without followag any particular system. He knows hat vigor is the first essential. The

A lot has been written about the

pullet that is early off the roost, quick and attentive at a feed trough, always busy and watching for the feeder, is a "busybody" of the right sort. enormous amount of feed must be handled in relation to her weight if

early bird is the one that counts; the

breeders we find they are about as. follows:

1. Vigor and activity. 2. Depth of body.

good laying pullet from the experien-

ces and observations of a number of

3, A healthy head with feminine appearance.

4. An upright tail. 5. A V-shaped body when viewed from side or top.

6. Firm feathers and stout beak. 7. Stout legs, rather wide apart. 8. Good size, indicating well devel-

oped vital organs. These characteristics will vary somewhat with differences in breeds. but the utility type is pretty uniform. Such a score card will cull out the lazy droopy pullets and all those that show indications of slow maturity or poor physical development. The birds that moult early are also to be avoided. because this indicates that they are not perfectly developed or they would carry the first coat of feathers until late in the season. Of course, conditions are sometimes responsible if the entire flock moults early, but if there are only a few in a large flock

they had better be culled out. If you have among the culls a number of birds that you hesitate to sell, it is a good plan to put them into a separate pen for a period of observation. With the present high price of pullets of the laying breed one should not sacrifice these that give promise of improvement; but the general flock will be benefited if these are segregated-Prairie Farm and Home.

MOTES.

the egg is water, and the hens must have a supply of clean, fresh water to

Dry-picked turkeys and dry-picked fowls and chicks, if the work is prorerly done, always make a better appearance in market and frequently, Usually it will be found that the

pullets which begin to lay in Novem-

and cared for. Don't take the fowls off free range and shut them in tight houses all the time, but keep them in a part of each day at first so that they will get

accustomed to confinement gradually. Market ducks that have not long, deep bodies will not make the greatest profit. Therefore, when selecting ducks and drakes to keep over for next spring's breeding, select those of the right type.

If a lot of dry leaves are colected and stored away they will make exce!lent scratching litter for the floors of the hen houses during the winter, pro-

ng from young specimens.

Although corn and wheat are both good poultry feeds, it does not pay to feed either one exclusively, for the only way that the hen can be given the food elements that she needs to make eggs is to furnish a variety of grain, with meat food or milk, green food, grit, charcoal and shells.

When one considers that the male bird in the flock influences the quality of all the chicks, it will easily be seen that it does not pay to economize when buying a male bird. The first thing to do is to select the best possible "rooster" and let the price be a

secondary matter. Drinking water should be given during the winter in a fountain or dish from which the ice can easily be removed if it forms, as it frequently will in most places. If the dish has straight sides, or sides that flare out a little, it will be necessary simply to turn a

will immediately slide out. Select the best of the early layers and take the best care of them during the winter so that they will be in good breeding condition in the spring. Then by keeping their eggs for hatching you will be able to increase the laying power of your flock. No progress can be made by setting eggs from any except the best layers.

NOVELTY SKATING ACCESSORIES



This striking skating outfit She must look like a hen, and white white glazed kid, this scheme being

BRITAIN'S CORRECT ATTITUDE

(New York Sun) We are led to speak here of the retrast between the methods of the German agents and those of Great Britain in respect of efficiency, noiselessness and

in respect of efficiency, noiselessness and absence of offence to the American people. The comparison is whosty in favor of the Government which might have been supposed to be less skilter in such activities.

There has been no evidence of any organized attempt either to capile or to browbeat public opinion in the interest of the cause of the Allies; at least no organized movement with a track leading back to diplomatic or official headquarters. The attitude of the British Embassy and its personnel has been correct from the beginning to the present. There have been no known English analogues of Herr Doctor Dernburg, or of Herr Doctor Albert or of any of the other widely advertised head centres of Teuton proselytism or intrigue. How other widely advertised head centres of Teuton proselytism or intrigue. How many people can remember even the names of the executive attaches of the Eritish Embassy corresponding in regard to legitimate functions with Carrains Von Papen and Boy-Ed?

As to the silence, swiftness, certainty and intelligence of detective operations.

there is no comparison between the sec-ret service of Germany and that of Great The comment on the wisdom of this req straint and the superiority of the British methods of producing results is forcible

suggested when those results are comparatively considered from the American point of view.

The Elderly Safety Pin. The safety pin and the hook and eye are generally supposed to be modern inventions. The former, in fact, has been credited to Queen Victoria. She may have improved upon it, but certainly she is not entitled to the disfinction of having invented it. Numerous specimens of the useful contrivance have been found in the ruins of Crete. Some of them are in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, and the maseum has also a

look and eye from the same place. Both the safety pins and the hook and eye now in the museum were Remember that a large per cent. of made at least 900 hundred years before Christ. Some are made of bronze, but amber or some other material was often used on the more elaborate pins. Some were even made of finely wrought gold .- Youth's Companion.

What, Indeed!

"Look here," said the head of the firm, addressing the new stenographer "this letter is all wrong. Your ber or December will make good lavers punctuation is very bad and your throughout the winter if properly fed spelling is worse. I can't afford to send out any such stuff to my clists." "Well," she replied, "I'm sorry if my work doesn't suit you, but was you expecting to get a Mrs. Noah H. Webster for \$13 a week?"

A POSER. (Simcoe Reformer)

Why should a married man forty-two years old with a wife and three or four children be forced by his conscience to enlist, while his near neighbor with no responsibilities and only twenty-five years of age escape, simply because be

It is said that the Coffee River Railroad, in Alaska, runs over a giacthe ken houses during the winter, pro-vided there is not plenty of cheap coffee coolers!—Manchester Union.

There is no question about the value dough or a cloth dipped in on was