

MARKETS.	
Wheat	1.10
Barley	1.05
Oats	1.00
Flour	1.15
Beans	1.20
Peas	1.10
Butter	1.30
Eggs	1.40
Corn	1.05
Soybeans	1.15
Wool	1.20
Cattle	1.30
Hogs	1.40
Sheep	1.50
Iron	1.60
Steel	1.70
Copper	1.80
Gold	1.90
Silver	2.00
Mercury	2.10
Platinum	2.20
Palladium	2.30
Rhodium	2.40
Rosin	2.50
Spirit Turpentine	2.60
Stearine	2.70
Castor Oil	2.80
Linseed Oil	2.90
Neatfoot Oil	3.00
Whiting	3.10
Crab	3.20
Shrimp	3.30
Sardines	3.40
Tuna	3.50
Mackerel	3.60
Salmon	3.70
Trout	3.80
Perch	3.90
Brook Trout	4.00
Whitefish	4.10
Haddock	4.20
Cod	4.30
Halibut	4.40
Flounder	4.50
Rockfish	4.60
Sea Trout	4.70
Smelt	4.80
Capelin	4.90
Pollock	5.00
Chinook	5.10
Sockeye	5.20
Keta	5.30
Salmon	5.40
Trout	5.50
Perch	5.60
Brook Trout	5.70
Whitefish	5.80
Haddock	5.90
Cod	6.00
Halibut	6.10
Flounder	6.20
Rockfish	6.30
Sea Trout	6.40
Smelt	6.50
Capelin	6.60
Pollock	6.70
Chinook	6.80
Sockeye	6.90
Keta	7.00
Salmon	7.10
Trout	7.20
Perch	7.30
Brook Trout	7.40
Whitefish	7.50
Haddock	7.60
Cod	7.70
Halibut	7.80
Flounder	7.90
Rockfish	8.00
Sea Trout	8.10
Smelt	8.20
Capelin	8.30
Pollock	8.40
Chinook	8.50
Sockeye	8.60
Keta	8.70
Salmon	8.80
Trout	8.90
Perch	9.00
Brook Trout	9.10
Whitefish	9.20
Haddock	9.30
Cod	9.40
Halibut	9.50
Flounder	9.60
Rockfish	9.70
Sea Trout	9.80
Smelt	9.90
Capelin	10.00

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM.
The only well known standard priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alumina, which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.
E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG, TORONTO, MONTREAL

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Is not that a little severe?" asked Denzil. "Poor James has an unfortunate way of not getting on with people, but I put that down more to the wretchedness of his early training than to his natural disposition, which I believe to be good, though warped and injured by his peculiar position when a boy. It was lucky for Lady Constance that the Countess adopted her. May I give you some of these?"

"No, thank you, Mildred answered, and then fell to wondering by what right this cotton merchant's son called Lord James Dingwall by his Christian name—'James.' She again recollected that "this sort of person" generally boasted outrageously about any intimacy with the aristocracy. Miss Trevanion's "hearings" upon this subject had been numerous and profound.

"I think Lord James a very unpleasant man," she said, feeling curious to learn how much more Denzil Young had to say about him.

"Most ladies do," her conversation answered, coolly, "but then I do not consider ladies always the best judges. They form their ideas from the outward man generally, which in many cases prevents fairness. Unless the person on trial be a lover or a rival, they seldom do him the justice to look within. You think Dingwall very obnoxious because he has a pair of ears and rough manners, and yet I have known him to do acts of kindness which most men would have shrunk from performing. In the same way you would consider a fellow down near us the greatest boor you ever met in your life, I dare say, because he has nothing to recommend him but his innate goodness of heart."

"I dare say," responded Miss Trevanion.

"But would you not be civil to a man whom you knew to be beyond expression estimable, if only for the sake of his goodness, no matter how rough a diamond he might be?" asked Denzil Young, feeling somewhat eager in his argument, and turning slightly, so as more to face his adversary. "Surely you would any woman—most women would, I fancy. One could not fail to appreciate the man I speak of."

"I might appreciate him—at a distance," Miss Trevanion returned, obstinately, "but I would not be civil to him; and I should think him a boor just the same, whether he were a black sheep or a white."

"Ch!" exclaimed Denzil, and stared curiously at her beautiful, now rather bored, face, while stroking his fair moustache thoughtfully.

"Was she really as worthless as she declared herself to be?" Could those handsome, cold blue eyes and faultless features never soften into tenderness and womanly feeling?

"He quite forgot how earnestly he was gazing, until Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and meeting his steady stare, blushed warmly—angrily. He recollected himself then, and the admiration his look must have conveyed, and colored almost as deeply as she had.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly. "Do not think me rude, but I am strangely forgetful at times, and was just then wondering whether you really meant all you said."

"Do not wonder any longer, then," she retorted, still resenting the expression of his eyes, "as I did perfectly mean what I said. I detest with all my heart boors, and ill-bred people, and parvenues, and want of birth generally."

And then Lady Caroline made the usual mysterious sign and they all rose to leave the room, and Miss Trevanion became conscious that she had made a cruelly rude speech. She would have retracted it the next instant—had glossed it over, and turned it into a compliment, as most wo-

CHAPTER III
After Mabel had left her, Mildred opened a dainty little work basket that lay on the table near her, and taking out her embroidery, started a pretty piece of industry. Work, however, was frivolous, and she thought, and so presently Miss Trevanion fell into a train of ideas that lasted her for some time. "If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance," Mabel had said, "and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money." It seemed to Mildred so likely a thing that Denzil Young should fall in love with her pretty laughing sister, that she dreaded anything approaching reciprocity of feeling on her part. The girl was so sweet and lovable in all her ways that she, Mildred, being very wise in her own conceit at this period of her life, saw these unpleasantness arising in the future on this visit, in all which unpleasantness "the queen" and Denzil Young stood prominent. Mabel, too, in that last thoughtless speech, had shown anything but dislike to the probability of Mr. Young's falling a victim to her beauty. She had laughed it was true, making a joke of it, but to Miss Trevanion it appeared as though a joke on such a subject was very like an encouragement of it.

She looked across the room now where Mabel was holding a very extensive conversation with Miss Young. The latter was looking as serene and passive as usual, but Mabel had bent slightly forward on the arm of the velvet chair, and appeared so excited and animated in contrast with her companion that Mildred could do nothing but admire her.

"I am sure I don't know," Miss Young answered, languidly.

"Oh, but that is nonsense," said Mabel, eagerly—"one should always have an opinion on every subject, one way or the other. Now I will make you see it in an instant. If—"

She quite glowed under the force of her argument, and her sister watching her calmly, decided that she was fit to wed with any duke or marquis of the land. A prince would perhaps be the right person, but then in these degenerate days princes were few and far between, and difficult to wed, besides. But as for that cotton man—

Just then the father of the cotton man made his appearance, followed by the other, and so put an end to Miss Trevanion's withering reflection.

Mabel immediately challenged the old man—whom she seemed to have in a manner adopted—to play a game of bezique with her.

"With all the pleasure in life, Miss Mabel," returned he, "but you must promise not to beat me, and to be kinder to me than you were at dinner."

"Oh, there's an insinuation!" cried Mabel. "I scorn to refute it. I will promise you nothing, and certainly I will beat you if I can."

After which mild passage-at-arms they went off to their game, and seated themselves at a distant table in a far corner of the room.

Eddie, of course, as in duty bound, fell into a seat near Rachel, and endeavored with all his might to make himself agreeable to that uninteresting member of society. He was young and good-looking, so perhaps he succeeded; but, as he confided to Mildred next morning, "conversing with her was the most horrible thing I ever did in my life. He went through his work very bravely that once Rachel was less so, but he made it a point, when he could not secure a man, to instruct even women upon this his favorite topic.

All the others being provided for, nothing was left to Denzil but a corner of Miss Trevanion's sofa, where she sat, and he sat down, as usual, though her very life depended on the finishing of the task in hand.

A little black, glossy dog lay crouching at her feet.

"Your dog?" asked Denzil; and then Mildred knew he had not taken very deep offence at her last speech.

"Yes," she said, "graciously enough, feeling, man-like, that she owed him something in the dining-room."

"Nice little thing," Denzil remarked, raising the animal to examine its points, which evidently baffled him.

"What sort of dog is it? I don't think I ever saw one like it before."

"I don't suppose you ever did," Miss Trevanion answered, laughing in spite of herself. "The dog is, he is a valuable gift to me from my youngest brother, who transported him here from a neighboring town, and made me promise to support him until my dying day, so of course I was obliged to make a pet of the creature. I am horribly afraid it is nothing but the commonest cur; and yet I am so fond of it now that I would not exchange it for the most valuable animal that could be offered me."

"What!" said Denzil, softly, "that after all you said to me just now, Miss Trevanion, you can actually acknowledge yourself fond of anything so ill-bred?"

Mildred blushed crimson. Was he having his revenge? Well, if so, he was welcome to it.

"You have the best of it," she said, quietly; "although I might perhaps be quiet that I scarcely included dogs in my list. However, I will not, and I must confess that I could not love my little pet better had he come of the most ancient pedigree. Come here, whereupon the "little pet," coming in, jumped up into her lap and began to lick her face, as well as her hands, and Miss Trevanion continued her occupation over his dusky head. Perhaps she was aware how well the blackness of his coat set off the whiteness of her pretty hands. Certainly Denzil did not fail to remark the striking contrast.

"Do you sing?" he asked, presently.

"No—that is not worth speaking

IF SUBJECT TO COLDS HERE IS GOOD ADVICE
Don't load your stomachs with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrh-ozone which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrh-ozone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrh-ozone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis or throat trouble if Catarrh-ozone is used. Get it to-day, but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrh-ozone, large size, two months' treatment, costs \$1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

Gun, Howitzer And Mortar
There is no sharp and distinct understanding on the part of the average person as to the difference or distinction between the field gun, the siege gun, the howitzer and the mortar. The precise line of distinction or mark of distinction between these classes of weapons might be difficult even for an ordnance technician to define. It is certainly difficult for a layman to tell just where the gun ends and the howitzer begins, or where the howitzer ends and the mortar begins.

Considered in a broad and general way, the special purpose of the gun was and is to destroy other guns in march or in position, to destroy troops in the open and to batter down objects behind which troops find shelter. The projectile of the gun by high powder pressure was given a high velocity and a relatively flat trajectory, which means that the shot passing from the gun to the target did not rise high above the earth or above a line joining the gun and target. To withstand the powder pressure required for this work the gun was heavy in relation to the weight of the projectile. From the fact that the shot traveled in a path relatively of slight curve, its slope of fall or its angle of fall was not steep. It would go through a stone wall, or perhaps smash it, or would go deep into a dirt embankment, but it was not easy to put a shot inside a narrow deep trench, or to plant a shot so close behind an embankment as to kill men sheltered there.

The shot from the gun was good at penetration, but ineffective in searching the rear of cover. To accomplish that purpose another style of gun was devised. The pressure per square inch of powder chamber was decreased, the angle of elevation of the gun was increased, the angle of departure of the shot was greatly increased and the shot after reaching the summit of its path fell so steeply that if the range were known and the practice good the shot would land in a trench or fall so close behind an embankment or parapet that men would find no shelter there.

This being possible by a reduction of powder pressure per square inch of chamber surface, and consequent reduction in the speed of the projectile, it was found that the weight of the gun in relation to the weight of the projectile could be diminished, thus increasing its mobility or the facility with which it could be moved from place to place.

It was found that the barrel of this gun could be very much shortened, thus effecting a saving in weight. But in making this change in this gun instead of absolutely decreasing its weight the gunmakers enlarged the bore and increased the size of its projectile, thus increasing its efficiency. This type of gun, though not in the narrow and technical sense a "gun," is ordnance and an element of artillery and was given the specific name "howitzer."

The mortar was a gun that could give a higher angle of fire and a more plunging fire than a howitzer. It was a very short piece of ordnance of lead from a platform and held down by ropes. Foris and mortar boats used it for getting a high angle of fire and a more plunging fire with larger shells than could be had using a howitzer. The range used to be obtained by varying the powder charge. At this day mortars weighing at least four tons, fitted with an elevating device and range scale and with recoil and counter recoil or recuperator devices, are hauled around on wheels, set down on a platform also carried on wheels, and producing vertical fire with a high explosive shell weighing 250 pounds with or without a delay action fuse.

The field gun for the purpose of firing over ridges, getting at troops on the reverse slope of ridges or across hills, giving to shrapnel the proper slope of fall for effective distribution and keeping the load light on the horses has veered away from the gun as developed in ship and fortress artillery and in the direction of the howitzer-like properties. Field guns have had their trails split that the breech may be further depressed, thus giving them a higher angle of fire designed for use against air craft, and in effecting a useful compromise between power and mobility the trajectory of shots from this gun is high and the slope of fall quite steep.

Guns of high power—high powder pressure, high velocity and long range—have been built to give vertical fire or nearly vertical elevation against aeroplanes or dirigibles.

So, as announced, it is not an easy question to decide just where gun, howitzer and mortar divide.

Wild Buffalo increasing.
Government authorities of Alberta have made as reliable a census as possible of the wild buffalo of the Province, and announce that the number is not less than 400, probably nearer 500. The greater portion of these range in Northern Alberta, and the remainder in the Mackenzie district. Hunting of course is prohibited, the Royal Northwest mounted police have the animals under their protection, and any infraction of the law protecting them is severely punished.

Badly Missed.
Hugh had been left with his grandparents when his mother was called away by the illness of his father. A few days after she went away the little fellow said, "I wish was where mother is." His grandmother said, "Why just think; if you were there you would be missing your school," to which he replied, "But don't you know it is a great deal worse to miss your mother than your school?"—Exchange.

Oratorios in English.
Speaking of the wonderful enunciation of Sims Reeves, Sir Frederick Cowen relates an anecdote illustrative of the opposite sex. "One could not understand what he was singing about, not like a certain other artist of the time (it is true she was German), who invariably turned the words of Mendelssohn's 'Oh, for the wings of a dove!' into 'Oh, forty wings, forty wings!'"

RHEUMATISM A MYSTERY
Unless Rooted Out of the System It Grows Worse and Worse.
Some diseases give immunity from another attack, but rheumatism works just the other way. Every attack of rheumatism invites another. Worse than that, it reduces the body's power so that each attack is worse than the one before. If any disease needs curing early it is rheumatism, but there are few diseases physicians find more difficult to treat successfully. Wet weather does not cause rheumatism, as was once thought, though weather conditions may start the aches and pains. Rheumatism is now known to be dependent upon the blood condition, and medical authorities agree that the blood becomes thin with alarming rapidity as rheumatism develops. Maintaining the quality of the blood is, therefore, a reasonable way of preventing and curing rheumatism. That it works out in fact is shown by the beneficial results which follow a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which drives out the rheumatic poison, and while the blood is kept in this condition there is no danger of the trouble returning. Mr. W. T. Peil, Palermo, Ont., says: "I was attacked with a trouble which was ultimately pronounced rheumatism. Often I was barely able to crawl into bed, and seldom able to do a full day's work. In this condition I decared for a year, absolutely getting no better. Then I consulted another doctor, whose chief consolation was that unless I could get rid of the trouble I would be a cripple for life. He prescribed dieting, and I doctored with him for at least six months, but instead of getting relief I became weaker and less able to get around. Then I decided to try a doctor in Toronto, and was under his treatment for a out four months with no better results. I gave up the doctors and tried other remedies, which were equally futile. Then one day our sturkkeeper sent me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that if they did not help me I need not pay for them. I took them and then got some more and found they were helping me. I probably used \$10.00 worth before I felt fully cured, but they did cure me and were cheap as compared with the other treatments which did not help me. The cure was made several years ago, and I have not had a twinge of rheumatism since. To-day I am well and strong, and I believe I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bulldozing the Bull.
A few years ago I took a short course at our college of agriculture, and, besides learning how to judge calves and so forth, I learned the university yell. During the following summer our neighbor's bull bothered us at times by breaking through the fence and coming up from the pasture with our cows. Finding this breachy bull in the lane one night, my brother, who also knows something about college yells, and I each took a pitchfork and started after him. The bull took to his heels and ran until he came to a good sized elm tree. Here he wheeled and started pawing up the earth and bellowing and other wise showing an inclination to fight. To keep up our courage we started giving the college yell. The bull gave one startled look and then made for home the straightest and swiftest way. It took him through two barbed wire fences, but they did not hinder him any. He did not trouble us again. The moral of this is: When you go to college learn all you can, for you never can tell what you may have use for.—Country Gentleman.

Seville Nights.
In all the principal places and gardens of Seville moving picture screens are erected and small tables and chairs set out, the exhibitors either making their profits from the drinks sold or by rental of chairs at 2 cents each. Thousands of people go nightly to the different plazas and gardens, and the entire life of the city for about four months centres around these moving picture shows.

Avoid caustic and acid preparations that discolor and damage aluminum. Keep your utensils bright as new by using

Old Dutch



Old Dutch cleanser

Are Worth Their Weight in Gold

WHAT MRS. BROWN SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

New Brunswick Lady Feels It Her Duty to Tell Women That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are the Best Remedy She Ever Used.

Miscow Harbor, Gloucester Co., N. B., March 13.—(Special)—I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth their weight in gold." This is the statement of Mrs. James Brown, well known and highly respected here.

"I think it would be ungrateful on my part if I did not tell what a blessing Dodd's Kidney Pills have been to me." Mrs. Brown continued. "I was in bed three weeks with headache and sore back. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I found them the best remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. Brown is just one of the many women in New Brunswick who are telling of pains relieved and health restored by the great Canadian kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering women's best friend, because they act directly on the kidneys. They tone up the kidneys and put them in condition to do their full work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Nine-tenths of women's troubles come from diseased or disordered kidneys. There is abundant evidence on every hand that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles.