

REPORTS
MARKETS

WHEAT	12.00	12.00
BARLEY	11.00	11.00
RYE	10.00	10.00
OATS	9.00	9.00
CORN	8.00	8.00
BEANS	7.00	7.00
PEAS	6.00	6.00
WHEAT	12.00	12.00
BARLEY	11.00	11.00
RYE	10.00	10.00
OATS	9.00	9.00
CORN	8.00	8.00
BEANS	7.00	7.00
PEAS	6.00	6.00

TITLE MARKETS

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STRANGLES
Or Distemper in stallions, brood mares, colts and all others is most destructive. The germ causing the disease must be removed from the body of the animal. To prevent the trouble the same must be done.
SPOHN'S COMPOUND
Will do both—cure the sick and prevent those "exposed" from having the disease. All druggists.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

**HER HUMBLE
LOVER**

"Yes, it is true! I thought you, as I still think you the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, but it was not only that—it was I can scarcely say what it was, but your manner to Archie completed the spell. I was yours from that moment. Then the idea occurred to me that I would remain plain Hector Warren, and if it should be so fortunate, who you might do, I set to work, and thank Heaven, I succeeded! I should have kept my identity hidden until we were married, but unfortunately, in a moment of carelessness I had given Laura Derwent the permission she has so well used, and unless I had stayed away to-night, which I could not have done, I was forced to discover myself!"

"And Lady Rockwell knew it all the time!" says Signa, smiling.

"Knew it or guessed it!" he assents, smiling. "And has been amusing herself by telling the most awful stories about me before my very face, hoping that I should, in a moment of unguardedness of myself, but I think I balked her, and she smiles as he smooths the silken hair which has got ruffled by his embrace. "And as for Miss Laura Derwent—"

"She will be broken hearted!" says Signa, smiling.

He laughs. "I'll put it all right with her. She is a lady, not easily daunted or embarrassed."

"And Uncle Podswell?" says Signa, with arched brows.

"He shall have the living he wants," he says, smiling. "The curate is a very good fellow, and I will give him a couple of hundred a year out of my private purse. I will do anything to make things smooth and easy, for I feel that I have caused a good deal of—well, inconvenience. To-night I am so happy that I would wish every one else to be, if I could make them. And you, my darling, my own true love, what shall I say to you?"

"Only that you love me!" she whispers. "Let us go back now," she says, after a few minutes, "they will be waiting, I do not hear any music—"

"And you want to dance?" he adds. Signa shakes her head.

"No! You must not dance again with me to-night. It was all very well while you were only Hector Warren, but as Lord Delamere you owe a duty to half the room of unmarried girls, and you must dance with them!"

"Agh!" she says, with a smile and a sigh. "I almost do regret the loss of my plain mistresshood!"

They go back to the ballroom, and Signa, determined that she shall do her duty, slips her hand from his arm and joins the group at the further end of the room.

Her reappearance creates a sensation, and amidst a philosopher, given to weighing the motives of humanity, to observe the charged manner with which she is greeted. She is no longer Signa Grenville, engaged to plain Hector Warren, but the affianced of the Earl of Delamere.

Her grace the duchess greets her with a smile, and sweeps her own satin skirts off the couch upon which she sits to make room for the future Countess of Delamere.

"Come and sit down, Miss Grenville," she says, graciously. "You must be tired. We must be great friends; the Towers—which is the ducal residence—is not far from here, and we must see a great deal of each other. And only half an hour ago she said she would bestow more than her fingers upon this same Signa Grenville!"

Laura Derwent, coming up to the arm of her partner, dismisses him with a word and a smile, and seats herself beside Signa for a moment or two.

"Tell me, my dear, candidly, did you know it?"

Signa blushes and shakes her head.

"No! If you mean that Hector Warren and Lord Delamere were one and the same person."

"Yes, I knew you did not, although that odious Mrs. Podswell—I beg your pardon, my dear, I forgot she was your aunt—declared that you did. Of course you didn't know it! But how extraordinary it is! And you will be the Countess of Delamere! Isn't your

head quite turned?" There isn't a girl in the room, including myself, who wouldn't give her head to be what you will be! And I am so angry—at least I should be if the ball weren't going so splendidly. And it is going splendidly. Lord Delamere—I was nearly calling him Mr. Warren—is doing his duty tremendously. I haven't spoken to him yet; I dare not! But I will say this that he is doing his utmost to make the thing a success. What a delightful man he is! My dear, you ought to be a very happy girl!"

"I think I am very happy!" says Signa, with a smile.

Then there creeps up the recollection—there is no other word for it—he "creeps" up, rubbing his chin, and coughing apologetically.

"My dear Signa," he says, with a sickly smile, "this is, indeed, a surprise! I cannot—er—say how much your aunt and I—ahem!—delight in your—er—future—prospects; and if we have a regret, which, I trust, we have not, it is—er—that you did not confide in us more fully than you have done."

"But I didn't know it!" says Signa, candidly. "I didn't know anything about it! Tell my aunt that I was as much surprised as anyone, and the crimson flushes her face."

"Miss Grenville, will you give me the next dance?" asks the duke himself, a heavy more than middle-aged man, who goes in for breeding, short-horns, and who is never so happy as when he is in his turnip fields.

Signa smiles an assent, and gives him her hand to hold while she gathers up the train of the Egyptian gauze. The duke dances atrociously, and laughs at once into his favorite couple, but all the while he keeps a glance at the couple, and knows that the duke has received his orders to dance with Miss Grenville from the duchess, and understand what it means. It means that Signa Grenville will be the "lightest lady in that part of the shire, and that she will go out of the room before any one, excepting the duchess herself."

"Humph!" says his grace, after a short—happily for Signa's gaze—a short plunge or two. "Not much of a dancer, Miss Grenville; rather too much of the bear on hot bricks for a good supper like yours. I can't say, I'm here long. Oh, I beg your pardon, I forgot; The duchess just told me you were to marry Delamere; remember him when he was a boy in drawers; awful pickle he was. When he came home from school he used to poach my preserves, though he knew that game in his own. Hope he's grown up staidier, and not taken to poaching other people's game of all kinds, eh?"

Signa, amused and not quite clearly understanding, smiles, and says she hopes so, and the jolly farmer, for his grace is really not much bigger, and would be rather flattered than otherwise if any one called him a farmer—chuckles, and nods an assent.

"Going to marry him, aren't you?" by George, lucky young dog!"

"Do you mean me or Mr. Lord Delamere, your grace?" says Signa, with a twinkle in her violet eyes.

"Delamere—Delamere!" replies his grace, laughing, and starting at the beautiful face, now alight with a subtle witchery; she is so happy, you see, that she is half-inclined to flirt even with his grace the duke!"

"And so he is," he reiterates, heartily. "I say, I hope he'll settle down. No more phillanderings. Make him go in for farming; nothing like farming to settle a man."

"It settles too many I have heard," says Signa, with the same twinkle.

"The duke chuckles.

"Glad so it does," by George! But that won't affect Delamere; got plenty of money. Richer man than I am, by George!"

"Perhaps that's because you have some in the farming," says Signa.

"He chuckles again, and says, "Perhaps so, but never mind. You persuade him to run a home farm and anything that keeps a man staidier than short-horns; by George! if he attends to them properly, he'll be able to think of nothing else!"

"I don't fancy I should like him to go in for short-horns then," says Signa, demurely.

His grace laughs out loud this time, so that those near them turn with smiling curiosity.

"What! what! I see! Want him to think of you?"

"Sometimes," says Signa.

"It is not a very brilliant conversation, yet those near strain their ears to catch fragments of it, for is it not a duke who is talking?"

"I don't think we'd better dance any more," he says, looking down at her dress. "It should be sorry to tear that pretty frock of yours, and then my wife would scold me. I'll take you back, unless you'll be kind enough to sit down and talk to me."

Signa seats herself and talks to him—about his beloved short-horns, and when the duke takes her back, he confides to her grace, loud enough to be heard a dozen yards off, that—"By George! that girl is the most sensible girl in the room, and pretty as well as sensible. Knows something about everything, and ain't afraid of saying it!"

If anything were wanting to secure

HAIR GOODS
—FOR—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work.

Our Natural Wavy Strand Switches at \$3.00 and \$5.00 in All shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOUCHES at \$2.50 and \$3.00, that defy detection when worn.

HINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM
62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT.
(Formerly Mame I. Hintz)

Signa's success, the duke's expressed approval would supply it. Every one in the room is now prepared to go into ecstasies over her. From a little distance, where he is making himself pleasant and amiable, as the host, Lord Delamere sees the little ducal incident, and smiles with pride and satisfaction.

"My darling"—he thinks—"not fit to be a countess. There is no one here who is half as fit!"

No sooner has the duke assigned his partner than half a dozen men come forward eager to inscribe their names on her ball programme, and Signa is soon whirling round the room with a young marquis who is fortunate enough to find a dance disengaged.

Laura Derwent looks on with a smile.

"She deserves it all!" she says, almost to herself. "I never saw a girl take her honors more quietly! Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have their heads turned."

"Signa is the hundredth!" says Lady Rockwell and Laura Derwent. "Thank is not sarcastic. Think of it! She has just discovered, only an hour or two ago, that instead of a poor, unknown man, her future husband is an earl; that instead of living in a poky cottage on a hundred a year or so, she will be mistress of a dozen such places as this, and yet she takes it as meekly and quietly as you see, Laura, you are fond of a phenomenon; there is one for you!"

"I shall be very fond of her, at any rate," says Lady Rockwell. "Thank is not sarcastic. Think of it! She has just discovered, only an hour or two ago, that instead of a poor, unknown man, her future husband is an earl; that instead of living in a poky cottage on a hundred a year or so, she will be mistress of a dozen such places as this, and yet she takes it as meekly and quietly as you see, Laura, you are fond of a phenomenon; there is one for you!"

"Though she has deprived you of all chance of being Lady Delamere!" says the terrible old lady.

The beauty flushes, then laughs.

"Yes, even so! Wonderful, isn't it, aunt? What's that?"

"This is the signal for supper," says Lady Rockwell. "Thank Heaven, there will be no scrambling and fighting to-night, and she gathers her skirts round her with a sigh of relief."

There is no need for either fighting or scrambling. The supper which comes up to even Lady Rockwell and Laura Derwent's standard, is laid in the spacious banqueting-room, and there is a seat and a plate and a knife and fork for everyone; a rare thing at a ball! The contractors have fulfilled their glowing promise, and it is a banquet rather than the usual flimsy ball supper, which awaits two hundred guests.

Lord Delamere, as in duty bound, takes in the duchess, and Signa finds herself allotted to a young captain of dragoons, as handsome as Apollo, and with all the fine tones of a man of fashion.

He is a lady-killer of the most advanced type, and would give much to be able to lay siege to the heart of the beautiful girl in his charge, but he knows in a moment that all his blandishments are in vain, as he sees the glance which Signa exchanges with Lord Delamere, as he happens to pass her on his way to the head of the table.

"These blessed ears always have the best of it!" mutters the handsome captain to himself. He is as poor as a church-mouse and must "marry money" sooner or later. But, nevertheless, he makes himself very pleasant and amusing, and choosing the subject which he thinks will be most welcome, talks about Lord Delamere.

"Plenty of game here," he says, as the footman helps them to pigeon-pie. "Delamere is a magnificent shot. I was shooting with him ten years ago in America. I have seen him bring down a buffalo as neat as a whistle. Indeed, he is what we call an all-round man; can do almost anything, and do it well. He ought to have been in the service; he would have made a first-rate officer."

Signa's smile rewards him for his praise.

"Delamere has got no end of pluck,"

Redpath SUGAR

If better sugar is ever produced than the present REDPATH Extra Granulated, you may be sure it will be made in the same Refinery that has led for over half a century—and sold under the same name—REDPATH.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

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Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

you see, and a man who has got that is sure to get on. I remember a tremendously plucky thing he did; it was out in the west—Canada, I mean—we, our party, you know, were going down river in canoes, and one of the canoes got upset at one of the rapids. It would have been all up for the Englishman on board, who couldn't swim a morsel, but Lord Delamere went for him, and after a hard fight brought him to land. I never saw a neater thing, or a harder swim!"

Signa glances at the handsome face of the man whom he is praising, and her heart throbs with pride.

"You have known Lord Delamere for some time?" she says.

"Oh, years. We were at Eaton together. We haven't seen much of each other lately, because he has been wandering about. He is always a lucky boy, I think he is a lucky man also!"

Signa blushes at the rather broad compliment, but forgives it, and the captain fills his glass with champagne and goes on with his supper, feeling that he has earned it.

The supper is a great success. One expects to be crowded and pushed about on such occasions, but here there is plenty of room, and when they return to the ballroom there is plenty of laughter to denote that the guests of this strange party are enjoying themselves.

"It is going beautifully!" exclaims Laura Derwent, coming up to Signa. "My dear, this night will be talked of in the future—in the town, too, for quite a year! which is a long time, let me tell you! It is such a magnificent place, you see, and everything has been done so well, and Lord Delamere—I never knew a man exert himself with more willingness or greater success. Signa, I envy you!"

"Don't do that," says Signa, with a smile and a blush.

"But I do! I can't help it! To think that you will have all this, and she looks round, and him into the bargain. Why, my dear, I'm in love with him myself. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not in the least," says Signa, smiling, "so that he be not in love with you!"

Laura Derwent laughs.

"You need not be afraid of that! I think he thoroughly detests me for being the cause of his discovering him!"

"Would you believe it, I haven't spoken to him since we first came in!"

"Miss Derwent," says Delamere, at her elbow, "if you have a dance left, I shall be very grateful."

She turns with a smile—she doesn't start to save her life—and gives him her card.

"You can see, I'm afraid not."

"No," he says. "But this, I see, is given to the marquis; he will not have it, I have no doubt."

"Very well," she says. "You must make your peace with him."

He leads her off, as Signa is taken away by her partner, but a moment later Delamere and Laura Derwent stand in silence, then he pulls up and stands looking down at her with a curious expression; then he says—

"Miss Derwent, I wanted a word with you."

"Yes," she says, looking up. "And I am glad to find an opportunity of speaking to you, Lord Delamere. I don't know what to say now that I have gained the opportunity! But I feel that I ought to beg your pardon for my—I should like to say 'cheek'! It is the only word that will fit it!"

He smiles.

"You have done nothing to beg my pardon for," he says, and quite, was a way that told more with those who came in contact with it than the most emphatic verbal expressions. You have given me an opportunity of meeting my friends and neighbors and gaining, I trust, their good will. That is all."

"That is not all!" she says, looking at her fan restlessly. "I have made myself awfully objectionable, I feel it! Lord Delamere, why did you not tell me that you were Hector Warren?"

"Why?" he says. "Well, I did not tell Signa, who is my affianced wife."

"I am answered," she says, with a shrug. "Nevertheless, I shall never forgive myself, except I tell it was doing wrong that night at the Towers, do you remember that night?"

"What a strange place it was for us to meet in!"

"I remember," he says, and as he speaks a shade crosses his brow, and his eyes drop in a way peculiar to him, but he never looks at her. "I remember," says Derwent.

"Yes," she says, bending her brows upon him waiting.

He is silent a moment, then, with an effort, that is scarcely perceptible, he goes on—

"Well, if you remember, at that time—"

"Yes."

(To be continued.)

and aluminum and copper, nickel and steel (German silver).

The metals used are alloyed in varying proportions, probably no two comings using the same proportions. The standard metals or alloys used in resistance wires, by their specific resistance, divide resistance wires into grades having definite limits, as from six to twelve times the resistance of copper up to fifty five to sixty-five times the resistance of copper.

Resistance wire is furnished in several sizes, ribbon and plate form. Usually only the wire is carried in stock, the ribbon and plate being made up to order.

In the electrical trade resistance wire is used for two purposes. For heating elements, and for resistance or current limiting elements. The largest use at the present time is in connection with heating elements.

The heating elements are made of resistance wire of constant size, safety to heating and other heating devices, the heat being produced by the composition of resistance wire, and the use of an insulating material. This class of wire is used for a wire that will withstand high temperatures and that has a high specific resistance. For this reason it has been found that nickel and chromium resistance wires are best for these purposes, and is accordingly used. They Times.

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USED TEN YEARS

Dr. J. C. Williams, of Montreal, writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the last ten years, and can highly recommend them for babyhood and childhood ailments. My baby boy was very delicate, in fact, he never thrived, or would live but a few days. The Tablets have now made the healthy boy. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children. They regulate the bowels, and stop and prevent all the troubles of the stomach. They are sold by all druggists and by mail order. The Dr. J. C. Williams, Montreal, Quebec, Canada."

ELECTRIC HEAT

How Electricity is Changed Into Heat by Resistance Wire.

It is not always necessary to burn something to produce heat. However, we have secured our heat by combustion for so long that most of us believe that heat can be produced in no other way. It is hard to convince the mass of an electric filament, or even an electric range, that nothing is burned within the iron that there is no fire in the range. If you don't believe that heat can be produced without fire and combustion try rubbing a coin briskly on the carpet. In a few seconds the coin will be hot to the touch. If you rubbed it fast enough and long enough it would set fire to the carpet.

When the coin is rubbed on the carpet it is heated by friction. By this same process is heat produced in an electric iron or any other electric heating device. Only in the case of electricity, friction is called by another name, "resistance." Electric heat is produced by the "resistance" offered to the flow of the current by special resistance metal inserted in the circuit. The current flows easily and smoothly along the copper wire leading into the electric iron. In the bottom of the iron is inserted a stamped leaf, or a kind of resistance wire, through which the current must force its way before it can flow on to complete the circuit, but there is pressure or voltage, enough to force it over the difficult path. In overcoming this resistance a part of the electrical energy is changed to heat energy, and the resistance wire becomes quite hot.

All wire offers more or less resistance to the flow of electricity. The term, however, is usually applied only to those wires possessing a higher specific resistance than copper wire. Silver has the lowest electrical resistance of all the metals, but as silver is costly, and as copper has but slightly greater resistance, it is copper wire that is in commercial use, so all comparisons are made with reference to an electrical current. This resistance to the current causes the electrical energy to become converted into heat, and it is by the utilization of this heating characteristic that resistance wire finds so great a use to day in the electrical trade.

Resistance wires are almost always composed of alloys of various metals. They are usually given trade names by the concerns making them. The composition of the various resistance wires now on the market, however, are nickel and chromium, nickel and steel, nickel, copper and manganese (manganin), nickel and copper, nickel and manganese, nickel, copper, manganese

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Some of the Favorites of the Incoming Season.

Light and airy, and more than ever adapted to the prevailing season, these smart new blouses are made of the finest materials, and are designed to be worn with the latest styles of dresses. They are made in a variety of colors, and are all of the latest fashion. They are sold by all druggists and by mail order.

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

Millions of colds start with wet feet, which could and should be prevented by wearing rubbers, rubber farm shoes or high rubber boots.

Through the slop and slush of Spring you can work better, be more comfortable, and enjoy better health, if your feet are protected by rubber footwear bearing one of these famous Trade Marks:

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of a boy are not made out of books or sermons. They are built out of foods that supply in well-balanced proportion and in digestible form every needed element. These elements are found in **Shredded Wheat Biscuit**, a real whole wheat food which contains all the material for building the human body. A perfect food for growing youngsters. Its crispness encourages thorough chewing, which develops sound teeth and healthy gums. Children like it and thrive on it. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat. For breakfast or any meal with milk or cream. Made in Canada.