MARKET REPORTS

RONTO MARKETS.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Potatoes	$0 42	$0 45
Cabbage, doz	0 35	0 60
Onions	0 60	0 [illegible]
Poultry —		
	0 33	0 35
	0 22	0 25
	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]
	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]
	0 15	0 [illegible]
Butter —		
	0 26	0 32
	0 24	0 28
	4 50	4 50
	3 50	3 [illegible]
	5 00	5 00
	0 40	0 40
	0 20	0 25
	0 50	0 75
	0 10	0 [illegible]
	0 15	0 [illegible]
	0 50	1 00
	0 60	2 00
	1 50	1 [illegible]
	0 25	0 [illegible]
	0 10	0 [illegible]
	0 20	0 [illegible]
	0 03	0 [illegible]
	0 10	0 [illegible]
	0 25	0 [illegible]
	0 40	0 [illegible]
	0 05	0 [illegible]
	0 50	1 [illegible]
	0 60	2 00
	3 50	3 [illegible]
	0 50	0 [illegible]
	0 03	0 04
	0 03	0 04
	0 25	0 [illegible]
	0 20	0 25

HAY AND STRAW. WHOLESALE.

[illegible] ton	$15 00	$15 00
[illegible]	16 00	18 50
[illegible]	11 50	17 00
[illegible]	11 50	12 50
[illegible]	11 50	13 50
[illegible]	11 50	11 50
[illegible]	13 00	13 50
[illegible]	18 50	20 00
[illegible]	14 50	16 50
[illegible]	18 50	19 50
[illegible]	18 50	19 50
[illegible]	10 00	12 00
[illegible]	15 00	17 00
[illegible]	0 21	0 21
[illegible]	11 00	11 00

LIVERPOOL MARKET.

Spot prices on Canadian [illegible] quiet, in store, in [illegible]

[illegible]	100 lbs.	$3.53
[illegible]	100 lbs.	7.43
[illegible]	100 lbs.	7.53
[illegible]	100 lbs.	7.53
[illegible]	100 lbs.	7.43
[illegible]	100 lbs.	7.13
[illegible]	100 lbs.	6.93

[illegible] 100 lbs. 6.43

Futures steady, unchanged. Sales, 10 cents over unmutilated Brass. [illegible] 10 cents over unmutilated Brass. [illegible], 50 cents over unmutilated Brass.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKETS.

Trade a little slow, but prices hold

Cattle, choice	10 50	10 75
Cattle, choice	9 50	10 25
Cattle, medium	7 25	8 00
Cattle, common	6 50	7 00
Butchers', choice	8 00	9 00
Butchers', medium	6 50	7 25
Butchers', canners	4 50	5 00
Bulls	5 00	9 75
Milkers and springers	6 00	7 50
Calves	5 00	9 75
Sheep, each	50 00	100 00
Lambs	50 00	100 00
Hogs, fed and watered	10 00	10 25
Hogs, f.o.b.	9 00	9 25
Hogs, f.o.b.	9 00	9 75
Lambs, spring	14 75	16 75
Calves	6 00	12 25

ER MARKETS.

WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET.

	Open	High.	Low.	Close
Oct.	1 78¾	1 79¾	1 78¾	1 79¾
Dec.	1 76¾	1 77¾	1 76¾	1 77¾
May	1 [illegible]	1 [illegible]	1 [illegible]	1 [illegible]
Oct.	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 59¾	0 [illegible]
Dec.	0 59	0 59½	0 59¾	0 59¾
May	2 00	2 00	2 59	2 59

Oct. 1-2 sold.

WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat—Wheat, May, $1.80; July, $1.80½. No. 1 hard, $1.80 to $1.80½. No. 2 [illegible], $1.82 to $1.80½. No. 3 [illegible], $1.78 to $1.87. Corn, No. 2 [illegible] 1-2 to $1.02. Oats, No. 2 [illegible] 1-2 to 1-2c. Flour—Fancy or first clears, $8.25, other unchanged. Bran unchanged.

DULUTH GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat, No 1 hard, $1.83 5-8; No. 1 [illegible] $2 5-8; No. 2 Northern, $1.87 to arrive, $2.81 1-2; May $2.83 asked.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Cattle [illegible]

Cattle	7 85	11 90
Hogs	8 25	9 [illegible]
Sheep	7 75	10 [illegible]
Lambs	9 00	13 [illegible]
Hogs, [illegible]	11 90	12 65
[illegible]	12 85	12 90
[illegible]	12 85	12 85
[illegible]	12 85	12 85
[illegible]	12 50	12 [illegible]
[illegible]	9 [illegible]	11 60
[illegible]	11 00	12 75
[illegible]	12 90	13 15
[illegible]	11 90	11 70

WOOL MARKETS.

[illegible] (Coast)—24 to

[illegible] 18 to 18 lbs.—25c. [illegible] 18 to 20 lbs.—

[illegible] 25c.

[illegible] to 34 lbs.—

[illegible] 30 to 30 lbs.—

[illegible] 20 lbs.—28c. [illegible] 20 lbs.—19c. [illegible] 25c. 34. [illegible] 18c.

[illegible] sport.

[illegible] BABIES

[illegible] Blissfield, [illegible] can speak very [illegible]'s Own Tablets. I [illegible] for my children and [illegible] medicine a [illegible] little ones. I recommend them to [illegible] fretful babies." [illegible] the bowels and [illegible] up colds and simple [illegible] cure vomiting [illegible] make teething [illegible] sold by medicine [illegible] at 25 cents a box [illegible] Medicine Co.,

[illegible] Up Tucks.

[illegible] [illegible] otherwise. [illegible] best on skirts, [illegible] shows black bindings; [illegible] of those turned-up [illegible] reaches nearly to the

[illegible] like children that are [illegible] live and eat apart [illegible]ill.—George Eliot.

HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Never!" said Signa, bitterly.

"But I know that it is so!" he retorted, almost fiercely in his despair and jealousy. "He has won you from me; he has stepped in between us with his false airs and lying speeches. I felt it from the first, and I hated him from the moment I saw him!"

"All this is nothing to me," said Signa, panting with indignation. "Let me pass!"

"You say he is nothing to you," he said, desperately. "Swear that it is so; tell me that you do not care for him—that you will not marry him—and I—I will be satisfied; yes, I will not torment you any more. Tell me here and now that he is nothing to you, and I will be satisfied."

Signa remained silent, and, with a look of mingled anguish and fury, he turned upon her.

"You will not? No, I knew you would not; I felt sure of it! Even at this moment perhaps you know where he is—perhaps you came here to meet him."

"Let me pass!" said Signa, white and terrified. "I will not listen to another word; indeed, I think you are mad, in truth. Let me pass!"

With a muttered oath, he flung the gate to and locked it; and thrusting the key into his pocket, he turned on her.

"To go to him! No, you shall not! If my love for you can do no more, it can at least guard you against yourself."

And he leant against the gate, and folded his arms with a air of dogged, insane determination.

Signa steadied herself against the battlement of the turret with one hand. She had now come to the conclusion that he was mad indeed, and a cold chill fell upon her, and deprived her of speech for the moment, but she struggled against the deathly numbness and pained courage. If he were indeed mad, she must coax, not exasperate him.

"Sir Frederic," she panted, "what am I to think of such conduct? You cannot intend to keep me here a prisoner. It is—it is too ridiculous!" and she forced a laugh that sounded hollow and fearful in her own ears.

"Give me your promise to have nothing more to do with this fellow," he said, hoarsely, "and I will go down on my knees and implore your pardon."

"I do not wish you to do anything of the kind, Sir Frederic. I wish you to open that gate and allow me to pass."

"I cannot, I dare not!" he said, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I will save you, even against your will, from this man. Tell me that he is nothing to you, that you will not listen to him or have any communication with him and I will be content. It is of you, not myself, that I am now thinking, Signa, Signa, listen to me!"

Signa shrank back—for he had extended his arms imploringly and leaning over the buttress called quickly for help. The cry seemed to madden him.

"It is useless, useless!" he said. "The man is deaf, and if he were not I have sent him home. There is no soul within hearing. Give me your promise, Signa."

Signa took no heed of him but ran to the furthest end of the tower, and looked over with the intention of leaping over it if need were. But a glance showed her that to leap meant a broken limb, if not death. With a low moan she turned and faced him, leaning heavily on the stonework, for the trying scene was beginning to tell on her strength, and she felt physically weak and faint; and yet the situation was almost absurd. She knew for a certainty that he would not harm her; mad with jealousy as he was, she knew that he would have died rather than lay a finger upon her; but she also felt convinced that he would keep her there the whole night, and the mere thought of such a catastrophe drove her to despair.

For a moment, as the moonlight fell upon his white, haggard face, she thought that the whole scene must be a horrid dream, and that she should wake and find herself in her room at the Rectory. Then, as he moved, she knew that it was real, and a low cry rose from her parched lips and cleaved the air. The cry seemed to wring his heart.

"Your promise," he cried; "that is all I ask. Great Heaven! you cannot think that I mean to harm you, Signa, it is of yourself and your welfare I am thinking. Promise me——"

He stopped abruptly, and stared beyond her with an intent gaze, then made a step forward, and Signa, thinking that at last his madness had taken an evil turn, swung round prepared to leap into the darkness, when suddenly there rose above the tower the vision of a man's head and shoulders, and the next moment Hector Warren sprung lightly on the grassy platform.

Signa uttered a low cry of relief and thanksgiving and sank down on the ground, overcome and almost prostrate. Then she felt an arm round her, and knew that Hector Warren had carried her to the seat.

"Do not be afraid," he murmured in her ear; then he turned to Sir Frederic, still standing staring with stony astonishment.

Signa, looking up with an effort, saw that Hector Warren's face was as white as that which he confronted, but white with an unspeakable wrath and indignation. Like an avenging spirit, he stood, with broken fragments of stone and ivy that had clung to him as he climbed the tower; like a man waiting to exact reparation for a cruel wrong, he confronted the dazed, bewildered Sir Frederic.

"What does this mean?" he demanded; and his voice, stern, though low and well in command, almost struck terror even to Signa's heart. "Are you mad?" And he went to the gate, and shook it with a force that must have brought it down if it had not been of iron and strongly made. "Give me the key! Do you not understand that you have alarmed the lady—terrified her almost beyond endurance? Give me the key——"

And he advanced to Sir Frederic, standing motionless, with an ominous darkening of the handsome face.

"No, no!" exclaimed Signa, darting between them. "He does not know, he does not understand what he is doing. You must not touch him—you must not, indeed."

Hector Warren's hand fell to his side.

"I will not; leave him to me," he murmured, gently. "Go you and sit down. I will get the key from him."

"Come, give me the key," he said, [illegible] "You are not to be trifled with," he added, sternly, under his breath.

"I will not," said Sir Frederic, awakening as if from a stupor. "This place is mine; you have no right here; you have no right to interfere between me and this lady. Take your hand from my shoulder!"

"The key—the key! Give him the key!" implored Signa, clasping her hands in her terror.

Hector Warren looked round at her with a reassuring smile.

"Come, Sir Frederic," he said. "Be reasonable. Let me have the key. This farce—it is nothing more than a farce—has been played long enough. You have alarmed Miss Grenville by your tomfoolery, and should be ashamed of yourself. Give me the key."

"I will not," said Sir Frederic, with the intense stubbornness of a man half insane. "She has but to give me her promise, and I will not only give her the key, but implore her pardon."

"Promise—what promise?" demanded Hector Warren, sternly.

"Do not ask him!" implored Signa, a burning flush spreading over her face. "Persuade him to let you have the key, and let us go. Every moment is one of intolerable misery to me!"

"You hear!" said Hector Warren, ominously. "The key—the key!"

"I will not give it to you," said Sir Frederic, sullenly. "Say what you will, do what you will, she shall not leave here till I have her promise."

"You will not!" said Hector Warren.

Then, before Sir Frederic could guess at his intention, he had seized him by his arm, and dragged him in the buttress.

Signa sprang toward them with a cry of alarm.

"Oh, what is it you mean to do? Hestor?"—the word slipped out before she was aware of it—"you will not hurt him?"

"Listen!" he said, sternly, with fierce determination in his voice. "You tell me that you mean to keep Miss Grenville in this place till dawn. You know what that means; you are not so bad as not to understand that by so doing you subject her to scandal, that you run the risk of injuring her reputation. That may be your intention, perhaps. I am indifferent as to your intention, and think only of the result. Now listen to me. I intend that she shall leave here within an hour. You say that you will not give up the key?"

"By Heaven, I will not!" said Sir Frederic, hoarsely.

"Good! Then I am going for assistance. But you will go with me. Do you understand? No?" and he grasped him suddenly round the shoulders and sprung upon the buttress. "I mean to leap from this beastly place, and to take you with me. Are you ready?"

Sir Frederic glanced down; the darkness into which he gazed seemed to strike him with a sudden chill.

"Are you ready?" demanded Hector Warren, calmly, sternly.

"Stop—stop—I do not care! I will stay!" shrieked Signa. But Hector Warren seemed deaf even to her.

"Once more—ah! you will not! Come, then!" and with a herculean grasp he dragged Sir Frederick to the edge.

And at this moment his opponent's courage failed him. With a shuddering look into the darkness below he drew back, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew out the key and flung it on the ground without a word.

Without a word Hector Warren secured the key, and going calmly and quietly to the gate, unlocked it. Then he opened it wide and motioned to Sir Frederic.

"Go" he said, slowly, and with a despairing glance full of anguish and despair, Sir Frederic passed down the broken stairs. They heard him staggering like a drunken man till his footsteps were drowned on the turf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Silent and trembling, Signa leant against the stonework of the tower, her hand pressed to her heart, her breath coming in quick, short gasps. The horror of the scene was still upon her, and yet a faint thrill of joy was beginning to flutter in her bosom, for she began to realize that Hector Warren was standing beside her. Quite silent he stood, not looking at her waiting with the truest, noblest, tenderness, that she might have time to recover. Another man would have pressed his attentions upon her—would have been fussy, and sympathetic, and soothing, but he was too wise; he simply stood, the strong hand—the hand that had grasped Sir Frederick with a grasp of iron resting on the gate. Moments that seemed minutes passed thus; then, as with a sigh she raised her head and glanced at him, he came toward her.

"Are you rested now?" he asked, and his voice, which when she had heard it a few minutes before was so stern that it struck terror even to her innocent soul, was as soft and gentle as a woman's.

The simple question, the gentle voice, brought the tears to Signa's eyes, and she put up her hand hastily to wipe them away.

"Yes—yes, quite," she murmured.

"That is well," he said, soothingly. "Will you not sit down for a little while——"

"No, no," she broke in, with a faint shudder. "Let us go at once," and she looked round loathingly.

He understood that the sight of the place, the very atmosphere, was unendurable to her, and he stretched out his hand, and taking hers, drew her arm within his.

"You are sure you feel strong enough to walk?"

"Yes! ah, yes."

"Lean upon me; so," and he drew her nearer so that she would really lean her weight on him.

So, almost supporting her, he led her down the stone steps. At the bottom he paused a moment and flung something behind him. It was the key, and Signa shuddered as she heard it strike against the wall. No word he could have spoken could have been more full of scornful contempt than the gesture with which he flung the hateful key behind him.

"Will you rest here?" he asked, as they entered the park, but she shook her head.

"No; let us go," then she stopped, troubled and bewildered. Where could she go? Not to the Park, certainly not there.

He looked down at her, a strange light in his eyes, a commingling of tender pity and passionate love.

"Can you bear that I should ask you a question?" he whispered.

"Can I bear——" she echoed, in a low, tremulous voice. "Who should have more right to ask me anything than you who—who have saved me from that madman?"

"Hush!" he whispered. "Do not speak of it. Try and forget it. There was no real danger; he would not have touched you."

"No—no, I understand that, but—ah, it was terrible!" and she covered her eyes with her hands.

"You must not, you shall not think and dwell on it!" he said, with an intense tenderness that was almost fierce. "Treat it as an ugly dream."

"Ah, if I could! But I shall never forget it. If you had not come! How did you come? I did not know you were near——"

He almost groaned in his remorse.

"If I had never gone!" he murmured. "I would give ten years of my life to have remained near you to have protected you. How did I come? It was"—and his voice grew solemn—"it was more than mere chance, it was Providence. To the day of my death I shall believe that something within me warned me of your danger, and drew me to this accursed spot! I only returned to Northwell this evening; I could not rest in the house, and set out for the Grange, but at the turn of the road I felt drawn to the Park, and followed the impulse. Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

She did not echo the thanksgiving, but he felt her hand tremble on his arm.

"I strolled in the moonlight till I came to the tower, and was looking up at it when I heard your voice; no matter! No more of this! Remember, it is only an ugly, miserable dream! And now—how does it happen that you are here?" and he looked down at her with tender, earnest anxiety.

"I was—I am on a visit to the Park; Lady Blyte asked me—Sir Frederic was away," she winced at the name—"and she felt lonely, and wished me to come."

"I understand," he said, in a low voice. "And she—she did not know he was here?"

"No, no, a thousand times no! I am sure of that!" said Signa, earnestly. "And now—ah! what am I to do? I cannot go back to the house!" and she raised her eyes to his with real alarm.

"No; certainly not," he said, calmly. "Do you know the nearest path across the Park to the Rectory?" he asked, as if it were the most natural question in the world.

Signa started.

"What will they say?" She looked up at the moon, now high in the heavens.

"What will they say to your returning so late at night and unexpected, and escorted by me?" he said, with that calm, masterful air which inspires confidence even in the most timid of women. "You must leave that to me. I will explain——"

"You will not tell them——"

"Does one ever tell one's bad dreams?" he asked, with a grave smile. "No. You shall leave it all to me. Are you sure you are strong enough to walk yet?"

Signa sighed, but the sigh was of a different nature to that which had a few minutes before burst from her pale lips.

"I am quite sure," she answered, simply.

And it was true. Her heart still beat fast and furiously, but a feeling of quiet serenity and peace was beginning to fall over her like a refreshing dew.

The blood crept back slowly to her lips, the terrified expression vanished from her eyes, and a soft, tremulous glow took its place. It was almost as if she had obeyed his command, and had taken the horror of the last few minutes as a dream from which she had now awakened.

Looking down at her in the moonlight, he saw the change that had come over her lovely face, and his own brow lightened, and he drew her arm still more closely to his side.

So they walked along the narrow path in silence. Signa tried to speak, to find some words in which to express the heartfelt gratitude toward him that throbbed in every vein of her body, but she could not. A sensation, half of delight, half of pain, was taking possession of her, and she almost fancied, as she looked up at the starlit sky, that this, too, would prove a dream, and that she should wake and find that he had gone. Presently they came to a seat under a tree, and without a word he led her to it.

"You must rest a few minutes," he said, gently.

"I am not tired, indeed I am not. And—I am afraid it is dreadfully late," and she smiled, but she sat down nevertheless.

He stood beside her, and took out his watch.

"It is not so late. No, I will not tell you the time," he added, as she opened her lips. "What is the matter?" for she bent forward with a sudden pallor and a low cry.

"Your hand!" she murmured.

He looked down at his outstretched hand; it was cut and torn, and was streaked with blood.

"It is nothing," he said, with a smile. "Really and truly nothing," and he felt for his handkerchief.

(To be continued.)

The Barrel Frock.

It comes via Paris.

And it is one of the rumored spring fashions.

It is no queerer than some other sartorial whimsicalities we have seen—and worn!

This new frock fits snugly at the top, widens out at the knees and is caught in at the foot.

One new model was of soft crepe, with new long sleeves and the new collarless neck, and, of course, the barrel-like skirt.

"I hope your son has obtained employment amid refined surroundings." "Oh, my, yes. He works in a refinery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MARKETS OF PARIS.

Buyers in the "Halles" May Not Carry Parcels of Any Kind.

There are some queer customs and regulations in the "halles," the great Paris central markets. No buyer is allowed to enter or leave the markets carrying a parcel, however small it may be. To carry parcels is the privilege of the porters of these markets. Quaint figures are they in baggy velveteen trousers, blue striped jerseys and big brimmed, round leather hats. They also can be employed to convey from the market to the street outside your merchandise, whether it be half a beef or only a good fat hen.

Madame has to help in her purchases market women known as the keepers. These women sit at the entrance to the main division of the markets and for a small fee watch over all purchases brought to them. Many of these "saleladie," are wealthy. A portly dame, a small seller, wears a fine pair of diamonds in her ears and a sparkling solitaire on her ring finger.

Another character at the markets is the "cutter." When a sheep is brought to him by the buyer for a half a dozen Paris housekeepers he cuts the animal into six portions and divides it among them. The purchasers draw lots for the best pieces and pay according to value received.—Exchange.

$1,000.00 Reward Forfeited If Remedy Fails

We hope this notice will reach the eyes of people who are troubled with constipation and bowel trouble. Dr. Hamilton's Pills have been guaranteed to cure any case within three days, and the above reward will be paid for any case resisting this greatest of all remedies.

No prescription ever written could surpass Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. For years they have been curing the most obstinate cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches and sour stomach. Here is your chance to test Dr. Hamilton's Pills. If they fail—your money back for the asking. Be sure you get the yellow box, and insist on being supplied with only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c at all dealers.

Smart Silk Stockings.

The plain silk stocking has many rivals.

There are cloaks galore—in white on black, black or white, and many other colors.

For the woman who wears sports clothes there are ribbed silk sports hose in colors to match footwear and suits.

For evening wear there are exquisite affairs of fine silk, heavily embroidered and inset with laces.

Stripes are silk much in evidence and you may have the stripes up and down or around, just as you prefer.

Hoarding.

We think we'll try
To save some dough,
With which to buy
An egg or so.

—Cincinnati Enquirer Telegram

We think we'll save
A million cents
We have decided
A pair of shoes.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer-Times.

HOT SALMON CANAPES.

A Salmon Appetizer Which You May Not Have Tried.

Cut out six rounds of rather stale bread with a fancy cutter, and out of the centre of each round cut a piece with a smaller cutter so as to make a hollow case.

Fry a golden brown in boiling fat, and drain. Take a teaspoonful of chutney, half a teaspoonful of curry powder, and a tablespoonful of brown or white sauce, and add two tablespoonfuls of salmon, salt and pepper. Pound smooth, and make very hot. Fill the croutons with this, shaping it into a neat pyramid.

Powder with chopped yolk of egg and serve very hot.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities; the best sometimes poisonous; but, I believe never the sweet.—Hare.

OPEN LETTER TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA FROM LADY GWENDOLEN GUINNESS

Captain the Hon. Rupert Guinness, A.D.C., C.B., C.M.G., R.N.V.R., Senior Officer of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and his wife, Lady Gwendolen Guinness sailed a few weeks ago for England after having spoken in almost every town of any size in Canada from Sydney and Halifax on the Atlantic, to Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific.

Their aim was to organize Committees to secure recruits for the Overseas Division of the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, and the work which they launched and which was unreservedly helped along by the Hon Mr. Hazen for the Canadian Government, has already had splendid results, and hundreds of good recruits have joined the Navy under the auspices of the R. N. C. V. R.

Before leaving, The Lady Gwendolen made arrangements to have a specially designed souvenir pendant distributed through the various recruiting centres to the Mothers, or Wives—or Sweethearts whose influence had helped to secure recruits.

This pendant is a very pretty one of silver—gilt—and bears the motto "I helped to serve."

The badge is now, we are informed, being distributed by the Committees and will doubtless be worn by many women as a badge of honor, as well as a souvenir of their loved ones. The illustration gives some idea of its general appearance, and the following is the open letter written by her Ladyship:

The Pendant Offered by Lady Gwendolen Guinness.

To the Women of Canada:

In a journey throughout the Provinces of Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific, I have had the opportunity of personally witnessing the splendid spirit and untiring work of patriotic women everywhere in the Dominion.

I am convinced that here, as in Great Britain, the debt which is owed by the Women of the Empire to our Navy is not forgotten.

The iron hand of Naval Dominion alone shields us from the ruthlessness of an enemy who has not scrupled to make war on the helpless and defenceless. The power of the Navy protects our loved ones on their journey to the battlefields, and preserves our homes in safety and prosperity. Recognizing this debt, I am sure that every Canadian woman will do her utmost to secure that support for Naval defence which has been asked for from Canada.

I am asking every woman who obtains a recruit for the Overseas Division of the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve to accept a small silver badge, as a souvenir of her effort and sacrifice towards upholding the Cause of Humanity and Civilization, and bringing the struggle in which we are all engaged to a speedy and a triumphant issue.

(Signed) GWENDOLEN GUINNESS.

The new menace of unreserved Hun piracy adds further interest to the compaign for Naval Recruits and enforces the necessity of increasing naval effort, and it is hoped that a still more generous response will be given to the Naval Recruiting Committees Call.

In the meantime, we feel we voice the feelings of many of our readers in extending our thanks to the Lady Gwendolen for the happy thought her gift embodies and to Captain Guinness and herself for their tireless exertions on behalf of the Cause.

HAIR GOODS

—FOR—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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

Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at $5.00, $7.00 and $9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES at $25.00 and $35.00, that defy detection when worn.

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