

MARKETS	
GRAIN MARKETS	
Wheat, No. 1, 1914	1.10
Wheat, No. 2, 1914	1.05
Wheat, No. 3, 1914	1.00
Wheat, No. 4, 1914	0.95
Wheat, No. 5, 1914	0.90
Wheat, No. 6, 1914	0.85
Wheat, No. 7, 1914	0.80
Wheat, No. 8, 1914	0.75
Wheat, No. 9, 1914	0.70
Wheat, No. 10, 1914	0.65
Wheat, No. 11, 1914	0.60
Wheat, No. 12, 1914	0.55
Wheat, No. 13, 1914	0.50
Wheat, No. 14, 1914	0.45
Wheat, No. 15, 1914	0.40
Wheat, No. 16, 1914	0.35
Wheat, No. 17, 1914	0.30
Wheat, No. 18, 1914	0.25
Wheat, No. 19, 1914	0.20
Wheat, No. 20, 1914	0.15
Wheat, No. 21, 1914	0.10
Wheat, No. 22, 1914	0.05
Wheat, No. 23, 1914	0.00
Wheat, No. 24, 1914	0.00
Wheat, No. 25, 1914	0.00
Wheat, No. 26, 1914	0.00
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Wheat, No. 100, 1914	0.00

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Hector Warren looks at him steadily, and a faint smile curves his lips. "My exertions were very slight," he says, "and not worth consideration. But I am sorry that Mrs. Podswell should have suffered so much anxiety."

"My wife has weak nerves, and she is much better now," says the doctor, apologetically.

"I am afraid I was rather busy this morning. You must make allowances for an invalid, Mr. Warren."

He inclines his head, and goes up to the table for his cup of tea.

"Sugar?" says Signa, without raising her eyes.

"Please," he says.

It is only a word, but how different is the tone to that which he used a moment ago!

"Thank you. I hope and trust you are none the worse for this morning's adventure?"

"It" says Signa. "That question would come better from me!" and she smiles up at him.

He laughs.

"Beyond a rather better appetite than usual, which enables me to thoroughly enjoy Mrs. Thompson's mutton chops as I never appreciated mutton chops before. I have felt no effects, and shall not. But I ought to be candid," he says, leaning against the wall in the easy attitude which Signa knows so well by this time. "It was only to offer my apologies, and to gain Mr. and Mrs. Podswell's forgiveness, that I came here to-night"—and he smiles—"I came hoping to gain a little information."

"Information?"

He nods, and takes a letter from his pocket; it is inclosed in one of the small square envelopes of the period, and has an immense coat of arms upon it.

"I found this on my table when I reached home. It is an invitation to dinner from Lady Rookwell."

Signa smiles.

"That is very nice," she says. "But I don't see—"

"On what point I want information? Well, I wanted to know whether Mrs. Podswell and she hesitates just a second—"you were going?"

Signa colors and brushes a crumb from the lace on her sleeve.

"I'm sorry I cannot give it to you," she says, laughing softly. "I don't know," and she looks across at her aunt.

He is silent for a moment. Then he says, with a smile of humor, "I wonder whether she would be very much shocked if I asked her?"

"You can but make the experiment," says Signa, trying to speak lightly, and hide the subtle pleasure which his anxiety to know whether she is going gives her.

"I think I will," he rejoins, and he actually goes up to the sofa with the note in his hand.

"I was just telling Miss Grenville," he says, in his quiet voice, "that Lady Rookwell has been kind enough to send me an invitation, and that she mentions that she has asked the doctor, you and Miss Grenville. I hope you think of going, Mrs. Podswell."

Aunt Podswell looks up at him covertly. There is always something about this man that awes her, and makes her embarrassed and awkward.

"—Yes, we have had an invitation, but I haven't spoken to Mr. Podswell yet; my nerves—I don't know."

"—Ahem!"—told Lady Rookwell, whom I met this afternoon, that I hoped you would be well enough; and Signa, of course, will accompany us if we go," says the doctor. "Are you going, Mr. Warren?"

"Certainly—yes," he answers, as if there had never been any doubt of it. "It is very kind of her ladyship to remember a stranger."

Then the doctor coughs, and rubs his chin, keeping his small eyes fixed on Hector Warren's boots.

"—er—should decline any invitation other than Lady Rookwell's; of Ridgeley, is dead, but her ladyship calls it quite a family dinner, quite quiet; and"—with an ominous sigh—"I am sure poor Mr. Brown, if he could express his thoughts, would wish that I should go."

"Which is somewhere near the truth," says Mr. Brown, and the doctor had never been such friends that Mr. Brown should care whether the doctor went or stayed away.

"He was the vicar of Ridgeley," goes on Uncle Podswell, folding his hands meekly. "And—er—I wish Lord Delamere were in England. The—ahem!—parish is near my own, almost a part of it; indeed it has often been remarked that it would be well if it should become merged in it. He—ahem!—if I knew Lord Delamere's present address, I think that I should feel it my duty, my positive duty, to put the case to him."

A curious smile glows in Hector Warren's eyes for a moment, then he inclines his head slightly.

"You might write to Delamere's agents, you know," he suggests.

The doctor sighs solemnly, as though he thought occurs to him that this Hector Warren must be pretty intimate with his lordship to speak of him without his title, as he always does.

"I would rather communicate my ideas to his lordship direct. Have you any idea where he is?"

And he raises his eyes for a moment with an anxious look. He wants the living of Ridgeley very badly indeed; very badly.

"If I were to tell you Paris, or Cairo, or Rome—by the way, he would not be very likely to be at Rome now, would he?—or Switzerland, your letter might not find him."

"That is very true," assents the doctor. "I'm sorry you can't tell me, but

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

READ THE LABEL

CONTAINS NO ALUM

reets herself hastily, "I beg your pardon."

"I was only saying that they have taken a great deal of salmon lately," explains poor Sir Frederic.

Then Signa tries to concentrate her attention upon him, but Hector Warren's musical voice—not grave now, but light and bright with a touch of humor in it, comes across the table, and she cannot shut it out.

What has come to him to-night? Not only is Lady Bumbleby laughing, but Captain Jenks "Hal hal" is heard coming in, and presently Lady Rookwell leans forward and grins approvingly.

"I wonder what Mr. Warren is saying to make them all laugh so?" says Signa, ignorant that Sir Frederic is glaring with suppressed anger across the table.

"I don't know," he says, sullenly. "Some tom-foolery or other. Some men can put on the cap and bells at a moment's notice and wear them easily."

Signa glances at him with genuine surprise.

"Oh, do you think that Mr. Warren is that sort of man?" she says, with faint wonder. "He always seems so grave—and yet—" then she stops, remembering his face and voice in the cave."

"I don't think about him," says Sir Frederic, trying to speak with easy, contemptuous indifference, in which attempt he fails utterly. "I don't admire the dinner-table wit. I detest your 'funny man.'"

Signa smiles at the idea of calling Hector Warren a "funny man," and Sir Frederic, seeing the smile, reddens angrily and bends over his plate in silence. The reverend dirigible noise can be heard at the other end of the table now and again, and Captain Jenks' subdued growl strikes in occasionally; but the clear, musical voice of Hector Warren is the plainest heard, for the reason that all these near him are eager to catch what he says.

(To be continued.)

His Part.

Nearly every member of a Tulsa man's family performs on some kind of an instrument.

An old Iowa neighbor, who was visiting at his home, remarked that it must be a source of great pleasure to him. "The father made no reply."

"It is remarkable. Your younger son is a cornetist, both your daughters are pianists and your wife is a violinist. Now, what are you?"

"I," replied the old man, "I am a pessimist!"—Life.

A TALK ON RHEUMATISM

Telling How to Actually Cure This Painful Malady.

This article is for the man or woman who suffers from rheumatism who wants to be cured, not merely relieved—but actually cured. The most efficacious remedy can be had in a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Rheumatism. No lotions or ointments ever did or can cure a rheumatic sufferer. The cure is in the blood. Therefore rheumatism can only be cured when this poisonous acid is driven out of the blood. Any doctor will tell you this is true. If you want something that will go right to the root of the trouble in the blood, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich blood, which drives out the poisonous acid and cures rheumatism to stay cured. The truth of these statements has been proved in thousands of cases throughout Canada, and the following cure is a striking instance. Mrs. F. M. Simpson, R. R. No. 1, Blenheim, Ont., says: "For a long time I was confined to my bed, and actually crippled with rheumatism. The trouble first located in my ankle—which was much swollen. I thought it might be a sprain, but the doctor said it was rheumatism and advised me to go to bed so that the trouble would not be aggravated. I did as directed, but instead of getting better, it spread first to my right knee, then to my left knee, and then to my arms. The limbs were much swollen, and if I moved them caused me considerable pain. I seemed to get weak in other respects, and fell off in weight from 156 to 110 pounds. I had no appetite and seemed to lose interest in everything. One day, while reading a paper, I came across the case of rheumatic sufferer cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try them and sent for three boxes. By the time these were gone I had certainly begun to improve, and with help was able to get up. Continuing the use of the pills I was first able to go about with the use of a crutch, which, after I discarded for a cane, and then through the use of the pills I was able to throw aside the cane as well, and go about as briskly as I had ever done. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me, and I strongly recommend them to other similar sufferers."

You can procure these pills through any dealer in medicine or get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams-Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

NO FIT MATE FOR ANY MAN

GIRLS AND WOMEN SHOULD LOOK WELL TO THEIR HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Never before was physical health and vigor so highly esteemed and so eagerly sought for as to-day.

No man finds happiness in a sickly wife, and the woman who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of life should spare no effort to maintain perfect health.

Is your daughter growing up strong and ruddy? Has she strength to drink so readily all the pleasures that youth so restlessly seeks—or is she compelled to use the street car instead of enjoying the delightful exercise of walking—does she after the ball arise refreshed and vigorous, or is she exhausted, indifferent, and perhaps irritable?

When strength and vigor can be so easily maintained by Ferrozone, when the glow of health is so quickly brought to the cheeks and elasticity to the step, it is plainly a mother's duty to see that Ferrozone is on hand to assist her daughter back to health.

Upon the wake of Ferrozone quickly follows a stream of rich, nourishing blood which imparts that power and surplus energy so earnestly desired by those in ill-health.

Stop and think what this means for your daughter—certainly a great deal, and it can be accomplished by Ferrozone.

Every growing girl and young woman derives enormous benefit in many ways from this nutritive, vitalizing tonic.

It is especially suited for young women and is an assurance of health and regularity as long as it is used.

Ferrozone is free from alcohol and perfectly safe to use. Prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet and sold in 50c boxes, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct from The Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ont.

THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS

When in Hamilton do not fail to visit Junior's, the House for Gifts. See our display of China, Art Pottery, Cut Glass and Antique Furniture, Pictures, etc. You will be made welcome.

62 KING ST. E. SOUTH SIDE
Hamilton, Ont.

ROBERT JUNOR

Child Needs.

"Every child should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud turtles, earthworms, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hay fields, pine cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets, and any child who has been deprived of the best part of his education."

So says Luther Burbank, the horticulturist. In "The Training of the Human Plant," a book in which he discusses children, their rights, their needs and the possibilities of their development, adapting to human conditions his unique knowledge of life and growth in the world of plants.

"By being well acquainted with all these," he continues, "they come into the most intimate harmony with nature, whose lessons are, of course, natural and wholesome."

ALASKAN FOOD.

The Indian Makes Ice Cream of Tallow and Berries.

The main food of the Alaskan Indian is meat and fish. In the winter many people do not cook the fish at all, simply leaving them in the house for two or three days and then eat them raw. Women always serve the food and always see that others are satisfied before beginning their own meal. They have to be very careful not to spill anything, for that would bring bad luck to the one whom they are serving. When a person is invited to eat in the village it is considered bad manners to eat all that is before him. He must leave enough to take home to the members of the family who did not come. The host generally gives his guest a piece of dried fish to hold the food which he is to take home. The fish is broad and flat, about one-half an inch thick, and the bundle is carried away openly, without any attempt at hiding it. In the summer, berries, fruit, and roots are added to the diet, and berries are frozen in the fall to last through the winter. Since white people came, flour and canned goods have changed the food very much. It is easy to have ice cream for dessert any time. There is no cream about it, but tallow and berries are mixed with snow, sometimes fish is added to it, and when it is frozen it makes a fine dish.—Southern Workman.

HAIR GOODS

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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

Our Natural Wavy 8-Strand Switches at \$5.00, \$7.00 and \$9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send us your address, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOWELS at \$2.50 and \$3.50, that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM

62 KING STREET WEST
Hamilton, Ont.
Formerly Mtns. I. Mintz.

Fatigue from Poisoned Blood

Sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, listless feelings, as well as of headache, backache and bodily pains.

By awakening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangement and constipation. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills