

ET REPORTS

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HER HUMBLE LOVER

Sir Frederic paced up and down for another hour, then, parched with thirst, remembers the wine, and, going in, drinks a goblet with unsteady hand and feverish haste...

The evening draws in; lights shine here and there in the windows of the village street; peasants drop in at the Mountain Goat, wearied with their day's work, to get their simple draught of wine and water...

Presently there comes the sound of horse's hoofs down the paved street, and with an abruptness that brings the horse to his haunches with a clattering noise, Lord Delamere pulls up...

For a moment he stands as if he were dreaming, and the candle almost drops from his hand; then he looks round the room eagerly, and without waiting to rouse the sleeper, darts upstairs into her room...

"Wake up," he says, not roughly, but with deep intensity more ominous than any mere roughness. "Why are you here?"

"You have returned then," says Sir Frederic, not yet quite in possession of his faculties. "I am here, yes," retorts Lord Delamere, impatiently. "Answer my question; why are you here?—in this place?—in this room?"

"Take your hand from my shoulder," says Sir Frederic, gloomily. Lord Delamere's hand drops, and he smiles darkly. "Now, then," he says, "speak quickly. Why are you here?—what is your business?"

"I came to seek you, I followed you here," answers Sir Frederic, calmly, but with the calmness of a man wrapped in a deep sleep, and too careless of his danger to heed it.

sternness and solemnity. "In this the face of a coward—an assassin? You mad fool! If you had but waited—if you had but met me man to man, instead of man to woman—I would have convinced you—"

With an awful cry, Sir Frederic staggers against the table, and holds out one trembling hand, as if to put the wretched doubt away from him. "No, no! It is true! You shall not deceive me!" he pants.

Then his voice changes to one of dry, harsh supplication: "You dare to say it is not true? Prove it to me, prove it to me, and I will grovel at your feet like the cur you deem me!"

"And will that bring my darling back to me?" demands Hector, in a dry, harsh voice. "Will that atone for her broken heart? Through I stretched you dead at my feet, would that efface the agony you have made her endure—"

"Stop! stop! Spare me!" moans Sir Frederic, bending like a reed before the hurricane. "For Heaven's sake, spare me! Oh, Heaven! what have I done!"

"You have broken a trusting woman's heart!" is the stern response. "You want proofs—yes, you shall have them. Not proofs such as yours, but evidence so indisputable that you cannot deny it, such as yours, but evidence so indisputable that you cannot deny it..."

"Where—where are we going?" asks Sir Frederic, faintly. "To a man who knows the truth, and whose word even you dare not doubt," says Lord Delamere in a low, stern voice.

"Follow me," he says. With bent head Sir Frederic follows. As they go along the narrow gateway, a shadow which streams of equipping the evening scene falls away up the side of the porch...

"You are right. My bare word, though she knows I would not lie, was not enough. I brought proofs, Lord Delamere, absolute, irrefragable proofs of your crime. And to you—believe your simple word against my love and devotion! It is incredible! Incredible! Am I, too, mad? I cannot believe it. By what witchcraft, what miserable act did you gain her ear and convince her?" he demands, with desperate intensity.

Chats With the Doctor

(By a Physician)

JOINTS. A joint or articulation may be defined as the connecting point or surface of two or more bones of the body...

The part of the bone which is concerned in the construction of the joint is called its articular surface, and is covered by a layer of smooth silvery gristle or cartilage.

The freely movable joints have a delicate lining of membrane covering them, forming their inner boundary; and this, known as the synovial membrane, secretes into the interior of the joint which it covers a white fluid...

As the various joints are constantly being used, and used violently, injuries to them are far more uncommon. Fracture, dislocation, sprain and injury from the entry of some foreign body, such as a bullet, are the most usual of these injuries.

INFECTION AND RESPONSIBILITY. A great amount of sickness and mortality could be prevented if people could be induced to take a more serious view of their responsibilities towards the public.

THE COOKING OF ARTICHOKE. I mentioned last week the fact that one of the most useful substitutes for the potato is the tuber known as the Jerusalem artichoke.

The beaver is a strict vegetarian, and his diet consists chiefly of barks, tender shoots and water plants.

The beaver digs up mud with his fore feet, then holds it close to his breast with his fore legs, swims to where he has started his dam, and having deposited it in its proper place, not with his tail, as has been believed.

The Real "War Bread"

"War bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center—but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active.

Parboiled and then fried in boiling dripping, they have a most delicate and attractive quality. In this way they can either be served as a vegetable, with the dinner, instead of potatoes, or as a separate delicacy.

Chinese Locksmiths. The earliest locks known to man were of Chinese make. Although it is impossible to tell the exact date of their invention, they are wonderfully well made and as strong as any manufactured in Europe up to the middle of the eighteenth century.

Table with Canadian Comparative Grain Statistics showing bushels for various years and categories.

Her Waist. Yet sometimes the "map" is prevented. There is much to be said as to its position. But mostly it stays where it really belongs. It may be washed, draped, feathered, bunched or simply suggested by a line.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS OF GREAT VALUE. Mrs. J. A. Lagace, Ste. Perpetue, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to me and I would strongly recommend them to other mothers."

Worth Knowing. All rubbing and wringing by twisting is harmful when washing woollens; be sure to rinse out all the soap.

Sleeve Vagaries. Cuffed or cuffed. Tight or of a looseness. Long or brief to shortness. Kimono-shouldered or not. Belled or belloped at the wristline. In fact, anything's "it" but leg-of-mutton.

Redpath SUGAR advertisement featuring a large stylized logo and text: "Redpath" stands for sugar quality that is the result of modern equipment and methods, backed by 60 years experience and a determination to produce nothing unworthy of the name "REDPATH".