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ARKETS

INSPECTION.

Winnipeg yester-

	High.	Low.	Close.
	0 67⅝	0 67⅛	0 67⅛
	0 65⅝	0 65⅛	0 65⅛
	0 63⅞	0 63⅝	0 63⅞
	0 66⅛	0 66⅛	0 66⅛
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	2 95	2 91⅛	2 95
	2 82	2 79⅝	2 82
	2 84	2 84⅛	2 82

RAIN MARKET.

No. 1 yellow, $2.05
3 white, $3 1-4 to
4 to $3.16 3-4. Flour
0.50 to $31.50.

LINSEED.

n track, $3.16 1-4
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MARKETS.

At the Dairy Board
heese were offered
Bros., Montreal, at
packages of butter

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"BELA"

Here a dugout was drawn up on the stones, well hidden from the view of any one on shore. She got in and, paddling around the ice, entered the mouth of the creek. Grounding her craft with infinite care on the sand, she groped for a moment in her baggage, then arose and stepped ashore, carrying several long, thin strips of moosehide.

The three men sleeping on the floor of the shack suddenly started up in their blankets.

"What was that?" they asked each other.

"A shout for help," said Jack.

Joe sprang up and opened the door. Some confused sounds from the direction of the creek reached his ears, but he had not enough woodcraft to distinguish them from the legitimate sounds of the night.

The fire was black now. Big Jack struck a match. "Sam's gone!" he cried, suddenly.

Shand felt around the floor with his hands. "His blankets, too!" he added.

"Treachery!" cried Joe with an oath. "You wouldn't believe me before. That's why he hid the guns. Come on, I heard something from the creek."

They pulled on their moccasins and, snatching coats, ran out. Husky remained on the bed, cursing. At the creek-mouth the sandbank was empty. The last pallid rays of the moon revealed nothing.

They were accustomed to come there many times a day to wash or to draw water, and the welter of footprints in the sand gave no clue. Finally, Joe, with a cry, pounced on a dark object at the water's edge and held it up. It was Sam's neck handkerchief.

"Here's the mark of a boat, too, in the sand," he cried. "I knew it! Gone together in her boat!"

"It was a man's voice I heard," objected Jack. "What for would he want to cry out?"

"Wanted to give us the laugh when he saw his getaway clear," said Joe, bitterly. "Oh, damn him!"

"As soon as it's light—" muttered Shand, grinding his teeth.

"What'll you do then?" demanded Joe.

"I'll get him!" said the quiet man.

"We have no boat."

"Boat or no boat."

"Oh, you're going to do great things. He belongs to me."

Shand sneered. "Take it out on him with your tongue."

Joe replied with a torrent of abuse. Big Jack laughed a harsh note.

"You fools!" he said. "Both of you. What do you think you're going to do so big? She's given us our answer sooner than we expected, that's all. If she prefers a cook to a man, that's her affair. All we got to do is shut up. I'm going back to the shack."

They would not confess the reasonableness of Jack's words. "Go where you like," muttered Shand. "I'll stick by myself."

Jack strode back along the path. Joe followed him, merely because he was one of those natures who will choose an enemy's company sooner than face the prospect of being left with his own.

They left Shand to his own devices. Husky greeted them with eager questions. Joe cursed him, and Jack clenched his teeth upon the stem of his pipe in grim silence.

They revived the fire and sat in front of it. Each man was jealous of his own rage and pain and refused to share it. Joe and Husky bickered in a futile way. Big Jack, in spite of his philosophic protestations, kept the tail of an eye on the whitening window-pane. In the end he rose abruptly. Joe followed suit as a matter of course.

Jack turned on him, snarling. "Have I got to be followed by you like a dog everywhere I go?"

"What's the matter with you?" retorted Joe. "Do you own the whole out of doors?"

Jack halted outside the door. "You take one way; I'll go the other," he said grimly.

Jack returned to the creek, and crossing on the stepping stones walked out on the point beyond and sat down on a boulder. From here he could see a long way down the lake shore.

At this season in the latitude of Caribou night is brief. The sun sinks but a little way below the horizon, and a faint glow hovers over his head all night, traveling around the northern horizon to the east, where it heralds his reappearance.

It was light in the east now and the lake was stepping into view. Big Jack searched its misty expanse with his keen little eyes.

By and by as the light strengthened, looking down-shore he saw a tiny, dark object steal beyond the next point and become silhouetted against the gray. There could be no doubt of what it was. The lust of pursuit flamed up in the man's heart. He forgot his prudent advice to his mates.

"Making for the foot of the lake," he thought. "And the wind's against them. It's rising. I could easy ride around the shore and cut them off."

He got up and made his way with energetic action back to the stable.

He had no sooner picked up a saddle than Joe came in. They looked each other over without speaking. Joe made for another saddle.

"You're free to go where you want," said Jack, grimly. "I've only got to say I choose to ride alone."

"I don't care how you ride," retorted Joe. "Keep out of my business, that's all."

They saddled their horses in silence.

Joe said at last with a sneer: "Thought you told us to sit down and shut up."

Jack's face flamed suddenly.

"I promised him a beating if he interfered and, by God, I mean to give it to him before her eyes. That's what she's got to take if she picks a cook!"

He fixed Joe with blazing eyes. "And if any man comes between me and my promise, I'll take him first! As for the girl, she can go her way. I wouldn't take her for a gift!"

Joe laughed unpleasantly.

As Jack started to lead his horse out of the stable, he saw what he had not before noticed several guns leaning in a corner of the stable. His eyes lighted up.

"Where did they come from?" he demanded, choosing his own.

"Shand found them under the sods of the stable roof," said Joe.

"Where is Shand?"

"He has already taken a horse and gone."

Sam was awakened by being violently rolled over on the sand. He felt human hands upon him, but he could not see his enemy. He struggled with a will, but his limbs were confined by the blanket. A heavy body knelt upon his back, and fetters were pulled around him, binding his arms and his legs inside the blanket.

It was then that he shouted lustly. It was cut short by a cotton gag in his mouth. He was ignominiously rolled down the sand to the water's edge. What with the darkness and the confusion of his faculties, still he could not see who had attacked him.

Inert as a log, he was lifted up, dragged away, and finally dropped in a boat. His captor stood away from him, panting. Sam rolled over on his back and saw—Bela.

For a moment he was paralyzed by astonishment—a woman to dare so! Without looking at him she quickly took her place in the stern and pushed off. Suffocating rage quickly succeeded his first blankness. Unable to move or to utter a sound, his heart nearly broke with it.

The black traitress! After all her professions of friendliness! After making her eyes so soft and her voice so sweet! She was worse than his ugliest suspicions had painted! He did not stop to guess why he had been attacked. She was his enemy. That was enough.

Sounds reached them from the direction of the shack, and Bela, lowering her head, paddled swiftly and silently for the point. Her face showed only a dim oval in the failing light. But there was grim resolution in its lines.

Only once did she open her lips. Sam was frantically twisting in his bonds, though owing to his position on the keel of the dugout he did not much theaten her stability.

Bela whispered: "If you turn us over you drown quick."

Angry as he was, the suggestion of being plunged into the lake bound hand and foot reached him with no little force. Thereafter he lay still, glaring at her.

They had no more than rounded the point when they heard the men come running down to the creek. Bela continued to hug the shore. They were soon swallowed in the murk. The moon went down.

By and bay the first rays of light began to spread up the sky from the eastern horizon, and the earth seemed to wake very softly and look in that direction.

With the light came a breath from the east, cool as a hand on the brow of fever. Twittering of sleepy chickadees were heard among the pines, and out in the lake a loon laughed.

Day came with a swoop up the lake. The zephyr became a breeze, the breeze half a gale. The leaden sheet of water was torn into white tatters, and the waves began to crash on the ice-rimmed shore, sending sheets of spray into the trees, and making it impossible for Bela to land had she wished to.

This was a hard stroke of luck against her. She would have come out of sight of the point by the time it was fully light, had it not been for the head wind.

The dugout leaped and rolled like an insane thing. Having a well-turned hull, she kept on top, and only spray came over the bow. To Sam, who could see only the sky, the mad motion was inexplicable.

His anger gave place to an honest terror. If anything happened, what chance did he stand? Bela's set, sullen face told him nothing. Her eyes were undeviatingly fixed on a point a few feet ahead and to the right of the bow. Twisting her paddle this way and that, she snaked the dugout over the crests.

Though she seemed to pay no attention to him, she must have guessed what was passing in Sam's mind. Without taking her eyes from that point ahead where the waves came from, she felt in a bundle before her and drew out a knife. Watching her chance, she swiftly leaned forward and cut the bonds around his legs. When another lull came she cut his arms free.

"More careful," she said, without looking at him.

Sam did not heed the warning. The icy quality of the spray in his face filled him with a wholesome respect for the lake. He cautiously worked his arms free of the blanket, and raising himself on his elbows, looked over the gunwale. He saw the waves come tumbling clumsily toward them and gasped.

It seemed like a miracle the little craft had survived so long. One glance at the shore showed him why they could not land. He fell back, and his hands flew to the knot behind his head. He tore off the gag and threw it overboard. Bela looked at him for the fraction of a second.

"Well, what's your game?" he bitterly demanded. "It's pretty near ended for both of us. I hope you're satisfied. You savage!"

Bela's eyes did not swerve again from that point ahead. In one respect she was a savage; that was the extraordinary stolidity she could assume. For all the attention she gave him he might have been the wind whistling.

At first it fanned his anger outrageously. He searched his mind for cruel taunts to move her. It was all wasted. She paddled ahead like a piece of the boat itself, now pausing a second, now driving hard, as those fixed, wary eyes telegraphed automatically to her arms.

One cannot continue to rail at a wooden woman. Her impassivity finally wore him out. He fell silent, and covered his face with an arm that he might not have to look at her. Besides, he felt seasick.

East of Nine Mile Point the lake shore makes in sharply, forming the wide deep bay which stretches all the way to the foot of the lake where Musquasepi, the little river, takes its rise. The stony, ice-clad shores, backed by pines, continued for a mile or so, then gave place to wide, bare mud-flats reaching far inland.

On the flats the ice did not pile up, but lay in great cakes where the receding waters stranded it. This ice was practically all melted now, and the view across the flats was unimpeded. It was nine miles from the point to the intake of the river by water, and fifteen miles by land. The trail skirted inside the flats.

Bela kept to the shore until the increasing light made further concealment useless. She then headed boldly across for the river. It was at this time that the wind began to blow its hardest.

She could not tell, of course, if she had yet been discovered from the point. Not knowing the ways of white men, she could not guess if they were likely to pursue.

Under ordinary circumstances, with a little start, she could easily have beat a horse to the river, but the head wind reversed the chances. She might have landed on the flats, but there was not a particle of cover there, and they would have offered a fair mark to any one following by the trail. Moreover, Sam would have run away.

It was too rough for her to hope to escape across the lake in the trough of the sea. So there was nothing for her but to continue to struggle toward the river. A bank of heavy clouds was rising in the east. It was to be a gray day.

After a while Sam looked over the edge again. The dugout seemed scarcely to have moved. They were still but half-way across the wide bay. On the lake side they were passing a wooded island out in the middle. The wind was still increasing. It came roaring up the lake in successive gusts. It was like a giant playing hated her for being forced to admire listering the coup de grace. Bela could no longer keep the crests of the waves out. Sam was drenched and chilled.

He stole another look in her face. The imminence of the danger threatening both, forced his anger into the background for the moment. She never changed her attitude except occasionally to swing the paddle to the other side of the boat.

At the impact of each gust she lowered her head a little and set her teeth, her face had become a little haggard and gray until the long continued strain. Sam chafed under his enforced inaction.

"You have another paddle," he said. "Let me help."

"Lie down," she muttered, without looking at him. "You don' know how. You turn us over."

He lay in water impotently grinding his teeth. He could not but admire her indomitable courage, and he hated her ofr bein gforced to admire her. To be obliged to lie still and let a woman command was a bitter draft to his pride.

A wave leaped over the bow, falling in the dugout like a barrowful of stones. Sam sprang to a sitting position. He thought the end had come.

The dugout staggered drunkenly under the additional load. But Bela's face was still unmoved.

"Lean over," she commanded, nodding toward the little pile of baggage between them. "Under the blankets, in the top of the grub-box, my teapail."

He found it, and set to work with a will to bail. As fast as he emptied the water, more came in over the bow. The foot of the lake and safety seemed to recede before them. Surely it was not possible a woman could hold out long enough to reach it, he he thought, glancing at her.

"Why don't you turn about and run before the wind?" he asked.

"Can't turn now," she muttered. "Wave hit her side, turn over quick."

Sam looked ashore again. For upwards of a furlong off the edge of the flats and breakers were ruling their parallel lines of white. Above all the other noises of the storm the continuous roaring of these waters reached their ears.

"You could land there," he suggested. "What if we did get turned out? It's shallow."

She was not going to tell him the real reason she could not land. "I lose my boat," she muttered.

"Better lose the boat than lose yourself," he muttered, sullenly.

Bela did not answer this. She paddled doggedly, and Sam bailed. He saw her glance from time to time toward a certain point inland. Seeing her face change, he followed the direction of her eyes, and presently distinguished, far across the flats, three tiny horses with riders appearing from among the trees.

They were proceeding in single file around the bay. Even at the distance one could guess they were galloping. So that was why she would not land!

She did not need to be told who the three riders were. His sensations on perceiving them were mixed. It was not difficult for him to figure what had happened when his absence had been discovered, and he was not at all sure that he wished to escape from his mysterious captor only to fall into those hands.

This line of thought suddenly suggested a possible reason why he had been carried off—but it was too humiliating to credit. He looked at her with a kind of shamed horror. Her face gave nothing away.

By and by Sam realized with a blessed tightening of the heart that the storm had reached its maximum. The gusts were no longer increasing in strength; less water was coming over the bow. Not until he felt the relief was he aware of how frightened he had been.

Bela's face lightened, too. Progress under the cruel handicap was still painfully slow. The wind was like a hand thrusting them back; but every gain brought them a little more under the lee of the land. If Bela's arms held out! He looked at her wonderingly. There was no sign of any slackening yet.

"We will sink now," she said, coolly.

"Good!" cried Sam.

In their mutual relief they could almost be friendly.

Bela was heading for the intake of the river. Along the tortuous course of that stream she knew a hundred hiding places. The land trail followed the general direction of the river, but touched it only at one or two places.

The question was, could she reach the river before the horsemen? Sam watched them, trying to gauge their rate of progress. The horses had at least four miles to cover, while the dugout was now within a mile—but the horses were running.

Sam knew that the trail crossed the river by a ford near the intake from the lake, because he had came that way. If the horsemen cut off Bela at the ford what would she do? he wondered. The outlook was bad for him in either event. He must escape from both parties.

The horsemen passing around the bay became mere specks in the distance. Reaching the foot of the lake, they had to cover a straight stretch of a mile and a half to the river. The trail lay behind willows here, and they disappeared from view. It was anybody's race.

Bela, the extraordinary girl, still had a reserve of strength to draw on. As they gradually came under the influence of the windward shore the water calmed down and the dugout leaped ahead.

Sam watched her with a cold admiration, speculating endlessly on what might be going on behind her maskl ike face. With all her pluck, what could she hope to gain. Obviously it would be easier to escape from her then from three men, and he began to hope she would win.

They caught no further glimpses of the horsemen, and as they drew closer and closer to the river the tension became acute. Suppose they arrived simultaneously, thought Sam, would the men shoot?

(To be continued.)

Hostess—Can't find your partner? What's her name? Youth—I can't remember her name, but she's slightly knock-kneed and has a mole in the small of her back.—Life.

You Can Do Your Bit

in the trenches, in the home, in the office, in the factory, in the store, when the body is nourished with foods that build healthy muscle without overtaxing the digestive organs. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** contains the greatest amount of body-building nutriment at lowest cost. It strengthens the muscles of the stomach and intestines by making them do their normal work in a natural way. A better-balanced ration than meat or eggs, more easily digested and costs much less. Ready-cooked and ready-to-eat. For breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fruits. Made in Canada.

SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhaut, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess

I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhaut, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

COMPLEXION EVERY WOMAN LIKES

to preserve her complexion, and she finds this an easy task, if she uses Zam-Buk. This herbal balm not only keeps the surface skin smooth and soft, but penetrates to and feeds the underlying tissues. It stimulates the cells to healthy action, and produces vigorous circulation, which by carrying away all impurities creates a permanently clear complexion. How much more satisfying than a temporary complexion produced by powders and cosmetics! 50c. box, all druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

ZAM-BUK

HARD WORK WINS.

It is the Staff of Life On the Hard Road to Success.

Sir Frederick Treves, a noted British surgeon, said recently that hard work counts for more than brilliancy. If he had to submit to a major operation, he added, he would choose a careful, hard worker rather than a brilliant surgeon.

These remarks have excited some controversy. But, after all, do they contain any real disparagement of brilliancy? Brilliancy, like genius, is an accident. It is born, not made. The world would be a dull, flat plane intellectually if it did not throw up brilliant people. Hard work would never have given us Shakespeare, Beethoven, Keats, Heine, Poe, Shelley.

But hard work is the staff of life. On it we can count, on it we can rely. Hard work collects data, assimilates them, verifies brilliant hypotheses, connects and completes truths received in "flashes."

When the brilliant man is also a hard worker he conquers the world. But the slow conquests of hard work by men of talent and ability are by no means negligible. We can train children to appreciate work and method, efficiency, order an dindustry. When they happen to be brilliant into the bargain the reward of hard work will be correspondingly greater.

Woe to them who expect brilliancy alone to give them the success that is worthy and enduring.—Chicago Herald.

NERVOUS AILMENTS

Few people realize that nervous ailments, often arise from digestive troubles. The stomach fails, for some reason, to digest food properly. Then the system languishes and the nerves become exhausted in striving to continue their work. Impure blood also causes nerve troubles, but frequently it is in the stomach where the mischief starts. As the nourishment is carried to the nerves by the blood, it will be seen what an important connection exists between the stomach, the nerves and the blood, and how such troubles as nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia and insomnia may begin.

In such cases relief is easily obtainable by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills replenish the blood with the food elements on which the nerves thrive; at the same time they exercise a tonic influence on the digestive organs, enabling the system to derive nourishment from the food taken. By this perfectly natural process nervous ills are steadily dispelled by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you are suffering from nerves, or require a blood-making tonic, give these pills a fair trial, and see how speedily the best of health will be yours.

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

MEDICAL SCIENCE

HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.

The first thing to think about, when planning how to get the utmost of refreshment and health from the annual holiday, is the decision as to what constitutes, for the particular individual concerned, a real holiday. It is clear that an essential element in the holiday is change, not change of air and locality only, or even necessarily at all, but change of occupation, of strain, mental and physical, with fresh interests and stimuli.

It is very little rest or change for the tired housewife to take her family away to seaside or country lodgings, where she takes with her all but a few of her household cares and duties. The change of air would do her little good if she could not at the same time find change of occupation and a respite from responsibility. To get the most out of her holiday she should leave the house and family to look after themselves or be looked after by someone else, and get into a quiet hotel, boarding house or farm house, where she could have rest and peace with fresh air, exercise and change of scene and surroundings.

The office worker of sedentary habits will do well to make his holiday as out-of-door and changeful as possible, though this does not mean that he should undertake violent physicial strains or very long strenuous walks. Such a system will do him more harm than good. A quiet and loafing walking tour with a congenial companion, or alone, is the type of holiday which will tend to leave him rested and invigorated for the year's work. It is, however, a bad plan to keep this end continually in view. Exercise undertaken for the sake of its healthfulness and not for its pleasure rarely gives full value; the pleasure is a great part of the treatment.

THE TREATMENT OF FLAT FOOT.

"Flat foot,"—the popular name for the condition in which the longitudinal arch of the foot, or the "instep," gives way and flattens out—is very commonly caused by much standing and persons who work in factories, standing at machinery, nurses, waiting and artists' models, are very usual sufferers from it. It is a painful and ungraceful deformity, affecting the walk and with it the carriage of the whole body, while the feet ache and throb so much that standing is an agony.

A great deal may be done in the way of treatment both to alleviate the discomfort, and in some case to effect an actual cure. Where the case is an old one the best that can be done is to wear a well-made and fitted arch support, such as are supplied by many firms of surgical appliance makers and foot specialists. These supports, by restoring the bones and muscles of the foot to their naturel places and positions in relation to one another, greatly relieve the pain and fatigue of the feet.

For remedial treatment the muscles must be strengthened by exercises which, to be of any use, must be persevered in for some long time. The shoes should be removed and the patient, steadying himself if necessary by lightly holding a shelf or some such thing, should raise himself slowly on his toes, then, as slowly, let himself down again. This should be repeated several times, and then perfomed on one foot only, alternately. The exercises are more useful if done frequently, for a short time, even a few minutes only, than if kept up till the feet are really fatigued. The muscles need exercise and stimulus, not overwork.

Where the condition has not actually made its appearance but work is being done which seems likely to lead to it, these exercises should be carried out as preventative measures. The feet should also be rested whenever possible, and bathed morning, and evening in cold water.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

At the present time, when it is a national duty to get the last ounce of nourishment and food value out of all foodstuffs consumed, a great change is needed in the manner of cooking vegetables.

CUTICURA HEALS BAD DISFIGUREMENT

Very Itchy. Burned at Night. Could Scarcely Sleep. Healed in One Week.

"My face became very red and swollen and broke out in watery blisters.

Then it got very itchy and used to burn so that at night I could scarcely sleep. Later the blisters broke out forming hard scales and my face was badly disfigured. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in about a week's time I was completely healed." (Signed) Lloyd Brady, Breckenridge, Que., May 25, 1917.

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The common habit is to peel nearly all root beketables, removing in this way a large part of their volume and a far larger portion of their food value. All such things as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and other roots are far better scrubbed thoroughly with a small brush and then cooked with their skins on. The flavor and juices of the vegetable are kept inside it, instead of being poured away with the water, while the outermost layer of the root with its valuable food constituents is eaten instead of being wasted. Most vegetables are better flavored and more nourishing if steamed instead of boiled.

While green peas are in season the careful cook will save and wash the pods after the peas have been shelled. These pods, boiled in a little water till soft enough to rub through a sieve, make most delicious and nourishing green-pea soup. Young carrots scrubbed, boiled for 10 or fifteen minutes, are served as a separate dish with pepper and salt and a little butter can hardly be told from asparagus in flavor; surplus lettuces or those which have shot up are a good boiled vegetable, and the flower heads of seekale may be used like cauliflower. The chief reason why some people think a vegetarian or partly vegetarian diet unhealthy and weakening is because half the valuable properties of the vegetables have gone down the sink or into the dustbin.

An Expert in Motives.

Cousin Henry is an expert in motives. If you were reading off a list of names and overlooked Henry he would understand. He would know exactly the motive that prompted you to do it. If you don't think to introduce him to the man who is with you he can see through it. He may have to go back four or five years, but but he will make a complete case you. In less than an hour he will know what your motive was. Right now he is angry because his daughter was not selected as valedictorian of her class. You may think that the other girl deserved to be selected, but you don't know all that Henry knows. It is a long story, but he is willing to tell it to you, and after hearing it you will understand the motive—you will understand that it is a case of spite work—Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

From indications the Stock Show to be held at the Union Stock Yards of Toronto, December 7th and 8th next, will be bigger than ever. The 1916 show had 776 entries, comprising in all 2,309 show animals which sold for the Christmas trade, some of whom brought record prices. Premium list has been enlarged and each class carries a handsome prize.

For further particulars, write C. F. Topping, care of Union Stock Yards of Toronto.

Follies of Science.

The history of science has seven problems which men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. Today they are called follies.

The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seven.

Seven Days King.

Masaniello (Thomas Aniello), born 1622, was known as the "Seven Days King." He headed a revolt against the Duke of Arcos, at Naples, July 7th, 1647, forced him to abolish the tax on provisions and for seven days was master of Naples. He was most arrogant and bloodthirsty and was assassinated July 16th. He is the hero of two operas, one by Caraffa, called "Masaniello," and the other by Auber (libretto by Scribe), called "La Muette de Porticil."

You never can tell. Many a straight tip comes from a crook.

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