lfa hay, will produce
ts. Turnips and other
beneficial to the breed-
he fall, and also during
they help to counter-
tendency of grain feeds
uculence.
ll, after the ewes have
lambs, some culling out
e. Those ewes which
nd least prolific, should
om the rest of the flock
or the market. A num-
t ewe lambs should be
eplace the old ewes
en discarded, thus sel-
ndation for the future
If this method is fol-
few years all the old
placed by younger ones
and breeding. By get-
every two years an ex-
an be built up from a
money. If after a few
ience with grades one
blish a pure bred flock,
ure bred ewes may be
riginal flock. Then by
nd selection the pure
increased from year to
rades discarded.
Canadian Countryman.

ET REPORTS

O MARKETS.

ERS' MARKET.

dairy	$0 15	$0 45
doz.	0 [illegible]	0 30
	0 [illegible]	0 30
ry	0 25	0 30
	0 [illegible]	0 35
b	0 [illegible]	0 35
	0 50	0 60
	3 00	6 00
	0 [illegible]	0 55
	0 00	0 60
bkt.	0 [illegible]	1 [illegible]
	0 50	0 75
	1 00	1 25
t.	0 50	0 [illegible]
	0 00	0 25
	0 [illegible]	0 30
	0 05	0 10
cha	0 20	0 30
	0 50	0 60
g	2 00	2 50
	0 00	0 50
bkt	0 00	0 75
ins, bkt.	0 00	1 00
	1 00	1 25
	0 00	0 25
	0 00	0 10
	0 00	0 10
nches	0 00	0 10
oz.	0 00	0 40
oz.	0 15	0 60
	0 05	0 10
	0 10	0 25
	0 05	0 10
	0 50	0 16
	0 00	0 65
bkt.	0 40	0 50
ow, each	0 05	0 [illegible]

S—WHOLESALE.

rs, cwt.	$13 00	$15 00
ers	17 00	25 00
	15 00	18 00
cwt.	2 50	11 50
	12 00	14 50
	19 00	21 00
	18 00	20 00
	23 00	25 00
	24 00	25 00
	12 50	16 00
	16 00	19 00
lb.	0 24	0 25
	20 00	21 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

e 1,310; calves 106 hogs,
lambs.

ce	11 25	12 25
choice	10 00	10 50
medium	9 25	9 75
common	8 75	9 00
choice	8 25	8 75
medium	7 00	7 40
canners	6 40	6 75
	6 25	8 25
	8 50	9 25
	7 85	8 50
	7 00	7 40
	75 00	125 00
w	75 00	125 00
	1 00	13 00
	9 00	10 50
	15 00	15 00
ttered	18 25	18 25
	6 50	15 50

MARKETS.

RAIN INSPECTIONS.

at Winnipeg yesterday

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
	0 65⅜	0 65⅜	0 65⅜	0 65⅜
	0 65⅛	0 65½	0 65	0 65⅜
	0 63⅛	0 63⅜	0 63⅛	0 63⅜
	0 66⅜	0 66½	0 66⅛	0 66⅜
	2 89	2 90½	2 87¼	2 89
	2 79	2 83¼	2 78½	2 83½
	2 73	2 75	2 73	2 75¾
	2 79	2 81¾	2 77	2 81¾

IS GRAIN MARKET.

ern, No. 3 yellow, $1.86
No. 3 white, 57 1-8 to
unchanged. Bran, $30.00

O LIVE STOCK.

Despatch—Cattle re-

ts, 200; slow; $7 to

s 1,600; steady to 10c.
$18.10 to $18.25; mixed,
orkers, $17.90 to $18.10;
17 to $17.25; pigs, $16.75
$16.75 to $17; stags, 15

nbs, receipts 3,300; slow

O LIVE STOCK.

17.—cattle receipts
slow.

	7 00	17 40
	6 20	14 00
rs	6 20	11 50
	5 00	12 15
	9 50	16 25
	27,000! market	slow.
	16 15	18 00
	16 50	18 15
	16 45	18 15
	16 40	16 65
	11 75	15 10
	16 85	17 95
ts	24,000; market	firm.
	9 10	13 00
	13 00	18 25

be up one day and
but that doesn't neces-
isn't on the level.

ink your townspeople
my banquets?" "Not if
n off," replied Senator
don't want to get with
it right down in front
of the high-cost-of-liv-
-Washington Star.

"BELA"

"All right," said Jack. "Anything to oblige." Turning, he opened the door and shouted for Sam.

Sam presently appeared, tousled and flushed with sleep, his blue eyes scornfully resentful.

"What do you want now?" he demanded. "You made me lose sleep last night.

"Well," said Jack, "all that is over. We're asking Bela here to choose between us and settle the thing for good. We've all said our say, but she allowed she wanted to hear what the cook had to offer before she closed. Speak up."

Sam was efficaciously startled into wakefulness. He became very pale, and fixed Bela with a kind of angry glare. It seemed to him like a horrible burlesque of something sacred. He hated her for allowing it. He did not reflect that she might not have been able to prevent it. She did not look at him.

"Do I understand right?" he said, stiffly. "You're all proposing to her in a body?"

"That's right," said Jack. "And out of goodness of heart she gives you a chance, too."

Sam's jaws snapped together, and his mouth became a hard line.

"Much obliged," he said. "I resign my chance. I'm not looking for a wife." He went back into the house.

It was not what the other men expected to hear. Suspecting an insult to the object of their own desires, they turned on him angrily. They would never have allowed him to have her, but neither should he turn her down.

"And a good thing for you, too!" cried Joe.

"By George, I've a good mind to thrash him for that!" muttered Jack.

His attention was attracted in the other direction by a laugh from Bela. It had anything but a merry sound, but their ears were not sharp enough to detect the lack. Bela's nostrils were dilated, and her lip oddly turned back. But she laughed.

"He is a fonny cook!' she said. "I got laugh!"

"Oh, never mind him!" said Big Jack. "He doesn't count! What is your answer?"

Bela stopped laughing. "Well, I got think about it," she said. "I tell you to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

The situation at Nine-Mile Point four hours she required for her answer promised to be hard to get through.

The interim of waiting for a lady to make up her mind is sufficiently trying on a man's nerves under the most favorable circumstances; but to be obliged to endure the company of all his rivals meanwhile was almost too much.

Breakfast was eaten in a dangerous electrical silence. No man dared to speak of what was in every man's mind, and to make trivial conversation was impossible under that atmospheric pressure.

Afterward, when Bela announced her intention of going away for a while, every man, much as he desired her company, felt relieved, and no word was spoken to stay her departure.

They let her go without so much as looking out to see which way she went. As a matter of fact, nobody was willing to let anybody else look; therefore, he could not look himself.

Thereafter they breathed more freely. At least, they were all in the same boat. They were not under the intolerable strain of watching every look of her eyes and interpreting every word she spoke for a sign.

The worst they had to look forward to was one more day of unutterable boredom. Each man was buoyed up by the hope that it might be the last of such days for him.

Sam went about his work with a wooden face and a sore and angry heart. He was not much of a self-analyst. He called Bela all manner of hard names to himself, without stopping to ask why, if she were such a worthless creature, he should feel so concerned about her.

A woman who took her pleasure in provoking four men to the point of murder was not worth bothering about, he told himself a hundred times; but he continued to be very much bothered.

"I'll never let her get me on her hook!" he cried, inwardly—meanwhile the hook was in his gills!

After he had given the men their dinner, he, too, went away from camp, bent upon his own devices. No one paid any attention to him.

A couple of hundred yards east of the shack a good-sized creek emptied into the lake. The stones of the shore over which it tumbled musically. Farther inland it pursued a slower, deeper course.

Ascending its bank, in about a quarter of a mile one found it issuing out of a lovely little meadow, through which it meandered crookedly, its course marked out by willow bushes.

The meadow was Sam's objective. He had often been there before. It was about a quarter of a mile long, and no more than a good stone's throw across from pines to pines. Though the level of the ground was several feet above the creek, the ground, like the creek bottoms generally, was spongy and damp, with dry islands here and there.

The grass was amazingly luxuriant. Drenched in the strong sunlight, and hemmed all round by the secretive pines, the place was the very picture of a cheerful retreat. Silent, strong-winged water-fowl frequented it, and more than once Sam had caught a glimpse of the noble figure of a moose stepping from among the trees.

Sam, ever anxious to learn the lore of the country, was experimenting in trapping muskrats. Finding a couple of the little beasts snared and drowned at the doors of their own dwellings, he set to work to skin them. His inexperienced fingers made a mess of the job.

He was sitting thus occupied on the edge of a little cut-bank, with his feet hanging over. A clump of willows flanked him on either side. The clear waters of the brook eddied sluggishly a few inches under his feet.

In the middle of his bloody task, something caused him to look over his shoulder, and there, not twenty feet from him, peering through the willows, he saw Bela.

From a variety of causes, he blushed to the roots of his hair. For one thing, he was thinking bitterly of her at that very moment; for another, he saw, or imagined he saw, scorn in her eyes for his clumsy handiwork upon the muskrat.

He hastily tossed the little carcass into the water, and then regretted having done so.

"What are you spying on me for?" he demanded, hotly.

The word was strange to Bela, but the tone conveyed its sense. She promptly took fire from his heat. Showing herself proudly, she said: "I not know spyin'."

"Following me around," said Sam. "Watching what I do without my knowing."

"I follow you for cause I want talk," said Bela, indignantly. "I think maybe you got sense. If you not want talk to me, all right; I go away again. You ain't got sense, I think. Get mad for not'ing."

Sam was a little ashamed.

"Well—I'm sorry," he muttered. "What did you want to talk about?"

She did not immediately answer. Coming closer, she dropped to her knees on the little hummock of dry earth.

"I show you how to skin him, if you want," she suggested, pointing to the other muskrat.

Sam swallowed his pride. "All right, go ahead," he replied.

Cutting off the paws of the little animal and making an incision over his broadest end, she deftly rolled back the skin, and drew it off inside out over his head like a glove.

Then cutting a willow stem beside her, she transformed it with two half cuts into a little spring-frame, over which she drew the late muskrat's overcoat. The whole operation did not consume five minutes.

"Easy enough when you know how," admitted Sam, sheepishly.

"Hang it up to dry," she said, handing it over.

They stretched in the grass, side by side, and hanging over the edge of the creek, washed their hands in the creek. A silence fell upon them. Each was waiting for the other to speak. Sam was trying to resist a great tenderness that threatened to undermine all his fortifications.

Finally he asked again: "What was it you wanted to talk about?"

Bela was not yet ready to answer. She threw up little cascades of water with her hands. Sam, watching, was suddenly struck by the fact that they were not at all like ordinary hands.

This was the first pair of hands he had ever distinguished in his life. They were most beautiful objects, the backs ivory colored, the palms and fingertips a lovely dusky pink. They were useful hands, too—thin, strong, nervous. Watching them play in the water, he forgot the argument going on inside him.

"You not mad wit' me now?" murmured Bela softly.

This reminded him that he had every reason to be angry with her—though he had temporarily forgotten the reasons. He turned his face away, frowning, blushing again, the picture of anger. It was partly directed against himself, that he should have so little self-command.

"No!" he replied, stiffly.

"Then why you mak' wrinkles in your face to me?" asked Bela.

"Ah, cut it out!" he said, exasperated. "Never mind my face! What did you want to say?"

"I can't say it when I think you mad," murmured Bela.

"I'm not," said Sam. "I want to be your friend," he added. "You can't always regulate your face.'

There was another silence. Bela studied his averted face with a curious wistfulness. He was very difficult to handle.

"You want see my cache?" she asked abruptly, at last. "Where I stay?"

Sam's heart leaped up. Old Prudence shook his staff in vain. "Yes, if you like," he said, breathlessly, scowling harder than ever.

She scrambled to her feet. "Stay here," she said. "I come back soon."

She disappeared around the willows without vouchsafing any further explanation. Sam lay as she left him, scowling at the water, very much confused as to his internal sensations.

As it had happened before, no sooner was the intoxication of her presence removed than he began to berate himself for his weakness.

"Weak as water!" he mentally scolded himself. "Just because she's pretty, you forget every blame thing! There's a whole lot of funny business about her that needs explaining. But you swallow it whole. What business have you got fooling with any girl, anyhow? You've got other problems to solve. For God's sake, take a brace!"

As he was communing with himself in this fashion, the graceful prow of a dugout poked itself around a bend of the little grass-fringed canal below. Presently followed, kneeling in the stern, Bela with her quiet face and glowing eyes, wielding a paddle with inimitable grace.

She floated toward him noiselessly, bringing the boat's nose this way and that with deft turns of the wrist. She was as harmonious against the background of brown water and green grass as a wild duck.

It was such an intimate, cosy little stream; the grassy banks seemed to embrace the canoe as they let it pass. So charming was the sight that Sam forgot his prudence and broke into a beaming smile.

She brought her little craft to a stop before him.

"Get in," she said, pointing to the bow. "Tak' care!"

It was Sam's first experience with a native craft. It looked cranky. He let himself carefully over the bank on his stomach. Finding the floor of the dugout with his feet, he gingerly stood up. It staggered alarmingly under him, and he hastily embraced the bank again, unhappily conscious of a lack of dignity.

A great piece of the sod came away in his hands. He lost his balance and was catapulted overboard. He landed in the water in a sitting position, wearing an absurd expression of surprise. Bela, seeing what was coming, saved herself from a like fate by throwing herself forward in the canoe.

Sam's streaming head emerged from the creek with the same look of surprise on his face. The water reached to his waist. Bela looked at him, and went off into a rippling peal of laughter.

Sam blinked and scowled and dashed the water out of his eyes. His face offered a study in varying expressions. At first he tried to laugh with her, but her laughter was intolerable. Suddenly he exploded:

"Ah, cut it out! Sounds like a chicken!"

The angrier he got the harder Bela was obliged to laugh. It had an apologetic ring, but the tears rolled down her cheeks. Sam began to think she had done it on purpose, and said so.

"No! No!" gasped Bela. She pointed across the creek. "Shallow there. You can step in easy."

Sam, full of dignity, waded out and started home.

Bela was suddenly sobered. "Wait!" she cried. "Ain't you comin' wit' me?"

He affected not to hear her.

"I sorry I laugh," she said, genuinely distressed. "But—but you look so fonny!" The unruly laughter threatened to escape her again. "Please come back, Sam."

"I can't come like this, can I?" he said, scornfully.

"Sure!" she said. "I mak' good fire. You soon dry off."

He gradually allowed himself to be persuaded. Finally with dignity, somewhat marred by his bedraggled appearance, he took his place very gingerly in the bow. Bela bit her lips to keep the laughter in.

"I not want to laugh," she said, naively. "Somesing inside mak' me. You face look so fonny when you sit down in the water! Lak a bear when him hear a noise—oh!"

Sam glowered in silence.

She exerted herself to charm away the black looks. "See papa musrat," she said, pointing. "Sit so stiff under the leaves, think we see not'ing. Sit up wit' hands on his stomach lak little ol' man and look mad. Look lak Musq'oosis."

Meanwhile she was nosing the dugout cleverly around the grassy bends of the tiny stream and under the willows. It was like a toy boat on a fairy river. Sometimes the willows interlaced overhead, making a romantic green tunnel to be explored.

"Finally, as they drew near the woods at the head of the meadow, she turned her boat into a narrow backwater starred with little lilies, and drove it forward till it grounded as snugly as a ship in its berth.

Leading the way up the grassy bank, she pushed under the willows and introduced Sam into a veritable Titania's bower, completely encircled by the springing bushes. This was her cache.

Her blankets lay neatly rolled within a tarpaulin. There was her grub-box with stones upon the cover to keep out four-footed prowlers. Her spare moccasins were hanging from the branches to dry.

She made Sam sit down in a patch of goodly sunshine, and in a jiffy had a crackling fire of dry willow blazing before him. He took off his coat and hung it to dry.

"Tak' off your shirt, too," she said. "Dry quicker."

Sam shook his head, blushing.

"Go on," she said, coolly. "I guess you got ot'er shirt on, too."

The blue flannel shirt joined the coat beside the fire.

She handed him a towel to dry his hair with. Afterward she produced a comb.

"I comb your hair nice," she said.

Sam started away in a panic and held out his hand for the comb. Bela let him have it with a regretful look at the thick, bright hair. She started to brew tea.

"Don't be mad wit' me for 'cause I laugh," she said cajolingly. "Some tam, maybe, I fall in water. I let you laugh all you want."

He looked at her startled. He dared not glance forward at any future with her. Nevertheless, in spite of himself, he was relenting. He would have relented quicker had she not continually put him out of conceit with himself by making him blush. Naturally, he blamed her for that.

Meanwhile there was delicious bodily comfort in sitting under shelter of the willows, warmed on the outside by the generous sunshine and the crackling fire, and made all mellow within by hot tea. The corners of his mouth began to turn up.

His curiosity concerning her was still active. Remembering something she had said before, he asked: "Who is Musgooses?"

She smiled at his pronunciation.

"Moeq'oosis," she corrected. "That name mean little bear. He is my friend. He friend to my fat'er, too. He is little. Got crooked back. Know everything."

"Where do you live, Bela?" he asked.

"Over the lake by Hah-wah-sepi," she answered readily. On second thought, she corrected the statement. "No; before I live there. My mot'er live there. Now I live where I am. Got no home. Got no people."

"But if your mother lives there, that's your home, isn't it?" said Sam the respectable.

Bela shrugged. "She got stay wit' her 'osban'," she replied. "He no good. He w'at you call 'obo!"

"What did you leave for?" asked Sam.

She frowned at the difficulty of explaining this in English. "Those people are poor an' foolish, an' dirty people," she said. "They not lak me ver' moch. I not lak them ver' moch. Only my mot'er. But I am live there before for 'cause I not know not'ing. Well, one day I hit my fat'er wit' a stick—no, hit my mot'er's 'osban' wit' a stick. So my mot'er tell me my fat'er a white man. Her fat'er white man, too. So I mos' white. So I go 'way from those people."

"But you've got to have some home—somebody to live with!" said Sam anxiously.

She glanced at her through her lashes. She shrugged. "Musq'oosis tell me what to do," she said simply. "He is my friend."

Sam in his concern for her situation forgot himself.

"I—I'd like to be your friend, too," he stammered.

Bela smiled at him dazzingly. "I lak hear you say that," she returned simply.

They fell silent, mutually embarrassed, but not unhappy. There was something both delightful and dangerous in their proximity within that secret circle. The eyes of both confessed it.

"Will you eat?" asked Bela. "I have bread and fish."

He shook his head. "I have to go soon," he replied with a glance at the sun.

Her face fell. "I lak feed anybody come to my place," she said wistfully.

"Oh, well, go ahead," assented Sam, smiling.

(To be continued.)

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RIGA

Founded by German merchants over seven and a half centuries ago, and with its present population, fifty per cent. Teutonic, Riga, the capital of the Russian province of Livonia, a bone of contention during many wars and a town in the famous Hanseatic league, is again in German hands.

Russia's army has failed and through its weakness the great country has been deprived of its third most important city—second in importance among the cities of the Baltic sea, only to Petrograd itself—a city of thriving industrial activity, a city of strategic importance, through being the centre of a splendid system of waterway and railroad transportation, a city that is a gateway for the Germans to the Russian capital itself.

But it is not the purpose of this sketch to prophecy the results of the loss of Riga to Russia or to bemoan its downfall. Instead, something about Riga—its location and appearance, its inhabitants and its importance as a city, as well as a brief history of its 759 years of turbulent existence—will be told.

Along the eastern side of the Baltic sea—that body of water between Scandinava and Russia—lies two gulfs, the Gulf of Finland, near the head of which Petrograd is situated, and the Gulf of Riga, near the head of which Riga is situated. The Gulf of Riga runs north and south, in dimensions seventy by one hundred miles. It is separated from the Baltic by a triangular peninsula, which contains the greater part of the Russian province of Courtland. Into the southeast corner of the gulf empties the vast Russian River Dvina, Dwina or Duna, as various spelling have it. Seven miles up the Dvina from the gulf lies Riga.

Despite its proximity to the game Riga is not easily accessible. The Gulf of Riga is a shallow arm of the sea, its deepest part being only twenty-two fathoms. In consequence large vessels are anchored off shore in the gulf or at nearby port of Ust-Dwinsk. Transportation of the vast freight which used to reach the port before the war was accomplished by lighters, through the canalized river, from Ust-Dvinsk at the Dvina's mouth, or from another nearby harbor, Muhlgrebes. For about one-third of the year the Gulf of Riga is frozen over, and is inaccessible to vessels of any sort.

Riga has other means of water communication, however, through the system of canals just mentioned. These extend inland so far as to join the Volga and the Dnieper with the Dvina, through which the Black and Caspian seas may be reached.

Besides being the capital of the province of Livonia, Riga is the seat of the governor-general of the Baltic provinces, comprising Livonia, Esthonia to the north, Petrograd to the northeast and Courland to the south and west. About 350 miles to the northeast of it lies the city of Petrograd itself, on the River Neva, at the head of the Gulf of Finland.

Like many other European cities of medieval origin, the city of Riga has both its ancient and its modern sections. Riga boasts of four such parts—one ancient and three modern. The old town itself, the St. Petersberg and Moscow suburbs, are on the right bank of the Dvina; the Mitau suburb is in the left. This suburb is connected with the rest of the city by a bridge of boats, which is drawn to one bank during the period when the river is frozen, and by a viaduct, 820 feet long.

The bulk of the population lives in the three suburbs. These suburbs are largely modern, have broad, well-kept boulevards and contain most of the modern erections in the city. They were erected on the site of former fortifications and before the war were rapidly growing. The St. Petersburg suburb was the seat of the German aristocracy and merchant community, representing nearly half the population. In the environs of Riga, the village of Dubbeln and the sea-bathing resorts of Bilderlingshof and Majorenhof have many summer visitors, similar to New York's Coney Island and Rockaway.

The old town still preserves the quaint features of the Hanseatic towns of North Germany, with which it was once leagued. Its streets are narrow and winding, in contrast to the broad thoroughfares of the modern sections. The buildings are high, many fantastically ornamented, and appear queerly designed to eyes accustomed to American styles of architecture. Due to the fact that Riga has always been a great merchant city, most of the buildings in the old town are storhouses or spacious granaries. Cavvernous cellars also feature these old buildings.

Despite the antiquity of the town, few ancient buildings in Riga have remained during the ravages of centuries. But those that are there are deserving of mention. The first object to catch a visitor's eyes is the lofty tower—440 feet high—of St. Peter's church. Another church, founded in 1215. The first building of the Dom was burned in 1547. The present edifice dates from the latter half of the sixteenth century, but it was the thoroughly restored in 1883. This "Domkirche" contains one of the largest organs in the world.

Another building of interest is the Castle, the seat of the Russian provincial government. It was built during the years 1484-1515, by the master of the Knights of the Sword of Livonia, Walter von Plettenberg. It is a spacious building, of imposing appearance, and has often been rebuilt, as it was the centre of much fighting during the clashes between the Teutonic Knights and the inhabitants of the town. It is the present residence of the governor-general of the province.

"The House of the Black Heads" is the ominous title of another imposing structure. It was built in 1357 as a clubhouse for a sort of corporation of foreign merchants. It subsequently became a meeting place for the wealthier youth of the town.

Other medieval buildings of interest are the various guild houses erected during the Middle Ages. The ancient market-place, too, is still in use. Of less ancient vintage are the exchange and the theatre.

The modern city of Riga is better provided with educational and charitable institutions than most Russian cities. Its "Polytechnium," the principal school has over 1,400 students. There is a seminary for priests and a school of navigation. There are also the gymnasium schools of Lomonosov and Alexander I. Riga possesses a municipal museum which is noted for the excellence of its art gallery. All of these buildings are of comparatively recent erection. Other recent buildings are a monument to the German writer, Johann Gottfried von Herder, who lived in Riga toward the end of the eighteenth century, and a large bonded warehouse.

Riga strangely lacks open places. Besides the market place there only two squares, one of which, facing the citidel, is adorned with a granite column erected in 1818, to commemorate the defeat of Napoleom when he was marching on Russia in 1812. The other open places frequented by visitors are the esplanade, where a Greek cathedral built during the years 1877-84, now stands, the Wohrman park and the imperial park.

Riga is the seventh city in Russia in population and the third most important commercial city. The last official census taken twenty years ago, placed the population of Riga at approximately 282,000. Various estimates place the present population between 550,000 and 500,000. Of the inhabitants, nearly 50 per cent. are Germans, 25 per cent. Russians, 23 per cent. Letts and a small admixture of Esthonians, Jews and other races. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in manufactures or in trading, for which the city is noted.

Riga gives its name to an archiepiscopal see of the Othodox Greek church, and to an episcopal see of the Roman Catholic church. Before the war, it was the headquarters of Russia's Twelfth army corps.

Having been founded by merchants, the city has always had a mercantile bent. Much of its commercial importance before the war was due to its location at the centre of great waterway and railroad systems. It is on the great inland system of canals connecting with the Dnieper and the Volga, as described before, and commands the entire waterway trade of those rivers from the Caspian and Black Seas. In addition, it is the western terminus of the great Russian railway system, crossing to Smolensk and dividing into two branches in the lower Volga regions. It is the natural outlet for the vast white-forests, and thus handles most of the timber exported from Russia. It also exported enormous quantities of flax and flaxseed, hemp, corn, oats, hides, tallow, tobacco, rugs and feathers.

Besides being an important mercantile city, Riga was an important industrial centre. It was a great manufacturing town, where much machinery, railroad cars, lumber, leather, candles, tiles, glass and tobacco products were made. The annual value of its products used to exceed $30,000,000. Riga also did considerable importing for the interior of Russia, including special types of machinery, cotton, coal and groceries.

All this, however, was before the war. The presence of Germany's navy at the mouth of the Baltic has prevented any foreign trade with Riga, so the city has remained more or less stagnant. Thus its importance from a military standpoint is not considerable.

The city of Riga furnishes abundant and interesting material for the historian. It was founded in 1158 as a storehouse at the mouth of the Dvina by some merchants from Bremen. About 1190, the Augustinian monk Meinhard erected a monastery there. In 1201, Bishop Albert I, of Livonia, obtained from Pope Innocent III. permission for German merchants to land at the new settlement. He chose Riga for his seat, exercising his power over the surrounding territory in connection with the Teutonic knights. This was one of the three great military and religious orders which sprang from the Crusaders.

As early as the first half of the thirteenth century, the young city obtained the right to elect its own magistracy, and enlarged the walls during the time of Albert I. It joined the Hanseatic league—federation of North German merchant towns from mutual interests—and from 1253 refused to recognize the right of its governing bishop and knights. In 1429 it w came once more under the bishop's rule. He maintained his authority until 1566, when the see was abolished, due to the prevalence of Lutheranism among the inhabitants of the territory.

In 1547 Sigismund II, King of Poland, took Riga, and in 1558 the Russians burned its suburbs and many ships in the river. In 1651, Gotthard Kettler abdicated his mastership of the order of Teutonic Knights and Riga, together with southern Livonia, became a Polish province.

Throughout the seventeenth century, Riga was a bone of contention between the three then powerful nations of Sweden, Poland and Russia. In 1621, Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, took Riga from Poland and Russia, who besieged it in 1655. A fire, in 1674, destroyed all records of Polish domination. During the northern war, between Sweden and Russia, it was courageously defended by the Swedes in 1700, but after the battle of Poltava it succumbed and was taken in July, 1710 by the Russians.

NEW HEALTH FOR WOMEN

The most fateful years in a woman's life are those between forty-five and fifty. Many of the sex enter this period under depressing conditions through overwork or worry about the home, or through a condition in which the blood is weak or watery and so they suffer heavily. Among the commonest symptoms are headaches, feverish flushes, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, backache, depression and other well recognized disturbances of the health which signalizes that the blood requires attention. Women urgently need rich, red blood all their lives, but never more so than in middle-life, when the nerves are also weak and overwrought.

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The Indoor and the Outdoor Man.

In the American Megazine, Dean Herman Schneider says:

"The characteristics of men are so much on the surface that a keen analyst usually will uncover the correct one in the first interview. They signal the indoor and outdoor type of man. When a blizzard is beating against the house an 'indoor' man likes to hear the roar of the wind because it emphasizes the coziness of the inglenook and heightens his sense of protection. The 'outdoor' man is straightway seized by a desire to get out and fight the storm. Draw a picture of a respecting or construction work, and the second man will lean forward with tense muscles and radiant eyes. The other will draw more and more into himself, as if for shelter."

A Pound of Whole Wheat contains 1700 calories, says the chemist—but it doesn't contain any calories for you unless you can digest it. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that supplies nourishment for the day's work. It is a time to cut out expensive foods that generally contain little nutriment. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. It is real man-power food. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and fresh fruits make a nourishing, strengthening meal at a cost of only a few cents.
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There is silk broadcloth—for blouses, lingerie or men's shirts. It is white and washable.

Crepe meteors, quite wide, soft, lustrous and lovely, are in delightful autumn house and street shades.

Taffetas, plain and in plaid designs, have the soft finish and pretty lustre that women admire.

Satins are much in fashion for street or indoor wear—for afternoon or evening use. The colors are lovely.