REPORTS

MARKETS.

[illegible] $2 [illegible]
[illegible] 9 38
[illegible] 9 38
[illegible] 9 36
[illegible] 9 30
[illegible] 9 25
[illegible] 9 35
[illegible] 9 50
[illegible] 9 35
[illegible] 9 15
[illegible] 9 20
[illegible] 9 25
[illegible] 9 35
[illegible] 9 05
[illegible] 9 15
[illegible] 9 30
[illegible] 9 30
[illegible] 9 36
[illegible] 9 10
[illegible] 9 50
[illegible] 1 10
[illegible] 2 00
[illegible] 1 30
[illegible] 9 10
[illegible] 9 10
[illegible] 9 10
[illegible] 9 35
[illegible] 9 17
[illegible] 9 20
[illegible] 9 30

HOLESALE.

[illegible] $12 00 $14 00
[illegible] 18 00 20 00
[illegible] 15 50 17 50
[illegible] 12 00 14 50
[illegible] 9 50 11 50
[illegible] 12 50 14 50
[illegible] 19 00 20 00
[illegible] 19 00 20 00
[illegible] 23 00 25 00
[illegible] 19 00 20 00
[illegible] 17 00 19 00
[illegible] 0 25 0 27

MARKET

[illegible] options on Canadian [illegible] for delivery, in store:

[illegible] 100 lbs. $9 14
[illegible] 100 lbs. 9 14
[illegible] dated [illegible] 100 lbs. 8 54
[illegible] 100 lbs. 8 54
[illegible] 100 lbs. 8 54
[illegible] 100 lbs. 8 54
[illegible] bags, 10c over ewt.
[illegible] cents over 5-lb. cartons, and 25-lb. cartons, 33

TTLE MARKETS

[illegible] 11 00 12 [illegible]
[illegible] 9 75 10 [illegible]
[illegible] 8 25 8 [illegible]
[illegible] 7 00 7 [illegible]
[illegible] 8 00 8 [illegible]
[illegible] 6 50 7 [illegible]
[illegible] 5 25 6 [illegible]
[illegible] 8 00 8 [illegible]
[illegible] 8 00 9 [illegible]
[illegible] 7 00 8 [illegible]
[illegible] 6 25 7 [illegible]
[illegible] 15 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 15 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 9 50 12 [illegible]
[illegible] 6 50 7 [illegible]
[illegible] 15 50 16 [illegible]
[illegible] ered [illegible] 7 75
[illegible] 9 00 15 [illegible]

MARKETS.

RAIN MARKET.

[illegible]—No. 2 yellow, $2.30
[illegible] 3 white, 57 3-4 [illegible]
[illegible] ianced Bran, $31.50

RAIN MARKET.

[illegible] $2.40 1-2; Sept. [illegible]
[illegible] $2.40 1-2 asked; Nov. [illegible]
[illegible] $2.37 3-4 asked.

MARKETS.

[illegible]—Sixty boxes of but- [illegible] & Cote, Quebec, at [illegible] of cheese sold to [illegible]

LIVE STOCK.

[illegible] 7 50 [illegible]
[illegible] 6 75 [illegible]
[illegible] 8 50 [illegible]
[illegible] 7 15 [illegible]
[illegible] 12 50 [illegible]
[illegible] 17 [illegible]
[illegible] 17 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 17 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 17 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 12 25 [illegible]
[illegible] 15 50 [illegible]
[illegible] 9 00 [illegible]
[illegible] 17 00 [illegible]

LIVE STOCK.

[illegible]port:—Cattle, receipts, [illegible] others slow; [illegible] steady; $7 to $16.50; [illegible] $9.50; steady and [illegible]

[illegible] receipts 3,000. Lambs [illegible] strong; $11 to $14.50; [illegible] 75; ewes $6 to $11.25; [illegible] to $11.50

AL MARKETS

[illegible] Offerings of five [illegible] at C.P.R. market two [illegible] for some weeks [illegible] cattle, on sheep, [illegible] veal [illegible] calves coming into [illegible] a tendency to [illegible] of the bar- [illegible] still scarce [illegible]

[illegible] day as follows: [illegible] steers [illegible] butchers cows [illegible] bulls $14.50 [illegible] heifers, calves, [illegible] $6 to $8;

[illegible]ther Birds.

[illegible]ising that, though [illegible]e utterly bewildered [illegible]st animals find their [illegible] without much diffi- [illegible]ill trot along in its [illegible] though the air were [illegible]d not only that, but [illegible]ht turning at the [illegible] is at all accustomed [illegible] human being would [illegible] but the right one. [illegible]er hand, are utterly [illegible]. Pigeons, for in- [illegible]n motionless all day [illegible] huddled up in their [illegible] chickens and poultry [illegible]t ever all the time a [illegible]. Birds of all kinds, [illegible] fact, seem helpless [illegible]ther.—Pearson's.

[illegible]ulse Beat.

[illegible]nd roughest estimate [illegible]lse beat. It is sad to [illegible]man pulse beat is not [illegible]he minute. That is [illegible]y arrangements of [illegible]es pretty close. And [illegible]ady calculator of the [illegible]e flash of lightning [illegible] depends on his pulse [illegible]ee his watch. To the [illegible]econd is a pulse beat. [illegible]le.

"BELA"

CHAPTER IV.

The girl turned an indifferent, walled face toward the fire, refusing to look at any of the men. Her beauty grew upon them momentarily. Their amazement knew no bounds that one like this should have been led to their door out of the night.

"Well," said Big Jack, breaking the silence at last. "It was a rough welcome we give you, miss. We thought you was a spook or something like that. But we're glad to see you."

She gave no sign of having heard him.

"Was it you whistled through the keyhole and tossed a stone down the chimney?" demanded Husky.

No answer was forthcoming.

"I'm sorry if we hurt you," added Jack.

He might as well have been addressing a wooden woman.

"I say, I'm sorry if we hurt you," he repeated louder.

"Maybe she can't understand English," suggested Sam.

"What 'll I do then?" asked Jack hopelessly.

"Try her with sign language."

"Sure," said Jack. He looked around for the table. "Oh, hell, it's burnt up! We'll have to eat on the floor. Hey, look sisser!" He went through the motions of spreading a table and eating. The others watched interestedly. "Will you?" he asked.

She gravely nodded her head. A cheer went up from the circle.

"Hey, cookee!" cried Big Jack. "Toss up a bag of biscuits and put your coffee-pot on. You, Joe, chase out to the stable and fetch a box for her to sit on."

For the next few minutes the cabin presented a scene of great activity. Every man, with the call of an eye on the guest, was anxious to contribute a share to the preparations. Husky went to the lake for water; Shand cut bacon and ground coffee for the cook; Big Jack produced a clean, or fairly clean, white blanket to serve for a tablecloth, and set the table.

Yet their smiles upon their visitor had a shade of double meaning. A glitter in each man's eyes suggested that his hospitality was not entirely disinterested. They were inclined to bristle at each other. Clearly a dangerous amount of electricity was being stored within the little shack. Only Sam was as self-contained in his way as the girl in hers.

Big Jack continued his efforts to communicate with her. He was deluded by the idea that if he talked a kind of pidgin-English and shouted loud enough she must understand.

"Mee, Big Jack," he explained; "him, Black Shand; him, Husky; him, Young Joe. You?" He pointed to her questioningly.

"Bela," she said.

It was the first word she had uttered. Her voice was like a strain of wood music. At the sound of it Sam looked up from his flour. He quickly dropped his eyes again.

When Joe brought her the box to sit on, he lingered beside her. Good-looking Young Joe was a boasted conqueror of the sex. The least able of them all to control his emotions, he was now doing the outrageously masculine. Hee strutted, posed, and smirked in a way highly offensive to the other men.

When Bela sat down Joe put a hand on her shoulder. Instantly Big Jack's pale face flamed like an aurora.

"Keep your distance!" he barked. "Do you think the rest of us will stand for that?"

"Ah! I've got the same show as any of you, haven't I?" snarled Joe.

Big Jack dropped the knives and forks and rose. "Well, we'll decide that right now if you want," he said grimly.

"And, by George, you'll have to take me on after him!" growled Shand from the other side of the fire.

Whatever tongue she spoke, any woman should have understood the purport of the scene. Yet this strange girl never raised an eyelid.

Joe retreated to the bed, crestfallen and snarling, and things smoothed down for the moment.

"Where do you live?" Jack asked the girl, illustrating with elaborate pantomime.

She merely shook her head. They might decide as they chose whether she did not understand or did not mean to tell.

Husky came in with a pail of water. The sanguine Husky was almost as visibly ardent as Joe. He rummaged in his bag at the far end of the cabin, and reappeared in the firelight bearing an orange silk handkerchief. His intention was unmistakable.

"You put that up, Husky!" came an angry voice from the head. "If I've got to stay away from her, you've go to, too!"

Husky turned, snarling. "I guess, this is mine, ain't it? I can give it away if I want."

"Not if I know!" cried Joe, springing toward him. They faced each other in the middle of the room with bared teeth.

Big Jack rose again. "Put it away, Husky," he commanded. "This is a free field and no favor. If you want to push yourself forward at our expense, you got to settle with us first, see?"

The others loudly approved of this. Husky, disgruntled, thrust the handkerchief in his pocket.

After the two overweening spirits had been rebuked, matters in the shack went quietly for a while. The four men watched the girl, full of wonder; meanwhile each kept an eye on his mates.

It was their first experience at close range with a girl of the country, and they could not make her out at all. Her sole interest seemed to be upon the fire. This air of indifference at once provoked and baffled them. They could not reconcile it with the impish tricks she had played.

They could not understand a girl alone in a crowd of men betraying no self-consciousness. Touch me at your peril, she seemed to say; but if that was the way she felt, what had she come for?

Sam brought his basin of flour to the hearth and, kneeling in the firelight, proceeded to mix the dough. After the manner of amateur cooks, he liberally plastered his hands and arms with the sticky mess.

The girl watched him with a scornful lip. Suddenly she dropped to her knees beside him, and without so much as by your leave, took the basin out of his hands. She showed him how it ought to be done, flouring her hands so the batter would not stick, and tossing up the mess with the light deft touch of long experience. At the sight of Sam's discomfiture a roar of laughter went up from the others.

"Guess you're out of a job now, cookee," said Shand.

"Now we'll have something to eat besides lead sinkers," added Joe.

Sam laughed with the others, and retiring a little, watched how she did it. The girl affected him differently from the rest. Diffidence overcame him. He scarcely ever raised his eyes to her face.

All watched her delightedly, each man showing it according to his nature. In every move she was as graceful as a kitten or a filly, or anything young, natural, and unconscious of itself.

In a remarkably short space of time the three frying-pans were upended before the fire, each with its loaf. No need to ask if it was going to be good bread. It appeared that this wonderful girl had other recommendations beside her beauty.

She rose, dusting her hands, and backed away from the fire, as if to cool off. Before they realized what she was doing, she turned and quietly walked out of the door, closing it after her.

They cried out in dismay, and of one accord sprang up and made for the door. Sam involuntarily ran with the others, filled, like they were, with disappointment. It was now pitch dark under the trees, and straight from the fire as they were, they could not see a yard ahead.

They scattered, beating the woods, loudly calling her name and making naive promises to the night, if she would only come back. They collided with each other and, tripping over root, measured their lengths on the ground.

Curses began to be mixed with their dulcet invitations to the vanished one to return. From the sounds, one would have been justified in thinking a part of bedlam had been let loose in the pine-woods.

Sam was the first to take sober second thought. He began to retract his steps toward the cabin. Common sense told him she would never be caught by that noisy crew unless she wished to be. In any case, the bread might as well be saved.

In his heart he approved of her retreat. Trouble in the shack could not long have been averted if she had stayed. Perhaps she had been better aware of what was going on that she seemed. What a strange visitation it had been altogether! How beautiful she was, and how mysterious! Much too good for that lot. It pleased him to think that she was honest. He had not known what to think before.

Thus ruminating he came to the cabin door, and was pulled up short on the threshold by a fresh shock of astonishment. There she was, kneeling on the hearth as before!

She glanced indifferently at him over her shoulder, and went on with her work. Such hardihood in face of all the noise outside did not seem human. Sam stared at her open-mouthed. She had some birds that she was skinning and cutting up. The pungent, appetizing smell of wild fowl greeted his nostrils.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. "What does this mean?"

She disdained any answer.

"You were foolish not to beat it while you had a chance," he said, forgetting she was supposed not to understand. "This is no place for a woman!"

She glanced at him with a subtle smile. Sam flushed up. "Oh, very well!" he said, hotly. Turning, he called outside, "Boys, come back! She's here!"

One by one they straggled in, grinning delightedly, if somewhat sheepishly. They shook their heads at each other. We sure have a queer customer, was the general feeling. It was useless to bombard her with questions. The language of signs was a feeble means of communication when one side is intractable.

Apparently she had merely gone to some cache of her own to obtain a contribution toward the feast. She had brought half a dozen grouse. The biscuit-loaves were now done sufficiently to stand alone, and the pans were giving off delicious emanations of frying grouse and bacon.

The four men who, for the past week, had been sunk in utter boredom, naturally reacted to the other extreme of hilarity. Loud laughter filled the cabin. The potentialities for trouble were not, however, lessened. On the contrary, a look or a word was enough at any moment to bring a snarling pair face to face. Presently the inevitable suggestion was brought forth.

"This is goin' to be a regular party," cried Joe. "Jack, be a sport; get out a bottle, and let's do it in style!"

To save himself, Sam could not keep back the protest that sprang to his lips. "For God's sake!" he cried.

"What the hell is it to you, cook?" cried Joe, curiously. There was old bad blood between these two. Perhaps because they were of the same age.

Big Jack was bursar and commissary of the expedition. He smiled and gave his mouth a preliminary wipe. "Well, I think we might stand one bottle," he said.

Sam shrugged and held his tongue.

Jack returned with one of the precious bottles they had contrived to smuggle past the police at the Landing. He opened it with loving care, and the four partners had an appetizer.

When the food was ready, the always unexpected girl refused to sit with them around the blanket. No amount of urging would move her. She retired with her own plate to a place beside the fire.

Though she was the guest, she assumed the duty of hostess, watching their plates and keeping them filled. This was the first amenity she had shown them. They were perplexed to reconcile it with her scornful air.

Only one did she relax. Big Jack, jumping up to put a stick on the fire, did not mark where she set his plate. On his return he stepped in it. The others saw what was coming, and their laughter was ready.

Above the masculine guffaws rang a girlish peal like shaken bells. They looked at her, surprised and delighted. More than anything, the laughter humanized her. She hastily drew the mask over her face again, but they did not soon forget the sound of her laughter.

Big Jack kept control of the bottle, and doled it out with strict impartiality. Under the spur of the fiery spirit, their ardor and their joviality mounted together.

Sam was not offered the bottle. Sam was likewise tacitly excluded from the contest for the girl's favor. It did not occur to any of the four to be jealous of little Sam. He accepted the situation with equanimity. He had no desire to rival them. His feeling was that if that was the kind she wanted, there was nothing in it for him.

Like all primitive meals, it was over in a few minutes. Sam gathered up the dishes, while the other men filled their pipes and befogged the atmosphere with a fragrant cloud of smoke. Like all adventurers, they insisted on good tobacco.

The rapidly diminishing bottle was circulated from hand to hand, the hilarity sensibly increasing with each passage. Their enforced abstention of late made them more than usually susceptible. Their faces were flushed, and their eyes began to be a little bloodshot. They continually forgot that the girl could not speak English, and their facetious remarks to each other were in reality for her benefit. A rough respect for her still kept them within bounds.

Bela, as a matter of course, set to work on the hearth to help Sam clean up. This displeased Joe.

"Ah, let him do his work!" he cried. "You come here, and I'll sing to you."

His partners howled in derision. "Sing!" cried Husky. "You ain't got no more voice than a bullbat!"

Joe turned on him furiously. "Well, at that, I ain't no fat, red-headed lobster!" he cried.

A violent wrangle resulted, into which Shand was presently drawn, making it a three-cornered affair. Big Jack, commanding them to be silent, made more noise than any. Pandemonium filled the shack. The instinctive knowledge that the first man to strike a blow would have to fight all three kept them apart. No man may keep any dignity in a tongue-lashing bout. Their flushed faces and rolling eyes were hideous in anger.

Through it all the amazing girl quietly went on washing dishes with Sam. He stole a glance of compassion at her. Was it possible she did not realize the danger of her situation? he wondered. She must know. How did she expect to get out of it?

Yet, like a man, he had a strong doubt of her, too. What had she come for? That question was still unanswered. Either she was incredibly naive or incredibly artful. He couldn't make up his mind which.

Big Jack, having the loudest roar, battered the ears of the disputants until they were silenced. "You fools!" he cried. "Are you going to waste the night chewing the rag like a parcel of women?"

They looked at him sullenly. "Well, what are we going to do? That's what I'd like to know," said Shand.

A significant silence filled the cabin. The men scowled and looked on the floor. The same thought was in every mind. An impossible situation confronted them. How could anyone none to prevail against the other three?

"Look here, you men," said Jack at last. "I've got a scheme. I'm a good sport. Have you got the nerve to match me?"

"What are you getting at?" demanded Husky.

Jack put his hand in his pocket. "This shack ain't big enough to hold the four of us," he said, meaningly. "Three has got to get out. I've got a pair of dice here. Three rounds, see? The low man to drop out on each round. The winner to keep the shack, and the other three camp on the shore. What do you say to it?"

CHAPTER V.

The three stared at Big Jack in a dead silence while the underlying significance of his words sunk in. They began to breathe quickly. Sam, hearing the proposal, flushed with indignation. His heart swelled in his throat with apprehension for the girl. How could he make her understand what was going on? How could he help her? Would she thank him for helping her?

Shand was the first to speak. "It's the only way," he muttered.

"How about the cook?" demanded Husky, thickly.

"Hell, he ain't in this game!" said Jack indifferently. "He sleeps outside with the losers."

"I'm damned if I'll stand for it!" cried Joe, excitedly. "It's only a chance! It doesn't settle anything. The best man's got to win!"

"You fools!" growled Shand. "How will you settle it—with guns? Is it worth a triple killing?"

"With my bare fists!" said Joe, boastfully.

"Are you man enough to take on the three of us, one after the other?" demanded Shand. "You've got to play fair in this. You take an equal chance with the rest of us, or we'll all jump on you."

Jack and Husky supported him in no uncertain terms. Joe subsided.

"It's agreed, then," said Jack. Shand and Husky nodded.

"Let him come in, then, if he wants his chance," said Jack, indifferently. "The losers will take care of him."

Joe made haste to join them. They squatted in a circle around the blanket. Under the strong excitement of the game, each nature revealed itself. Black Shand became as pale as paper, while Husky's face turned purple.

Young Joe's face was drawn by the strain, and his hand and tongue showed a disposition to tremble. Only Big Jack exhibited the perfect control of the born gambler. His steely blue eyes sparkled with a strange pleasure.

"Let me see them!" demanded Husky, reaching for the dice.

Jack laughed scornfully. "What's the matter with you? 'Tain't the first time you've played with them. There's only the one pair. We've all got to use them alike."

"Let me see them!" persisted Husky, showing his teeth. "It's my right!"

Jack shrugged, and the bone cubes were solemnly passed from hand to hand.

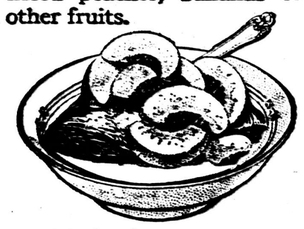
"You can't shoot on a mat," said Joe. Jerking the blanket from the floor he tossed it behind him.

"Get something to shake them in," said Shand. "No palming wanted."

Husky reached behind him and took a cup from Sam.

(To be continued.)

Join the Whole-Wheat Club for food conservation—substitute whole wheat foods for meat. More real body-building nutriment for less money. **Shredded Wheat Biscuit** is 100 per cent. whole wheat in a digestible form. Nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with milk or cream and sliced peaches, bananas or other fruits.



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It is because Zam-Buk is germicidal, and also has such power of penetration that it reaches disease in the underlying tissues and cures from the "root" up. That is the only way a permanent cure can be effected.

Mr. H. C. Buckley of 461 E. Broadway, Portland, Oregon, says: "For chronic skin diseases there is nothing like Zam-Buk. For fifteen years I had eczema, and I tried an endless number of so-called 'eczema cures,' but nothing was capable of curing me permanently until I used Zam-Buk. Ten months' use of Zam-Buk has effected a complete cure."

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Zam-Buk

WAR MENUS.

HOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA.

MENU FOR SUNDAY.

—Breakfast—

Fresh Fruit — Oatmeal Porridge
Toast — Marmalade
Tea or Coffee — Milk — Sugar

—Dinner—

Cold Roast Veal — Tomato Catsup
Mashed Potatoes — Green Beans
Bread and Butter
Oatmeal Cookies — Jelly

—Supper—

Tomato Salad — Bread and Butter
Fruit in Season — Cake
Tea — Milk — Sugar

HOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA.

MENU FOR MONDAY.

—Breakfast—

Oatmeal Porridge — Milk — Sugar
Eggs (soft Cooked) — Marmalade
Toast — Butter — Tea or Coffee

—Dinner—

Beef Stew — Potatoes — Carrots
Bread — Bakes Apples
Tea — Milk — Sugar

—Supper (or Luncheon)—

Cream of Tomato Soup
Graham Biscuits
Apple Sauce — Oatcakes
Tea — Milk — Sugar

The recipes for Graham Biscuits and Cream of Tomato Soup, mentioned above, are as follows:

Graham Biscuits—

1 quart of skim milk.
½ pint tomato juice (made by stewing ripe tomatoes and pressing through a sieve).
½ teaspoon of soda.
2 tablespoons of flour.
2 tablespoons of butter.
Salt and pepper to taste, and little grated onion.

Make the milk, flour, butter and seasonings into a thin white sauce. To the tomato add one-quarter of a teaspoon of soda, and as soon as it ceases to effervesce combine the milk with the tomato and serve at once.

(Wheat and meat saving recipes by Domestic Science experts of the Canadian Food Controller's office.)

MENU FOR TUESDAY.

Fresh Fruit — Cornmeal Porridge
Graham Bread — Butter
Coffee or Tea — Sugar — Milk
Mutton — Potatoes — Corn
Apple and Bread-Crumb Pudding (Brown Betty)
Sugar — Milk
Creamed Fish — Warmed over Potatoes
Baked Pears — Bread
Tea — Sugar — Milk

The recipes for Graham Bread, Creamed Fish and Brown Betty Pudding, mentioned above, are as follows:

Creamed Fish—

Any left-over boiled or baked fish may be served as cream fish by flaking carefully and adding a good, well seasoned white sauce.

Graham Bread—

3½ cups of Graham flour.
2 cups of sour milk.
¾ cup of molasses (New Orleans).
1 teaspoon of soda.
½ teaspoon of salt.

Bake in a slow oven one hour.

Brown Betty Pudding—

2 cups of apples sliced thin.
1 cup of bread crumbs.
1 tablespoon of butter.
Cinnamon to season.

Butter the pudding dish well. Put alternate layers of apple and crumb with apples in bottom, and finish with crumb on top, and dot with bits of butter. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Cover closely and bake forty minutes, then remove the cover and brown.

HOW TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT. ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE FOOD CONTROLLER FOR CANADA.

MENU FOR WEDNESDAY.

—Breakfast—

Fresh Fruit (Berries in Season)
Oatmeal Porridge — Milk — Sugar
Omelet — Toast — Coffee or Tea

—Dinner—

Roast Beef — Potatoes — Creamed Onions
Brown Bread
Cottage Pudding with Sauce

—Supper (or Luncheon)—

Potato Soup — Crackers
Stewed Fruit — Cornmeal Muffins
Cookies
Tea — Milk — Sugar

The recipes for Potato Soup and Cornmeal Muffins, mentioned above, are as follows:

Potato Soup—

1 quart milk.
Salt, pepper and grated onion to taste.
1½ cups mashed potato.

Add the potato to the heated milk and seasonings, reheat and serve very hot.

If skim milk is used the soup is improved by the addition of a little butter.

Cornmeal Muffins—

1 egg.
2 tablespoons dripping.
6 tablespoons brown sugar.
½ cup of milk.
1 cup of flour.
½ cup of cornmeal.
2 tablespoons of Baking Powder.
¼ teaspoon of salt.

(Wheat and meat saving recipes by Domestic Science experts of the Canadian Food Controller's office).

FAILED TO LOOK AHEAD.

A Blunder That Has Brought Many a Family to Grief.

In the American Magazine a writer says:

"A man engaged in business in one of the trades or professions is strong and healthy, and his earnings are adequate to meet the needs of himself and family and lay a little by to combat the proverbial rainy day.

"In trying to make a good appearance among his friends he lives up to his income, sells the birthright of his family for a mess of pottage in order to gratify his vanity or procrastinating habits. He is strong, and the future seems a long way off.

"Eventually on account of accident or disease he leaves the scene of action, and his wife and a number of small children must face the gloomy days of the future unassisted by a bank account or life insurance policy simply because he failed to to look ahead.

"Another man has a mortgage upon his property, and he soliloquizes in this manner: 'I shall meet the interest and next year begin paying off the mortgage.' The years pass, the mortgage is foreclosed, and he realizes when too late that he failed to look ahead.

"Still another man lived upon the principal of his physical bank account. He failed to bank energy and conserve health in the form of proper physical exercise and careful hygienic living, and exacting nature foreclosed by striking her victim with apoplexy."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS IN THE HOME

Mrs. Eugene Vaillancourt, St. Mathieu, Que., writes: "My baby suffered greatly from constipation, so I began using Baby's Own Tablets. I was surprised with the prompt relief they gave him, and now I always keep them in the house." Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she always keeps a supply on hand for the first trial convinces her there is nothing to equal them in keeping her little ones well. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CUTICURA HEALS BAD CASE ECZEMA

Relief Instantaneous. Healed With 3 Cakes of Soap and 2 Boxes of Ointment.

"I was very much annoyed by an irritation on my back. I found out I had a bad case of eczema. My back was in a very bad shape, and my clothing irritated so that the skin became very sore. I sent for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Relief was instantaneous and with the use of three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) B. F. Grosch, Y. M. C. A., St. Catharines, Ont., July 4, 1917.

For hair and skin health Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "**Cuticura**, Dept. A, **Boston, U. S. A.**" Sold everywhere.

FAMILY FRIENDS.

Fine Food for Thought in a Bequest Made by Justice Lamar.

In the will of the late Justice Lamar of the United States supreme court there was one very unusual legacy. He bequeathed his friendships to his family.

"To my family," the will runs, "I bequeath friendships many and numerous in the hope that they will be cherished and continued. True friendships are the most valuable of our worldly possessions, more precious than gold, more enduring than diamonds, more important than fame. * * * As Henry Drummond has well said, 'Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is!'"

The family that inherits such wealth is truly rich. But it is a legacy that must be used if it would be preserved. Friendships cannot be locked away in safes or lent to historical exhibits and museums. Like love and faith and courage, they belong to that intangible treasure of the soul that must be kept from destruction by constant service. It is not alone material things that "rust doth corrupt."

How many of us have let slip through busy or careless fingers the beautiful and glowing friendships of our youth? We did not mean to do it. Indeed, we have often regretted the loss until, as the years pass, the regret gradually fades away. And if that is true of our own friends how far more true of our father's friends? Yet there have been families where friendships have passed down from father to son for several generations.

There is food for thought here. How many fathers are building up fine and loyal and serviceable friendships that they can with pride and gratitude bequeath to their sons? How many mothers are storing up like treasures for their daughters? The question does not end there. How many young people of to-day are fitting themselves to receive such legacies? How many in all the varied and urgent calls of life are heeding the challenge to make themselves worthy of friendships by being loyal and fine tempered and generous friends themselves.

"A man that hath friends," the old book of wisdom declares, "must show himself friendly," and again, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."—Youth's Companion.

ONE WAY TO PAY.

How the Artist Raphael Settled His Bill at an Inn.

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life like many another genius.

Once when travelling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael in desperation resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table top in his room a number of gold coins, and, placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and summoned his host.

"There," he exclaimed, with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The innkeeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud knew no bounds until a wealthy English traveller, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him $50 for the table.—Stray Stories.

The Gordian Knot.

As the old legend goes, the father of Greek King Midas, once King of Phrygia, was originally a poor peasant. The people of Phrygia being much disturbed, an oracle had informed them that a wagon would bring them a king who would put an end to all their troubles. Not long after this saying, Gordius (Midas' father) suddenly arrived in the midst of an assembly of the people, riding in his wagon. At once, to the great surprise of Gordius, they made him king. In his gratitude Gordius dedicated the wagon to the god Zeus, and it was placed in the acropolis at Gordium. The pole of the wagon was tied to the yoke by a knot of bark, and a second oracle declared that whoever untied that knot should reign over all Asia. It was Alexander who untied the knot with his sword, thus assuming himself to be the man referred to by the oracle.—Brooklyn "Eagle."