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SLEUTH.

The representative of the law pre-

sented a broad blue front and rosy

gills under his visor. His accent be-

trayed a Gaelic derivation. He was

scornful and bored.

"lothes on, officer"

wrong.

hind.

he suggested.

and going.

Neil shrugged.

Who's the complainant here?"

to do but bring him in, see?"

dressed his narrative to the more

sympathetic ears of the stragglers be-

The policeman glanced curiously at

the dogged face of his young prisoner.

a slow-witted good-natured humane-

"You ain't had a word to say yet,"

"Oh, well, just in the way of conver-

sation," the bluecoat went on socibly.

You can say anything you like to me.

I ain't got nottin' to do wit' it. Har-

tigan my name is, Terence Hartigan.

Don't forget it. I always make friends

wit' the fellas and girls I take up. Ex-

ceptin' the genuine rat-face brand. It's

a fancy I have. Lord! there's many

a mistake made, I says, and I'm only

a human bean meself. Then complain-

ants, they gen'ally make me sore. They show such nasty dispositions, like.

God! they want you to hang every

poor fella! Why, some of the best

friends I got are fellas I run in first-

off. They never hold it against me."

Ev'ybody picks on the cops.

you to arrest the brutes for overload-

street corner sign. We're nailed down,

boy, that's what we are, nailed down!"

door of the police station. Prisoner,

complainant and the four male wit-

lieutenant was a thin, dyspeptic-look-

bored by the dramatic scenes which

bore a strong resemblance to a dingy

schoolroom without any desks, and

The lieutenant entered a formal com-

plaint in his big book, and ignored

alike the Old Codger's fervent accusa-

answer to both. "Put him in No. 27

Neil was led out of the back door.

"Tell it to the magistrate," was his

tion and Neil's indignant denial.

nesses lined up before the rail.

The populace was haited outside the-

Unfortunately Neil was not in the

We got to do ev'ybody's

The frame of the skylight provided faces, every human feeling sunk in a good purchase for his feet. He pick | mere animal curiosity. ed up the rope and braced himself. When the body swung clear of the chair his strength was taxed to the utmost. He set his jaw. The thing had

to be done. The body rose slowly. The tansured crown showed in the opening, and Neil. holding it there, was going down the rope, hand over hand, preparatory to grasping the collar-when something happened. Either the knot slipped or the rope parted, he never knew what.

He was catapulted backward. landed with a horrifying crash in the middle of the next skylight, and presently found himself sitting on the floor of a dark room much shaken in body and confused in mind.

Instantly from close by was lifted a series of ear-splitting yells: "Help! Police! Murder! Thieves!"

Neil recognized the voice of the Old Codger. So that was where he was! Here was a pretty situation as a conspirator! He wondered if he would have to do a real murder in order to hide the one he had not committed. He lay very still, trying to figure out where the door lay. He know it had a spring lock. If he could reach it! Getting his bearings at last, he commenced to creep toward it softly. The

yells redoubled in volume. Neil heard stirrings below, and his heart sank. "Shut your head, or I'll brain you!" he growled.

The voice was called in with a gasp. At the same moment Neil laid his hand on the patent lock of the door. Up the ladder through the scuttle and over the roofs was his plan. If he could conceal his identity all might not Jet be lost.

He was too late. As he opened the door an electric flash was thrown in his face, momentarily blinding him. He fell bank a step. Several people crowded inside. The voice behind him was promptly

raised again. "That's him! The thief! Seize him! Hit him over the head!" "I've got him covered!" said a man's

Neil ground his teeth in helpless rage.

The Old Codger scrambled out of bed fellow tenant. None tenants who slept in the building were there-four men, and a large woman wearing a boudoir cap. She kept a correspondence school of millinery on the floor below The uncouth, scantilydressed group was etched on Neil's

Everybody talked at once. 'Setze him, the scoundrel!" cried the Old Codger . In his excitement he forgot his shyness—he in his night-

shirt, too, and a lady present 'it's all a mistake," said Neil, with as much dignity as he could muster. "I was walking on the roof and I stumbled and fell through the sky-

This was received with a chorus of derisive laughter. "Likely story!" Neil flushed hotly. 'Did you ever hear of a burglar jumping through a skylight?" he demanded.

"Well, then, you've been robbing had remained behind to dress. The some other place," said the milliner, sepiently. "Take him in boys, on the

How Neil hated her, the fat, vulgar creature. "A desperate character!" cried the [complexion a ghastly hue. The scene Old Codger. "Threatened my life, he

did!" Neil, thinking of what lay in the with grown-up scholars. next room, was ready to seize upon any pretext to take them away from that vicinity. Perhaps he might be able to make a break for liberty in the street below. None of these looked like runners.

'Very well, let's go and find a policeman," he said. "I'm willing to put it up to him."

"You'd better be!" they said. They descended the stairs in a body with a great clatter. Unfortunately for Neil's hopes of escape the detestable lady milliner had taken the precaution to scream out of the window before venturing upstairs, and they met a policeman coming up with drawn club. At a respectful distance followed a little crowd of curiosity seekers, such as may be raised in New York at any

hour of the night. A confused and noisy explanation was like a bad dream. His coatless and disordered state told against him. The gas was turned up and doors opened and closed. Close around pressed a circle of vacant, staring open-mouthed

lething better is made

building, lost to the world among the back walls. The windows were ominously barred. An ancient doorkeeper, red-eyed and horribly callous, sat within his keys on a big ring. "No. 27," Hartigan said, turning Neil over to him. Hartigan lingered, casting a commiserating eye on the bedraggled routh. "It you've got any money I'll send you in lunch," he said, "Don't want it." "Do you want me to telephone any took place on the landing. To Neil it friend to send you a coat and hat? You're wet through." Neil shook his head. "Well, so long," said his captor. You're lucky that I took you up early. You won't be here long. They'll send you up to the night court with the last load. The wagon will be round in an hour. I'll ride up with you. So long."

> ly like no other sound on earth, and which, heard for the first time behind a man, completely changes his point of view of society. CHAPTER IV. Neil sat on the wooden shelf runaing lengthwise of his cell, and considered his situation. It was about as bad as it could be. Even though he succeeded in concealing his identity. where would he be if he were sent up for attempted burglary or even for dislikely event of his being able to impress the magistrate with the very sketchy tale he was prepared to tell,

Neil was ushered into a narrow cell,

and the door clanged to with the

ring of shooting bolts, a sound exact-

rderly conduct? And even in the unthe court would require verification Whichever way you looked at if here was small chance that the secrecould be kept locked in his room. To tell the truth; he had bungled miserably. He did not spare himself. The business he had engaged in so lighticartedly now wore a very different

Black as the outlook was, Neil could not be altogether downcast. There was another part of him which took a weird joy in the novelty of his sensations. His eyes and ears were busy in spite of him. The corridor outside was brightly illuminated, and a certain amount of light came through the barred door. The drab-painted brick walls of his cell were revealed covered with the thoughts and the pictures of former tenants. Among the former he deciphered

Some folks land here from too much beer And some from finding money.

But that, old dear, was not my queer-With a cop I got too funny.

Presently Neil heard a voice: "Hey,

He did not immediately comprehend Gripping Neil's arm in one hand he that it was himself who was addressswung his club in the other. Get ed. back!" he cried hoarsely. "What the "Hey, you in the next jewel-box! hell do youse think this is, a circus?

You that was just brought in! "Do you mean me?" said Neil, sur-"Me!" cried a voice from above. prised. "What is it?"

"I'll be down as soon as I get some "Have you got a match?" Pass it to me for the lova Mike. Presently Neil found himself walking "How can I pass it to you?" through the empty, shining streets, "Ain't you never been in before? Put the policeman beside him, and on the your hand out between the bars and other side of the policeman the Old pitch it in front of my door. Measure it for three feet. Careful, now, if Codger, still pouring out his tale of

you've only got one." Neil did as he was bid. "Ah! save your breath to blow your "Got it!" eried the voice in triumph. soup with!" eried the bored, lordly You saved my life, 'bo! I only got bluecoat at last "Tell that to the looa cinder in the bowl o' me pipe, but tenant at the desk. I ain't got nothin' that's something. Tastes so bad makes me forget I'm hungry. What are you The Old Codger fell back and ad-

in for?" Neil did not feel inclined to confidences. "Search me," he said.

"Me. I had a turn of bad luck," the voice went on philosophically. "A good turn and a bad turn to-day. That's Behind the official front there was life. eh, 'bo? That's what they call compensation. But the bad gen'ally seems to pay off the good about five hundred per cent. Fella give me a half dollar this aft'noon. Just like that, he did. 'Here, 'bo,' says he, 'I picked a winner. Go and enjoy yourself on me.' Well, I did. I had seven whiskies real slow, with a good long time between.

"Well, I saved out fiften cents for me supper, y'understand. I went into a good restrunt on the Bow'ry and ordered me a plate of beef stoo, and put me fifteen cents on the table. Well, the waitress she brung me some of that there Hungarian Goolash, and collected my money. Now I ain't got no stomach for them foreign cookery. I ast for my money back, and she hit me wit a club. I couldn't hit no woman. So I just went outside and heaved a milk can through the winda. Do you think I'll get six months for that?

proper frame of mind to appreciate "Oh, not as bad as that," said Neil. this good fellow. He scarcely heard "I don't know," the voice went on, "It's a dog's life they lead you anyanxiously. "If I was slick, he'd be and lit the gas. Neil was ready to give how," Hartigan went on. He was of easy on me, but me clothes is a bit up all hope. However, in the general the well-fed type that loves a grievexcitement he was not immediately ance. "Say, us cops gets it coming wit' her club. You always get it score of prisoners. There they were weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's worse when you look bloody, I wouldof them knew him very well. All the dirty work. What with the public on n't mind if it was fall, but with the the one side and the Organization on summer just comin' on-! It was a the other we're like that kind in the mistake! It was a mistake! I had a mind to go to Canada. Who's sit-tin' in the night court now?" Bible that was claimed by two mothers, Young Solomon wasn't it? I dunno.

"I don't know." "Oh, I forgot you were a fledgeling. "Say, the way the newspapies hands A lot depends on that, son. Take my it to us is fierce. They get all their advice, and before you get run in pick news from us, don't they? There's gratitood! But them suffergettes is your magistrate. If its old Mulligan, he knows me. I laugh real hearty at the worst. I mean the old hexes that his jokes and he lets me down easy. hunt the streets for trouble, and want but these new young fellers, they're serious-minded. I do' know how to ing their automobile trucks, and take take them. Well, so long. I'm sodown your number and write to the in' to sleep now. See you in the commishner. Say, a cop's got no more wagon. I'm Indian Joe. You'll know fredoom of action nowadays than a me by my scab."

Farther down the line of cells Neil heard another dialogue.

"Say, fella, what time is it?" "Twenty minutes past twelve." "Daytime or night?"

"Say, your pipe's out! Night." "Night! The hell you say! Say, is it yesterday or to-morrow?" "What's the matter with you Do

ing officer with an air unutterably you think that's humorous?" "I ast you a civil question, didn't succeeded so rapidly before him. The green shades on his lamps lent his Is it yesterday or to-morrow?"

"It's to-day, you souse!" "Sure, I know it's to-day. But is o-day yesterday or to-morrow?" "Hey, doorkeeper! A straightjacket

wanted here." "Can't you tell me, it is yesterday or to-morrow?"

"Ah, go on and sleep it off. It's Wednesday." "That doesn't do me no good, be-

cause I don't know what day it was I got drunk. What am I goin' to say across a narrow, flagged court, and up to my boss if I don't know whether a short iron stairway into a separate it's yesterday or to-morrow?" By and by, down the corridor Neil

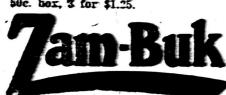
heard the bolts shot back and the doors clank open, one by one. The slumberers were awakened with no gentle hand and voice.

The old mastiff of a doorkeeper, with his dull, vindictive eye, finally unlocked Neil's door and held it open. This prisoner obeyed the mute invitation, and followed the others down

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the way Zam-Buk relieves the burning and irritation of eczema," writes Miss A. Gailant, of St. Nicholas, P.E.I. "For a year I suffered with this disease, and tried ail kinds of remedies, but nothing helped me until I used Zam-Buk. The continued use of this herbal baim has completely cured me.

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the corridor and across the courtyard into the back room of the station house. He recognized the battered

Officer Hartigan was waiting for him. While maintaining his stern port, he shot words of encouragement out of the corner of his mouth.

"How are you, Jack. Did you have sleep? How about an automobile ride? Rockfellow don't dast break the speed limit like you will tonight.

The hang-dog flock, with its brick blue shepherds, passed through the front rocm and down the steps. The patrol wagon was backed up to the curb. As Neil was about to get in it Hartigan restrained him.

"Let them bums get in first," he whispered. "You can sit by me at the end. It's better air."

During their rapid passage through the city Neil was once more aware of a vastly changed point of view. To ! shop windows now seemed like a wonderful privilege. Late passers by smiled in superior fashion at the

inder dog," thought Neil. Arriving at the back entrance of grim, tall building, they were marched up a heaven-pointing, straight left to their own devices for awhile Drunks and thieves were in the majority, the first, for the most part lattered and repentant, the other class neat, wary and, hard-eyed. Neil dreaded this part of his ordeal; he felt different from the others and

looked for them to turn on him. Nothing of the sort happened. fellow-feeling united them like old friends. One ragged burlesque of humanity begged Neil to tidy him up for the judge; another besought him to wait in the street if he was let off first, as he had the horrors coming on and couldn't bear to be alone.

One man was distinguished from all the rest by his serene smile. He was young, dark and able. His clothes vere neat and plain like the thieves'. but this man's eye was beaming. The battered wretches turned to him with instinctive confidence. He caught Neil's smile and nodded in a friendly

way. "How did you get here?" Neil asked curiously. It was the usual question, man to man.

"Labor agitator," he smiled. "All in the day's work. How about you?" "Oh, a rotten mess!" said Neil, with a shrug. "Not altogether of my own making.

"Got a lawver" Neil shook his head. "Want one?"

blv.

Another shake. At this moment the dark young man was called for and their talk cut short His name was Adolph Zinns. From the "pen" the prisoners progressed one by one into a long corridor, where they were made to sit in a row until their cases were called. The officer responsible for each prisoner lingered near, in many cases sitting

Men are naturally good-temper-Hartigan was not the least among the good-tempered. "I fixed it up for you to go on early," he whispered to Neil. "I got a pull here."

beside his charge, and chatting amica-

"Much obliged." said Neil. "Say, it's a great place to see life, min't it?" the other went on, waving his hand down the waiting line. "Always 'minds me of sinners at Peter's gate. Well, up there they'll get a square deal, anyhow. But of course magistrates ain't angels."

(To be continued.)

Quite True.

One of the attractions of the church fete was a fortune-teller's tent. A lady took ner 10-year-old, red haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal hall.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmared in deep, mysterious

"O how nice!" gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?" "For old age," replied the fortune

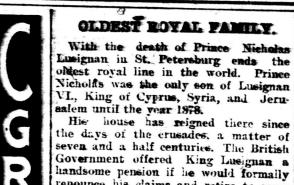
A HOT ONE.

'Baltimere American) "My ancestors came over with the first settlers Maybe you don't believe me,"

Why, not? They didn't deport folks then."

The submarine may have its inning, but murder will out. Sometimes when a man's first wife

wen't drive him to drink he gets another that does.—Dallas News.



renounce his claims and retire to some spot in the British Empire, but the monarch refused, saying he would rather die in penury than renounce his rights to his foes. He was exiled from Cyprus and went to St. Petersburg, where his family was brought up. They all died in the greatest poverty, and Prince Nicholas ended his life in a public hospital the other They were known in history as Counts of Forez till the 11th century, when one day, eavs the Chicago Tribune. This ancient line came from the town of

Lucignan in France. Jerusalem, taken from Moslems by the of them became King of Cyprus and Knoghts of the Cross. Fluent Women Novelists. Several women novelists beat the nen as public speakers. Mrs. Bailey Reynolds is a beautiful speaker; Mrs.

Humphrey Ward is equally fine; Lucas Malet says just, what she desires to Indiana Joe without difficulty, but say, and Sarah Grand might get a not over-anxious to make himself | seat in the Cabinet if she were a man, says the London Answers.

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The complete \$1.00 Outfit of Catarrhozone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Pruning in Disease Control

orchard he has in his mind some sort of ideal of what he wants the trees to become, and he prunes so as to produce this ideal. His ideal is made up of a number of different factors, such as .ne t.ee, and others of like nature. No two men prune alike, because each man puts a somewnat different value on each of these various factors. Every time a limb is lopped off or a twig removed a decision has to be made. based on the pruner's conscious or

unconscious reference to these factors. There is one factor which ought to be far more prominent in the ideal of the man behind the saw-the control of disease. In many cases this feature NO GIT Need 1.246 in pruning is almost endrely absent from the pruner's scheme, and in most pruning operations it does not receive the consideration it deserves. Yet pruning operations can be made materially helpful in reducing a considerable number of fruit tree diseases. Some diseases are generally con-

trolled only by pruning methods. Pear tention at pruning time. The remove at pruning time of mummied peach

canxers can also be greatly tessened will brighten, appetite will improve, by getting rid of as many as possible scrength and endurance will come 26 the trees are being pruned. Then there are a large number of dead wood fungi which live for the most part in ton's Pills to-day. Sold everywhere. dead or dying tissue, but can attack weakened or even healthy parts under favorable conditions. Pruning operations could rid the orchard of practically all these nuisances. In addition, there are numerous rot fungi which are likely to flourish in dead stubs. stumps and limbs, and either extend



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their work into the rest of the tree or form spores which will enable to become established in other wash. The only practical means we have of keeping down these rot fungi is in our pruning methods. Finally, in pruning it is necessary to bear in mind the necessity of making a cut that will neal quickly and cleanly, and will not result in a dead stub or a canker. great percentage of peach cankers arise from pruning wounds, and it is here necessary to use the greatest care, not only to make a clean cut, but to make it in the right place close to the limb, so that proper healing will

In pointing out these few cases where pruning methods may help in controlling diseases, it is not intended to advise that a lot of extra time and labor be spent on pruning from this point of view. Rather it is intended to suggest that the idea of disease control should be included among the factors that go to make up what may be called one's "pruning ideal." If this is done, pruning operations will go on with much the same expenditure of time and labor as before, but they will not tend to make the process much more effective in ridding the orchard of many pests.-W. A. McCubbin, Field Laboratory of Plant Pathology St. Catharines, Ont.

ORGAN IF BALANCE.

When It Becomes Affected It Pro duces an Attack of Vertige.

When any one feels dizzy and perhaps almost about to faint his brain cannot properly control the working of his eyes. They may move round from side to side, perhaps independently instead of together, and so ft may look as if things were spinnig

Another reason for dizziness has to do with a wonderful part of the body near the car and without which none of us could sit upright, much less stand, though few people have ever heard of it. This organ, which used to be thought to have something to do with hearing, really controls our baiance. In some people it is affected by disease, an dthese constantly suffer from dizziness and a feeling that everything is spinning round and

round. As every one knows, we can make shapeliness, restriction of wood ourselves dizzy and so think everygrowth, openress of top, lowering of thing is spinning round by whirling around ourselves several times in one direction. This disturbs the organ of balance, and this disturbance gives us the feeling. If you turn round the other way you put things right by restoring the original state of affairs within the balancing organ. The name for the feeling that things are spinning round is vertigo, and "vert" simply means "turn." & Kansas City Journal

A blotched Face

Whether it be in capturing the hear, of man, or making her way through the world by the toil of her hanes, a charming and pretty face blight and black knot in cherries are gives any girl a big advantage. Poor instances of this nature. In other complexion and rough, sallow skin are cases control is greatly assisted by a coused by blood disorders. The cure

simple. Just use Dr. Hamilton's ...-a reliable family remedy that and plums destroyed by brown rot is has for years been the foremost blood of great assistance in requeing this remedy in America. That soft glow disease. Apple tree cankers and peach | will return to the cheeks, the eyes because sound health has been established. Get a 25c. box of Dr. Hamil-

Odd and interesting Facts.

It is now proposed to use rubber spenge moulded to fit the inside of the tire easing, and in this manner produce a pune are proof tire. The car still rides on air, but this air is confined in innumerable little sacks.

The weights used by goldsmiths in gauging the quality of gold apart from the alloy, i. e., carat, is derived from that of the seed of an Abyssini an carat-flower, which, being exceedingly uniform in size, were employed in weighing gold and precious stones. Sugar was known at a very early

period to the inhabitants of India and aina. In all probability the sugar cane originally came from India, as only the ancient literature of that country mentions sugar cane, while it is known that it was conveyed to other countries by travellers a sailors.

In Siam there are small fresh water fish so pugnacious that when two of them are placed near each other th at once begin to fight. When the is quiet its colors are dull, but excited they attain a metallic