

OUT A COLD
FEW MOMENTS

Strips. Stops Sneezing,
Throat Quickly.

Works Wonders

Used to let their
suffered a
around the house,
family finally caught

are cured by Cap-
they really get a
heating vapor, full
gives instant relief.
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a charm. (Cathar-
nment cure for bron-
trouble. Not an
a cure that's guar-
"Catharhazone" to-day,
substitutes. The dollar
need, and small size,
25c., at all dealers.

REPORTS

MARKETS.

REMARKS.

retail... 9.43 9.55

Wholesale... 9.38 9.50

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PARTED BY GOLD

Anderson, too astonished to reply verbally, walked down to the corner where he had been directed and found a lady in black, with a thick veil over her face, standing in the snow waiting for him.

Something about her figure, the turn of her head, told the man that he was looking upon high rank and household breeding.

He removed his hat, and staring, kept it in his hand.

"Put your hat on," said the clear, cold voice. "I want to ask you a question or two, and if you answer me truthfully you shall not regret doing so."

"What do you want to know?" said Anderson, in a low voice, half sullen, half curious.

"First, the name of that man and person who drove the brougham which stood near mine."

Anderson thought a moment, his anger rising a little at the designation of Miss Montague as a person.

"I must ask first," he said, sullenly, "what you want to know it for, and what business it is of yours?"

"And a very respectable question to ask, my man," said the lady, with tones too indifferent to be contemptuous.

"I am anxious to know why a friend of mine, the owner of the brougham, should be so polite as to send an actress home in his cab and walk through the snow himself."

"Oh," said Anderson, and a sneer flashed over his ill-tempered lips, "I understand. A friend of yours, is he? Then I don't envy your acquaintance."

He stopped abruptly, for the lady, with a gesture of disgust, had looked around as if becoming her carriage.

"I see," she said, with a sigh. "I was wrong to speak to you, I might have known I should have been insulted."

"Stop a moment," said Anderson, who saw his mistake. "Don't go yet, ma'am; I'm out of temper, been riled out of my life. Confound him! I'll tell you if you want to know."



The Kiddies Enjoy Cuticura Soap

This pure, fragrant emollient is just suited to the tender skins of infants and children. Millions have known its benefits since birth. The daily use of it, with touches of Ointment now and then to little skin and scalp troubles, tends to insure a healthy skin, a clean scalp and good hair throughout life.

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed the sweet little voice of Pattie, as Mary and her father entered the cozy sitting-room, the latter with a half smile sadly complacent upon his face, and holding his head assuredly half an inch higher.

"Mary bent down over the chair and kissed the pinched face, and her blush was hidden by its wreath of golden hair."

"No, my dear," said Mr. Montague, throwing his cloak down and speaking with an effort at indifferent callousness. "We—er—that is, a gentleman was good enough to place his carriage at our disposal."

"Ah!" said the woman-child. "Hold your head up, Mary, you naughty girl. I want to look at you. Why, you are blushing. Placed his carriage at your disposal," continued the mite.

"My dear, you talk like a duke, and look pretty nearly as grand. Come here this minute and explain!"

The pirate, with his usual meekness, drew his chair up to the fire and sighed.

"Now," said Pattie, brushing the golden cloud from her forehead and looking after Mary, who had glided from the room, "now, dear, who's the kind gentleman with the carriage to spare for other people's disposal?"

"Er—er, I—don't know," confessed the man-child. "Pattie, my darling, I'm very hungry."

"Now!" said the little tyrant, shaking the miniature of a forefinger at him. "Don't 'my darling' me, you wicked deceitful thing, how dare you! Hungry? You shan't have anything till I know everything; and you don't know what's under that plate, and she pointed to a dish lying before the fire, its contents screened from vulgar gaze by a plate of silver."

"Dear me, I—er—Pattie, my love, it is not macaroni cheese?"

"Never you mind what it is," said the child, drawing his hand to her cheek with a gesture contrasting yet harmonizing well with the mock pharisee of her words. "You won't get any of it, nor Mary, either, if you don't behave yourselves. She's getting as close and secret as you. You are spilling her, you wicked, abominably wicked thing!"

The father sighed and rubbed his head with his disengaged hand and moved, when she flung him her purse and raised the window. The whole gesture and action were so utterly contemptuous, so eloquent of the opinion she had of such seam of humanity, that the man, low and base as he was, felt his blood boil.

With an oath he snatched up the purse from its little hole of snow and flung it after the carriage.

ing obedience of a child, held his tongue immediately, and sat looking at the fire in silence.

Mary very quietly laid the copper cloth and set out the things, then she came and looked at the fireplace, the light falling about which there a soft glow upon her face that elsewhere in the room was very pale.

"Supper is ready, dear," she said, presently, and the pirate, rousing with a start, lifted the golden-haired mite to the table and stood as he always did till the dish was upon the table and Mary was seated.

Then he glanced at the dish and glanced humbly at his mistress by the elbow.

"You may take the cover off, Mary, my dear, and give this naughty boy a small piece—a very small piece."

Mary lifted the cover, and the old man's eyes brightened.

"Ahem," he said, "a macaroni cheese, and—er—very crisp and nice it looks."

"Much better than you deserve," said Pattie, sharply, stroking his hand as it lay upon the table with her soft ones. "Much better. Mary, give him a small piece more—them, a little larger this time, dear, I think."

Mary smiled and did as she was directed. Macaroni cheese seemed to have lost its charm for her. The first piece on her plate seemed intended for the last, and suffered little diminution.

The twinkling eyes looking out of the thin little face noted the paleness, want of appetite and dreamy thoughtfulness, but Pattie said nothing, continued to serve the old man while he felt hungry, and directly he was satisfied, urged him with sharp tongue and persuasive hand to eat more, not desisting until he pushed back his plate with trembling decision and said, humbly:

"Thank you, dear, no more; I really can't—I really can't."

"Very well," said Pattie. "I shan't make another cheese in a hurry, if this is the way it is appreciated. Come, sir, lift me back."

He lifted her back to the chair, passing a moment for her to reach his chair from the mantel, and put it in his mouth as usual, and then the three drew up to the fire and placed themselves in Pattie's hands.

And she arose equal to the task, her mighty task, to amuse her tired loved ones, to cheer them, to make them forget the labors and worries of the evening, to throw about them the soothing value of home and bind them in one hand of love.

Would that the good people would take much delight in relating the stories of the pious and impossible children who preach to men and women old enough to be their grandparents, who shower tracts and extracts from sermons upon the heads of their unoffending and unfortunate schoolfellows, and who wind up by dying in the center of a crowd of sympathizing and no doubt rejoicing Sunday school children in flat caps and enormous collars, could have seen this suffering little being exerting all her tiny little self to win a laugh from the two tired ones, and never resting till the roses were in her sister's face and the light in her delighted father's.

The better Sunday scholar must make the angels weep sometimes, but a stray celestial hovering about that room that night must have soared upward with a happy, glad, some laugh chiming with the rustle of its wings and left a blessing with the little mirthmaker.

DOMINION Bicycle Tires

WILL SERVE YOU WELL

EVERYTHING that you could ask for, in easy riding, extra mileage, staunch wear and freedom from ordinary tire troubles, you will find in Dominion Bicycle Tires. They are

"Unquestionably The Best Tires"

Be sure to ask your dealer for DOMINION TIRES that have proved their high quality and durability under every road condition.

Sold by the Leading Dealers

British Rule in Germany

(By Jaul Hyacinthe Loysen).

I have just visited the whole of the German area occupied by the Allies and compared the diverse methods of the occupants—French, British, American, and Belgian. A thousand articles have already been sent to their papers by hundreds of Allied correspondents, and I could add thereto a thousand personal observations.

Briefly, concerning the British authorities, whose honored and grateful guest I have been during this tour, I shall say this: their system of occupation is excellent and an example to all others—no familiarity with the Germans, but no bullying. British, wholesome and clean-cut like the edge of her cliffs, has installed herself in Hunland, and that's all.

ALL BRITISH CONTROL

Fully aware of the enemy's moods and morals—if I may so express myself—the British have simply taken over under their control and at their service not only like all the Allies, the German Civil Service and other State organizations, but the private capacities and efficiencies of the vanquished.

All through the British zone of occupation an Allied officer, as was the case with the writer of these lines, is practically in the hands of German clerks for billeting, information, and all other commodities, and they are zealous, courteous, versed in all languages, eager to serve under any flag, prone to curb under any yoke, and proud of the domination. Thus the British authorities, with tactful and cold comprehension and a sort of distant contact, are using the Huns as their familiars, not their slaves, as the higher domesticity of the household.

But if the British naturally behave as gentlemen, even towards the bandits who slew 15,000 of their civilians on sea and 5,000 on land—that is to say, if they are neither offensive nor obtrusive in the slightest degree versus the conquered—yet do they lose no opportunity of bringing home substantially to the German the hard fact that they are victors. As you know, the German papers are all published with this notice over the title: "Erscheint mit Erlaubnis der britischen militärischen Behörde" (issued by permission of the British Military Command). Oh, John Bull, my friend, what a revenge!

A PLOT THAT FAILED

Now, whilst I was here in Cologne, the venerable and stately Kolnische Zeitung, the Times of former Germany, tried to work out a little piece of tomfoolery against the French, according to the instructions of the German propaganda, which is more active than ever, and always in the same old hands. The device was to praise up the British occupation to the detriment of the French. A French ally is proud to state that on the very moment when the number of the paper appeared the editor of the Kolnische was summoned to the British G.H.Q. and simply told that "that would not do," and that the paper would have to be suppressed for a week. The jolly old Boche took it for a vague warning, and was totally flabbergasted (as founded to find on the next morning that his august paper was suppressed for a week.

Other slight but trenchant hints as to their present conditions are also given to the Huns in the most remote and direct manner, such as posters on

the walls, printed in English, which all the German middle class can read. The cause of the German defeat, a public lecture by Captain X. of the British staff, "and posters, posters all over the town in English, pointing to the Y.M.C.A. and to all sorts of germanian, pleasurable performances of the British, such as the daily British theatricals for the kids.

All intimacy, however, even a mere conversation in the streets with the German women-folk, is strong verboten, which almost means the threat of a court-martial. The British wives, lovers, mothers, and sisters at home can feel perfectly reassured their boys are on their best behavior in Germany—not billeted in barracks, but in convents.

SCOTS PIPERS IN BONN

I had the pleasure of witnessing in Bonn, before the University and the marble statue of Wilhelm I., the very "mortal grandfather," the gathering of the Scottish pipers. The whole town was there to witness.

The Scots stood for about half an hour sturdy "to order," and then the "march" was left loose. The relief of the guard at Buckingham Palace was not "in it." The Huns' blinking eyes broadened into bulls' eyes as wide as targets. Never shall I forget that Scots drummer, with his huge vertical instrument, crossing his wrists over the drum after each beat, as though his arms had been two yards long, and as though his fists every time came pounding down on a Roche's head.

Personally, by keener experience was on a British motor-launch which took me right down the Rhine from Coblenz to Cologne, thanks to the gesture of courtesy of Lieutenant Charles Foxley, under the white naval ensign which saved the world, with the thin, naked guns levelled all round, like the sensitive snouts of greyhounds, whilst the big British guns on the left bank as we steamed past were keeping a steady watch over the right bank, with their piles of ammunition at hand.

Upon that grim winter's day, when aboard of that British gunboat on the Rhine, I glanced at the familiar sight of the Sieben Gebirge and of the hushed-up Imperial castles. Then it was I realised and felt that the one great victor of the war was Britain. The sensation was a match to the exultation of those who witnessed the tottering in of the German fleet in the Fifth of Forth.

A quick snapshot to finish. Can you think of anything more base, more utterly vile and cringing than this printed sign in English, stuck in the shop windows, of Cologne over their iron crosses for sale, the emblem of valor and the reward of dead German men, do buy souvenirs from Germany to send to your people at home!" [sic].

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

The Trouble is Rooted in the Blood and Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

In the days of our grandfathers rheumatism was thought to be the unavoidable penalty of middle life and old age. Almost every elderly person had rheumatism, as well as many young people. Medical science did not understand the trouble—did not know that it was rooted in the blood. It was thought that rheumatism was the effect of exposure to cold and damp, and it was treated with liniments and hot applications, which sometimes gave temporary relief, but did not cure the trouble. In those days, there were thousands of rheumatic cripples. Now medical science understands that rheumatism is a disease of the blood and that with good, rich, red blood any man or woman of any age can defy the trouble. Rheumatism can be cured by killing the poison in the blood, which causes it. For this purpose, the blood making, blood enriching qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is becoming every year more widely known, and it is the more general use of these pills that has robbed rheumatism of its terrors. In proof of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure this trouble, Miss Jonnie Stockdale, Hall's Bridge, Ont., says: "Two winters ago I was taken with a bad attack of rheumatism, and was in bed for over two months, most of which time I could not sleep or enjoy rest day or night. The trouble also affected my nerves, which were very bad. I tried several remedies but did not get any help from them, and then, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon felt that the pills were helping me, and after taking eight boxes I am glad to say I was able to go about again as usual, and am now enjoying the best of health with plenty of good, rich blood which makes me feel like an altogether different person. I earnestly advise those suffering from rheumatism, nervousness and kindred troubles not to delay using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as, like myself, I am sure they will find a cure through their use."

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

Paper Textiles.

They are new. The war needs produced them. The paper textiles have become a large group. Among them are paper yarn, paper twines, paper leather. Paper cloth and paper carpets are now manufactured in Europe. The paper yarn is woven into many useful fabrics for practical service. Among the variety of uses are conveyor belts, driving belts and girths for machinery. School and market bags, children's clothing, men's and boys' "linen" collars and shirt fronts are made of paper.

To these are added a long list, including workmen's suits, women's skirts, caps and hats for men, women and children, towels, scrubbing cloths, women's petticoats and corsets, suspenders, blouses, etc.

Superstition is a senseless fear of God.—Cicero.

MARKETS

Winnipeg Grain
Wheat 1.10 1.15
Barley 1.05 1.10
Oats 1.00 1.05
Rye 1.05 1.10
Clover 1.00 1.05
Hay 1.00 1.05
Flour 1.00 1.05
Sugar 1.00 1.05
Lard 1.00 1.05
Butter 1.00 1.05
Eggs 1.00 1.05
Pork 1.00 1.05
Beans 1.00 1.05
Corn 1.00 1.05
Soybeans 1.00 1.05
Wool 1.00 1.05
Hides 1.00 1.05
Tallow 1.00 1.05
Cattle 1.00 1.05
Horses 1.00 1.05
Poultry 1.00 1.05
Dairy 1.00 1.05
Fruit 1.00 1.05
Vegetables 1.00 1.05
Meat 1.00 1.05
Fish 1.00 1.05
Game 1.00 1.05
Miscellaneous 1.00 1.05

Particulars.

and his mother home he was cautious, good behavior and their friends. But the boy to be good few hours after his untidy sized up the deal. "Well, who else to besides mother and Mary's friends, it's friends?"

welcomes his walk-ers they give him a

COUGHS
UGHERS

LOH

LOH

LOH

LOH

LOH

LOH

THIS CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LEGEND OF PURITY



APPEARS ON
CLARK'S

PORK
AND
BEANS

W. CLARK, LIMITED
TORONTO

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT NUTZ, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I can't sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

When the well-appointed brougham stopped before the equally well-equipped villa, Lady Maud stepped out, and turning to the coachman, said, in her low, clear and now very pleasant voice:

"Johnson, how long have you been in my aunt's service?"

"Nearly nine years, my lady," said the man, touching his hat.

"And in my uncle's, before that?"

"Ten, altogether, my lady; I have been in the service of the Pacewell family nearly twenty years."

"It is a long time," said my lady, thoughtfully. "Twenty years deserve confidence. I have trusted you tonight, Johnson. You will not betray me?"

"My lady," burst out the man, ready to die for this sweet-voiced daughter of the house he had served so long, "I have eaten the Pacewell bread too long to do such a mean thing. You can trust me, my lady, to die for you or any of the Pacewells, if it could do them any good."

Lady Maud laid her hand lightly on his arm—she knew better than to offer him any money—and inclined her head, saying sweetly:

"Good night, Johnson. I do trust you. We have been at Mrs. Leigh's."

"At Mrs. Leigh's, my lady," assented the man, and he would have stuck to his assertion of the stake.