

MARKET REPORTS

MARKETS

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any...	\$ 0.50	\$ 0.55
...	0.30	0.35
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WHOLESALE

...	\$16.00	\$18.00
...	24.00	28.00
...	20.00	24.00
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MARKETS

RAIN EXCHANGE

in the Winnipeg Grain
day were as follows:

High. Low. Close.

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WHEAT GRAINS

Flour unchanged;
No. 2, \$1.54;
No. 3, \$1.50;
No. 4, \$1.45;
No. 5, \$1.40;
No. 6, \$1.35;
No. 7, \$1.30;
No. 8, \$1.25;
No. 9, \$1.20;
No. 10, \$1.15;
No. 11, \$1.10;
No. 12, \$1.05;
No. 13, \$1.00;
No. 14, \$0.95;
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No. 16, \$0.85;
No. 17, \$0.80;
No. 18, \$0.75;
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December, \$3.57 asked;
May, \$3.65 asked.

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STOLEN JEWELS

CHAPTER XXI.

"Faust Upset" had been put into rehearsal at once, and three weeks after the murder of Lazarus it was to be produced. Mortimer had hurried on the production of the burlesque with the utmost speed, as "Prince Carnival" was now playing to empty houses. The Bon-Bon Company were kept hard at work, and what with rehearsals during the day, the performance of the opera-buffe in the evening, and rehearsals afterwards till two in the morning, they were all pretty well worn-out.

In spite of Kitty's indomitable spirit, she was looking haggard and ill, for the incessant work was beginning to tell on her system. The doctor told her plainly that she was killing herself, and that absolute rest was what she required; but in spite of those warnings she never gave herself a moment's peace.

"I don't care two straws if I die," she said recklessly to Dr. Chirston; "I've made arrangements for the future of my child, and there's nothing else for me to live for."

She was determined to make the burlesque a success, and worked hard at rehearsals getting the author and composed to alter some things, and cut out others, making several valuable suggestions as to stage-management, and in every way doing her best. But though friendly towards Keith, yet he was conscious of a kind of reserve in her manner towards him, and thought it was due to the knowledge that he was engaged to Eugenie.

He had become reconciled to his sweetheart, and she went down every day to teach Meg at Toorak. It had been arranged that in three months she was to go to England with Meg, and Kitty guaranteed to pay a certain sum annually for the salary of the governess and the maintenance of the child. Of course, Eugenie never meant to take any money, as she had become strongly attached to Meg, but still kept up her semblance of poverty till such time as she judged it fit to tell Keith.

Meanwhile, in spite of Keith's opposition, she lived with Caprice, and led a very quiet life, for what with the state of her health, and constant rehearsals, Kitty gave no Sunday receptions.

But while Stewart fumed and fretted over the fact of his sweetheart staying with a woman of bad character like Caprice, and attended to all the rehearsals of the burlesque, Naball was silently winding his net round him. The detective had made inquiries at the Skylarks' Club, and found that Keith had been there that night in the company of Fenton and discovered this, he went to Fenton and discovered the knife with which the American had been committed, to cut the wires of a champagne bottle, and afterwards slipped it into his coat pocket.

From the club he went to the Bon-Bon Theatre, and as the detective knew from Keith's own admission, had left there at half-past twelve.

"And then," said Naball to himself, "he told me he wandered about the streets till two o'clock, and then saw Villiers—rubbish—he went straight to Russell street and committed the crime."

It had taken Naball some time to collect the necessary evidence, and it was only on the day previous to the production of "Faust Upset" that he was able to get a warrant for Keith's arrest, so he determined to let the performance take place before he arrested him.

"If it's a success," said Naball to himself, as he slipped the warrant into his pocket, "he'll have had one jolly hour to himself, and if it's a failure—well, he'll be glad enough to go to jail." So with this philosophical conclusion, Mr. Naball settled in his own mind that he would go to the theatre.

Keith wanted Eugenie to go to a box with him in order to see the play, but she said she would rather go to the stalls by herself in order to judge of the effect the burlesque had on the audience. After a good deal of argument, Stewart gave way, so on the momentous night she took her seat in the stalls, eager to see the first bid her lover made for fame.

Tulch had been recalled from his task of watching Stewart, as Naball judged that the vanity of an author seeing his work on the stage would be enough to keep the young man in Melbourne; but Tulch, true to his instincts of finishing a job properly, took his place in the gallery and kept his eyes on Keith, who sat with Ezra in a private box. The Jew was calm in a placid, as having succeeded to his father's fortune, he had not staked everything, like Keith, on the burlesque being a success; still, for the partner's sake as well as for his own, he was anxious that it should go well.

Such a crowded house as it was—everybody in Melbourne was there, for a new play by a colonial author was a rare thing, and a burlesque by

a colonial author, with original music by a colonial composer, was almost unheard of.

The critics who were present felt an unaccountable sense of responsibility to-night, for as this was the first production of the piece on any stage, they had to give an opinion on their own responsibility. Hitherto the generality of plays produced in Melbourne had been of London origin, so it was comparatively easy to give a verdict; but to-night it was quite a different thing, therefore the gentlemen of the press intended to be extra careful in their remarks.

Although "Faust Upset" was called a burlesque, it was more of an opera-buffe, as there was an absence of puns and rhyme about the dialogue, besides which the lyrics were really cleverly written, and the music brisk and sparkling. Keith had taken the old mediaeval legend of Faust, and reversed it entirely—all the male characters of the story he had made female, and vice versa. There was a good deal of satire in the piece about the higher education of women and the devotion of young men to athletics, to the exclusion of brain work. In fact, the libretto was of a decidedly Gilbertian flavor, albeit rather more frivolous, while the music was entirely of the Offenbachian school, light, tuneful and rapid.

After a melody overture, containing a number of taking melodies in the piece, the curtain rose on the study of Miss Faust, a blue-stocking of the deepest dye, who, after devoting her life to acquiring knowledge, finds herself, at the age of fifty, an old maid with no one to care for her.

The character was played by Tolby, who was a genuine humorist; and he succeeded in making a great deal out of the part, without ever condescending to vulgarity. His appearance as a lank, long-maiden, in a dingy sage-green gown, with wan face and tousled hair, was ludicrous in the extreme.

The opening chorus was sung by a number of very pretty girls, in caps and gowns, and on their going out to meet their lovers, Miss Faust, overcome with loneliness, summons to her aid the powers of evil, and in response "Miss Mephistopheles" appears.

Kitty looked charming as she stood in the centre of the red light. She was arrayed in the traditional dress of red, but as a female demon wore a petticoat, and her face was also left untouched, Miss Faust faintly in her chair, and Miss Mephistopheles, within bright light in her eyes, and a reckless devil may-care look on her expressive face, whirled down to the footlights, and dashed into a rattling gallop song, "Yes, this is I," which melody ran all through the opera.

With the assistance of various cosmetics, new dress, and sundry other articles of feminine toilet, which were brought in by a number of samll imps, Miss Mephistopheles succeeds in making

Keith looked charming as she stood in the centre of the red light. She was arrayed in the traditional dress of red, but as a female demon wore a petticoat, and her face was also left untouched, Miss Faust faintly in her chair, and Miss Mephistopheles, within bright light in her eyes, and a reckless devil may-care look on her expressive face, whirled down to the footlights, and dashed into a rattling gallop song, "Yes, this is I," which melody ran all through the opera.

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ing Miss Faust young; shows her a vision of Mr. Marguerite, a young athlete; and finally changes the scene to the market-place, where there was a chorus of young men in praise of athletic sports.

It would be useless to give the plot in detail, as Keith followed the lines of the legend pretty closely. Miss Faust meets Mr. Marguerite, who is beloved by Miss Siebel, a sporting young woman. There was the garden scene, with a lawn tennis ground, a vision on the Broken of the future of women, with grotesque ballets and fantastic dresses; the scene of the duel, which was a quarrel scene between Mrs. Valentine and Miss Faust, after the style of Madame Angot; then Miss Mephistopheles runs off with Mr. Marguerite, having fallen in love with him; the lovers are followed and thrown into prison, which is changed by the magic power of Miss Mephistopheles into a race-course, in which scene there is a bewildering array of betting men, pugilists, pretty girls, and fortune-tellers. Miss Mephistopheles then resigns Mr. Marguerite to Miss Siebel, and wants to carry off Miss Faust to the nether regions, when a flaw is discovered in the deed, and everything is settled amicably the whole play ending with the gallop chorus of the first number.

When the curtain fell on the first act, the audience were somewhat bewildered; it was such an entirely new departure from the story of Faust, that they almost resented it. But as the piece progressed, they saw the real cleverness of the satire, and when the curtain came down they called loudly for the author and composer, who came forward and bowed their acknowledgments.

When Mortimer heard the eulogies lavished on the piece he drew a long breath of relief.

"Jove! I thought it was going to fail," he said, "and I believe it would of the fire."

And, indeed, Caprice, with her wonderful spirits and reckless abandon, had carried the whole play with her, and saved it at the most critical moment. A young man sitting near

Eugenie summed up his idea of the piece in a few words.

"It's a dandy play," he said; "but Caprice makes it so—if it any one else plays her part, the theatre will be empty."

Eugenie turned angrily to look for the author of this remark, but could not see him. Just as she was turning away, a shrill voice near her said, "Ain't Caprice a dandy? I've seen 'er lots of times at old Lazarus'."

The speaker was a small, white-faced Jewish youth, being none other than Isiah.

Miss Rainsford pondered over these words as she walked out of the theatre.

"Goes to old Lazarus," she said to herself; "that was the old man who was killed. I wonder why she went there."

There was a crowd in the vestibule of the theatre, and she saw Keith standing in the corner, looking as pale as death, talking to a man.

She went up to congratulate him on the success of the performance, but something in his face made her afraid.

"What's the matter, Keith?" she asked, touching him.

"Hush!" he said in a hoarse whisper, "don't say a word—I'm arrested."

"Arrested? What for?" she gasped.

"The man standing next to Keith interrupted."

"For the murder of Jacob Lazarus," he said in a low voice.

Eugenie closed her eyes with a sensation of horror, and caught hold of the wall for support. When she opened her eyes again, Keith and the detective had both vanished.

"Arrested for the murder of Lazarus?" she muttered. "My God! it can't be true!"

CHAPTER XXII.

As a rule first performances in Melbourne take place on Saturday night, consequently the criticisms of "Faust Upset" were in Monday's papers. Simultaneously with the notices of the burlesque, there appeared an announcement that the author of the piece had been arrested for the murder of Jacob Lazarus.

Keith was very little known in Melbourne, so his arrest caused little talk, but the fact that a successful author and a murderer were one and the same person caused a great sensation.

The criticisms on the burlesque were, as a rule, good, and though some of the papers picked out faults, yet it was generally agreed that the piece had been a wonderful success, but the sensation of a successful colonial production being out for the greater sensation of the discovery of the Russell Street murderer.

Keith Stewart, protesting his innocence of the charge, had immediately been taken off to goal, and Eugenie was unable to see him, until she got the permission of the prison authorities, but feeling certain that he had not committed the crime, she called on Ezra at The Penny Whistle early on Monday morning.

On sending up her card, she was shown into Ezra's room, and there found that Naball was present. The detective, who was truly convinced of Keith's guilt, had called in order to get a warrant for certain from Ezra all about the prisoner's movements on the night in question.

When Eugenie entered the room, Ezra, who looked pale and careworn, arose and greeted her warmly. He then introduced her to Naball, who looked keenly at the girl, and the woman who was engaged to the man he had hunted down.

"Mr. Naball," said Ezra, indicating the detective, "has called upon me to find out about Stewart's movements on the night my father was murdered."

"Yes, that's so," replied Naball, with a shrewd glance at the girl. "I'm having a shrewd glance at the girl."

"Surely you can explain them," for Keith told me you were with him all the time."

Ezra looked dismal.

"No, I wasn't with him all the time; I only met him at the Bon-Bon, and I left before he did."

"Yes," interrupted the detective, "and according to Mr. Mortimer, Stewart left there about half-past twelve o'clock."

"And then, I presume," said Eugenie, with fine disdain, "you think he went and murdered Lazarus, right off?"



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"You don't believe him guilty?" she asked.

"No, on my soul, I do not," he replied, "but 'stiff' appearances look black against him."

Miss Rainsford thought for a few moments, and at last bluntly asked Naball the same question.

"Do you believe him guilty?" "As far as my experience goes," said the detective coolly, "I do."

Naball produced a little pocket-knife, and began to trim his nails.

"The evidence is circumstantial," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but the evidence is conclusive."

"Would you mind telling me what the evidence is?"

The detective shut his knife with a sharp click, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and, leaning over the table, looked steadily at Eugenie.

"Miss Rainsford," he said gravely, "I admire you very much for the way you stand up for Stewart, but I would leave me, that though I would gladly see him free, yet the proofs are too strong to suppose him innocent."

Eugenie bent her head coldly.

"Would you mind telling me the evidence?" Naball, rather perplexed, looked at Ezra.

"Yes, tell her all you know," said the gentleman. "I think, myself, Stewart is innocent, and perhaps Miss Rainsford may throw some light on the mystery."

"I don't call it a mystery," retorted Naball impatiently; "it's as clear as day. I'm willing to tell all I know, but as to Miss Rainsford throwing any light on the subject, it's absurd."

Eugenie questioned him for the third time in the same words.

"Would you mind telling me the evidence?"

"Certainly," said Naball sharply. "Stewart was in employment of the deceased as his clerk. He came to Melbourne with no money, and, according to his own account, given in this very room, and in the presence of this gentleman, he becomes possessed of a sum of five hundred pounds, which was mysteriously placed to his credit at the Hibernian Bank. I went to the bank and discovered from the manager that such a sum had been placed in the prisoner's credit, but he refused to tell me by whom, so as was only natural. I concluded that Stewart had robbed his employer of the money, and under a feigned name placed it to his credit. My reasons for such a belief are this—he had full command of all the books, and could cook the accounts as he liked. He did so, and obtained this money. Lazarus, however, who I knew was a very sharp man, had suspicions, and determined to examine the books; this, of course, meant ruin to Stewart, so he made up his mind to kill his master. He was at the Skylarks' Club on the night of the murder and gave, Mr. Fenton, the manager of the Never-Say-Die Insurance Company, his knife to open a champagne bottle; that knife was one given to him by the child of Kitty Marchmont, and had on it an inscription, 'From Meg.' On receiving it back, he placed it in the pocket of his overcoat, and walked to the Bon-Bon. After an interview with Mr. Mortimer, he left the Bon-Bon at half-past twelve o'clock, went up to Russell street, and entering by the back window (the position of which he knew thoroughly), killed the old man; then he took the keys from under the pillow, and robbed the safe of various things, including bank-notes to the amount of one hundred pounds, which he knew were placed therein; while he was leaving the place, he dropped his knife about the streets, perhaps goes home, but horror-struck with the dread of being found out returns to the scene of his crime, and there sees Villiers, whom he questions but getting no re-

ponse from him, thinks Villiers is drunk. Villiers, however, was only shamming, and he tells her that after the murder, he picked up a knife under the open window, and was convinced of the murder. I obtain the knife, and it is the one Stewart had in the club, with the inscription on it. I think, therefore, the evidence is very clear."

"In what way?" asked Eugenie, very quietly.

"The detective became a little exasperated.

"Good heavens!" he said, in an annoyed tone of voice, "there are three strong proofs; first, he is possessed of a large sum of money he can't account for; second, he is unable to prove an alibi; and third, his knife, covered with blood, is found on the scene of the crime."

(To be continued.)

Another "Scrap of Paper."

Twenty-seven years ago settlers at Olmstead, Wash., made a treaty with the Indians allowing them to fish anywhere and at any time, says Commerce and Finance. Now the State game laws prohibit them from the sport during the closed season.

Saluskin, big chief of the Yakimas, protesting in vain to the local game wardens, went to the city to protest against the violation of their rights. Imagine a chieftain, 90 years old, straight as an arrow, yet half blind and enfeebled, entering a court room in a modern city. This man had been the victor of civilization in its struggle against the wilderness. He had seen his race pass control of the land to the white race. Still believing in the honor of the white man, he came to protest against the infringement of a treaty made a quarter of a century before.