KET
PORTS

MARKETS

WHOLESALE.

.... ..	0 48	0 49
.. ..	0 52	0 55
.. ..	0 54	0 55
nts	0 47	0 48
rints	0 43	0 44
.....	0 33	0 34
st gr.)..	0 33	0 37
qt. bkt.	0 65	0 75
... ...	1 25	1 35
... ...	0 75	0 80
... ...	1 50	1 75
a... ...	0 65	0 80
... ...	1 25	1 50
... ...	2 50	2 75
... ...	0 25	0 30
.. .. ..	0 25	....
... ...	1 75	2 25
... ...	3 50	3 75
chs.	0 30	0 35
te...	0 75	1 00
... .	4 50	5 00
... .	0 30	0 35
... .	2 50	2 75
nper	4 25	....
g ...	1 35	....
obl....	6 50	7 00
graded..	5 00	15 50
ngraded	4 25	4 50
aket ...	1 75	....
... .	0 75	1 00
akt.....	2 25	2 75

WHOLESALE.

.....	15 00	17 00
... ...	28 00	30 00
... ...	21 00	23 00
... ...	19 00	21 00
... ...	18 00	19 00
... ...	26 00	28 00
... ...	18 00	22 00
... ...	20 00	00 00
.....	29 00	30 00
.....	28 00	29 00
.....	19 00	22 00
.....	28 00	31 00
lb..	0 35	0 38

tle Markets

tle, 26[illegible] calves, 1,955 lambs.

.....	13 25	14 25
.....	12 25	13 25
.....	1 00	11 50
.....	12 25	13 25
.....	10 75	12 00
.....	9 50	10 50
.....	10 75	11 25
.....	9 50	10 75
.....	4 75	....
.....	9 50	11 00
.....	11 00	12 50
.....	9 50	10 50
.....	8 00	9 00
... ...	90 00	135 00
... ...	90 00	145 00
.....	9 00	10 75
.....	6 00	10 50
.....	19 00	21 00
ed ..	24 25	26 75
.....	23 25	23 75
.....	18 00	20 50

ARKETS.

OTATIONS.

	High.	Low.	Close
	89	87	89
	84⅝	83¼	84⅝
	83⅛	81⅝	83
	5 92	5 87⅝	5 95
	5 52	5 46	5 53
	1 27¾	1 26½	1 27⅝
	1 21½	1 20	1 20⅞
	.....	.....	1 16⅛

NSEED.

track, $5.94; July, $5.85 asked; December, $5.62 asked;

S GRAIN.

nchanged; barley, 2 $1.53¾ to $1.58¾; to $5.90.

VE STOCK.

; 50c lower; $6

steady. Heavy 3.60; light yorkers, pigs, $23 to $21.25; stags,

receipts 200; 18.50; yearlings, 50 to $10; ewes, $9 to $9.50.

OTES.

ncrete tugboats carrying capare being built in Paris for the No small part ction is due to unching. The all of the Seine are built some dge of the wall. track or pathe double-memhis crane conleer legs spaced nd thoroughly e of the front ced by a counf a reinforcedds filled with proper weight. of each mast n a jackscrew with a spread ch can be carhe ship. When hed the crane e longitudinal s fixed in the d the crane is on rollers unhe river. The ered until the

of leather are improved by wegian engincan be hardtwo or three h. The hardveral degrees, stiff as wood. suitable hardmon shoes or e any of its ntage claimed nt the leather d heat. It is therwise suitinsoles may come a satise engineer is nd sole leathod will soon in Norway.

y them came entury. Prior n the middle noke escaped e peak of the

Compound
table regulating
id in three dr
mb—No. 1, $1;
2, $5 per box.
ruggists, or sent
receipt of price.
let. Address:
EDICINE CO.,
(Formerly Windsor.)

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"Is he dead?" she asked

"The dog?"

"No; the man, stupid!"

"Oh, no," he said. "But," he added, almost to himself, "he won't ill-treat anything again for a while."

She looked at him approvingly, and yet with a woman's maternal pity for the man whose goodness of heart is certain to lead him into trouble.

"Yes; you look the sort of man who would stand by a dog or a helpless woman in trouble. There! drink up your tea and have some fresh and hot. James, give him the tobacco-jar when he has finished." As she went out of the room with a comfortable waddle, her husband, pushing the tobacco-jar across the table, said:

"The missus has settled it, Douglas—or Jack, if you prefer it? We want a boundary-runner, and we'll take you on. A pound a week will do, I suppose; and you won't object to giving a hand to anything that may be going on?"

"A pound a week will do very well, Mr. Jarrow," said Jack; "and as you say, I'll take a turn at anything." He was silent for a moment or two, then he added: "Perhaps you won't mind giving me a month's advance."

Mr. Jarrow seemed rather taken aback and, scratching his head, not unreasonably demanded:

"What for?"

Jack glanced up at the ceiling, to the room where the girl was lying. Mr. Jarrow laughed quietly.

"You take my advice and don't interfere with what doesn't concern you. The missus has taken that affair in hand, I can plainly see; and she don't stand any interference from you—or me."

It did not take Mr. Jarrow many days to discover that in Jack Douglas he had gained a treasure. The young man was not only a magnificent rider, but understood all the work of a station, and did it—willingly and cheerfully. He was so strong and active that he seemed incapable of fatigue; and, as he had said, he was perfectly willing to turn his hand to anything. It was to Jack and Mrs. Jarrow when she wanted anything done that needed a strong hand and a quick brain. He promptly made friends, not only with the animals, but with his fellow humans, even the boy of the farm, who was called Teddy, because his name was Algernon Sidney, and who had hitherto been the torment and the despair of everybody about him.

Mr. Jack Douglas' method was simple, quiet, but deadly effective. When he wanted a thing done, he asked for it pleasantly, and if it were done he smiled and nodded approvingly; if he were disobeyed, he repeated the request just as quietly, but in a tone, and with a look in his hazel eyes, which obtained prompt obedience. With Teddy he had a few preliminary words, on the first misunderstanding between them, which brought that ingenuous and trying youth to Jack's feet, and made the boy his enthusiastic adherent and devoted slave.

For the first few days Jack worked upon the farm so as to get his bearings, and in those few days made every one feel that he had been there for years. The girl he had rescued was still up-stairs; but Mrs. Jarrow told him that she was getting on as well as could be expected. They had buried her child in a little copse behind the house, and Jack had read the service, Mr. Jarrow declaring that parson-work was "out of his line."

Mary Seaton was still up-stairs when Jack started on his boundary-run. He was gone a little over a week; and it is much to his credit that everybody about the place had missed him, especially Mrs. Jarrow.

"He is the nicest man we have ever had, James," she remarked. So willing and so clever. And it's a pleasure to have him about the house and to look at him. I do like a good-looking man."

"Of course," said her husband. "That's why you married me."

"Of course," retorted Mrs. Jarrow, with a laugh. "It couldn't have been for anything else."

They were all glad when Jack returned from his solitary ride; and Teddy, who had suffered a relapse during the absence of his heart's idolotry, announced Jack's return with a grave face, and a manner that had already undergone a change.

As Jack drew up to the stables, a woman crossed the yard with some washed linen over her arm. It was Mary Seaton. She was still pale, but she looked a very different girl to the one he had found lying by the roadside; but her life's tragedy still lurked in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth, and her face looked as if it had been impossible for a smile to have ever rested on it. She stopped as Jack dropped from his horse, and looked at him; so might the dog, which Jack had rescued, have looked at him; but suddenly the expression in her eyes changed to a questioning one, and her brows came together as if she were perplexed, as if she were trying to remember something; but she did not speak, and Jack, with a cheerful nod, said:

"Glad to see you out again. All right now, I hope?"

Her eyes, fixed on his face, grew thoughtful, absent, as if she were listening intently, and there was almost an embarrassing pause before she replied, in a low voice, the toneless voice of a person benumbed by a great grief:

"Yes; thanks to you, sir."

Jack looked rather surprised at the "sir," but made no comment and turned to Teddy who, with hero-worship in his eyes, was hovering about him.

"So they haven't killed you yet, Teddy?" said Jack, in his pleasant fashion. "No; I'll rub down the horse; you go and ask Mrs. Jarrow for some bran, and we'll give her—Sally, not Mrs. Jarrow—a little gruel. You've had a long day, my beauty, haven't you?"

Teddy bounded to the store-room, where he was found by Mrs. Jarrow helping himself from the bran-tub. She raised her huge hand to box his ears; but it fell to her side as he squealed out:

"It's for Mr. Jack!"

"Oh, all right," she said. "You tell Mr. Jack to hurry in. I've got his supper ready for him; and you brush his clothes and his boots for him. And look sharp, so that he is not kept waiting, or you'll get that box on the ears, after all."

"However tired he may be, however hard set, he always has a good wash and changes his clothes," she remarked to Jarrow, as, with her own hands she laid the supper for the treasure. "He's a real gentleman; that's what he is, James."

"Thank you for the information," retorted Jarrow. "Even I can see that, missus, by the way he works. I've always noticed that your real gentleman—I don't mean your scallywag, your 'remittance man" but a right down real gentleman—always works twice as hard as a navvy, and thinks nothing of it, and is always reliable. I'd trust that young fellow with untold gold."

"So would I," said Mrs. Jarrow; "but there's no need to bawl it—he's coming down-stairs."

Jack came in from his bath, with that well-groomed appearance which was always so pleasant and flattering in Mrs. Jarrow's eyes; and he made his report as he ate his plentiful supper. Mrs. Jarrow had discovered that there were one or two dishes which he favored, and she had cooked them with her own hands to-night.

"You have covered a lot of ground," said Mr. Jarrow, with an air of satisfaction. "I couldn't have done it better myself."

Mrs. Jarrow very impolitely laughed.

"Any news?" asked Jack.

"N-o," replied Jarrow, as he let his pipe and, with vicarious enjoyment, watched Jack put away the good things. "A sundowner or two. One of them said he was from Mintona. A rough-looking fellow; we got rid of him early in the morning."

"Mary Seaton's about again," remarked Mrs. Jarrow.

"So I see," said Jack, wiping his mouth with the napkin with which Mrs. Jarrow always supplied him. "You've kept her on, then?"

Mrs. Jarrow nodded. "Of course," she said. "And very useful she is."

Jack looked thoughtfully across the table. "You've not learned—she has not told you——"

"No," said Mrs. Jarrow. "She hasn't asked. It's no business of ours. The poor thing has evidently had a lot of trouble, and I'm not one to open old wounds."

Jack nodded. "You're a good woman, Mrs. Jarrow," he said.

"Somebody's been telling you," she retorted; but she looked pleased.

There was some work on the farm, and Jack set about it with his usual promptitude and thoroughness. He seemed to be all over the place at once, as Mrs. Jarrow remarked; and the hands worked as if he used some spell, some magic with them. One day, while he was breaking a colt which had successfully resisted the blandishments of every man on the station, Teddy came running to him, his face aflame, his protuberant blue eyes almost starting from his head.

"Mr. Jack!" he gasped. "There's a man—in the wood—Mary!"

As he paused for want of breath, a woman's scream clove the still air. Jack tossed the colt's halter to Teddy and ran swiftly in the direction of the sound. Mary Seaton was standing with her back to a tree, struggling with a burly, rough-looking man, whose countenance was not improved by a bulging bruise on his forehead. She was as white as death, and her eyes were gleaming; but her screams stopped at sight of Jack, and the man, with an oath, turned to meet him.

Jack was on him like a knife, and the two men were locked together in a deadly embrace. The man was heavier than Jack, but what there was of Jack was muscle and sinew, and very soon the ruffian went down and Jack's knee was on his chest. But as he fell, with outstretched arms, the man's right hand struck a stone; his fingers closed it, and dealt Jack a blow on the temple.

Jack saw stars, the great trunks of the trees danced in the sunlight in an absurd and grotesque manner, his grip of the man's throat relaxed, and a deathly faintness assailed him and he fell back full-length.

The man sprang to his feet, bestowed a kick on the prostrate form, swore at Mary, then sprang heavily toward the sheltering trees and disappeared.

Mary Seaton bent over Jack, her face white as death, her breath coming and going painfully; but she recovered herself in a moment or two, and tearing open the collar of his shirt drew his head upon her knee. Jack had not been badly stunned and he came to almost immediately.

She drew a long breath as he opened his eyes, and bending down, so that her hair swept his face, and her lips touched his ear, whispered:

"Mr. Wilfred—Mr. Wilfred Carton!"

Jack started, an expression of recognition and acknowledgment of the name crossed his face and was visible in his eyes.

"Yes? Who—what?"

His eyes closed again, and she bent over him with tightly compressed lips, and nodded. She knew that he would soon recover again, and she held his head against her and waited; and presently she helped him to stagger to his feet.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, as he wiped the blood from his face.

She shook her head. "No; you came in time—again."

"That's all right," said Jack, with satisfaction; then, with disappointment, as he looked around: "The scoundrel's got off, of course! It's the man I licked for beating the dog, at Mintona. It's a pity I didn't give him a little more." Then he gazed before him in a confused, puzzled fashion. "I seemed to have been knocked out of time," he said. "Been kind of dreaming. Did you—say anything just now—mention my name?"

"No," she said.

He frowned. "That's strange," he said. "Only fancy, I suppose. I must have been clean off my head for a minute or two. Come on to the house. You must be frightened out of your life. Here, lean on me."

He offered a wavering arm; but she drew it within hers.

"No," she said quietly, but with a tremor in her voice. "It's you to lean on me this time, Mr.—Jack."

FLEET FOOT

for all work about the farm

FLEET FOOT Shoes are much cheaper than leather. That is why FLEET FOOT is so economical for farm work in the summer.

The strong canvas uppers and springy rubber soles make "WORKMAN" and "EVERY-DAY" shoes easy, restful and comfortable—and sturdy enough to stand up to rough work.

As it is, FLEET FOOT Shoes mean money in your pocket, for you can have several pairs of FLEET FOOT for the price of one pair of leather shoes.

There are FLEET FOOT styles for men, women and children—for work and play—for every-day and Sunday wear.

DOMINION RUBBER

Ask your dealer for FLEET FOOT Shoes. The name is stamped on each pair.

23

HUSBAND SAVES WIFE

From Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"For many months I was not able to do my work owing to a weakness which caused backache and headaches. A friend called my attention to one of your newspaper advertisements and immediately my husband bought three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me. After taking two bottles I felt fine and my troubles caused by that weakness are a thing of the past. All women who suffer as I did should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JAS. ROHRBERG, 620 Knapp St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness, or "the blues," should accept Mrs. Rohrberg's suggestion and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years it has been correcting such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

CHAPTER V.

Hesketh Carton scarcely glanced round him, but looked straight ahead as he left the hall after his interview with Clytie; he held his body erect, and his countenance under command, as he paced slowly down the Broad drive, for the two girls might have been watching him from the window; but the tenseness of his figure relaxed as he got out of sight of the house, his head drooped, and an expression of lassitude and disappointment settled on his face. He went down by a narrow road to the Pit and entered the house which had now become his.

It was a small and gloomy building, close under the shadow of the great factory which loomed above it and to which it was connected by double doors leading to Hesketh's private room, or office. Hanging his hat up in the narrow passage—what a contrast to the vast hall he had just left!—he went into the small sitting-room—how shabby and mean it was compared with the magnificent one in which he had left those girls sitting!—he sank into a chair, and, letting his head fall back, wiped the perspiration from his brow.

He had been very ill, his nerves were all unstrung; one does not attempt to destroy a will, to steal a large estate, a quarter of a million of money—and bungle the business—without undergoing a severe mental strain. And how he had bungled it. In the whir of the machinery, the motions of which vibrated through the small house, seemed to mingle, in a ghastly fashion, the words, the furious tones of the old man's voice.

Hesketh closed his eyes and saw the whole hideous scene. Yes, he had bungled the affair, had failed irretrievable? He sat up and peered at the opposite wall, his eyes narrowed to slits, his lips drawn straight, by the tenseness of his thoughts. Was there no way out, no way of recovering all that he had lost by an act of, what seemed to him now, incredible stupidity? Was he to surrender the Hall and the large fortune that went with it, and be content to moil and toil all his days, just "Mr. Hesketh Carton, of the Pit Works?"

The foolish, farcical will would stand; there was no one to dispute it. His only chance lay in the possibility of Wilfred's refusal to marry Clytie, and in—in her subsequent death. A poor chance, indeed; for, of course, Wilfred would not be such a fool as to refuse; and if he were to do so, the girl was young, strong, and aggressively healthy.

Why should Wilfred refuse? She was a charming girl, a pretty girl; quite lovely, in fact. He had never seen a girl half so lovely. Why, if he had destroyed the right will and become master of Bramley, he himself might have married her. Yes; that would have been right enough; the Bramleys, as represented by her, would have been restored to Bramley; his position would have been assured. As the owner of such an historic estate, the husband of Clytie Bramley, he would have had full play for his ambitions, and might have risen to any heights. A brilliant political career, a baronetcy, a peerage floated before him.

He rose and paced the room, looking remarkably like a lean, but respectable tiger, say, rather, a jackal; with his thin hands, thinner by illness, clasped and working behind him, he was like the aforesaid tiger, crammed full of energy, panting for freedom of action, and yet cribbed, cabined, and confined by his insensate folly.

Suddenly he heard the second, the hansom, of the two drawn leading to his office open, and a knock come to the inner door. He thrust away his thoughts with a gesture and, opening the door, met the manager of the works, he had recently been raised to that position, a man named Merril. He started slightly as he came upon his master's pale, set face.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said.

"But you asked me to bring the returns as soon as they were finished."

"Quite right, Merril," said Hesketh.

He went into the office, closing the doors behind him; and, taking the papers, seated himself at his large table, almost covered with account-books, samples, and files, and ran through the returns.

"Quite right," he said.

Merrill took them from him, but seemed to hesitate.

"Anything else, Merril?" asked Hesketh.

"Well, sir," replied Merril, reluctantly. 'I think I ought to speak to you about Stephen Rawdon."

Hesketh had drawn a sheet of paper toward him and had begun to write; he arrested the pen, and without raising his eyes, said coldly:

(To be continued.)

Ability of the Aged.

It has often been said that a man cannot learn a new trade after he is forty, but this statement has frequently been disproved. Peter S. Du Ponceau was eight when he wrote his valuable treatise on the Cochin Chinese language, and had only then recently taken up the study; and the late John Bigelow was still an author turning out a book when he passed his ninety-fifth birthday.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Pajama Frivolity.

Gorgeous materials, some handpainted.

Revers ornamented with little green froggies.

He himself wears a silken suit with brocaded hip sash.

Black and white newest note for milady, who affects white satin, black velvet striped trousers with plain white coat.

LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull, when nothing seems to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite, you may be certain that she needs more good blood than her system is provided with. Before long her pallid cheeks, frequent headaches, and breathlessness and heart palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girlhood experience can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia, and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at once gives her course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which renew the blood supply and banish anaemia before it has obtained a hold upon the system.

Out of their experience thousands of mothers know that anaemia is the sure road to worse ills. They know the difference that good red blood makes in the development of womanly health. Every headache, every gasp for breath that follows the slightest exertion by the anaemic girl, every pain she suffers in her back and limbs are reproaches if you have not taken the best steps to give your weak girl new blood, and the only sure way to do so is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

New, rich red blood is infused into the system by every dose of these pills. From this new rich blood springs good health, an increased appetite, new energy, high spirits and perfect womanly development. Give your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take them yourself and note how promptly their influence is felt in better health.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HINDU MAGIC

Till August 4, 1914, I had always been a home bird, living close to London and engaged as a clerk. My experience of Eastern lands was nil. I had heard about the strange tales and mysteries of the East, but frankly I regarded these as all trickery and moonshine. Now I don't know what to say—what to think!

I enlisted four days after war came. I joined the East Surreys, and was sent off to India with my battalion. My amazement began as soon as I landed.

We had been only two days in Ferzepore when there came one morning into the barrack square an old Hindu. He had a little basket, a long thick robe thrown across his shoulder, and two young lads with him. The trio held out their hands for backsheesh, and we gave them annas liberally—being new to the game. Then the performance began.

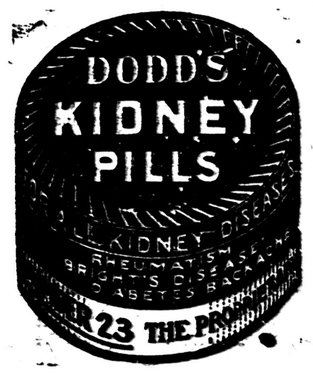
The old man suddenly, without a word, threw one end of the rope up into the air, and it remained taut and firm, standing up from his hand as if pulled tight by an invisible arm in the sky. We clearly saw the end of the rope up there above. Then one of the lads swarmed hand over hand up the rope till he reached the top. I saw it, I tell you! Then the boy slid down, the man said a word or two in Hindustani, and the rope fell limp.

How was it done? Two score of us East Surreys saw it all. But it was a marvel to us, and is yet.

One hot afternoon there came into the market-place of a small village there were 10 to 12 of us East Surreys two middle-aged Hindu conjurers. After a show of snake-charming, one of them took some of the straw from the snake-bag, broke it into short pieces like matches, twisted a bit more round the little bundle, and put it into his mouth. He chewed it small, then spat it into his palm, it in his mouth.

In two minutes his cheeks began to swell and his eyes to stand out. This got worse and worse till I feared the fellow's face would burst. And then there began to issue from his mouth a thin wisp of smoke, which gradually thickened till it made a cloud so big and thick that it actually obscured my view of his upper part and some of the men.

In a few minutes this cloud faded away, while his face was wreathed in a broad grin. He spat in his hand again, and showed it to us. Just the merest tract of straw left. He closed his fist, quickly opened it again, and there burst forth a flame like a long gas-jet! This soon went out, and then the two men came round for backsheesh. I couldn't believe my eyes. When I think of these things today I still can't believe them. Yet I saw them all happen. And I should like to see any conjurers in England do them in the open and before half a regiment, as those Hindu fellows did!—By a Sergeant of the East Surreys in the London Daily Mail.



CLARK'S
PORK AND BEANS WITH TOMATO CHILI OR PLAIN SAUCE ARE A TREAT
THIS LEGEND ON THE TIN IS A GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF PURITY.
W. CLARK

Carrot Pie.

Scrape and boil the carrots until very tender, then mash throughly and to one cupful of carrot add one pint of milk, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon and ginger, one well-beaten egg, sugar to sweeten to taste. Bake slolwy in oe crust, like squash pie.

Birds and Aeroplanes.

Compared with a recent aeroplane ascent of 15,000 feet, the common birds are mere groundlings, for generally they fly at no greater height than 300 feet. When migrating, however, they mount higher, though even then the wild goose (the loftiest of them) seldom reaches 2,000 feet. The highest flier in the world is the great condor, which sometimes rises five miles.

Nasty Throat Droppings Catarrhal Discharges Quickly Cured

Doctors recommend Catarrhozone, it is nature's own cure. It drives out the germs, heals sore spots, cleans away every vestige of Catarrhal taint.

You send the soothing vapors of the pine woods, the richest balsams and healing essentials, right to the cause of your cold by inhaling Catarrhozone. Little drops of wonderful curative power are distributed through the whole breathing apparatus by the air you breathe. Like a miracle, that's how Catarrhozone cures bronchitis, catarrh, colds, and irritable throat. You simply breathe its healing fumes, and every trace of disease flees as before fire.

So safe, infants can use it, so sure to relieve, doctors prescribe it, so beneficial in preventing winter ills that no person can afford to do without Catarrhozone. Used in thousands of cases without failure. Complete outfit $1.00, lasts three months, and is guaranteed to cure; smaller size 50c, all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.