REPORTS

MARKETS

MARKET.

...	$ 0 55	0 60
...	0 65	0 70
...	0 37	0 40
...	0 55	0 60
...	0 35	0 40
...	0 40	0 45
...	0 45	0 50
...	0 55	0 60
...	0 35	0 40
...	0 30	0 35
...	0 35	0 40
...	0 40	0 50
...	0 50	—
...	0 45	0 50
...	0 25	—
...	0 25	—
...	0 25	—
...	0 15	0 40
...	0 10	0 25
...	0 15	—
...	0 25	—
...	0 20	0 30
...	0 10	—
...	0 05	0 10
...	7 50	7 75
...	1 35	—
...	0 10	—
...	2 50	3 00
...	0 05	—
...	0 50	—
...	2 00	—

WHOLESALE.

... cwt.	17 00	20 00
...	14 50	16 50
...	28 00	31 00
...	20 00	22 00
... cwt.	22 00	24 00
...	18 00	21 00
...	14 00	17 00
...	14 00	16 00
...	16 00	18 00
...	21 00	23 00
...	20 00	23 00
...	25 50	27 50
...	25 50	27 50
...	15 00	20 00
...	25 00	30 00
...	13 00	17 00

WHOLESALE.

...tations to the retail ...refined sugar. Tor... as follows:—

100-lb. bags		$19.21
...	..	18.81
...	..	18.71
...	..	18.61
...	..	18.71
...	..	18.31
...	..	18.21
...	..	18.01
...	..	17.91
...	..	19.21
...	..	18.81
...	..	18.71
...	..	18.61
...	..	19.21
...	..	18.81
...	..	18.71
...	..	18.61

MARKETS.

EXCHANGE.

...e Winnipeg Grain ...follows:—

	High.	Low.	Close.
...	1 14¾		1 15⅝
...30⅝	0 39⅛		0 30⅛
...66⅝	1 64⅝		1 66⅜
...15	1 14		1 45
...56	4 50		4 50
...32	4 31		4 32

...POLIS.

...unchanged; ship... Bran, 5,300. Wheat ...95 to $3.19. Corn— ...$1.80. Oats—No. 3 ... Flax—No 1, $4.04

WHEN LOST.

...the person who ...sense of direction ...own and has been ...by experiment," ...n, in Boys' Life. ...reason for this ...due to the unequal ...sides of the body. ...side be stronger ...usually is the ...will normally be ...leg than with the ...se circling to the ...seems always to ...comes hopelessly ...continue until the ...heer exhaustion. ...rd is that of a ...walking steadily ...ts, finally stumb... ...about six miles ...int. Five miles ...the woods and in... ...saved him from ...both of which ...h that their am... ...y.

...mark or by com... ...re ways to avoid ...s should be ob... ...frequently, for as ...likely to change ...etimes very con... ...portance of the ...an is, of course, ...he uses it intel... ...of that intelli... ...by absolute con... ...ent for the pre... ...cific variation. ...ce between the ...own by the com... ...may be disre... ...path-finding in ...ection is not suf... ...traveller seriously ...e. But beware ...ch as would be ...mpass were held ...l object, like an ...elt buckle. To ...edle is not being ...put the compass ...note whether the ...osition in both ...a compass will ...of iron ore be... ...the ground."

...natism.—A pain... ...rm of rheumat... ...purities in the ...defective action ...ys. The blood ...he introduction ...uses much pain ...in the joints. ...e Pills are ...ted many re... ...their use is ...A trial of ...anyone of their

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DISEASES
DOMINION MEDICAL INSTITUTE
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Righted in Time

"Why should I not speak of it?" cried Barry. "I have been thinking of it all this time. Of course I can understand it. He is far superior to me. You can look up to him, not down, as you do to me. He is a man after your own heart. He has all the glamour that his work for the poor can give him. His self-denial. His nobility. It is just the sort of thing that would appeal to you, I know. While I am an ordinary kind of fellow. With nothing in me worth the loving."

"Do you know what you are saying?" broke in Una. She only spoke in a shaking whisper. Her face was white.

"Yes," he cried quickly. "I'd forgotten for a moment, it's true. But it may as well come now. It would have come anyway some day. I've began. "I guessed, somehow, you would be here. And I wanted to say good-bye, since we shall never perhaps see each other again."

Never again! Then there would never be another chance of explanation. This was the last, her only chance. The thought darted through Moya's mind, but close on it went another. "I can't explain," went that thought. "It's impossible. It's best that there should be no more chance. That he should go right away—and never know."

"We can say good-bye—as friends," went on Guy, quietly. "We have been friends. And we will forget everything else. I felt I could not go away without saying that—without feeling we were friends again, even if we do met no more."

Moya stared down at the smooth sand. She was wrestling with two impulses, and each seemed as strong as the other. The struggle was such pain that she could not speak. "Tell him," urged one impulse. And the other protested fearfully: "I cannot."

Suddenly Guy's quiet voice deepened and quivered. "I wish I could wipe yesterday afternoon out of your memory," he said, passionately. "I was false to myself in those few moments—false to honor, and false to my love for you. That is why I would have you forget. I would I could only forget it myself!"

Then Moya looked up. She heard the struggle in his voice, and she saw it now on his face. The keen regret of an honorable nature.

And as Moya saw those lines of pain, suddenly all her thoughts changed. She lost sight of herself—how selfish she had been, thinking only of her self-respect, her own sense of humiliation! And now he was going away with this burden so galling to one of his sensitive nature—that he had acted dishonorably in telling her of his love. All through the future that memory would haunt him. And she, for the sake of her own wretched pride, could let him go away with that burden.

Moya gave a little gasp as if she had thrown some oppressive weight away from her. If anyone had to suffer it should not be Guy, torturing himself with self-reproach.

"Oh, it is my fault," she gasped. "You—you must not blame yourself so. It is all my fault——"

"No, Moya, don't say that. Anything but that."

"I must." She was strung up to confession. It would mean losing his love and respect—what she valued so highly and felt she prized more than anything in life. Yes, after all, there was one thing she found more precious still. Guy's own peace of mind. He had fallen in his own eyes, he had hurt his own sense of honor. Then she must be willing to fall in his eyes, too. It was the price she had to pay.

And, bending low her head, Moya faltered out her confession.

It sounded so childish, so foolish, as she did so. In actual words it was so futile a thing. Well, he would know her for what she was—not the girl he had loved and thought worthy—but just a silly child.

But being such a foolish, silly confession, it was strange it was so hard to make. Yet it was—desperately hard. So hard that Moya could never have made it but for one thought—Guy's going away blaming himself, fallen in his own self-respect because he had fallen in honor. And so Moya was willing that her own self-respect should be laid in the dust instead. It was the one reparation she could make. And she made it.

There followed silence. Of course, he would be angry—scornful. He was so upright himself. Such little crooked dealings were repugnant to that largeness of mind which knew nothing of deception and pretence.

Moya awaited the vials of wrath, and—gave a cry with an emotion so sharp Una smiled. Her head leaned against Barry's shoulder. His cheek touched hers. He was looking into her clear, steadfast eyes, but her eyes were on those clear, sunlit ripples of the river, glinting towards the west.

"I expect they liked love stories," was all she said. "Even if they had none of their own. And who knows? I begin to think differently. I believe there is some love even in the loneliest life, if only one looks for it."

Who knows? Even if it is the love that gives, and does not receive. That sows and does not reap—at least, in this life. Who knows? But we all know there is a world to come where love is perfected and finds its selfless, spiritual life, and for that world we who lose love in this world will wait, even as, so perhaps, waited and worked and prayed those old maids who once lived in this peaceful old-world garden.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is nothing in me to love," stated Una, with the utmost candid conviction. "Now, Moya is so bright, so lovable. There's heaps in her to love."

Barry tucked his arm in hers with an air of proprietorship, and agreed quite gravely that there was nothing at all in her to love.

The boys, and Una had been out for an early morning bathe, and Barry had met them coming back. The boys were ahead now and out of sight, but these two had engrossing enough subjects for conversation that necessitated a strolling pace and an unhurried progress.

And they talked on, discoursing on those subjects which are so very uninteresting to outsiders and so enthralling to the two who make one complete little world to themselves.

"Why, here comes Moya," said Barry. He tucked his arm more firmly in Una's. "Now or never for it!" he decreed, blithely. "We may as well tell her now."

He laughed as they came level with Moya. "I've taken matters into my own hands, you see, Moya. Not very chivalrous of me, I'm ready to own. It's generally considered the lady's province to break off an engagement, isn't it? At least, it looks better that way. However, you have your remedy. You can prosecute me for breach of promise! You look surprised. Well, I simply couldn't stand it any longer. And that's just all about it!"

Not a very comprehensive statement, perhaps. But Moya, looking from Barry to Una, seeing the linked arms, the happy faces, understood easily enough "just all about it."

"Oh," she gasped. "I am—I am so glad about it."

Barry laughed again. "I thought you were going to say you were sorry," he said. "But it's no good crying over spilt milk. It's been and gone and done, you see. After all, someone had to do it—to take the plunge. I don't believe you would ever have had courage enough to take it yourself."

And that, perhaps, was Moya's thought at that moment. Barry had had courage to cut the Gordian knot. She was the coward. If she could have had his courage, his simple straightforwardness!

"You always said you would never get married, but liked your freedom too well," she said, reproachfully. She could not help a little hit at Barry, she was feeling so sore and wounded herself just then.

"So I did," he laughed. "But I lost my freedom when I became engaged to you. And so I made the best of a bad matter. You're not going bathing now, are you, Moya? Everyone is out of the water and gone home to breakfast."

"Oh, I had breakfast early," she returned. And did not add that she had slept very little, woke with a headache, and breakfasted little, too, in her wish to avoid Guy. She would be out, away from the house—not even say good-bye to him. It was so much the best.

"I'm going for a walk," she told Barry, and nodded good-bye smilingly enough to the two.

But the smile faded as they parted. So Barry had had courage. He had done the right thing undoubtedly And Moya was glad he had done it. She went on thoughtfully till she came to her favorite seat on the old, worn arm of the breakwater. The tide was ebbing. Little rivulets wound away to the waves, coursing down from rocky pools. The sand was gloriously smooth and white—a fair, unwritten page for the day to write on what it willed.

"I was wrong," she sighed. "Not only foolish, but wrong. I should have known I could not do a thing like that without influencing other lives. And there was Una, too, after all."

That also cut into her heart with reproach. Una! Looking back, she could understand what she had been blind to before. Una's pained grey eyes, her sweet, unselfish desire that Moya might be happy, her gentle hints that Barry was dissatisfied, that they were missing the best lige could bring about.

"I might have ruined Una's happiness as well as my own," thought Moya, fearfully. "And all with one foolish, thoughtless step."

Her eyes were on those footsteps in the sand. But all at once a little wave ran up, higher and more boldly than the other. It ebbed away, it is true, sinking back into the falling tide. But its crystal, shining ripples had swept over those footprints. As Moya watched that wave ebb and ebb, she looked—and lo! the footsteps were gone as if they had never been.

(To be continued.)

THE SECRET OUT.

"Don't you think Mildred has perfectly wonderful teeth?"

"Yes. But they are false."

"How do you know that, my dear?"

"Why, she told me she inherited them from her mother."

NO WONDER.

Doris—Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspapers reported her marriage.

Helen—Did it allude to her age?

Doris—Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urine difficulties by day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

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Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

Cord or Fabric.

APPEARANCE is often deceptive—and no one can tell how much service a tire will give by looking at it.

In buying tires you must rely almost entirely on the integrity of the manufacturer who produces them.

You can depend absolutely on Partridge Tires because the factory is back of every tire they make.

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Cuticura Is All You Need For Your Skin

Bathe with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the pores. If signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present anoint gently with Cuticura Ointment before bathing to soothe and heal. For every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

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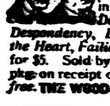


The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $1 per box, six for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

PROPER SAUCES

There is nothing that adds to the "just-right-ness" of a nice juicy roast than the proper sauce as, every good cook knows. And there are some sauces that seem to belong to one kind of meat and no other. Who would ever think of serving mint sauce, for example, with anything else but roast lamb? It could go with boiled mutton, but oh, how much better this dish is accompanied with caper sauce. To make this cream two tablespoonfuls of flour with half a cupful of butter and add to it a pint of boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of capers, and serve.

WITH BREADED VEAL CUTLETS.

Tomato sauce is usually served with breaded veal cutlets. A very simple sauce is made by cooking a slice of onion in half a can of tomatoes till soft, straining and thickening with flour and butter creamed together. For a more elaborate one, brown a slice of carrot, another of onion, a tiny bay leaf and a sprig of parsley in a quarter of a cupful of butter. Strain and add a fourth of a cupful of flour. When well blended add a cupful of cooked and strained tomatoes and a cupful of stock. Season well.

The English like bread sauce with their roast chicken. Cook two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler with an onion cut fine till the milk is well seasoned. Strain and add a tablespoonful of butter, salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Add half a cupful of fine bread crumbs and stir until smooth. Cook half an hour. Now put a tablespoonful of butter in a small pan and add half a cupful of coarse bread crumbs. Brown well. If the bird is small pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with the crisp brown crumbs. If not, pass in two separate dishes.

CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Children who suffer from constipation, indigestion or any of the other ailments due to a clogged condition of the bowels will find prompt relief through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which can always be depended upon to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. They are absolutely safe and are sold under a guarantee to be entirely free from opiates or other injurious drugs. Concerning them Mrs. Thomas A. Boutot, Lake Baker, N. B., writes "I am pleased to state that Baby's Own Tablets were of great help to me when my baby was suffering from constipation." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Shah Travels.

The Shah of Persia is on his travels. London will see him and keep him, apparently, for some little time. Europe has memories of the peregrinations of other shahs. They are quaint memories, some of them. There was Nasr-ed-Din, in 1872, and there was Ahmed Mirza, many years later. There would have been a visit, in 1894, on the part of Nasr-ed-Din, but for a Brussels journalist. It happened that, on the Shah's traveling programme becoming known, a Brussels daily published an article which seemed to prognosticate a cool welcome in Belgium. The Minister of Justice of the period thought fit to give the article the publicity of judicial proceedings. The writer was summoned before a Brahant tribunal, but he was exonerated. But the verdict had the immediate effect of keeping Nasr-ed-Din at home in Teheran.

Guilty of Assassination

A man, razor in hand, was caught by his wife assassinating not an enemy, but a corn—what he needed was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's safe, painless and cure. Try "Putnam's"—cures so fast, 25c at all dealers.

Fun for Food Controller

"It must be horrid to be a food controller!"—funny how we humble officials get this lordly title—said a pompous old lady, who ambled into my office the other day. "It must be so dry and monotonous!"

Dry, forsooth!

Our collection of unrehearsed comedies and mysterious happenings is daily growing in bulk. Mrs. Harris wants to know if she can "'ave sum more sugar, 'cos 'ich 'ere loger of mine 'as gotten eich a appeytite." Refused, with compliments.

A little girl peeps suspiciously into the office. "Please can mother have seven new ration-books, because she's burnt all ours?" She is asked to take home one of our magnificent array of forms—the choicest selection outside London—and if she will bring it back properly filled in possibly new books will be issued. The end of another abortive attempt to pull our leg. Neither the mother, the step-mother, the mother-in-law, nor the girl adorn our offices again.

Possibly the lost books have been recovered from the ashes. Possibly—and I cannot help leaning to this view—it was not worth the trouble of filling in all the forms to have fourteen ration books instead of seven.

The other day a quaint looking character tumbled in, coatless, hatless, not quite shirtless, but nearly bootless. He thought he ought to have "one of them books as they tear bits of paper out of." Naturally we asked him why had he not had one before?

"Well"—and a mouth that smelt more of Eau-de-Burton than of Eau-de-Cologne approached my ear—"he'd pinched out of the asylum that morning, and didn't want to be copped again."

A few minutes in the waiting room was the treatment I prescribed for him while the police were communicated with.

A pathetic plea came from the father of sixteen, who also kept two lodgers—they do these things in the less exclusive neighborhoods. Could he have more sugar to make jam, and could he have it cheap? He though he had done his duty to the country by helping to maintain the population, and he was also easing the housing problem.

Two very laudable pleas, but how do they affect food? Just as well ask the coal controller to give you a ton of coals because you have an allotment and keep pigs.

More sugar certainly is obtainable, but only on production of a doctor's certificate, which is also required for permission to exceed the butter ration.

Among the applications for the new ration cards from a small family came one for Bob Brown. A member of my staff who knew the family persisted that there was so Bob amongst them. So one of our secret-service agents was deputed to call on the head of the house. Bob was duly brought forth—a magnificent Newfoundland dog. Protestations were in vain. Pitiful tales did we hear that Bob was better than any son, and he did so enjoy a good bit of beer. Nothing doing. Women and children first in our line of business. Carry on withcut the dog, madam, and consider yourself lucky not to be in prison.

We haven't finished chuckling yet over the puzzled parents who came in a week ago to ask if it was true—because the minister had told her so—that triplets counted as only one for ration books.

I should like to meet that parson. He would be a valuable acquisition to any staff.—London Ideas.

"Got any mail for Mike Howe?" asked the stranger at the small town postoffice window.

"No, nor anybody else's cow," retorted the indignant postmaster.

ASTHMA

Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules are guaranteed to relieve ASTHMA. Don't suffer another day.

Write Templetons, 142 King St W., Toronto, for free sample.

Reliable druggists sell them at $1.04 a box. 70

NEURITIS

So many have Neuritis that painful, paralyzing inflammation of the nerves. Do not suffer another day. If you are a victim, try

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Nothing else brings relief so quickly and so surely.

Send for free sample to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

For sale at reliable druggists for $1.04 a box. 60

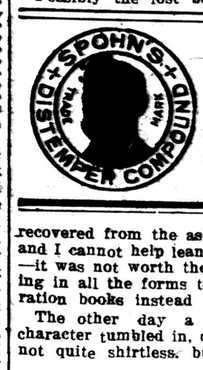
JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defence Among All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defence against natural foes and for combats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines are in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationsl must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy and courage they come into play.

In every conflict with the world, the flesh and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoid society—the temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give them attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our prehuman ancestors achieved success in life in like manner is clear as the print of "Higga" to those who have learned to read nature's handwriting.

Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.—Blackwood's Magazine.



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You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed."

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OLD FOLKS' COUGHS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS QUICKLY CURED

This Tells of a Method That Cures Without Using Drugs

Elderly people take cold easily. Unlike young folks, they recover slowly. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia.

Cough Syrups seldom do much good because they upset digestion. Any doctor knows that a much more effective treatment is "CATARRHOZONE," which heals and soothes the irritated surfaces of the throat.

In using Catarrhozone you do not take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, nose and lungs rich, piney, balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitis disappear almost instantly.

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

A Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket or purse enables you to stop a cold with the first sneeze. Large size costs $1.00 and supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

HEIGHT OF HAPPINESS.

"What is the height of happiness?" mused the philosophical girl.

"Well, in my case," laughed the pretty bride, "he is about five feet ten."

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APPLETON'S ROAD GUIDES

Wherever there are roads, these new guides will unerringly show you every mile of the way. It is impossible to make a wrong turn, because unlike other maps, THEY SHOW EVERY ROAD; with all main motoring roads indicated in color.

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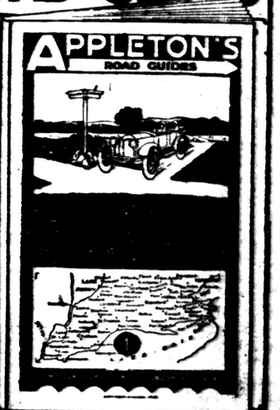

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