# DOCTOR JACK,

By S. G. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

He does not mean to tell Larry that his cousin is so near, for, selfish as the rest of mankind, he hopes to continue the delicious tete-a-tete in the little parlour.

Hence he is glad when Larry walks over to greet an acquaintance, and Jack is about returning to his fair Dulcina, when he happens to follow the dude with his eyes, and immediately receives something of a shock, for he sees Larry earnestly talking with one whom he recognizes as the Pasha.

How long has the Turk been there? Perhaps he saw Doctor Jack come in, send up his card, and go in the parlour to wait, for the American did not look around; being too much engrossed with his thoughts and anticipations of the coming meeting.

It is even possible that the Pasha knew of the appointment, although not present when it was entered into. Then he has also seen Avis come down and join Jack.

Not once does he look toward the letter, but converses fluently with Larry, who seems to have taken a strange liking to him. Jack imagines that the crafty Pasha, believing he could make the New York dude useful, has cultivated his acquaintance, and as Larry's hair is so evenly balanced on either side, a very little flattery is apt to turn his head.

There may trouble come of this yet, but as the skies are still clear, Jack goes back to enjoy a little more of Miss Morton's company. When finally he leaves her, the Pasha is no longer to be seen in the hotel.

One experience with the footpads is quite enough for Senor Jack, and he looks around for a vehicle to take him to the caravansary at which he is located, and which is situated far away from the Puerto del Sol.

A driver sees his action and anticipates his wish, for he brings his closed vehicle close to the pavement, and calls out to know if the senor desires a carriage.

Perhaps Doctor Jack might have hesitated about engaging this fellow had he seen him holding a whispered conversation with the Turkish Pasha a short time before; but being in ignorance of this same thing, he jumps into the vehicle, gives the driver the name of his hotel, and slams the door.

Again he is threading the narrow calle, and around them darkness hangs much of the time. Fortunately for him the American has his wits about him—a suspicion comes first—he observes the route, and then of a certainty discovers that his driver is away off. Undoubtedly the fellow is up to some ugly business—perhaps he knows the Pasha, and is endavouring to lead the bold American into a trap of some sort.

It takes a wide-awake Yankee to deal with such crafty men, Doctor Jack, when he makes this discovery, does not call upon the driver to halt. They are in a dark part of the narrow street, and the vehicle makes such a noise rattling along that any sound he may cause is drowned.

Without a moment's hesitation he opens the window beside him, over the door, pushes his head and shoulders out, grasps the steel railing around the top of the coach, and begins to draw his whole form out.

None but an athlete could accomplish this, what with the darkness and the moving coach, but Doctor Jack does the job, feels with his foot for the front step, used by the driver, finds it, gives one turn, and with a single motion seats himself beside that worthy, who, never dreaming of the gymnastics going on behind, is tremendously astounded to discover a human body planted beside his own, but who is even more surprised when he feels the cold muzzle of a revolver touch his face, and a voice bellow in his ear above the rattle of steel-shod wheels on the cobblestones:—

"I am your passenger. Your game is up. Turn along the first calle leading to the Del Prado or I'll murder you. No words, but obey," says this terrible voice.

The man shivers—perhaps he fears lest he has picked up a crazy fare—but he obeys orders, and in ten minutes Doctor Jack drops down in front of the little fonda where he has put up, hands the man a peso, gives him a look that makes his hair stand up, and marches into the hotel.

He does not mean to retire yet—there is much thinking to be done ere turning in—and he takes out a cigar to smoke, when he discovers the one given him by Don Carlos.

Again that suspicion comes to him. He takes the cigar to his room, where in a simple way he can tell whether it has been drugged. To his surprise the experiment proves the fact beyond a question.

Then he wonders, while smoking one of his own cheroots, what the game is—why should Don Carlos desire to keep him under his roof against his will—for he remembers how earnest both of them were in beseeching him to remain. Robbery seems out of the question, and Jack never dreams that the fact of his having an engagement at eight cuts any figure in the matter.

So he is all at sea, and the more he ponders the less able he is to get at the kernel which he knows lies hidden somewhere inside this hard, flinty outer shell.

Meanwhile time has slipped by. It lacks a quarter an hour to midnight now. Jack does not smoke furiously as when with Don Carlos, but in a dreamy fashion.

He is seated near the window, for the night air, laden with the perfume of flowers that bloom in the spring time in sunny Spain, seems unusually pleasant.

At this hour it would seem natural that the city should be growing more quiet, for every metropolis Jack has ever known subsides into a more peaceful state as the night wears into the small hours. To his surprise just the contrary seems to be the case. It is much more noisy than at ten o'clock, when he reached the hotel.

Jack becomes interested. He even leans out of the window to see what is up. New lights have sprung into existence—even streets that were neglected before now seem to throb with a pulsating life, and are in a measure illuminated, as though a great unwritten law compels every citizen to have at least one lamp or candle in his window.

The change is amazing—with every passing minute new lights spring up. Down below he sees a moving throng of people. All seem light-hearted, laughter and jest are bandied about, and it is very evident that no serious business brings these crowds abroad.

Music is heard here, there, and everywhere—distant bands thrill the air, and quicken the pulses, groups on the boulevard sing snatches of songs, and more than one sweet-toned mandolin throbs to the fingers of a music-loving Spanish lassie in the courts near by.

Doctor Jack is amazed—he rubs his eyes as though under the belief that he must be dreaming. What does all this mean? Madrid has awakened from her lethargic state—she seems for the time being to outrival Paris in gayety. One thinks of a royal wedding, with the whole city rejoicing, but Jack knows this cannot be.

What then?

The music grows in volume, and even under his eyes the crowds increase. He can see them better now, on account of th light. If Jack has been sleepy before, he was never more wide awake than now. Instead of abating, his interest grows with the excitement.

Looking at his watch he finds that the hour lacks just nine minutes of twelve. Then the idea strikes him that these mercurial people are waiting for midnight, which time will usher in some great holiday.

He begins to grasp the reins, and reach a solution of the mystery. Looking closer than before he realizes two things. The first of these is the fact that there are scores of women upon the streets as well as men, and it is evident that the night walkers have now been reinforced by a stream of respectable senoras and senoritas from the dwellings.

What Doctor Jack notices in the second place is the fact that many of these women wear long cloaks, and their faces are concealed by masks, while even numbers of the men are also masked. He suddenly jumps to his feet with a laugh.

"Bless my soul, I understand it all. At midnight the great carnival begins!"

## CHAPTER X.

Once a year Madrid, in common with all Latin cities, arouses from her long sleep, and for three days and nights preceding Lent, engages in the most extravagant orgies.

During this time the people run wild, and seem never to sleep—day and night the streets are jammed with crowds of pleasure seekers, music fills the air with intoxicating sounds, revelry is in progress at every corner, and to look at the light-hearted people one would never dream that they lived over a mine, which is liable to explode at any moment.

Soldiers are as thick as skippers in an old cheese, their bright uniforms adding splendour to the scene, for Spain is a country where the restless populace, dreaming of liberty and license, have to be constantly reminded of the power resting with the royal family—she has been a republic before and will again, with the shining example of France so near at hand.

As Doctor Jack looks the bells of the Spanish capital ring out the hour of midnight. It is a signal long anticipated, since it ushers in the carnival season. More people flock out of the houses—the brilliant promenade below is thronged. In vain the American seeks a face—at the ringing of the bells every countenance is covered, for it is another unwritten law that, from midnight to sunrise on these three nights, no one shall appear upon the streets unmasked—the penalty may be a broken head.

As Jack has never chanced to be in the south of Europe during the carnival time he is greatly interested in the sight, as will be every sojourner in Madrid. Sleep seems out of the question with such a racket in progress even if he did desire to obtain it.

Leaving his room he passes downstairs to see the entertainment at shorter range, not that it is his intention to join in just then, though many foreigners do so, and become mixed up in the brawls that often occur. With all the wickedness that marks the Spanish capital during the gay carnival season at least one good thing can be said—few drunken men are seen. Light wines are the drinks indulged in by the people of Spain, rum seldom being used, and whiskey never. They may have copied the absinthe drinkers of Paris some certain degree, but this serves to stupefy their minds like opium, and not engender street brawls.

Down below Jack finds quite a throng gathered near the place to watch the merry makers on the pave without. Everyone seems to own a mask of some sort, and a man stands by selling these for a few pesetas each, so the American invests, intending to saunter down the street and witness the sights.

Once outside he joins in with the throng, and keeps his eyes about him. It is indeed a remarkable sight to look upon the crowds the midnight bells of Madrid have called into review, and Jack photographs them upon his memory for future use.

Along the edges of the sidewalk are many street stands, where is seen the peddler of national drinks or refrescos, with his botigo or Oriental jar containing the expressed juice of some fruit, mixed with sugar and water, and as harmless as it is agreeable. Others have a nobby little tin or brass tray, upon which are placed glasses for the different horchatas, as the good people of Madrid call these cooling non-spiritous drinks.

Along the walk are rows of orange trees, and upon these coloured lanterns have been placed at intervals, and are now lighted up, so that with the yellow gas jets the scene looks like one of enchantment.

Here and there small crowds congregate around some fakir engaged in selling wonderful things, or to watch the astonishing evolutions and hear the weird music that accompany a sidewalk gitano or gipsy dance.

Everywhere reigns an air of mystery—fancy costumes, monks, chevaliers, Oriental warriors, courtly dames, flower girls, and almost every imaginable character we see in our greatest masque balls are to be met with.

Mad revelry abounds—every one appears determined to be as happy and careless as his or her neighbour, so that when the carnival season is over every soul will gladly welcome Lent, which seems to be the idea of all this merriment, the old adage holding good, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we—mourn."

So Madrid enters upon the fun. The merriment is as a general thing good-natured, and free from riot or rudeness. Whatever dark secrets may be working beneath the surface, on top all is apparently innocent enjoyment.

From the balconies of houses fair senoritas, whose guardians are too strict to allow them upon the streets, have enjoyment of their own in watching the procession below.

At times they toss a flower to this courtly knight who has found favour in their eyes, or drop rice down the back of a more than usually hideous gnome who delights in the shudder his awful appearance causes.

Jack is greatly amused by the kaleidoscopic changes around him. Something in his quiet demeanour attracts the very attention he would avoid, and more than one unknown charmer ventures to address him. These may be the most respectable of senoras, for the mystery of mask and domino gives them assurance and license to a certain degree, but Jack pays little or no attention to their laughing words.

Various processions pass him by, and suddenly one comes that gives him a shock. He hears a cocotte standing near him take up the cry that sounds down the boulevard. What is it she is calling:—"The hero of the bull-fight?"

Presently the excitement increases, and a little party arrive, bearing on their shoulders a square platform in which rests a chair, and this is occupied by a masked man, who sits there with folded arms, gravely bowing, at times kissing his hand to the senoritas above, now almost wild with excitement.

Doctor Jack is at first indignant, and then he laughs as though amused. This man has been gotten up to imitate himself, and with such success that the platform is fairly covered with flowers tossed upon the hero by the hands of Madrid's dark-eyed daughters.

Now they are close by—the American athlete could with one spring gain that platform, and hurl the mock bull-fighter to the ground; but the temptation comes and goes instantly.

"Let him have his fun—unless I am mistaken he will pay for it before morning," he mutters, and there is truth in his words, for, although all the women go wild over the supposed hero of the greatest bull-fight Madrid ever saw, there are many dark scowls cast after the cavalcade by the male portions of the revelers could one but peep beneath their masks—these are the friends of the defeated Pedro Vasquez, who hate the man upon whose head rests the laurels that should have come to their favourite god.

So the cavalcade wends its way down the Del Prado amid a hurricane of shouts and tremendous excitement, heading for the thoroughfare that leads to the grand central plaza, the Puerta del Sol, where the greatest sights are to be witnessed on these gala occasions.

Jack quenches his thirst with some lemonade from a stand near by, and starting a cigar continues his stroll. Other strange sights greet his eyes, and even his cold Northern blood is to a certain degree fired by the music and the gayety around him, so that he can readily perceive how these warm Spanish people give way to the excitement of the carnival.

He smiles grimly when he hears a great racket far down the street, and makes up his mind that the bogus Doctor Jack has already come to grief, the bull-fighter's friends having probably pelted him with oranges, and perhaps dragged him through the street mud.

The mad scene goes on, and fresh actors in it seem to be continually coming and going. Until the midnight bells announce again that the three days of jollity are past, and Lent ushered in, Madrid will be in one continual ferment, day and night pranks will be played and strange scenes enacted, each citizen vieing with his neighbours in producing noise by day and illumination by night, or adding new features to the parade of masks upon the public streets.

(To be Continued.)

A good husband is but the evolution of a good son.

# FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

## SEEDING WINTER WHEAT.

One of the secrets of successful winter wheat culture is the early preparation of the soil. Farmers have learned that ground for wheat should be plowed as soon as the previous crop has been removed, and allowed to become compact before seeding time in September and early October. It will not do, of course, to plow the ground and give it no further attention. It must be harrowed or disked often enough to keep down weeds and to keep the upper layers pulverized, forming a dust mulch which prevents the escape of valuable soil moisture. Where the ground is full of weed seed, this is a most excellent method of getting rid of these pests. The present season's weed crop is prevented from seeding and the seed in the ground from last year germinates and the young plants are killed. Even such persistent perennials as cockleburr, velvet leaf and jimson weed can finally be controlled. It may require two or three years of such treatment to get rid of the worst pests, but persistence will always result in success.

The ground for wheat should be carefully plowed, in most sections 4½ to 6 inches deep. Every bit of the ground must be stirred so that when drilling is done the seed will be covered evenly. The sulky plow or the modern gang are best, as they do good work and completely cover all trash which may be on the surface. If plowing must be delayed until late on account of dry weather, or the fact that the crops growing on the land cannot be removed until just before seeding time, compacting must be done in some way. This is best accomplished by the use of a roller, drag, disk, smoothing harrow or some such instrument. Neglect of this is the cause of more poor wheat than any other one thing. Going over the ground two or three times is not sufficient. The work must be continued and in some cases the ground will have to be gone over

## FOUR OR FIVE TIMES.

Thorough preparation, however, always pays in winter wheat culture. During a recent trip through the winter wheat section of the country, it was very noticeable that the land treated most carefully last fall bore the greater number of wheat plants. Not only this, but they were more vigorous and the yield will undoubtedly be much greater than where the ground was not well tined.

The date of seeding will depend somewhat upon circumstances. Within reason moderately early seeding is usually desirable, as the plant gets a good start and is able to withstand the winter. However, if insect pests, particularly hessian fly, are to be expected, the seeding should be delayed as late as possible; so that the adult flies will lay their eggs in other places and the wheat crop escape. This was done very generally last fall. In many parts of the winter wheat belt wheat was sown as late as October 20 and 25, where as a rule it is the practice to begin about September 10 and complete the work by October 1. Fields were remarkably free from fly the present season and this was probably largely due to late seeding. Of course other conditions may have contributed.

The amount of seed per acre varies a little with the soil and the climate. As a rule, five pecks of well cleaned seed will give a good stand and produce the maximum yield. If the seed is very expensive, one bushel will frequently answer. It is better, however, to be on the safe side and sow a little more than recommended rather than less. There are so many varieties that no one can be recommended for all sections of the wheat belt. The best guide is to get from the experiment station the kinds that have done best in the station tests. Then, after consulting the best wheat growers in your neighborhood,

## DECIDE UPON THE KIND.

A good variety is always desirable, but do not forget that even the best seed will not do well on a poor seedbed.

Drilling is of course the only method to be recommended. The kind of a drill is another question. The modern disk drills have been so satisfactory that they can be recommended without hesitancy. The old-fashioned hoe drill is still used very widely and is a good implement. The press drill during a dry season is exceedingly satisfactory, but its heavy draught and the fact that it is not available in many neighborhoods, tends to keep it back. A number of the manufacturers of drills now make a combination implement,

—"I wonder how they knew we st got married."

by means of which the press wheels may be used or not, depending upon the condition of the soil. This is a little more expensive than the average drill, but since you have two implements in one, it can be purchased with profit.

The matter of fertilizing wheat ground is an important one. Ordinarily it is found desirable to apply the stable manure to the previous grass crop. However, if it is put on in moderate quantities before plowing, benefit is easily observable. It is not certain, however, that the greatest good will come from this method of applying the manure. Most farmers claim that when applied to the grass crop, the ultimate results will be most satisfactory.

The manure should be put on with a spreader any time after the crop is seeded. The best plan is to start the spreader as soon as the seed is in the ground. Set it so that the manure will be spread quite thin

## ALL OVER THE SURFACE.

The soluble plant food will be washed down by the first rain and will be ready to start the young plant off rapidly. Then the strawy part of the manure acts as a mulch in the fall and during winter, holds the snow and tends to prevent injury from cold, freezing weather. Some surprising results have come from this treatment of wheat. If for any other reason the top dressing cannot be done in the fall, excellent results have been obtained by putting the manure on in the spring as soon as the land is dry enough to permit the spreader being driven over the fields. However, the top dressing the previous autumn is much the best. Well rotted fine manure is always most desirable and this condition should be secured by composting, if it is not possible to get it in any other way. Pile the coarse manure in a heap, pour water over it, fork every few days until it is thoroughly decomposed. By placing the manure on the ground very thin, a large acreage can be treated.


**Piles** To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, blecding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's Ointment**


## THE COW NOT A MACHINE.

The cow is looked upon by altogether too many dairymen as a mere unfeeling machine, the dairyman having but to apply the belt and power of food when the machinery is immediately set in motion, that will result in a return to the dairyman for his outlay in a sure and given amount of milk; that under any and every condition whenever our dairyman at his own convenience places before her the proper food, the amiable and long suffering cow will at once be compelled by reason of her internal organism to commence the manufacture of milk which the dairyman may, without let or hindrance on her part, take from her at the close of the process.

On the contrary, the cow has an extremely sensitive organism, which demands the same thoughtful care in providing for her comfort that we give our human kind; food of the right kind at the right time, and in the exact amount she can best take care of; light, fresh air, freedom, temperature carefully regulated; comfort of body and peace of mind.

This statement may sound to many extreme, but it is supported by abundant testimony, and failure to recognize its truth on the part of so many dairymen (not all by any means) is costing the owners of nearly twenty million cows in the United States, many millions of dollars each year. It is certainly a subject worthy the serious attention and study of every thoughtful, progressive dairyman, and one which will repay in dollars and cents

## THE TIME THUS EXPENDED.

The cow is no more a machine than is the human mother. She is, if properly treated, a gentle, sensitive creature, governed by the same laws of love and fear that obtain among human mothers. Note with what affection and pleasure she gives down her milk to her calf, and will continue to do for a kind master, but in anger or fright, in cold, in filth, tormented in a thousand ways known and unknown, or on insufficient food, is it reasonable to expect the same generous, healthful product?

A machine might do equally good work—but even a machine has its limitations—in a freezing temperature and under other adverse conditions but the cow, if she is compelled to remain out of doors or in a cold barn at her master's will, unconsciously avenges herself, as much of her food must go for fuel purposes to keep her bodily warmth up to the required temperature. A well made machine will undoubtedly do equally good work if there were a half dozen dogs and as many milking stools asserting themselves in its vicinity, but not so with the gentle cow made irate by either or both. Not only is the quality of her milk damaged often to the point of rendering it poison to the young infant) but the quantity of it is as certainly and promptly reduced.

The cow is not a machine. She repays all manner of care for her creature comfort with an increased flow of milk; and even more than this she responds in the same generous way to words of endearment and petting. It is common knowledge that many a herdsman and milker has by his gentle and genuine love for his cows so completely won their affection that no one else has ever been known to get the same amount of milk that he can.

## WONDERFUL KNIFE.

When Lewanika, the paramount chief of the Barotse kingdom, visited Sheffield, England, recently, he was most interested in knives. When he was shown a knife of the value of $4,600, the making of which occupied nearly two years, the King and his Prime Minister cast longing eyes at the remarkable specimen of cutlery, and entered into the most animated conversation. The knife in question is probably the most artistic piece of cutlery in the world. It is known as the "Norfolk Sportsman's Knife." There are seventy five steel blades, all contained in one handle. On these there are beautiful etchings of Queen Victoria, the late Prince Consort, and residences of royalty and nobility. The handle is a most wonderful work of art.

## WHICH HAVE THE HARDEST LOT.

Girls sometimes wish that they were men, but the troubles of this world are about equally divided.

A girl has to pin her hat on her head, but a man has to chase his into the middle of a crowded street.

A girl can put on all the colors of the rainbow and look like a bird of paradise. A man must wear plain colors and look very ordinary.

A girl can put on a ten dollar hat and it is called taste. A man may wear a two dollar hat and a fish one, but it will be called extravagance.

A girl may be ill all the year round and she gets the sympathy of all who know her, but a man similarly placed is told he is lazy.

A girl can break an engagement and be free at once, but a man can be sued for breach of promise and beggared.

# THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

## BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Sept. 2.—Wheat—The market for Ontario grades is weaker with offerings more liberal. Sales of No. 2 white and red winter are reported at 68 to 69c west. Manitoba wheats quiet; No. 1 hard 85½c, grinding in transit, and at 79½c Goderich; No. 1 Northern, 84½c g.i.t., and 78½c Goderich, and No. 2 Northern, 82½c g.i.t., and 76½c Goderich.

Oats—The market is firm, owing to small offerings. No. 2 quoted at 32c west, for September shipment.

Corn—The market is dull, with little or nothing doing. Prices are purely nominal.

Rye—The market is quiet, with No. 2 quoted at 48 to 49c outside.

Barley—Offerings small. New feed, discolored, quoted at 36 to 38c outside, and No. 2 at 41 to 42c.

Peas—The market is firm, with old No. 2 quoted at 77c west, and new at 75c west.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents, made of new wheat, quoted at $2.70 to $2.72 middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers for domestic trade quoted at $3.15 to $3.25 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. Hungarian patents $3.85 to $4.10 delivered on track Toronto, bags included, and strong bakers', $3.60, to $3.80.

Oatmeal—Car lots in bbls, $5 on track, and in sacks $4.90. Broken lots, 20 to 25c extra.

Millfeed—Bran is dull at $13.50 west, and shorts at $19 west. Bran is $15 to $16 here, and shorts $22 here. Manitoba bran, $16.50 in sacks, and shorts $22 to $23 in sacks, Toronto.

## COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Hops—Trade quiet, with prices unchanged at 13c, yearlings, 7c.

Honey—The market is steady, with strained jobbing here at 8 to 8½c per lb., and combs at $1.60 to $1.75.

Beans—The market is firm, with prime qualities quoted here at $1.20 to $1.35, and hand-picked at $1.35 to $1.40.

Hay, baled—The market is quiet with offerings moderate. New hay quoted at $8.50 to $9 a ton.

Straw—The market is quiet. Car lots, on track, quoted at $5.50.

Poultry—The market is steady. We quote:—Chickens, 60 to 75c; hens, 50 to 55c; live chickens, 50 to 60c; Ducks, 60 to 75c per pair. Turkeys, 10 to 12c per lb.

Potatoes—The market is steady with fair demand. They sell at 35c per bush, in quantities, and at 40 to 45c in small lots.

## HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with few offering. Cured meats are in good demand at steady prices. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 11c, ton and case lots. Pork, mess, $21.50; do short cut, $23.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, 13 to 14c; breakfast bacon, 15c; rolls, 12½ to 12¾c; backs, 15 to 15½c; shoulders, 11½c.

Lard—The market is steady. We quote:—Tierces, 11c; tubs, 11¼c; pails, 11½c; compound, 8¾ to 9c.

## THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is steady, with good demand for choice quality. Rolls scarce. We quote:—Choice 1-lb rolls, 16c; selected dairy in 15c; store-packed, uniform colour, 13½ to 14c; low grades, 12 to 12½; creamery prints, 19½ to 20c; solids, 18½ to 19c.

Eggs—Receipts fair. Strictly fresh, 15½ to 16c; ordinary store collected, candled, 14 to 14½c; low grades and checks, 10 to 11c.

Cheese—Market quiet at unchanged prices. We quote:—Finest, 10½ to 10¾c; seconds, 9½ to 10c.

## BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Sept. 2.—The local markets continue quiet and unchanged. Grain—Manitoba wheat, No. 1 Northern, 74c; No. 2, 72c for August delivery; oats, No. 2 Manitoba white, 44½ to 45c; No. 2 Ontario, 44½ to 45c; No. 3 Ontario, 43½c. Manitoba feed oats, 43½c in store, new No. 2, 37c afloat. Flour—Manitoba best patents, $3.90 to $4.10; strong bakers', $3.65 to $3.90; Ontario straight rollers, $3.50 to $3.65, in bags, $1.70 to $1.75; Ontario patents, $3.90 to $4.10; rolled oats, millers' prices to dealers, $2.40 to $2.45 in bags. Feed—Manitoba bran at $16 and shorts $23, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, $15.50 to $16; shorts, in bags, $23 in lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $25; compound refined lard, 9 to 9½c. Canadian lard, 11c; finest lard, 12 to 13½c; hams, 12½ to 14c; bacon, 11 to 15c; dressed hogs, $7.50 to $8; fresh killed abattoir, $9.25 to $9.50 per 100 lbs. Cheese—Ontario, 9½c, and Quebec, 9¾c; Townships, 9½c. Butter—Choice creamery, current receipts, 19 to 19½c; held stock, 18 to 18½c; dairy, 16 to 16½c. Eggs—Straight receipts, 14½c to 15c, No. 2, 13 to 13½c.

## UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Sept. 2.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Dull and weak; No. 1 Northern, old, in store, c.i.f., 79½c, winter dull; No. 2 red, 73½c; No. 3 do, 68 to 68½c. Corn—Quiet; No. 2 yellow, 67½c; No. 3 do, 66¾c; No. 2 corn, 66½c; No. 3 do, 66c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white, 36c; No. 2 mixed, 29½c; No. 3 do, 29c. Barley—Western, 56 to 67c. Rye—No. 1, 55½c. Canal freights—Firm.

Minneapolis, Sept. 2.—Wheat—Sept. 65½c, Dec., 64½c; on track No. 1 hard, 78½c; No. 1 Northern, 76½c; No. 2 Northern, 73½c. Flour—Lower; first patents, $3.85 to $3.95; second do., $3.70 to $3.80; first clears, $3 to $3.10; second do., $2.20. Bran—In bulk, $11.50.

# Most Dreadful of Skin Diseases

## A Chronic Case of Eczema of 30 Years Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The demand for Dr. Chase's Ointment is enormous. It is during the warm weather especially that there is such great suffering from eczema and similar skin diseases. That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a thorough cure for this torturing disease is proven in hundreds of cases similar to the following:—

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states:—"I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed in eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin.

Mr. Frank Duxbury, clerk in Butchart's hardware store, Meaford, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with eczema for four or five years, and tried a good many remedies without obtaining a cure. It was the worst on my face, and caused me a great deal of misery at times. As soon as I began using Dr. Chase's Ointment the itching and soreness were relieved, and now I believe that I am entirely cured. As a result I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Few people realize the suffering caused by eczema and other itching skin diseases. This is an example of what Dr. Chase's Ointment is doing in the way of relieving suffering mankind. Many of the cures it brings about are more like miracles than anything else; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.