

Market Reports
-OF-
the Week.

Table with market reports including 'Farmers Market' and 'Wheat Markets' with various commodity prices and percentages.

Table with market reports including 'Live Stock' and 'Cattle' with prices for various types of livestock.

Table with market reports including 'Trade Review' and 'Wool' with prices for wool and other trade goods.

Table with market reports including 'Large Fortune' and 'Restaurant Divides' with news snippets and financial reports.

Table with market reports including 'Ontario Archives' and 'Toronto' with local news and city information.

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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

CHAPTER I.
The "up" train was expected momentarily at the little junction at Galesford, from whence a line branched off to some villages and the country town.

A couple of commercial travellers, whose large, neatly strapped cases were piled on a hand-truck, stood at one end of the platform, in conversation of an amusing description, for they laughed loud and frequently.

"How do you know?"
"Sir Robert Everard told me all particulars last night—when the other men had left the smoking room. Mrs. Newburgh's solicitor is—his name is—"

"Do you mean to say that we shall have no money at all?"
"I fear you will not!" Everard spoke openly to me, knowing the interest I take in you, of which I hope you too are aware.

"We have always been very good friends," she said, shyly, with quivering lips.
"Yes, and for that friendship's sake I am about to break my usual habit of not interfering with what does not absolutely concern me—to risk the snubbing you are quite capable of administering."

"I am not a fool—where angels might hesitate to tread; but I know what life is, and I must open your eyes. After Everard had told me all his news, I went to my room, and Waring, who had been dozing over an evening paper—"

"I have nothing to forgive. You are very good to take the trouble. I fancied you were at Chillworth Castle by this time, you started so early."
"I started at that unearthly hour to secure some private conversation with you."

"Indeed?"
"Again a blush, fainter this time, flitted over the lady's cheek."
"Yes, I am going to say what may perhaps offend you—to interfere where I certainly have no right, but my sincere interest in you—my ardent regret that fortune should treat you so unkindly, urges me to risk making an ass of myself."

is more than I could expect! You need not exhaust yourself in persuasion; I really do not dislike Mr. Waring; on the contrary, he is evidently malleable, and by no means bad looking—rather young perhaps, but that is a fault which corrects itself. I had no idea but thought of throwing the handkerchief to me! I am much obliged for your warning not to scare a shy bird! It is not always that a man is gifted with a figure as well as a fortune."

"I am very glad you take so sensible a view of my suggestion," he returned, with a slight suppressed surprise; "as to looks, that is a matter of taste; I do not admire the 'prizefighter' style myself; but Waring is quite six or seven years older than you are! I assure you it is a relief to my mind that you do not snub me for meddling."

"That would be a bad return for your disinterested friendship. I do not think many people would imagine you capable of so quixotic an effort to succor a damsel in distress! You do not do yourself justice, Captain Lisle; now, do tell me something of your own plans; for I reciprocate your friendly interest, I assure you."

"My plans," he repeated, in a different and less steady tone. "They are simple enough. My uncle, General Forrester, has promised me an appointment on his staff. It may keep me in India the best part of my life; but I shall have leave of absence from time to time, and so keep in touch with civilization."

"That will be delightful! And you really have known commonplace money troubles like other people?"
"Yes; very decidedly, yes."
He was feeling curiously displaced from his position of superior firmness and worldly knowledge, the unexpected acceptance of his suggestion by this fair creature, who was barely nineteen, threw him off his balance.

"Then I hope they are over forever," she remarked, in a kindly tone. "You must pick up a Begum in India. Yet, no! I should not like to be less bountiful than you are. I will give you a pretty visit, not, according to you, Mr. Waring is handsome, or rather he will develop into a handsome man. I think you have chosen well."

"I did not choose at all. I simply did my best to advise you not to throw a good chance away. Are you serious? I do not quite understand you, Mona."
She raised a warning finger playfully. "As I have not, according to you, to keep my name much longer, pray let me hear it always. It is far prettier than Waring—Miss Joseelyne, if you please."

"What a long, tiresome wait. You really have sacrificed yourself to friendship."
"I have," he returned, emphatically. "I wonder if you exactly appreciate the sacrifice."
"I do indeed."
"May I not call and learn from your own lips how you are going on?"

"You see it is a little uncertain where you may find us. I fear they do not allow visits to my room, and Waring, who may be our destination, if Mr. Waring has not the goodness to charge himself with our support."
"It is too bad that these wealthy new men get the pick of everything! Ah! here we are. Do you know it is awfully hard to say good-bye; I really feel a murderous toward Waring."
"Because I have taken him under my protection."
"It is not good-bye, however; I will see you in ten days or a fortnight. Till then, adieu!"

"He pressed her hand close, she withdrew it in fierce haste; the next moment she was in the street, and Waring, who had been dozing over an evening paper—"

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watched, she set loose the reins of her self-control, and yielded to the storm of shame and despair which rent her soul.
She had indeed "grown fond" of Lisle, after months of frequent intercourse, during which he had sought her with so much carefully veiled assiduity—and won her confidence by a happy assumption of elder brotherly authority, flecked with gleams of passionate admiration, which seemed to flash out in spite of himself and were real enough. He had roused her interest, even her love, the blissful vanity—for St. John Lisle was a man of good position, a favorite with fine ladies, a smart cavalry officer, of whose success in life no one had a doubt. To feel that she, a simple debutante, exercised an influence and attraction on such a man—was infinitely gratifying. Lisle had begun to fear that he was going to be annoyed with himself for his reluctance to draw back, when the news of Mrs. Newburgh's misfortunes—the confession of young Waring, came to relieve him from the gathering difficulties of his situation. Now, a kind of lurid light from the burning of Mona's indignant heart seemed to bring out the bitter truth with stinging distinctness. She seemed to be present at that interview between Lisle and Leslie Waring.

"To be continued."

SUFFERING WOMEN
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Every growing girl and every woman nearing middle life suffers from ailments peculiar to her sex. At these times the health and happiness of every girl and woman depend upon the richness and regularity of her blood. Look at the young girl whose blood is weak and watery. Her face is pale, her lips and gums bloodless. Her head aches, and her back aches. She has no energy, no life, a poor appetite and no desire for exercise. She complains that even to walk up stairs leaves her breathless. And the woman in middle life—she is nervous, irritable and depressed—liable to sudden attacks of pain and distress that only a woman knows of. She turns from food; horrible dizziness, hot and cold flashes, makes her life miserable. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills banish all this misery, because they fill the veins with rich, strong, healthy blood, which gives tone and strength to every delicate organ.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can make every ailing girl and suffering woman in the land strong and healthy if they are given a fair trial. But great care must be taken to see that you get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FURNISHING THE KITCHEN.
Funny Game in Which Many May Take Part.

Twelve or fifteen boys and girls may have a very jolly time in playing this little game. First, a leader is appointed, one who is a ready, quick-witted talker. Under his direction the players take seats all in a row, facing one way, and he stands in front of them.

He begins the game by telling them that he is about to furnish a kitchen, and that he wants each of them to contribute an article suitable for use there. Then the players, beginning with the head of the row, name the article that they will furnish, but no two players must name the same article.
All having told what they are willing to contribute, the leader asks them, in turn, all kinds of questions. For instance, of the player who promises to contribute a stewpan, he asks: "With what did you brush your hair this morning?" Answer: "Stewpan." "What did you eat for breakfast?" Answer: "Stewpan." "With whom did you take a walk?" Answer: "Stewpan."
The player must give the same answer every time, saying not another word; if he fails to do so he has to pay a forfeit. He also has to pay a forfeit if he laughs while answering.
All the players may laugh as much as they please except the one who is answering; he must remain as solemn as a judge. This makes the fun of the game.

tain stimulus had been removed, and she straightened herself in the chair.
"Your story is very dramatic," she remarked coldly, "and, as you see, rather complex. Such things, I imagine, rarely happen in real life. But that makes it all the more original. Thank you so much for telling me about it."

Cowles was searching her face with a keenness that she must have felt, but she gave no sign.
"Dear me," he said at length, glancing at the clock "it is quite late." She did not answer. He arose to go. At the door she gave him her hand. It was hot and dry.

"Good night, Mr. Cowles," she said; "I shall see you at the Arlington reception no doubt."
"Probably not," he answered. "I have some idea of leaving town for a time."
"Really?" exclaimed the girl in polite surprise. "We shall miss you."
"That's kind of you," said Cowles, departing. "Good night."

A light rain was still falling. The damp film of moisture under the arc lamp which cast a great black shadow up into the sky and made the foliage of shade trees scintillate and sparkle as the wind stirred it. At the corner a cabman sat, asleep on his box, while a tiny stream trickled from his oil-cloth helmet down the front of his tightly buttoned coat. Cowles hailed him and he awoke with a start, splashing and shaking like a Newfoundland dog after a bath.

"I wonder," Cowles soliloquized, as he pulled the cab door shut with a snap and settled back on the cushions, "I wonder if I made an ass of myself."—Brooklyn Citizen.

WORRIED MOTHERS.
The Outlook for Sheep Husbandry

Much of the worry which every mother of young children undergoes, would be spared if the mother kept Baby's Own Tablets on hand, and gave an occasional dose when the child was fretful, cross or peevish. Nearly all the ailments of childhood can be traced to the sickly child, bowels or teething. For these troubles no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mr. Kenneth Melnick, Lakefield, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a perfect medicine in every way. There will be no sickly children in the homes where they are used." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"By H. S. Arkell, M. S. A., M. A.)
Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Can.:
The rise and fall of prices, the ebb and flow of the tide of trade is a recognized fact of commercial life. With a finger on the pulse of the market, the ability to relate one's business to the demands of the present and the courage of patience and resourcefulness to prepare for the demands of the future—a talent that should assure success in the life of any man, be he farmer, tradesman or manufacturer. A stockman who takes advantage of a dull year to strengthen his flock, to improve his breeding flock and to cases to breathe the atmosphere of discouragement and impatience under which his neighbors are going down to failure, is wise in his day and generation. The sheep owner and breeder who, not despairing of the revival of the sheep industry, has during the past few years, by judicious selection and breeding, maintained or increased the quality of his flock, is now reaping the reward of his hopefulness and is in a position to take the largest advantage of the brisk demand and high prices of the present time.

"Record marketings at record prices" is the reporter's summary of the situation at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, for 1905. In all during the year 4,734,748 sheep were marketed, which, in a grand total, is 234,000 more than in 1904. The top price for wethers was \$6.25 per cwt. The demand for breeding ewes throughout the States has, during the past year, fully doubled, and there is no doubt means enough feeder sheep to supply the demand in the corn belt and on the range. One feature of the Chicago market was the presence of Canadian lambs, one lot selling in November last for \$7.25 per cwt. The past year has also been profitable one for the wool grower, present prices being abnormally high. With the impetus given to the sheep industry by the active demand for wool and mutton and because of the general prosperity of the country, the opinion prevails among high authorities that the breeding and feeding of sheep will be a profitable business for the next two or three years at least. For breeding purposes, sheep selected from Canadian flocks are particularly popular in the United States, and Canadian farmers ought to be in a position to reap a rich harvest through trade with their cousins across the line. The presence of sheep on the farm, moreover, assists the farmer wonderfully in keeping his farm free from weeds and in maintaining the fertility of the land. Finally, the prospect of profit in the sheep trade is better now than it has been for years, and the outlook is promising to those who have maintained their faith in the sheep as the Farmer's Friend.

A New Sect.
A farmer who is an elder in the Auld Kirk advertised for a cattleman. A man applied whose personal appearance and credentials seemed all right. After he was engaged the farmer asked: "By the way, what is your religion?" "Well, to tell the truth," said the cattleman, "I'm Methusalemite." "Indeed," said the farmer, "that is surely a new sect. In what do you believe?" "In leavin' as long as I possibly can," replied the cattleman with a grin.—Dundee News.

Why Slumworkers Fail.
(Tacoma Ledger.)
With the best of intentions they fall of sympathy with the persons whom they seek to aid and who often are in great need of their help. Their methods are an affront to the self-respecting poor and are resented much in the same spirit as has been shown by the crowds of the London unemployed who have been parading the streets of the British metropolis with banners inscribed: "Curse your charity. Give us work."