

canberry contracts are closed in the Okanagan Valley, one for several cars of orchard run apricots at 8c. per lb., which is as good as \$2.00 on No. 1 packed. The apple opening market prices are hanging because every fruit offered this year has exceeded the opening quotations by a considerable amount and so everyone is holding for the better price. The same condition prevails in Yakima and Wenatchee.

One or two B. C. concerns with only the shadow of last year's business to guide them, have stepped out with prices, they quoted Jonathans and Macks in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan at \$2.10 and \$2.25 respectively. These prices are unfortunate for the bulk of the growers and also for those quoting. There is no reason why these varieties should not open at \$2.25 and \$2.50. We hope that the fortunate buyers will not be disappointed in delivery. The firms quoting are reputed to be reliable, but we have known of "windstorms" and other elementary troubles preventing good intentions from realizing, both on a rising and falling market. We will give our impressions of the opening price for this year on the leading varieties and in doing so we feel confident that they will be exceeded. McIntosh Red, \$2.50; Jonathan, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Wagner, \$2.25; Transcendant Crabapples, \$1.75; other varieties in proportion. We also call attention to competitive prices in Oregon and Washington for the guidance of pear growers.—The Prairie Market Fruit Bulletin.

Other People's Troubles

An Antidote For Your Own

By Winnifred Reeve (Onoto Walanna)

Author of "A Japanese Nightingale," "Heart of Hyacinth,"
"Wisteria," "Marion," "Me," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS:—"Other People's Troubles" is the new type of a continued story wherein each episode is a complete story itself, but the whole is connected through the central figure of Dr. Carpenter, a very fine character, who believes that to get interested in other people's troubles is the best cure for your own. His niece, Laura, was jilted on her wedding day by a man who also appropriated her brother's invention. Felix Holt, a lawyer, accused of killing his wife's lover, but acquitted on trial, has consented to handle Laura's court proceedings, although since his own trouble he has lived the life of a recluse, and given up his profession. The doctor's last patient suffers from insomnia brought on by misunderstanding of his wife's interest in up-to-date women's affairs.

But I'll lay you a wager all the same that he's studying the suffrage subject good and hard."

"He! Dick!"

"Well?"

"I know he is'nt."

"Take my wager?"

"Dick says I've a whole quart of sporting blood in me. He said that when I took my first fish off the line all by myself. It was a darling little flounder too, and I nearly cried because its mouth bled. But anyhow, just to prove it to you, I will make a bet about it."

"Good. Now if Dick's not either reading or has been reading certain

books or pamphlets or articles on woman's suffrage, I'm to—er—well give you some sort of a spunk pill to take before that speech of yours. But if he has on the other hand, you are not to deliver it at all, but on the contrary are to gracefully and like the little sport you say you are, accede to your husband's wishes in the matter, which I don't doubt will be less harsh by and by."

"Good!" exclaimed the little lady, smiling for the first time, and extending her fingers to be shaken.

With the frou-frou rustle of her pretty silk skirt, she swept out of the doctor's office, leaving a faint, delicious

fragrance behind her that was as feminine as it was sweet.

The doctor sniffed it audibly, and then:

"It would be a great pity," he ruminated to himself, "if she should replace this with the sour stench of doped tobacco!"

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The doctor had not seen his friend, Holt, for several days. So when the latter turned up unexpectedly on a balmy night in June, he was received with two outstretched hands of welcome.

"Well, well! Here we are at last. Come right inside. Er-hum! Let me look at you."

He had adjusted his glasses firmly, and was examining the other through them thoroughly. Apparently well pleased with his scrutiny, he released the glasses from his nose, and spoke, punctuating his sentences with little movements of his glasses.

"Holt, if I do say it, who shouldn't, that medicine of mine is a winner, and no mistake. You look ten—no fifteen years younger at least."

"It's a case of careful grooming, doctor," said Holt, smiling gravely. "Did I tell you, my man, Joe Manning is back with me."

"You ungrateful wretch!" snorted the doctor indignantly, "So you're giving the credit to Joe. Here pull up your chair! Dash it all, I don't believe you've an atom of humor in your make-up."

"I used to have," said the lawyer, musingly.

"Stuff and nonsense! You haven't lost a blessed thing you haven't got to-day. But here—look at this, will you?"

The doctor unrolled the wrappings from about a package which had been delivered during the day, and spread out on the table several new photographs of Laura.

Holt stared at them a moment in silence, and then, still without speaking, he picked them up one by one, and looked long and gravely at the pictured face. He appeared to be in some sort of reverie as he stared at the picture of his client; but when the doctor spoke he started in his seat almost as if he had been struck.

"I had these taken for the newspapers," said the doctor carelessly.

"For the newspapers!" cried Holt. "What do you mean?"

The doctor regarded his friend in pretended astonishment.

"Well, it's about time," said he, "that this thing came out in the papers. It's bound to, sooner or later, and I insisted to Laura that she have new extra good photographs taken, so she might look her best in the limelight of publicity."

"She consented?" asked Holt incisively. His eyes were fixed upon the doctor's face almost as if he could barely wait for the answer.

"Why, of course," answered the doctor, in his most guileless tone. "Laura's nothing but a girl after all you know."

Holt threw the pictures down upon the table again. Then he got up and walked over to the window.

"And by the way," pursued the doctor naturally, as he piled up the photographs in a neat little heap, "how's the case proceeding?"

Holt turned about abruptly. "It's not going to proceed," he said, between his teeth. "I—won't go on with it."

"Oh, indeed? Did you ever begin it?" inquired the doctor mildly.

"No. It was impossible—from the first."

You "took the case."

"You forced it upon me."

"Stuff and nonsense! When I told you the circumstances you were keen for it."

"I changed my mind."

"When?"

"Well, from the first. I tell you it was impossible."

"You mean—your returning to law practice?"

"It was not that."

He looked at the doctor undecidedly a moment, and then suddenly strode across to him.

"It was on her account, not mine," he said.

"You mean—Laura's?"

(To be continued)



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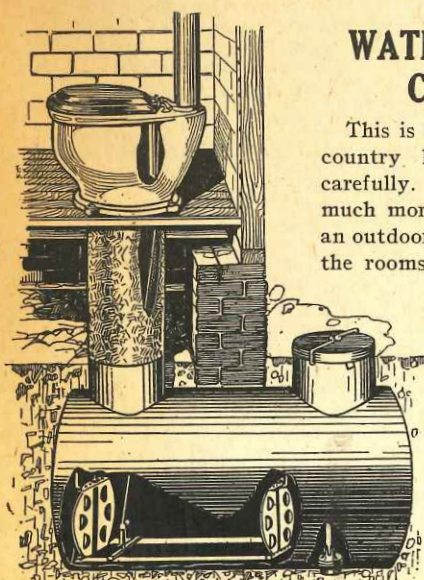
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