

They found the place in an uproar. "Ah, will you look at Sugar!" a threadbare individual was shouting, as he danced clumsily in and out among the group. The little man forced his way to the machine. Quotations flowed in quick succession: Sugar, 127, 127½, 128. He called Buncombe aside, showed him the privilege, and asked him to watch the market.

"Shall I sell for you?" Buncombe asked.

"Not yet."

It spread through the office that "old Dave" had a call on a thousand Sugar, already showing a profit of seven or eight thousand dollars. He was asked to show it, and upon complying, became at once the center of an excited group. Men who had formerly scoffed at him, or ignored him clamored for his opinion on the market. For the first time in years he was treated with consideration as a person whose lightest word was of value. He swelled visibly under this homage, and paced the floor with lordly tread, his hands beneath the tails of his coat. Personal views and pet theories on speculation, to which no one had ever listened before, were now received with attention and respectful silence. His voice, hitherto low and deprecating, took on a surer ring; his shuffling step became brisk and firm; he held his head erect, and exhibited his opinion when asked to do so, speaking of it in a casual fashion, as if it was a matter of little moment. It struck no one that he was ludicrous. The price of Sugar went up to 130½, hung there, went back to 129, up half a point, and down again as much. Trenham touched Dave's arm.

"Give your order to sell at thirty and a half."

Dave shook his head.

"You can buy your farm," Trenham pleaded.

"Sir, there is a fortune in it!"

"Think of your daughter."

When Dave next spoke he was more like his former self. "Sir, the curse of my life has been losing my nerve at critical moments. When I refuse to sell, be sure it is for my child's sake."

The market hung steady. Buncombe rushed in.

"I don't like the looks of things," he said. "You'd better take your profit, Dave."

"Not yet."

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild waster nerve cells, is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts before retiring.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 lbs. in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh, has changed from a thin, pale nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Dave's voice was confident. A new dignity sat upon him. A person having known him in past years would have hailed the recrudescence of Mr. David Mallett, a man of authority, a power in his day.

"Mr. Mallett," said Buncombe earnestly, "let me sell. That market will get away from you; it's tricky as the deuce."

Mallett turned his back, with a conclusive shake of the head, and walked away. The Exchange became bedlam. As three o'clock was neared, the ticker thumped like a high power engine at full speed. Sugar 130½, 130, 129½, 129, 128¾, and down by eighths and quarters to 126½. Dave weakened in a flash.

"Telephone Mr. Buncombe to sell," he said. "And call the stock; here's the privilege."

The clerk rang the bell, and rang it again. "Hello! Hello!" he cried whacking the box with his knuckles in his excitement. He worked the handle for a full minute, and still the ticker thumped, as ineluctable as death: Sugar, 125½, 125, 124, 123½. The clerk wrote an order.

"Here, boy, run with this to Buncombe. Something has happened to the damned 'phone."

Mallett walked up and down, his hand beneath the tails of his coat. Three o'clock chimed from Trinity, and shortly after Buncombe came in.

"Sorry, Mallett," he said. "Twenty and three quarters was the best I could do."

"Yes, sir?"

"Ought to have sold when I wanted you to."

"I s'pose I had, sir," replied Mallett.

His figure seemed to shrink to its former insignificance; his head sank upon his shoulders, his eyebrows resumed their automatic twitch. For a time he stood buttoning and unbuttoning his thin coat; then he turned towards the door, where he paused, a hand on the knob.

"Good night, gentlemen."

"Oh, good night, Dave."

"Now ain't that hell?" said a threadbare individual when the door had closed.

Jonathan Henley.

The Joys of Old Age

Yes, youth is of life the Spring-time,
With everything glad and gay,
When the bells of joy peal a merry chime,

And the heart signs all the day.
But the rosebud is fairest and sweetest,
When the fragrant, pink petals unfold,
So the life that is rarest, completest,
Must be lived by the one who is old.

And youth is the time of beauty,
Of form and feature fair,
Untouched by the call of stern duty,
Unmarred by the world's cark and care;

Yet each wrinkle of age a long story,
Of patient endurance has told,
And the gray head, the true crown of glory,
In its beauty belongs to the old.

And youth is the time for the story,
Told in a low, tender tone,
When eyes search hers for the glory
Of love that is filling his own;
But the testing days with their hopes and fears,
Come after the story is told,
And the love that has stood the test of years,
Can only belong to the old.

For Autumn has many rich treasures
That cannot be found in the spring;
And winter has other rare pleasures,
Than those that summer can bring;
Each year of life is a gem God lent
To hang on its chain of gold,
And the tranquil joys of a life well spent
Can only be known by the old.

—Mabel Cooper.

"There's just two things that break up most happy homes," observed a philosopher.

"What's them?" inquired a listener.

"Woman's love for dry goods an' man's love for wet goods, b'gosh!"

For Mother
the Others
and Me



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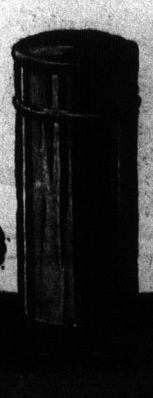
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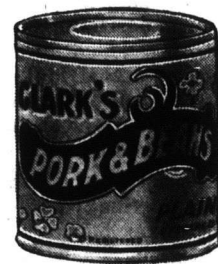


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