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TORONTO

#### Right Now.

The master of a large southern plantation would fire off a small cannon every evening at 6 o'clock as a signal to the people living on his land. One evening at the time for the usual boom the master was away. Two of his colored men, John and Jim, had long desired to fire the cannon, but had never had a chance to do so. They decided to make the trial on this afternoon, but thought that it would be best for them to have the cannon make no sound. It was decided that Jim should hold a water bucket over the mouth of the cannon while John did the actual discharging. Soon there was a great boom, and John looked up, to find that his friend was gone.

When the master returned, John was very busy in the field.

"John," said he, "where is Jim?"

"He went down to the spring after a bucket of water, sah."

"When is he coming back?"

"Well, sah, if he come back like he went, he's sure due heah now."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The best you have ever done is not good enough to be your ideal for the future.

ESTABLISHED 1873

## THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Head Office . . . . . Toronto

**\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT**

In our Savings Department. Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received, on which the highest current rate of interest is allowed.

No Delays in making Withdrawals

Interest added four times a year

Savings Bank Department in Connection with all Branches.

**CHATHAM BRANCH**  
W. T. Shannon, Manager  
BRANCH ALSO AT BLENHEIM

#### THE MARKETS.

Liverpool Wheat Futures Close Higher—Chicago Lower—Live Stock Markets—Latest Quotations.

**Monday Evening, March 25.**  
Liverpool wheat futures closed today 1/4 higher to 1/2 lower than Saturday, and corn futures 1/2 to 1/4 lower.

At Chicago to-day May wheat closed 1/2 lower than Saturday, May corn 1/2 higher, and May oats unchanged.

**Winnipeg Options.**  
Winnipeg wheat futures closed to-day: March 74 1/2 cts, May 76 cts, July 76 1/2 cts. Oats futures—March 35 1/2 cts, May 35 1/2 cts, July 35 1/2 cts.

**The Visible Supply.**  
Wheat . . . . . 47,773,000 47,200,000  
Corn . . . . . 12,057,000 13,612,000  
Oats . . . . . 9,622,000 22,468,000

During the week wheat increased 419,000 bushels, corn decreased 492,000 bushels, and oats decreased 551,000 bushels.

**Leading Wheat Markets.**  
May. July. Sept.

New York . . . . . 84 1/2 84 1/2 84 1/2  
Chicago . . . . . 79 1/2 79 1/2 79 1/2  
St. Louis . . . . . 74 1/2 74 1/2 74 1/2  
Minneapolis . . . . . 72 1/2 72 1/2 72 1/2  
Duluth . . . . . 72 1/2 72 1/2 72 1/2

**Toronto Grain Markets.**

Wheat, spring, bush . . . \$0 71 to . . .  
Wheat, red, bush . . . 0 69  
Wheat, fall, bush . . . 0 74  
Wheat, red, bush . . . 0 74  
Peas, bush . . . . . 0 78  
Barley, bush . . . . . 0 43  
Oats, bush . . . . . 0 43  
Rye, bush . . . . . 0 65

**New York Dairy Market.**

New York, March 25.—Butter—Firm. Receipts 420. Street prices extra creamery, 30 1/2 to 31. Official price, creamery, 30 1/2 to 31. Official price, creamery, common to extra, 22 to 30; state dairy, common to extra, 18 to 23; renovated, common to extra, 18 to 23; western factory, common to extra, 18 to 23; western factory, common to extra, 18 to 23; western factory, common to extra, 18 to 23.

Cheese—Firm; receipts, 1364. State, full cream, colored, small, Sept. fancy, 15c; do, white, 14 1/2 c; do, colored, small, Oct. best, 14c to 14 1/2 c; white, 13 1/2 c to 14 1/2 c; do, good to prime, 13c to 13 1/2 c; winter made, average best, 12 1/2 c; large Sept. fancy, 14 1/2 c; do, October best, 13 1/2 c to 14 1/2 c; do, good to prime, 12 1/2 c to 13 1/2 c; inferior, 11 1/2 c to 12 1/2 c; skims, 2c to 11 1/2 c.

Regg—Firm; receipts, 27,738; state, Pennsylvania and nearby fancy, selected, white, 22c; do, choice, 20c to 21c; brown and mixed extra, 20c; first to extra first, 18c to 18 1/2 c; western first, 18c to 18 1/2 c.

**When the West Was Unknown.**  
"Between the Missouri and the Pacific," said a member of congress, "save a strip of culturable prairie not above 200 or 300 miles wide, the region is waste and sterile, no better than the desert of Sahara and quite as dangerous to cross." The author of these words was Edward Bates of Missouri, whom Horace Greeley long afterward boomed for the presidency in the New York Tribune and in the Chicago Republican convention of 1860, and who became attorney general in Lincoln's cabinet. This was in the session of congress of 1829. As late as 1843 McDuffie of South Carolina in a speech in the senate, which was applauded by many persons in and out of that chamber, declared that for agricultural purposes he would "not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory" west of the Rocky mountains—Putnam's Monthly.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.

#### Portrait of Shakespeare.

A hitherto unknown portrait of Shakespeare has been discovered at a village inn at Winston, ten miles west of Darlington.

The inn is the Bridgewater Arms. It is the property of Lord Brownlow, and is kept by the Misses Ludgate, whose family moved from Warwickshire some generations ago.

One of the family possessions from time immemorial has been a panel portrait framed in oak. It used to hang in one of the public rooms of the inn, and little importance was attached to it until a gentleman who was staying in the neighborhood a little while ago happened to see it and was struck with the excellence of the work.

By his advice, the Misses Ludgate sent the picture to Christie's, where it was examined and pronounced to be the earliest portrait extant of Shakespeare, and to have been painted when he was about 28, in the last decade of the sixteenth century. Christie's, it is said, valued the work at between \$15,000 and \$20,000, and when the picture was returned the Misses Ludgate deposited it for safety in a bank.

The portrait is untouched, although one corner of the panel, which is otherwise perfect, is slightly worm-eaten.

## FOOLS OLD LANDLADY

How Major Crofoot Got Out of Paying Back Board Bill.

CREDITOR WAS DETERMINED.

But the Grand Promoter and General Organizer Was Equal to the Occasion and Came Out on the Ground Floor.

[Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham.]  
Major Crofoot, grand promoter of grand enterprises, sat in his office with just enough fire in the stove to keep the ironwork warm. He had counted the money in his pockets and knew that he had exactly 80 cents. Had his financial standing been figured it would have read:

"Assets, exactly 80 cents.  
"Liabilities, about \$4,000.  
"Expectations, unlimited.  
"Nerve, same as usual.  
"Pigeons, scarce."

Major Crofoot was waiting to promote somebody or something when



"THE DOOR OPENED AND THE KNOCKERS WALKED IN."

there came a knock on his door. It wasn't the knock of a woman suffering with the toothache and who wanted to inquire for the dentist upstairs, nor yet the knock of a creditor who was coming in to say that if his bill was not paid that day he would begin a lawsuit. It was a knock that bothered the major for a minute, and before he could make up his mind exactly what to do the door opened and the knockers walked in and bowed coldly and sat down. The major recognized her at a glance as his old landlady—one of his old landladies, one of the ones to whom he was indebted in the sum of about \$30. His mind was instantly made up. He gave her no chance to refer to his peridy in walking off as a debtor, but said:

"I see, my dear Mrs. Russell, that you got my little note of yesterday and are here on time. I am glad to see such promptness on your part. It shows me that I have made no mistake in appointing you secretary of the Great American Economic company, capital \$3,000,000."

**Wants Money Due Her.**  
"I got no note from you yesterday," she replied. "I haven't heard from you since the day you walked out of my house, and that's two years ago. I saw you on the street half an hour ago and followed you. You owe me over \$30, and I want it!"

"No note from me! Dear, dear me! The messenger must have gone to the wrong house. I wrote to ask you to call at this hour, and all night long I was thinking of what a pleasant surprise I had in store for you. It surely must be the hand of Providence that guided you here."

"You may as well leave out the blarney and fork over my money. I have got a lawyer who will put you in jail if you don't pay."

"My dear, dear woman," said the major as he fixed himself anew in his chair, "there was a time when I was in financial straits. Such periods are sometimes referred to as a person being stone broke or on his uppers. I had the stone broke, but not the opportunity. While waiting for the opportunity I wandered into your well kept caravan."

"You cast your bread on the waters, that is, you took me in without money and without price, trusting to my honor to pay you in the future."

"I never did anything of the kind, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Russell. "I told you the front room upstairs and board would be \$8 per week, and you said it was cheap enough. I couldn't get a cent out of you, and after four weeks you skipped out. You are a hilk and a deadbeat, sir, but I'll have my money or know the reason why!"

"You had confidence in me, my dear woman, when others had not, and I determined that when the time came I would repay you a hundredfold. That time has arrived. I could draw you a check for \$3,000, but I propose to do even better than that. As I said, I have just organized the Great American Economic company. I want a secretary at \$15,000 per year, and the place is yours. As you leave this office for home I will accompany you as far as the Twenty-eighth National bank and there open an account for you to the amount of half your first year's salary. Tomorrow we will see about your horses and diamonds. I shall want you to drive to and from the office, and the larger diamonds you get the better I shall be pleased. Do you write a sloping or back hand?"

**Won't Stand For Blarney.**  
"That's nothing to do with the case," she retorted. "You owe me a bill, and I want it. And all your blarney will go

for nothing. I shan't take any check either, but want cash."

"Mrs. Russell, do you know the value of the waste in this country every year?" asked the major after consulting a battered city directory for a couple of minutes.

"I know that such rascals as you beat me out of at least \$200 every year."

"The money value of the waste is a hundred million dollars every year. The Economic company will save as much of that waste as possible. It will gather up castoff clothing, boots and shoes, food, played out umbrellas, bottles, tin cans and so forth. In one year we shall gather up waste to the amount of \$10,000,000, two-thirds of which will be clear profit. After the first year we shall pay 50 per cent dividends right along. I shall not only pay you \$15,000 per year as secretary, but let you in on the ground floor for a large block of stock. Among my mail this morning was a letter from King Edward of England, in which he says he will save at least a million dollars' worth of old shoes for us every year. It is the biggest, richest thing in the world. All the gold mines of Colorado put together can't equal it. Can you dictate to a stenographer?"

"I'd like to know what all this talk is about!" angrily replied the creditor. "I tell you, sir, it won't do. You played the sneak and skulked on me, and now you've got to pay that bill. Will you do it now?"

"My dear old landlady, it pains me to observe this aggressive disposition on your part. You sheltered me. You trusted me. You had confidence in me when the rest of the world turned coldly away. I am a man who can never forget a kindness, but now, when I would requite you—"

"Why didn't you come back and pay up like a man?"

"Months and months ago, when the tide had turned with me and the millions were rolling in, I started for your house with a check in my pocket. I anticipated taking you by the hand and telling you how glad I was to be able to pay my debt. Almost at your door I met Jones—Jones of the cock eye—and he told me that you had married a French count and gone to Paris to set up a steam laundry. That was the sole reason why I retraced my steps. I have tried in vain to get your Paris address. Are you just in on the steamer?"

**Her Last Request.**  
"You know better. You know that you are lying to me. I ask you once more and for the last time, will you pay that bill?"

"Certainly, my dear—certainly. I only wish it was larger. Do you refuse the secretaryship?"

"I do."  
"And you don't want horses and diamonds?"  
"I don't."  
"And you won't come in on the ground floor?"

"No, sir, nor any other floor. I'll take the money for that bill, and then I'll leave you—no check, but the cold cash."

"It is hard, woman—it is hard indeed to have one's financial honor doubted, but I must forgive you. As you will not take a check I will run upstairs and get the photographer to cash it. I suppose \$40 will straighten the matter out?"

"Yes, sir."

"If any one calls tell 'em I'll be back in three minutes," said the major as he disappeared through the door.

The landlady waited fifteen minutes and then began to shiver with the cold. She waited fifteen more and then began to walk about.

"When three-quarters of an hour had passed she looked out in the hall.

At the end of an hour she kicked over two chairs, tore the calendar off the wall and knocked down the stove-pipe and went downstairs.

Some folks might have waited all winter, but Mrs. Russell knew when to let go.

**Innocent.**  
Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the bar of Bristol county, Mass., half a century ago, once secured the acquittal of an old Irishwoman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth and in an audible whisper said:

"Mr. Coffin, what'll I do with the pork-rub?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool. The judge says you didn't steal it."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Resourceful.**



"THE DOOR OPENED AND THE KNOCKERS WALKED IN."

"Don't you know that this is not a smoking compartment?"

"Never fear. I'll hide my pipe when I see the conductor coming."—Fliegende Blätter.

**It Was a Rogues' Gallery.**  
The Governors—Did you visit the Louvre while you were in Paris, ma'am?

Mrs. Newcoyne—I forgot. Did we, John?

Mr. Newcoyne—Why, I don't see how you can possibly forget that place, Jane! That's where you had your pocket picked—Puck.

Ask any Honest Grocer for the Best Sauce and he will give you

#### Italy's Dreadnought.

England and France having led the way in the laying down of naval levistans of the Dreadnought type, Italy is now to follow suit. The decision to build such a ship has already been taken, and as soon as the San Giorgio, now being built at Castellamare, is launched the new battleship will be placed in the same slips. She will, however, scarcely have the displacement of the Dreadnought, being only 16,000 tons, but her main armament will be eight 12.5-inch guns. She will probably have turbine engines.—London Globe.

#### A SETBACK.

Why a Denver Society Man Did Not Call on the Girl.

The gasoline runabout stopped and refused to budge. In it was a good looking young woman. She pushed levers and turned wheels, but the machine remained still. A well dressed young man quite well known in Denver society came along. He knew very little about autos, but the girl's looks attracted him. "Here's a chance," he thought, "to work a little bluff and make the acquaintance of a peach."

Raising his hat, he asked if he might not try to help her out of her predicament. To be sure he might. So he went to work. He looked in the machine, and then he talked to the girl. Next he looked under it, and then he had a little talk with the girl. He managed to kill ten minutes pretending to look for the trouble and incidentally becoming acquainted with the girl. Finally he took hold of the crank and gave it a twist. The engine began to puff, and the machine was in readiness to start.

"Oh, thank you very much," said the girl.

"It was a pleasure to assist you, I assure you," he replied. Then he grew brave. "May I ask your name?" he said.

She smiled and told him. He gave her his card. "Come and see me some time soon," she said.

"I'd like very much to," was his reply. "Where do you live?"

She gave him her number. "I'll be up tomorrow evening if you don't mind," he said.

"All right," was her reply. She started the machine and then stopped it again. "Would you mind coming around to the back door when you call?" she asked.

He was surprised. "What—the back door?" he said, looking puzzled.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm the second maid up there."

He smiled a sickly smile and moved away hurriedly. No, he didn't keep the engagement.—Denver Post.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Charity is often kept in the family.

There is only one "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine

CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY PREVENTS THE GRIP

Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of

*E. M. Grove*

#### PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

Medical Secrets Were Told In Court and Raise Nice Question.

In a recent breach of promise action in England a medical man was closely cross-examined as to the professional etiquette regarding what had passed between a patient and himself. The medical profession certainly lays it down that such matters ought not to be divulged to third parties without the consent of the patient. And the law, too, as shown in a case a few years back, when a leading physician was mulcted in heavy damages for telling his wife about a lady patient, upholds this contention out of court. But in the witness box a doctor is compelled by the rules of law as laid down by English judges, however confidential the communications may have been, to answer questions concerning what has passed and what he noticed.

The advice usually given by writers to medical men is that they should appeal to the judge, and, though the witness will be compelled to answer questions, he will thus show that it is against his will to speak of his patients' ailments. Acting thus under compulsion, medical men are absolutely safe if slander actions are launched by angry patients against them, for such evidence is privileged.

In France it is by no means rare to hear of actions being brought against medical men for giving evidence regarding their patients' health, and in New York there is a statute which forbids a medical man to disclose any information which he may have acquired in attending any patient in a professional character.

Where force prevails, right prevails.

The optimist looks to to-morrow; the pessimist sighs for yesterday.



## SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

ONE OF THE THINGS it is hard to make folks understand is the fact that, with "SURPRISE" Soap, it is not necessary to boil or scald the clothes.

A tea-kettle of hot water is enough—and you don't rub hard. The soap does the work—loosens the dirt and it drops out.

You can use "SURPRISE" Soap any way you wish, but this tea-kettle-of-hot-water way is the best because it's quickest and easiest.

"SURPRISE" is a pure, hard soap of the highest grade. The first cost is n't any more than common soap.

## THE DOMINION BANK

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G. J. A. BOGART, General Manager H. J. BETHUNE, Chief Inspector

Capital, paid up and Reserve Fund \$7,800,000

Total Deposits 36,000,000

Total Assets 49,890,000

A General Banking Business transacted, and we invite you to open an account with us. Farmers Bankers' Specialty.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**

Interest allowed on all Deposits of One Dollar and Upwards, at Highest Current Rates, payable four times a year. Money may be withdrawn at any time without notice.

W. O. ARMSTRONG, Manager.  
Chatham Branch Temporary Office Scane Block.

## SPRING CLOTHES MAKING

We want your order to-day for your Spring Suit—you will do better here than anywhere else.

**NEW SPRING WOOLENS**

Have poured in so this week that assortments are now at their height.

**YOU WILL FIND FAR SMARTER STYLE HERE**

You will pay a great deal less and you will get much quicker service.

We Employ NONE but First-class Workmen at

**THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LTD.**