SOLD VERYWHERE Making Soan. Softening Water. Removing Paint. or Disinfecting inks, Closets, Drains, etc.

Machine.

ed to Death Sitting

ween Ceiling and Platform.

14. Walter Madden, or, was crushed to e of the most singunts on record here. er on to the big lift biles from the ground rs of the garage on where he keeps his levator began to move went wrong with and the taxicab slid lift, and was wedged floor ceiling and the

the power the chaufhis seat in the maand crushed. When been summoned sucaway the debris he

arge of homicide.

K WOMEN ed by British Labor

-Keir Hardie, Presi-endent Labor party, Newport yesterday, emands unwelcome to ch his followers inand the list of these to-day's meeting of hen a resolution was the introduction of acing adult suffrage. nchisement of women, the Laborites have e more radical memt like Winston Spen-David Lloyd-George, tle sympathy on the tatesmen in the Gov-

considerable dissenis beyond doubt, and George and Churchill o last night's dinnerne of War Secretary thering was confined rvative members who budget, and so pisce country upon a norackling the question their prerogatives. ld a two-hours' conrnoon, and will meet complete the redisios and to perfect the



ND CHAIN AND GIRLS united with precions the latest ornaments, ment of this kind, and address and we sows Vegetable Pills, w known. Sell them thaser one of the pins sell rapidly. As soon ted and we will send REE. Write to-day,

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RIES to Our Correct

be cheerfully

CO.

Sweet Norine

"You did not tell them that when I was the village schoolmaster I taught you to read and write—ay, even to you to read and write—ay, even to speak as well as the white man," cried Joe, at last finding his voice, hoping against hope that this reminder would waken some tender feeling in the heart of the brawny half-breed for Joe had taken way half-breed for Joe had taken unusual pains with this fellow. He had even secured the position in the express office for him and had taken great interest in him until small articles in the office began to disappear, and the theft was traced directly to the halfbreed, who was caught in the very act of purloining the ham, and was accordingly duly punished for his offence, as well as being discharged.

As Joe Brainard listened to these

threatening words of the half-breed he knew-ay, he felt with a sinking heart -that he might expect no mercy from

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I see you comprehend your position exactly," retorted the half-breed, "and now I come to the point that brings me to your tent. You can gain your freedom but in one way, and that is that you tell us how the dwellings of Hadley are built within, if anything happened to cause the villagers to band together, what place would they choose, and how are they fortified?"

In an instant the horrible truth broke upon Joe. They were planning a raid upon Hadley village, and a fearful massere would follow. He thought of his old mother watching and waiting for his return to her, all heedless of her anger, and of Norine, the girl whom he loved better than life itself, and again his season tottered at the bare, agonizing thought of her being at the mercy of these savages, and unconsciously he breathed the very words that had fallen from her grandfather's lips when he discovered her flight:

"Better death for Norine—av. death from the wild beasts that roam the mountainside for her than that she should fall into the hands of the sav-

"I will give you until nightfall to think it over," added the half-breed. "I shall then be here for your answer. If you comply, well and good; if you refuse—well, you know what you may expect at the hands of the Pawnees. I have no more to add than that worning."

With these words he vanished quite

as deftly as he had appeared, and poor Joe was left alone with his own agonizing thoughts, which were a thoustnd times more excruciating than the pain which racked his body so cruelly. He had lived all his life on the plains of Wasnington, and he knew the habits of the dreaded Pawnee, the most ferocious of all the Indian tribes, but too well. He realized that they would keep their word, wring from his lips the intelligence they desired, or torture him at the stake, dancing with fiendish glee around him, enjoying his horrible suffering until death shut them out from his gaze

and ended it all for him. It mattered little enough to him what became of his body after the soul was freed from its earthly tenement.

Then came the thought to him, he must not die! No, Heaven had work must not die! No, Heaven had work for him to do; he must escape from these savages and fice to Hadley, main-and suffering though he was, and ap-prise the villagers of their danger—ay, and fight fintil the last drop of blood in his heart left it, in protecting his old mother and his dearly beloved Norine.

He realized dimly the fact the villagers would accuse him as being the cause of the massacre, upon his failure to appear at the Great Bear Mine with the wage money of the half-breeds, from the fact that they only needed but a slight cause as an excuse for an outbreak, and this thought was as cruel as death to him, rankling worse than the thrust of a knife in his tortured breast. But one thought seemed clear to him -he must get back to Hadley or die in the attempt. In attempting to rise, he realized how badly he was hurt. His severe illness had left him terribly weak, and the blows he had received in endeavoring to guard the large sum of money he carried had well-nigh finished

Crawling to the door of the tent. he saw that he was in the very midst of the savage domain.

Bitter cold as the day was on this mountain height, the Pawnees seemed impervious to the weather, as the braves, squaws, and even the papooses move to and fro leisurely, the early morning sun shining weirdly upon their half-clad and gayly painted, supple limbs, and the waving eagle feathers that decorated their heads.

To these hardy barbarians the horrors of winter seemed quite unknown. unfeared.

Just where he was, Joe could not quite comprehend, though he realized that it must be upon some level spot on the mountain.

How far was he from Hadley-great Heaven, how far? he asked himself in agony. If he had but been in his usual state of health he would have taken his fate in his hands by making a bold dash for liberty. As it was, he realized that his strength would not hold out the first mile, and he would fall in his tracks, and the red demons, wild with rage at his attempt to escape, would be upon him, and in less time than it would take to tell it, his life would apy the penalty of his daring. No, he must make his escape by stratagem, if it were to be accomplished at all.

When You're Hoarse Use CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR GUERS AN FOLDS Gives immediate relief. The first dose relieves your aching throat and allays the irritation. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. Very palatable. All Dramits, 25c.

He knew that he was the subject of much excited discussion among the braves, who were gathered in little knots here and there, from their giances, furtively cast in his direction, and their fierce gesticulations. Another thing caught and held his attention spellbound. In the centre of the clearing he observed one of the Indians driving a neavy hickory stake into the ground while the squaws and children were actively engaged in fetching armfuls of dry fagots, which they proceeded to place around it, chattering the meanwhile in

Joe believed it was but one of their customs—to prepare a fire which should be lighted at night and last through it. the greatest giee. But when one of the old squaws pointed

to his tent, his blood ran cold with horror, for in that moment the meaning of the scene broke upon him-they were building his funeral pyre.

Joe Brainard was brave, but even the

stoutest heart would have quailed in such a moment

"Whatever may be my fate, I can meet it like a man, and die like a brave one; but God in heaven protect mother and Norine when I am not there to aid them," he sobbed, and the tears which coursed down his honest, weather-beaten cheeks were no shame to his man-

He felt from the drift of the halfbreed's remarks that the Pawnees intended attacking the village within a very few nights. What if they had laid their plans to swoop down upon the vil-lage that very night, ere he had the opportunity to warn them of their impending peril? God give him the strength to

He must make his escape and reach Hadley, even though his life paid the forfeit of the effort. He would lose a dozen lives if they were his to sacrifice in such a cause.

The sun crept higher and higher in the heavens, noon came, then the sun dropned lower and lower, denoting the approach of the oncoming night, and the

fate awaiting him.

During all the long hours of the day no one had been near him with food or drink.

He knew but too well the Indian mode of warfare-whom they intend to give to the fire-god they serve with neither meat nor drink.

He staggered back to his pallet of skins, threw himself upon them and give himself up to devising plans for his es-

He knew that it should not be at tempted until the shadows began to darken; the mantle of darkness would shield him, then he could trust to God, who rules and reigns over all to befriend him in his peril.

As the long hours dragged their slow lengths on he formulated his plans carefully and fully.

Once the half-breed who had spoken with him before paused for a moment in passing and peered into his tent. Joe lay so still upon his pallet of skins that the man was certain that he must

be sleeping. He moved away muttering to himself. It was well for Joe's peace of mind that he did not hear the words on his lips.

The half-breeds had made no attempt to manacle their victim, for, knowing him so well, they had little difficulty in perceiving how very weak and ill he was, and looked upon his attempt to escapt as certainly beyond the possibilities: for they had observed that he could not stand on his feet, and concluded that the ugly gash over his tem-ple would soon finish him, even if they did not.

Every moment of that awful and never-to-be-forgotten day seemed an hour's duration, and each hour a year in length. so much torturous anguish was crowded into them. By that time to-morrow, he told himself, he would have saved Hadley, his dear old mother and Norine. or his lifeless body would tell the mute but pathetic story of his heroic attempt. Lower and lower dipped the winter sun

in the western sky.

Already the shadows began to gather in the tent of deerskin. Joe lay with upturned face, his eyes closed, his lips drawn in a tense, straight line, which was the only sign of the excitement laboring within his breast.

With bated breath he watched and waited for the shadows to deepen, and at last he told himself that the auspicious moment had arrived. Would it mean life or death for him? Ah, who could tell?

CHAPTER XXIV. While Joe had been casting about for some way which might lead him out of his perilous surroundings, a way suddenly opened itself. One of the Indian ponies, which were permitted to roam about the encampment at will, drew near his tent-ay, within a couple of yards of the spot where he was crouching. In an instant the valiant young express messenger had decided upon his course. With throbbing heart and quivering pulse he gathered himself together for

his leap for life.

If he succeeded in mounting the pon he would at least have a cannce of gaining his liberty. If he missed his mark -ah, God, he dared not miss it-there was too much at stake.

In that fatal moment he thought of Sorine, the fair, beauteous maiden whom he loved so dearly, and with her name on his lips, mingled with a broken cry to heaven to aid him, he made the terrific nlunge.

Heaven had heard his wild prayer. He anded directly astride the animal's sunple back.

The action was so daring, so nuexpected, that for an instant the Indians were taken completely by surprise, fairly paralyzed with amazement. For one moment the forms of

man and horse are outlined against the stars, then the night swallows them. For an instant the stillness of death reigns, the savages are trying to comprehend what has happened. Then a mighty war-whoon fol-

A score of dusky braves leap to the backs of their ponies and dash in mad pursuit in the direction our hero has vanished, yelling like veritable demona. Gallant Joe, whom our hearts are fol-

CORNS CURED
You can painlessly remove any corn, eliter hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never hurm, leaves no sear, contains no acide; is harmless because composed only of healing guns and halms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Bold by all druggists Sc. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

lowing, heard it, and realized what it meant, even before he heard the thundering of the horses' hoofs after him in hot pursuit down the mountain road. He had hoped to distance them in the

intense darkness, but even as this thought crossed his mind the dense, black clouds overhead rolled slowly away, and the full moon broke forth dazzling and bright in its full white glory, rendering every object plainly visible on the broad stretch of almost level ground, which seemed to extend for miles over the mountain. A groun that was almost a sob broke from Joe's lips, for he knew by the increased demoniac yells and the arrows that were whizzing about him that they saw him,

and were urging their steeds forward.

They were all riding madly onward for one scalp, and that scalp his own. He would be butchered without pity if he fell into their hands, and he knew too, that the inhuman fiends always tortured their prisoners before they showed them the mercy of death.

Suddenly their fierce vells were hush ed and not even an arrow was directed toward him. This puzzled Joe greatly. Had it not been for the steady onward patter of hoofs in the rear over the bard, frozen earth. Joe would have thought that they had abandoned pursuit of him.

He paused long enough in his mad gallop to turn and glance uneasily over his shoulder. His keen eyes discerned but a herd of ponies dashing riderless toward him. He could see no one on their backs, but he instantly divined, by the way they dashed onward, and the steadiness with which they held their courst, neither diverging to the right nor to the left, that they were guided by invisible yet firm hands, and he remembered once having heard old Daniel Gordon, the blacksmith, say that this was but a cunning device of the tricky savages. They were lying under the bodies of their steeds to escape observation, as well as perhaps a stray builet. And, moreover, none save Pawnees—ay, and the boldest and most daring of their tribe could ride thus.

Joe felt that it would simply be matter of which pony-theirs or histhat would hold out the longest.

He pressed his little pony on to renewed speed, again glancing backward and as though she understood with almost human intelligence all that there was at stake, she shot forward at a terrific rate, which began to tell instantly in the space between pursued and pur-Seeing their ruse had failed, the Paw-

nees sat bolt upright on their ponter backs again. Even in the midst of his terrible danger. Joe could not help but admire, as he took another glance backward, the firm, centaur-like and yet graceful riding of the pursuing Indians, whose nude bodies gleamed in the moon-light like statues of bronze. Broad-chested and powerful fellows they were, looking warlike and picturesque enjugh; with their headdresses of gorgeous feathers, their long, thick hair out be-

Thus they swept on, pursued and "Thank God!" broke from Joe's deathwhite lips as he saw a dense forest lying chaff. I will give you until I count shead of him. If he could but reach it three to obey orders." he might clude them.

As he neared the underbrush he saw mile or so off from the main road that led over the mountain. At that place on the main road five different express messengers on as many years had met a tragic fate.

Two of them had been killed by white bandits for plunder, and the remaining three by the hostile, blood thirsty Pawnees for their scalps. Just as this recollection came to Joe

his pony suddenly shied at some thing directly before him, then stood stock still, trembling like a leaf. Joe was no long in discovering the cause of its alarm, for the clear moonlight revealed the skeletons of a horse and its rider. Joe bent forward breathlessly.

He knew by the ghastly, grinning teeth of the latter, many of which were dark and discolored, that he had been a white man, for an Indian's teeth nev er decay.

A round hole in the dead man's skull, which the birds or beasts of prey—probably both-had cleared of every vestige of flesh or hair, indicated that he had met a violent death

Bits of strans and leather lying about showed conclusively that he had been a mail carrier, who the year before was supposed to have missed his footing in climbing the slippery mountain heights, both horse and rider probably plunging to death down the rocky gorge and into the boiling chasm, where a body would never again be found until the waters of the earth gave up their dead.

A terrible shudder crept over Joe. "Poor fellow, what was your fate may be mine ere the morrow's light dawns. he muttered, half addressing the bleached corpse as he forced his pony past it and on into the shadow of the tract of woodland beyond.

To his unspeakable thankfulness he new that he had distanced his pursuers greatly in the terrific race for life. He realized that he must have seized

Free 1 14 Karats Solid , Gold Shell Rings We will give you you where the gree of your choice of omeef those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 harsts solid gold shell, plain, engrayed, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 hoxes only, at 25c. a box, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vedetable Fills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, countipation, rheamatisms, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money \$1 and send us the money \$1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-pad, the Pills and fancy plus which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before end us the money \$1 ar

the chief's own pony, its speed and en- LADY'S STRENGTH durance were so superior to the rest. He felt that it must be the handiwork of heaven that had brought the animal so near him.

He reached the dark shadows of the forest with a thankfulness words are weak to describe. He knew a dozen ways out of it on the main road, and was but five miles up the mountain road from Hadley, and each moment, with every leap of the gallant little pony, he was lessening the distance.

Once again he drew rein for an in-

stant to listen. He could no longer hear the patter of ringing hoofs thundering after him. Could it be that the Pawnees had given up the chase?

For an instant he was doubtful. He might have believed it had he not known full well the nature of this particular tribe — that the Pawnee savage was never known to give up until he is the victor, or has been vanquished. No, he coneluded they must have resolved to pursue some other tacties. Perhaps they knew some other nath

that led to the main road, and had turned their ponies in that direction to head him off This seemed the most probable to him

"I must risk it, and if they surround me at any point between here and the village, I-Iwill sell my life as bravely as I can for the sake of the sleeping, innocent villagers, who know not of the horrible danger that threatens them; for my poor old mother, and and Nor-

The fearless Indian pony bounded along the narrow path as though familiar with the road, but he had scarcely made the first half-dozen paces ere he snorted with fear, again standing stockstill, and had it not been for his rider grasping him firmly by the mane, he would have dashed back over the road he had come. While Joe was mentally wondering what the matter could be a gruff, guttural voice crying halt sound ed close beside him, and the cold muzzle of a rifle was thrust close to his face.

CHAPTER XXV.

The attack was so sudden that for s moment Joe was fairly paralyzed, and in that moment half a dozen men, armed to the teeth, sprang out of the bushe to the side of the man who held the rifle to our hero's temple.

"We don't want our life, stranger," exclaimed the man, drawing the black mask he wore closer down over his bearded face; "but we want, and will have, what money you have about you. if you please, and your horse. If you won't give them up quietly, we will pre-cious soon take both," he added, with a fierce imprecation.

While he had been making this threat, Joe had been gathering his scattered wits together.
"Don't ask for my money, for I haven't

any. One of your villainous comrades relieved me of it, as you ought to know last night, and in regard to taking my life, you will have quite enough to do in a very few moments to save your own. I am flying from the Pawnees. who are in hot pursuit of me. They are close behind, so let me pass."
"Indians!" they all cried, simultaneous-

ly, in a breath. Not much!" cried the fellow, who appeared to be the leader of the ruffians. That's a likely yarn, boys. Can't you see it's a clever ruse to get clear of us!" "None of your tricks, young fellow he exclaimed, gruffly, turning to Joe. pursuers, mile after mile, and a cry of "Dismount in a jiffy, or I will shoot you as dead as a clam. We will stand no

In a loud voice he began deliberately As he neared the underbrush he saw the lowly "One! Two shuge white rock looming up shead of the Sia critical moment for Joe, and him. Now he knew where he was a mountain instant, clear and sharp as a bugle blast, from around the bend in the road came the wild war-whoop of the Pawnees.

(To be continued.)

ZAM-BUK AT THE RINK

A box of Zam-Buk in your pocket at the rink, or when tobogganing, sleighing, etc., is the best form of insurance policy." The pain and smarting of a cut, a bruise or a sprain disappears with the prompt application of this famous healer. Not only does Zam-Buk give relief, but it insures you against such serious after-effects as blood-poisoning, festering and inflammation.

Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that disease germs are actually destroyel as soon as they come in contact with it. It contains no rancid animal fats, no mineral coloring matter, but, on the contrary, is made from pure herbal essences. Hockey players will find Zam-Buk particularly useful.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for cold sores, chaps, etc. Miss Molly Maloney, of Scotch Hill, Margaree, Cape Breton, N. S., says: "I was very much troubled with chapped hands and cold sores, and thought I would try Zam-Buk. It soothed the pain, and in a very short time my hands were quite smooth and completely cured." All druggists and stores, 50 cents box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Rhymes Out of Reason. When the English tongue we speak Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?

Will you tell me why it's true We say "sew," but likewise "few"? And the maker of verse Cannot cap his "horse" with "worsa"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard" "Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow' 'is cow, but "low" is low: "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe" "Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose" And of "goose' 'and of "choose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" "bomb"; "Doll" and "roll," and "home" and

"some." And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," Why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good "Mould" is not pronounced like "could." Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?

Is there any reason known? And, in short, it seems to me, Sounds and letters disagree.

It is a comforting thought to every

RESTORED

TERRIBLE WEAKNESS CAUSED

BY SHOCK. "My baby was only two months old, and I was not very strong, when a telegram reached me that my husband in leaving one car in a western city had been run down by another. It was, after all, not so serious even the telegram if carefully read would have told me so. But in my weakened condition, the shock just sent me to bed, and very useless person I was. Nervous and hysterical, I had a dull aching along part of the spine, and numb feelings in my arms and hands.
"My husband came home and made

me take 'Ferrozone.' He had used it himself for nervousness the year be-fore. Ferrozone is a good medicine all right. I took six boxes in all. After using the first box I could eat and eat that was a great change from not having any appetite at all. After a time my color became fine and I began to forget all the fears and dreadings that had worn me so thin. Such feelings are awful and it's good to know there is a remedy like Ferrozone that will build you up, and keep you strong and vigorous to worry about anything.
(Signed) EMMA P. DAVENPORT.

Riemarck P O You'll find Ferrozone a tonic of wouderful potency -it's really surprising what nourishment, what strength-giving and nerve building qualities it contains. Ferrozone is good for children-women -men -the sick-the weak -good for us all; try it. 50c per box, six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

"HOLD THE LINE."

Then the Householder Hung Up the Receiver and Went to Bed.

The night was still. Nights generally are. The householder had built a fire in the wood stove with a couple of old newspapers, which warmed up the vicinity suficiently to enable him to prepare for bed without excessive suffering. Then he made a shivering run for the bed and crawled beneath the covers with chattering teeth, and hooked his knees over his ears in his effort to

Then he swore. Afar down in the un lighted, cold-mattinged hallway the telephone buzzed merrily. The house-holder tried to persuade him that it was a mistake. It was just the tinkle of broken icicles on the glass of the window, but the telephone objected strongly to this and buzzed furiously. The householder arose and hurried down the stairs. They were not yarm. The hall was cold and silent. The telephone kept up its persistent clam-

"Ello!" said the householder, wrathfully. "Ello!"
"Is that 3456?" inquired a masculine

"Yes," said the householder; "what d've want?" "Does a family named Mullins live

next door to you" "I wish," said the voice, "you'd send over there and ask Miss Mullins to

come to the 'phone." "Huh?" inquired the householder un believingly, visions of dressing in the cold room and parading out into the

night flooding his brain. "Get her as soon as you can," the voice. "I'm in a hurry. Got to or have a friend who is, write at one catch a train." Then the householder for a free trial bottle to the D. D. D. came to a swift decision. "Hold the line,' he said. Then he

calmly hung up the receiver and went "Isn't that our phone?" asked the householder's wife after a while; "I've been hearing it for half an hour."

"It ain't for us," said the household

er, curling up comfortably. "They had

the wrong number wanted some one

named Mullins." Galveston News. JOY OF REMEMBRANCES. Homely Hints for Blessing Every

Day Living. (Rebecca Harding Davis in September St. Nicholas.)

There are probably to-day millions of worthy young folks in this country who are beginning their lives with the honest intention to "get on" in business and in society, to do the best they can for themselves and the world. They are earnest American boys and girls with the American real for progress, and the honorable principles which make progress worth while.

But is this all that is necessary? To getting on" to be the only object in their training for this life, and the life to come?

A devout old clergymas of New England, in old age, said to his wife: "Ah my dear, the times in our life that I like best to remember now are the days when we went camping and fishing together in the woods. We learned know each other in those dear old frol-

Whoever we may be, we cannot afford to leave such froics out of our lives. An idle day in the woods will bring us no money, but, it may be, will leave with us a new thought of happiness.

There are things, too, which should

belong to us, not as breadwinners, but as human beings, which we are apt to neglect in fitting up our homes and designing our lives. One of the most important, perhaps,

is music. No house should be without an instrument of some kind, if it be only a cheap accordion. We may never become skilled performers; but music is the natural voice of a human soul, and it does not need a costly grand piano or Stradivarius for its expression. The girls and boys of a family never may be great musicians, but they should have their piano or violin. However tuneless. it will give them relief from ill humor and wretchedness, and perhaps some-times, as it did to Caryle, "lead them to the edge of the Infinite, and bid them look down into that."

No home, too, should be without its animal inmates—cats, dogs or hirds. The man the he can always find some fel- life of every girl and boy is unconscious ly made deeper and broader by contact thing to a cure yet devised.

with these mysterious dumb brothers of ours. Without it no man is as human and tender at middle age as he would have been if he had had their love and

companionship in his childhood.

Another uplifting factor in the life of a family, though one which earns not a penny, is the habit of keeping anniversaries. Crowd as many into the year as it will hold, and fill them with significance and joy. Let the birthday of no great man and no member of the house-hold be forgotten. Nothing helps more to lift our lives to higher levels than the story of great men and women. A boy or girl is made stronger, and hap-pier for life because in one home his or her birth is celebrated every year as a gift direct from God; and the old grandmother finds her last years less lonely when loving hearts still thank God that long ago she was born into the world.

NOISE AND LIGHT.

Why Some Townspeople Are Unable to Live in the Country.

The necessity which some people feel for noisy surroundings, says the London Mail. was mentioned by a famous specialist in giving a medical explanation of the case of little Horace Collins, the heroic messenger boy. The lad, although able to gratify every wish as the guest of Lord Lansdowne, at Bowood House, has a mastering longing for the bustle and light of the London streets. "It is a very clear case of nostalgia." said the doctor. "A person suffering like that has lost two everyday friends, as it were-noise and light. It is entirely due to the nerves. Our nervous system gets into a pronounced groove in accordance with the every day condition under which we live. A sudden change in living throws the nervous system out of gear. Both light and noise are nervous stimuli to people who live amid-noise and light. Take away the com-radeship of noise and light, and the nervous system loses two stimulants necessary to its well being and suffers

in consequence.
"With the boy Collins the fact that he does not see policemen troubles him, because policemen to him have become an important part of the natural scheme

of things.
"A very similar case occurred with a London housekeeper of mine. She was sent away to the country, and simply could not endure to live there. She missed the companionship of noise so much that she had to be brought back to town again quickly, for her health was beginning to suffer."

WHY SALVES FAIL TO CURE ECZEMA

They Clog the Pores-Only a Liquid Can Reach the Inner Skin.

Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves has been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate

to the inner skin below the epidermis, where the eczema germs are lodged. "Yes," said the householder; 'what This the quality of penetrating probably explains the tremendous su cess of the only standard liquid eczema cure, oil of wintergreen, thymol, givcer-

ine, etc., as compounded in D. D. D. Prescription. After ten years of cure after cure, the world's leading skin specialists have acepted this as the true eczema cure. If you are a sufferer from skin disease, for a free trial bottle to the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. D, 23 Jordan street, Toronto. This trial bottle will relieve the itching torture at once.

For sale by all druggists. A Chicago Reactionary.

Doesn't Chicago already regret that she elected Mrs. Ella Flagg Young superintendent of her public schools? A city that so delights to rush forward can hardly have patience with an official committed to antiquated outworn and obstinately reactionary "educa-tional ideals." Mrs. Young's pro-gramme is short, but its fulfillment would be fatal to the American schools. Turning her back upon all the crowded and miscellaneous "studies" and accom-plishments and side-shows wherewith the young American mind is stuffed, she swears by the "three R's," those overturned idols of our ignorant forefathers. To make the pupils read, write and cipher; such is the pitiful object for which she strives. The pride of parents will revolt against such a sacrifice of their fondest hopes and desires.

Amateur street cleaning and other branches of sociology have been taught in some of the Chicago schools, we believe. Whatever interests the teachers, whatever is nobly inutile and superfluous, whatever can arouse, distract or befuddle the tender intellect, whatever, imperfectly learned and mixed multitudinously with other smatterings, makes a curdled and indigestible mass of flubdub, this is, and this, if we know the passion of Americans for odnamental education, will ever be the dream of boards of education and school committees.

To read, to write, to cipher: let us not sacrifice to this Moloch of dead schoolma'ams and preceptors. Let children, if so much concession must still be made to the prejudices of the pat, let them learn to read doubtfully and slowly, without intelligence and expression, a few sentences from a book. Let them be able to write a letter, muddily worded, spelled after the manner of the Thane of Skibo, capitalized-but down with the capitals! As for the multiplication table, long division, fractions and so on, toward these, in some sense symbols of capitalism. there is a new attitude, as there is

toward property.

Mrs. Young will have to retreat.— New York Sun.

THE LASH.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Crimes of violence against women and children have occored with disgusting frequency of late, and the sentence imposed in the Police Court the other day, which included lashing, is the nearest