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Right at Last

liars had passed into a state of delirium, get well and then she would go. She and the girl beside his bed heard him talking wildly, as he tossed to and fro, of a certain "Joan." Let his disordered visions wander from the point for a time, they always come back. It was "Joan! Joan! My wife! my lost Joan!" which fell from his parched lips in one

The days of illness passed, and one night towards dawn Lord Stuart Villiars fell into the first real restful sleep which had come to him since his attack, and as the morning sun streamed through the chinks of the blinds, he opened his eyes and fixed them on his patient nurse.

"Here still?" he murmured, faintly. "You have been here all night! You will be tired out!"

"Ot, I'll wait now and see you through," she said, cheerfully.

"Will you?" he said, gratefully, and he held out his thin, wasted hand. "Thanks! I think I should miss you!" Later in the day, as he lay looking at her dreamily and listlessly, as a man in his condition always looks, she came up to the bedside and asked him if there was anything she could do for him-if she could write to anyone, for instance. "No, thanks," he said. Then, as an after-thought, he added: "Yes, will you write to my agent? just a line to tell him where I am. You will find his address and some writing materials in that case in the drawer of the bureau beside you."

She went to the drawer and took out the case, and he directed her where to find the keys. She unlocked the writing case, and was taking out some paper, when a portrait painted on a piece of cardboard fell to the ground.

It was a water-color sketch of Joan which he had painted from memory, and at which he had looked every night until his illness. As he was no mean artist, and he had had a passionate love to inspire him, the pertrait was a striking likemes of Joan; the fair face with its large dark eyes looking out sadly and "Give it to me!" he said. almost

sharply, as he saw the sketched face. She picked it up and held it towards him face downwards, and he took it and gazed at it, his lips trembling, his eyes filled with an infinite sadness.

The Mazurka bent over the letter, her face suddenly pale and strained. said, reading "Will that do?" she what she had written.

"Yes, admirably," he replied. "And there is no one else to write

to?" she asked. "No one!" he said, with a slight smile. "I haven't a friend on earthexcepting you."

"Thank you for putting me in," she cares for!" I put that picture back?"

thrust the portrait gently under his pil- solve."

A few minutes afterwards he fell asleep. She stood over him, watching him with pale face and completted lips,

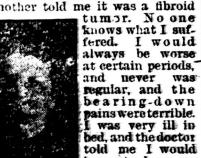
and her eyes wandered towards the pillow which hid the sketch, with a curion expression in them. She knew as well as if he had told her that it was the face of the girl, the

"Joa" he had been calling upon. It was the face of the girl he loved, ting out his wasted hand, that trembled she told herself, and she murmured, "It as he extended it. "Do not speak of is nothing to me, nothing." So assured her like that. For myself, I could not was she of this that she repeated it half ask her, because"-his lips twitcheda dozen times. It was nothing to her. She was simply Miss Mazurka, late of the Coronet, and at present the nurse of the Farl of Villiars. In a short time she would not even be as slightly con-

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pink. her last eleep! My Joan, my Joan!" ham's Vegetable Compound

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was alcers of the uterus. and another told me it was a fibroid



pains were terrible. was very ill in hed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my

sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-tion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a triffe to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering woman.

Before the night was over, Lord Vil- nected with him as that. He would would go to morrow if he were well enough!

As she stood loking at him with strange feeling throbbing and aching in her heart, he stirred and turned, and in turning disturbed the pillow, uncovering a corner of the sketch.

Tempted beyond her strength, drew it out instantly and looked at it. Starting violently, she uttered a cry of amazeemnt, which, faint and suppressed as it was, roused Stuart Vil-

As he opened his eyes and saw her standing with the portrait in her hand his face flushed angrily, but the next moment he said gently enough: "Give it to me, please?"

She held the portrait out to him, her color coming and going, her eyes downcast, the expression of surprise and bewilderment still lingering in her face. "I could not help it," she faitered, almost pleadingly. "You shook it from

under your pillow, or nearly—"
"Why should you not see it?" he said gently, his dark eyes fixed on her. "It s a beautiful face, is it not?" "Yes," she assented, in a voice too

soft to be sullen. "Ye, it is beautiful." There was silence for a moment, then she said:

'Is that -the 'Joan' you talked about so much when you were ill?" "Did I talk of her?" he said, gravely and sadily. "Yes, her name was Joan."

"Joan what? What was her other name? "Joan Ormsby," he said. It was so long since he had spoken the name aloud that the sound of it caused him a

"Joan, Poan Ormsby!" she re sea. as if she were impressing the name on her memory. "And the lady, this John,

didn't she care for you?" He winced. It was on his lips to ask her to be silent. Every word she ut tered probed his wound to its depth; but he remembered her devotion to him and restrained himself.

"I think, I know that she cared for me." he said, faintly. "And yet she left you?" she said, in

hard, almost sullen voice. He turned his eyes upon her. "You know that?"

"You raved about it when you were out of your mind. You were always calling for her and imploring her to come back." "Was I? Yes, she left me!"

"Then she couldn't have cared for you," she said.

"Ah! don't say that!" he exclaimed, sharply, as if she had hurt him physically: his illness had left him weak as a child and as sensitive. "But it's true!" she asserted, deggedly.

"No woman leaves a man she really No," he said. "You're right! but there is a mystery about this wo-

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Can't find out why she left you?" Miss Mazurka said, raising her eyes and looking at him for the first time with a puzzled stare., "Didn't she tell you? Didn't you ask har? If I were a man, if I had been you, I would have forced the truth out of her, ah! if I had killed her afterwards!"

"Hush!" replied Lord Villiars, put-"she was dead!"

"Dead!" she exclaimen, and sprang to in feet. "Are you out of your senses still? How do you know? How did you hear? You have had no lettere!" "Hear! No letters!" ne repeated. You think she died lately, since I have been here? No, she died"-his voice quiv-

ered-"before I left England." "She died-before you laft England!" the echoed, with a stony stare. "Why, I eaw her only a few works ago -- " Stuart Villiars raised himself upon his elbow and fixed his eyes upon her with

a wild gaze, his face white and working, then he sank back and sighed. "Ah. Heaven, if it could be true! if could be true!" he marmured, brokenly: then he shook his head. "You are mi-taken. "You make a strange, an aw-

int mistake! It could not have been! She is dead-dead! I saw her lying in "You saw her dead!" You are sure!" "Yes," he said. "She was wrapped in the cleak -- " He stopped, unable to

"In the cloak she worst" said the Mazorka, almost pitilessly. You knew it-

what was it like?" "Ah, yes, I knew it! My darling wore it the first time I saw it. It was a

rough frieze cloak with a silver clasp. 1 have held it against my breast-She rose and went into the next room,

cloak in her hand. "Was it like this!" she said, holding

Stuart Villians started slightly, then turned away his head. "Yes," he said.

"They were as common as blackberries last season," said the Mazerka. "But no matter. You knew her?"

"Yes," he said, heavily, wearily, "it wae Joan, my darling!" Weak, tired and exhausted, in a few ninutes he fell fast asleep.

Then she went into the next room and rang the bell. "Bring me a telegram form," she said to his valet. The man brought it, and she filled it

in thus: "Send me a photograph or portrait of any kind of Ida Trevelynn, of the Coronet."

This she addressed to the principal London photographer who made the portraits of dramatic notoristies his specialty.

jer place beside the bed. In a few hours and Joan smiled.

the man knocked at the door and handed her a telegram. It ran thus: "There is no photograph or portrait of I. T. She has repeatedly declined to

Miss Mazurka crushed the telegram in ter hand.

"I knew I was right," the murmured, with a flush of excitement. "Ida Tre-velyan is Joan Ormsby, and she is hiding frem kim!" CHAPTER XXX.

Quite unconscious of the discovery which Miss Mazurka had made, Mordaunt Royce went on his way, slowly, steadily, but, as he told himself, surely As a fowler spreads his nets, unseen by the wild towl, surrounding them inch by inch, yard by yard, and only waiting until the circle is complete and the prey within his grasp, so he spread the net of

patience and skilful tactics round Joan. She felt that the toils were gethering round her, but she seemed powerless to free herself. She knew that she ought to have sent him away from her, to have broken off their acquaintance when he had proposed to her at Richmond: but in a weak moment she had allowed him to retain her friendship, and she

could not break from him now. Never by word or sign had he referred to the passionate avowal he had made on the balcony of the "Star and Garter," not by a look even had he reminded her that he was more than her friend. But Joan was conscious of his feelings towards her, and carried that consciousness about her day and night, like one of those burdens which, though others do not see them, press heavily upon our shoulders and our hearts.

Joan's heart was not of stone. She thought sometimes that she had no heart at all-that Lord Stuart Villiars had torn it from her body and killed it. and flung it from him; but it was there still, all the same, and Mordaunt Royce's reverential, patient, dogged devotion was beginning to take effect.

Meanwhile Miss Ida Trevelyan's fame was growing! The pantomime was running its course and its last days were announced, as was also the appearance of the new burlesque in which Miss entressor was to have a good part.

"Oh. Ida. dear. fancy!" cried Emily one day. "They have got a paragraph about you. Already! Listen: understand that a new piece of thrilling interest is to be produced at the Coronet. and that Miss Ida Trevelyan, who has become a strong favorite, will play the principal character.' Fancy! Already! Now I think I know who put that in! Mr. Royce, of course! He doesn't do things by halves, does he? It is evident that he has determined upon making your fortune, dear! Wonderful man! Ah!"-she broke off as she ran down the paper.

"What is the matter?" asked Joan. "Well, I am astonished!" exclaimed Emily. "Well, wonders will never cease. Lord Stuart Villiars, teo!"

Joan started and half rose, her face smitten with a sudden pallor. "Oh, what is the matter?" said Emily. 'Are you ill, dear?"

"No, no," said Joan, "it is nothingwhat name did you say?" "Stuart Villiars-Lord Villiars," and she read out the following:

"Some further tidings of Lord Strart "I am very illiars have reached to Villiars have reached us from a trust- Joan. worthy correspondent at Monte Carlo. It | "Ah, don't use that word!" he said, the saloon is a serious illness."

Joan sat with her hands clasped fore we meet again! Good-by!" tightly, her lips set hard. "A serious illness that, at one time,

considerably alarmed his numerous friends. It appears that his lordship was attacked by a sudden faintness, which seized him one night on his way home, and that he would have fallen helpless in the street but for the accidental and fortunate arrival of a lady upon the scene who conveyed him to her carriage to his hotel.

"The lady who had befriended him constituted herself his head nurse, and has attended him through his long and dangerous illness, with that devotion of which only a woman can be capable. "Some surprise will be felt when we state that the attentive nurse is no

other than a brilliant star in the dramatic hemisphere, who lately shone at the Coronet Theatre, and who would. the accident which befell her at the let me know. I could bear it. I could rehearsal of the pantomine. We allude, bear anything that brought you happiof course, to Miss Mazurka. "The gossips here are whispering that

Lord Villiars will reward her for her devotion as only a lady can be fitly rewarded, and that yet another name will be added to the long list of dramatic artistes who have been raised to the peerage.

"We are happy to add that Lord Villiars is now quite out of danger, and is rapidly convaleseing. His illness must have been a heavy loss to the gambling establishment, for it is rumored that he was in the habit of leaving an enormous sum of money on the green table each

"The gentleman's career has been a romantic one, but this chapter of his life's history promises to prove even more dramatic than those which have preceded it. Any way, we wish him and his talented actress who has mursed him so devotedly, every happiness."

The room turned round before Joan's and returned in a few moments with a eyes, an icy hand seemed to grasp her heart.

"Well!" exclaimed Emily: "isn't it wonderful? It's sure to be true, of course, or it wouldn't be in the papers! But fancy the Mazurka Lady Villiarss countess, I think she'll be! She'll-oh. my dear! what is the matter?" for Joan unable to endure the strain any longer, had risen, white to the lips, and stood holding on by the back of her chair. "I-I think I am tired," she faltered: "the excitement of the new piece, and

-I will go to bed." "Yes; drink some of this," said Emily, distressed and alarmed. "I am so sorry! It was so thoughtless of me. I might have guessed you were tired. Let me help you up, dear. I am so sorry!" She took Joan's arm, and helped her up to her room, and would have staved with her in loving attendance, but Joan

would not permit her. "I am all right now," she said, with "I am all right now, she said, the brave smile. "I am tired—too tired Magistrate.

Last I shall rest lying down."

"It was," admitted the defendant. to slep; but I shall rest lying down." The next day she rose and went down

"No one ever contracted a more obstinate attack of pasal catarrh than I suffered a month ago," writes Mr. G. E. Root, a well known resident of Bridgetown, W. I. "My head ached terrifically, I sneezed about every three ninutes, but still my nostrils were entirely closed and I couldn't breath through them. Ten minutes inhaling Catarrhezone gave me a little relief, so I continued to use Catarrhozone every iour, and before the day was out I had improved. Catarrhozone quickly cured

me, I am well ever since. Cure is guaranteed for catarrh, asthma, bronchitis and throat troubles. If you use Catarrhozone; 25e, 50e and \$1 sizes at all dealers.

"I don't thing I was really ill." said, ealmly, "only tired, and I will promise not to be troublesome again!

Emily looked at her anxiously, but there was something about Joan which prevented questioning, and the affectionate mite kissed her and said no more. That night, for the first time for

"Not here! What an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Emily. "I suppose he has got tired of playing doorkeener. Or

perhaps he's ill! Joan said nothing, but she was conscious of a feeling of disappoitment. The next day Emily and the old man went out to do some shopping, and Joan was left alone.

Hardening her heart, and nerving herself to the utmost, she determined to study her part and forget herself in it. She was walking up and down the room with the book in her hand when she heard a knock at the door, and the servant announced Mr. Royce. Joan turned red and went to meet

him. She saw at a glance that he looked pale, and that he was very grave. "Have vou been ill?" she asked, lcw voice. "We missed you at the thea-

"I am 2!ad to hear you say that," he replied, with a grateful smile. "No, I have not been really ill, but-where are Mr. Harwood and Miss Emily?'

He had seen them go out, and had seized his opportuniv. "They are out," said Joan. "Will you not sit down and wait for them?"

"No," he answered; "I cannot wait! I came-well, yes, to see you! I came to say good-bye.'

"Good-by?" she repeated, in a low voice. "You are going away" scarcely knowing what she said. "Yes," he assented. "I am going away! I think I want a change! I have

been getting rather out of sorts lately FOUND QUICK CURE been getting rather out of sorts lately no doubt a change will set me up." "I am very sorry that you are not well," she said; "and where are you go-

"I scarcely know," he answerel listlessly. "Abroad somewhere! doesn't so much matter! I shall think of you often-always; and will watelf the papers, closely. You will make a great success, and your name will be in everybody's mouth, but it will be in my

"I am very grateful to you," said

seems that his lordsip's career at the as if with sudden pain. "There should be put that picture oack."

"No," he said, in a low voice, and he man that neither I nor anyone else can gambling table has suddenly been stop- no such word as gratitude between you ped, at least for a time. We regret to and me. Ida—" He stopped. "But no, solve." state that the cause of his absence from I will not offend you at this our parting. Heaven knows how long it may be be-

> He held out his hand and took hers. It was cold as death. -"Good-by; and yet-before I go

-shall I tell you the truth, and why I am going?" She did not answer, and he went on

in a low, hurried, pleading voice.

"Yes, I will tell you! I am going because I can bear it no longer. I thought I was strong enough to see you night after night and stifle my love as I had promised, but I found that promise too hard, I find my love too powerful. Ida, it has absorbed all my being, and I feel that if I see you I must speak. I will leave you for a time. I will go away until I can regain my selfcontrol. When I have got back that. I will return, and we will be as of old- the Kidneys and the Backache or Rheufast, true friends. And"-his voice broke-"if some other man, worthier, doubtless, be shining there now but for | better than I am, comes and wins you,

> His voice grew infinitely low and tender, and he placed both hands upon her. "Good-by, and heaven bless you, Ida!" He took up his hat and half turned. Joan struggled against something that rose in her bosom, then stretched

"Wait!" she breathed. "Do not go! "Do-not-go!" he repeated, scarcely above a whisper. "What is it you say. Car capacity of new terminal 1,149 cars Ida? Ah, be careful; don't raise a wild

(To be Continued.)

WHO WANTS TO BUY AN ISLAND?

(London Chroniele.) Tiree, which the Duke of Argyli would be glad to seil to anyone who loves a quiet island life, is rich in things which few people want, and poor in the treasures which appeal to the average man. Thus you can enjoy the proprietorship of a multitude of locks-without fish: broad acres, without trees or hills; marble quarries that cannot be quarried; Seandinavian forts that protect nothing, and standing stones without a history. Perhaps Skerryvore lighthouse, although some miles off its coast, may be claimed as the glory of Tiree. Built of granite from Mull, it has defied the waves of the roughest sea for over sixty years, and its reputation stands, second to none smong the lighthouses of the world.

AN EXTENDING CIRCUMSTANCE.

(Buffalo Express.) Was it a loaded revolver with which you stood off the collector?" asked the

"Discharged," said the Magistrate. "If Having sent this off she went back to "Are you better, dear?" asked Emily, do damage; I should have given you the share.

"It had been an empty revolver, liable to! The dog in the manger isn't a miner isn't a min it had been an empty revolver, liable to

THE ROYAL TRAIN.

Twelve Cars Needed to Take King George and His Family to Scotland.

London despate's: The special train in which King George, Queen Mary and their children journeyed from London to Ballater station which is eight miles from Balmoral Castle, Queen Victoria's favorite country place, is reputed to have been the heaviest and longest that ever has left London. It contained twelve ears, weighed 375 tons and was

The train was made up of two baggage cars, the King's private car, originally built for King Edward; a new private boudoir ear for the Queen, Queen Alexandra's bondoir car, two private cars for Princess Mary and her attendants and the royal equerries, a private ear for the other royal children, their tutors and servants, and four ears for the other servants and the railway officials. The

692 feet long.

train was pulled by two locomotives. The Queen's own boudoir car is the very latest thing in luxurious English weeks, Mordaunt Royce was not waiting railroad construction. All the rooms at the stage door. dominating color, but the effect is lightened with brocades and a soft shade of pink to tone the electric lights. The bedroom is draped with soft pink, while the dressing room is decorated in similar style and contains inlaid satinwood furniture.

At the end of the ear is an observation platform. The attendants' quarters are fitted with electric pings for connecting to heaters for providing tea and coffee. The Queen's car and that of the King are coupled together, enabling any one to pass from one end of the train to the

All the cars of the royal train are of he same dimensions. Each car is 61 feet

ong and 9 feet wide. When the royal family travels the railroad officials are busy for weeks in advance arranging for the safety of the travellers. Despite the length of the ourney from London to Ballater, 583 miles, the royal train was passed along not by signals from the signal towers, but by hand signals, an army of section hands being stationed along the road so that throughout the journey the train passed through a lane of green lamps held by railroad employees.

The Dublin mail train was used as a pilot train for the royal special and no other trains were allowed to enter the line between the Irish mail and the royal train. At Crewe and Carlisle, where the royal train stopped for inspection, etc., all traffic was stopped so that the reval sleepers should not be disturbed.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Triumph Where Belts and Plasters Fail.

from Backache, Found Permanent. Relief in One Box of the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Poodiac, King's Co., N. B., Jan. 9 .-

Moses Sherwood, a Long Sufferer

tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now as mineteenth century. well as ever he was in his life. Mr. Sherwood's experience is similar to that of thousand of other natives of New Brunswick. "About eight years ago I burt my back from lifting," he states. "I used liniments and plasters and wore a wide belt, but in two years

my trouble had developed into Kidney disease. "My back was so sore I could not lift any weight, when reading a Dodd's Almanac led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before the first box was finished my backache was gone and I have never

been troubled with it since." Belts and plasters may give temporary relief in cases of Backache or Rheu- now be less than £300,000 (\$3.893,200.) matism, but the only way to cure them matism will disappear. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the Kidneys.

A BIG AFFAIR.

ness, even though it separated us for- Statistics of the New Grand Central Station, New York.

> (By Ruth Peterson). Total cost of new Grand Cen-Central Station \$180,000,000 Area of tracks below the streets... 70 acres

> Length of tracks below the streets... ... 32 miles Total area of new terminal.. 76 acres Car capacity of old terminal

Area of waiting rooms equal to that of Madison square. Length of station building proper, on street level 600 feet Height of building 105 feet Width of building, on street

level Length of building below the street... Width of building below street 745 feet 480 feet level... Depth of building below the

strect...

Number of persons who may

300 feet

45 feet

gather in concourses and waiting rooms without 30,000 erowding Number of passengers, outbound, that can be handled 70,000 in an hour.....

Number of trains every hour Number of passengers that ean be handled in a year 100,080,000 Cubic yards of rock and earth removed... 3,900,000

TOO CYNICA ...

(Pittsbury Times.)

Miss Mary Garden, apropos of the ransience of happiness, uttered at a uncheon at the Auditorium in Chicago somewhat bitter Christmas epigram. "By New Year's Day," she said, "the silver plating wears off many a Christmas gift."

The dog in the manger isn't a marker

EXEMP AND WHAT IS DONE TO CURE IT

Desperate Efforts, Disheartening Failures and Final Success.

Eczema is a skin affliction to which men and women allke are subject, from the first to the last day of their existence. It may occur as a single tiny spot, appearing and disappearing with each change in general health or present only at certain sessons; health or present only at certain see at the other extreme, the whole body may be involved in a terturing cruption. The latter condition may gradually arise through the neglect or improper treatment of lesser troubles or an apparently healthy skin may. in a single day, become a mass of eczema.

distressing itching, burning, scaling and crusting, the serious disfigurement and the constant dread that the eezema will become chronic, make a speedy cure the aim of every sufferer. Unfortunately, such a cure is not always readily obtained. The most skilled physician is often at a loss and even hospitals are forced to discharge the patient as incur-able. Then a wide variety of remedies are

instant relief afforded by the first bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment is almost incredible. They stop the itching and burning at once, make sleep possible and, in most cases, point to a speedy cure. So pure and sweet are Cuticura Soap and Ointment and so free from every aubstance of a disagreeable or harmful nature that they can be used without hesitation on the youngest infant or tenderest skin. Besides, they are most economical, a single set being often sufficient for the treatment of

In proof of the efficacy of the Cuticura Remedies it will be enough to quote here a single letter, from Mrs. Edward Nenning, 11 Lansing Block, Watertown, N.Y.: "Four years ago I suffered with a terrible eezema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six months confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from stehing and burning. After being given up by my doctor, I was advised to try Cuticura. After the first bath with Cuticura Scap and appliention of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for three weeks. At the end of that time I was entirely cured and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of thin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me."

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Resolvent and Pills are sold by druggists everywhere. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, Muss. Mailed free, on request, latest 32-page Cuticura Book, a guide to the speedy and aconomical treatment of skin and scalp affec-

Almost \$4,000,000 Worth Are Expected Annually.

THE DUTCH BULB INDUSTRY.

numbers nearly 3,000 members and is divided into thirty-seven local groups. A paper is published twice a week, weekly exchanges are held during the trade season, novelties are examined and reported upon by a committee of judges and a all trade differences.

(Special)—After suffering for eight in Holland, says the Journal of the Iryears, while at the time the remedy was ish Department of Agriculture. The right at hand, Mr. Moses Sherwood, a trade reached its present enormous prowell known farmer living near here, portions during the last decades of the confined to Haarlem and its vicinity,

> transformed and sand dunes levelled. The preparation of land for this purpose is often very 'costly, and the value of the best plots varies from £320 to £500 (\$1,557 to \$2,433) an acre. which have been carefully kept since

dustry is estimated at 4,000. Shileh's Cure



MRS. CHARLES E. LEES, Mayor-elect of Oldham, England.

Oldham, England, is the first sizable British city to choose a woman as its mayor. Mrs. Charles E. Lees will administer the affairs of this city of 131,000 population for the term of 1910-1911. She has large interests in the cotton industry and

promotes playgrounds. Miss Gwenllian Morgan, of an old family, is the new mayor of Brecon, Wales. She is interested in labor unions, good housing for working neople, education and temperance.

But whatever the form of the affection, the

able. Then a wide variety or rememes are resorted to, many perfectly harmless and equally ineffective, others so offensive to every sense that, were it not for the relief they are supposed to afford, no person of refinement would tolerate them for an instant. To such sufferers, discouraged by repeated failures of even these heroic methods, the

tions, from infancy to age.

The Dutch bulb growers are organized into a general federation which now

trade council inquires into and decides Since 1750 the cultivation and expert f bulbs have been regularly carried on

The bulb growing industry was first but has gradually extended wherever a suitable piece of land was available. In order to grow bulbs meadows have been

The export statistics of the industry. 1807, show that the total export has very largely increased in the last ten years. The value of this export cannot England is still Holland's best custome is to go to the seat of the trouble. Cure | er for bulbs, taking nearly 40 per cent, of the total export. The number of built exporting firms in Holland is about 200; there are also over 2,500 growers who do not export directly, but send their produce through the larger firms. The number of persons employed in the bulb in-