attempted to examin ED ON ASSASSIN

es of hysterical women and men hardly less d and tumbled here and to reach the front of ainds occupied with the of succoring the victim engennes upon his assailought to benefit by the ped toward an exit, but en were too quick for s seized, thrown to the pled under foot. For a. s though he would be spot, despite the Emperthe police succeeded in sitution and gave Bo-

ion of a prisoner. strength was cobing or Rein, who happened ience, gave first and to Premier was tenderly air and borne from the was carried dewn the d a remarkable demonlty. Lesponding to the Majesty, the orchestra the national anthem. and the artista still in he opera, fell on their he anthem, repeating it did much to restore ntly the sudience,

ot been permitted e joined in a chorus People." Still standhe imperial box, the dged the outburst of ed bows. Then with eft the theatre and palace. The performand with the deparfamily the police took place and closed all

ras allowed to leave after identification. Ministers, who wished Stolypin, were stopind compelled to wait rocedure of their perwas concluded removed to the Ma Sanitarium, to which nt surgeons were im-

## THE IN BRIEF

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ian Church, To-J. A. Miller, B.A., he styled "The t is small in didren between four age are on the nd 375 babies unare on the cradle

ad in Berlin

g on her face y's Roman Cathnt of the painting ary, the body of e seven-year-old s. Peter Strauss, ind by a sister five o'clock on The tot attended rine tot attended parate school in liained of feeling in she disappeared it is supposed ne, but enquiries that she had not for school early her Lackner said art disease.

HIPPEWA.

# Sweet Miss Margery

"For years she grew in sun and she longed to see her son enter the

Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower, On earth was never seen, This child I to myself will take: She shall be mine, and I will make A lady of my own."

And Nature did that, Margery. rules of mine could do what she did. You had the germ within you of all that makes a grand good women, and it has come to perfection." Margery bent and kissed the lips that

spoke the grateful words. You always comforted me, dearest, truest friend! Ah, why will you not stay with me always, to be my counselor and guide in the years to come? You have worked so hard, now is your time for rest. Promise me that, when you are

tired, you will make your home with

"I will come to you whenever I can; but I will not live with you. It would not be wise. Now tell me of all strange things that have happened since we parted. Thank Heaven, my child, your lot has fallen upon the golden side of life! Your troubles are over, now begins your happiness."

Margery's hand had wandered to her heart-shaped locket, which day and night she always wore. She raised it, and gazed at the image of her mother's

"It seems like a fairy-story," she said slowly, and dreamily. "I wonder does the knowledge that I have so much, that the bahe she left alone in the wide, wide world has great riches and lives in luxury make her happy?"

It would make her happier, dear child," Miss Lawson added quietly, "to see that your companion and friend for life, your husband, is so good and true a man. He is well known to me. Margery. You see, my sister has told me all about his nobleness and worth; and worth; and from my heart I congratulate you-more, I rejoice with you."

Margery did not answer; her hand was still closed round her locket, her eves were fixed on the fire. The light flickering and dancing on her pale lovely face found no smile there, only a depth of pain in the wondrous star-like

CHAPTER XXII.

The fortnight's stay of the Crosbie Castle party in town was extended to nearly six weeks; then Stuart escorted his mother home, and Vane Charteris remained in London. She was now thoroughly vexed and wearied. In spite of at her scheming, she was no nearer the goal-indeed she began almost to fear that Stuart would slip through her fingers altogether. She grew cross and worried, driving her mother almost frantic by her return to what she called illhealth. The suspense was really telling upon her, and with the birth of fear came strong determination. For her own pride's sake she must win now the bitter mortification, the humiliato bear. Had she not tacitly encouraged the idea that her marriage with the heir of Crosbie Castle and Beecham Park was a foregone conclusion? Already she had experienced the pleasure of seeing envy and disappointment gather on several of her rivals' faces. What barrier now remained? Stuart had, to all outward appearance, blotted the foolish episode of Margery Daw from his memory—there was no other influence to combat hers. Why then did he not wake to the reality and complete her satisfaction? The delay was annoying, the suspense killing.

Stuart, little guessing the workings of Vane's mind, was recovering gradually from the wound that his heart had received. His reckless mood had gone now, and he was once more his caim, manly self; but the happy brightness of his nature was dulled, his light laughter-loving ways had fled forever. His love for Margery had never died: he treasured it now as a beautiful dream, too great a happiness to be realized on earth. The first agony of surprise, doubt, and grief over, he grew to Judge her as he judged all women now he thought of her, not as Margery the pure, sweet, fresh young girl, but Margery the worldly, selfish, artificial coquette, of the same nature as the fashionable butterflies he met in town. His live for her was a thing apart from her memory; he deemed her unworthy of so great, so true a feeling; he had worshipped an ideal, and he kept that ideal still shrined in his heart.

Growing weary of life in town Stuart. went back to the eastle, thankful for the breath of the fresh country air, the rural quiet. He intended to leave England, to travel once again, but his father's worn face recalled Sir Douglas Gerant's words; and so, with a little sigh. he buried his own wishes, and gave himself up to minister to the parent who loved him so dearly, and whom he treasured in return. To his mother Stuart was a puzzie. Never once was Margery's name on his lips, yet his undoubted drown and wash away forever any trace love for her, as revealed in their one interview, had considerably startled her. She was surprised at his quietness, his acquiescence in her every wish, grew uneasy at his sudden gravity and the sadness of his face, and almost wished ! for a display of the strong will which who was not worthy even a second for so many years she had deplored. She had made no remark to him on the subject, deeming the affair best left in

Vane's able hands. Stuart had locked the thick letter which Sir Douglas had confided to his he added, after a pause. "It comes to care among the few treasures he posgessed, and he waited, expecting news from his cousin every day, but none came. At times Stuart grew uneasy; he saw the announcement of the arrival of the vessel in which Sir Douglas had sailed, and yet his cousin made no sign. All he could do was to wait and

He turned his attention to the business connected with the lands and estates of Crosbie Castle, and spent long winning their hearts by his warm gen-erous nature, and the interest he took in their welfare. But this state of "I would not ask any woman to be a things displeased Mrs. Crosbie beyond with on such empty terms; it would be words. She was an ambitious wenter.

world's list for fame; and to watch him gradually developing into a quiet farmowner was more than she could bear. It roused her pride to think that her son should have the whole of his life altered through the sentimental folly of a plebeian romance, and she determined to speak to him openly upon the subjeet of his career on the first oppor-

It was not about the middle of November, and Stuart was fully occupied with altering and restoring his cottages before the severe weather set in. He went out early and returned late, so that his mother found the desired opportunity long in coming. At last, one afternoon, she perceived him striding up the avenues; and, leaving her boudoir, she met him in the hall,

"Well, mother," said Stuart, smiling, "not out to-day? You are wise-it is ankle-deep in mud. Don't come near me-I am not fit to approach you. I have come back for an agreement I made about Cullham's cottage; I must be off directly."

"What is your hurry, Stuart?" asked Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. "Can not you spare me a few minutes? I have long wanted to speak to you, but really you are so much engaged. I have had no

"Of course I am 'ready, mother, if you wish it." Stuart replied, though not readily; he never cared for these brief intervals of conversation with his mother-they invariably annoyed him.

"Come to my boudoir for a few minutes." He followed Mrs. Crosbie in silence; then, as she closed the door, he walked to the window and leaned against the

"Well, mother?" he said, in a tone of

Mrs. Crosbie stirred the fire, then warmed her white hands. She looked at her son, and the sight of his grave, handsome face strengthened her purpose; it was such a faint likeness to the merry bright face of a few months

"Stuart," she began quietly, "I wieh to speak to you seriously. Do you intend to lead this kind of life always?" "What kind of life, mother?" "This dull, monotonous, farmer-like

existence. Have you no aim-no ambi-"None," Stuart answered, laconically, His mother moved impatiently in her

"Pray, be sensible, Stuart," she said. sharply; "you were never like this before. It galls me, it wounds me to see you wasting your days down here, nottering about on the farms, and

mother; my father can not, and you have often complained to me of the bad management, so I have determined to relieve you of further anxiety.

what?

"Pshaw! Do I want my son to turn steward? I have to-day received a letter from Lady Baycliffe recommending me a manager, and I have all but settled to engage him." "Then don't do it," promptly replied

Stuart. "He is not wanted." "He is wanted. I shall not allow you, Stnart, to do this kind of work."

"My dear mother, I am of age !" Mrs. Crosbie was silent, and Stuart, looking up, saw the pain and anxiety on her face

"Forgive me, mother," he added, moving toward her. "I am very selfish, Tell me what you want me to do, and if it is in my power I will undertake it." "I want you to rise in the world; 1

want you to be famous, Stuart." "Fame is not to be bought, mother." "It is within your reach. Contest Chesterham at the next election. You will be returned with an immense majority. The rest will follow."

"I have no brains for politics," declared Stuart. "I can not do it." "There is no such word as 'can not.!'" returned Mrs. Crosbie, vigorously. "If I were in your place, Stuart, how differently i would act! You are wasting vour life."

Stuart walked back to the window. "I will not give you a decided answer now, mother," he said. "Give me two days to consider."

"Willingly," she agreed, "and weigh all things well. Remember, you will afford me the geratest happiness in lift if you agree to this and to another wish." "To make you happy, mother, I would ! do much," Stuart responded, raising her hand to his lips. "What is it?"

Mrs. Crosbie drew a long breath. "That you will marry."

"Marry!" repeated Stuart, dropping her hand, while his face grew white and his brow darkened. "That, mother, is impossible."

"I have not speken to you on this subject before, Stuart, though it has been one very near my heart. You have been troubled; but you are not my son if you have not pride sufficient to of your trouble. It is not for a Crosbie to submit to insult and humiliation." "I submit to none!" retorted Stuart, i

in a quiet, clear voice. "You have been deceived," his mother declared, coldly and proudly; "by one thought."

"Mother!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, and then stopped. What could be say in defense of Margery? She was, indeed, all this. "Your wish is sudden." me quite unexpectedly; but I have only one answer to it-! shall never marry!" Mrs. Crosbie compressed her lips and

turned away.

"Just now you called yourself selfish." she observed. "I think you were right." "Why should I marry, mother?" beeried, suddenly. "You know, or perhaps you can never know, what the past meant to me. I am not a vane to be turned by every wind. I have loved, and I shall not love again." "What has that to do with merr-

ething mother, in my power to your whole life, like a misenthrough be-cause a village coquette has laughed at and mocked you? There are good wo-men's hearts still in the world, women of our world, who can love and suffer us such creatures never can."

"I will offer no woman my life with-out my love," declared Stuart, firmly. "What would you say if I were to tell you that there is one who would take it gladly, one who has watched and worked for you all these months in sience, and who, through everything, is steadfast and true as steel?

Mrs. Crosbie's hand fell on her son's shoulder as she spoke. She felt it was her last card; it might win the game. Stuart looked into his mother's eyes; flush rose to his face. You mean," he began,

"Your cousin, Vane," she broke in. "Vane!"

His mother's hand slipped from its hold: but he did not move. He was in a very whirlwind of surprise, pain and

"You have not known? ' No; she hid her secret too well! There is a woman fit to be your wife-proud, loving, courageous, a companion to cheer, a helpmate to stimulate your ambition. Had you not been so blind, Stuart, you might have seen this. What do you say

"I can say nothing," he answered, still in the same low tones. "This has stunned me. You must let me think, mother; I have not the power to speak

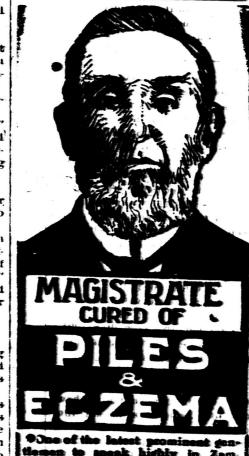
"Yes, think and think well," Mrs. Crosbie said gently. Something told her that she had won; Vane's devotion had ouched the right chord. She watched her son move to the door

in silence. "We will speak of this again another

time," he said, with constraint. A wave of compunction passed through Mrs. Crosbie's mind when she was alone. Would Vane, after all, bring him happiness? She had tricked and deceived But this momentary feeling was soon lost in the glad thrill of ambition that stirred her breast. Stuart married, and in Parliament, she had nothing more

In a maze of troubled thoughts Stuart strode down the wet paths. Vane loved him; and yet she had put her own feelings on one side and ministered tenderly, thoughtfully, kindly to him! What depths of womanly sweetness in such a sacrifice—what a generous, noble nature! His heart warmed with gratitude toward her, though it cooled again as he remembered that she loved him. What could be do-whither turn in this dilemma? Vane was dear to him as a friend, as a sister, but not as the woman he would make his wife. And to make any woman his wife now, when such sadness darkened his life, was almost impossible. What must be do? Could be let her live on alone, with the sorrow he knew from experience to be so bitter wearing out her heart? Would it be a generous return for all she had done, for the noble tenderness with which she had tried to bring him happiness? No. no, a thousand times no! If he could no longer have joy, if gladness were gone forever, he had still the peaceful pleasure of bringing gladness to another's heart. His mother was right-it was his duty to face the world

and Vane would be his wife. contracted with pain, a spasm of undying regret shot through him, the dream of his first love in all its sweetness returned and inthraffed him once more. It was impossible! He paced up and down under the wet dripping trees, trying to ealm the tumult in his breast. with a longing for solitude and peace one moment, and a piteous thought of Vane's great love the next. It was a terrible struggle, and it lasted through the night hours, never ceasing till the dawn, when, pale and worn, yet with a steadfast look of determination about



One of the latest prominent gen-tlemen to speak highly in Zam-Bult's favour is Mr. C. E. Sanford

of Westen, King's Co., M.S. Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult

in Berwick. Indeed it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected. Here is his opinion of Zam-Buk. He mays:—

"I never used anything that gave me such astisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a putch of Resema on my ankle which had been there for ever 20 years. Sometimes also the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had applied var ous either and tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried all sorts of things to obtain a such tried and tried, proved highly estimated y and cured then completely also. I take comfert in helping my brother men, and if the publication of my opinion of the land of the land of the such tried. o. I take comfort in heiging my brother m, and if the publication of my opinion the healing value of Zam-Buk will lead her sufference try it; I should be gird. y the collection missing caused by Pleson

THE SAPETY OF A BOND INVESTMENT

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## ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION

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his mouth and in his handsome eyes, he conquered it. He was brave and strong -sorrow could not crush him; but Vane -poor delicate Vane—she could not endure trouble; and so, if indeed his mother had spoken aright, he would go to Vane, and ask her to be his wife.

The gloomy weather in London did not tend to lesson Miss Charteris' despondent mood. She was peevish, bored, discontented, longing to leave England and go to a warmer climate, yet feeling that she could not give up her desire and declare herself defeated. She was waiting only for a week or two to pass. and then she would go down once more to Crosbie Castle and make a final effort. This idea was occupying her mind as she sat one dull, wet afternoon gazing out into the dismal streets, with a gloomy look spoiling her pretty face. She heard the door open, but did not stir, imagining it to be her mother. The stillness that followed caused her to turn; and, looking round, she met Stu-

"Stuart!" she exclaimed, her face flushing. "You have given me quite a start! I did not know—" "I have been watching you for the

last two minutes, Vane; you were lost in thought. Whose memory were you honoring by such deep meditation?" Stuart looked very handsome, and something in his manner thrilled her with joy.

"I was thinking of Crosbie." she answered. "Come to the fire, Stuart; you must be frozen. And how is Annt Constance and why have you come? I am Simple Ways in Which They May

Stuart stood silent, slowly removing his gloves; then he moved nearer to her side by the fire. lovely; the plaintive sadness of her free, tub. which was tinged with a delicate flush, as he thought, the marks of her trouble. "I have come to see you, vane," he teld her, quietly, "because I have something to ask you."

Vane felt her heart bear willly.

"Yes, Stuart," she said, faintly, "Vane, you know my inmost hearton were my confident, my friend. I want you to continue to be my friend, the best and truest of companions-I want a helpmate, a counselor. I want

you to be my wife." Vane stood silent, her hard bent. She felt faint, and, now that success had come at last, she could not speak.

"I cannot offer you great love," Stuart went on, taking her hand-"I will not deceive you, Vane-it is buried in the past; but I will give you affection, devotion-true and sincere devotion, if you will accept it. The gift is poor,

Vane. Reject it if you will." "Reject it, Stuart!" murmured Vone. turning her luminous blue eyes on him. "No; I accept it, for I tove you -I have leved you through it all, and I am happy at last!" Stuart pressed his lips to hers; and

the compact was sealed. CHAPTER XXIII.

Miss Lawson kept to her ward and departed on the following lay for Hurseley, despite all Margery , pleading and wishes. The short visit had been a great pleasure to them both. To Margery the very sight of her governess had brought back a wave of her brief past happiness, and unconsciously soothed her; and Miss Lawson had felt her hear: thrill with pride and gladness to see her pupil grown so fair and lovely a woman, and urrounded by all that she could desire. et the strange sadness in Margery's wes would haunt her. What could be he secret that had destroyed her girlsiness and brought such an expression to the young face? Miss Lawson pondered this deeply, but could arrive at no solution of the mystery, and indeed would have been no little astonished had she learned what link it was that bound Margery's heart to Hurtley. She knew the girl had been acquainted with Stuart Crosbie; but that fact was not strange, for Stuart had a kind word and smile for everyone in the village, and Margery of course shared this general friendship with the rost.

(To be Continued.)

THE MORAL

"The persistency with which children see in a fable some other moral than the one which is intended that they shall see is often distressing, remarks a

of our wild creatures, a knowledge of its nabits is more casual than intimate.

The past winter gave forest lovers an opportunity for studying squirrels to an extent seldom possible, as the mildress of the weather made seither for long nor deep hibernation. I was surprised at the number and variety of places where the little animal land stored its winter tourds. The smallness of these, too, was noteworthy, as they seldom contained noteworthy, as they seldom contained more than a handfull of foodstuff.

The larders were in hollow trees, old birds' nests and described squirrels' nests, but most often in the ground a little be-low the surface, and although many of the hoards were at the foot of trees the favorite place was in a field bordering a wood and about twenty or thirty yards from the edge. The latter is probably the safest larder of all, as marauding rats and mice do not venture so far outside the wood in winter.

After watching the squirrel going from one hoard to another I have little doubt that its ability to find these is not a matter of memory or of instinct, but of smell. It is the same highly developed sense, too, that makes the squirrel an accomplished truffle hunter (for truffles are a great Sugirrel dainty), and I think that it must have been their smelling abilities that brought sugirrels to a peach house in which they did a lot of damage.

Squirrel cunning defeated the most cleverly laid traps and other attempts at capture, and to save the fruit the nawelome visitors had ultimately to be shot. The squirrel is one of the best game bird guards and its winter stores have fed many a famished pheasant.

Beyond an occasional "chuck!" the quirrel does not pay much attention to mere man, but immediately it espies a ox or stoat on the prowl it chatters loudly in the greatest excitement and game birds never fail to profit by their sentinel's warnings, apparently knowing that the squirrel is no idle darmist.

Pheasants scratch up and devour the quirrel's winter stores when other food searce, and as "pug" always wastes ten times the quantity of food it consumes and seatters nuts, acorns, wild fruits and hedge berries which the game birds would ont otherwise get and which they thoroughly enjoy, it thus benefits them all the year round.

#### CHILLS PROVE FATAL!

If warmth and circulation are not promptly restored, chills result in fatal pneumonia. This necessitates keeping Nerviline on hand. Taken in hot water it breaks up a chill in two minutes. By rubbing freely, over the throat and chest it prevents colds. No liniment so strong, so penetrating, so swift to kill pain and inflammation. Nearly fifty years' record has proved the value of Polson's Nerviline. You should get a bottle to-day.

A FEW STAINS

be Removed.

Saturate gass stains thoroughly wih Vane was looking kerosene, then put them in the wash

Soak ink stains in sour milk. If a may be granted for a day to a visitor. touched him. He had read ft well in the dark stain remains, rinse in a weak sol. The banks also deal in bonds and ution of chloride of lime.

then wash them in warm water, using practically all Russian, are dealt in on plenty of soap; afterwards boil. Rub sewing machine oil stains with lard; let stand for several hours and

then wash with cold water and soap. Wet search stains, then rub with soap and bleach in the sun. Wash iodine stains with alcohol, then

rinse in soapy water. Soak iron rust stains thoroughly with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun. Hot water and soap generally remove

grease spots stains. If fixed by long standing, use ether, chloroform or naphtha, taking care to use none of these remedies near either fire or artificial light.

Soak tea and coifee stains in cold water; wring well; spread out and pour a on the stain. If the stain has been fixed by Let stand several hours and then wash with cold water and soap. Stretch the fabric containing fruit stains over a basin and pour boiling water on few drops of glycerine over each spot, neglect, soak the article in a weak solution of ovalic acid or hold the spot over the fumes of sulphur.

ABOUT THE DOG

When choosing a dog, ask yourself what purpose he is to serve. If he is to be a watch dog, and live out of doors, give him a good kennel, sheltered from wind and cold; make it

rain proof and keep it clean. Place his kennel on dry ground, facing southwest for warmth in the winter, and northeast in the summer. Don't place it in a damp or dismal yard. Make the bed of clean straw and change it

often. Feed the dog regularly twice a day on meat, vegetables and dog biscuit. Give him the bigger meal late in the day so that he will not feel hungry during the night, and start barking, Plut plently of fresh water where he

can always get it. Exercise is absolutely necessary for the health of the dog. Give him his freedom for at least one hour every day, of course much longer if possible.

Don't keep him chained up day after day. The dog is an energetic animal, and if not allowed to work off his energy he may became wild and vicious. The dog craves human companionship

care he will desert you or develop into an unnatural and uninteresting dog. ONE CAUSE OF MARITAL MISERY

and unless you give him attention and

(Baltimore Sun')

See is often distressing, remarks a Philadelphia instructor of the young, "I had recited to one little boy the story of the wolf and the lamb, and had followed it up with the remark:

"And now you see, Tommy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf had he been good and sensible."

"Ten I understand," said Tommy, "I the lamb had been good and sensible, we should have had him to cat."—Lippin cott's Magnetine.

(Baltimora Sun')

There can be no doubt that women that the new of a hard-working man what it will buy. The when it doing his best to support his family, make his wife comfortable and bring up his children desently, is often not content with that state of life to which it has pleasant dead to call her. She yearns for things her husband cannot helpful influence.

The I understand, said Tommy, "I the lamb had been good and sensible," with neopie who are richer than herself. This is the cannot be entertained. This is the cannot for he entertained that would do him to drown his any time.

# Cultura Soapi

with my skin, and I thought Cuticura Soop was only for skin troubles." True, it is for skin troubles, but its great mission is to prevent skin troubles. For more than a generation its delicate emollient and prophylactic properties have rendered it the standard for this purpose, while its extreme purity and refreshing fragrance give to it all the advantages of the best of toilet soaps. It is also invaluable in keeping the hands soft and white, the hair live and glossy, and the scalp free from dandruff and irritation.

While its first cost is a few cents more than that of ordinary toilet soaps, it is prepared with such care and of such materials, that it wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of other soap, and making its use, in practice, most economical. Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. but the truth of these claims may be demonstrated without cost by sending to "Cuticura," Dept. 7M. Boston, U.S. A., for a liberal samplecake, together with a thirty-two page book on the skin and hair.

RUSSIAN STOCK EXCHANGE

Only 56 Authorized Brokers Do Business in St. Petersburg.

The St. Petersburg Stock Exchange is even more or an exclusive club than the Paris Bourse, waose membership is limited to seventy, as compared with the 1,100 members of the New York Stock Exchange and the 5,000 brokers and jobbers who operate the London Stock Exchange.

There are but fifty-siv authorized brokers on the St. Petersburg Exchange. Each one of them must be a Russian subject, says Moody's Magazine, and must pay a deposit of 15,000 roubles. The right to deal on the exchange is not, however, restricted to these official brokers, except in regard to the Government debt. Any person properly introduced by a

broker or by a recognized Russian banker may enter the exchange and do business with the brokers there. These persons must pay a small semi-annual subscription to the committee of the exchange for this privilege, which may be withdrawn if they fail to carry out their legitimate transactions.

Any broker or banker may introduce a stranger for one day's trading by regble, just as the privileges of a social ciub

stocks as well as finance new and exist-Soak blood stains in cold salt water; ing companies. About 500 securities, the St. Petersburg Exchange. Dealing in. Government securities is a mononopy of the official brokers, but as so large an amount of the Government debt is held in France and is traded in on the Paris Bourse there is not great activity in

governments at St. Petersburg. The most active part of the market is in railway and bank shares. The foreign exchange market is absolutely controlled by the State bank, and Russian brokers are therefore deprived of what in other capitals is a profitable feature of the brokerabe business. The variety of securities known in England and America. is unknown in Russia. There are no convertibles, income bonds or things like that, and shares are practically all com-

mon or ordinary. B; law all shares must be registered. but special ukases or decrees have allowed the creation of shares payable to bearer and of preference shares. Formerly a special kind of stock known as tounders' shares existed, but these are disappearing. Promoters of a new company are not allowed to take more than one-fifth of the shares of the company. The official list of securities quoted on the exchange is printed daily in French

and Russian. There is no transfer tax on securities. but the capital of companies is taxed at formation and there is a regular corporation tax similar to that recently enacted in America, the companies being required to pay 5 per cent. on their net earnings. All limited companies must have the Government authorization, the general corporation law being not very unlike in principle to the Federal incorporation law which has been proposed in the Un-

ited States. The law is quite strict, providing among other things that the share capital must be fully subscribed and 40 per cent. paid up. Bnods cannot be issued for more than half the paid-up capital nor without the express authority of the Government granted after inquiry into the security offered. All the assets of the present and future are liable for the payment of the bonds, which must be registered as mortgages.

### COUGHERS, HAWKERS, SPITTERS!

Public expectoration is against the common law, against the laws of health also. When the throat tickles, that's the time you need "Catarrhozone"; it soothes away the irritation, cuts out the phlegm and loosens the tight feeling. You'll quickly cure that catarrhand throat trouble with Catarrhazone.