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# Winsome Winnie

"Did you ever know anything so pre-! She smiled a little smile of shy, girlposterous?" said Madam, angrily, to ish fun at her big shawl and trailing Sask., writes: "I must thank you for Tredennick. "The idea of the girl's skirts. attempting such a thing, and that abominable step-mother of hers and her stupid-silly, you know-a childish stupidity without an idea of discretion or judgment. I am really ecxeedingly provoked with Winnie. She will run over here in all weathers -glad to get away from her wretched home, I suppose; but then I shall have the blame if anything happens to her. Just imagine, if that a broad, humorous smile on her round, Co., N. S., says: "I suffered long from Tregarthen Head-she lives half a mile beyond Tregarthen - what a state I should be in! Accused of her untimely end, I dare say, by all her friends and relations!"

"She does not seem to have many, poor little lassie!" commented Captain Tredennick, commiseratingly.

'No, indeed," said Madam Vivian, meaning in his words; "she is always running after me-seems almost to ding to me, poor child!"

Madame was fond of her faithful little protegee, pitied her poverty and friendlessness, recognized the "poor child's" natural gifts and social attractions, yet she sat there composedly drinking her high-flavored costly beverage and languidly tasting the morsels of rich cake on her plate, luxuriating in the cosy warmth and elegance she loved, while the "poor child" had been peremptorily banished, cold, wet, and weary as she was, and bidden to seek what rest and restoration she could find from the hands of servants. Madam was utterly unconscious of any unkindness. Passing through the homage of her flattered girlhood to the more elavish homage of her indulged imperious wifehood, she had never felt what it was to love another better than herself-never felt one touch of that Love born of sorrow,

Which like sorrow is truewhich makes the true heart beat so tenderly for another's heart grief. She had never known one throb of self-sacriffeing passionate affection beneath her childless breast.

Stephen Tredennick did not remember or know of this, and make her the allowance which must be made for those placidly self-satisfied, prosperouslived, cold, untried natures. He was surprised and displeased; and the remembrance of the desolate, humble little figure drove all other considerations out of his head.

He was very silent for a long time, until Madam, impatiently abandoning all further attempts at conversation. pushed her cup aside, and betook herself to the perusal of one of "Mudie's

"You are tired, I dare say, Treden-nick," she said curtly; "pray do not atand on any ceremony. I shall read for an hour or so." "Very well,, aunt," he replied, and, bidding her good night, quitted the

### CHAPTER II.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Captain Stephen Trendnick, instead of being ensconced in the well-lighted, wellwarmed bachelor rooms which were given up for the nonce to him and tobacco-smoke, was prowling about, in a state of dire uncertainty, though gloomy, draughty passages and rooms in the lower regions of Roseworthy House, and in close proximity to the collars and pantries.

"I really must satisfy myself." he muttered self-apologetically -"I really must know if my aunt intends sending that poor little girl home along the eliffs through such a gale and rain as lines around her gentle, firm mouth.

The poor child is safe for coughs They softened, and the face grew very and colds long enough, I dare say. I really should not wonder if she were made to return as she came. I wonder at annt Vivian! I really never would

Here Captain Tredennick's kind-heartedness and progressive search brought him up to a closed door, beneath which shone a light, and through which came the sound of women's voices.

"I beg your pardon-would you be kind enough to tell me," he began, with a true gentlemanly courtesy to servants and especially women servants, as he gently knocked, and, being bidden to inter, pushed the door ajar.

The room, a small, cosy, humbly-furnished parlor, with a bright fire, a singing tea-kettle, and a most fragrant perfume of tea, toast and cake, was evidently that comfortable sanctum of the female chiefs of the kingdom below stairs. "the housekeeper's room;" nor had Captain Tredennick any difficulty in recognizing these personages in the prim, genteel, silk-attired lady's maid and the

rosy, rotund, white-aproned cook. "Would you tell me if the little girl that poor little body who came here a while ago through the storm-He stopped; for the cook had risen at the sound of his voice, and curtsied, toasting fork in hand, smiling in the direction of the little arm-chair opposite

the lady's maid. "Oh, there she is!" said Captain Tredennick, much relieved, when, at first glance in the direction of the cook had indicated, he perceived a small figure, huddled in a bright flaring-colored shawl and a rather bundled-up-looking costume. resting in a soft little, shabby-pillowed chair by the bright fireside." I am glad to see you are being comfortably taken he added, pleasantly. "I was afraid that you might have been foolish enough to venture home by the cliffs this wild night-you will not attempt it.

I hope?" The little figure half rose from her seat, trying to arrange her cumbersome drapery, which evidently belonged to a far larger and taller person. and holding the gay crimson-and-yellow shawl

tightly around her. "Oh, no sir, thank you," she said, and a timid flush rose over her small, pale face up to the very roots of her hair. Since I have come, Madam Vivian says I am to stop to-night at Roseworthy; and Mrs. Grose, the cook, and Miss

Trowhells have been very kind to be."

"Sample free if you write National Drag & Chemical Co., of Canada, Elmited

"Not at all, Miss Winnie dear," inter-"Your dress was perfectly wet through, ed, turning to Captain Tredinnick with a | a complete cure." politely explanatory air; "and of prevent poor Miss Winnie from catching cold, poor child."

"Indeed, yes," Mrs. Grose put in, with red, shining face; "she was as wet as a litching piles, but Zam-Buk has now drowned rat, Captain Stephen, sir." cured me." Miss Trewhella coughed again to drown on persistently, the fat pleasant smile self-complacently, ignoring any second child; and she has nothing on now only had to take every stitch off her, poor Mrs. Trewhella coughed as if she would break a blood-vessel, and darted a look of dignified horror at the cook -"only some things of mine and Miss Trewhella's, sir," continued the cook equably, proceeding to butter the toast;

> "Indeed, so I see," said Captain Stephen, looking pleased; "there is no fear for anyone in these comfortable quarters, Mrs. Grose. Don't let me disturb you, I beg," he went on, moving nearer to the fire as Miss Trewhella glided away with a profound and graceful curtsey. He meant to shake hands with the little girl, and warn her to avoid travelling by Tregarthen Head any more on dark stormy evenings like this. "I cannot tell how you could manage to keep your feet along that cliff road over the Head in such a gale," he was saying, when his notice became attracted to the young girl's hair.

fortable."

That it was thick, and dark, and hanging in dishevelled masses over her shoulders he had seen at first, but not until the blazing firelight and his immediate proximity revealed it to him did he perceive its lustrous, wavy abundance, the burnished golden light on the wealth of ripples and tresses, naturally curling from the effects of the late wetting and sudden hot drying, and its great length. As she sat, it fell below her waist, and in silken masses in her lap.

With honest, simple, admiring surprise, with not a spice of sailor gallantry in his gray eyes, he laid his hand lightly on the little bowed head by his side. you have!" he said.

She looked up in quick astonishment,

Stephen Tredennick had read-as who has not?—the beautiful and touching story of "The Child of the Marshalsea;" and in this moment there flashed across rit's" tender pleadings for a few words as they encounter each other in dreary Londo natreets, starts back from the first look into the pitying eyes with the wind cry, "You are a woman!" for, at the first glance of the dark, expressive, wistful, inquiring eyes upturned to his face, he had almost started back and uttered a like exclamation.

He had taken her to be a girl about fourteen. Very young as she undoubtedly was, and small and slight her form, there was a strong, brave, passionate, womanly soul looking through those eyes there were womanly sorrow and womanly endurance in the young and girlish in the quick flush of happiness and innocent vanity which his words had called forth, but she drew her hair away from his touch, and a

"My hair was quite wet, sir, and had girl!" to be all dried," she said, pushing it back almost out of sight. "And it's none too dry yet that you

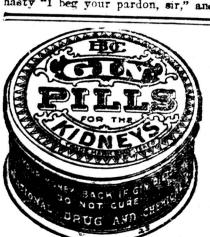
should put it away like that, Miss Winnie," interposed Mrs. Grose, rather mischievously. "Captain Tredennick my poor little Miss Winnie." never saw finer hair than that in his life. Now did vou. sir?"

"No, I do not think I ever dia." he replied, smiling courteously-"that is, what I was allowed to see of it." He paused a moment, waiting to catch the girl's eye, but she kept her face turned away, and he thought he saw her low white brow knit in an uneasy frown.

"Good-night, Miss-Miss-" he said confusedly, believing that he had forgotten a name which, in fact, he had never

"My name is Winifred Caerlyon, sir." she vouchsafed quietly, barely glancing at him, and then looking away again. "The captain is waiting to bid you good-night, Miss Winnie, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Grose in a very urgent undertone.

She rose instantly, obedienely. troubled Stephen Tredennick, though he quick humble obedience, to hear her hasty "I beg your pardon, sir," and see



SUFFERERS FROM PILES travelled over his list of acquaintances

ZAM-BUK HAS CURED THESE!

Friction on the hemorrhoid veins that are swollen, inflamed and gorged with blood, is what causes the terrible pain and etinging and emarting of piles. Zam-Buk applied at night will be found to give ease before morning. Thousands of persons have proved this. Why not be guided by the experience of others?

the benefit I have received from Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly posed Miss Trewhalla, with a genteel from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk stupid father to allow her! That is the short cough and deprecatory gesture, and found it gave me relief, so I continued it, and after using three or four you know perfectly wet, sir," she add- boxes I am pleased to say it has effected

Mr. G. A. Dufresne, 183-185 St. Joseph course we had to resort to remedies to street, St. Roche, Quebec, P. Q., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles."

Mr. William Kenty, of Upper Nine the vulgar simile, but Mrs. Grose went | Mile River, Hants Co., N. S., says: "I suffered terribly from piles, the pain beginning to widen into a laugh. "No at times being almost unbearable I wonder, such a terrible soaking night tried various ointments, but everything as this. She hadn't a dry thread on I tried failed to do me the slightest her—had you, Miss Winnie, dearie? We good. I was tired of trying various remedies, when I heard of Zam-Buk. and thought as a last resource I would give this balm a trial. After a very short time Zam Buk effected a complete cure.

"Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin injuries and diseases, eczema, ulcers, varicose veins, cuts, burns, bruises, chaps, cold sores, etc. 50c. box from "and we are a-making of her a bit comall druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations. Try Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet.

> the timid flush in her cheeks as she placed her small, hard, labor-marked hand in his. Not as Stephen Tredennick, the sailor

who wanted to be kind to another sailor's daughter, did she regard him, but mistress. Many a fair human growth, as the great gentleman, Tredennick, but Tregarthen—the favorite nephew and vine, a frail sweet rose, had been the heir of her grand patroness. A thought like this crossed his mind, as his fingers warmly pressed thost

poor slim girlish ones, roughened from stitching, and marked with the inevitable scars and scratches of constant household work. "Poor child! Poor little gir!!" he

said he, kindly. "I hope you will none the worse for your wetting; was much too severe a night for young lady to venture out." Something in the flickering light of a

sarcastic smile on her lips, and an involuntary turn of her head towards Mrs. Grose, wheer that worthy woman was pouring out tea, as she said, "I do not mind it," were a revelation to him of "My dear child, what beautiful hair much of poor Winnie Czerlyon's daily

She looked up in quick astonishment, her quiet, rather plain face lighting up Grose, with a sigh. "Now your tea is and smokeless chimneys proclumed the his parishioners are justly proud. strangely with pleasure, and a pair of ready, Miss Winnie, and I hope you'll fact from the outside, if very dark, deep-set eyes seeking his most take it hearty. Miss Winnie is having any doubt in his mind. her tea in our little parlor, you know, doesn't mind having it down here with her poor old nursey-do you, dear? 1 own dear mamma was living."

"And of course you are very fond of her?" He uttered the words as he stood down from his five feet eleven of masculine height and strength on the sienless in the ridiculously long trailing sheltered turn of the road. dress and shawl-on the anxious white body, the sad little mouth, the downcast eyelids, and the rich beauty of her whistle-"here is the little mermaid!" luxuriant hair, at variance in its wealth of loveliness with that quiet at the sound of advancing footsteps and the shy, quick flush mounted to her certain air of womanly dignity replied ly purity. "Poor little girl!" he said, smiling. its intelligence, gentleness, and womanpityingly to himself-"poor dear little

As if answering his thoughts. Mrs. Grose, the worthy, rotund cook, responded affectionately to the question. from the rocks." "Indeed, Captain Stephen, sir, there's not many who could help being fond of

And on the spot a queer idea flitted through Captain Tredennick's mind that if this poor little girl belonged to him in any way, how fond of her he should be it would be such a pleasure to take care of a meek, gentle creature like her!

A full hour and a half afterwards - that is, at twenty minutes to twelve -- Captain Stephen Tredennick, who had quitted Madam Vivian's society at half-past 9 o'clock, fatigued and unsocial in humor was sitting before the study fire, smaking, with as little notion of or desire for, retiring to rest as he had had at dinner time. Madame Vivian did not

know it, fortunately.

Busily and dreamily as the minutes slipped by and lengthened into halfhours, Captain Tredennick's mind went over a variety of subjects, whilst the odorous clouds of tobacco smoke wove could not have told why, to see that wreaths of misty fancies around him, and the soft rustle of a falling cinder from the red fire alone broke the hush-

ed silence. From the Chittoor, her cargo and insurance money, his thoughts wandered to his friend. Captain Martyn, of the Indus, the required repairs of the old house of Tregarthen, the gale, the channel soundings, the sunken rocks off Tregarthen Head, and poor little Winnie Caerivon.

"Poor little lass! I have no doubt that she has rough water to make her way through," he muttered commiseratingly-"a careless father, an unkind step-mother, and a shoal of young stepbrothers and step-sisters; and she made a patient little drudge for all. A nice, gentle girl-pretty, rather, I tainkbeautiful hair, like a mermaid's poor child!-one of those meet natient little women that seem made for strong hearty fellows to pet and take care of." And here Captain Tredennick's mind -C. Welsh.

to try and recall the memory of some strong hearty fellow whom he could conscientiously recommend to himself as

the life-long lover anr protector of a "meek, patient little woman." "An honest, warm hearted sailor now," he said musingly; "they make good husbands, generally speaking, only their wives have little of their company. Let me see. Martyn now, only he's married two years ago-nice little woman, too somewhat like Winnie Caerlyon, I think—a girl couldn't find

Martyn. Let me see." Some sudden thought seemed to strike the captain of the east Indianman Chittoor. With a very sober face he laid his pipe aside, arose, and surveyed himself in the nearest mirror for a lengthened space of time, until a grim smile replaced the earnest gaze. He shook his head at his own reflection, turned away, and left the room.

"Stephen Tredennick, my lad," said he, smiling in the same cynical amused fashion as he went, "you've been dreaming dreaming in your chair, my lad. You had better wake up now, and turn into your berth properly."

### CHAPTER III.

The cold, lerden-hued dawn of the wild March morning was just breaking over the stormy sea, where the dark, owering horizon blended in mist with the level waste, the dismal gray of the tossing angry waters; the gloom of dreary sameness relieved only by the deadly whiteness of the fierce breakers frothing and surging around the buried forms of the dark rock Titans, whose cruel ministers they were, wreathing their stony brows, their murderous, iron-nailed arms, with the trophies of their pitiless warfare trailing lengths of gleaming sea weeds, shell encrusted, torn from ocean homes afar, leaves and grasses of other lands helplesely drifted out to sea, wreaths of crushed blossoms which had bloomed scores of miles away from that barren neadland and its wild shore. Tlast there had been more precious gifts given by the fierce white crested waves to the cruel jaws and pitiless rending of those black, jagged, shining rocks lying in the lap of their ocean a brave young forest tree a tender doomed blossoms of the fatal wreaths for the adorning of the Black Reef of

Tregarthen Head. There is not a worse spot, with the wind inshore, between this and the Goodwins," and Captain Tredennick, shutting up his glass as he spoke, after a brief survey of the coast line, buttonejaculated, mentally. "Good-night," ed his thick peajacket closer and turned towards Tregarden Head.

He had been up and out with the first rays of light, quitting the house by a singly barred entrance, which fastened with a spring lock and could be opened only from the inside.

"Still, it should have been made safe with the drop bolt," said the captain as he passed through; "lubberly work that, to leave a door unfastened all night in such a gale!"

The gale had not exhausted itself yet, ery is that the cure cannot be dropped sir, because it is more comfortable for and raged on almost as willly as on the her," she said, apologetically, to Capt. previous night, whilst the angry looking Tredennick. "Having her dress dried, coppery hued masses of cloud out on the and no clothes on, you may say-oh, murky western horizon, streaming up his nose. his memory the scene where the wretch- dear me! dear me! Miss Trewhella, athwart the wild grey sky in wisp-like, ed woman, who yields to "Little Dor- you've stood on my corn dreadful! And, torsm-driven wreaths, gave dreary asbesides, it was after Madam's tea time surance of its continuance; and bitterly when she came—and Miss Winnie cold and raw struck the damp March morning air even to the sailor's hardy lungs and weather-beaten face, as he nursed her when she wasn't a month quitted the shelter of the wooded old, Captain Tredennick, sir—when her grounds of Roseworthy for the bleak, exposed cliff road.

He had taken but a few paces in this direction when he came to a dead stop, holding her hand still in his, looking gazing ahead; and even for a moment his hand mechanically fumbled with his glass—as if his keen eyesight could have der little womanly figure, looking so scope to discern plainly and recognize oddly old-fashioned and young and help-the slight dark figure standing in a "Neptune!" exclaimed Captain Tre-

dennick in his amazement, with a soft The little dark figure turned hastily face as Captain Tredennick came up

"Pon my word, you are early abroad Miss Winnie Caerlyon." he laughed. "Are you come out to taste the salt spray? It blows right in one's face un (To be Continued.)

# GUARD BABY FROM COLDS passage, bration.

The mother can guard her little ones from colds during the damp, cold fall days by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Says she, "You're terrible bold, The Tablets act as a gentle laxative. keeping the bowels working freely and the stomacr sweet—that is the secret of preventing colds. The Tablets will Says she: not only prevent or banish colds, but will cure constipation, indigestion, expel worms and make teething easy. They are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no harmful drugs and may safely be given to the newborn babe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville. Ont.

### IDIOTIC INTERROGATIONS

Why is a determination always grim? Do the wayes dance at fish balls? Did you ever see the shadow of a doubt t

When a doom is sealed can it be steamed open? Is the finger of scorn part of the hand of Fate?

How large a scale is required to weigh the consequences?

Is a man a burglar who breaks into a perspiration? When a man courts danger does he take flowers or candy? Is there an asylum for people who are blind to their own interests?-Boston

A VERY BUSY MAN. Posey-I tell you Crankum is a busy man.
Cooney-What's his occupation? Posey-He owns an auto

Transcript.

I care not what fortune denies me, co lon gas I can hear the voice of the wise. pass through the proverbial eye of a



# Small Hat With Quill Rosette



Suiting one's self to a new fashion 'ditmount's wearable hat in the new small hat the new highly-piled hardress. style of the fall season.

importation and is not always easy. So it is fair to a very good model of the fashion is suppose that many women will have the taupe beaver felt, illustrated, which is set well down on the head. their trials before they find a really giving ample room in the crown for

But to offset this perplexity there straight quills placed at the right are a variety of shapes and trimmings side and circled at the base with in the toque mode which should make quills of the same hue, curled to the task of the observing woman less form a unique resette.

# CURE FOR SNORING.

Invention That Will Silence the Worst Offender.

The only defect in the vicar's discov-

secretly into the alleged snorer's ten; one has to obtain the consent of the snorer to wear a little instrument in For the vicar's invention is in the

form of a nose clip, or rather two nose clips, one for each nostril. He showed this to an Express representative last night. In appearance it gives the impression of two tie clips joined by a spring.

"When they are fitted to the nose." explained the vicar, "the spring is ex- | eDar Sir .tended and the nostrils expanded and fixed in position. If anyone who snores should wear this instrument, it would be absolutely impossible for him, while sleeping, to emit a nasal sound of any

"I have tried it on the most confirmed snorer, who could be heard under ordinary conditions all over the house, and it was a complete success. I am going to have the clips fitted with India rubber, so that they will be quite comfortable in the nose.

It might be put forward, as an objection, that the nose-clip would alter the shape of the nose and the appearance of the wearer. This the vicar denies. "It gives the nostril," he said, "the true illiptrical form, which is one of the signs of true beauty.'

The scientific explanation of the cause of snoring is vibration in the nose. The vicar's invention allows the air free passage, thus doing away with the vi-

# SAYS SHE.

tMy Granny she often says to me, It's you have a right to mend your ways

Before you'll ever grow old," "Before you'll ever grow old. But it's steadfast now that you ought

to be. An' you goin' on 16," says she.
"What'll you do when you're old like me. What'll you do?" says she. "What will I do when I'm old?" says I.

"Och Musha! I'll say my prayers,
I'll wear a net and a black lace cap
To cover my silve hairs."
"To cover my silve hairs." When I am as old as Kate Kearney's cat
Pil sell my dress and featherdy hat.

An' buy an old bedgown the like o' that. The very like o' that." My Granny she sighs and says to me. "The years fly terrible fast.
The girls they laugh and talk with the

boys.
But they all grow old at last." Says she.
"They all grow old at last. At Epiphany cocks may skip." says she, "But kilt by Easter they're like to be.

By the Hokey: you'll grow as old as

As weak and old," says she.

"Maybe you tell me no lie," says I, "But I've time before me yet.
There's time to dance and there's time to sing.
So why should I need to fret? Old age may lie at the foot of the hill,
'Twist hoppin' and trottin' we'll get
there still,
Why wouldn't we dance while we have

the will.

Dance while we have the will?"

—W. M. Letts, in the Spectator. Some people are so small that it seems almost as though they might

#### STOP! READ! AND CONSIDER!! NEVER FAILS TO CURE

Offender.

The person who snores, proclaimed for ages past a wrecker of homes and a disturber of nocturnal peace, will shortly become a horror of the past. The Poy to help the past of th much of poor Winnie Caerlyon's daily life.

For no one, of course, was awake or stirring at this hour save himself. The shuttered Mrs. Grose, with a sigh. "Now your tea is ready, Miss Winnie, and I hope you'll ready, Miss Winnie, and I hope you'll fact from the outside, if there had beer to hottenian peace, win snormy become a horror of the past. The Rev. Alfred Barratt, the vicar of Claygate, has found a cure for snoring, of which his parishioners are justly proud.

\*\*The Rev. Alfred Barratt, the vicar of Claygate, has found a cure for snoring, of which his parishioners are justly proud.

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\*\*The Rev. Alfred Barratt, the vicar of Claygate, has found a cure for snoring, of which his parishioners are justly proud. After taking two bottles I felt very much better, and my condition rapidly, improved. When I had taken the contents of eight bottles I felt better than I had done for some years, for my kidney trouble had entirely left me

It is now about three months since I finished with the medicine and I am enjoying the best of nealth. I intend to visit you in the course of few drys to make arrangements for send-

ing eight or ten bottles to my brother in England, who is anxious to benefit by your wonderful remedy. I am. gentlemen.

Yours truly,
G. Henry Wagg. G. Henry wasaHamilton. Ont., Aug. 17th, 1912.
The Sanoi Manufacturing Co.,
Winnipeg, Man.

eDar Sir.—
Your Sanol has cured my husband and son. I might tell you one of our best doctors in our city had prepared him feet an operation, so I thought I would see what Sanoi would do. I had no faith him. what Sanor would do.

It but to our surprise it made a well make
of him. I am sure we had ten doctore
to see him; all gave him treatments, with no result, but our doctor said the opera-tion was the only thing which he would

tion was the only thing which he would not stand.

Thanking you for your patience and trouble with him, and I will always stand for Sanol. I might tell you my husband is in his eightieth year. Yours truly,
Mrs. Wilson, 141 Main Street East,
Hamilton, Ont.

SANOL

is the positive cure for Gall Stones, Kidney and Bladder Stones, Kidney Trouble, Gravel, Lumbago, Ailments of Uric Acid origin. Over 1,100 complete cures reported in six months. Price, \$1,50 per bottle, from druggists. Booklet free to sufferers. The Sanol Manufacturing Co., of Canada, Limited, Winnipeg, Man. Another sure cure is Sanol's Anti-Diabetes for Diabetes.

#### SHORTWEIGHT COAL. (Toronto Star.)

Comment has been made to the effect that \$50 was a somewhat severe penalty to impose upon a Toronto coal man who was not carrying a ticket showing the weight of his load. The necessity of the heavy fine is made apparent when it is explained that the coal was nearly three-quarters of a ton short on a three-ton order. In the absence of a by-law requiring that each driver he supplied with order. In the absence of a by-law requiring that each driver be supplied with a certificate as to the weight of his load, clitizens who found themselves shortchitzens who found themselves short-weighted would have to take steps to in Police Court to prosecute for a fraud which might be hard to prove. But there is such a by-law, and the city itself can prosecute when the certificate is lacking, or when there is a certificate which misrepersents the weight.

#### STARTLING STATISTICS. (Victoria Colonist.)

One-tenth only of the arable land in the Prairie Provinces is under cultivation. If it were all cultivated it would tion. If it were all cultivated it would produce, on the basis of the crop of 1912, 2,000,000,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000,000,000 bushels of oats, 120,000,000 bushels of flax and 250,000,000 bushels of barley. This would be worth, at a fair average, 33,000, 000,000. To carry this grain to market would require a railway train that would wrap almost twice around the world. It half of it came to the Pacific Coast, we would have to be prepared to find room for sixty miles of cars every day. This seems to suggest that there will be business enough to go round, when things ness enough to go round, when things get fully developed.

# TYPHOID OYSTERS.

(New York Sun.) Now that the delicious bivalve is at the height of its gastronomic vogue comes the grievous accusation so oft repeated the grievous accusation so oft repeated but not always so well substantiated that doath lingers within its luscious juices. The Sun has no desire to alarm its readers, but as a matter of important news we would warn against oysters obtained from the near neighborhood of this or other cities the waters of which receive