"Yes, yes," he said, his brow darken- make me go first! I would rather die! ing sadly; "my gallant old Chittoor. And I can't hold the rope, my arms are I'll never tread a plank of her again stiff," she added, unaware, in her poor old beauty!" the sailor groan-his voice shaking, and the tears adding his eyes as he turned to gaze

| Size added, unaware, in her grief and anxiety, of the admission she had made of her total unfitness to be left by herself. at the shapeless heap of tempest-riven pany from her like that! I feel as it I had done wrong, to be standing here he stepped up on the rock beside her, has carried me through wind and weather these ten years and more, gone to her doom! But no mortal power could have saved her. I never left her until she was parting amidships at five o'clock this morning—the second mate and myself and poor Symons. He was hurt—one of his ribs crushed. I think -and we had to hold him on the couple of planks and hencoops we had lashed

'And where are all the rest?" Winnie asked, fearfully.
"I cannot tell," Stephen Tredennick

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said, gloomily. "One boat's crew pushed off as soon as she struck—at 3 o'clock -and were swamped in a few minutes: they went down before my eyes-ten or leven men. The next boat was stove is as they tried to launch her. Then another boat's crew started-fifteen. I think-and we lost sight of them in the darkness in an instant; they were lost, too. I dare say. And then, when the ship was going to pieces, the rest jumped over with spars, oars, or anything they could lay hold of. Six of them got in here before the mate, Symons, and myself-the rest all perished. Fifty of my men and my ship gone-the Chittoor and nearly ail my poor fellows! We were short of hande, too, or there would have been twelve more gone; and I-I was spared!" he groaned bitterly.

"Captain Tredennick," Winnie said, gravely, "are you displeased with heaven

for sparing you life?" "No," he returned, moodily, leaning on the wet rock beside her, "I am not ungrateful to heaven nor to you; but, if could have saved my men and my ship. I would have been willing rever to see the sun shine as it is shining over us now!"

"I think," objected Winnie, striving to speak calmly with the greatest difficuity, "that you ought to rememberbefore you speak so-what the loss of your life would be to others-what it would be to see you washed in likelike-one of the poor fellows' corpses this morning. What would it be to your aunt-the poor old lady-Madam Vivian-to Lady Mountrevor, who loves

you as if you were her own brother?"
"True enough, Winnie," he returned, but without raising his head; "but, my dear, you don't know how badly a cailor feels such a thing as that which has presed to me."

"I think I can imagine it, Captain closed. gently, and apoke never a word more in her mute sympathy, standing patiently beside him, whilst the cold March wind pierced her through every vein and nerve, and the

"Here is the rope at last!" he ex-claimed, rousing himself from his painful

He took the great double noose to slip it ever her shoulders, but the poor little benumbed hands held his in re-

"Captain Tredennick, you must go first -you must!" she said, passionately. They are waiting, longing every moment to see your face. Poor Lady Mildred is waiting, praying, hoping and dreading; you must go first-oh, you must oh, please leave me behind until the next time!" poor Winnie entreated, with convulsive sobs, feeling her strength i going, her limbe failing, an icy chill helplesen a creeping over her very soul, it seemed to her, and dreading lest Stephen Tredennick's determination should prevail, and that after all he might be left to death and danger.

"And leave you!" he cried, his face flushing. "How many more lives are to be lost, and I saved? Your life, too, -wet, chilled, benumbed, fainting almost ae you are! Winnie, what do you think of my manhood that you could propose such a brutaliy selfish course to me?" "Oh. I cannot-I cannot-I will not leave you here!" she said, her broken voice rising to a faint scream of despairing entreaty, as he adjusted the ropes around her and lifted her in his orms to the flat rock, over which the ebbing

tide was beginning to ripple, from which

the ascent was to be made. "Do not

To tase light Chest And Cure a Cold **Rub On Nerviline**

No Remedy Half So Efficient

"I didn't have to suffer long with a sore, wheezy chest. I had a mighty bad cold—it held me like a vise, but I knew what to do. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot water and rubbed my neck and chest every half hour during the evening. You would hardly runs cold in my veins, and I haven't little over a year ago I was in a very credit the way Nerviline loosed up that the power to help myself from looking anaemic condition, suffering from most tight chest, enabled me to breathe like a like one out of the 'sylum. or out of of the symptoms of that trouble. Often free man, gave me comfort in a few the madhouse. Mr. Llanyon!" hours

This is the experience of J. P. Durand. a well-known resident of Burton's Corners. In thousands of homes Nerviline is used every day. If a little child has a sick stomach, just a few drops will suffice. If there is any bowel disorder or distribuea, only a small dose is required. Inwardly or outwardly, where able girl, when her mind's loaded with not afford, in your own interest. to man broke down with a choking sob. ever there is pain or inflammation, Ner- distress, and her head ready to split to viline will always relieve quickest and think of what's before her!" cure curest of any remedy known.

"No, you cannot," he affirmed, in perplanks, beating to atoms on the sharp the eliff, and your limbs broken, cramped as you are. What am I to do?"

> and, unloosening the rope from her waist and with sailor dexterity forming with it a second slip-knot, he replaced the first one round Winnie, and the second beneath his own shoulders; and then he took the poor little fragile, shivering form in his strong arms.

"We will go up together, Winnie." "Oh, we cant'!" she cried, in terror. "The rope will break, and you will be killed!"

"And you will not, I suppose?" he rejoined, smiling pityingly andteaderly. "We must risk it, Winnie, dear. I do not believe we could reach the top alone in safety. I saw how it was when Symons went up-he got some terrible blowe, poor fellow! I believe the risk for your life is less by my going with you; and, if we do die, little girl," said he, huskily, straining her close to his breast, "we will die together."

In the fact of this ending of ber young life and her faithful love together, poor little Winnie Caerlyon turned with a smile to Stephen Tredennick for the first time-a happy smile, suffusing her pallid face and brightening her sunken, haggard eyes.

"And, if we are to live-if we are to live-if God will be so good," he resumed, looking up to iscaven reverently, "we will live together. Winnie, my darling, shall we? Our lives belong to each other from this day, I think-do they not, my little girl? Look up at me my brave little darling-who risked death for me so willingly, and say that, if we live, you will be mine on earth, and if we die, you will be mine in Heaven!"

Her sight was failing, her senses were failing, her voice had sunk to the whisper of weakness.

"I am dying," she thought; "I may promise for the world beyond the grave;" and, with her face resting beneath his, the sweet, dark eyes gazing upon him, the touch of her cold lips to his che.', Winnie Caerlyon said, "I will." And then the fond light of the loving eyes went out in darkness, and the last flicker of life in the white face faded away.

CHAPTER XXIX. There was an agitated group around

Miss Trewhella, stretched in a graceful position of helpless abandonment on the soft in the housekeeper's room, her arms flung out at either side, her eyes the housemaid was vigorously rubbing

the right hand, the kitchen maid the left; whilst Mrs. Grose held a huge square bottle of salts to her (nose, and made speedy preparations for drenching cold salt moisture dripped icily from her the fainting lady with a large jugful of wet har and dress over her shuddering key-cold water, when she slowly raised eringly: "I am to be the one-and the her eyelids, and faintly gasped: "A-a-gl-glass of wine, please!"

Old Llanyon, the butler, wno brought I'm aware of the proper and only meththoughte. "My poor child, you must be the wine, regarding Miss Trewhella's od of breaking afflicting intelligence, emotion with the eye of disfavor which Mister Llanyon," she went on, with he turned upon almost every deed and contemptuous self-possession. "It isn't act of that estimable person's, stood likely that persons as have no proper watching her sipping the wine and feeling, nor knowledge of the weakness groaning and sipping again, closing her of a delicate person's nerves, could ateyes, rousing herself up to groan again, tempt to meddle with such a situation. and then evincing returning symptoms of a relapse into insensibility, until he

could endure it no longer. "What's the matter weth the wommun?" he demanded, irately. Be she goin 'to faint, or be she goin' to recover, or what be she agoin' to do?"

"Oh, whicht 'e, Mr. Lanyon," the housemaid cried, reproachfully. "We were a-sittin' here, Mrs. Gorse an' me, making up th' accounts of the things for the dinner party, when Miss Trewhella she comes in wild-like, weth her hands up ;and she fell down here in a heap longside Mrs. Grose; and Mrs. Grose she let the ink-bottle fall, and-

to know?" Llanyon demanded, more ed and nearly always badly ventilated angrily. 'Who's dead, or who's buried. or whet's the takin' weth her that she's and the schools, taxes the vitality of sprankin' and groanin' there as ef she even the strongest. The blood becomes were out of the 'sylum?"

The sufferer's insensibility suddenly terminated at these insulting words.

longing to the family?"

whella retorted, vengefully; "perhaps, health. I feel, therefore, that I cannot ed, impatient and wrathful in her sup- kind. They never fail to do that. ready with your insults, an' your abuse, | cine." an' your calling of names to a respect-

"Oh, 'Lizabeth," Mrs. Gorse implored,

ITCHY BURNING ECZEMA ON FACE

Very Bad Case. Little Elisters Broke and Formed Scabs. Thought Would Be Disfigured for Life. Used Cuticura Soap and Cintment a Month. Completely Cured.

Cold Brook, St. John, N. B.—"Cuticura Scap and Ointment certainly cured my little girl of a very bad case of eczema. She had eczema on her face for almost two years. First little (most two years. First little white blisters covered her face, then these would break and form scabs, and they were very itchy and burn-

trouble in getting her to sleep at night. She scratched so I had to do all I could to prevent her, for sometimes she would scratch the scabs off and then it would be very sore and burning. She was certainly a great care. I treated her for it and also used different kinds of blood medicine, and ointment but

ing. I used to have great

ured for life. "It had lasted about two years when one day I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment in the paper so decided to give them a trial. I had not used them for more than a month when she was completely cured. I cannot praise Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment enough. Of course I continue to use Cuticura Soap as I find it the best soap on the market for children." (Signed) Mrs. John Newman, Dec. 30, 1911.

got no cure. I thought she would be disfig-

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 30D, Boston, U. S. A.

"Mrs. Grose, you've a heart to feel for me, if you don't feel for me on all occasions as I could wish," responded Miss Trewhella. "I've dreadful and awful news for you, Mrs. Grose—there's dreadful news for the family, Mrs. Grose - and my heart's nigh breaking! I was always one to feel things worse than any one clse! Oh, Mrs. Grose-Maria Jane. my dear." broke out Miss Trewhella, abandoning the sharp edge of the shelf for the sympathizing housemaid's shoulder, and becoming alarmingly hysterical, "how can I tell 'e! Don't 'e ask me-I can't speak of it! The Captain—the poor Captain—he's dead-killed-drowned-a dead corpse down there on-the-the seashore; Maria Jane, hold me up-l'm go-ing!"

"Es et Cappun Tredenniek as is dead?" old Llanyon almost shouted, in e er not goin' to tell me of et. The Capun-my gallant gentleman! Cappun Stephen, that I remember as a handsome young fellow-my brave, fine, noble gentleman! Es et drowned dead 'er manes?" he demanded, his dialect becoming broader each instant, in his terrible agitation. "Was it our Cappun's ship that was lost?"

At the moment a bell rang sharply. down, in helpless dismay, "whet are us just a spoonful, Madam; you're like to do? How are us to tell poor Madam?"

"I'm to tell her, Mister Llanyon, if only one fit and proper to tell my lady. Perhaps you would be kind enough to give me another spoonful—the least and scolding of me for—for fainting, as

SPRING BLOOD

How to Get New Health and New fallen heavily to the floor. Strength at This Season.

Spring ailments are not imaginary. Even the most robust find the winter months most trying to their health. "What's the matter weth her, I want Confinement indoors, often in overheatrooms in the home, the office, the shop thin and watery and is clogged with impurities. Some people have headaches "Thank 'evin!" Miss Trewhella cried, low-spirited and nervous. Still others and a feeling of langour. Others are sitting bolt upright so suddenly that her are troubled with disfiguring pimples attendants retreated in dismay, and even and skin eruptions, while some get up hardly old Llanyon drew back a step. in the morning feeling just as tired as "Thank 'evin, I say, that I've not got when they went to bed. These are all the hearts of some people, that would spring symptoms that the blood is out eat, and drink, and go in and out, and of order and that a medicine is needed. make insulting remarks upon defence- Many people take purgative medicines less creatures lying in dead faints," said in the spring. This is a serious mis-Miss Trewhella, standing up very stiff take. You cannot cure yourself with and straight, and "fixing" old Llanyon a medicine that gallops through your with her fiery hard, black eyes, "when system and leaves you weaker still. This every one belonging to the family as is all that a purgative does. What you they belongs to was lying dead and need to give you health and strength drowned, shipwrecked and murdered!" in the spring is a tonic medicine that fered assistance. I don't want to hear Miss Trewhella went on, gurgling and will enrich the blood and soothe the people shricking and screaming in my gasping, and leaning her head back jangled nerves. And the one always gasping, and learning ner nead back plangied nerves. And allow builder is Dr. else can share it," the proud old woman, but speaks out of her own experience. "Thank 'evin that Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills not said, repulsing the idea of others' enmy feelings, when I hear tell of corpses only banish spring weakness but guard deavoring pity or understand her heart. Talbot continues. "My heart bothered family that I serves, and serves faith- that follow, such as anaemia, nervous ful, these seventeen years and a quarter debility, indigestion, rheumatism, and -hat my feelings is, Mr. Llanyon, that other diseases due to bad blood. Miss my heart stops beatin', and my blood Lillian Howe, Portland, Ont., says: "A

I spent sleepless night, and felt as the cold March wind and bleak flitting I must recommend them to others." For Heaven's sake, whet are 'e talk- though I did not care whether I lived sunshine towards Tregarthen Head and "It's time for you to ask?" Miss Trethe use of ten of twelve boxes I was a totally an under the lessing of perfect what are they all about?" she demandThey simply cure kidney disease of any the use of ten or twelve boxes I was

If you are ailing this spring you caning at ob, Madam. Madam!" The old overlook so valuable a medicine as Dr Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medi-

spoonful of wine, Mrs. Grose I don't know as I shall be able to get through it without fainting again."

"Oh, Providence, look down on us!"

old Llanyon groaned, quite unconvinced by Miss Trewhella's self-possessed assurances. "These es a dark day. It'll b the death of the poor mistress, the death of the master, you may lay—an' there's an end to the old house an' the Tredennicks o' Tregarthen!"

The blinds were half drawn, and the warm rich glow of the firelight illuminated the large room, with its soft green draperies, its black polished woods, and dead gold frames and mouldings, more brightly and pleasantly than the dui!. cold gray light and occasional gleams of glaring sunlight of the cold wild March day outside. Madam Vivian lay on her little velvet chaise longue, drawn between the fire and the window. She had been dozing, for her crimson Indian anawi, with its gold bordering, lay across her feet and her cashmere morning-robe, and a copy of Alia's Essays, bound in cream colored calf and gold, lay half-open besid her, dropped from her langua hand.

"Oh, Trewhella!" she said, looking surprised-"I rang for Llanyon! Why do you attend the drawing-room bell? I want some iced lemonade. I hope the refrigerator is in proper order—the last was not very successful. I am very thirsty, and a little feverish, I think, and have taken a fancy to have some There are lemons, of course, in the storeroom."

Even Elizabeth Trewhella's selfish importance and vulgar eagerness for the excitement of telling her dreadful news gave way to silent fear and pity for her mistress' terrible unconsciousness and her interest about the trifles of her daily life, whilst the sword of a Damocles trembled as it were to the fall that would pierce her to the heart.

"Oh, yes, Madam, there are lemons; But you'll excuse me, Madam, if I can't think of anything but the dreadful grief that's come on us all!" she burst out, rather bungling her "proper and only method." "I've been in a dead faint since I heard it, with the cook and housemaid suporting of me, and I wouldn't let one come near you but myself, Madam, though I was hardly able to walk . upstairs, for fear they would frighten you to death!"

"What is it? What has happened?" Madam cried, struggling to her feet. "What ails you, Trewhella? You are frightening me to death! Oh, it is Lady Mildred! Something has happened to her on the cliffs!"

"Oh, it isn't Lady Mildred, Madam, but it's on the cliffs the dreadful accident has happened," Trewhella gasped making a terrifying display of wringing her hands, swaying from side to side, and rolling her head about distractedly. "It isn't that it's an accident exactly, grief and horror. "Lizabeth Trewhella. but-but-it happened last night in the wreck, Madam. Little we thought, and we all in our beds!"

"Of what? What happened at the wreck?" Madam Vivian asked, slowly, her face fading into an ashen-gray dead-

"Oh, Madam, dear, don't take on so dreadful!" Miss Trewhella cried, fran-they push me in this manner? What is breath drawn through the inhaler sends tically snatching at an essence bottle all the cheering for? Ask them, Llan-and a fan. "Sit down in your chair yon. Do you hear? What are you star-"Oh. good lor," he groaned, sitting and let me give you a drop of sherry ing at, like the rest." death, and I know, to my sorrow, what it is to have weak nerves."

"Trewhella!" the old lady called. you please." Miss Trewhella said, with striking her hand fiercely on the table beside her-"speak out this instant- cle of diet among the poorer classes in without a word of prevarieation! What France is, to a certain extent, replaced and digestion are considerably better after seventeen years and a quarter. happened at the wreck? What is it that by the popular chestnut. The ordinary is so dreadful as to frighten me to way of cooking them, says a consular redeath? Whose ship was it?"

She whispered the last words hoarsely in her anguish, and Trewhella, over-awed in an earthenware pot, which is almost and unnerved, burst into noisy sobs and filled with raw chestnuts. They are cov-

if I could help it when-when I heard of the poor-dear-Captain-dead and

drowned-oh, oh, oh!" The next instant Miss Trewhella's IS WATERY BLOOD shrieks, in good earnest, were resounding through the barres. We be a shrieks in good earnest, we resounding through the house. Madam Vivian's limbs had given way beneath her, and. whilst her maid was screaming, she had

CHAPTER XXX.

Madam Vivian's maid summoned asher mistress was not dead. The shock was only temporary in its effect on her system, yet sound and strong from her magnificent constitution; and, after a little while she sat up, pallid, haggard, trembling, an agony of bereaved pain thrilling her through and through, and making her white lips parched, and her tearless eyes burn like fire. But she was strong to suffer, determined, proud and self-willed yet.

"Bring me a warm mantle and bonnet," she said to her maid; and, a momentary hesitation on her part evoking a haughtily-impatient giance and an imperious "Do you hear?" Miss Trewhella was obliged, in amazement and alarm, speedily to obey the command.

"Give me your arm, Llanyon," she said to her old faithful man-servant. "Your nerves render you unfit for anything," she remarked, coldly scornful as she turned away from her maid's profears. My sorrow is my own, and no one street north, this city. And Mrs. Tal-

his own bitter regret, and kept wiping away the tears that trickled down his withered cheeks silently and cautiously with his right hand, while he respectful. ly held the left hand and arm to assist his mistress as they hurried on through

Then—they—I suppose they're look-"Hush, hush!" his mistress said, clutching him fiercely by the arm. "Com-Family size, 50c; small bottle, 25c, at all "do 'e tell us—there's a good girl—like box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The start of the control of the control



FOR MAKING SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES FOR SOFTENING WATER FOR DISINFECTING SHIES CLOSETS DRAWS ETC. MADE IN CANADA

EW. GILLETT COLID TORONTO-ONT. WINNER

Words failed her, but her indomitable will pushed forward her trembling limbs, all unused to any exercise; and, fighting with her throbbing heart, her distressed lungs, her aching muscles, she walked swiftly up the hill against the wind, without a pause for breath, until she reached the outskirts of the thick crowd.

No one had noticed her coming-it hardly noticed her now, that absorbed talking, gesticulating, exclaiming, staring, pushing, struggling crowd of men. women, boys and girls, all looking sea-

"They're comin'! They're comin'!" The words passed from mouth to mouth, at first in a confused hum of lungs. Yo ucan't make new lungs any eager voices, gradually rising in a tide more than you can make new lingers of excitement, until a great wave of or toes, but you can cure Catarrh. roaring cheers, shouts and outcries swelled above the crashing of the rough waves below; and, in spite of themselves, CATARRHOZONE, which is simply a Madam Vivian and her old servant found themselves borne in and hurried properties that every trace of Catarrh forward, jostled and pushed by people who seemed half mad with anxiety and eagerness, towards the summit of the Head.

"What are they about? How dare (To be Continued.)

Chestnuts as Food.

The absence of Indian corn as an artiport, is to remove the outside shell. blanch them; then a wet cloth is placed ered with a second wet cloth and put "I can't tell you, Madam! It's—it's on the fire to steam. They are eaten too—too dreadful- I said it would with salt or milk. Hot steamed chestbreak your heart-and Llanyon abusing nuts are carried around the city streets in baskets or pails. The majority of the working people, who usually have no fire early is the morning, eat them for their breakfast, with or without milk. Physicians state that, as an article of food, chestnuts are wholesome, nutritious and fattening. These nuts are often used as a vegetable, and are exceedingiv popular, being found on the table of the well-to-do and wealthy. They are served not only boiled, but roasted, steamed, pureed, and as dressings for noultry and meats. Chestnuts are also made into sistance, and was relieved to find that bread by the mountain peasantry.-Lon-

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER

MRS. E. J. TALBOT TELLS THEM TO FIND A CURE IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

She Had Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia and Found the Remedy She Was Looking For in Dodd's Kidnev Pills.

Hamilton, Ont., March 24.- (Special) "I know there are a lot of people who suffer and do not know what will cure them. Dodd's Kidney Pills will."

These are the words of Mrs. E. J.

whose offspring aspires to practice one of the arts.

Were the attempt made to adjust all wages to meet the obligations of each employee, rather than to recompensation for service rendered, it is plant the applicant would have to deal suffer and do not know what will cure them. Dodd's Kidney Pills will," Talbot, who resides at 293 Wellington

"Last July I was very sick," Mrs. Poor old Llanyon was afraid to betray a dragging sensation across the loins. me, my limbs were heavy, and I had Rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia added to my sufferings, and the doctor I called in did not help me much, "I finally decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have used seven boxes and I am

so much stronger and better that I feel in for, Lizabeth Trewhella?" old Llan- or not. In this condition I began takwhy Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them.

A PLAIN GOLD ONE.

(Boston Transcript.) Heck-They say a ring around the moon is a sign of rain.

Peck—So is a ring around a wom finger a sign of reign.

A fellow's credit must indeed be bed he can't borrow trouble.

BABY BRIDES

Four-Year-Olds Wedded in Tribe.

Four hundred weddings were celeorated simultaneously recently at Surat among members of the Lewa Kumbi caste.

None of the brides were over twelve years old, while the bridegrooms varied from three to nine.

lay in the laps of their parents during the ceremony, and were given sweets to

keep them quiet. The caste celebrates weddings only every ten or twelve years. Colonel Duncan G Pitcher, of the Imperial Institute,

South Kensington, says: "It is quite a common thing for the children of the caste to be married when they are only four, five or six years old, but marriages at an earlier

age than four are exceptional. "These baby brides, of course, do not join their husbands when they are married. They wait until they reach the age of ten or eleven, when there is a second marriage.

"Should a baby's bridegroom die before she reaches the age for the second marriage she becomes a widow and has to remain so all her life.

"In such cases the widow at once loses caste. Her ornaments are taken off her and she becomes a sort of outcast, hardly treated, looked down upon and generally made a household drudge "The husband, on the other han!, should his baby bride die before the

second marriage, may marry again. In fact, he is expected to do so within a few months of the death of the bride. "If he does not marry again within a few months he loses caste. His fellows refuse to smoke or drink with him. "One of my assistants, a native. wanted to marry two months after the

strated with him he said: 'Unless I re-Headache Over the Eyes?

loss of his child wife. When I remon-

Look For Nasal Catarrh

Catarrh Never Stops in One Place-It Spreads Rapidly-Often Ruins Health Completely.

In this changeable climate it is the ittle colds that drift into Catarra. Unless the inflammation is cheeked it passes rapidly from the throat or nose to the bronchial tubes and then to the The surest cure consists of breath-

ing in the healing balsamic essences of medicated vapor so full of rich curative vanishes before it.

"The soothing piney vapor of Catarrhozone is the most powerful medicine I ever used." writes Mrs. Edmond a grateful feeling through the air passages of the nose and throat. Catarraozone cured me of frightful headaches or r the eyes, relieved me of a stuffy feeling in the nose, and an irritable hacking cough that had been the bareof my life for a year. My general health is greatly improved, my appetite than before. Catarrhozone has been the means of giving me such health as I always desired, but never possessed."

Even though eatarrh has a firm bold on you, and affects your throat, nose or ears, you can thoroughly cure it with Catarrhozene. Large size, guaranteed. costs \$1.00; smaller size, 50c.; sample size 25e. All storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

THE MINIMUM WAGE.

If the wages of one class of workers are to be fixed in accordance with their needs rather than their earning capacity or the state of the labor market, it seems only fair that the same principle should prevail with all wage earners. This extension of the speculative observer interesting conclusions.

Thus if a single woman deserves certain wage to support herself in comfortable decency, obviously a widow will a child must have a higher wage, a wid w with two children still more mone and so on up to the working woman having the largest number of children. These wages must be readjusted when-ever the earner's obligations change, as, for example, when each child goes to work for itself.

But if the women are to have wages measured by their needs, the same treat-

ment must be given to the men unnarried man without dependents does not need so much money as the unmarried man with a sister or a mother to support, or as the married man with wife and children to feed and clothe and educate. Again, the man whose sons show an early instinct for trade and enter one of the numerous employments, mostly soliciting and peddling, to which the soliciting and peddling, to which this youth of the land is so expressly entreated by publishers, manufacturers and merchants, does not need so high a wage as the father of children less enterprising. Nor does the father of a child whose ambition it to "get to work" need an income as large as the parent whose offsnring assires to practice one

him for service rendered, it is plain that the employer would have to deal not with the individual worker, but with his family. Not, What can you do? but What must you have? would be the question put to the seeker for work. A may doubt the practicability of such system without thereby writing himself down as entirely ignorant of the inequalities and injustices of the present competitive order.

RADIUM'S MARVELLOUS POWER If one could utilize the energy of a ton of radium through a space of thinty

years it would be sufficient to developing of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 forse power, at the rate of fifteen knows horse nower, at the rate of litteen known throughout the whole thirty years. To do this 1,500,000 tons of coal is actually required. These are not fancful figures for the energy is there, through as a matter of fact it is unlikely that man well ever produce much more than half an ounce of radium a year.

Still the fact is important for this season that science is convinced that the radium in radium bromide is not the only element in which possesses the marve ous store of energy, but that the ontoine in evpsumand the sodium is common

in rypsumand the sodium is common salt contains also this energy content.

The evidence of the wonderful atomic energies in the common elements of every day material is rapidly accumulating, and scientists are of the opinion that perhaps these same discoveries may in time alter the whole future of the human recontent.