

**"NERVILINE" STOPS EARACHE IN 10 SECONDS,  
FIXES TOOTHACHE IN 2 MINUTES**

**It Seems to Possess Almost  
Some Divine Power  
Over Pain.**

**RUB ON NERVILINE**

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp. As "Nerviline" relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache.

Nerviline does more—relieves any ache or pain—in any part of the body. It matters not where your pain is, it may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain in a deeply situated in the back, side or chest. Nerviline will reach it: Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just a liniment, but very much stronger in pain-subduing power than other liniments—one that penetrates more deeply in the tissue than any other liniment. It is a liniment that cures quickly, that gives permanent relief. You might spend ten or a hundred dollars, but you couldn't buy as much relief as you get from a single bottle of Nerviline.

We guarantee Nerviline; we refund your money if it does not relieve you. In many lands it is a household trust, a remedy that has justified itself under the experience of those who have sold it. Guaranteed for neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, pleurisy, strains or sprains; the large economical family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Dealers everywhere sell Nerviline, or direct from The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Canada.

**THE KING'S PARDON**

(From the Sketch.)

Ask the first thousand bluejackets you meet ashore any afternoon the fleet is going to leave why they joined the navy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine will eye you suspiciously, awaiting the evitable tract. If none is forthcoming, they will give a short, grim laugh, shake their heads, and, as likely as not, expectorate. These portents may be taken to imply that they really do not know themselves or are too shy to say so if they do.

The thousandth does not laugh. He may shake his head; spit he certainly will. And then, scenting silent sympathy, he guides you to a quiet bar-parlor where you can pay for his beer while he talks.

This is the man with a past and a grievance.

Nosey Baines, stoker, second class, was a man with a past. He also owned a grievance when he presented himself for entry into His Majesty's navy. It was about his only possession.

Nosey was not, of course, his strict baptismal name. That was Orson no less. Therein lay the past. Nosey was the result of facial peculiarities quite beyond his control. His nose was out of proportion to the remainder of his features. This system of nomenclature survives from the stone age, and sailors being conservative folk, still finds favor on the lower decks of H. M. ships and vessels.

The writer in the certificate office at the naval depot where Nosey Baines was entered for service as a second-class stoker under training had had a busy morning. There had been a rush of new entries owing to the conclusion of the hop-picking system, the insolvency of a local ginger-beer bottling factory, and other mysterious influences. Nosey's parchment certificate was the nineteenth he had made out that morning.

"Name?"

Nosey spat it patiently.

"Religion?"

Nosey looked sheepish and rather flattered—as a Hottentot might if you asked him for the address of his tail—or, the writer gave the surface of the parchment a preparatory rub with a piece of india-rubber. "Well, come on R. C., Churcher-England, Methodist."

Nosey selected the second alternative. It sounded patriotic, at all events.

"Next o' kin. Nearest relative?"

"Never 'ad none," replied Nosey, haughtily. "I'm a nortun."

"Ain't you got no one?" asked the weary writer. "S'pose you was to die—wouldn't you like no one to be told?"

Nosey brought his black brows together with a scowl and shook his head. This was what he wanted—an opportunity to declare his antagonism to all the gentler influence of the land. If he was to die even.

The ship's corporal waiting to guide him to the new entry mess touched him on the elbow. The writer was gathering his papers together. A sudden wave of forlornness swept over Nosey. He wanted his dinner, and was filled with emptiness and self-pity. The world was vast and disinterested in him. There were evidences on all sides of an unfamiliar and terrifying discipline.

"You come alonger me," said the voice of the ship's corporal—a deep, alarming voice, calculated to inspire awe and reverence in the breast of a new entry. Nosey turned, and then stopped irresolutely. "If he was to die—"

"Ere," he said, retreating. "Nex o' kin—I ain't got none. But I gatter free." He colored hotly. "Miss Abel's

er name, 14, Golder's Square, Bloomsbury, London—Miss J. Abel."

This was Janie, the grievance. It was to punish Janie that Nosey had flung in his lot with those who go down to the sea in ships.

Prior to this drastic step Nosey had been an errand-boy—a rather superior kind of errand-boy—who went his rounds on a ramshackle bicycle with a carrier fixed in front. Painted in large letters on the carrier was the legend—

**J. HOLMES AND SON,  
FISHMONGER,  
ICE, ETC.**

And in smaller letters underneath—  
Cash on Delivery.

Janie was general servant in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. She it was who answered the area-door when Nosey called to deliver such kippers and smoked haddocks as were destined by the gods and Mr. Holmes for the boarding-house breakfast-table.

It was hard to say in what respect Janie lit flame of love within Nosey's breast. She was diminutive and flat-chested; her skin was sallow from life-long confinement in basement sculleries and the atmosphere of the Bloomsbury boarding-house. She had little beady black eyes, and a print dress that didn't fit her at all well. One stocking was generally coming down in folds over her ankle; her hands were chapped and nubby—pathetic as the marred hands of a woman alone can be. Altogether, she was just the little unlovely slavey of fiction in boarding-house land.

Yet the fishmonger's errand-boy loved her as Antony loved Cleopatra. Janie met him every other Sunday as near three o'clock as she could get away. The Sunday boarding-house luncheon included soup on its menu, which meant more plates to wash up than usual.

Once a fortnight, from 3 p. m. till 10 p. m., Janie tasted the paralytic triumph of womanhood; she was courted. Poor Janie! No daughter of Eve had less of the coquette in her composition. Not for a moment did she realize the furrows that she was playing in Nosey's amiable soul. Other girls walked out on their Sundays. The possession of a young man—even a fishmonger's errand-boy—on twelve bob a week—was a necessary adjunct to life itself. Of all that walking out implied; of love, even as it was understood in Bloomsbury basements, Janie's anemic little heart suspected very little. But romance was there, fluttering tattered ribbons, lurking her on through the drab fog of her workaday existence.

It was otherwise with Nosey. His love for Janie was a very real affair, although what seemed the hand of fate was not apparent; and the soil in which they took root and thrived—the daily interviews at the area door and these fortnightly strolls—seemed, on the face of it, inadequate. Perhaps he owed his queer gift of constancy to the mysterious past that gave him his baptismal name. They were both unusual.

A certain Sunday afternoon in early autumn found them sitting side by side on a seat in a grubby London square. Janie, gripping the handle of a cork-borrowed umbrella, which she held perpendicularly before her, the toes of her large boots turned in a little inwardly, was sucking a peppermint bull's-eye.

To Nosey the hour and the place seemed propitious, and he proposed a nuptial marriage.

"Lor!" gasped Janie, staring before her at the autumn tints that were powdering the dinky elms with gold-dust. There was mingled pride and perplexity in her tones; slowly she

saved the peppermint, and turned it over in her hand, as the bull's-eye revolved in her cheeks. Before finally putting it from her. Then—

"I couldn't marry you," she said, gently. "You ain't got no prospects." Walking out with twelve bob a week was one thing; marriage quite a different matter.

In the orphanage where she had been reared in infancy the farseeing sisters had, perhaps, not been unmindful of the possibility of this moment. A single life of drudgery and hardship, ever as a boarding-house slave, meant, if not more, more than a roof over her head. Involuntary marriage demanded, sooner or later, starvation. This one star remained to guide her when all else of the good sisters' teaching grew dim in her memory.

"Prospects?" Marry without and you were done. So ran Janie's philosophy. The remains of the bull's-eye faded into dissolution.

Nosey was aghast. The perfidy of women!

"You led me on," he cried. "You bin carryin' on wiv me—'Ow could you?" "Jantje" places an fried fish suppers an' all. He referred to the sweets of their courtship. "Ow Janie!"

After that the daily meetings at the area door were not to be thought of. Nosey flung himself off in a rage and for two successive nights contemplated suicide from the parapet of Westminster bridge. The irksome round of duties on the ramshackle bicycle became impossible. The very traffic hummed under the name of Janie in his ears. London stifled him; he wanted to get away and bury himself and his grief in new surroundings. Then his eye was caught by one of the admiralty recruiting posters in the window of a Whitehall post office. It occupied a vision of roving, care-free life—of illimitable spaces and great heating winds. A life of hard living and hard drinking, when a man could forget.

But somehow Nosey didn't forget. The navy received him without emotion. They cut his hair and pulled out his teeth. They washed and clothed and fed him generously. He was taught, in a vast echoing drill-shed, to recognize and respect authority and after six months' preliminary training informed that he was a second-class stoker and as such drafted to sea in the battle cruiser squadron.

Here Nosey found himself an instructor's unit among nearly a thousand barefooted, free-fisted, cursing, clean-shaven men, who smelt perpetually of soap and damp serge, and comprised the lower deck complement of a British battle-cruiser.

He worked in the electric-lit steel tunnel, with red-hot furnaces on one side and the gaping mouths of coal-cavers on the other. You reached it by perpendicular steel ladders descending through a web of hissing steam-pipes and machinery; once across greasy deck-plates and through a maze of dimly-lit alleys, you would find Nosey shoveling coal into the furnaces under the direction of a hairy-chested individual afflicted, more said, by religious mania, who sucked pieces of coal as an antidote to chronic thirst and spat about him indiscriminately.

There were eight-hour intervals in this work, during which Nosey slept or ate his meals or played a mouth organ in the lee of one of the turret-guns on deck, according to the hour of the day. He slept in a hammock, slung in an electric-lit passage far below the waterline. The passage was ten feet wide, and there were six hammocks slung abreast along the entire length of it.

Nosey ate his meals in a mess with twenty other men, the mess consisting of a deal plank covered with oilcloth for a table, and two narrower planks on each side as seats; there were shelves for crockery against the ship's side. All this woodwork was scrubbed and scoured till it was almost as white as ivory. Other messes, identical in every respect, situated three feet apart, ranged parallel to each other as far as the steel-enameled bulkheads. There were twenty men in each mess, and seventeen messes on that particular mess-deck, and here the members simultaneously ate, slept, sang, washed their clothes, and laughed, skinned, or unskinned, and round during the hours of their watch off.

Still Nosey did not forget.

Then came Janie's letter from the Middlesex hospital, Janie was in a decline.

The men who go down into trenches in the firing-line are, if anything, less heroic than the army of cooks and Janies who descend to spend their lives in the basement domestic offices of early Victorian London. Dark and ill-ventilated in summer, gas-lit and airless throughout the foggy winter; flight upon flight of stairs, up which Janie daily toiled for hours, the air she shared with the cook under the slates; overwork, lack of fresh air and recreation—all these had told at last.

Nosey availed himself of week-end leave from Portsmouth to journey up to London, and was permitted an interview with her in the big, airy ward.

Neither spoke much. At no time had they been great conversationalists, and now Janie, more diminutive and angular than ever, lost in the folds of a flannel night-gown, was content to hold his hand as long as he was allowed to remain.

The past was ignored, or nearly so. "You didn't order none of like that," said Janie, reproaching. "But I'm glad you're a sailor. You look beautiful in them clothes. An' there's prospects in the navy." Poor little Janie! She had prospects herself at last.

He left the few flowers he had brought with the sister of the ward when the time came to leave. The nurse followed him into the corridor. "Come and see her every visiting day you can," she said. "It does her good and cheers her. She often speaks of you."

Nosey returned to Portsmouth and his ship. His mess—the mess-deck itself—was agog with rumors. Had he heard the buzz? Nosey had not. "I explained. Then to see a fren'?" he explained. Then they told him.

The battle-cruiser to which he belonged had been ordered to join the Mediterranean fleet. That was Monday. They were to sail for Malta on Thursday.

And Janie was dying in the Middle-

sex hospital.

The next visiting day found him at Janie's bedside. But instead of his sick-and-sparen serge suit of Number One and carefully ironed sailor collar, Nosey wore a rusty suit of civilian (Anglice—civilian clothes). Instead of being clean-shaven, an inconsiderable moustache was feeling its way through his upper lip.

"Where's your sailor clothes?" asked Janie, weakly.

Nosey looked around to reassure himself that they were not overheard. "I gone a bunk!" he whispered.

Janie gazed at him with dismayed eyes. "Not—not deserted?"

Nosey nodded. "Don't you take on, Janie. I only so's I can't be near you." He pressed her dry hand. "I got a barrow—wheels an' periwinkles. I've saved a bit o' money. An' now I can stay near you an' come 'ere visiting days."

Janie was too weak to argue or expostulate. In fact, it may have been that she was conscious of a certain amount of pride in Nosey's voluntary outlawry for her sake. And she was glad enough to have someone to sit with her on visiting days and tell her about the outside world she was never to see again. She even went back in spirit to the proud days when they walked out together. It brought balm to the cough-racked nights and the weary passage of the days.

Then the streets echoed with the cries of the poor-boys. The nurses whispered excitedly together in their leisure moments. The doctors seem to acquire an added briskness. Once or twice she heard the measured tramp of feet in the streets below, as a regiment was moved from one quarter to another.

England was at war with Germany; they told her. But the intelligence did not interest Janie much at first. That empire should battle for supremacy concerned her very little—till she remembered Nosey's late calling.

It was two days before she saw him again and he still wore his civvy suit, Janie smiled as he approached the bed, and tumbled with the halfpenny daily paper that somebody had given her to look at.

**REPLENISH  
YOUR BLOOD  
IN THE SPRING**

Just now you are feeling "out of sorts"—not your usual self. Quite exhausted at times and cannot sleep. Do not rest you and you wake up feeling "all tired out." Perhaps rheumatism is flying through your muscles and joints, or may be your skin is disfigured by rashes, boils or pimples. Headaches, twinges of neuralgia, fits of nervousness, irritability of temper and a disordered stomach often increase your discomfort in the spring.

The cause—winter has left its mark on you. These troubles are signs that your blood is poor and watery, and your nerves are exhausted. You must renew and enrich your blood at once and restore tone to your tired nerves, or there may be a complete breakdown. The most powerful remedy for these spring ailments in men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because these Pills cleanse bad blood and strengthen weak nerves.

New, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring—is plentifully created by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with this new, pure blood in your veins you quickly regain health and increase your strength. Then your skin becomes clear, your eyes bright, your nerves strong, and you feel better, eat better, sleep better, and are able to do your work.

Begin your spring tonic treatment to-day for the blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the Pills that strengthen.

These Pills are sold by most dealers, but do not be persuaded to take something just the same." If you cannot get the genuine Pills from your dealer they will be sent you by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"No," she whispered, "and that." Nosey bent over and read the lines indicated by the thin forefinger.

"His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of pardons being granted to all deserters from the royal navy and marines who surrender themselves forthwith."

There was a silence in the ward for a moment. Far below in the street outside a transport wagon rumbled by. Janie braced herself for the supreme act of her life.

"You better go," said she.

Nosey stared at her and then back at the newspaper. "Not me," he retorted, and took possession of her hand.

"That's the King's pardon," said Janie, touching the halfpenny newspaper with transparent fingers. "Tain't no use you comin' 'ere any more, 'cos I won't see you. I'll ask 'em at the door not to let you in."

Nosey knew that note of indomitable obstinacy in the weak voice. He knew, as he sat looking down upon the fragile atom in the bed, that he could kill her with the pressure of a finger. But there was no way of making Janie go back on her decision once her mind was made up. "If there's a war, you order be fightin'," she added. "There's prospects." Her weak voice was almost inaudible and the nurse was coming down the ward towards them.

Nosey lifted the hot, dry little claw to his lips. "If you sez I gatter go, I'll go," he said, and rose to his feet. "Course you gatter go. The King sez so, an' I sez so. Don't you get worrin' about me; I'll be all right when you come 'ome—wiv yer medals."

Nosey caught the nurse's eye and tiptoed out of the ward. Janie turned her face to the valley of the shadow.

**ANCIENT SHORTHAND.  
Roman and Greek Peoples Had a  
Good System.**

There is perhaps no more signal misconception concerning ancient people than that they were incapable of perfecting a tachygraphic system.

We are told, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, that shorthand was known to the Greeks as early as 400 B. C. and that in the early centuries of the Christian era and in the middle ages systems were devised whereby words could be expressed in shorthand, but those who have discussed the matter earnestly have left it to be implied that even the so-called notes of M. Fulvius Tiro, the freedman of Cicero, while they were undoubtedly alphabetic in their origin, lacked something, the implication being that they could not have been employed as effectually as the modern systems.

And yet the classics are full of allusions which suggest that no matter what may have been the defects of shorthand, regarded from a modern standpoint, the stenographers of antiquity must have been very expert. In some of Horace's verses he takes a fling at a brother poet who would often, as a great feat, dictate 200 verses in one hour, standing in the same position.

Horace says Lucilius, of whom he spoke, was verbose and too lazy to endure the fatigue of writing. He may have been a sorry poet, but the stenographer evidently knew his business.

In considering the subject, it is easy to fall into the error of assuming that an approach to perfection was only reached in the days of Cicero, but there is no other proof than the lack of evidence that shorthand was not widely practised long before Cicero and Caesar came on the scene.

The critical historians have taken the liberty of assuming that the speeches of the tribals made by ambassadors which are invariably presented by Livy as if he were quoting verbatim, were simply put into the mouths of the Roman analyst; but there is no reason whatever for such an assumption except the intrinsic evidence of similarity of style.

There certainly were shorthands capable of taking down a speech, and the sameness may be attributed to Livy having the same sort of liberty as a modern stenographer who, if he is an expert, instinctively edits the man he reports.

But whether Livy wrote the speeches with which his history is literally supplied or not, it is tolerably certain that at a very early period speeches were reported, and that the use of shorthand was very common in Rome for several hundred years, so common indeed, that it became necessary to regulate the price of teaching it to the large number who took up stenography as a profession.

Just how extensive the stenographer was used in the ancient business world it would be difficult to say; perhaps not so freely as at present. But in the publishing of books he was a great factor, for the practice was quite prevalent of dividing up a manuscript among many copyists in order to insure expedition, and such success attended this method that books in Rome at a very early date were as cheap as they are at present.

Without the interposition of a shorthand man that hardly could have happened unless indeed, Romans had found a mechanical way of multiplying copies, which certain facts suggest may have been the case.

**Compensation.**

If it is true, as our business philologists tell us, that those who never do more than they get paid for never get paid for more than they do," then it is quite clear that if you want to get paid for more than you do you must do more than you get paid for. Even a philosopher ought to see how impossible that is, but of course, the true philosopher cannot be expected to hesitate over a mere impossibility.—Lido.

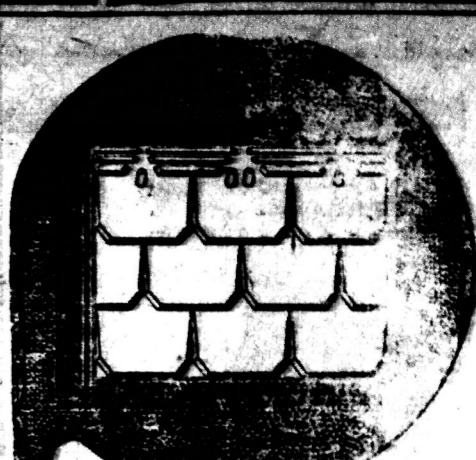
**Twisted Logic.**

Pat—So you don't expect Miss Mulligan will accept you? And why not? Mike—So she will. It is always the unexpected that happens, Pat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**WASTED TIME.**

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

"Undoubtedly," says a Boston professor, "women require much more sleep than men." But wives will continue to sit up for their husbands.



**Reduce Your Roofing  
Costs, Protect Your  
Buildings From Fire,  
Lightning and Weather.**  
You accomplish all these results by using our heavily zinc coated

**"Eastlake"  
Metallic Shingles**

They give longer service than any other roofing. Cost less to lay. Are rust-proof and do not require painting. Those laid 25 years ago are still giving good service. Send for free book that shows how "Eastlake" shingles make your buildings lightning fire, and weather-proof and why they cost less per year than any other roofing.

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**AN OLD DUTCH LEGEND.**

**How Jantje the Bellingring Saved  
Sluis From the Spaniards.**

An old statue in the steeple near the bells at Sluis, in Holland, which was originally erected in honor of Jantje Van Sluis, is worked by mechanical means, which cause it to strike the bell at every hour and a half with a hammer.

Jantje was a bellingring and watchman during the eighty years war with Spain. On the night of June 12, 1666, Du Terrail, a Spanish captain, resolved to recover Sluis, the principal fortress of Zeeland, from Prince Maurice of Orange, who had conquered it two years previously.

When the clock struck nine it was in order to draw the Dutch soldiers should sound a false alarm at one gate in order to draw the other soldiers away from another, thus leaving a means of ingress for the enemy.

Provisionally Jantje forgot to wind up the clock till late in the evening, and, being terribly afraid of ghosts, he did it so hastily that he damaged the works. Another story says that he was intoxicated, the result of this fact, which had been held on that afternoon.

Be that as it may, Terrail walked in vain to hear the familiar striking of the old clock, and thus the attack was put off till midnight. In the meantime the garrison had suspected something amiss, and were on the alert. Consequently the Spaniards were repulsed with great loss.

Jantje had accidentally saved his town, and to honor him his fellow citizens erected the bell-ringing statue to his perpetual memory.—London Tattler.

**I Never Want to  
Be Without Them**

**WHAT MRS. A. AVERON SAYS OF  
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.**

Alberta Lady Feels it her Duty to Tell Her friends of the Benefit she has received from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Faith, Alberta, April 4.—(Special).— "I never want to be without Dodd's Kidney Pills," says Mrs. A. Averon, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of this place. "I am an old lady, sixty-eight years of age." Mrs. Averon continues, "and had kidney trouble for twenty years. My heart bothered me, my muscles would cramp, and my back ached. Neuralgia was added to my troubles. "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that have helped me and I cannot recommend them too highly. I feel it my duty to tell my friends what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the favorite remedy of the old folks. They cure the Kidneys which are the first of the organs of the body to feel the strain of years. By curing the Kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills ensure pure blood and pure blood gives renewed energy all over the body. That's why the old folks say "Dodd's Kidney Pills make me feel young again."

**NEWSPAPERS' RESPONSIBILITY.**

(Guelph Mercury)

Some people have the idea that when a person signs his name to an article that it frees the paper from responsibility in case of a suit for libel. It does not. Does any one suppose that a judge would say in such a case, "Mr. Blank signed his name to an article, therefore the publisher of the newspaper is not responsible. Mr. Blank will have to become the defendant and pay whatever damage is awarded. Things don't break that way, though. The paper printing a libelous article must stand behind it. The fact that it is signed makes no difference.

Every simply demonstrates that we could afford to buy a lot of things we want, we wouldn't want them.

**CATARRHAL FOREHEAD PAINS GO QUICK!  
SNIFFLING, CLOGGED NOSTRILS CURED**

**Not a Sign of Cold, Catarrh,  
or Throat Trouble Will  
Remain!**

Quick relief for that headache—just one breath through Catarrhzone Inhaler and you feel better.

The soothing, piney vapor of Catarrhzone clears the head instantly; its healing balsamic fumes take the sting out of the nose, stop sniffles, ease the throat cure the cough and destroy all the villainous of catarrh.

No other remedy treats Catarrh so directly, so quickly; every breath you draw through the inhaler carries a marvelous lot of healing virtue—carries death to the germs that cause the trouble.

You can't keep Catarrh—nor can you hang to a cold, or have any chest or throat trouble if you use Catarrhzone. It is guaranteed to make you well.

My head used to fairly swell with an awful pain over the eyes.

"It was always worst when my catarrh was bad. I had the meanest sores and crusts inside the nose, and continually coughed, both day and night. The first day's use of Catarrhzone made a grand improvement. Every hour I felt better. Catarrhzone cured me perfectly."

O. P. DINGMAN,  
Cordova, Ont.

No one ever uses Catarrhzone without being satisfied. If your case is curable, Catarrhzone will do the work. It is guaranteed—get the complete dollar outfit. Small size 50c. Sample trial size 25c.

Proston, 54c  
Albans, 53c  
Centre, 46c  
Rhode, 44c  
Proston, 44c

PORTS  
KETS.

100	0.25
200	0.50
300	0.75
400	1.00
500	1.25
600	1.50
700	1.75
800	2.00
900	2.25
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