

**UNIQUE BALSAMIC ESSENCES CURE CATARRH**  
**NO DRUGS TO TAKE—A DIRECT BREATHING CURE**

**Statistics Prove Ninety-seven Per Cent. of Canada's Population is Infested With the Germs of Catarrh.**

This disease is most dangerous owing to its tendency to extend to the Bronchitis, Tuberculosis, and other lung diseases. Unfortunately the people have had faith in sprays, ointments and snuffs, which can't possibly cure, and in consequence catarrhal disease has become a national curse. Science is advancing every day, and fortunately a remedy has been discovered that not only cures but prevents Catarrh. This new treatment "Catarrhona" has sufficient power to kill the germs of Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. It contains pure pine essences and healing balsams that go to the remotest part of the nose, throat and lungs, carrying health-giving medication to every spot that is tainted or weak. You don't take Catarrhona like cough mixture—you inhale its healing vapor at the mouth and it spreads all through the breathing organs, soothing and curing wherever Catarrh exists. This is the nature's way of supplying the richest balsams, the purest antiseptics known to science.

A sneezing cold is cured in ten minutes. A harsh cough is eased in an hour, the most offensive catarrh is thoroughly drawn from the system. For Asthma and Bronchial irritation nothing can equal Catarrhona—every physician and druggist says so, and we advise our readers to try this treatment if suffering with an winter ill. The complete outfit costs \$1.00, medium size 50 cents, at all dealers.

**TRUE TO HIS RACE**

"You have plucked a brand from the burning," which, I trust, will light all your onward life with joy."

After this there came a lull in the war-storm. The allied armies were before Sebastopol. And the siege threatened to be a long one.

Meanwhile, in February, Parliament met.

The Duke and Duchess of Cheviot, with all the rest of the great world, came up to London for the season.

Lord Wellrose resumed the labors of humanity to which he had devoted his time and talents.

Lady Hinda Moray was again the belle of Belgravia, and generally pronounced more beautiful than ever.

And this was certainly true. She was more beautiful than ever, because she was happier than ever. The light of a pure and peaceful love beamed in her face, for she loved the noble young Earl of Wellrose, and she knew that he loved her in return.

He had never told her so, but all his self-control had failed to conceal the blissful truth from her eyes.

How he struggled with his passion! How he told himself, day and night, that he should be false to every principle of honor and manhood should he suffer his affections to stray from his betrothed.

He avoided Hinda as much as possible, though, as she was his mother's guest at Cheviot House that season, common courtesy required him to be friendly in her society.

He could have left London to escape her, had not his parliamentary duties held him in town.

He wrote to her by every mail, and sent her all the news of the day, and all the new music.

But his letters were no longer the ardent outpourings of passionate love they had once been. They were as coolly friendly and master-of-fact as her own had always been.

And, meanwhile, the months slipped away, and brought near the time when the allied armies should achieve their great triumph.

**CHAPTER XXXI.**

In September came the most important news. The allied armies had taken Sebastopol, and the Crimean war was virtually at an end.

This news found the Duke and Duchess of Cheviot, with the Earl of Wellrose and the Ladies Hester and Eris Douglas, at Cheviot Castle, where they were spending the early autumn.

While they were discussing the great victory, a private letter arrived from Dr. Kinlock to the Earl of Wellrose.

After describing the taking of the city, he went on to write:

"Your brave kinsman, Lieutenant Douglas, has kept his word. With his own hand, he planted the colors on the walls of Sebastopol. But, ah! in doing this in the face of a murderous fire, he has seen severely wounded by a bullet through the left lobe of the lungs. He has been recommended for promotion, but it is doubtful whether he will live to profit by it. Certainly, he will not, if he stays here. I have advised him to be sent home with the invalid troops, who are to sail for England in a few days."

Lord Wellrose groaned as he laid this letter aside, and half his joy in the great victory was turned to grief. And even that throughout the land, the public rejoicing at the national triumph was tempered by the private mourning of those who beloved ones had bought the victory with their blood.

In a few days came another letter from Dr. Kinlock, in which he wrote: "Young Douglas has received his promotion. He is now a captain, but not yet assigned to any company. I never will be. He is sinking slowly, but surely. All his desire, now that the war may be said to be over, is to get back to England, to press your hand once more and die. If I were not hoping from day to day that his desire may be granted

and that he may be sent home, I should even entreat your lordship to come out here and comfort the dying boy, whose wish it is to see your face."

"I will go," said Lord Wellrose to himself; then, suddenly recollecting all the circumstances, he added: "But I might miss him. Ah! he might be on his way home while I should be on my way out. I must wait for an answer to my letter from Kinlock. I suppose And Douglas is so ill! he may die in the interval."

As these troubled thoughts passed through his mind, he turned over a leaf of his letter and read a paragraph dated a day later, and which was as follows:

"I had written so far when I received a message summoning me to headquarters. I immediately reported there, and instantly received orders to go to England, by the Royal, in charge of a party of invalid troops. Captain Douglas goes with us. I am extremely glad of this, as I shall be able to attend personally on him during the voyage. We sail for Southampton the day after tomorrow. So you may expect us very soon after the receipt of this letter, if you do not see us before."

"And so he is coming home, and I shall see him again, poor, brave, gentle boy! I thank the Lord for this. And who shall say that home air may not save his life and restore his health?"

He folded this letter and said to himself, "Then he rang for his valet, who immediately appeared."

"Perkins, pack my portmanteau, and order the trap for four o'clock, to take us to the railway station. We leave for London by the five-forty train," said the earl, as he passed out of his room to notify his mother of his sudden journey.

He reached Southampton in time for an early breakfast.

He took apartments at the Lord Admiral. And after a refreshing bath and change of dress, and good breakfast, he set out to walk down to the docks, to inquire for the expected ship.

He was more fortunate than he could have hoped to be. The ship had just arrived, and was at anchor about half a mile from the land.

A steam tender was already leaving the shore to bring her passengers to land.

By presence of mind and promptitude in passing a few shillings to the men who were withdrawing the gang-plank, Lord Wellrose succeeded in boarding the tender at the last moment, and was soon steaming out toward the Relief.

In a few moments the tender was alongside of the ship.

The decks of the Relief were crowded with what?

Were these men "ghosts" or shadows?

They might have been Charon's passengers crossing the Styx, so pale, so thin, so ghastly they were!

Living skeletons crowned with death's-heads!

Here were the maimed, the halt and the blind; the sick, the dying and the dead.

Yes and "the dead." Many had died on the passage, and had been buried in the sea. But some had died within a few hours; so recently, so near home, that their bodies had been saved, to be given to their friends.

Lord Wellrose, from his youth up, had been accustomed to sights of misery in his frequent personal ministrations to the wretched. But he had never seen anything like this. And he grew sick and dizzy as he gazed.

Soon the bustle of transferring these poor wrecks of manhood from the ship to the tender attracted his attention.

At length the form for which he so eagerly watched appeared. But, oh, how changed!

Was this man in the flesh, or a disembodied spirit, that approached leaning on the arm of the middle-aged surgeon, Dr. Kinlock?

Benny was clothed in his old warrior, battle-stained uniform that hung loosely upon his emaciated figure. His face was so thin that it had taken an almost triangular shape from the broad forehead down the hollow cheeks to the sharp chin. His complexion was so bloodless that pale would not describe it; it was a clear, fair, translucent bluish-white. His large blue eyes, sunk in their deep, shadowy hollows, seemed larger, deeper and brighter than before. His golden hair had faded to a silvery fairness. And in a word, if Benny was dying, he was as beautiful in death as a setting star.

So thought the Earl of Wellrose, as he came gently forward and took the young man's hand, and said, with suppressed emotion:

"Oh, my dear Benjamin! I thank God that you have lived to get home. And now we will hope that good air and good nursing will restore your health."

The face of the young soldier grew radiant with joy, as he grasped the hand of the earl between both his own, exclaiming:

"Yes, thank God! I thank God that I live to see you once more. Now I am willing to die!"

"We will not talk of death. We will not have you die. You have everything to live for now, Benjamin," said the earl.

But a violent fit of coughing seized the invalid, and he turned and crept toward the side of the ship, and sank down upon a seat to recover himself.

"And now, Dr. Kinlock, welcome home. And much thanks for your devotion to my cousin, here," said the young earl, cordially shaking hands with the surgeon, whom, however, he had forgotten moments of meeting Benny.

"Thanks, my lord. I am very happy myself in the thought that I have brought Captain Douglas safe to England. And for more reasons than one," added the surgeon, so emphatically that the young earl looked inquiringly at him, as though he would have asked:

"What do you mean?"

"He is your cousin, you say, my lord," remarked the surgeon, in answer to the unuttered question.

"All the Douglases are cousins, you know," replied the earl, with a smile. "Like the Stuarts and the Campbells, and the other Scottish clans. But that is all, my Lord?" inquired the doctor, in a low voice.

"That is all, so far as I know," replied the earl, in a grave and somewhat surprised and questioning manner.

"Then, my lord," said Dr. Kinlock, solemnly, "I have something to tell you that, I fear, will startle your lordship considerably. But not now; not now! See, my patient is recovering himself. Ah, poor fellow! He is so sensitive! When he gets into those violent fits of coughing he shrinks from observation like a wounded animal. But here he comes," added the surgeon, as he arose and gave Benny his arm to support him to the side of the ship.

Lord Wellrose also lent his aid, and thus the earl and the surgeon got the invalid on board the tender, and placed him on some cushions in the stern of the deck.

Benny sank down with a sigh of relief, and wearily closed his eyes and fell into the sleep of prostration.

The young earl, leaning over him, gazed mournfully down upon the fair, wan, wasted face, and then raised his eyes inquiringly to the surgeon.

Dr. Kinlock gravely shook his head and sighed.

And the earl was answered, "The sick and wounded men were all coming on board."

There are all these poor creatures to be taken, doctor," inquired the young earl, regarding the suffering crowd compassionately.

"To the military hospitals at Walsworth, for the present, where I have orders to deliver them over to the surgeon in charge," replied the surgeon.

"Is Captain Douglas expected to go with them?"

"That will be at his own option. He is so sick leave. He can go to the hospital to be treated, if he please, or he can go anywhere else, if he prefers," replied the surgeon.

"And yourself, doctor?" inquired the young earl, after a pause.

"Oh, I shall be on leave also. After I have delivered over my charge, I shall be at liberty to go where I please. My old home at Seton is standing still, but I am an old bachelor, without any particular attraction there more than elsewhere," said the surgeon, with a bitter-sweet smile.

"Then, doctor, I have a proposal to make to you, and I shall be very glad if it meet your views. I have nothing in this world to occupy me at present, and I think I cannot employ my leisure better than by devoting it to this relative to look after him. I shall invite him to be my guest, and so I shall take charge of him. And if you can kindly favor us with your company, we shall be very happy to have you. What do you say?" enquired Lord Wellrose.

"Thanks, my lord; but where do you propose to go?" asked the surgeon.

"I must take your advice upon that question. We have all Britain to choose from. And of course, Captain Douglas's health must be our first consideration. What do you counsel?"

"My lord, I should certainly recommend the bracing air of the Highlands."

"He shall go to the Highlands, then. And I deem myself very fortunate in being able to offer him a home quieter and more comfortable than any hotel or lodging-house to be found in those regions. The family are at Cheviot Castle this season. And thus Seton House is left in charge of the housekeeper and steward and a few old retainers, who will all be glad to see us. What do you say to the plan, doctor?"

"It is an excellent one."

"Then, as soon as we get back to my hotel, I will telegraph to the housekeeper to have the rooms aired and everything ready for us. Of course

**THE ACUTE PAIN FROM NEURALGIA**

**Permanently Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

Neuralgia is not a disease—it is only a symptom, but a most painful one. It is the surest sign that your blood is weak, watery and impure, and that for this reason your nerves are literally starving. Bad blood is the sole cause of the piercing pains of neuralgia—good rich blood is the only cure.

In this you have the reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia. They are the only medicine that contains in the correct proportions the elements needed to make rich, red blood. This rich blood reaches the root of the trouble, soothes the jagged nerves, drives away the nagging, stabbing pains and braces up your health in other ways as well. Here is proof—Mr. C. J. Lee, Vatchell, Ont., says: "For several years I was troubled at intervals with neuralgia in the head and chest. The pain I suffered at times was most intense. I was continually doctoring for the trouble, but found nothing to give me permanent relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thanks to this medicine my blood has been restored to its healthy condition and every symptom of the trouble has disappeared. I can therefore with confidence recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who suffer from the fierce pains of neuralgia."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

you will go with us. That is understood, I hope?"

"Yes, my lord; I shall be most happy."

"Right. You will also be near your old village home, which will be an advantage," added the earl.

And while he spoke, as the last of the sick and wounded had been brought on board, the tender dropped away from the side of the great ship, and steamed toward the shore.

As soon as she touched the pier the bustle of landing the invalided troops began. Many among them had friends who had come down to meet them. And their meeting added to the confusion.

The noise awoke Benny, who opened his eyes and looked wearily around, until his glance met the face of the earl, when he smiled radiantly.

Dr. Kinlock was very much engaged in superintending the landing of the invalids under his charge.

But Lord Wellrose himself went on shore and engaged a carriage, and had it drawn up as near as permissible to the steamer. And then he raised Benny, and supported him tenderly to the carriage, and placed him comfortably in it.

And Lord Wellrose, taking Benny's fair head upon his breast, gave the order to the coachman to drive slowly to the Lord Admiral.

On reaching that hotel, his lordship's groom and valet were found to be in attendance.

And with their assistance, Captain Douglas was taken up to the rooms that had been engaged for his accommodation, and laid upon a comfortable lounge.

Lord Wellrose ordered a dainty luncheon, such as he hoped might tempt the invalid's delicate appetite. And then he came and sat by Benny's lounge, and took his wasted hand, and said:

"We will soon bring you around, my boy. English air and English fare will soon restore you."

"It is rest and peace—it is meat and drink—only for me to lie here and look at you," said Benny, with a tone and glance of such pure love and perfect content that reached the young earl's heart.

By the earl's direction the waiter drew a table up by the side of the invalid's lounge, laid the cloth and arranged the luncheon upon it. There fresh oysters, fragrant soup, a roast pheasant, some light, delicious grapes.

And then, because Lord Wellrose with his own hand served the invalid with the most choice of the viands spread before him, Benny tried to eat and found, to his surprise, that he really could do so, for appetite came with touch and taste and smell.

"And now try a little of this Moselle," said the earl. And although two waiters were there hand and hand Benny's glass and passed it to him, knowing that the wine would really do him more good when poured by a loved hand.

For these two unconscious brothers loved each other with a love passing the love of woman."

After luncheon Benny fell asleep again with his hand clasped in the hand of the earl.

Lord Wellrose did not leave him until night. And then he left him comfortably in bed, with his own valet, Perkins, to sleep in the room.

Lord Wellrose was engaged in looking over the evening paper, when Dr. Kinlock's card was brought to him.

He requested that the doctor should be shown up.

And in a few minutes Dr. Kinlock entered the room.

"I've got them off my hands at last, poor fellows, and heartily glad I am of it," said the surgeon, as at the earl's invitation he dropped into a chair.

The earl congratulated him. And then he reported Benny's condition, and inquired of the doctor what the chances might be for his restoration to health.

But the doctor was very reserved in giving his opinion. He said that young Douglas must always have been constitutionally very delicate, and that he would seem to have suffered, in his childhood from much neglect, privation and exposure, that had still further undermined his fragile health.

"I fear it has been so indeed," sighed the earl.

is not another man on earth, except my father, that I prefer before him," said the earl, earnestly.

"You have known him long, my lord, I presume."

"I have known him since his childhood, though for many years I lost sight of him."

"And you do not know, I think you once said, exactly in what degree of relationship, if in any, he stands to your lordship?"

"Do not, indeed," said the earl, gazing upon the surgeon in surprise and questioning.

"Then, my lord, I fear I am going to startle your lordship very much. I have not yet let the secret pass my lips, even to him. But it is my painful duty to reveal it to your lordship, which you could spare me by anticipating it. But your lordship has no suspicion of the parentage of this young man?"

"None."

"Lord Wellrose, he is your own brother!"

(To be Continued.)

**PUZZLERS.**

Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Because he's above doing a wrong action.

Why ought an omnibus to be considered secure from lightning? Because it has a conductor.

Why is a horse a curious feeder? Because he eats best when he has a bit in his mouth.

What pupil is most to be pitied? The pupil of the eye—because it is always under the lash.

What word of five letters can you take the first two letters from and have one remain?—"Stone."

What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son? A daughter.

When does rain seem inclined to be studious? When it is pouring (pouring) over a bookstall.

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

Why is a barrister like a publication? Because his business depends upon his standing at the bar.

Which is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured.

What bone would a hungry dog not thank you for, if you gave it to him for his dinner? A trombone.

Why is a naval outfit a great bully? Because he gives cuffs right and left to many a blue jacket.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge, and cannot always keep it.

Why are pawnbrokers like pioneers of progress? Because they are always ready to make an advance.

What is that which grows with its root upwards, lives only in winter, and is never seen in summer? Icicle.

Why is the letter A like a honey-suckle? Because a B follows it.

**Grand Complexion Improver! Better Than Cosmetics**

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be remedied, isn't it foolish to plaster your face with cosmetics?

Go to the root of the trouble—remove the cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel—pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box to-day.

**An Excellent Reason.**

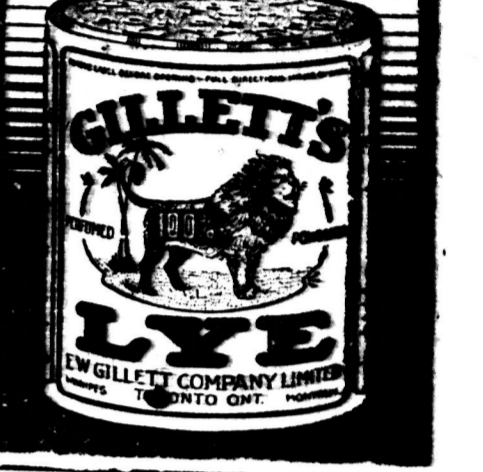
One of the stories about the late Sir Douglas Straight, the veteran journalist, relates to one of the early papers he was connected with.

He was crossing Waterloo bridge one day with a friend when he suddenly marched up to a couple of newsboys and soundly boxed their ears.

**GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE**



**THE CLEANLINESS OF SHIRTS, CLOSETS, BATHS, DRAINS, ETC. IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO HEALTH.**



**FAMOUS ECHOES.**

**Queer Pranks of Sound Associated With Noted Places.**

Everyone is familiar with echoes, but not everyone knows just how they are produced and why. "Echo" is a Greek word which means sound, signifying the repetition of some sound in the air which are reflected, or thrown back by some obstacle. When the surface reflecting the waves is at right angles to their source the echo will come back to the point from which it originated, but when the surface is oblique the echo will be sent in some other direction, and will be received at some other point than that of the origin of the sound.

In order that two successive sounds may be discriminated an interval of about one fourth of a second between them is necessary. Assuming sound to travel at the rate of 1,125 feet a second, 62 feet is found to be the least distance at which an echo can be heard, since the sound will go that distance and return in one-sixth of a second. If the distance is less the echo will only serve to cloud the original sound.

When it happens that there are a number of reflecting surfaces at different distances in the direction of the sound, with the proper interval between them, each gives a separate and distinct echo. A similar effect is produced if there happens to be two reflecting surfaces at an angle to each other or so as to give repeated reflections of the sound from one to the other after the manner of the kaleidoscope, resulting in a manipulation of sounds or echoes. The famous echoes of Killarney, in Ireland, produced between the walls of the cave of Sionnetta, near Milan, which is said to repeat the sound of a pistol-shot sixty times.

Natural echoes are produced by woods, hills, rocks and mountains and many particular localities have become famous because of their echoes. One of these is outside Shipley church, in Essex, England. This echo repeats twenty syllables very remarkably. When awakened the famous echo of Woodstock, England, repeats the sound fifty times. In the whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral the faintest of sounds are conveyed from one side of the dome to the other, but are indistinguishable at intermediate points.

Other famous whispering galleries are those in the Capitol at Washington and in Gloucester Cathedral, England. In the former, persons standing 65 feet apart may distinctly hear each other speaking in whisper, and in the latter, the gallery, which is octagonal in form, conveys a whisper across the nave a distance of 76 feet.

The wonderful echo of the suspension bridge across the Meigs Strait, in Wales, has made the structure famous. If one of the main piers of the bridge is struck by a hammer the sound of the blow is returned in succession from each crossbeam supporting the roadway and from the opposite pier standing 576 feet distant. At the same time the sound is reflected back and forth between the water and the floor of the bridge at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

**Solicitude.**

"You don't know how I worry about my husband," said the tired-looking woman, as she leaned on her broom for a moment.

"Why, there's nothing to worry about," answered the neighbor. "He's fast asleep."

"Yes. But some time when I'm not here to look after him he's going to fall out of the chair and hurt himself."

**Pa's Little Joke.**

Ostend—Pa, why did you give me that little ring with a watch in it? Pa—I wanted time to hang lightly on her hands, my son.—Exchange.

**MARRIAGE STILL FREE.**

(Grantford Examiner.) The finance minister has placed a tax on almost every kind of document save marriage licenses. The way to matrimony is still open.

The time a man is most apt to repent is after he has been found out.

**THROBBING, NEURALGIC HEADACHE CURED HEAD-SPLITTING DISTRESS VANISHES INSTANTLY**

**This Wonderful Curative Liment Never Fails.**

**RUB ON NERVILINE**

Neuralgia quickly cured is twice, may, ten times cured. Little neuralgic pains grow into big ones, but Nerviline in ten minutes relieves even the worst ones. Even a single application will relieve the nerve congestion that causes the pain.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the nerve tissue, reaching the point of inflammation, drives it out and kills it. Every drop of Nerviline is

potent in