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owicks buy those which yen, as they burn best. I in oil stoves also. ants, mix one ounce of h twenty grains of soda ace where the ants will

portion on a bit of card-way to manage it. s of coughing, a table-cerine in a glass of hot

an tell. An exploded always Make noise enup the theorist.



CIALISTS

elitation Free PER & WHITE Se Toronto, Cal

tion This Paper.

PARTED BY GOLD

The pirate, who had been a quiet | and calm spectator of the skirmish. knowing which way it must terminate. provided an extra sausage, brought that and the other triumph of his industry to the table and poured out the

"What made you so late, M: Tubbs?" asked Mr. Montague. "Rehearsal late," said Mr. Tabbs. with his mouth full of sausage. "Thompson was huffish as he could be and as contrary as a cat with its tail in its teeth. I don't know what comes to that man at times, whether it's the scenery, the properties, or what lise I don't know. Some of these days there'll be a catastrophe, mark my words; he'll blow up or break into pieces, break a blood vessel or split his head with opening his mouth so

And as if to show that such a tragical result to the manager was among the possibilities, Mr. Tubbs opened his so wide that Pattie laughed and told him to shut it it he didn't want to righten her.

"So," continued Mr. Tubbs, "what ith Thompson's bad humor, Parks. the shifter, pushing on a dungeon ene for the fairies' glen, and old loward puffing away three notes below the rest, the affair did not go off well as might be expected. Not," added, quickly, seeing Montague ook around at Mary, who was listening with downcast face, and one small, weil-shaped hand toying with the teaspoon-"not as Miss Mary didn't do her part. Oh, never fear, it won't be her fault if the new part's a failure. She's a success, that's what she is. Miss Mary, my dear, I drink your health; long life, prosperity. May Even ber-less ye!" and with a buresque of solemnity he lifted the teacup o his mobile lips.

Mary Laughed. "You are all too good to me," she aid, in her gentle, self-deprecating "You are not strict enough; h made two mistakes this afternoon, and

"Hem!" hummed the comedian, sig-If know what that means. No fear t his bullying you, Miss Mary."

rith genuine curiosity.

"Who could be cross with so divine. er-angelic a creature? Had I a

"There," laughed the beautiful girl. won't stay to listen any longer. I lways run away, you know, when you grow complimentary. !- is six o'clock,

and quite time I was dressing." She arose, lit a candle, and held the tie in his arms and carried her into the next room.

He came back with a troubled look on his face and resumed his seat, looking first at the fire, then at the door through which his two daughters rad gone.

Mr. Tubbs was the first one to break the silence which both felt was growng embarrassing.

Miss Pattie seems a little better, r, I'm glad to see."

"Yes-yes," said Gentleman Mantague. "Bless her heart, Tubbs, she is better she she has more strengthening things now-now Mary has gone on the stage."

The troubled look grew more marked s he said this in a hesitating, reductant sort of way, and Mr. Tubbs, with teener sensitiveness than might have een expected from him, hastened to change the subject.

"Very fend of her sister, sir, she nuch love between them. Now she's one, bless her heart, to trim Mary's ress, maybe."

"That's it, that's it. Tubbs," hever apart if they can help it. Never apart lubbs.

"Yes." said the low comedian, half tartled by the sudden look from the till piercing eyes.

What did you mean to-night, just tow. by hinting that Mise Mary reeived special favor, and-and kindtess from Mr. Thompson, the stage nana rema

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Tubbs hesitated In common with the rest of the Sig-

net company, he knew Gentleman Montague's failing, as it was called. Mr. Montague was always spoken of by those who disliked him as Proud Montague; those who liked him, and they were many, always retained the complimentary prefix, and spoke of him as Gentleman Montague, or the

Prince, or the Duke. He had always been a reserved man. never talked of his affairs or of his family; but one night at a theatrical dinner, when the champagne was in and the wits out, he had let fall some half-dozen sentences, proud and haughty, spoken of himself as a ruined gentleman, the last stone of a fallen house, and winding up with what threatened to be a huntroof tears quested those nearest him to make what punishment fell on those who disgraced their birth and lineage by descending to the level of stage play-

Much of this had been taken as the maudlin nonsense of a man in cups, but there were some when the cups. their heads sagely and believed that there was some truth in the passionate outburst.

Montague's conduct had helped to strengthen these hints. He was reserved, as we have said, but, more han that, he was very particular in his bearing toward those about him, infused a dash of pride's humility when speaking with the manager, and treated his tellow actors and the men about the stage with a condescending stand-off, yet not offensive air.

This pride of his had received a fatal blow lately. Of these two children ,the younger, Pattle, had been a crippie from the first moment of the life which her mother had killed herself in giving her. Upon the eler, he had managed, by dint of the strictest ecenomy, to bestow a decent education. Mary was the pride of his life, the apple of his eye.

While telling her nothing of her Mr. Thompson only said that I was knowledge of his way of life. She antecedents, he kept from her all knew that her father was an actnificantly closing one eye and looking lieved him to be the greatest tragedor, in her simple, loving heart befround the room with the other, "We ian the world had ever seen, but she had never entered a theatre, never

knew how hard the struggle he made "Why not?" asked Mary, looking up for his daily bread and her education. Meanwhile this sharp tussle with circumstances." The comedian was about to speak, poverty drew their hearts together. In but, seeing Gentleman Montague nd- no corner of our great city could be geting in his chair, coughed instead, found more love than in the three litand, putting on an irrisistible, love- the rooms at the back of the great gue's engagement, horoughfare.

> manner, and her father more than hinted-birth, also, when suddenly the blow came to his hope and pride. Little Pattie grew weaker -- more

loving, gentle and sweet-hearted, but wearer. These two loving hearts were wrung

each day at sight of the failing door open while her father lifted Pat- strength in the body that enclosed their poor darling's soul. The yeaw it, and worried over it.

Mary did more. She saw the doctor, pushed him with inquiries, and learned that the lamp might be kept burning in the hail body if it received more nourishment

"Madeira, my dear Miss Montague, chickens, delicacies of that sort above all, fine old Madeira-are the only things that will pull her around." Had he prescribed fourteen ounces of melted diamonds each day, Montague could not have been more horrified and overwhelmed.

"Where," he asked himself, "and how am I to get Madeira at a guinea a bottle?" Where, indeed? Mary soon tried to

answer this.

"Father," said she, one day, "when are you going to send me to get my living and help poor Pattie?"

He fell to tears at this, and declared that they should both and all starve before she would use her hands or compromise her pride by working for them; then went into a fit of despair the father, still looking at the fire. and begged a rise of salary from the They are very fond of one another, manager of the Signet, where he was

engaged. The manager, a kind-hearted, but money-making, and, therefore, moneyvaluing man, gave him a rise, slight and quite insufficient to purchase

guinea bottles of wine. The manager did more; he called in one night at Montague's rooms and the thing was done.

He saw a beautiful girl, with deep, clear eyes that beamed intelligence and talent at every giance, lips made as he afterwards averred—to astound and delight a full house. He saw with a connoisseur's eye the flexible grace of her every movement, the regal turn of her head ,and heard the clear, well-bred inflexion of her voice. He stared all the evening, and, when departing, drew Gentleman Montague outside, buttonholed him there

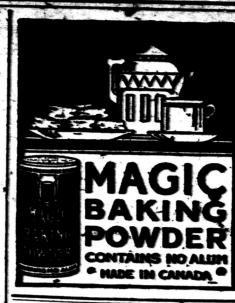
and whispered: "Montagle, you've got a treasure!" "A-a what?" asked Montague, who always hesitated in his speech off the

"A treasure," repeated the manager "that girl of yours is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and has got the mellowest voice. Why, man, are you blind that you don't see it?"

"Well?" said Montague, a darkening flush arising to his brow, and his hand, unseen by the manager, elinching at his side.

"Well!" echoed the manager, sarcas tically, but feeling fully that he was on dangerous ground and speaking to to Gentleman Montague. "Don't you see? She was made for the stage -

born for the boards!" Montague's hand rose in the air and seemed about to fall on the manager's shrewd face, but he let it fall to his side again and groaned instead of striking, which was on the whole a



much the wiser course. "Come,' 'said the manager, "don't

let your pride-" "Pride! how dare you? My daugh ter an actress, sir! I would rather die than see her sunk to her father's Mary an artress my poor, beautiful, clever girl treading the boards or a common theatre, a nightly witness of her father's degradation? Sir, you know not what you propose. If you value my poor services in the slightest let me beg of you not to repeat this—this insulty"

The manager shrugged his should-

"All right, Gentleman Montague," he said turning away and twisting his hat. "No offense meent: none whatever. I may think you foolish or I may not. But look here, if you should think of it, I'll make you an offer. Let me have the young lady at the Senet, and I'll have her trained and give her a satary of six guineas a week to start

Montague's face blackened, and this time his fist would undoubtedly have fallen, but a hand, small and white,

caught it. Both men started and looked awkward when they saw that the interruption to this emphatic refusal was Miss Montague, and more awkward still when a second glance showed them that she had heard the whole of the dialogue.

Talk of an angel and you hear the rustle of its wings.

"Father," she said, still holding his arm and drawing it within her own. why do you refuse this gentleman's offer? Six guineas a week may save poor Pattie's life: if they would and did not take them when we could get them, how should we look upon the flowers over her grave? Not with clear consciences, father dear. Now. sir, I have heard your offer," she con-

tinued, turning to the manager and

giving Montague no time to speak: "do you still tender #t?" "I do Miss Montague," said the manager, taking off his that and forced into more than his usual respect by the quiet dignity of her manner. "I do, miss, and I think you would be wrong to refuse under the

"So do I," said the girl, proudly, "and we accept sir." This was the story of Mary Montain revolving the answer to Gentleman Mary grew up, a lady in education, Montague's question, went over it and decided that it would not be well to give the truthful reason for his re-

"Well, sir." said he, "of course Thompson knows what's due to Miss Montague; she isn't one of the ladies in the ballet, or Polly Snooks, the singing chambermaid. Oh, no, he knows who's who, and the proper thing to do. Take my word for it, sir, Miss Montague is much looked up to at the theatre, and I'm proud to say

The rough, honest, though somewhat politic words cheered the moody fallen gentleman's heart. He arose, stretched himself with a sad sort of best part of the delicacies daily prestateliness, finished his cup of tea,

and, clearing his throat, said: "I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Tubbs; I'm glad to hear it. It has been a bitter blow to me, but that's neither here nor there. Will you hand me my coat?" he added, as Mary entered the room, warmly wrapped up and blushingly beautiful. "We will start now. I think, after I have brought Pattie

Pattie was enveloped in the shawl, enthroned in the great armchair, and with a kiss from Mary and her father and a most respectful reverential adieu from Mr. Tubbs, left a little elfin queen of the tiny room to await until the two came home tired and ready for rest.

Meanwhile the three actors trudged on to the Signet. All the conversation fell to Mr. Tubbs and Mary. The spirit of the pirate had already fallen upon Montague, and as he walked along the cold only made him more silent and mocdy.

Perhaps he was already changing his domestic skin and voice for his theatrical one, perhaps he was really listening all the while to the chattering at his side.

FREE to GIRLS BIG DOLL AND DOLL CARRIAGE

This Big Doll is 15 in tural head, hands and feet. The Doll Car-riage has steel frame and wheels, and the seat, back and hood are made of leatherette. It is 24 inches high and is just the right size for the Big Doll.



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a packet (6 lovely
cards in each package). When they are
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Doll Carriage quickly. Doll Carriage quickly. HOMER-WARREN Company,



"This pantomime'll be a success."

Mr. Tubbe was saying, as they drew near the great entrance with its hundred and fifty lamps. "How soon Christmas comes around! It don't seem two months, let alone twelve. since old Baker was jumping about in spotted dicks."

Spotted dicks was the name Mr. Pubbs had for the clown's costume. "And to think you'll be the leading character in the opening piece! It night to be a great draw—three song

"No two," corrected Mary, with a laugh, "only two; there were three. but Mr. Thompson was obliged to cut the third out because Miss Minx

only had two."

"Ah, sweet little thing, Miss Minz! So disinterested; not a particle of jealousy about her oh dear no!" remarked Mr. Tubbs, with long-drawn sarcasm. "Ah, we shall have you a great lady soon. Miss Mary, playing the higher parts, cast for Lady Macbeth, Julia, in 'The Hunchback,' Juliet, and Elello! who's that against the stage door? None of our people." Mary looked curiously, and Mr. Tubbs saw her face—they were within the glare of the lights now-go a

bright and delicious crimson. "Eh, it's quite a swell, quite a swell. Hello, he knows you, it seems," he added, as the gentleman, with a quick, pleased smile, raised his hat respectfully.

Mary's arm tightened on her father's and caused him to look up.
An anxious, displeased look crossed his face as he saw a tall, splendidlymade gentleman in evening dress-in fact, none other than Jack Hamiltoncoming toward them.

"This way; we will go this way," he said, and before the gentleman could reach them, had dragged Mary into the front entrance and hurried her up the held in his hand, and trying to catch the indistinct murmur of explanation he seemed to want to offer.

CHAPTER IV. Between two beautiful women, what contrast!

Mary Montague, actor's daughter, soft-eyed, quick-hearted and gentle, Lady Maud Pacewell, neice of Lady Pacewell, fashionable lady, born to bewitch, to charm and command, with dark, imperial brows, large, hazel, majestic eyes and lips that when in repose were yielding and tempting enough, but had a wonderful facility for straightening into a cold haughtiness

and a killing frigidity. A figure for a throne, an imperial saloon, a duchess' boudoir, born to be clothed in purple and fine linen, to be waited on by obsequious lackeys, to be fixed tubes, and around these the flattered by little less obsequious gentlemen, and to receive homage from all with a queenly serenity that took all, gave in return-just nothing. Lady Pacewell's little box, as Jack Hamilton called it, lay just at the corner of Hyde Park, where it merges on

Mount Street. A snug little box it was, rented at a cost of nine hundred a year, and kept up at a cost of-what Lady Pace-

fell would be afraid to mertion. The drawing-rooms were filled withthose useless but priceless articles so first-class cattle kicked the horse stalls and ate their heads off in the stable; a host of servants-kept presumably to wait upon one another-yawned, lounged and flirted about the kitchen offices, and a butler, the glory of Lady Pacewell and the envy of her friends, regaled himself on old port and condescended to superintend the ceremony

of Lady Pacewell and her niece's meals. My friends, never envy the rich their store of this world's goods-they hold them only for others; Lady Pacewell's grooms rode her horses, her visitors got the most pleasure out of the ormolu, buhl and bronzes in the drawing-room, the servants ate the pared for the table, and Mr. Straightly, the butler, drank the best port.

Don't Hawk, Blow Sneeze, or Cough Use "Catarrhozone"

(To be continued.)

When germs attack the lining of the nose, make you sneeze and gagwhen later on they infest the bronchial tubes-how can you follow them with a cough syrup?

You can't do it-that"s all. Cough syrups go to the stomach-that's why

they fail. But Catarrhozone goes everywhere gets right after the germs - kills them-heals the soreness -cures the inflammation-makes Catarrh disappear. Not difficult for Catarrhozone to cure, because it contains the essences of pine balsams and other antiseptics that simply mean death to catarrh. Large size costs \$1.00 and contains two months' treatment; emailer sizes 25c and 50c, all drug-

Spy System Originated by Italian Secret service organizations and spy systems, as well as detective bareaus as part of municipal police forces, were criginated by the Mar-

quis D'Argenson, a native of Venke

gists and storekeepers.

who went to France in 1637 and became head of the police department. D'Argenson first achieved fame as a state secret agent in Venice. In Just send us your Paris he organized a municipal secret agency that would now be called a detective bureau. After he had transformed the Paris police force from a disorderly hand into a highly efficient body of gendarmes, he turned his attention to international affairs and inaugurated a system of espionage in foreign nations likely to be at war

with France. Carl Stitcher organized the Prussian spy system on the model furnished by D'Arachenn's forme and cont thousands of men into Austria and France bewite me wars a dent mose countries.

HER REASON.

Jack—And when I proposed at the dance she asked for time to think it over. Why do you suppose she did that?

Ress Well, a girl naturally hates to think of disagreeable things while enjoy-



Use Cuticura Soap Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness, roughness, pimples or dandruff. If mothers would only use these super-creamy

emollients for every-day toilet pur-poses how much suffering might be avoided by preventing little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card: "Cutionra, Dage. N. Reston, U.S. A." Sold by dealers throughout the world.

At the Torpedo Tube

(Joan S. Margerison in Sherifeid.

Eng. Independent.) The heavy armored grating leading stairs, leaving Mr. Tubbs staring at to the submerged torpedo flat clanged something white which the gentleman into place after the last man, shutting the crews of the tubes into a steel prison from which there could, in the eventuality of disaster overtaking the ship, be little hope of es-

But the dozen men- paid but vittle attention to this fact; they were too busy making preparations against the time when their deadly invisible weapons might be asked to turn the tide of conflict from, maybe, defeat to victory. All around them, in steel racks on the wall, headless torpedoes shone; the bronze warheads. each containing some three-hundred odd pounds or the highest explosive, rest-

ing beneath them on the deck. One torpedo, complete with head lay on a trolley in rear of each of the crews gathered. One man flung open a door at the tube's rear, laying it flat on the deck, and into the aperture thus formed the 25 foot missile was launched for half its length. But, first of all, it had to be turned from a harmless thing to a deadly mine, and for this purpose that men called a "pistol" was secured into the re-

cessed nose of the silvery tin fish. A MINIATURE PROPELLER. It was as unlike a pistol as one

might imagine; indeed it was simply a miniature propeller, having four blades, at the end of a metal stalk. This stalk, in turn, was threaded with a screw thread for half its length; then came a plain portion backed by an immorable steel collar. You see, it would never do to have a torpedo ready for explosion at the moment it was entered into the tube—a sudden shock might detonate it, and then the ship would commit involuntary harikari. So, when the torpedo is first launched into the water, the "whiskers," as the blades of the miniature propeller are called, must first of all unscrew themselves down the threaded stalk to the plain part-and 45

yards of distance have to be travelled ere this is done. Then, idly revolving on the plain portion, hard up against the steel collar, they wait for the blow, which, compressing them, will force in the needle point lying above the detonator concealed within the pistol. As this explodes, it sets fire to the explosive charge in the warhead and there ensures either complete or par-

tial demolition of the thing unlucky enough to be acting as target.

THE GYROSCOPE. The pistol shipped, then the torpedo is launched home, and the leading number of each tube, inserting a spanner into the torpedo's bowels, adjusts the distance it will run, the speed it will achieve, and the depth of which it will remain till it strikes. Also, so that, if deviated from the mapped-out path, it may be brought back again into rectitude, the gyroscope which controls the vertical rudders is set spinning, and, in case it should miss its mark, the valve which, when it comes to a standstill, will admit the ocean into its buomancy chamber and send it to the bottom of the sea, out of harm's way,

The launching in is then completed, and the tube's rear door closed.



the surface, smooth as a porcelain tub, will never scratch or hurt him. Keeps the water warm, too. **EDDY'S INDURATED**

FIBREWARE makes an ideal bath-tub for the little tots. It is safe, convenient and easy to handle. Wooden tube become splintery: metal radiates heat quickly, and is too cold or too hot to the touch. Your dealer has this light, convenient, economical, double-purpose tub. You will be highly pleased with it.

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited HULL, Canada Also Makers of the Famous Eddy Matches.

The gunner in charge, havertain, that everything is ext gives the order " lows then a slight hissing of. pressed air, and from the side of ship, just before the tube itsellong, tough steel har, triangula section, with the agent tow bows of the chip, is pushed out. A moment's thought will show that if a torpedo-25 feet long were ejec from the side of a ship travelling at a high speed, the chances are that it would either become jammed in the mouth of the tube and bent useless or broken off altogether. Hence the

ALL READY.

And now all was ready; the men in the submerged flat could no nothing more. Above their heads the great ship shook with the thudding roar of the discharged turrets; ever and anon the shock of striking shells told where the enemy was scoring hits. But none of these things, affected the torpedo-men-their's was the waiting game, the hardest part

of all. Up aloft in the conning tower, by the captain's side, stood the torpedolieutenant, his eye aligned along a brass bar which being set to the speed and course of his own ship. besides another little brass bar set to the course and speed of the enemy, and formed at the point of bisection the place at which his tubes fixed to the ship's side, mark youmust be pointing if he wished score bits with his torpedoes.

And, at long last, the range of the battle narrowed down to just 7,000 yards A questioning lift of an eyebrow. a nod from the captain, and the torpedo-lieutchant spoke softly

down a voice-pipe. "Stand by!"

▶ ▲ Peculiar Plant.

"Plants and animals," says Science, "both have developed spines as a means of protection against their enemies, but it is rare indeed to find a plant with spines below ground. The all too common sawbrier of the Southern States and Mexico is one of the few plants thus provided. The stems above ground are spiny to keep off grazing animals, but the underground starchy tubers are armored densely with spines apparently developed as a protection against peccaries—the wild pigs still found in the southwest. The sawbrier is now beyond the original range of the wild pigs, but its underground armor comes into use as a protection against the domesticated hog of the old world."



Gosh! How my back aches! After influenza or colds the kidneys and phritis," or inflammation of the kidneys. This is the red-flag of danger—better be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's known as "Anuric" (anti-uric), because "Anuric" expels the uric acid poison from the body

and cures those pains, such as backache rheumatism in muscles and joints. Naturally when the kidneys are de-ranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in

bag-like formations. Dr. Pierce's Anuric is many times more potent than lithia and often eliminates uric acid as hot tea melts sugar.



does not smart or burn. I am better in every way than I have been for years.—Chas. Scott. Box 668.

Origin of Bread Unknown. The origin of wheat is lost in heary antiquity. Even the original home of the cereal plants of which bread-is being made is not known, all the researches and hypotheses notwithstanding. Where wheat, spelt, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, etc. first of

fered man their grainy ears for food is an unsolved problem. But that originally bread was not roasted or baked as moderns prepare it, but eaten as dough or paste, may be inferred from its relation with the word "broth," both of these words being derived from the root "breowan," "bru," to brew. In all probability it was originally the boiled coarse meal with nothing added to it but salt. The leavening and baking of the bread was a later development. The crigin of these processes is a matter of speculation; but so much is certain; that baking preceded the leavening of the bread that causes it to rise; also that the original form of the bread was not the loaf, but a kind of thin, flat cake like the matzoths, or unleavened bread of the Jews or the tortillas of the Mexicans. Like these, it was probably roasted upon intensely heated

flat stones. With the discovery of the leaven the flat cake increased in height until it assumed the form of our loaf.

New Plaurisy Treatment.

Doctor Auld tells in the British Medical Journal of a chill and fever resembling malaria which he brought on by administering a plantinum compound, and which upon subsiding left the patient in a remarkably improved condition. He tried the treatment in cases of pleurisy with good result. It is especially adapted to sluggish cases of localized infection with low fever