The Refreshing Fragrance in designing and perfecting it, so as to that though parting and parted, would entertain no vulgar animosity and his bride.

lue Kibbon

NERVES are soothed and tired muscles INVIGORATED. THE FLAVOR IS MOST DELICIOUS.

Blue Ribbon's It. Only One Best Tea.

LOVE AND A TITLE

there was more than one queen in Eng- | -- too happy--tears. The old lady watch-

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nts. Write

"Queen Jeanne!" he says, tenderly. "Queen Jea-" Then she sinks back and turns pale. "Is-is that-" She is too overpowered, too bewildered and directions where it was to be hung, my amazed to conclude the question.

"That is Ferndale Castle," he says, lightly, and adds more etnderly: "Your future home, if you should take to it, says Jeanne, explaining. Jeanne-if not-well, we will try some

"But it seems all so unreal." her awe away.

pair of gates fly open, the mellow notes ladyship would like made--" of a horn arise upon the summer evening, and Vane says, cheerily:

"We have just passed the lodge gates." Then, in a brilliant panorama, passes velvety lawns, with glittering beds of "Will your ladyship allow me to remove flowers set, jewel-like, in their midst; the ground rises, with terraces of white marble and statuary, tier on tier; then, did laugh, shakes her haad. with a sweep, the road winds around to the front of Ferndale Castle itself.

Instantly, as if their approach had been anxiously watched and awaited, handsome liveries appear at all the doors; the carriage is surrounded by attentive and eager, yet not bustling, servants, the great hall doors clang open, and Vane, drawing Jeanne's hand within his arm, walks up a long double line of servants into what looks to Jeanne like | ship requires. a church, by reason of its vastness-its old, glistening oak, battle flags and stained windows-but it is only the hall. Here and there are more servants, in full and most elaborate liveries, looking particularly splendid in the light which passes, many-colored, through the painted windows. It is a scene so grand, so rich, and withal so noble, that Jeanne would think it nothing but the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, but for the pressure of the strong arm that holds hers, and Vane's dep voice, as he says:

"Welcome home, darling!" Suddenly, noiselessly, the glittering crowd of liveries seem to melt. Jeanne finds herself, still leaning on her husband's arm, ascending the great staircase, up which, as far as width is concerned, they might very well have been conveyed by the travelling carriage.

"Look over, Jeanne," he says, when they reach a wide, sheltering gallery. "See, down there on that marble floor, many a struggle has been fought out, Once the Roundheads laid siege to the place, and-confound them-took it. The men fought to the last, even to the very last, and it lay strewed with-but never mind. We'll put these cheerful stories off until your dinner; which, by the way,

when will you have?" Jeanen stares and blushes, but says, with a pretty little air of independence: "Oh, very soon, please, I am so hun-

gry." So am I," says Vane, and he turns to the small room."

The man went of with noiseless alacrity, and Jeanne, loogink over the huge, thickly-carved oak balustrades, saw his black form disappearing in the distance of the church-like hall.

"It is magnificent," she says, looking up shyly. "I shall awake directly, and find I have been asleep. Vernon, I am the castle keep, perhaps." afraid to speak above my breath here."

"Twill be scolding me at the top of herself there," says Mrs. Fleming, with goes out onto the terrace. its voice in a week's time, little wife," her gentle smile.

lower, but suddenly looks around and further services are endeed unnecessary sees an old lady approaching, dressed in by the appearance of Vane, who, in evenplain, black silk, and looking more spruce ing dress, awaits her. and tidy than ever did Aunt Jane.

Can this be a relation? them, beckoned by Vana's hand, and, ment, with something like a tear in her dropping a respectful, not to say awed, eyes. courtesy, says, in her lowest of soft

"I hope I see your ladyship well?" Poor Jeanne looks around to see where her ladyship may be, then suddenly, rec-

exquisite paintnigs on panels of dull at the Park! I can understand now!" old. Gradually the decorations grow of He smiles, and whispers in her ear: old lady opens a door and ushers else—when a certain young lady by the he calls the warnings of his better gen-Jeanne, with a little countes, little room, furnished in exquisdelicious little room, lurmsned in exquissite taste—a little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the on the head of the paper; there signal with little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of and from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of an old from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of an old from Vane, the little nest in the old tree of an old from Vane, the little nest in the old from Vane, the little nest in the old from Vane, the little nest in the little nest in the old from Vane, the little nest in the little nest in the litt ite taste—a little nest in the old tree of and 170, but at a signal from vane, one of the mead of the paper, the writing of the husbed breath, then, with an exclamation and himself waits, which, if Jeanne them, and himself waits, which is a great and waits and waits. tion of childish delight, she runs across only knew it, is a great and marvellous is distinctly written, and—Heaven! how and said: the room and stands before a picture piece of condescension. which is hung over the antique mantle-

"Another queen!" says Jeanne, sailing in over the bar. It is the musingly, her eyes fixed upon Nancy Bell. Jeanne knows whose hand the fairy-like towers. "I didn't know | painted it, and her eyes fill with happy es her from a respectful distance.

"When-do you know how this came here ?" she asks. "My lord sent it a week ago, and gave

"It-it is a picture of my boat, and Newton Regis, where I come from !"

eanne—if not—well, we will try some "Yes, my lady." says Mrs. Fleming.

"This is your ladyship's own room. This at home, for lack of crimson and gold, is the dressing room," she adds, opening at home, for lack of crimson and gold, of which in this exquisite little room another door, "and the next is your ladyship's own room. The thore was absolutely none. "It has stood for a good many centu- ladyship's bed-chamber. That door leads ries, too," says Vane, trying to laugh to my lord's rooms. They have been decorated and refurnished en suite, my The next moment Jeanne sees a huge | lady. Is there any alterations your

"They are simply perfect," says Jeanne 'and what a lovely view !" "The best from the castle, though they are all beautiful," says Mrs. Fleming your hat ?"

Jeanne blushes, then with her old, can-"I have never had a maid in my life,"

"You shall stay in case I want help. Oh, where are my boxes?" "In the dressing-room, my lady,' 'says Mrs. Fleming. "I made haste to get them up while your ladyship was down- "what would Mrs. Fleming and Tully ing the hot weather months and you can stairs and I will get what your lady-

It is all magic, Jeanne thinks. "Oh, yes, thank you. Well, then, there is a thin black lace dress there-Mrs. Fleming goes to a wardrobe in-

signs herself into her care. "Your ladyship must be very tired," smoke here." says the old lady, setting about her task in the gentlest manner, and wondering

leaning back with a luxurious sense of the glorious Surrey hills. rest, as Mrs. Fleming loosens the mass of silken hair and brushes it gently-al- claims. most lovingly; "and you are the house-

"Yes, my lady." Jeanne sighs rather wistfully.

Mrs. Fleming suspends her task. "Yes, your ladyship." "I wish you were my maid," Jeanne, frankly.

The old lady's face lightens up. "Your ladyship is very good to say so," she says; "you have only to say so; there is no difficulty-my duties are

"They will be very light so far as am concerned," says Jeanne, laughing. "I am sure of that, my lady; too

It is all settled. "If I wanted a white elephant, I suppose I should get it !" thinks Jeannne. House.

With deft hands Mrs. Fleming arranges the lace dress, fixes a flower in breast. the silken curls, hands Jeanne a pair of pronounces the toilet finished. "You must show me the way down,"

"It wiln ot be the first time in the his- what-nots on Willis' salver. tory of the castle that a lady has found

Jeanne blushes and bends her head and across the broad hall, but there her

Mrs. Fleming musing, watches themthe slight, girlish figure against the stal-But the old lady comes straight up to wart broad-shouldered one-for a mo-

"God L'ess her sweet heart !" murmurs | remains unopened. stone she'd coax."

er," explains Vane, in his careless fashquired to die for my Lady Jeanne, Mrs. | For a moment he turns it over, and yearly dividend of 25 per cent., and that | other members of Mr. Hubbard's family. ion. "Hope you're well, Mrs. Fleming? Fleming would have been quite ready then is about to replace it in his pocket, a few years hence a still further reduc-

duct her?" says the old lady, gently. "I been informed that "my lady" was the have quaffed that cup_of happiness to thought"—she was going to say 'her most beautiful creature that ever the sun his heart's content, for there is not ladyship would bring her own maid" -- shone on-and an angel!" exclaimed enough light falling from the room on the Mrs. Fleming. I wonder now long they terrace to read the letter by; but his have been married! Just like my lord evil genius—that evil genius which, so nodded toward an angular woman of even at the risk of his own life, but reply has had her curious ever since. but stopped in time and looked gently at Mrs. Fleming. "I wonder how long they | terrace to read the letter by; but his

around at the exquisite decorations of gesture, of distasteful reluctance, he un-Jeanne looks after him for a moment, subdued grey, lit here and there by a folds the letter. As he does so it gives young men in two years. then sollows the old lady down a corresponding to a cache where the asked:

She had, I suppose, a good time while her beauty is lay the few precious bits of flour with lay the fl

"I was happier there than anywhere

Vane detests-but its simplicity is ren- who know me-that I could let your girl?"

handed solidity of the pastry-cook, those of your friends who witnesse thinks it simply delicious, and would say | your departure from the home of your so if she did not fear the butler would ex- | bride. There, I know them in fancy, pire on the spot. But Vane does not | and with all my heart-yes, with all my seem to entertain any dread, and is just heart—for Vane, I do wish you happi-as bluff and cheery and simple as of old; ness, and all the more heartily because once he actually so far forgets himself | you know how of old I used to prophes as to get up and fill Jeanne's glass, lay- that you would never know it yoursel manners. At last the staid old gentleman brings in, with great solemnity, a tiny bottle, all crusted and cobwebbed, and, handling it with the tenderest care, uncorks it and places it at Vane's elbow. Then, with a bow which would have be- tell me that you have actually put that come a bishop, noiselessly disappears.

Vane takes up the little wicker cradle in which the bottle lies. "The old port," he says, with a laugh. "Tully is in an admirable humor to-night. I don't get this every day in the week, Jeanne. It strikes me rather forcibly you. You'll have to help me to finish it; Tully would die of grief and disgust if we left any of it. Come, for his sake, if not for mine," and again he leans over, kissing her this time as he fills her glass.

Jeanne's laughing protest is of no avail, and the wine-well worthy of Tully's adoration-is finished. Then Vane draws aside a curtain, and Jeanne sees beside it a small conservatory of choice ferns, amid which is a Cupid pouring a spray of silvery water from a shell—a dainty little drawing room in which Mr.

"So this is a fairy palace? And will you turn out a wicked magician or an turn-who would have dreamed of this cure them if they attack little ones un-

-those ferns?" as some of Cupid's spray falls fightly on the trouble may be beyond cure. These her hair. "I used to smoke here," he Tablets cure all stomach troubles, adds, "when I was a happy bachelor. diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if When a man's single he lives at his ease. occasionally given to the well child will Ah, well, I suppose I shall have to turn prevent them. Mrs. Edward Clark, Mcout in the smoking-room—a huge apart- Gregor, Ont., says: "I used Baby's Own the Canadian side what a howl we may

here, sir, or nowhere." you to battle with the real master and cine Co., Brockville, Ont. mistress-

"Why?' says Jeanne, opening her eyes stantly, and Jeanne with a sensation of wide. "I believe they would burn the never requiring her hands any more, re- place down, and throw themselves on the ashes, if you wished it. No, you shall "Or here," he says, going to an open

window and stepping onto the terrace. er with the child-woman's smile and soft, surprise in the grand view, which lies that time men were saying the Suez play will be about August 10, the met-Jeanne follows, and there is another "I am, and I am not," says Jeanne, Terminable gardens, and backed up by "Oh-beautiful-beautiful!" she

> "Yes," he says; "they say it is the finest view of its kind in Eigland. Where for my cigarette-case; there are some cigars, too, in my coat; tell him to empty the pocket and bring the con-

Jeanne moves about the room, discov-"Oh, Vernon!" she says, "will

come and play?" sang on that first evening at the Gate French pockets. The tolls were high gout of a most excruciating kind. A mal, to our normal, again. And that con-

She springs to her feet at the sound | ment paid \$20,000,000 for shares that | blush pink gloves, fastens them, and of the knock and Vane opens the door. "The cigarettes-ah !' The swift, low "ah" is occasioned by

says Jeanne, "or I shall lose myself in the sight of an unopened letter lying among the cigar-case, match-box, and

He takes it, slips it into his pocket and Jeanne follows her down the stairs lighting a cigarette, and Jeanne plays.

overbrimming cup of happiness does not propriate profits of more than 25 per berry? think much. child, and in years as one, sings softly, them down to that figure. That is why

Suddenly, as he feels for his matchbox 9 to 81/2 francs a ton, but still the pro-

easy it is to win the affections of those repugnance of a man looking at a beau- tolls were now reduced to 6 france the

That's right. Will you send her lady- to go cheerfully to the stake or the when, as with an effort, he forces him- tion can be made without impairment "Will her ladyship permit me to con- In ten minutes the select servants had Even then he might have escaped, and bune.

"Poor Vernon!" says Jeanne, caress- a Ferndale at his happiest moments—im-Jeanne, do not be long, or nothing will be left of me but my skeleton!" and with ingly, as they enter the room in which pels him to go to the window of the dinbe left of me but my skeleton. and when lingly, as they enter the room in which and she was as vain and selfish as she was as vain and she was as vain and selfish as the was as vain as the was a

But with a curt laugh at his folly, as | tongue.

aring sky, with billowy sea, and a boat chef, who has spent a good many hours mon ami. Did we not decide, we two, swered. Probably it was my father."

ience of dinners is limited to those ar- me wish you joy. Let me in spirit minranged by Aunt Jane, and the heavy- | gle my slipper and handful of rice with

ing his hand, as he does so, on her white, Ah, Vane, do you remember how I warm shoulder with a loving caress. If | used to tease you on the score of those the butler is shocked he manages to con- strange fancies, those sad doubts of ceal his emotion admirably, and waits, yours? Do you remember how I used like an exquisitely-fashioned machine, all to laughingly protest that you would eyes and ears for their lordship and never be satisfied until you had worked ladyship's wants, and none for their out that absurd whim of yours-that idea of casting aside for a time the coronet and the castle, and seeking some simple girl who would love you-you, the | had the taxes to fall back on. man, not the marquis-for yourself alone? I used to laugh at it, but they absurd idea into form and practice, and

that you tried to play the peasant, and,

some charming, innocent, and unsophis

ticated beggar-girl. Well, I laughed,

and of course you will laugh with me,

now that your plan dropped through and your disguise was penetrated. Ah, Vane, I think you must have loved her indeed, not half-heartedly as you enough. loved-well, one who shall be nameless; you must have loved her, or you would have left her when you found that she knew with whom she was falling in love, and was not blind to the advantages of a coronet and a marquisate. Tell me, Vane, weren't you rather jealous, too-(not rather, but very, or I do not know you!)-when you found that you had not been the first, and that Clarence Fitzjames had tried to pick and wear in his button-hole the flower which you

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

(To be continued.)

thought you alone had discovered?

"Mind the water!" he says, laughing, Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours are intended for the wheat pit. don't go, please," she says, as the old lady, dropping a courtesy, moves away.

| Manage | Courtesy 'No," says Jeanne; "you shall smoke | cine I ever tried." This is the experience of all mothers who have used this medi-"Can't, mum," he says, laughingly; cine. Keep the Tablets in the home durthing wrong I shall slink of and leave a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medi-

PROFITS OF THE SUEZ CANAL. Rates to be Lowered Again to Keep Divi-

dends Below 25 Per Cent. expenses. At the present time its profits Perseus. are so enormous that the company is; compelled again and again to reduce the in legal bounds. Of a truth, Mr. Greenwood was prescient, when, 30 years ago, cellor of the Exchequer, distinctly disapproved it. Disraeli himself, Prime

Minister, was doubtful. presently comes upon a pianette stand- on which had been mortgaged for ninesistent. He pointed out that most of the shares, apart from the Khedive's, were crushing penalty to have to pay. He goes in at once and sits down, held in France, while 86 per cent. of the drawing her close beside him, and plays | traffic through the canal was British. Willis, the valet, waits outside, re- reduced, France answered that if Eng-

are now worth \$140,000,000. cent, but to reduce the tolls as much and Jeanne, innocent as a child, happy as a as often as may be necessary to keep It did reduce tolls two years ago from

A Jilted Man's Triumph,

It looks as if somebody stood to lose the eminent Buffalo surgeon, delivered a good round sum in that Winnipeg his interesting lecture to the Medical Aswheat corner. And it is to be hoped that | sociation in this city, the price was somethe right crowd will get hit.

had to borow \$60,000 to keep its lighting plant running and pay off a \$10,000 defi- clothes or emergency cases. Dr. Park cit. A private company would not have thought he saw a chance for increasing

Russia is gradually getting down. She doesn't shy at talk of an indemnity now. A few days ago she wouldn't recognize like a king in disguise, wooed and won the word.

New York has 6,997 acres of parks, valued at \$297,680,060, or \$77.56 per capita of the population. It is a large in vestment, but far from being large

It turns out that there is no truth in the story that the survey of the international line gives Canada some villages supposed to be in Vermont. The eagle may doze away.

Borax in Canadian butter is the complaint now made by British critics. The available is exceedingly small. He does Canadian who drugs butter for export | not believe that there has been more does a great injury to our trade. He than half an ounce of radium manufacshould be brought up short and made to suffer for his offence.

The best medicine in the world to ward The crop scare fellows are at work. ogre, Vernon?" says Jeanne, archly, off summer complaints is Baby's Own There are nothing but surprise at every Tablets, and it is the best medicine to cations are for more than an average the venture was abandoned. dear little conservatory, and those ferns expectedly. At the first sign of illness crop in most of the wheat-growing countries former?" during the hot weather give the child tries. Those stories of rust and blight pector and chemist. With radium at

If it be true that the International Boundary survey puts Richford, East Richford and Stevens Mills villages on

a dividend of 28 per cent., and the pro- ing about the knees that no man of exportion of British shipping passing perience needs to have minutely desay? Jeanne, I am glad you have come feel that your children are safe. Sold by through the canal has risen from 60.2 scribed. to be the mistress, for when I do any- all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents per cent. in 1900, to 65.9 per cent. in 1904. And the rates have been greatly

Now begin to watch for meteors when you are out late with Mary Helen. The earth is now passing through the zone of the Perseids, and from now till the mid "Tis forty years since," and what a dle of August the meteoric visitants will difference between then and now! At probably be numerous. The maximum disstretched out beyond the apparently in- Canal never would or could pay operating eors radiating from the constellation of

Russia appears to be making up her | rich milk and a half-dozen raw eggs by tolls in order to keep the dividends with- mind that having had her little dance she way of extra. must pay the piper. And the bill will not be small. If Japan is modest she may browned like a sailor's, he looked a thrown from one of the windows, "send buy the Khedive's shares. Lord Derby, ask \$1,500,000,000. And if she insists Willis"—(Willis was Vane's valet)—"up the Foreign Minister, did not like the upon it Russia must pay it. It is a lot his physician, as he watched him depart, would weigh about 107,150,000 Troy Well, he is cured, but the cure is not pounds. A good counter working ten hours daily and counting sixty dollars a pay \$20,000,000 for shares, the interest minute could, if he took no periods of them in that mountain sanatorium, feed rest, count it in a little less than 133 years. It is a big sum to think of; a

English physicians have rung the doom softly, then suddenly sings the song he | So British commerce must pay tolls into of the strawberry. It is said to cause and when England asked that they be London physicians says strawberries are sumptive is going to fall back to his norus have some dinner in half an hour, in contrary."

withis, the valet, waits outside, re- | reduced, France answered that if Eng- | positively poison to some constitutions. |

spectfully, then knocks once, twice, be- | land did not like the canal she might send | positively poison to some constitutions. spectrumy, then knocks once, twice, be land did not like the canal she might sold? The ankle and knee become tender and of a new air and of a with her face hidden upon her lover's the Cape. In the end Mr. Greenwood's show slight swelling. Before the swell- and without that stimulus his big appearance. plans prevailed, and the British Governing the patient invariably experiences tite will leave him. He'll try to stuff sharp shooting pains in the knee and still on eggs and milk, but he won't be

A curious error was made in a despatch ankle joints. Other victims are affectthe other day, which said this year's divi- ed in the small of the back. Non-drink- make him sick." dend was only 14.1 per cent. Not for a ers do not escape the complaint, and patch should have said it was 141 francs | many temperance people who have cona share, a far different thing. As the sulted their local doctors have been shares are of 500 francs each, the divi- bluntly told to knock off drink for a dend at the rate of 28.8 per cent., or week or two. Of course a qualified there, do you know what would happen? Leaning against the terrace he looks into the sweet summer night softly sleep- last year's dividend was 130 francs a spology follows when the disease has off there, too; the abnormal appetite ing under the shedre of the shedre ing under the shadow of the hills, and share, or 26 per cent. Now the London been afterwards diagnosed as strawberry thinks—well, a man who is grasping his agreement binds the company not to ap-

side with Mr. Dillon Wallace in the difchild, and in years as one, sings sortly, them down of almost to herself, and—the letter still the company proposes another reduction. ficulty between him and the widow of the Labrador explorer. Daisy Hubbard No wonder he loves her—the heart of a his hand touches it, and he takes it from fits kept on increasing and pushing the Williams, a sister of the dead man, his pocket—takes it and eyes it sus - dividend above the 25 per cent. limit. writes to the New York Sun to say that Oh, mesdames, if you only knew how piciously, half-fearfully, and with the estrangement between Mrs. Hub- Times of that city, has the usual curicompany would still be able to declare a bard and Mr. Wallace is not shared by

> were Mr. Hubbard's life to be avenged, has mentioned it or not, she'll ask: unite in giving Mr. Wallace their heart- | "Where did you say you live?" felt thanks, not only for putting forth But she found a man recently upon Mrs. Williams Freeman, the novelist, all possible effort to save Mr. Hubbard, whom her method would not work. His "She had, I suppose, a good time while and painful journey to a cache where drew near she asked: Hubbard lay Wallace was lost and his he knew it. With a perfect solemn face "And if she once triumphed over men, feet frozen. He suffered not only mental, he replied: ne cans the warnings of his better gen-ius, he goes to the window and reads: now, if they are vindictive and cruel agony but physical as well, for friend- "I am a gig catcher for a geewobbleship's sake; while, had he gone with El- pede down in Walnut street, Miss

There is a disappointing stiffness in "I don't know, midam,' the man an- free uses in medicine, where much was "Sure thing." replied the fair maid. expected of it. When Dr. Roswell Park, "My slightest wish is law with him."

thing under \$1,000,000 an ounce, and none of the members present appeared to The town of Escanaba, Michigan, has run much danger from carrying large quantities of the commmodity in their the available supply from certain ores found in the United States, and which were then being exploited. The radium market, however, remains as tight as ever, indicating that there has been no great increase in the supply. The other day Sir William Ramsay told a representative of the London Telegraph that as much as \$100 a miligramme was being demanded for radium owing to the difficulty of obtaining further supply. An authority on the question says that as much radium as could be got for £2 last winter would now cost £100, and the price is steadily advancing. He adds that strong radium is being manufactured by only one man that he knows of, a German named Giesel, and the quantity tured since Mme. Curie discovered the new element. It is known that two mines in Cornwall were believed to have radioactive pitch-blende, and a British com-

Now, here is an opening for the pros-\$100 a miligramme, or over \$3,118,000 a Troy ounce, and a brisk demand, the stake is a large one. The man who finds a mine of radio-active mineral in his back yard will be able to afford porterhouse steak and this years' spring lamb chops, to laugh at the exactions of the sugar combine, and to receive a plumber's The Suez Canal shares are now paying bill for repairs without that shaky feel-

CHANGE NEEDED.

Sanitarium Life Not One for Permarent Benefie.

(Chicago Chronicle.) The consumptive, brown and robust, had just returned to town from a month

in a sanatorium on a mountain top. He had lived altogether out of doors, walking and reading in the wind and sunshine. He had eaten three hearty meals a day along with two quarts of

Now, twenty pounds heavier, his eyes healthier man than his physician, Yet

"Take anybody, sick or well, and put milk, rare beef, and so on, and they will gain in weight and vigor, just as this comsumptive has done. You'd gain. I'd

"But when we return to town and resume our ordinary life, what we had gained we'd lose. We'd fall back to nor-

"You see, he won't have the stimulus on him. The rich, fat-making food will

"I know. I've seen hundreds of such cases. The thirty pounds gained in a month will be lost again in three weeks. "Why doesn't be stay at the sanatorium? Well, even supposing he could stay It seems that all of the Hubbard's | would begin to sicken him-he would return, as we must all return, to normal, to the hopeless normal of the phthisical."

Then She Knew,

A Kansas City girl, according to the the facts about them, too, by a simple His father, mother, brother and sister, method, without subleties. If she wishes who would be the first to take up arms to know a man's business, whether he

Small Wish.

"And do you think, dearest," queried the young man in the case, "that your piece of condescension.

It is not an elaborate dinner—which My Dear Vane—Do you think—you ther who proposed to me when I was a the radium market that bodes ill for its father will consent to our marriage?"