

MARVELOUS 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 Bronchial tubes and lungs, where it causes Consumption. 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 scourge. Science is advancing every day, and fortunately a remedy has been discovered that not only cures but prevents Catarrh. This new treatment "Catarrhose" has sufficient power to kill the germs of Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. It con-

tains pure pine essences and healing balsams that go to the remotest part of the nose, throat and lungs, carrying healing medication to every spot that is tainted or weak. You don't take Catarrhose like cough mixture—you inhale its healing vapor through the breathing organs, soothing and curing wherever Catarrh exists. This is 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 Bronchitis, irritation nothing can equal Catarrhose. 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.



"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 Hindo 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 his eyes. 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 Hindo as much as possible, though, as she was his mother's guest at Cheviot House that season, common courtesy required him to be frequently in her society. He would have left London to escape temptations kept him in town. He wrote to Suzy by every mail, and told her all the news of the day, and sent her papers, magazines, new books and new music. But his letters were no longer the fervent outpourings of passionate love they had been. They were as coolly friendly and matter-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 Eva Douglas, at Cheviot castle, where they were spending the early autumn. While they were still 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 been 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 this, 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 fear he 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 buy, which 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 another 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 your message summoning me to headquarters. I immediately received orders to go to England, by the Relief, 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 to him during the voyage. We sail 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?" said the Earl to himself, as he folded this letter and laid it aside. Then he rang for his valet, who immediately appeared. "Perkins, pack my portmanteau, and order the trap for four o'clock, and 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 a 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 pier 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 towards 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 groined with death's hands! 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 wretches 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

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"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 away to the side of the ship, and sank down upon a seat to recover himself. "Ah! 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, in the first moments of meeting Benny, he had forgotten.

"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 young Earl, looking inquiringly at him, as though he would have asked. "What do you mean?" "It 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 you considerably. But not now; not now! See, my patient is recovering himself. Ah, poor fellow! He is violent. Fits of coughing 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. Benny sank down with a sigh of relief, and wearily closed his eyes and fell into the sleep of exhaustion. The young Earl, standing over him, gazed mournfully down upon the invalid, 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. "Where are all these poor creatures to be taken, doctor?" inquired the young Earl, regarding the suffering crowd with compassion. "To the military hospitals at Waterloo, 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 on 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 anywhere. I shall scarcely thought yet where I shall go. My old home at St. John is 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 British blood in us. 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 quiet and more comfortable than in any other region. The family are at Cheviot Castle this season. And thus Seton-Court is left in charge of the household, 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

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"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 boats of landing the invalid 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 the invalid's delicate appetite, a roast-wine, ripe peaches, apricots and grapes.

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 lo! he came and sat by Benny's side, 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 of content of such pure love and perfect cheer 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 were fresh oysters, fragrant soup, a roast-wine, ripe peaches, apricots and grapes. And then, because Lord Wellrose with his own hand served the invalid 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. Although two waiters were there in attendance, with his own hand he filled Benny's glass and passed it to him, knowing that the wine would really do him more good than 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 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 neglected, 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.

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GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE. THE CLEANLINESS OF SINKS, CLOSETS, BATHS, DRAINS, ETC. IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO HEALTH. FAMOUS ECHOES. Queer Franks of Sound Associated With Noted Places.

FAMOUS ECHOES.

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 sound waves in the air which are reflected or thrown back by some obstacles. 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 than that of the origin of the sound. In order that two successive sounds may be discriminated, an interval of about one-fifth of a second between them is necessary. Assuming that sound will 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-fifth of a second. If the distance is less than that, the echo will be so close to the original sound that the ear will make the two as one.

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 reflected surfaces at an angle to each other, so as to give repeated reflections of the sound from one to the other after the manner of the kaleidoscope, resulting in a multiplicity of sounds or echoes. The famous echo of Killarney, in Ireland, being to the west of the walls of the castle of Simonsetta, 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 whispers, and in the latter, the gallery, which is oblique in form, conveys a whisper across the nave a distance of 75 feet. The wonderful echo of the suspension bridge across the Menai 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.

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