

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases, put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Germany's New Panacea For Cancer

MUNICH, Germany, Sept. 16.—All Germany is obsessed with the idea of procuring mis thorium as a panacea for cancer. It is said to have power emanating in rays similar to but more effective than radium. The cost seems almost as great. The substance is derived from thorium waste in the manufacture of gas mantles, and is used in a tiny portion inclosed in a silico-verging in which extremely small holes are pierced. The cylinder is then placed upon the part affected by cancerous growth, and it is said will slowly but effectually remove all traces of the disease. There is hardly an important town in the country which did not vote a large sum from the public funds for the purpose of purchasing some of the costly material. When public funds are not forthcoming, concerts, bazaars and such like are the means adopted for raising the money for the purpose.

Medical men seem to favor the movement for procuring mis thorium. Surgeons, on the other hand are not unanimous in their opinion. One surgeon referred a case of gastro cancer, where a mis thorium box to which a cord attached was lowered into the stomach of patient who bit through the cord and swallowed it. The patient was immediately operated upon for the purpose of recovering the valuable box.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent;
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament;
And, after death, for cures.
—George Herbert.

Hymoei The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hymoei (pronounced High-o-me). Hymoei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear. A complete Hymoei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hymoei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

By Evelyn Orchard in the British Weekly.

Grace Courtney drew up the blinds and threw open her windows to the sun. It was a June morning in a London suburb, and though the garden was a small and narrow one, it was a garden melting beyond into fields which, not so long ago, had been lush pasture for country kine.

But everywhere now there were signs of the invasion of man; the fields were sectioned out into squares or lots, new roads were intersected, and the sun rose morning by morning on innumerable little red-brick houses, faced with stone or stucco, each one representing an individual home. It was this thought which sometimes oppressed Grace Courtney, because she frankly loathed the life of the suburbs, and beheld its gargantuan growth with dismay. She was a woman who read and observed and thought, and she did not believe that strange, struggling mass, with its narrow aims and limited opportunities, could possibly be any serious asset to the national life. Perhaps it was natural that she should take such a view, for she had been born in a different sphere; she was one of a family which had always done things, and whose members had all been more or less distinguished as leaders of men or thought.

She herself was clever beyond the common, and she had married in a moment of extraordinary abandon a man who had nothing better to offer her than a corner in this alien hive, along with other struggling and insignificant units like themselves.

Courtney was a good name, somewhere in the far-back days his family had counted in the world of men, but the racial characteristics were nearly extinct in Courtney's case, and he was apparently content with his lot. He was in the insurance business; by if he earned three hundred and fifty pounds a year, a fair salary according to the New Morde standard, but his real life was contained in the world of sport, and cricket was his hobby. Perhaps it was his splendidly developed physique that had interested Grace to begin with, because she herself was slender and not very strong. And with it there was a certain breeziness of manner, a happy-go-lucky way which had a curious fascination for a woman who had always taken things seriously. She had been a governess when she married, and Courtney had come as a cricketing guest to the country house where she was employed. The rest was easy.

And she had been married just five months, and had begun to realize just what she had done.

The cricket season was now in full swing, and Courtney talked of nothing else; he dreamed of it, wove it into every fibre of his working life, and frankly Grace was dismayed.

He was walking in the garden now, smoking his morning cigarette, a big fine giant, without a care in the world, completely satisfied with his lot, which he would not have exchanged for any other.

Presently he saw her, and waved his hand, and called to her to come out and see what progress the roses were making, and how many buds were on the Gloire de Dijon against the gable wall. Gardening was Grace's hobby; it helped to fill up the long empty days when Courtney was away.

"Glorious morning, isn't it?" he said when she had joined him. At the same time his eyes swept the pearly sky anxiously.

"Looks well for to-morrow. If the ground is up to the mark, we'll beat 'em hollow in Mid-Surrey. Gee whiz!"

"You'll be away all day, then, Tom?" she said. "Taking your bag to the office as usual?"

"That's it, old girl. Never mind there's always Sunday, though I often wish we weren't so hide-bound about Sundays in England. Just think of the ripping matches that might be got in on Sundays, and not a thing to take a fellow's mind off it."

Grace smiled rather sadly, for already in her estimation Sunday was a wasted day. They seldom went to church. After a strenuous Saturday Courtney seldom rose before ten or eleven, and would dawdle about the garden in his shirt-sleeves till lunch time, dose again in his chair till in the early afternoon, and perhaps after a cup of tea, would suggest a long walk across the breezy common, which was being encroached upon as nearly as the builder dared. But never at any time was there in

Courtney's mind, apparently, the smallest realization of what Sunday actually was intended for. He took it merely and literally as a day of physical rest, in order that his body might be recuperated and rendered more fit for further play. His ideal was professional cricket, and though Grace was not opposed to sport, her private opinion was that it ought to be used only as a means of distraction from the more serious business of life. To make it the chief business seemed to her not only foolish, but actively wrong.

"I suppose it will be like this always now to the very end of the season Tom?" she said rather wistfully.

"I expect so old girl. If only we have a decently dry season we shall come out on top. Nothing can prevent us. Coming out to the Oval this afternoon eh?"

"No, I don't think so."
"Oh, do. Milly Farleigh is coming to watch Ted, and the Pantons girls will be there. They were asking about you" but I said you weren't frightfully keen. I'd like you to be, if only you'd let yourself get into the swim."

"But, dear, it seems to me such a waste of time—so much of it, I mean," she added hastily, observing the instant cloud on Courtney's brow. It always did descend when she uttered the smallest disparaging word regarding cricket, or when the weather was unpropitious, or luck went against the team.

"I don't think I'll go," she said in a low voice. "You won't miss me, and you know what a fool I am about games. I can never follow them, and then I am bored to tears."

It was of course, an injudicious speech to make to an enthusiast like Tom Courtney, but at that moment Grace was feeling rather hurt, for he had promised her a Saturday from the cricket fixtures that there to revisit the scenes of their courting days, and she had discovered it was not one free for the next two months.

"Do men play cricket all their lives, or do they ever leave off?" she asked a trifle petulantly.

"If they are good they needn't leave off. Look at W. G. Footer is different. A man plays it at his own risk after thirty, though I've seen some of the best just turned thirty. Feeling hippled, old girl. Never mind, there's the winter coming."

But the winter did not bring anything much in the way of intellectual life, for Courtney was a member of a bridge club and a billiard club as well, and his cricketing chums refused to lose him. A good many of them were married, some of them had children, and apparently their wives did not mind. In that particular set there was a ladies' bridge club too, but Grace was not a sportswoman in any sense of word, and when she discovered that that even small stakes were played for, she declined to join. And soon she seemed to drop out. They regarded her as a prig, and said she gave herself airs, and Courtney was privately, and sometimes even openly, commiserated, until at last he began to think he had a grievance too.

"Say, why can't you be a bit sociable, Grace?" he asked one evening after they had had a discussion about having a bridge tournament at their house. Courtney particularly wanted it as he said they had never done anything, and a man does not like to get the reputation of being stingy.

"I'm not unsociable, but I'll tell you honestly what I think, if you like. I think the standard of living is low here. Nobody has a single idea except their own stupid amusement."

"But they need some relaxation. Most of us work jolly hard. What would you like? Just tell me fair and square what you would like now, old girl. Give us half a chance."

Courtney still loved his wife dearly, for she possessed the power or keeping as well as winning affection and had the sweet ways of the true womanly woman, who thinks her home ought to come first, but has room in her heart for other interests.

"Well, I think we might have a reading circle, or a dramatic circle, or musical evenings in a place like this. I think it positively awful to think of nothing but play."

"You're early-Victorian, my dear, and a slight too clever for them, of course. It's better to realize the limitations of a place like this, Grace, and conform to them. If you do, you can have a ripping time."

"Doubtful; and even then it must be at the expense of one's soul," she said in a moment of exasperation.

He looked at her rather oddly.

"I don't think there's much the matter with your soul, little woman. It's a bit too serious, that's all," he said. "But never mind," he added tenderly,

for he saw the mist sweeping before her eyes. "You're feeling a bit hippled, but you'll be all right by and by. Of course it's that, and I had no right to suggest a party to you just now, I'll—I'll explain to them."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Tom, and when do you wish to have it? Make out a list of the people, and I'll get the cards to-day and send them out to-night."

Two months later in the first blush of spring, Grace's child, a little girl, was born.

When Courtney was permitted in the room, he bent over her in rapture of love and wonder and awe.

"She's very small, isn't she, old girl. Pity it isn't a young cricketer! But if she grows up like her mother, it's all I'll ask of her."

Grace patted his bronzed cheek, and smiled a little weakly into his big kind face, and after he had stolen away she looked at the small pink face on her arm and wondered.

If it was true what they were predicting, and the new age was to be the woman's age, what part would she take in it, she wondered?

And when life should become serious again, and the call of the Highest heard above the din of conflict, where would Young England be?

To these questions Grace Courtney is still waiting an answer.

Others are waiting too.

New School Difficulty In Canadian West

WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 16.—A special deputation to the Free Press from Edmonton says a part of the Ruthenian population in Alberta has recently made a determined effort to get control of the schools in the Ruthenian settlements and in a number of cases English teachers have been dismissed and Ruthenian teachers from Manitoba installed in their stead. Where this has taken place and has come to the knowledge of the Department of Education, the school inspectors and supervisors of schools among foreigners have been instructed to dismiss the Ruthenian teachers and reinstate English-speaking teachers. The greatest difficulty was encountered in Koloma and Bukowina school districts where it was necessary to have the school trustees brought before a magistrate and fined for interfering with school teachers in the discharge of their duties.

In the application of the disinfectant in cow stables, it is well to use a broom or stiff brush and thoroughly scrub the floor, feed troughs, stanchions and lower parts of the walls. The solution can be applied to the ceilings and upper parts of the side walls with a spray pump, and must be carried into any crevice and recess into which dirt can enter.

\$750,000,000 Loss A Year by Disease

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 12.—"From sickness alone our mere money loss one year is \$750,000,000. Conservative American authorities declare that at least one-fourth of this annual loss, approximately, \$200,000,000, can be prevented," said Dr. John B. Andrews, of New York, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, before the American Public Health Association last night. "Recently," he continued, "there has been a remarkable development of interest in occupational diseases of which 'phossy jaw,' lead colic, miner's asthma batters' shakes, potters' rot, boiler makers' deafness and, the brass workers' chills are merely suggestive. "The prevention of occupational disease is too great an undertaking to be left entirely to individual action."

Classification Of Men.

There are as many classifications of men as there are points of view. The preachers divide men into saved and not saved; the doctors divide them into sick and well; the lawyers into law-observing and not law-observing. The political classification that one has seen quoted so much recently is, "ours, theirs, doubtful, dead, away, cash." It ought to give a man the horrors to hear himself classified as cash, or which means the same thing, to hear that he has to be greased. If a man were to hear the classification going on in a political committee room, he would hear men referred to fondly as "ours," or respectfully as "theirs," or indifferently as "dead" or "away," but contemptuously as "cash." And many a well to do man is known as cash while his poor neighbor has political opinions and expresses them at the poll without the need of any so called "grease."

Humor Of The Insane.

I was sitting in my office the other day," said the superintendent of the insane asylum at Parlor City, "when one of the patients, a harmless fellow, who is allowed to have the freedom of the building and grounds, came in, pale with indignation, and said that he had a complaint to make. "What is it, your highness?" I said, for it was the Prince of Wales I was talking to. "Are the rules of the palace to be observed or not?" he demanded. "I want to know whether our rules can be broken with impunity." "Certainly not, your highness," I said; "what is it?" "I was coming down the corridor this morning," he said, "and in a rack on the wall I saw a dozen red pails marked 'For fire only.' Now is that right or not?" "It is," I said. "The sign is correct." "Well, then," he said, "John (referring to a keeper) must be punished. As I stood there he came along and filled the pails with water." "He shall be executed at once," I said, and the prince bowed with great seriousness and walked out of the room. "This incident illustrates a trick which few people know anything about," continued the superintendent. "That is, that there is more unconscious humor about a lot of lunatics than there is genuine humor among sane people. Some of the things that my patients say and do are funnier than any of the things I read or hear from the outside world. I tell you, life isn't so prosaic as you'd think in an insane asylum."—New York Sun.

A Queer Accident

Queer accidents sometimes end in unprecedented incidents. For example, a young mother of Boothbay Harbor was rolling a baby carriage down the wharf, a sharp gust of wind caught her hat and while she was chasing her flying hat the baby carriage rolled off the wharf into the sea, plunging to the bottom because of its momentum. The carriage and baby immediately rose again, floating on the tide, a swimmer instantly plunged into the water and brought the baby team back, baby still hitched to its seat and properly christened.

GERM OF HYDROPHOBIA HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.

PARIS, Sept. 12.—The announcement of Noguchi's discovery at the Rockefeller Institute of the germ of hydrophobia, has aroused extraordinary interest in France. It is the one subject of discussion at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, where Prof. Metchnikoff has given out the statement that the discovery is another milestone in bacteriological history. One result of Noguchi's work, he says, is that the treatment of hydrophobia which is now long and painful, will probably be shortened. Prof. Metchnikoff has given statistics, hitherto unpublished, showing that in 1912, 395 people were treated for rabies at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Not a single death is reported. That is the second time in twenty-seven years that no death has been reported after treatment in Pasteur Institute. In 1910, 401 patients were inoculated, no fatal results ensuing. In 1911, however, there was one death out of 341 cases treated.

All kinds of young fowls need bone food. Neglect this and something is bound to go wrong with your profits.