

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.

Pig Manure.

Few farmers, says the Victorian (Australia) Dairy Inspector, appear to realize the value of pig manure, or we would not see so much going to waste as is the case on the majority of the farms in this State. Most farmers have proved that increased returns are obtainable by manuring crops with some purchased artificial manure, but do not trouble to conserve the more valuable material they have in their piggeries, for besides this containing all the chemical elements required by growing crops, it is teeming with myriads of micro-organisms which are necessary to enable the plants to make use of the food supplied. It should be understood by pig feeders that every ton of feed bought and fed represents so much more manure made available in a more valuable form than it was originally.

Former Subterranean

Temple 3,000 Years Old.

MILAN, Sept. 10.—Discoveries of immense importance to knowledge of pre-historic times are being made in Southern Sardinia under the auspices of the ministry of public instruction. Beneath the ancient Christian church of St. Anastasia has been found a large subterranean temple, whose date reaches back fully 1,000 years before Christ. The temple is constructed of huge unheavened masses of stone, which enshrine a sacred fount, called the Fount of Pains, which the explorers found still running. It is said to possess medicinal properties.

Sacred images were found intact. The mural decorations are well preserved. These indicate the worship of the earth goddess and the prevalence of bull worship as there is a ponderous statue of a male divinity with a bull's head.

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an anti-septic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei 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 Hyomei 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. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

CONTRASTS.

(By Evelyn Orchard, in the "British Weekly.")

Edwin Coles remarked, as he sat down to breakfast, that his boots were not properly cleaned.

'I don't see why you can't see that they are brushed at night, Jenny, when you know there is never time for anything in this house in the morning,' he added severely, as his wife made frantic efforts to blow out the flame under the spirit-lamp of his latest fad, a new coffee machine, which had cost him thirteen and sixpence in the city.

'It was Ada's night out last night, Edwin, and you know they don't do anything after they come in.' Baby was very fretful all the evening, and I didn't think about the boots. But there's something the matter with the leather of these boots. Ada says: they simply won't shine.'

'Ump! what they want, what most things want in this house, is a little good elbow grease. You don't keep them up to the mark, Jenny. Bacon again? How deadly sick a chap gets of the same eternal round!'

'Last time we had fish Edwin, you said that though there were other things one might have there was only one decent breakfast for a man, and that was bacon and eggs.'

'Nonsense, Jenny. It's one of your make-believes. Women are full of them. They simply imagine things, then put them in a chap's mouth just to get them out of a hole. Who's your letter from?' he added, observing, as he thought, that his wife pushed a letter purposely under her plate.

'I don't know. It's of no account, anyhow; only a tradesman's circular, probably.'

'It's got a penny stamp on it, but don't imagine I want to see your private correspondence, my dear,' he said with a stupid little chuckle. 'You don't want bacon, you say? Can't imagine how women subsist on slops. That's what's the matter with them and their housekeeping—slops.'

After this cheerful remark, silence ensued, only disturbed by the rather loud noise Edwin made while he was eating. Having consumed all the toast which, according to him, was leathery, as usual, he left the room to get into his overcoat, this spouse dutifully following, to hear a few more of his morning strictures, which were her daily bread, and effectually dulled any scanty sunshine which happened to be abroad at that hour of the day.

Coles was a clerk to a large charitable Corporation in the city, for which he received the salary of two hundred pounds a year.

They lived at Norwood, on account of the three children, who were not strong. Their father's physique was not of the robust order. He was one of those small, mean, fair men with a pallid sharpened face and uncertain blue eyes behind large spectacles. The only thing alert about him was his tongue, which was especially good at execution at home, though in his business hours he had to keep it in order. His wife was a small grey person of no particular brand. Yet once upon a time she had

been a rosy cheeked girl with a fund of high spirits, not easily dashed.

Life with Edwin, however, had so effectually dashed them, that now they only blinked at rare intervals, as when on a sunny day she would take the children for a long day in some open space, where she could make believe that she was a child again herself. She had been a typist and secretary and perhaps she was not a very good manager, but she did her best, and never complained of their restricted means or the appalling narrowness of her life. There is not room for two accomplished grumblers in one house though it might have been excellent for Edwin had she claimed her share.

Edwin departed, after having given the suburban husband's dutiful small peck on his wife's cheek, and walked off rather jauntily down the street, flecking the dust from his coat sleeve, so that if Jenny happened to be at the window she might behold him under protest to the last. But Jenny had got beyond the stage of window watching.

It is a smile and not a frown which lures a woman's eyes to windows and corners, where she can see the last or the first of the man she loves. She shut the door with a nervous, trembling hand, flew back to the sitting-room and drew forth her letter. When she opened and read it, her face went, if possible a shade greyer, and her eyes became a little wild. She crushed it up as if it were an accusing thing, and made as if she would toss it in the fire; then she smoothed it out again, put it inside her blouse, and sat down with her unfinished breakfast in front of her, to face a hideous problem. The note contained a demand for money which she was unable to meet. It was a peremptory demand, threatening certain proceedings unless it was met within a period of three days. This was Tuesday; on Friday proceedings would be taken without doubt, and Edwin would have to know that she owed this money, that she had exceeded by a considerable sum the housekeeping allowance which he doled out in such a niggardly fashion. Edwin was of a saving turn of mind and occasionally remarked facetiously, when not sentimentally, that when they were Darby and Joan they would have a nice little nest-egg to fall back on.

'I shall be dead by then, Edwin,' she had answered once. 'It would be kinder to let me have it now. We can't afford to save.'

A foolish remark which had instantly brought forth a homily of sorts on the folly of the spendthrift and the wastrel, who never gives a thought for to-morrow.

Edwin had to catch a train each morning at eight-fifteen, being due at his office in Southampton-row at nine o'clock. It was now only eight, for the house was a good ten minutes walk from the station, and Edwin disliked being hurried. The children were still asleep, but presently she heard the baby cry, and Ada, a large flabby girl with a suet-pudding face and a small strip of forehead, effectually obscured by a Walworth fringe, appeared to inform her of the fact.

'My! you do look bad ma'am! Ain't you well?' she asked, for, though unattractive outwardly and totally incapable, from her master's standpoint, she had certain qualities of which her mistress approved, and would not have relinquished without a struggle. They were friends, in the sense that two lonely women in a house together, with sympathy between them can be friends.

'I'm not very well, Ada. I've had an upset this morning.'

Ada nodded, in no doubt as to the quarter from which it had come. She

simply loathed her master, and could Edwin have obtained a glimpse into the heart of that elemental creature especially when she was receiving some of his rebukes, it is possible it might have been for his good.

'Tell you wot, ma'am I'll hurry up, and take the chillen out fer the d'y; then you go to bed an' avas a reel good rest. While you're a-gettin' them hup, I'll fly round an' git everything done. The drorin' must side ter-d'y; anyways, 'tain't dirty.'

She flew round accordingly, and by eleven o'clock she was ready, with two children in the pram and sturdy little Je. looking very bonnie in his red coat and cap walking alongside.

'I put the little bit ov fish in the hoven, ma'am, fer yer lunch, an' I've got enough grub for the chillen an' me 'ere; you won't see hus till tea-time, I guess. S'y by-by to mummy, my precisions, and let's be off.'

They said "by-by," and Jenny, who loved her little ones dearly, and grudged no toil for them, summoned a very loving smile to speed their departure. But instead of obeying Ada's injunction to lie down, she began to get herself ready hurriedly, as if for a journey, and by twelve o'clock was out of the house, taking the front-door key with her. She would be back long before Ada and her charges would have tired of the green fields and the pleasant lanes it was still possible to reach easily from their dull little street.

She took a train to Ludgate-hill, then, an omnibus to the end of Tottenham Court-road where she got down, and stuck into the wide, pleasant labyrinths of Bloomsbury. In Bedford-square she found the house she sought a large beautiful house, of dimensions only possible to tenants who had money in their pockets.

A very smart parlor maid answered her somewhat timid ring, and when she enquired for Mrs. Prendergast, smiled, and invited her to enter.

It was not Jenny's first visit, for the mistress of that great house had been a fellow-worker in the office with her, and had married her employer a man twenty years older than herself. Now their ways lay apart though occasional letters passed between them, and Jenny was often pressed to come to Bedford-square. But Jenny did not come, chiefly because she had discovered that these visits did her no good, but sent her back inclined to be rebellious with her own lot. She was shown into the library of the house, a noble room of quiet tones and restful comfort, and thither after a few minutes Mrs. Prendergast came to her.

They were nearly, of an age, but Kate Prendergast did not look thirty; she seemed to Jenny scarcely a day older than when they had been together in the office at Knight-riding street. She was simply and girlishly dressed, in a blue serge skirt and a white blouse, both of exquisite material and workmanship, and her beautiful face wore an expression of real welcome.

'Now this is good of you, Jenny. Did some little bird whisper to you that my husband had had to rush off to Russia this morning, and I'm all alone? Only for a week, though, I'm to meet him in Paris to-morrow week, thank goodness; the days will soon pass.'

They kissed one another, and Mrs. Prendergast immediately discerned trouble on the face of her little weary-eyed friend.

'You don't look well, Jenny, so tired and white and thin. Why, you want caring for dear; whatever have they been doing to you?'

Jenny's answer was to burst into tears. Kate wisely allowed them to have free vent; then, without allowing her to begin any explanation, she took her upstairs to take off her things, and they went together into Kate's own little sanctum, where only a very favored few were admitted.

The thing which riveted Jenny's attention was a large and very fine portrait of her friend's husband in a silver frame on the little table. She took it up and looked at it steadily. No great looks, perhaps, but it was a very fine face, informed with the highest qualities of mind and heart, the mouth a trifle stern, perhaps, yet the eyes so tender that they belied it.

'What a beautiful face! I suppose you're very happy, Kate?'

'I am. I'm the happiest woman in the world. I shall always be thankful that God showed me what to do. You remember I did not care for him then, and was half minded to take the other one. Where should I have been now?' She stooped over the picture and kissed it. It some women this would have been a foolish, even an offensive act, but it filled Jenny with awe. For she had never seen such an expression

on a woman's face before.'

'Now tell me the trouble you, poor little sparrow!' said her friend, as they sat down together on the comfortable couch.

Jenny drew forth the crushed missive.

'I own money, Kate—nine pounds to the grocer and over four to the milkman—and I'm afraid to tell Edwin. He isn't easy, especially about money, though quite good about other things. It's worrying me into my grave.'

Kate read through the empty demand, and suffered it to flutter to the ground, while she looked with much sympathy at the harassed face in front of her. She needed no further telling, also she had her own opinion concerning Edwin Coles. Had Jenny married any other man, possibly there might have been more visits between the two.

A few skilful questions soon brought before her a comprehensive and rather poignant picture of her friend's life at Norwood. She dropped her chin on her hand and her face wore a gravely beautiful look.

'Life's a strange thing, Jenny, and as one grows older it seems to be, come more interesting. I'm so happy that I never lie down a single night without blessing God for my husband and my home, but there is a little cloud. We have no children and I never shall have any. You have three so you must just think of these blessings when the worries come. I'll give you this money, Jenny; yes, dear, I can quite easily. John gives me a big allowance which I can't spend, and he never asks me what I do with it. If only I had known, I could have helped you before. The money is nothing, but it makes me very, very sad to think you can't tell Mr. Coles all about it. That's what a husband is for, to bear burdens, or at least help to make us strong.'

'Oh, Edwin is not like that; he is quite a big burden himself! I mean—I never can please him, whatever I do,' said Jenny confusedly.

'Then I should leave off trying immediately,' said Kate with some spirit. 'I know the type. Self sacrifice and hard work won't make any impression on them. Stop in bed of a morning, and let Ada get him his breakfast. Stop crying, behave with dignity, and don't be afraid to speak out plainly about household affairs. What he expects is impossible.'

But though she said this, she had small hopes of Edwin Coles, for his nature was mean and narrow, like his looks. There was nothing to work upon. They had a long morning together, and she tried to infuse some of her own courage and strength into the small, crab, shrinking creature whom the wheel of life had bruised.

When Edwin Coles returned to his home that night he carried in his hand a bunch of daffodils, which he had purchased for twopence on the steps at Ludgate-hill station. Jenny came out to meet him, wearing a blue velvet frock he especially liked, and, to his surprise, her face was sunshiny and sweet, though something he had seen in it in the morning had haunted him all day.

'Halloa, Jen, all right, eh? Brought you a market bunch,' he said, with an odd attempt at gaiety which sat awkwardly upon it. 'What's happened to make you buck up so, eh?'

'I've seen into the heart of God,' she answered, as she buried her shining face deep in the daffodils' heart.

Superabundance

When you're troubles you're relating
In a tone that's all severe,
You will find nobody waiting
You're remarks to overhear,
You may think them worth attending
As you seek to make them known,
But your friends no heed are lending,
They have troubles of their own.

If your moods are acrobatic
Or you hit a comic style,
Or develop thoughts erratic,
They may greet you with a smile.
But it's all a different matter
If you seek to heave a sigh,
The demand for hard luck chatter
Never equals the supply.
—Washington Star.

The rule is that if a man has money he will be sued for damages.

When a man is dead broke he usually has very little life in him.

'The moon of the harvest grew high and bright.
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white.'

—Longfellow.