

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,

Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON  
NOTARY PUBLIC

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**A Dry Poultry-house**

To avoid dampness in the poultry-house the floor should be a foot higher of earth than the level of the outside lay of land. Then grade up to the outside walls so as to turn off the water.

Ducks may be raised at little expense on the farm. They eat the food that is not desired by other fowls. Vegetable parings and food unrelished by either geese or chickens seem to be enjoyed.

**RETIRED FARMERS  
UNHAPPY IN TOWNS**

They Find Themselves Out of Their Element And Pine For Open Life of the Country

When the farmer sells out or rents his farm and moves to town with his family he is like a fish out of water, says the North-West Agriculturist. He has no fields over which to tramp and plan for the next year's crop; or meadows on which for years he has seen his cattle graze and the calves and colts grow and thrive. There are no cows to milk, no pigs to feed, no sheep to shear. In a word, he is idle, and idleness was never yet good for a man, rich or poor.

The times hangs heavily on the farmer's hands. He does odd jobs about the house, then he light his pipe and saunters down to the square. He sits in the bank for a while. He has a right to do that, he thinks, because he has deposited the price of his farm there. But it is a busy place, and no one has time to talk to him, so he goes over to some of the stores and lounges around a while. If he likes horses, you may find him sitting in front of the livery stable. He also takes an active interest in the arrival and departure of the trains, and you will find him at the station, eagerly scanning the passengers and the baggage deposited on the platform. Then he goes to the post office for the mail. The daily papers from the large cities interest him for a while, and if he is a talkative man he will voice his opinions on political questions. When all this excitement is over he wanders back home and tries to put in the time until the chickens go to roost.

Unfortunately the retired farmer does not, as a rule, agree with the progressive spirit of the townspeople. He wants to live among them, but he does not care to become one of them. He very much disapproves of taxes for the benefit of the community. He does not care for public improvements. He can get along without electric lights or water-works or paved streets or any of those new-fangled notions. For these and other reasons the retired farmer is not considered a valuable addition to a town. He is too selfish, too one-sided for a live, go-ahead place. A curious thing about the matter is that the farmer who moves to the city is more than likely to have the experience of a shrub transplanted to uncongenial soil. It may flourish for a short time, but its life history is short. So with the man who has spent his best years out in the open. The cramped confines of town and city life are not his natural environment, and he fades and withers as do the plants—a few short years and he returns to the soil and becomes, not its tiller, but a component part of it. Better stick to the farm.

**THE MERCY OF FORGETFULNESS.**

BY OSWALD WILDRIDGE, in the "Christian World."

Once in the year, and this always in the opening month, nine of the dalesmen contrived to tuck themselves into the minister's vestry at the back of the Dalehead Church. On other occasions a farmhouse kitchen was accepted as a fitting place for our meetings, but the proprietors insisted that "the election of officers for the ensuing year" could only be conducted within the walls of the church. It was a matter of close and clever racking and the stranger would denounce the thing as impossible, but with Isaac Steel the secretary, balancing his books on the edge of the table by the ministers' side, and with John Fletcher, of Funday, who had charge of the money, consenting to a partial eclipse by the funnel of the stove the miracle was achieved. For a full week before it was held, eight of the nine men entitled to attend, were oppressed by a sense of deep gravity, and even John Fletcher one of the most equable of mortals confessed to a feeling of gladness at the end of it. For, said he, 'men have a tearful trick of saying things they don't quite mean, and you never know what mischief a thoughtless word may liberate.' Happily for the peace of the dale the fear has never yet been justified, though in the second year of Giles Harrison's ministry the rumbling menace of tempest was heard and over the meeting there trailed the shadow of a dark cloud.

And this merely because old Daniel Ritson had found the burden of office too heavy for him after thirty-five years' service, also, because the minister had conceived the idea of nominating James Dickinson, of Grainger Hill, for the position, but mainly because Peter Atkinson, of Galva, had fallen in with a certain man from the bleak debateable lands where Dickinson had his first dealings with life.

As a rule, the business of the meeting ran through a well established formula; passing from the election of Isaac Steele to that of John Fletcher, and thence to the same pair of society stewards and the same chapel stewards, and so without change right to the end. This year, however, there was Daniel Ritson's successor to be appointed, and the fact gave to the assembly a mark of special distinction. This meeting, at any rate, would not leave things merely as it had found them.

That James Dickinson was any different from the other orderly, peace-loving men of the dale no one had ever suggested until the gathering in the minister's vestry. It is true that we knew next to nothing about him—only from sundry fragments of talk had we gathered that in his younger days he had travelled far abroad, that in later years he had farmed in his father's country, and thence had drifted into the Dale, a shy and silent man, but having a kindly way and an unmistakable desire to help in carrying the burden of the over-laden. In a word he was one of the "likeable men",

and Giles Harrison believed that he had only to mention his name to have the choice confirmed. Indeed, when Peter Atkinson rose the minister accepted the action as the first move of approval, and great was the surprise that fell upon him when he discovered Peter in the role of the inquisitor and himself on the rack.

'I'd like t' ask you Maister Harrison, if you've made any inquiry about the fitness of James Dickinson for the post you propose t' give till him?'

His square jaws grimly set, the old man waited for the younger one, who failed at first to detect the dangerous potentialities of the question, and therefore dismissed it with a smile and a brief negative.

'You wouldn't have me turn policeman would you Peter?' he lightly added and immediately regretted his trifling.

'I'd have you be a faithful servant, Maister Harrison,' Peter gravely replied, 'and just as willing t' face the unpleasant work of the sheepfold as to preach the bonny message of the Gospel. As for me, it's no lighthouse task that I've taken up, but I'm not going to run from it, and again I ask you—are you sure of your man? He may be a satisfying body noo, but if, in days t' come, it should be learned that in his past he's been content t' live among the swine and feed upon the husks, I'm doubting that the light may be darkened for some whose vision isn't over-clear. You'd do well do remember that it's woe to them by whom offence cometh.'

Now was the minister minded to make an angry reply, but in time he remembered something of the faithfulness of Peter's service, and he trapped the words before they left his tongue.

'It may be that you are right, Peter,' he said, 'but it is not always expedient to set ourselves up as judges in Israel. You are old enough to be my father, and perhaps know more of men than I do, but what experience I have had has shown me that as a rule you must take them as you find them. As for James Dickinson, I have found one thing—I have watched his face when the word has been given to him, and I have seen the glory of the Mount reflected in his eyes.'

'It's good t' hear ye say that, Maister Harrison,' Peter was on his feet again. 'And I've no fault t' find with the man as he is to-day. Mair than that, I've tell you that if it hadn't been for the thing you're proposing to do, you'd never have heard me lift my voice against him, and what has come to my hearing would have gone with me t' the grave. But you ken, sir, caution's a grand virtue, and mistakes may be terrible, harmful and past mending.'

'Man, but this is a queer doctrine you're preaching,' Isaac Steel broke in. 'It sounds uncommonly like quenching the smoking flax. A man's past hasn't to be for ever rising up against him.'

'You can't stop it,' Peter sharply retorted. 'And as a matter of discretion a man's past shouldn't be too readily forgotten. Besides, I've a fancy for seeing folk keep their places. It's them who've grown from strength to strength who should be exalted, and not them who've run from weakness to folly, and in the end have had to be hauled out of the bogs of sin. I never trust any man till I have proved him, and I've special; doubtful of converts. You know for yourselves how the seed falls into verra thin soil at times. Wisest thing you can do with James Dickinson is t' let him hide where he is for another five year, and then, if he shows that he's got the root of the matter in him still, you might make him a man of authority.'

The young minister leaned back in his chair and glanced helplessly around the mass of grave impassive faces. At that moment he felt utterly alone. He had conceived a great liking for the dalesman of Grainger Hill; he held that one of the best means of cementing a man's loyalty was to set him to work, and he had himself built solidly on this appointment. Moreover, it was not instinct only that assured him of right judgment—he had knowledge as well, for James Dickinson had permitted him to peep into that dark past which a heedless tongue had betrayed.

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But that was between themselves, and not even for the man's defence might he draw the veil aside. So he confessed defeat, and was prepared to pass on, when Sampson Lowther, who has a trick of speaking first and thinking a day or two afterwards, gave Peter an opening.

'I thought,' said he, 'that you proposed to tel us where it is that Dickinson has gone wrong. Hadn't you better b' letting us have chapter and verse? Hoodid ye get t' know, and what is it that he's done? Talk's nothing but wind and wool. If we get t' facts we'll mebbe, find that it's some thing we'll be able t' look ower.'

With outstretched hand the minister mutely protested, his heart was pounding painfully, and, even under the yellow lamplight, his face was showing white. Hot thoughts struggled for utterance, but discretion thrust them back. It was only a trifle, one man's wrong-doing—and that atoned for in agony—against another man's zeal; but he realized full well that a mistake on his part now might mean the renewal of the agony or disruption in the church. And while he made his final play with hesitation a pair of boots scraped harshly on the floor at the far end of the room, and the voice of Kit Skelton, the shepherd of Miterdale, broke gently into the silence.

'I've beg your pardon, Sampson,' he began, but before we go any further I'd like t' say hoo varra much obliged we are to Peter Atkinson for the service he's rendered; and then after I've had my bit say we can listen till this story of James Dickinson and make up oor minds what best to be done. After all there is nothing for us t' worry about, but something grand t' rejoice over; for the main fact is this, that Dickinson might still have been content with his sin. Instead of that he's a decent, clean-living man, well-meaning, and powerfully set on keeping till the narrow path. He might have been one o' those we wouldn't like t' touch with a stick, and instead we're all varra glad to reckon him among oor friends. So I've been thinking that before we listen till Peter's story of James Dickinson's wrong-doing it wouldn't be amiss if we'd offer a bit prayer to the Father of us all just by way o' thanking Him for James Dickinson's salvation.'

Skelton looked across the room at the minister, who nodded back, the group of dalesmen dropped upon their knees, the voice of the shepherd broke into a passion of thanksgiving and appeal:

Our Father, we praise Thee for the tender mercy that blots out all our transgression. It's just past telling what Thy luv can do for a man who's down. We're all of us like a flock of sheepon fells, and if it wasn't for the Shepherd keeping watch we'd be wandering into the bogs or dropping ower the screes, while at times we'd have t' stand by and see our bit lambs carried off by the foxes of temptation and us powerless to help. Bit what then, the Shepherd is oalus by, and He never wearies and His arm is full of power and His heart is full of luv. Eh, Father, we thank Thee for the poor thoughtless sheep that have been tempted away into strange pastures and have been brought back to their own fold. Help us to guard them well and save us from blundering words and blundering deeds that may drive them oot again into the wilderness.

Help us also t' think mair of to-day and to-morrow than of yesterday. It's a comfort to know that our Father is so ready to forget the sins of His sorrowing bairns, so willing to blot their names from the Book of Condemnation and enter them in the Book of Life. Grant unto us also the grace of forgetfulness—till the shadows lift fra the valleys and the dawn-light shows upon the hills, and then we'll understand.

As the little company rose from its knees the minister caught the look that Peter Atkinson turned upon his friend the shepherd, and he knew then what the end of the matter would be. There was a brief silence, and it was Peter who broke it, but now he seemed to speak with the tongue of another man.

'I've thinking that tale 'll keep,' he said. 'On second thought I've inclined t' fancy that caution may be carried too far, and that trust should at least have a chance. Likewise it looks as if some of us set too much store on the Book of Condemnation, and that we dinna dip quite often enough into the Book of Life.'

From this point there was a certain incoherence about the speech, and Peter resumed his seat in the middle of a sentence. It is also on record that James Dickinson was that night created an officer of Dalehead Church, and if ever you have access to the books you will find that Isaac Steel has entered his election as having been 'carried unanimously.'

'Face a situation and you are three-quarters master of it.'

Montreal's water famine ended on Friday night.

**Catarrh Cured**

By Breathing

You breathe in Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and inhale the antiseptic vaporized life of the pine and eucalyptol forests. As you breathe in this delightful air it passes over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane, allays inflammation, kills the germs and drives out the disease.

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**POULTRY POINTERS.**

Young turkeys are of a delicate nature until they are fully feathered and have thrown out the red on their heads, which usually occurs at about three months of age. After that they are hardy and may be allowed unlimited range at all times.

When the hens have the run of the farm, which is common, many are disposed to make their nests away from the regular buildings, says The Weekly Witness. Unless they are to be allowed to set, much care is needed in locating these nests and gathering eggs. Indeed, it is best to confine the hens for a time to induce them to lay in the regular nests.

Immediately after dressing, poultry should be placed in ice cold water and allowed to remain there until all the animal heat has left the body. Failure to do this is very apt to cause the carcasses to turn green in parts by the time they reach their destination.

Once a week at least disinfect the drinking fountains and dishes used by the poultry by scalding them in boiling water. Infectious diseases are spread very rapidly through feed troughs and drinking fountains.

A chicken never should be eaten the day it is killed. The tenderest fresh killed chicken will be tough immediately after the animal heat has left the body. In about twelve hours however, the muscles will relax and it then becomes acceptable for food.