

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.

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

IRISH PEER TURNS MOHAMMEDAN.

Lord Headley, an Irish peer, at the age of 68, has become a convert to Mohammedanism. Headley has had a rather adventurous career. As a young man he served on the German side in the Franco-German war. He also took part in the Carlist war in Spain. At home he was lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, and has held a commission in the Honorable Artillery Company.

This is, says the London Chronicle, not the first instance of a British peer being converted to Islam, for the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, who died in 1903, and had lived for many years in the Levant and at Constantinople embraced the Mohammedan faith.

Terrific Tornado Blew Canoes To Sea

Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa, Dec. 11.—Over 250 natives are believed to have perished today when a terrific tornado blew twenty canoes with some 400 natives on board out to sea. The cable ship Sentinel rescued 136 of them.

Houston, Texas, Dec. 11.—One hundred and sixty-five persons perished, 20,000 people were driven from home, and property was damaged to the extent of \$6,000,000 by floods in Texas, during the last ten days.

The Manitoba Legislature opened Thursday afternoon for what is expected to be the last session before the provincial elections.

An appeal from the decision of Mr. Justice Joyce that a woman is not a person within the meaning of the Solicitors' Act of 1843, and is therefore not entitled to admission in court or to the preliminary examination of the law society, was dismissed by the Court of Appeal, London, Tuesday. The effort of Gwyneth Babb for the admission of herself and other women thereby fails.

Hyomei

Death to Catarrh Germs

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) means breath to catarrh germs in a few hours. It is the only guaranteed Catarrh Cure. When you use Hyomei, you don't swallow nauseating drugs. You simply breathe in the soothing, pleasant and antiseptic Hyomei through a little pocket inhaler. As this medicated vaporized air passes over the inflamed parts relief comes almost at once and a cure follows.

Your druggist E. W. Mair will sell you a complete outfit for \$1.00 and what is more he will refund you your money if after using Hyomei according to directions, it fails to do all that we claim. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup, grip, cold in the head, asthma, etc. Hyomei can be obtained from all druggists and dealers, or postpaid on receipt of price from The R. T. Booth Co., Limited

The Christmas Kettle.

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne in Pictorial Review.

Trenchard, instinctively, though against his better judgment felt reasonably safe from detection and discovery. And yet he knew full well that every plain clothed man in N—was looking for him—that a price had probably been set upon his head. He had taken care to install himself in the smoking car where no one could turn and look him in the face. He kept his slouch hat pulled well down over his face and coat collar—he wore a shabby shabby overcoat—turned up. On who glanced casually or even keenly at him would have been able to secure a view merely of his board a rough scraggy affair of some ten months growth or more. Trenchard as he took account of the stock, thanked his stars that Nature had fashioned him in an average mold. The only flattery that had ever been bestowed upon him had been directed at his eyes. He recalled now vaguely that Evelyn had told him many times that it was his eyes, nothing but his eyes—that had made her, at the start, look at him more than once.

This being so, he kept them well out of sight. He had no tricks, no hitches of the shoulder, no nervous spasms of the face, no physical idiosyncrasies. He felt that fate had favored him in this as it had favored him for the many months he had been at large. And now he was doing a bold thing—possibly a fatal thing. He was coming back to the town in which, ten months before, he struck and killed Alexander Maxfield!

He was coming back against his better judgement; he was coming back because he could not help it. He knew that they banked on this—these men who were watching for him—that they knew there was a power stronger than a man himself—the irresistible force that draws a man back to his home.

The train stopped at N and he alighted. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He would not go home at first; he would find Jim Yawger, and he felt sure that he knew just where to find him. Jim had disgraced him and particularly Evelyn time and time again. Jim must help him out. He knew Jim's habits knew that in summer when a man could sleep comfortably anywhere out of doors, Jim Yawger was a devil; knew that in winter when the warm rooms of the missions beckoned and when plates of soup were to be had for a song and a prayer, Jim was saint.

Trenchard made tracks for an old ramshackle building on Railroad Avenue. Without hesitation he ascended the rickety steps of the old building and pushed open the door. A man in a blue uniform and a red cap held out his hand.

'God bless you, Brother,' he exclaimed, 'Come in.'

Trenchard looked curiously about the huge apartment in which he stood. Scattered about it in a variety of attitudes were half a hundred individuals in

disguise, transformed in the twinkling of an eye in benevolent old gentleman. Each man wore a surtout of crimson muslin, trimmed lavishly with cotton batting, and a tasseled crimson cap upon his head similarly trimmed. Each boasted a venerable beard. Different as they may have been before, young and old, good and bad, they all were now raised to the same saintly level. Each had become, upon the instant, a Kris Kringle. Each held under one arm a tripod painted red; with the other he clutched a gypsy kettle, also painted red.

'I want to see Jim Yawger,' ventured Trenchard, in a husky voice. 'Is he here?'

'Sure he is, Brother,' said the doorkeeper. 'Go right ahead into that bunch there in the middle of the floor. You'll find him.'

Trenchard obeyed. He ventured into the middle of the bunch and peered about him looking for Yawger. To save his soul he could not have picked his man. He nudged a venerable old party next to him.

'Looking for Jim Yawger,' he exclaimed, with careless indifference.

The venerable old gentleman nodded. 'I'm Yawger,' he said, in a familiar voice. 'What's eating you? Who are you and what do you want?'

Trenchard pushed his hat back and looked Yawger in the face. Yawger retreated still further into his corner.

'Good Lord,' he exclaimed chokingly, 'Bill Trenchard! Is it you?'

'It is I,' conceded Trenchard. 'Don't speak so loud.'

'Never fear,' said Yawger in a hoarse whisper. 'I'm wise; I'm on. Well,' he added, 'you've got a nerve, coming back here to this burg. Oh, what a nerve you've got! And yet I'm glad you've come. I'm mighty glad you've come. It does me good. Bill Trenchard, to see you in this plight. For six years ever since you married Evelyn, you've had it on me. You have thought me the dirt under your feet—you've figured me out as a black-leg and a black sheep and a scamp. You never forgave me, did you, Trenchard? You never got over your feeling of contempt—he held out his hand. 'Well, Trenchard,' he said. 'I guess were quits now, I'm as good a man as you are—and a darned sight better, too. But you've got your nerve with you all right. Why, this whole town is looking for you.'

'I know it,' stammered Trenchard, resuming his natural voice. 'I, I figured on all of that, Yawger; but I had to come back, I had to come home. You don't know,' he went on with a grim smile, 'how glad I am to see even you. I couldn't help it, Jim. It's been hard enough to stay away for all these months, but with Christmas and Evelyn and little Bill—there was no way out of it; I had to come.' He clutched Yawger's wrist. 'Tell me,' he demanded, 'how are they—Evelyn and little Billy?'

'They're all right,' returned Yawger 'but they're ducedly poor.'

'Poor!' echoed Trenchard. 'Why Evelyn had money. I put three thousand dollars in her name and I've only been gone ten months.'

Yawger chuckled. 'Are you crazy, Trenchard?' he said sneeringly. 'Three thousand dollars in her name. And where?'

'Ready money in the bank,' said Trenchard.

Yawger raised his eyes to the ceiling. 'In the bank,' he echoed. 'And what bank?'

'My bank,' said Trenchard; 'Our bank.'

'Great Scott!' said Yawger. 'I ain't going to throw anything to you, Trenchard, not a thing; but just you tell me something. Evelyn had three thousand dollars in your bank—the bank you were cashier of. How long do you think your bank weathered the storm after you did the thing you did?'

Trenchard seemed alarmed. 'Did it smash?' he queried. 'Did it go by the board?'

'Smash! echoed Yawger. 'Could it do anything else but smash?'

Trenchard shook his head. 'I can't understand it,' he mused; 'can't see who the bank should fail.'

'Forget it,' returned Yawger. 'I'm going to fix it up so they can see you

"The Registered Name"
"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, on a Sealed Lead Packet is put there as your safeguard and guarantee "Beware of Imitations."

BLACK OR NATURAL GREEN } Both Equally Pure.

—Evelyn and the boy. They'll be crazy. There isn't anything you could give them for a Christmas present like the sight of you. By George! Evelyn almost acts as though she thought you innocent—'

'Innocent' gasped Trenchard, 'and so I am—so I am, Yawger. At heart I am entirely innocent of that crime. I tell you I never meant to do it.'

'No,' said Yawger, drily, 'but you did it just the same, and the town would lynch you if it knew you were in sight.'

'Where do they live—Evelyn and the boy?'

'Same old place,' said Yawger. 'She wouldn't move. The place was sold over her head, but the cash you sent gave her enough to pay the rent and mighty little else beside.'

Trenchard was staring at him in a puzzled way. 'The cash I sent,' he repeated. 'I didn't send them any money.'

Yawger only smiled. 'You're a first class criminal,' he responded, 'you've got a convenient memory. You sent them money from Quebec, Winnipeg, Minneapolis and San Francisco and every time you did, this town landed a telegram in those burgs so quick that you couldn't wink. But you were slick, my boy—slick, you got away.'

'Quebec—Winnipeg—Minneapolis—San Francisco,' echoed Trenchard. 'I sent them money? I haven't been in the United States for ten months. I've been in South America—the Argentine; I've been in Buenos Ayres.'

'You did it slick,' said Yawger, admiringly. 'you did it mighty slick; and now that you've come back, by George I'll help you, I'll see to it that you walk right into this here town, see your wife and boy and turn right around and make your getaway again. It ain't safe for you here, Trenchard, and I'll fix it for you so that you can get away.'

He caught Trenchard by the arm, slouched with him across the floor—Trenchard had once more pulled his hat low over his eyes and thrust him suddenly into a long and narrow ante-room. From a hook he took down a crimson garment, a cap and a snowy beard.

'You put these on,' he said.

From a corner he procured a tripod and picked up a gypsy kettle from the floor.

'Now,' he added, 'you come along with me.'

Trenchard sighed with relief. 'Do you think there's any chance of anybody recognizing me?' he asked.

'I'm just a bit afraid of those eyes of yours,' said Yawger. 'First candy store we come to we'll get a bottle of glue and I'll fix you up.'

The first candy store they came to he did fix him up and also fixed himself. He daubed Trenchard's eyebrows and his own liberally with glue, tore a piece of cotton from the trimming on their costumes and adorned himself and Trenchard with very generous shaggy white eyebrows that would have made St. Nick turn green with envy.

All day long Trenchard, with his nerves worn to shreds, tramped a beaten path in the snow behind his gypsy kettle. In the depths of the kettle he had found a dinner bell and this he rang with energy. At Yawger's direction he had taken his stand in front of the post office and the whole town seemed to surge past him.

Of the thousands of business men and shoppers that tramped down the heavy fall of snow, there were hundreds that he knew. Business friends of his met other business friends and held conferences within ten feet of him. He might, in fact, have touched them with his hand. Society women, whom he had there, before addressed by their first names, stepped in and out of limousines all day long. Tubby Aspinall, his old time crony, dropped a quarter in his kettle, drew his coat about him, rubbed his frosty ears and whisked away.

Then suddenly he saw them coming—saw them a block away, and his heart stood still. In another instant it was working like a piston rod, thumping the blood into his brain, pounding it against his temples.

They were coming—Evelyn and little Bill—nearer, nearer, nearer. He saw Evelyn glance scrutinizingly at his colleague to the north and then glance away again. She was looking for something which that Kris Kringle lacked. He realized in a moment the cleverness, whether intentional or otherwise, of Jim Yawger's scheme. She was looking, plainly, for a Santa Claus with shaggy cotton eyebrows—and she had found him.

Trenchard's staring eyes met hers—for the first time in ten long months. She stood still for just a moment intent apparently upon a stock of holly wreaths that were being vended at the curb. She fumbled in her purse. She passed to little Bill a coin and crumpled piece of paper, and then the two came on.

As she approached she flashed a look of warning and understanding into Trenchard's eyes, but she did not look at him again. It was not so with Trenchard. He devoured them with his glance though he gave no sign, and his soul cried within him. They were wan, pinched, thin; she seemed a woman who might at any moment raise her arm to ward off a blow.

The boy was shabby to. He had grown—how he had grown! It was the boy who approached him and offered to shake hands with his patron saint. Trenchard pulled off his red mitten and clasped the small hand in his own. There was a worshipping radiance in the face uplifted to his.

'A Christmas present for you,' piped little Bill.

The boy withdrew his hand and left in Trenchard's two objects: one was a five-cent piece and the other was a crumpled bit of paper. Trenchard ostentatiously dropped the five-cent piece into the kettle for all the world to see. He drew his mitten on over the crumpled bit of paper.

The two passed on without once looking back. Trenchard trod his beaten path. When he dared, he drew forth the piece of paper, opened it and read it. This is what it said:

'Come to the front door, just as you are, at half-past eight to-night.'

At half past eight to the second, with his white beard flowing down from his chest, with his tripod and his kettle under his arm, he pressed the button of a modern colonial little dwelling on the outskirts of the town. He was conscious of a feeling of intolerable oppression—of a spasmodic choking sensation—that against his will he was uttering dry sobs. This dwelling house and all it contained was the thing that had brought him back. This was his home.

The door opened. It was Evelyn who opened it. She placed her hand upon her lips.

'Don't go into any lighted room,' she whispered.

In another moment he had caught her in his arms, crushing her to him. She struggled frantically and succeeded for the instant in holding him at arm's length.

'There's one thing that I've got to know,' she said, 'and you've got to tell me with your eyes—I won't trust anything but them. Who was the woman that ran away with you that night?'

'The woman that ran away with me that night,' echoed Trenchard, weakly.

'The newspaper,' went on Evelyn, 'didn't know, and nobody has been able to find out, only they were sure there was a woman and that she ran away with you.'

'Great Scott,' said Trenchard. 'If there had been I would have been better off, perhaps.'

'That's all,' returned Evelyn,