

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA for November (Publisher, W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.) sustains its reputation as the leading Canadian magazine devoted to the interests of sportsmen. Big game hunting in British Columbia is described in several well written and illustrated articles; "A Labrador Room" is descriptive of a Labrador fishing village; "My Visit to an Alberta Trapper," details a successful day on the trap line; "How to Keep Game from Spoiling" contains some valuable information for the hunter of big and small game; "When Riley Tied Hanlan" is by way of variety and reminiscent of the famous Barrie Regatta when all the world's big scullers had a try-out for the Championship. The regular departments are well maintained.

Worry

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points which produce little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worryment the brain can cope with, but the iteration and the reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a stop or the failure of a stroke. Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, diminishing the vitality of the delicate organisms that are so minute that they can be seen only under the microscope.

-The "Continent."

Catsup poured over pork while it is roasting improves the flavor wonderfully.

Do not leave a spoon in anything you are cooking; it conducts away some of the heat, besides, is not good for the spoon.

By placing a few lumps of loaf sugar in the oven nearest the fire when baking pastry, the top crust will cook a lovely brown.

Canned tomatoes should always be kept in the dark. Save all paper bags from the grocers and put each can into a bag, marking the contents on the bag. The mark is easily seen, and the can is kept free from dust.

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.

Tales of A Blockade Runner.

How the Confederacy Gained in Involuntary Patriotism.

The Banshee, the finest and fleetest of the many blockade runners trading between Liverpool and Wilmington, lay at anchor in the River Mersey. She had completed a successful voyage under the command of Capt. Blondin, and was about to start upon another.

Her decks, clean as those of a yacht, gave no indication of her being the carrier of a cargo of great value to the Confederacy, but below decks it was different. Huge oblong cases had been carefully hoisted aboard and stowed away. "Machinery," they were marked; "machinery of war" would have been nearer the truth, for they were rifled guns, destined for use by the Southerners. Other cases there were, smaller and more nearly square, also labelled "machinery," containing the gun mounts and the ammunition, and further aft still smaller cases, containing small arms and ammunition for use in the Confederate Army. Nor were the means of repairing physical damage forgotten. The after part of the hold was filled with small packages of surgical instruments and medical supplies.

Taken all in all, the cargo was a valuable one, and Messrs, Croft & Duncan, brokers, the owners of the Banshee, had good reason to congratulate themselves upon the selection by the Confederate agents of a ship to carry his cargo, and still more reason to congratulate Capt. Blondin, whose skill and daring had made this selection possible.

Capt. Blondin, small and slim of figure and immaculate as to dress, was simple and unaffected, as of old. Success had not turned his head, and his happiest moments were spent in the seclusion of his cabin and upon the high seas.

He had just finished an interview with Mr. Croft when Dalton his first mate, came below to say that a Mr. Rutherford desired to see him.

"I suppose that I must see him, Dalton," he said with a sigh, "but I wish that all this calling would come to an end; I am heartily sick of it."

Big and coarse, a red-faced giant with small grey eyes that twinkled genially yet never looked one squarely in the face, and a would-be jovial and familiar manner, soiled as to linen and unkempt as to person—such a man was Mr. Rutherford, the very antithesis of Capt. Blondin in all things.

As Capt. Blondin looked at him for a moment, before speaking, a feeling of disgust almost overcame him. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and there was that about Mr. Rutherford which was calculated to arouse the latter feeling within him. It was hard, however, to overcome his natural habits of courtesy, and almost involuntarily he inquired what he could do for his visitor.

"Much or little, Captain," replied Rutherford, as he took a seat, unbidden, and placed his elbows upon the table and rested

his face in his hands. "Much or little, Captain. My name's Rutherford. My errand here is to put money into your pocket if you're willing to have it put there. How would you like to turn over a cool hundred thousand dollars, Captain?"

For a few moments the two men sat gazing at each other in silence. Capt. Blondin's face flushed, then paled, as he looked steadily at his visitor; Rutherford's shifty eyes wavered between Capt. Blondin's face and the objects in the cabin, but not the slightest movement or expression upon the former escaped him.

"What is expected from me in return for this sum?" inquired Capt. Blondin at last, his voice quite calm and even.

"Nothing much, Captain. Nothing that is hard to do. Are we alone?" He cast a suspicious glance around the cabin.

"We are alone. Go on, sir."

"Well, then, Captain, it's this I'm a representative of the United States Government. We want to put a stop to this blockade running. I know just what you have below hatches. It's a cargo that we can't afford to have get away, and we are willing to pay you well for it. A hundred thousand dollars is not to be picked up every day, even in a trade that pays as well as the contraband. What do you say to the proposition?"

Capt. Blondin's reply was promptly decisive.

"You scoundrel!" he said hotly. "You hound! Do you think that your paltry dollars will buy me?"

Rutherford's assurance was of proof, he did not move from his seat.

"Hear me out, Captain, before you decide finally," he said coolly. "Remember, I don't ask you to do much, and you stand to make a fortune out of it, a fortune without risk. All I ask of you is that you will take the Banshee to a certain port that I will name, anchor her in the harbor and leave her with your crew. And for this, merely this," his voice sank to a whisper, "for this you'll receive the sum of just one hundred thousand in good British gold."

As he spoke Rutherford keenly watched Capt. Blondin's face.

He read there first loathing then indecision, then what he took to be a sudden gleam of stupidity. And as he noticed this last, despite himself, he heaved a sigh of relief. Then Capt. Blondin sat down at the cabin table opposite him, lost in deep meditation.

"One hundred thousand in gold" he said after a time, rather to himself than to Rutherford. "One hundred thousand in gold—a fortune."

"A fortune," repeated Rutherford. "It means much to a young man who has a long life before him in which to enjoy it; it means position, friends, power. I wish that I were in your place Captain, and that you stood in mine."

"Stop," said Capt. Blondin. "Stop. Do not disturb me. I must think. Will you have wine or a cigar? You will find both upon the sideboard."

Imitations may LOOK something like "Salada" Tea, but blindfold, you can readily taste the superiority of the genuine

**"SALADA"**

BLACK OR NATURAL GREEN } Sealed Packets only—Trade Marked & Registered

Rutherford rose, helped himself generously to the wine and selected a fat, black cigar and lit it. Then he returned to his chair, where he leaned back quite at his ease regarding Capt. Blondin. The latter had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the cabin.

At last he approached the table. Rutherford felt instinctively that the crucial moment had come; here he must win his fight or lose it. He braced himself in his chair, his lips partly open, his tongue ready to voice his arguments.

"Mr. Rutherford," said the Captain, "I will accept your offer upon the following conditions: You are to bring this money on board the ship and make the trip with me; and I am not to know the name of my port of destination until I ask for it. The Banshee sails to-night at ten o'clock. I mention this so that you may know just how much time you have in which to get the money on board."

As he spoke the look of exultation upon Rutherford's face gradually vanished. He reflected for a moment before he replied.

"You name terms which I fear my superiors will never accept, Capt. Blondin," he said disappointedly. "I do not know absolutely that they will refuse. Perhaps if you would have an interview with them the affair might be arranged."

"If you think that it will do you good I shall be pleased to see them here, sir. But remember, Mr. Rutherford, the conditions which I name cannot be changed."

Rutherford bowed and rose from his chair. "I will go for them," he said. "I will have them here within the hour."

He was as good as his word. One of the two men who returned with him was Le Fevre, chief of the United States secret service bureau at Liverpool; the other, Montague, his most trusted subordinate. Capt. Blondin knew both of them, by sight. He received them with a quiet courtesy which became him well.

There was silence for a moment after the party had seated themselves. Le Fevre, a small dark man, with an impassive face, was the first to break it. "To comply with your conditions would be a deed, befitting the inmate of a madhouse, Capt. Blondin," he said.

"I have my reasons, sir. With regard to the money, I have pressing and immediate need of it, and it will not answer my purpose to return to Liverpool to collect it. As to the stipulation regarding the port of destination, I enjoy the full confidence of my employers and do not wish to violate it by entering into a definite agreement to deliver the Banshee at any port, until such time as I may feel free to act upon my own account."

"Rather a nice distinction, Capt. Blondin," remarked Le Fevre with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Perhaps, sir; but I am privileged to make it, if I so desire. There is always the chance that circumstance may arise to prevent my carrying out my part of the agreement. For instance, I may be entrusted with messages of importance, the delivery of which would be more binding upon me than any agreement which I might make with you."

"In which case we would be out just \$100,000," remarked Le Fevre dryly.

"Not at all, sir. If I fail to deliver the Banshee and her cargo at the port designated by your agent your money will be returned to you at Liverpool. I do not wish to take money that I do not earn."

The faces of his listeners plainly showed astonishment, mingled with admiration. When Le Fevre again spoke his manner and tone had sensibly altered.

"You seem inclined to deal fairly by us, Capt. Blondin."

"I am, sir. If I take the money at all it must be in accordance with the letter of our agreement."

"If you will allow us the use of your cabin for a conference you may have our answer at once. Before deciding finally I wish to consult with my associates."

"It is entirely at your service, sir. There are none here to disturb your councils." He threw open the doors of the staterooms opening into the cabin as he spoke, showing that they were vacant. "A slight tap upon that gong at your elbow will call one who will summon me when you again desire my presence."

A long and earnest consultation followed his departure from the cabin. Experience had taught the three secret service men wariness. There was a diversion of opinion among them. Montague stoutly holding out for a refusal despite all the arguments that Le Fevre and Rutherford could bring to bear upon him. It was nearly an hour after the captain had left them that the boy who did the duty of the cabin approached him as he stood idly upon the quarterdeck and informed him that they desired to see him. He quietly descended the cabin stairs and stood before them awaiting their decision.

"I have decided to accept your terms, Capt. Blondin," said Le Fevre. "I will see that the money is sent on board after nightfall. It will be sent off to the ship in a lighter about nine o'clock in charge of Mr. Rutherford, whom I have selected to accompany you."

At a few minutes before nine that evening a large lighter in tow of a puffing tug drew up alongside of the Banshee. A bulky figure, heavily shrouded in a great coat, clambered clumsily up the ship's side and presented itself before Capt. Blondin. It was Rutherford.

"I am here with the plunder, Capt. Blondin," said Rutherford. "A hundred thousand in good English sovereigns. Where will you have them stowed?"

"In the cabin for the present. The tackle is ready to hoist them in."

One by one the heavy boxes were lifted from the deck of the lighter to that of the Banshee, where stout seamen bore them aft to the cabin. Then Capt. Blondin led the way into the cabin.

"We must have help here if we are to finish within the hour," said Capt. Blondin as they broke open the third box. "I will call my sister Marie to aid us."

As Capt. Blondin returned to the cabin in a few minutes later leading his sister, Rutherford permitted an exclamation of surprise to escape him. The delicate beauty of her face and figure was enhanced by the band of gold which rested upon her glossy black hair like a coronet, and the richness of the gown she wore, which was of purple silk with a broad girdle of gold.

Briefly Capt. Blondin explained to Marie what he wished her to do. She assented, and the count went rapidly on. Finally it was finished, and the last of the boxes renailed and stowed away in a small compartment under the cabin floor.

"How much money is there?" asked Marie curiously, as the trap was sprung into place and the lock sprung.

"One hundred thousand dollars," replied Capt. Blondin.

"One hundred thousand dollars. And all for the Confederacy?"

Continued over in next issue.

Machine-oil stains must be washed out with cold water and soap. Hot water sets oil stains.

A five-gallon oil-can that has sprung a leak need not be thrown away. Cut out the top with a can opener, scrub, scald and air it well and it will do to put things in that you want to keep away from mice and rats—such as seed-corn, scraps for the poultry, etc. The lid can be dropped in on the contents, and it will still fit snugly enough to keep out "varmints."