

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.

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INDEPENDENCE OF PANAMA FROM SPAIN

Panama, Nov. 28.—While looking forward to the opening of the Isthmian Canal and anticipating a great increase in her already established prosperity, Panama is to-day observing the 92nd anniversary of her independence from Spain. It was the last of the South American colonies to shake off its European rule, when on November 28, 1821, it declared independence from Spain. It then became, for a time, the department of the Isthmus of the new republic of Colombia, but its history for many years continued to be one of strife until 1903, when the independence from Colombia was effected.

Death Among Deer Hunters Very Large

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 29.—This year's death roll among the deer hunters in Wisconsin is the largest on record. Accidents reported up to date resulted in the death of 22 hunters, and the injury of 23. The season will close to-morrow.

The Toronto Board of Control has decided to ask the Dominion government to appoint a commission to investigate the high cost of living in the city. Montreal and Winnipeg are doing the same.

The following steamship companies will be merged in the Canada Steamship Lines, Limited: The Richelieu-Ontario Company, with its subsidiary lines, inland lines; Niagara Navigation Company; Thousand Island Steamboat Company; St. Lawrence River Steamboat Company; Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat Company; Northern Navigation Company; Quebec Steamship Company; Canada Interlake Line Limited, and the Ontario & Quebec Navigation Company. The capital is \$25,000,000.

Professor Rudolph Sommer of Vienna has discovered how to obtain radium much more cheaply than heretofore. We always knew the high cost of living couldn't last forever.

The wheat growing area of Argentine is but little exploited as yet. A railroad was recently completed from Port San Antonio, on the Atlantic coast, in Argentine, to the Pacific coast, which will tap one of the most fertile wheat belts in the South American Republic, but which is as yet but little developed. The wheat production of northern Argentine is expected to show a large increase, as a result of the introduction of a sub-tropical variety of wheat.

You Breathe It

By the simple act of breathing, we inhale life and death. You breathe air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs, soothes the inflamed membrane and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist E. W. Mair what he knows about Hyomei. You will find that he not only sells it but guarantees it. A complete outfit will cost you \$1.00 from your druggist or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. You will find invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money back if it fails.

THEIR DELEGATE.

By Lily Manker Allen, in the "Congregationalist and Christian World.")

The Convention delegate was coming to-night.

The house had been swept, dusted and garnished with flowers, the pantry shelves breathed forth a 'company' smell that was tantalizing to the nostrils of Elizabeth and Robert, and even the cook-books brought out from their corner and laid in a neat pile upon the kitchen table gave evidence of a state of subdued expectation.

How delightfully mysterious it was that nobody knew who the delegate was to be! There had been a family conclave to discuss the question whether they should invite some friend who would be likely to attend the convention, but failing to think of any one whom they cared especially to ask, Little Mother sealed the question by suggesting, 'Let's just take whoever comes, and enrich our lives by a new acquaintance.'

'I hope it'll be a lady,' declared Elizabeth, cause then she'd invite us to go to see her sometimes, and we'd have a lovely new place to visit'

'I'd rather it'd be a man; one that could play ball like that Sunday school man we had last year,' said Eugene.

'Oh, dear, I wish there was little boy deggy-lates,' sighed Robert, wistfully.

'Never mind, Bobbsy,' replied Esther, the comforter, 'we'll all enjoy our 'deggy-late,' no matter who it is.'

But even cheerful Ester was somewhat taken aback when Father brought home a decidedly plain looking man in a checkered suit, with thin, colorless hair plastered down over his forehead and with several teeth missing.

'Now don't you go to taking any trouble for me,' he assured the hostess, 'we ain't nothin' but plain folks at hum, an' corn bread an' molasses is good enough for me.'

Notwithstanding this statement, however, the guest showed an astonishing appreciation of the supper set before him, slices of bread disappearing from the plate like magic, while the over-worked knife and the busy lips came into dangerous contact more than once. Meat, vegetables, and bread were finished at last, and while the others were making a valiant effort to catch up the guest made bold to help himself with the pie, which had been placed on small plates within reach on the side table.

Supper over, the visitor betook himself to the evening session of the convention. Little Mother listened anxiously from the kitchen. In what spirit would the children discuss this stranger within their gates—or should she forbid their discussing him at all?

While she waited she heard Eugene murmur softly to Esther, 'Our lives are being enriched by a new acquaintance.'

'Sh,' replied Esther, as if their guest might still be within hearing. Then she went on, meditatively: 'I never realized before how much it means to be

able to use good English. I think I shall never hate grammar again. Poor fellow! I suppose he never had a chance.'

Nothing more was said about the guest, and out in the kitchen Little Mother softly clapped her hands. 'Good for them!' she exclaimed to Busy Father, who smiled his acquiescence.

'And there's something else I've found out,' she went on. 'He's a touchstone, and we've succeeded, we've really succeeded. You know you and I were 'raised out West on a claim,' too, Hubert, where people are too busy to care for the niceties of life—good English, you know, and good manners, and all that, and it was so hard to overcome all those influences of early childhood. How often I've envied this friend or that one who had the heritage of refined, cultured surroundings, and how I've coveted them for our children. And how often I've wondered just how far we had accomplished anything.'

'Why wife, you never told me this before. But there is something in it,' he mused, thoughtfully, and perhaps we have gotten farther away from the early influences than we know. See what it is to be a college-bred man and woman!' he went on, roughly. 'You eat certain facts, as it were, and digest them and you grow and expand in ways that seem to have nothing whatever to do with the diet. Well wife, if we have succeeded to a degree despite the little laxities you were bewailing only yesterday in Eugene's table manners and Esther's English, let's congratulate each other and be glad the Touchstone Delegate opened our eyes to our achievements,' and with a happy laugh Busy Father was gone to a stockholders meeting.

But the delegate's mission was not yet ended.

Coming in after the evening session, he sat down a moment at the hostess's invitation to review the address of the evening, and before either realized it, he was giving an account, by way of illustration of the speaker's point of a Sunday school class he himself once had.

'It was just after I had been converted,' he began, and the faults of his English was forgotten as he launched forth into the tale, how he had felt he must do something for the Master, who had done so much for him; how he had thought he would like to teach a class in the Sunday school, but the superintendent had refused to give him one, realizing how unfit he was. And then, merely by way of explanation, and as modestly and simply as if there were nothing at all remarkable in the story, he spoke of the rough, dissipated life he had lived, and how he had been brought to turn from it.

Going home from a drunken orgie at midnight, he and his companions passed a church. Somehow the sight of the silent upward-pointing spire seemed to the drink-crazed brain the finger of god pointing solemnly to the sky, and he fell upon his knees among his jeering companions, overcome with the burden of his sins and seeing himself a lost soul. Next day, still under this conviction, he carried his little crippled child, the victim of his own evil passions, to a physician, who being himself an earnest Christian and discovering the man's state of mind, first prayed for him and helped

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him to come to the point of surrendering himself to Christ and his service, before attending to the wants of the child.

With such a history, it was not to be wondered at that the superintendent of the Sunday school had hesitated to give him a class; but going out into the streets, he picked up a band of little street gamins whom he had known in his days of dissipation, and gathered them into the Sunday school, he himself eagerly beginning the study of the Bible that he might have something to teach them and so be the better prepared to win them for Christ.

'Ye see,' he added humbly at the close of the recital, 'maybe I could do for them what better workers couldn't because they'd all knowed me before, an' I was right down on a level with 'em. So the Lord could use even my wicked, wasted life to help a little, when once I'd begun to follow Him. But I did waste such a long time that I've got to keep awful busy all the rest o' my days. I'm a-gettin' along in years now, an' when the folks down my way want me to go into this thing or that, maybe good enough in its way, but kind o' side-trackin', ye know, I just have to tell 'em I can't do it. I served the devil so long it'll take all my life to make up. Not that I expect it will make up, either,' he added, hastily, 'but—well—I s'pose ye kin understand that I feel 'sif I'd jest got to do every last bit I can.'

The Busy Man had come in just in time to hear the last sentence, and now it was time to separate for the night.

'Oh, Hubert!' exclaimed the Little Mother when they were alone, 'I said our delegate was a touchstone, showing us how far we've succeeded in giving our children the things we want them to have. But he's a touchstone in another sense, too, for he's been showing me how little we have done with our five talents, while he has done so much with one.'

When she had finished the tale the delegate had told the Busy Man was silent for a moment, and then replied, 'You were right, little woman, we have indeed 'enriched our lives by a new acquaintance.'

ROD AND GUN.

An interesting and well illustrated account of Hunting the Hair Seal in Newfoundland Waters is given as the opening article in the December issue of ROD AND GUN which has recently come to this office from the publishers, W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont. Other articles worthy of special mention are "A Lonely Fur Factor," descriptive of a day at Wakeham Bay on the Labrador coast; Caught by a Halibut in Alaska; Mike's Claim; A story of East Kootenay, B. C.; A Plea for the Moose, An Article on the Abuse of Moose Hunting by the Swampy Cree Indian; and a host of other articles in keeping with this representative magazine of outdoor life. A special article on The Trap Shooting Game in Canada appears under the heading of The Trap and the other departments are as usual well maintained.

"DESERTED SCOTLAND"
(London Everyman.)

The tide of emigration continues unabated. Thousands every week continue to leave London, Liverpool, and Glasgow for Canada and Australia. There is every indication that the year 1913 will beat every record in the recent history of emigration, and that before December 300,000 will have left these shores. And what is even more ominous than the quantity of the emigration is its quality. It is the young men, the enterprising and energetic, that are leaving. It is the old men, the women and the children that are left behind. Some of the most beautiful districts of Scotland are being depleted. Whole cities, like the old country town of Jedburgh, are left desolate, and houses are crumbling in even in the main streets.

Thirteen Are Dead; Many Homeless.

DALLAS, Texas, Dec. 4.—Late reports from flooded districts of Central Texas brought the death list up to thirteen, and added new stories of suffering and hardship in the stricken sections: A still greater number was reported missing.

DALLAS, Texas, Dec. 4.—Rain continued to-day in the flood districts of Central Texas, adding to the menace of high waters, which already have cost 13 lives and about \$1,000,000 property damage. The area of overflowing rivers spread rapidly last night, the most important new points affected being San Antonio. The floods to-day covered portions of nearly every county from San Antonio northward almost to the Panhandle, and from this point eastward to include all the important cities of North and Central Texas. Houston, Beaumont, and Galveston alone were not threatened.

The homeless numbered thousands, but inasmuch as they were divided in small groups throughout the immense flooded territory, no serious relief problems were presented.

At Bellton, where part of the town was cut off by water, baskets of provisions were propelled on telephone wires to flood victims.

South Bosque, near Waco, reported that the rise, which did not reach there until yesterday, came in a wall of water about ten feet high. The residents had been warned.

Near Marlin, 175 passengers on a Houston and Texas Central railroad train were marooned all night. The flood water rose over the rails until it occasionally lapped the lower steps of the coaches.

The Marlin overflow is from the Brazos river bed. It is estimated that the Brazos is ten miles wide at some points. Marlin is five miles from the river.

At Waco, where several thousand persons were driven from their homes by the Brazos flood, no loss of life had been reported.

Inundation of the cemeteries stopped burials throughout the city.

Planing mills turned out scores of boats to rescue the marooned and salvage property.

Importation Of Arms Into Ireland

DUBLIN, Dec. 4.—The importation of arms into Ireland is about to be forbidden, according to the newspapers here, which declare that the issue of a proclamation to that effect may be expected in a day or two.

Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is here in conference with the Earl of Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant, and the result will be that the government will take this first step against the plans of rebellion of the followers of Sir Edward Carson and Irish Unionist leaders.

Shipments of rifles and bayonets in large quantities into Belfast have been, it is said, on the increase during the past few weeks.

Proprietors of more than 3,300 saloons in Ohio closed their doors on Saturday night in accordance with the new state regulation limiting the number of drinking places to one for each 500 of the population. The localities chiefly affected are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus and Toledo.

A. G. Gardiner, an estimable London editor, who on at least one occasion resigned his post at the head of a newspaper because he was expected to support a national policy of which he did not approve, has recently published a strong article against the "international armament ring." "It is," he says, "cosmopolitan business for taxing and milking the taxpayer. It uses paucity as another trader uses advertisements. It has no enemies and no loyalties, no conscience and no country. It has only a voracious appetite for dividends."