

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.

Some Useful Hints

Mrs. Symmes in American Agriculturist.

My little daughter wears bloomers instead of petticoats beneath her dresses. I have learned to buy most of her dresses for a season of one prevailing color, as, blue, and then she can wear any pair of the bloomers with any dress, if needful. For best, she wears the regular drawers and petticoats.

I have learned not to buy material for afternoon dresses which one can see through, as it necessitates extra underwear, and more washing and ironing. Pretty gingham and linens are just a nice, and you can wear colored skirts beneath, and your plain corset covers.

For common use about the house, I hem salt bags for handkerchiefs. The children are prone to borrow and never return them, also to use these articles for all sorts of purposes for which "handkerchiefs" were never intended, but salt bags are inexpensive, durable and plenty.

A bottle of glycerine and bay rum, equal part, is a cheap and excellent preventive of sore and chapped hands. After digging potatoes it is very popular with the good man of the house, who says it relieves the dry, unpleasant feeling caused by handling the potatoes.

Some time ago two of the loops used to button my husband's fur coat gave out, and we could get no more at the store. I stitched a piece of shoe-string together, made a loop and sewed it into the coat. It served just as well as boughten ones.

The skirts of old wrappers, even when worn too make into aprons, can be made into good stove cloths, being made double and having a loop sewed to the end. It makes little difference if these do get stained with pie juice, or burned, and they will last a good while.

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 antiseptic 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.

The First Thursday.

(By Marjory Royce, in the "British Weekly.")

'Please, mum' the cykes ain't come.'

'What do you say, Sally?'

Beatrice Morell turned her pretty head to look at the small servant who stood with one grimy hand on the door.

'The cykes ain't come yet.'

'You ought to have told me earlier, Sally. I could have gone out then to fetch them myself. You must open the tin of short-bread if the baker doesn't come, and do go and dress at once. You'll never be ready to open the door by three if you don't.' Beatrice glanced at the small gold watch on her wrist. It's ten minutes to three now,' she said. 'Why are you so late?'

Sally banged the door sulkily, muttering an excuse, and Beatrice took up her book again. It was a volume of travel, all about the Balearic Isles. She read eagerly. Beatrice sat in a small suburban drawing room, decorated like a good many others in the long row of villas in which she lived—white paper, green carpet, pink cushions. One or two silver frames stood about—Beatrice had made them bright herself that morning, as it was her "At Home" day. All was conventional and orthodox, but the young wife, dainty and wistful in her white satin blouse, in no orthodox state of mind.

She was sick of her humdrum existence at No. 71, Violet Road, she was sick of living at Lewisham. Her father was a doctor there—she had married one of his patients, and gone to live a stone's throw away. She was weary to death of the petty worries of daily life on a small income, weary of the badly built little villa, where she could hear every action of the impertinent small servant, and every tussle between the two babies upstairs.

She was tired of chivying the maid, tired of finding things undone all day long, tired of the monotony of housekeeping tired of never meeting anyone who had a word to say apart from local gossip. Yes, she was tired, although she knew she had no right to be when there was so much to be thankful for—Oswald, her trusty elderly husband—and the children. But in spite of everything, her whole heart was crying out for change.

She had taken the book about the Balearic Isles from the local library, and was feasting on the descriptions of warm seas and branching palms while she waited till callers came—tiresome callers, with the same dreary little-tattle about the weather and about the cold English spring!

She read on and grew desperate. Tears filled her eyes. She had been married for seven years, and she was now only thirty-one. All her life had been spent in Lewisham, save for the three weeks' leave Oswald got from the office every year. They always went to Bognor then with nurse and infants, because Oswald liked Bognor. And it seemed now as if she would live and die without going further than Bognor.

She read on—about sunshine

and flowering trees. . . Outside in the April afternoon, rain was falling; the babies could not go out, and she could hear them screaming upstairs.

The scream was the last straw. She jumped to her feet, tossed down the book, and determined that she would go out. She must get away from the house if only for an hour! What matter about the "At Home" day? . . . People must do without her society that afternoon. She went to her room and hastily donned outdoor things, pressing down the hat over her soft hair carelessly. She was beginning not to care for her appearance—she had no heart to keep it up.

But as she went out she felt exhilarated for she was doing quite a daring thing. The "At Home" day, sacred to the ladies of suburbia, was being calmly ignored. She, the humdrum conventional Mrs. Morell, was deliberately snapping her fingers at it. It was all the fault of the Balearic Isles.

She got to the end of the road. The rain was stopped and she raised her umbrella to hail a passing motor-bus which should convey her townwards.

She half wished, as she sat on the top of the bus watching the mists clear off the horizon, that she were not so fond of reading. It made her restless to read about strange-colored cities abroad, about green islands in the blue seas. . . it made her full of longing. But they would never, never have enough money to travel! Her thoughts drifted on, and she began to wonder if anyone would call in her absence, and what Sally would say.

She had half expected a second cousin of her husband's that afternoon—Miss Ellen Dane. Oswald and Ellen had been brought up together, but Ellen was much older than Oswald. She had gone to Canada to marry a rich man. Now, after many years, she was visiting London. By any post now Beatrice might hear that Cousin Ellen was coming down to see her. Ellen had written regularly to Oswald and his wife, but had never met Beatrice.

Beatrice went on thinking. She roused herself from a worrying reverie about the butcher's weekly book to find that the bus had stopped at the terminus, and she climbed down, scarcely knowing what to do next. On the broad pavement she spied a little old lady in a velvet poke bonnet, gazing about like a bright-eyed bird. She accosted Beatrice immediately.

'Where can I get a bus for Violet Road?' said she. 'My taxi has broken down.'

'Which end of Violet Road?' said Beatrice.

'I wish to go to No. 71,' was the reply. 'I am a stranger in this neighborhood, and should be glad if you could direct me.'

The soft, kind voice fell like balm on the jaded spirit of Beatrice.

'I live in No. 71,' she said. 'My name is Mrs. Morell. Are you—?'

'Dearie, I'm your Cousin Ellen!'

The little lady was much excited. She kissed Beatrice, patted her on the arms said; 'Fancy now,' many times, and finally inquired if she had been mistaken. She thought Oswald in his letter to her, had mentioned that Beatrice was "At Home" on the first Thursday of the month.

'Yes, I am generally at home.'

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'But are you going up to town to-day, dear! Well, let me turn and come up with you.'

'No, no, Cousin Ellen, let's go back. I want you to see the house and the children and Oswald. Of course you must come back. I'm not going to town for anything important.'

Presently she was seated by Mrs. Dane on the top of another bus—talking hard. Cousin Ellen was delightful. Her cordial, direct manner pleased Beatrice, and she found herself talking quite frankly, and even telling her why she had run out in the rain on the first Thursday.

Cousin Ellen listened in silence.

'You were tired, my dear,' she said at last.

'Just a little. Nurse had toothache, and I had the children all the morning and a lot of mending for Oswald, and nothing went right. And I had been reading a book about the Balearic Isles, and it made me feel restless, as if I wanted to go there, and see the world, and be free!'

'Of course, dear,' was the soothing answer. 'I know it well. The best thing to do in these moods is to go off right away for a while, if it is possible. And now tell me about Betty and Eileen. What treasures they must be!'

Beatrice felt ashamed of herself, suddenly remembering the sweet, innocent faces of her children.

And so they came back to Violet Road.

It was seven o'clock when Cousin Ellen rose to go. The visit had been delightful. First they had had tea, and the babies had come down, and had been at their sunniest. Oswald had come in early, and had been roused out of his usual quiet to talk of old days.

Cousin Ellen had sharp eyes, and she had learned much that afternoon about the atmosphere at No. 71.

'Before I go I want to suggest something to you, Oswald,' she said calmly, as she drew on her gloves. 'I am over here for three months, and I want to take a house. Now you were saying just now to Beatrice that if you wished you could get your holiday now, and take four weeks.'

'But we won't take it till August, Cousin Ellen. The weather at Bognor is better then, said Oswald Morell. He was an anxious-looking; bearded man of forty.

Beatrice was leaning against a green curtain in the doorway, playing with a silver chain, and looking very spiritless.

Cousin Ellen gazed from one to the other, reflectively.

'I'll take the house from you for four weeks,' she said. 'It will suit me very well, and you can trust me to look after the children and the servants. You two go off for a jaunt together. I daresay you haven't been away by yourselves since Betty came.'

She was right.

'Oswald said he could take a month's holiday. Why shouldn't he?' continued the intrepid woman. 'I meant to give you a present of some sort—let it be this trip abroad. I've never given you anything like a real wedding gift.'

'Oh, Cousin Ellen, the spoons and the dessert service, and the frocks for the children,' cried Beatrice.

'Nonsense, they're nothing! It's just about now you really want a present—after seven years, I'm going to inquire about trips to the—where was it, child, you fancied so—to the Balearic Isles! Now, not a word, for I shan't listen! Oswald, you're to make arrangements to start next week, Beatrice, you must think of packing, I'll write to you tomorrow. Don't say the thing's impossible, for it isn't. Good night!'

In a moment or two the cab that Sally had summoned drew up, and the young couple stammering thanks, waved farewell to the smiling face of Mrs. Dane.

The front door was shut, and hus-

band and wife stood looking at one another.

'She can't mean it,' whispered Beatrice.

'She does. I know Ellen. She's the most generous most impulsive person in the world. She can well afford it. We shall have to go! I can't realize it. Just you and I together, darling.'

Oswald stirred out of his usual calm, held out his hand to his wife. She pressed it, then ran upstairs longing to be alone with her thoughts.

The Balearic Isles with Oswald. Majorca, Minorca.

A tap at the door.

'Dinner's ready, Mum, and I clean forgot about doing any rice with the curry till I set it on the table,' said Sally in snllen tones.

An ominous smell of something burning on the kitchen stove mounted up into the room.

Beatrice, sitting by her fumed oak dressing-table her pretty pointed chin propped on her hands, looked at the little servant as if she scarcely understood.

Then she laughed merrily.

To prevent scratches, dry the horse's fetlock and heels when he comes in, especially in winter; and rub on a little glycerine or vaseline before he goes out in snow or mud.

Jessie Wilson's Wedding Presents

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov., 20—Miss Jessie Wilson, the White House bride-elect, received her \$2,000 present from the House of Representatives today. The sparkling diamond pendant resting in a satin-lined jewel box, with a tiny key dangling from its heart-shaped lock, was taken to the White House by a member of the Washington jewelry firm who has been preparing the gift. A sentiment inscribed upon parchment paper accompanied the present.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov., 20—A silver service costing \$1,500, the gift of women voters of Northern California to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of the President, on the occasion of her wedding next Tuesday, was sent to the bride-to-be to-day. The service was purchased by subscription, and is of old colonial design.

GARROS MADE SEVERAL LOOPS IN AN MONOPLANE.

VILLACOUBLAY, France, Nov. 20—Ronald G. Garros succeeded in making several loops yesterday in a monoplane. Five types of machines have now been demonstrated as capable of flying up-side down—three monoplanes and two biplanes.

SIR WILFRED LAURIER 72 YEARS OLD THURSDAY

OTAWA, Nov. 19.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier is seventy two years old tomorrow. He is in the best of health and spirits and to all appearances is ten years younger than he was ten years ago. He will celebrate his birthday by working all day at his office in the House of Commons building.

Huerta Forces Badly Worst- ed In Stiff Battle With Rebels

Brownville, Texas, Nov. 19.—With the loss of hundreds of lives, and with great destruction of property in what Gen. Patio Gonzalez, rebel commander, described as the bloodiest battle of the revolution, Victoria, capital of the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, was captured by the Constitution- alists early to day.