

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.

Have you taken off the screen doors?

There's a lot of credit coming to a good woman in the next world that she failed to get her.

Not one person in a hundred cares to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

And This is Backward China

Gaseous and liquid fuel are commonly regarded as the most advanced in practice, yet the Chinese were using natural gas for cooking and lighting brine when Marco Polo visited them centuries ago. China was also ahead of us in the use of gunpowder.

Telephoning From London to Berlin

It is now possible to telephone direct from London to Berlin. Part of the line consists of a cable laid for 60 miles under the sea. This latest means of communication must help to a still better understanding between the two countries.

The East and Silver

Nature does not always provide things where they are needed. India and China are the countries which require the greatest amounts of silver, yet neither is an important producer of that metal, and both are obliged to import it from Mexico, the United States and Canada, through London, which is the world's greatest silver market.

The undersized hen eats as much as the standard weight, requires as much room, and is a poorer producer. It pays to cull, and cull closely.

The Wyoming Experiment Station has investigated the subject of alfalfa hay for horses, and finds that alfalfa is a satisfactory feed for all classes of horses, and careful horsemen need not hesitate to incorporate it into their rations.

Chief Crawford Advised Hyomei For Catarrh

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B., says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of catarrh and asthma after four years of suffering. I was constantly hawking and spitting and the catarrhal droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon I was without a sign of the health-racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all catarrh sufferers."

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggists will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (extra bottles 50c) or prepaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., P. O. Erie, Ont. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

The Christmas Kettle.

By Wm. Hamilton Osborne in Pictorial Review.

Yawger peered at him through the darkness. 'You said something like that twice,' he said, 'and it sounds as though you meant what you said. You haven't forgotten, have you, that you are a thief—that you walked away that night with one hundred thousand dollars of the bank's money up your sleeve?'

'Who charges me with this?' demanded Trenchard.

'Charges you,' said Yawger. 'Everybody charges you. Why shouldn't they? You ran away and the hundred thousand disappeared.'

'But protested Trenchard, 'that's not what I'm charged with. What I'm charged with is the bag I did—I killed Alexander Maxwell on that night.'

Evelyn started and paced her hand suddenly upon her forehead. Yawger crossed the room and looked him squarely in the face.

'You don't look crazy, Trenchard,' he said, 'by George, you don't. Just say it over again, will you?'

'I tell you,' went on Trenchard, in even tones, 'that I didn't mean to do it and I couldn't help doing it; that I did it actually in self defense: that it was either his life or mine, in a way—and yet, there's nobody would believe my story. I killed him all right—that is, if I had not been there he wouldn't have been killed—'

'Let me understand this,' queried Yawger. 'If you killed Alexander Maxwell, how is it that he isn't dead now?'

Trenchard started forward and grasped him once more by the waist.

'What do you mean?' he said.

'Just what I say,' returned Yawger. 'Maxfield is living here in town: he's living, he isn't dead. You didn't kill him that night. Nobody killed him.'

'Are we all crazy?' said Trenchard. 'Maxfield was unquestionably dead when I left him that night. Let me tell you just what happened, Evelyn,' he went on 'I went down on for you that night, and made a purchase. I had that purchase with me when I passed the bank. There was a light in the bank where a light ought not to have been. I opened the outside door and the inside door with my keys. I called up the protective agency and told them it was I; that they need not bother about the alarm. They said that no alarm had rung. I went into the bank and found the president, Alexander Maxwell, there. The vault was open. I was at his side before he saw me. He had not heard me at the telephone for I had used the booth. He whirled on me, picked up an automatic revolver lying on a desk, and fired; but I caught the gun, caught him about the waist and tripped myself and him. We fell heavily and he struck his head against the sharp corner of a table. I disentangled myself and got up. He lay still. He was dead, I tell you.'

'I was there with him for half an hour and he was as dead as any man

can be. I didn't do anything hastily. I was there for an hour. I thought it all over. If I could have had twenty-four hours more—And yet, it could have ended just one way—they would have convicted me as sure as guns.'

Yawger gnawed at his finger nails 'Go on,' he said interestedly.

'I'll tell you why,' said Trenchard. 'I had had many rows with Alexander Maxwell, and the very day that this thing happened he asked me to discount Satterthwaite & Company's note for twenty thousand dollars—and also to discount three others, and I declined because the board of directors had not passed upon them.'

'Why, man,' exclaimed Yawger, 'those were the notes you forged. Satterthwaite's never signed a twenty thousand dollar note. Neither did those other chaps.'

'I can't talk to a maniac,' said Trenchard, 'Evelyn, bear me out. The row between Maxwell and myself that day was peppery. I never told you, but the thing actually meant my job. They heard it—all of them heard it in the bank. The paying teller was just hungry for the chance to jump into my shoes. Maybe that isn't much; perhaps it isn't. Granted. But the gun that Maxwell used that night was my gun—the only gun of its kind in the bank, and the bullets that fitted that gun were lodged in the wainscoting. He hadn't hit me with them; I hadn't shot him; still he was dead. I left the bank, still with your purchase under my arm. I met Gregory the officer, on the corner and had a chat with him. He knew I had come out of the bank. I didn't go home—Don't argue with me. You would have to see the thing as I saw it that night. I can't put it into words and I couldn't write it on paper. The only thing that I could understand was that they would get me for killing a man.'

'I went to New York—perhaps I intended coming back. I wanted time to think it over so I didn't go into the New York clubs or into the New York hotels where I am known. I went into a West Street groggery for the one thing that I felt I needed. I got it. When I woke up they had my clothes, my money everything. I was on a tramp steamer bound for South America—'

'They got your money,' said Yawger. 'They got that brown paper parcel, underneath your arm?'

'They got even that,' said Trenchard. 'Then I couldn't come back. The fact I had run away would be pretty fair evidence against me to twelve men.'

Well, but you had done it,' said Yawger, 'you had forged three big notes as a blind to this thing, and you had taken out your western shipment, wrapped it up and walked away with it.'

'These notes,' said Trenchard, thoughtfully, 'were in Maxwell's hands that very day. Those notes—'

'There was a ring at the door bell, Yawger alert, placed his hand upon his lips. He caught Trenchard by the arm and stole with him softly out of the door in the room.'

In another moment Evelyn was standing face to face with a genial, matter-of-fact individual of generous proportions.

'Beg your pardon, Mrs. Trenchard,' said this individual, as he stepped into the lighted music room. 'We've got the house surrounded. We've been expecting Mr. Trenchard to come almost any time. You may know that I'm a county man Crockett one of the prosecutors staff here in town. We saw him come in not half an hour ago.'

'Mr. Trenchard came here?' said Evelyn. 'Are you quite sure?'

Crockett was silent for a moment. His trained ear caught the sound of a stealthy footsteps in the hall. In spite of all his avoirdupois, he darted light as a feather, noiselessly, on the tips of his toes into the darkened hall. A brilliantly costumed figure was slinking down the cellar stairs. Crockett of the prosecutor's staff, was upon this figure in an instant and had dragged him back.

'Here's my man,' he said. 'Trenchard, your game is up. I've got to warn you that anything you say will be used against you.'

'Kris Kringle sighed in desperation. 'When will you guys leave me alone,' he wailed. 'Every time I try to live a decent life somebody nabs me. Well,' he added, 'I'm not going to disgrace my patron saint at any rate.'

He drew his blouse over his head, discarded his cap jerked off his eye brows and drew off his beard.

The bright, cheerful appearance, free of dust and sediment in a cup draw, is in striking contrast to many other Teas on sale



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'What's the last thing you've got against me?' he demanded.

Crockett stepped back. 'Confound it! It's you, Yawger. I'd have staked my job that you were Trenchard.'

Crockett, disgruntled, apologized with a bad grace and left the house. Evelyn and her disruptive brother climbed two pairs of stairs and sank down on dusty attic trunks.

'False alarm, Bill,' said Trenchard. 'They've called off their dogs. Now what's the rest?'

'The rest,' he said. 'There isn't any rest. There isn't a man who won't believe that I meant to kill Maxwell, else why did I run away?'

'Consarn you,' exclaimed Yawger, 'haven't I told you that Maxwell is alive and living in this town today—or at least was living up to late last night?'

'Tell me, Evelyn,' pleaded Trenchard.

'Maxfield was never killed,' she said. 'Nobody ever knew anything about this. There was nothing in the paper only about your—about the money. Maxwell was sick for a long while; he has been ailing ever since.'

'You've helped me,' said Trenchard springing to his feet, 'more than you think. If Maxwell didn't die that night I've got nothing in the world to fear—nothing! I didn't forge those notes. I didn't take the money.'

'How can you prove that you didn't?', queried Yawger. 'Let me go on, Trenchard. You opened the vault, and you took out the money, and you wrapped it up in brown paper, and you had it under your arm. I saw it and Gregory saw it—so much for that. And you forged the notes—'

'Who said I did?' asked Trenchard. 'Satterthwaite says you did and Maxwell says you did.'

Trenchard was once more upon his feet. 'Maxfield says I did?' he exclaimed, with hope ringing in his voice. 'Now I begin to understand.'

'There's one thing,' mused Yawger, 'that puzzles me. Where did you get the cash to send on from Quebec, Winnipeg and San Francisco?'

Trenchard did not answer. 'Come on,' he said, 'with me downstairs into a lighted room. Tell me about Maxwell,' he went on, when they had obeyed, 'tell me about him—is he prosperous? Where can I see him now?'

'I doubt,' said Yawger, 'if you can see him. He's been pretty well done up for the last month, and besides it isn't safe.'

'Safe,' echoed Trenchard. 'Do you suppose I care for safety? For ten months they have said these things of me. Why—God! I've got to see Maxwell now.'

Again the grip of Yawger on his arm. Yawger had heard it coming—that hurried tinkle of a bell.

'It's the telephone,' said Evelyn. 'One minute while I answer.'

They waited, listening to the one-

sided conversation, without understanding it.

'Why,' gasped Evelyn at length to the person at the other end of the wire, 'why, yes it is possible, if it must be done. You say to bring the boy if you say so I'll be right over.'

She hung up the receiver and slumped back against the wall. 'It's Maxwell's house,' she said. 'It was his housekeeper talking. He is in bad shape; he wants to see me and little Bill wants to see us right away. I told her that we would go.'

'We'll all go,' said Trenchard.

'Don't be a fool,' cried Yawger. 'I'm not a fool,' returned Trenchard, 'and I don't care if the whole town is looking for me. I am looking for the whole town and the first man I want to see is Maxwell.'

In less than half an hour Evelyn and the boy were standing by the side of a steamer chair in Maxwell's room. Maxwell was breathing heavily and his eyes were unnaturally bright. He waved his hand.

'I want you to leave the room,' he said to the nurse, 'and I want you to go with her.'

This last command was addressed to an attending physician who rarely left his side. It was obeyed. Maxwell waited until the door was closed.

'There's something,' he said, 'that I've got to tell you about your husband.' He looked at the boy. 'About your father, little one,' he said. 'Your husband and your father he ran away at just the right time. I am not going to last very long and I sent for you to tell you that you can tell him to come back. Where is he now?'

Evelyn did not answer. She was listening. There was the sound of an altercation in the hall. In the midst of it the door opened and Trenchard burst into the room with the nurse and the physician clinging to his arms and trying to drag him back. Maxwell's ghastly figure started up from his chair and waved a lean hand in the air.

'There he is there's Trenchard now,' he screamed.

Then he fell back lifeless at least to all intents and purposes.

'I'm too late,' said Trenchard, 'too late. He has gone.'

The doctor felt his heart and felt his pulse. He turned to the nurse and took from her a hypodermic syringe and thrust the needle into Maxwell's wrist.

'He's dead,' murmured Trenchard. The doctor shook his head. 'He is not dead,' he responded.

'He has been subject to these spells for over five years; sometimes they last half an hour and sometimes more. He usually comes out of them himself. The attacks are few and far between. He is feeble now—he won't last very long.' The doctor started back. 'Why, you are Trenchard, aren't you?' he exclaimed.

'I am Trenchard,' said the latter, 'and I've got to see Maxwell, before he has gone.'

The physician was right. In due course some faint color crept into Maxwell's face. There was a flutter of the eyelids. He opened his eyes.

'Tell him,' he gasped, 'that I put the evidence—against myself—in a safe deposit vault. He laughed a bit hysterically. He fumbled in his bathrobe and drew forth a key and placed it in the hand of little Bill.

'There's the key—a little Christmas present for you, little one,' he said 'Trenchard,' he went on, 'you went away just in time—just in time for me. There was nothing else that I could do, Trenchard. You can put yourself in my place. I was in a hole—in a devilish bad hole. I got out of it—you helped me out of it—and I have made money. I have doubled all I took and more—I have trebled it in ten months, Trenchard, I'm glad you are here. I had to