

The Good Snow-Flake.

I think a snow-drop's just a snow-flake that was poor.  
And when it is laid to rest,  
God said it could.  
—Richard Kirk in March Lippincott.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
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B. & A. Conductor Fatally Injured.

Houltop, Me., March, 2 — William H. Boone, 39 years old, and a Bangor & Arcostook freight conductor, died at his home here early Saturday as the result of an accident near Fort Kent at 4.10 o'clock P. M. day afternoon, when he slipped under the car wheels. A special train was at once made up and he was rushed to his home in this town, where he received skillful medical treatment, but his injuries were so severe, however, that there was little hope of his recovery from the first and he died early Saturday.

He leaves a wife and son, both of whom were ill in bed when the news of the accident reached them. Mrs. Boone is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis, and the son is ill with the grip.

It is thought that no blame is attached to anyone, as Mr. Boone stepped from the wrong end of the train and slipped, falling under the wheels which went over him.

Direct Challenge To Suffragette

LONDON, Feb. 27. — "Major" Flora Drummond, in a speech in London last night, said the recent appointment of the Right Hon. Charles Hobhouse as Postmaster General was a direct challenge to the suffragettes. Now was their chance, she said, to show him that there is a popular uprising such as he, in an often quoted speech, said had not occurred in behalf of female suffrage.

Russia's population is increasing at the rate of 2500,000 a year, it is said. It now stands at about 147,000,000, of which 100,000,000 are peasants.

Handicapped

The creaking sound continued. Finally, information, being vexed thereat, left his task to stop it. 'The same old story,' he cried despairingly. 'Prejudice trying to tight-lace Originality.'  
—Miana Thomas Antrim in March Lippincott's.

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Margaret Louise Visits Great Grandmother.

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK in the "Christian Register."

And that is why Margaret Louise got great-grandmother's money.

So ended the story that Helen and Meg loved best of all, and it was only after they were big, big girls that they knew their own precious grandmother was Margaret Louise herself. Always when Grandmother Grey came to "Few Acres" for the long summer visit there was a story hour between times, as grandmother called the twilight. There were many, many kinds of stories told for Grandmother Grey was just like an Arabian Nights book, there was no end to the stories she knew; but the stories about now when I was a little girl were the blessedest of all for Grandmother Grey had been a very human little girl and was wise enough to admit it, and so all little girls loved her and nestled close to her, feeling sure that she had been no better and no worse than they, and could sympathize and enjoy with them.

The twinkles had never died out of grandmother's eyes. She said they had often dried the tears for her, and she respected twinkles.

'O, that very rude story about Margaret Louise, a girl I knew?' grandmother used to ask. 'How can you care so much for that? She was a shockingly rude little miss and did not deserve her good fortune.'

'But she was so clever!' Helen said with a laugh.

'And so honest,' added Meg. 'And don't leave out how she was dressed grandmother. The pantalettes make me laugh every time I think of them.'

'Well,' said grandmother with a chuckle, 'they did not make Margaret Louise laugh. She just hated them. She used to roll them up and tuck them out of sight, and I'm sorry to say she never explained why they were so wrinkled, although her good mother wondered and wondered. She wore—this friend of mine—straight little dresses, with short, plain waists. Her hair was soft and curly, and there were dimples in Margaret Louise's cheeks — nearly always. When she pouted and frowned, they disappeared; but they came back again in a hurry when anyone said: 'Now she looks like great-grandmother.'

'Great-grandmother was a very rich and very important personage in the family, but no one really loved her; for you see she had cared all her life more about her money than about anything else, and while her fortune had been growing bigger and bigger the love in her life had been growing less and less.

'She lived in a large stone house on the hill top of Glen Village—that's where we all go every year for a visit, you know. She had servants to wait upon her, they were afraid of her, but they liked her money, so they stayed on and every now and then she would issue a com-

mand it did not sound like an invitation, to some relative to visit her for a short time. If the relative were a grown-up he or she set his or her teeth grimly together and went! There were awful tales told of great-grandmother's complaints and tempers on these visits, and the children listened in awe. When children were summoned, they wept for a week before they had to go, and they came home quite white and wan; so Margaret Louise's parents said that she should never go, no matter what happened! And Margaret Louise never did go until, well, we must go slowly.

'As time went by, the gray house on the hill grew gloomier and duller, and poor great-grandmother grew crosser and more wrinkled, and her money troubled her a great deal.

'You see, she had never seen anyone she wanted to leave her money to and it made her miserable to think she would have to leave it to someone. For no longer could she forget that she was old, O, very old, and she knew that love, not money, was the best thing in the world, and she had too much money and too little love, poor, old great-grandmother

'Now, down at Margaret Louise's house there was an abundance of love, but very little money, and sometimes things got extremely difficult, Margaret Louise heard whispers of mortgages and bills, and often she saw tears on her mother's cheek's when the father was talking business: and she wished in a very fierce and un-Christian way, that she could go to great-grandmother's house and carry away enough of the horrid money to even things off.

'Perhaps,' mother had whispered one day when things were particularly hard, 'if we had let Margaret Louise visit great-grandmother, she might—'

'Let our child buy her favors? Never!' father had replied; and Margaret Louise from her corner heard, saw, and understood far more than her parents imagined.

'Soon after that scene something happened that nearly took the family breath away. A letter came, a big, important letter, and it said that, since Margaret Louise was considered too precious to visit the gray house, then the mistress of the gray house must visit Margaret Louise! 'And further be it known,' so the awful letter read, 'there should be no relative in the Marshall family who had not passed under the eye of Mrs. Martha Marshall.'

'Margaret Louise's family laughed at the letter and said: 'Let her come! We'll give her a good time, poor old lady.'

'And mother said: 'But, John, we cannot afford it! And she says she's going to bring her maid, Angelica, and I've always heard that Angelica was a—fiend.'

'Well, we'll give Angelica a good time,' father laughed. 'F-

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ends become angels if they're melted out with good times, and it's my belief that great-grandmother is mellowing down.

'So great-grandmother and Angelica came to Margaret Louise's house, and, if anyone could be more awful than great-grandmother certainly Angelica was that person.

'To pass under great-grandmother's eyes was something never to be forgotten. Margaret Louise was a pretty brave girl; but that first night, when she stood before her great-grandmother and Angelica, she trembled in her boots—only they were slippers! 'Angelica,' said great-grandmother in a voice that sounded like icicles, 'whom does this child favor?'

'Angelica scowled. 'She's not a very favorable young person,' she said at last. 'I do not care for curls, and freckles are shiftless.'

'The child favors me!' returned great-grandmother, fiercely. 'You presume, Angelica. GO!' And Angelica went.

'Now, child, come here!' Margaret Louise went timidly forward.

'Why have you never wanted to visit me?' There was no answer.

'Were you afraid of me?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Umph!' grunted great-grandmother, 'that comes of long tongs and sly boots! Now that you see me, child, do you hate me?' Margaret Louise looked into the keen eyes. She was going to say 'yes,' but two or three things held her words. There was a softening of the hard old face that touched her heart, and then a sudden memory of mortgages and 'bills' came back to her, and for the life of her she could not say she hated great-grandmother.

'O, I see,' and now the old face

was hard and cruel, 'you're like all the rest, afraid to say what you think because—money! money! money! chokes you!'

Quite awful was the voice, and Margaret Louise shrank back. Suddenly the hardness faded away, and a great-grandmother cried:

'Come here and kiss me!'

'Trembling, but not daring to disobey that commanding voice, Margaret Louise went up and was kissed on the cheek by two severe lips that had almost forgotten how to kiss.

'Once the deed was over, great-grandmother turned to speak to the older people, and then Margaret Louise came to herself, and what do you think she did? Why, rubbed the kissed cheek with all her furious might! Just then great-grandmother turned and looked at her and called in a loud voice. 'What are you doing?'

'Again poor Margaret Louise was stricken with fear.

'O! O!' she faltered 'please, ma'am, I'm rubbing the kiss—in.'

'There was an awful moment while great-grandmother struggled between laughter and anger, then she said hoarsely, 'Leave the room, you're an impertinent minx.'

'So Margaret Louise followed Angelica.

'Margaret Louise did not see her father and mother that night. They were entertaining great-grandmother, and it was something of an ordeal, so the poor little girl had her many thought all to herself in her tiny bedroom which was next to the one great-grandmother was to have.

'The moon came up and peeped in at Margaret Louise and seemed to say, 'O you little coward!' And then Margaret Louise remembered how her father and mother were brave, even if they were poor.

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TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock