

Total number of York-shire miners who have struck is 170,000.

A report from Isabella De Sagua Cuba, says that Boatswain Lunenberg, of the steamer Borney Castle fell from the bridge of the vessel into the harbor and was devoured by sharks before a rescuing boat could be lowered.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The government bill in respect to the powers of loan companies was considered by the Banking and Commerce Committees at Ottawa. Hon. Mr. White's suggestion to make the capital \$250,000 was finally concurred in after some discussion. Directorates were fixed at not less than five nor less than fifteen.

Nearly 50,000 Ohio coal miners were ferried out of work to-day because of failure to reach an agreement with employers.

An Italian army aviator, Lieut. Griffa, was killed at Turin, Italy, Tuesday while attempting a somersault with an aeroplane.

The worst blizzard of the winter is now raging at St. John's. Trains and steamers have been delayed and the storm will greatly hamper the sealing fleet.

The House of Representatives Tuesday night voted to repeal the provision of the Panama Canal Act exempting American vessels from the payments of tolls. The vote was 247 to 161.

With few exceptions every coal mine in Ohio was closed down indistinctly Tuesday night. Local operators estimate that 50,000 miners are affected.

In pursuance of the retrenchment plans the Pennsylvania R. R. has annihilated 118 passenger trains on the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, and a large number on the western lines. The financial saving on the eastern lines will run close to \$2,000,000 per year.

The last spike connecting the rails of Canada's new transcontinental railway, the G. T. P., will be driven about April 7th, probably on Fort Fraser townsite.

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for atarrh

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 SNOWS OF GOD.

(By Frederick Hall, In The "Home Herald.")

'Any word?' asked Seth.
'Any word you want,' Eliza answered. 'You look it up here, just as if it was a dictionary, and it tells you right where to turn to see what the Bible says about it.'

Seth took the thick black volume and held it curiously. It was an odd book to have found its way into that frontier cabin, though it was like Eliza to have asked for it when Uncle John wrote to know what Christmas present he should send her. Seth had never seen such a book before or knew there was one, and turning from the grateful glow of logs upon the hearth, he let his eye rove round the room seeking a word to be looked up. There was the plank floor, covered, where they were sitting, by a bit of worn rag carpet against the log wall, where the flames made their own tall shadows dance; these stood the bench and two hemlock chairs, there was the ladder which led to the loft above, where he slept; in the other room he could hear mother moaning softly, as she had been moaning all the evening, and just at her door lay along the floor a little ridge of white which the wind had drifted in through the chinks.

'What does it say about the snow?' he asked.

Eliza took again the new concordance and reached down her little Bible from the shelf above the fire-place, but at that moment there was a call from Mrs. Wiltzie, their kind next neighbor from three miles up the river, and instantly Eliza rose and passed into her mother's room.

Seth sat silent for awhile, listening to the wind outside and gazing dreamily into the fire. There was nothing he could do for mother; little that anyone could do, except to wait, and as he watched the flames and listened to the wind there came upon him, perhaps out of the cold and darkness that shut them in, a strange demand for all the trouble which the months of struggle with the wilderness had brought. Accidents, losses, failure of crops, father's long journey down the river in hope of being able to earn enough to set them on their feet again, the cruel winter, with mother growing daily weaker! Why had they been obliged to endure it all?

For him it was a most unnatural state of mind, and suddenly he stopped short in his thinking, picked up the concordance, turned the leaves with unaccustomed fingers, and, finding at length the word he sought, began diligently to verify the references. 'White as Snow' was the most frequent phrase; there was something, too, about the treasures of the snow, and that he did not understand; but the verse he perused longest over was this; 'For he saith to the snow, 'Be thou on the earth,' likewise also to the small rain and the great rain of his strength.'

That was an altogether new idea. The snow which had lain round them four full months, which had prevented work and almost prevented hunting, which had brought the cold to be battled with afresh each new day, and beaten back so little by their roaring fires, which had brought—who could tell—perhaps mother's sickness itself,

—it was God's Snow. Not there in spite of Him or because He had merely let it come, but He had sent it; and said to it, 'Be thou on the earth.'

So intensely was he thinking that he did not hear the opening of the door from his mother's room, and he knew that Eliza had entered only when he looked up and saw her standing before him, her eyes filled with tears.

'It's mother,' she said, in answer to his question. 'She's lots worse, Seth. She didn't know me when I went in.'

Then he rose with sudden resolution.

'I'm going for a doctor, Liz,' he said. 'We'd ought to have done it long ago. I don't care what mother says. What's money at a time like this?'

Eliza did not answer, but she watched him as he put on his overcoat, his home-knit mittens and fur cap, and plunged out into the storm to the shed which served as a barn. Then, when he had saddled old Prince and was ready to mount, he looked up and by the glimmering of the lantern saw her standing in the doorway with her shawl drawn over her head.

'You're going to Nellegar?' she asked.

'That's the nearest one,' he answered.

'It's twelve miles, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

Her hand was beside his upon old Prince's bridle-rein and her eyes were filled with trouble.

'You won't let anything happen to you, will you, Seth? I know we ought to have a doctor, and you ought to go, but it's so far and it looks like snow to-night, and it's awful to get lost in the snow with no fences like we used to have—at home. Oh Seth, I wish we'd never come; I wish we'd never come. Father's gone; and we don't know when he'll get back and mother—and if anything was to happen—'

For a moment she fairly gave up and he had to stop and comfort her. Then he led out old Prince and swung himself into the saddle.

'Just put the candle in the window, Liz,' he said. 'I'll find my way back to it all right. And you can look at your new book; that'll help take your mind off our trouble. And you better pray some,' he added. 'You was always a better hand at that than I was. And don't worry about the snow. If it comes, why, God told it to. It's His snow. I found that out in your book.'

The night was warmer than he had feared it might be, and so bright the starlight that there was no danger of missing the road. Had there been, he would have taken the other route to Nellegar, that along the frozen river, a road not easily lost, but longer and more treacherous because of hidden air-holes. He urged old Prince to all the speed he dared, knowing he could spare him on the way back, and the horse did his best, struggling bravely through the drifts and making the most of every easy stretch. In what he judged to be about two hours, he was descending the big hill and could see, far ahead, a cluster of lights, which

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must be Nellegar. It was with a sense of infinite relief that, an hour later, he rode up before the post-office and had the doctor's house pointed out to him. Considering the difficulties of the road, he had made good time. A moment more and the doctor's wife answered his knock and asked him to come in.

'I can't' he answered briefly. 'I must get the doctor right away. Mother's sick.'

'But you must get warm,' she said. And then, as he came in and sank upon a chair before the fire, 'I'm sorry, but the doctor isn't back yet. He was called out this afternoon to go off south sixteen or eighteen miles.'

Seth turned to her in silence, but with such a look as almost frightened her. It had never occurred to him that he might not find the doctor in.

'When'll he be back?' he asked, after a moment.

'I don't know,' she answered gently. 'He may come any time or he may have decided to stay all night. I think probably he would stay, unless he had started early, for now it looks so much like snow.'

'I'd better be going,' said Seth, rising. 'I'm plenty warm, thank you, and my sister'll be expecting me.'

'Shall I tell the doctor you'll want him as soon as he gets back? If you do you must tell me where you live.'

Mechanically Seth told her, and the doctor's wife, unable to detain him longer, made him drink a cup of hot,

strong coffee. Then he mounted old Prince and rode away again into the night.

Always, as long as he could remember, he had held, almost unconsciously, the simple faith that mother had taught him, the belief that if he only did his best, somehow, some way, things would work out for good. But as he rode on through the lonely darkness the mood of the early evening came back upon him, and with it thoughts such as he had never had before. Was there a plan in it all? Did God send the snow? Or were snow and rain things that merely happened? And if God did send it—why? Mother had been well until the snow came. Had God made mother sick?

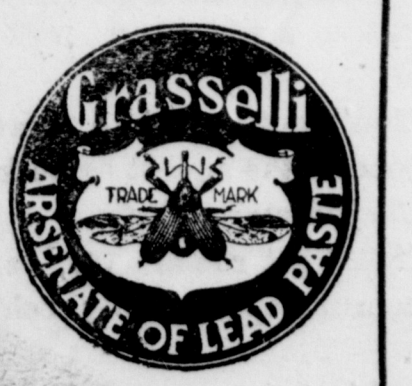
So deep was he sunk in thought that he forgot the night about him, forgot old Prince, himself and the reason of his ride, until, lifting his face, he felt the snowflakes and was awakened as suddenly as if he had been plunged into cold water.

It was a broken country, not like the trackless levels of the farther West, but there were no fences, and Seth had not had time, as yet, to thoroughly learn the ill-marked roads. He was still far from home, the wind had taken a keener edge within the past half-hour and the flakes, each moment coming faster, were small and danced and whirled before him as if the wind were from all quarters. If he should lose his way—well old Prince would doubtless take him safely home, still, animal sagacity will sometimes make mistakes; the river-road was easier to follow, and so thinking, he turned off in the direction of the frozen stream

Concluded on page 7

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