

**Catarrh Cannot be Cured**

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists price 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Oil Deposits In British Dominions**

London, Feb. 5.—Colonial Secretary Harcourt, at the request of the Admiralty, sent a circular yesterday to each of the governors of the governing British dominions, crown colonies and protectorates, in which oil deposits have been found, outlining the conditions on which such deposits may be worked in future.

The Colonial Secretary directs that oil leases be made only to companies which are registered and have their chief place of business in the dominions of King George, while a majority of the directors of each company must be British. The companies to which oil leases are granted must not at any time be controlled, directly or indirectly, by foreign corporations.

**ANTI-CLIMAX.**

A Woman who, both by bearing and dress, could be distinguished as "new rich," entered a street car and with a very haughty air seated herself near an old Italian. When the conductor came to take up the fares she said to him in a loud voice:

"Let me off at my husband's bank."  
The conductor, evidently knowing her, assured her that he would, and passed on to the Italian.  
"Let me off at my peanut stand," called out the old fellow as he paid his fare.

**Largest Dry Dock In World At Halifax.**

(Montral Star.)

OTTAWA, Feb. 3.—Halifax is to have the largest dry dock in Canada, or, for that matter, in the world, and the Public Works Department has sent down surveyors to determine the exact location. The plan is to construct the dock at Tuft's Cove, on the Dartmouth side of the harbor. As soon as the site is fixed the preparation of plans will be begun, and the work will proceed this year.

The construction of dry docks and repair plans adequate to all the requirements of Canadian shipping is the well-defined policy. This policy is being followed at Quebec, at Halifax, and at Esquimalt. The last-mentioned dock plans now are nearing completion.

The three docks are to be of the first class, and costing upwards of \$3,000,000 each, will be constructed for the government itself.

The Democratic party was formally placed on record in the House of Representatives on Wednesday as opposed to national legislation conferring the right of suffrage on women.

**Catarrh Cured**

By Breathing

You breathe in Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and inhale the antiseptic vaporized life of the pine and eucalyptol forests. As you breathe in this delightful air it passes over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane, allays inflammation, kills the germs and drives out the disease.

Druggist E. W. Mair sells Hyomei and guarantees it for catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, asthma and croup. A complete outfit includes hard rubber inhaler and costs you \$1.00. Extra bottles of Hyomei costs but 50c. By mail post-paid 50c. and \$1.00 from Booth Co. Limited, Fort Erie, O. Remember Hyomei is guaranteed or the money back if it fails you.

**SOMETHING TO PASS ALONG.**

(By ELAINE GOODAL EASTMAN, in the "Congregationalist and Christian World.")

"Madam, my name is Burton. I called to enquire for William Barton, seriously hurt, I understand. Thank you, that's good news! I have permitted to see visitors, that is to say relative? Hm, hm. Thank you very much!"

Well, Mr. William Barton, is this the way we keep our promises to our mother? Haven't any more regard for the feelings of our city friends than to run around of Broadway the very first thing? Didn't know you had a friend in New York, or even an acquaintance, outside of the office? The nurse has consented to give us twenty minutes. We can at least scrape acquaintance in that time, can't we?—especially when you know me so well!

"Barton, Spencer J. Barton; never heard of me, of course! S-sh—don't put me little joke! You see, she took me for a near relation—uncle, possibly! Rather a respectable old uncle, on the whole; don't you think?"

"And there's really every reason to suppose that we are related. No doubt you can trace back to the original Rafu? Came over in 1642, you know. Never heard of him? Ah, well it doesn't matter in the least. We bear the same name, at all events; and so, when I read the account of your mishap in this morning's 'Times,' I fancied it might hearten you up a bit to lay eyes on one of the old stock."

"I see there's no need to ask if they treat you well. Great things, these modern hospitals! Wonderful business, this twentieth century aseptic surgery! And yet, it is a chilly sort of kindness; I don't blame you, my boy! 'Painfully, inhumanly clean'—yes, that's about it. And the nurse, no matter how young and fetching she may be—and is!—always has that detached, professional air. You'd almost fancy she was enameled, too!"

"What do you think of this picture, my boy? Ever see a sweeter face? My daughter Mary—nothing professional about her, thank heaven! She's not one of your severe, intellectual type. There's something in that tender, trustful look of hers—No, Mary's cut in California now. I'm all alone."

"Of course you've noticed my parcel. Perhaps you guessed at once it was flowers? M-m. I don't care particularly for flris flowers myself; do you? I thought no! How's this ancient Japanese ido? We'll set him on the little plate-glass stand, with apologies to the nurse! Not a germ, I assure you. Doesn't he humanize the place a bit, with that agreeable rotundity, suggestive of comfortable meditation after a square meal, and that sly, satiric grin? Yes, he's a sort of familiar spirit of mine; I'm just lending him to you awhile to keep off the blue-and-white devils in this Palace of Hygeia, if you care for the idea. When you're on your legs again you can bring him round to my den in the eighteenth floor of the W ndygl'ol."

"Now, there's probably a poetry-book in my pocket. Generally is. Suppose we devote five precious minutes to the 'One-Hoss-Shay?'"

"Doesn't it feel good to be young, after that—you, and—whole."

Yes, I've heard all about that leg of yours, they expect to save it, you know. I decided against amputation a half-hour or more ago. There, there, I congratulate you, my dear boy; and hope you'll meet with no more accidents till you go quite to pieces at the turn of the century--"

"Just as bubbles do when they burst."

"Of course they've wired your folks, but how about my writing a good gossip sort of letter, telling them I've been to see you and found you uncommonly comfortable, in line for a quick recovery, keeping up your spirits wonderfully, and all that sort of thing? Can you tell me where to write? 'Oshkosh, Wis.,—only son of his"

mother and she a widow—very little money—ought not to come on here unless absolutely necessary'—I see. Shall I tell her that you've discovered an old sort of elderly relative who will like to drop in now and then, for the sake of the family name, and make sure that all's going well? That she mustn't think of coming to New York unless we send for her? I'll do it to-night. Don't thank me; it's a privilege. Letter-writing, to tell the truth, is rather a bobby of mine—old-fashioned enough, you see."

"Now, Mr. William Barton; your guardian angel immaculately white, is hovering significantly around the corner. I suspect that our twenty minutes are up."

"I have the address all safe, and I'm coming again next visitor day, and ever day till you return my call and sit down with me among the chimney pots to survey the cliff-dwellings of Manhattan and the goddess of the harb. Good-by and good luck. If only Mary were here! but you see she's away out in California. No thanks. If I've really done you any good, why, just pass it along my boy, pass it along!"

"Hello, old man? How about that game leg of yours, eh? Reminds me of the time I had a game, and 'twas me for the ambulance and the doctors! You haven't been getting yourself run over, now, or any nonsense like that?"

"Well, well! You don't say so! Father drunk and kicked you down stairs. I expect it must have been Fate that kicked me down stairs. Things began to happen about then, and they've gone right on happening ever since."

"I might have been twice your age when I got that jolt. How old are you, anyway? Ten? Yes, sir; I was just turned twenty, I remember, and hadn't been in the office a week. Hadn't got over being homesick yet. Must have been a good deal of a kid for twenty, but you see I'd never in my life been away from home and mother before."

"Yes it was kind of hard luck, I thought, though I'd nobody but my self to thank for it; not a friend in this blooming town; never inside a hospital in my life till they took me to St. Francis's to have my leg cut off, as I supposed, and everything so unnaturally smooth and white and slippery; and the deadly businesslike look of those silent nurses and surgeons in their long, white gowns scared me stiff. But, say! this is where I stoke up;

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and at the same time be better served in Quality, than any firm, company or corporation, has ever dared to offer. .:

**"SALADA"**

**25 CENTS— PER POUND**

Free from Dust, Clean and Delicious.

M103

SEALED PACKETS ONLY—BLACK OR MIXED.

come along in and we'll have it out over a meat-pie and a cup o' good, hot coffee. What?"

"By, I declare, I'd almost be willing to lose a leg for your appetite. Now, if we're over the worst of it—by the way, what's your name? William—you don't say so! Why, that's mine! Best if I don't make a bluff at the old gentleman's game, if only for the name's sake!"

"What old gentleman? I was just coming to that. There I was in the hospital, laid out as straight as a corpse on my little white bed, and pretty well wishing I was one; for what young fellow of spirit wouldn't stand to lose his life rather than a perfectly good leg? Besides, I'd have given the other one, or thought I would, to have Mother sitting there that minute holding my hand—you know how that is, of course? Dinner's you do? Too bad, William, too bad!"

"Well, as I was saying, just as things were at their mortal worst that gastly door swung open without a sound and let in the nicest little old gentleman you ever set eyes on! Not so very little, either, and not really old, of course—sixty mabe. Curly brown hair worn rather long, thick mustache, powdered with gray; a long face, touched with thought; a whimsical smile, and under bushy brows the clear, dark-blue eyes of a child! He slipped quietly in with a deprecating sort of air and waited for the noiseless closing of the door to introduce himself very modestly as Spencer J. Barton a sort of distant uncle of mine—at any rate, a namesake."

"The good that did me, William, To be looked up so promptly by one of my own kin, as it appeared though I had never heard of him before nor he of me, and, in fact we never were able to trace the exact connection. But, as he said himself, that didn't signify. You understand—the name was just his excuse for a good deed."

"Saw it in the paper, he said; an item in small type about an un-

known young Barton run over on Broadway and taken to St. Francis's; just come on from Oshkosh, Wis., and seemed to have no friends in the city."

"But he came to see me every blooming week of the three months I spent in the hospital, read poetry cracked jokes, and the mellow, reminiscent voice of him Exchanged the most beautiful letters with Mother, my but she thought he was splendid, in the little old home out West."

"Rich? Why, he was 'most a poor as I was myself. I had only my two hands and stomach for work in those days he, just enough to live on, with all sorts of quaint economies and occasional flights of pretty extravagance in the way of old books and bric-a-brac, in a wonderfully furnished garret at the tip-top of a shabby apartment house. Actually, if he didn't cheer me up from time to time with the loan of oddities from his collection, especially one old porcelain idol that was simply delicious!"

"Afterwards—no, I didn't lose the leg, after all—I went to see him every Saturday night, or occasionally, by special invitation, to Sunday morning breakfast—prideless bits of cracked ware and thin, antique silver and knowing dishes concocted by himself over a battered chafing-dish."

"You don't know what I'm talking about, do you, William? But there—how it all comes back to me! Most of all, perhaps, the picture of his daughter Mary, that he always carried about, worn shiny and smooth with handling in his left hand vest pocket. She was all he had in the world, and she looked—well, just as you would expect of a Mary!"

**SOMETHING TO PASS ALONG.**

"No, William, I never saw her. You see she was stopping in California for her health; he wouldn't have her sent far till the last minute, and then she got here too late to see him alive—so I heard afterward. I was in our Chicago office at the time. I had just one letter from her—and the idol! I keep it on my bureau."

"He told me not to thank him—just to pass it along. If you can't possibly eat any more, namesake, why, come along with me and we'll have it out with your mother!"

The appointment of a new consul general for Greece in New England has been announced. The position will be held by Demosthenes Timayensis, and his headquarters will be in Boston.

**Apple Orchards are Sure Money!**

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out a May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



Write for facts and prices.

TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock