

Sight Hundreds Of Seals In Gulf

Montreal, May 8.—Two hundred seals lay sunning themselves on an ice pan when the Donaldson liner Athenia steamed slowly past them in the Gulf. Some of them were only fifteen or twenty feet away from the side of the liner, and divided into the water only when the ship was upon them. They were a beautiful bunch and very interesting to the 387 passengers which the vessel carried from Glasgow.

Captain Black was a weary man when he tied the Athenia to her wharf here this morning. He had not been in bed since last Thursday. He had read from the Globe on April 25, a notice which was in the ice-truck. After that he left it in the stable.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each copy every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free
F. J. CHENEY, & CO. Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

The temperance advocates in the Commons received a severe turn down by the rejection of the second reading of a private bill to regulate the sale of intoxicants on Sunday. The proposal did not mean the absolute closing of the bars, but limited their time to three hours. The bill was defeated by a majority of 22.

Calls Roosevelt Mere Charlatan

Paris, May 8.—C. L. Theodore Roosevelt was denounced today as a charlatan by Henry Savage-Landon, the famous explorer, because of the claims of the former president, adding that the whole trip could be characterized as doubtful. Mr. Savage-Landon is regarded as the spokesman of the European geographical experts, who have been attempting to show that reports that Col. Roosevelt had discovered a new Brazilian river are untrue.

HYOMEI

The Breathable 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.

A JEWEL OF A WIFE!

(By Elliott Walker, in the "Christian Endeavor World.")

Rufus Sawtelle scraped his worn rubber shoes very thoroughly on the well-swept steps of his brother Trafton's new house. The fresh-fallen snow was melting on the sidewalks, and the foot-gear of Rufus held qualities more absorbent than shedding. He pressed his feet hard on the mat for an oozing of moisture. There was plenty of it; those ancient shoes were spongelike between the dilapidated soles and broken uppers. He wriggled his cold, damp toes, snuffing a bit in the raw air, hesitating to ring.

With a thumb on the button, the man thinly clad and shivering, scowled anxiously. "It will be 'speed the parting guest,' all right," he grunted. "I know the sort of welcome I'll get. My 'coming isn't exactly the kind."

Of course, I shall not meet the madam, God forbid! Traft's mean enough, but I want a look at him."

Unconsciously he had rung, and the opening door cut short his bitter self-communing. Rufus, expecting a servant, was unprepared for the mistress. He never before had met face to face the woman whom Trafton so lately had married. A few glimpses of her haughty, handsome profile, caught as she strove past this unrecognized relative, were enough for Rufus. She would be meaner than his brother.

The man lifted his shabby hat, unsmilingly, his words nervously curt. "Mr. Sawtelle's in? I'd like to see him. I'm his brother."

Behind her blazed the hall lights. He could not see her face, but imagined the expression.

"He's at home, yes," courteously, with an eager, pleasant ring in the sweet voice. "Do come right in. You— you are Rufus?"

"I'm Rufus," half beligerently, half humorously, as he stepped over the threshold. It struck him as ludicrous, this reception by one who could have heard nothing to his credit. It was too hearty, too full of warmth, for sincerity.

"Women's curiosity to see 'the black sheep,' he thought, confronting her, "Well, my lady, look me over. Size up your charming brother-in-law, and be done with it."

Her laugh disarmed his antagonistic thoughts, it was so merrily earnest. He searched her face in the brilliantly lighted hall. Something of appeal grew in his reckless eyes. She was holding his fingers, shaking his hand, her own eyes bright with pleasure. Rufus stared.

"Before Trafton gets you I'm going to become acquainted with my own brother," she cried, smiling up at him. "O, I've bones and bones to pick with you. Why didn't you come to my wedding? Why haven't you called upon me? Why come at this late day inquiring for Trafton? Am I unworthy of your recognition? Sit down here by me, and confess. Let's draw up by the fire."

Rufus sat, shifting his wet heels under the chair, Virginia Sawtelle moved close to his side.

"Well?" she interrogated gayly.

The man answered her with sudden defiance. Was it possible she knew of him only as a poor artist, a queer stick who kept aloof from his family and friends? Did she imagine him a person worth knowing, could he be induced to show himself? He must disillusionize her quickly, and so he spoke with but one intention, to tell the naked truth.

"Mrs. Sawtelle," he began hastily.

"Virginia, please. I'm your sister-in-law, Rufus."

"Virginia, then," bolted he, feeling an amazed sensation in her near presence and the power of her low, even voice, both so delicately familiar. "It will not take long to pick the bones." I suppose Trafton has told you a little of me as he could. He's loyal in a way. You've asked me several 'why's.' Perhaps one sentence will reply to 'all,' I am practically a social outcast."

To his astonishment, she put her hand on his knee, his damp, threadbare knee.

"By whom?" she queried quietly.

"By who?" he echoed in a bitter whisper. "By all I cared for—my family, my friends. Trafton was wise; I was foolish. He nurtured his inheritance. I squandered mine. He bent his energies to business. I frittered mine away in daubing canvases, all to no purpose. Ah! it is easy to go down the hill, poor, envious, shrinking, dropped, with no one caring, until pride falls to recklessness, and high ideals to hatred of the world. I go to your wedding? I call upon you? I? A man who but for

a lucky chance would now be serving time, perhaps waiting in the death-cell for his doom. But Laisley should not have insulted the girl; even a model has a right to protection. In my studio, too I threw him down the stairs, him, my best customer. Fortunately some men were bringing up a mattress, else his neck would have been broken. As it was—well, he came out luckily. The newspapers, though, and that stay in the Tombs. Bah! Why am I detailing this scrape to you?"

"And did Trafton help you?" "O, yes," gloomily. "Family name, you know. I wasn't a very penitent sinner. We had some words afterward. I told him he would never have to put out another cent for me, and that none of my people need to worry over my

I haven't bothered them. My other delinquencies were bad enough."

"Such as?" Her hand still rested on his knee. She gazed into the glowing fire; a great log burnt to dazzling coals.

"O, 'the boys, Late hours Bet on the races. Cards, a little. Showed up feeling pretty gay once or twice. Went to a couple of prize fights. These things tell when a chap gets into a big scrape, and I never covered up my iniquities. After the Laisley affairs, whew! Heads were all back hair to Rufus. Money gone, no credit, orders shy, and it costs to live, I found that out when I settled down to raise. There will be no rising now—" He paused suddenly as if a solemn thought checked more utterance.

"My dear," said the woman softly, "you have told me nothing I did not know. It might have been different. You have ostracised yourself to the infinite grief of those who care for you. Tomorrow you drive with me, and there after as often as you will. There will be no back hair, viewed from my carriage. Do put your feet up, and get them warmed. I know. Don't be a goose. And you are going to wear an overcoat home. I shall see to that and a few other things; I demand the privilege of a sister, you see. I have heard of your talent. It is promising. There will be plenty of orders. A boy like you! By the time you reach my age your place should be won. It shall be."

Rufus had extended his poor shoes and was eyeing them blindly. He said no word, but swallowed.

"Trafton is deep in my accounts," resumed the kind voice. "They are large accounts Rufus, but not bills I owe, I fancy I can afford to purchase a couple of pictures. Perhaps you will excuse my husband to night, as you can see him tomorrow. I wish to ask one or two questions and one or two favors."

"Anything," said the young fellow deeply.

"Did you come to bid Trafton good by?"

Rufus started.

"Ye es," he returned slowly. "I was thinking of going away, and Traft's been pretty good to me on the whole."

"Have you anything on your conscience my boy?"

"Yes. I hated you, because—er—"

"No matter about that. I understand I didn't mean to lose a question on my self." Virginia smiled. Regarding the past Rufus?"

He shook his head.

"I've been a fool; that's all. No, I can't think of anything mean."

"Look me in the eyes. You spoke of having a sense of the proprieties; you spoke of 'no rising' and halted. What do you think of that last broken sentence?"

Rufus grew red, his eyes falling.

"Never mind, dear lad. Now for the favors. Give me that."

He took a revolver from his pocket, and handed it to her without speech.

"It would not have been proper," said Virginia Sawtelle brightly. "Presently when you go, I want a kiss and a promise. I am so glad I happened to go to the door."

Rufus shuffle down the steps in his brother's rubbers. Trafton's overcoat was a bit large, but it felt uncommonly comfortable. He touched his lips reverently, whispering strangely.

"No rising" "The resurrection." How came that to my mind, and how did she fathom it? Am I dreaming, or is all this real? I promised to go straight home and to bed. She kissed me. O, I couldn't drink a drop after that. It would be fatal if I should forget, and—the impulse to end everything re turn.

He touched the empty hip pocket.

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'She felt it or imagined it,' came his shaking words. 'Anyway, I'm glad she's got it.'

And Virginia Sawtelle, secreting the ugly weapon behind the clock on the mantle over the fireplace, was saying to herself:

'Poor, deluded boy! He was very close to the brink. I saw it in a second. His eyes were not right at the first. A sensitive face ageing with worry and loneliness. He will come out all right I'm sure. I hope Rufus will grow fond of his sister-in-law.'

She smiled at her beauty reflected from the mirror over the mantle.

'Trafton will be overcome,' thought Virginia. 'He has been sadly upset about Rufus. 'Can't reach him,' he told me; 'the lad is simply impossible to get at. He hates us all, apparently. Why, I would take my best coat off my back for Rufus.'

'That is precisely what he has done,' she added aloud with a suppressed laugh. 'by proxy, but literally, I didn't lend his newest rubbers, though.'

She called up the stairs.

'Trafton, dear!'

'Yes, my dear,' absently, from a distant room.

'Come down. I've just had a real nice call from Rufus.'

Virginia Sawtelle has since declared that she never knew her practical husband to hurry but once, and on that occasion she feared he would break his neck.

Cost Reducers

So many dairyman wonder what the factory is going to pay, so many salesman fight for another

sixteenth of a cent on the price of cheese, that some milk producers in this kind almost entirely of selling price, are apt to overlook cost.

The twin sisters of economical milk production are good cows and individual records. Cows may be fed right and fed alike, yet fail to produce milk economically, that is at low cost, because they were not built on dairy lines. But even with the average run of dairy cows that seem to produce just about the same quantity of milk, there are so many strange variations that the keeping of milk records is not only advisable from the business standpoint, but becomes of fascinating interest.

When a simple feed record is kept in addition to the milk record, the actual cost of milk as produced by each cow is ascertained easily, so that the owner may be assured that he is keeping only such cows as yield plenty of milk at a low cost. Can you tell offhand whether the milk or some of your cows costs 62 cents or 97 cents per 100 pounds? If your profit over cost of feed is now only \$10.00 per cow, you can make it \$20.00 by keeping records.

Send to the Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, for milk and feed record forms which are free. They are cost reducers.

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