

Increases in the salaries of female school teachers, aggregating \$40,000, were adopted by the Toronto Finance Committee, of the Board of Education on Wednesday. Last year the salaries of female assistants in public schools ran from \$600 to \$1,000 at the end of the twelfth year. The new scale would run from \$300 to \$1,200 in the thirteenth year. The salaries of domestic science teachers, which ran from \$650 to \$1,000 in ten years, have been increased to from \$650 to 1,200 in twelve years

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 as an internal 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., Proprietor
Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Test 3.0 or 4.8, Which?

One of the chief reasons for testing cows not simply once in a while, but at regular intervals, is found in the fact that they are known to vary so greatly and often so inexplicably. Apart altogether from what are termed normal variations from milking to milking, besides the variations between morning and evening, and the variations between the fore milk and the strippings, careful observers have noticed in two days a variation in the test of almost two per cent of fat in the milk of individual cows for which no reason can be assigned.

Obviously then it would be quite unfair to judge any cow on any one isolated test when it might be 3.0 one day and 4.8 another day. Which could you take? A fair and just way is to take samples regularly and test a composite sample once a month. Then there will be credit given when it is really due, not necessarily to the one that is supposed to be a high tester, because she is of fancy name or fancy price, but frequently to some tacitly despised individual which is really the queen of the of the dairy. It will pay to select those cows that are known, not supposed, to yield milk rich in fat.

Accusing President Wilson of inconsistency in his views of the binding effect of the Democratic platform, and charging that "greed of the railroads and the audacious claims of Great Britain seemed far more potent with our President than the appeal of the womanhood of the nation," Senator Bristow, Republican, of Kansas, turned a discussion of woman suffrage in the Senate on Wednesday into a vigorous debate on the proposed repeal of the free tolls provision of the Panama Canal Act.

An earthquake occurred at Reno, Nevada, Wednesday. The shock was violent and lasted about three seconds. The direction was from south-east to northeast. Reports from Virginia City and Carson say that the shock was severe there.

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 anti-septic 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 on 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 TURNING POINT.

(By BELLE GRAY, in the "Christian Herald.")

Closing the door, she crossed the room and dropped into a chair that was placed beneath the one window. Another morning spent in tramping the streets and still no work! On every hand her inquiries had met with the same answer:

'Sorry, but we've nothing for you. If you'll come later, when the holiday rush is on, we'll see what we can do. But we've no call for salesladies at this season'

And yet, all this season one had to live; and to live in the great, clamorous city, meant money, money, money. A sardonic smile twisted the girl's lips as she opened her rusty handbag and drew out a slim purse. She snapped back the catch and shook the contents into her lap—a few pieces of small silver. There was no more, and her hand was long overdue. She shrank from meeting the kind but anxious face of her landlady for she knew that her first words would be:

'Had any luck to-day?'

'Did God care?' she asked herself. Only a short year ago when her parents were alive, she had believed in his sheltering love, but now—oh, she had tried so hard, so hard! She was not a shirker. She had tried with all her might, and yet to have to listen to those knell-like words again and again.

'Sorry, but we have nothing for you.'

There was one way out. If the worst came to the worst, and it looked to-day as if the worst had already come, there was yet one means of escape. It meant a downward step, should she take it?

She thought of a letter, which was in her pocket, a letter which had at first shocked every fibre of her being. Now it did not seem so terrible.

'Nobody cares for you,' she said speaking to her image in the mirror, 'so why should you care for yourself. Yes, he's right about it, you'll have to give up. You've had no chance. And nobody cares.'

A bitter recklessness, strangely at variance with her youthful face and girlish figure, drew up her soft chin and stiffened her drooping shoulders. With quick, decisive steps, she made her way to the wash-stand, where she bathed her burning eyes and fevered cheeks and dried them on the coarse towel. Then, after smoothing her hair, she nerved herself to go down to the dining-room.

It was a glorious day; one of those days which winter has stolen from his more opulent younger sister, and which, for want of a better name, we call Indian summer. Even in the dusty city, the air was bracing and full of tonic freshness, but the interior of the cheap boarding-house was redolent with the scents of yesterday's cabbage and to-day's turnips and onions. Hot waves of odor assailed the girl's nostrils as she descended the narrow stair.

'I'll not have to stand this long,' she told herself defiantly,

as she pushed open the dining-room door.

She was glad to find the room deserted; but her lip curled with disgust when she regarded the dirty dishes and smeared cloths that the boarders had left behind them.

'You're late,' grinned the waitress, as she tripped over and began to stack the heavy dishes on a large tray. 'Well, you know how it is here. 'First come, first served. Top bad Mr. Burton spilled coffee at your place.'

'It doesn't matter,' returned the girl. 'Nothing matters now,' she added mentally.

'Catch on to who's a-comming' whispered the waitress as she tossed her head toward the open door.

The girl raised her eyes and saw, advancing, a shabby little man and an equally shabby, but sweet-faced, little woman, who led by the hand, a sturdy boy of four or five. That they were newcomers was evident from the shy glances which they cast about them as they hesitated at the door.

'This way, sir,' directed the waitress, motioning to the table where the girl sat. She favored the girl with a sly wink when the trio seated themselves opposite. 'Hay-seeds,' she confided sotto voce, as she clattered out with her tray of dishes.

The shabby couple sat in embarrassed silence while the waitress returned and supplied them with clean plates, knives and forks, as well as limp, dejected-looking napkins. When she bustled away again, the child sat up straight in his chair and favored the girl with an ingratiating smile. He was an attractive little fellow, with round, red cheeks and wide-awake blue eyes but the girl did not meet his advances, and, deciding that smiles were thrown away upon this reserved young lady, the boy shifted his interest to the dishes of steaming food which the waitress was now arranging in wonderful semi-circles around the plates. It was when that brisk young lady had finished her task and rushed back to the kitchen that the little chap addressed his father:

'Daddy, kin I ask the blessin?'

The father cleared his throat. 'You see, Miss,' he explained to the girl, 'we're used to being in our own little home, where we always have the blessing. I hope you'll excuse us if we have it here.'

With a sudden jerk, the girl inclined her head, and the father and mother bowed theirs reverently as the child folded his chubby fingers.

'Dear God, thank you for everything. Amen,' he piped in his high treble.

When the grown persons had raised their faces, the mother stroked the boy's hair and adjusted his red silk tie.

'Jamsie don't ask the b'essin like other folks,' she informed the girl. 'He has his own way o' saying it—says something different every time. And I do think,' she con-

**The New Price—
All Competition Defied.**

"SALADA"

Per 25 Pound cents

Delicious in flavor, absolutely pure. No other firm has ever dared to offer the Tea consuming public, anything approaching such value.

BLACK OR MIXED. SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

continued, 'that he's pretty near right about it. We ought to thank Him for everything, oughtn't we, Miss?'

The girl's bitterness welled up into her young eyes, and roughened the tones of her young voice. 'Some of us can't see much to be thankful for,' she muttered.

'Maybe that's because we don't look at things right,' suggested the little woman. 'Now Jim an' me's seen a heap o' trouble since we left the farm. He had a good place when we come here, but he lost it, an' we had sickness, too. We hated to leave the little house we'd rented, but its cheaper to board—and then we had to sell all our furniture, anyway to pay the doctor bills. But Jim's got another job now and maybe, we can save up enough to go to house-keeping again. And when I think o' how much worse it might a-been, I feel grateful, I can tell you.'

The girl pushed back her untasted food. 'You've got a more grateful disposition 'han I have,' she sneered.

A hurt look passed over the little woman's face, but did not mar its sweetness, 'I know I hadn't ought to be talking so much 'bout my own affairs,' she apologized 'but, you see, down in the country where I used to live, me and my neighbors was jest like one family and I got in the habit o' telling them everything, somehow.'

'I was raised in the country myself, I—I lived there before—before I lost my parents.' The girl had struggled to her feet and now gazed down at the little family group with working features. 'I love the country,' she choked, 'Oh how I wish I'd never left it,' and with these words she wheeled and almost ran from the room.

The woman jumped up as if to follow her, but her husband laid a

restrained hand on her arm. 'She's in trouble Jim,' insisted the wife.

But the husband shook his head. 'You let her be, Jessy,' he advised. 'Let her cry it out by herself. After a while, maybe, we can help. But she's got to work it out by herself now.'

With desperate swiftness the girl had sped up the stairs and into her room. She locked the door, then flung herself face-downward upon the bed.

'Oh, mother, mother!' she groaned, as her mind went back to the little country home where she had spent a joyous childhood. A Christian home, a loving father and mother, she had lost all this; but—had she been grateful for the treasure when she possessed it? Had she ever returned thanks for anything. To be sure, she had said her prayers in those days, but the spoken formula had been the mere lip-service of a careless happy nature. Was she being punished for her ingratitude? 'If so, her punishment was severe indeed, for nothing was left to her now, and her Christian mother, if she could look down on her unhappy child, must be tasting grief that even the bliss of heaven could not assuage.'

At thought of the mother by whose knee she had heaped her childish petitions, a sick horror shook the girl from head to foot. Was it possible that the mother had been reading her little girl's heart? Could it be that she knew the plans her child had been making?

With a sullen movement, the girl sprang from the bed and hurried over to her trunk. Her hands trembled with eagerness as she took out the trinkets that had come to her from a source that

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