

A bill prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds and "bits of birds," into Great Britain passed its second reading in the House of Commons Monday night.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Father Saves Son from Hungry Hawk

Milford, Del., March 6.—A large hawk almost killed the small son of L. N. Horsey, a farmer near here, to-day, after the boy had thrown a snowball at it. But for the timely arrival of the father, armed with an axe, the lad would have fared badly.

The hawk had killed two chickens and started to devour them. The farmer heard the commotion and started for the house to get a gun. Meanwhile his son Edward, aged eight, ran into the poultry yard and threw a snowball at the hungry hawk. The bird abandoned its meal and turned on the boy. It sank its talons into his face and began digging him with its sharp bill. The boy fought back as best he could but the battle was all in favor of the hawk. He called for help and his father, seizing an axe responded and finally managed to kill the hawk.

From thirty to thirty-five guests of the Missouri Athletic Club perished in the flames that destroyed the building Monday morning. Seven bodies have been recovered and twenty-nine occupants of the structure are still unaccounted for.

Great Crowds Went To Hear "Billy" Sunday.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Police reserves from the precincts were needed last night to establish order among some 5,000 persons who had failed to gain admittance to Carnegie Hall, where "Billy" Sunday, former baseball player and now an evangelist, made an address dealing mainly with the modern missions of the church.

About 3,000 managed to get into the auditorium in a manner that nothing short of a riot. So acute became the situation that the police had to interfere with drawn clubs, and before order was re-established ambulances had to be brought to the scene. Several persons were badly injured. No serious injuries were reported, however.

A tussle of would-be auditors with ushers and attendants of the hall added to the excitement within the building.

Chief Crawford Advised Hyomei For Catarrh

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B., says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of catarrh and asthma after four years of suffering. I was constantly hacking and spitting and the catarrhal droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon I was without a sign of the health-racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all catarrh sufferers."

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggist will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (extra bottles 50c.) or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary."

"Mary and Eva were sisters. Mrs. Alcott was their dear, gentle mother Aunt Fanny was a teacher in a young ladies' school. For several years she had spent the vacations in travel; but last summer she had accepted the invitation of her sister to spend the long pleasant weeks in her beautiful country home.

At the close of the first week she said to Mrs. Alcott: 'Sister, do you intend to send the little girls to our school when they are old enough?'

'Certainly I am looking forward with delight to placing them under your care.'

The young teacher was silent a moment. 'I hardly know how to say it, dear, for these little girls are precious to me, too. But they would never make friends in the school, Mary is too self-willed, and—'

'Remember that Mary was very ill when a baby. We had to humor her in order to save her life.'

'I know. But there is no reason why the household of Alcott should continue to revolve around Mary, as its daily axis. Poor little Eva, in her efforts to keep peace with Mary, has ceased to have a mind of her own. She no longer knows what she wants. She is like a little wooden puppet, set up or knocked down by Mary.'

A flush came upon the cheek of the mother. 'Eva is like the character in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' She is very sweet and loving.'

'So she is, dear. But she has lost all spirit. You boy neighbor said yesterday that she would better go and buy a box of dynamite and get some move into herself.'

'That boy shall never come into the yard again.'

'Pardon me, but the girls will lose more than the boy will. He is quite right. Eva acts as if she were seventy-five years old, and Mary is a perfect child tyrant.'

'Sister! I know it sounds cruel, dear. And you may think it easy to say. But I assure you it is frightfully hard.'

'Then why do you trouble yourself?'

'Because I must. It is better to say this now than to refuse the girls admission to our school a few years later on. If they grow up as they now are I—couldn't bear the—the mortification.'

Mrs. Alcott arose and left the room. When night came the young teacher felt that she would better pack her trunk. But early the next morning Mr. Alcott tapped at the door. Her face was pale.

'Fanny,' she said. 'I thank you for opening my eyes. I see what you do—less plainly, perhaps; still I do see it. I'm afraid my little girls are spoiled.'

'Pardon me, dear, but I know they are.'

'What can be done? I'm afraid it is too late.'

'It is never too late to mend.'

The two had a long talk. At breakfast the mother said: 'Children, you know that in two or three years, if you live, you hope to go to the school where Aunt Fanny teaches.'

'Oh yes,' they both cried.

'Well, in order to prepare you for that, I have given you into Aunt Fanny's care for the rest of the summer. You must obey her perfectly. If you do not some kind of punishment will follow. You are to begin this very day to learn that life at boarding school means obedience.'

'We can have a lovely time, if we will,' said Aunt Fanny with a smile. When breakfast was over she added: 'Since you are my girls let me ask you what you are going to do this morning?'

'Nothing,' answered Mary. 'It's vacation.'

'First,' said the teacher, 'you will spend an hour in your rooms—setting them at rights, writing a letter, sewing on a button, or doing any little matter that you thought of yesterday and left undone. Pick up all the stitches in your life that you dropped yesterday—as nearly as you can.'

'The maid takes care of our rooms,' exclaimed Mary.

'That may be. But even a princess should have some things which she would not leave to other hands. It is not good for you to have no thought, no care for anything. At ten o'clock Mary will go into the library and read for half an hour in her French, while Eva is in the music room at the piano. At the end of the half hour—see what a little time I am giving you! Mary will practise, while Eva reads her French. This over, you may amuse yourselves until lunch. Good-by! I've a lot to do in my room. So has your mamma.'

Slowly the little girls went upstairs. Mary had been so surprised that she did not think to object at first. Once in her room she turned to go down again, but was met by her mother, who, with grand difficulty, made her obey the given orders.

Ten o'clock came, and gentle Eva went to the piano to begin practice, but was promptly pushed off the stool by Mary. 'I want to practise now,' said this Contrary one.

Eva turned to pick up her French reader.

'No,' said the young teacher. 'Eva, return to the piano, Mary, take your French book.'

'But I don't want to.'

'That has nothing to do with it.'

The mother was forced to come and lift the little girl from the stool and drag her unwilling feet into the library, where the child sulked more than she studied.

'After to-day,' said the young teacher, 'if you do not work as you should you must work twice as long.'

The half hour over, Mary objected to practising. 'I wanted to do it a while ago; now I don't.'

'This is work that must be done whether you incline to it or not.'

Again the poor mother had to take the child, almost by force, and seat her upon the piano stool, where she picked away at the keys for a dreary half hour.

Before they arose from the lunch table Aunt Fanny asked what they should do that afternoon.

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'O, anything!' Eva answered. 'Nothing,' came from Mary. 'I tell you it's vacation.'

'Let's go out upon the veranda for an hour, and take turns reading aloud. That will bring mamma in with us. We must have her doing something, too—don't you think so? After the reading we'll amuse ourselves as we choose until four o'clock. Then we'll drive down to the lake and bring back some of old Abe's delicious popcorn. Seems to me I never tasted such popcorn as his. He would make a fortune if he were near our school,' said Aunt Fanny.

On their way to the veranda they stopped in the library. 'What shall we read?'

'O, let's have some more of 'Alice in Wonderland,' Aunt Fanny makes it seem as if we were with her—seeing all the wonderful sights. I never knew they were so fine.'

'Humph!' said Mary. 'I hate reading aloud. But if we must, why, we'll have the new magazine.'

'All right!' assented Eva, with a sigh.

'If you had asked Mary before you answered, Eva,' said the aunt, 'it would have been right to follow her choice. It is well to be yielding; but not too much so. We'll have the book for the first half hour; after that the magazine.'

The hour, made as unpleasant as possible by one little girl, was over at last. Four o'clock came, all too soon for those who wanted peace. William brought the survey and Gray Beauty around.

'Who is going?' asked the young teacher, as she sprang into the front seat and gathered up the reins.

Now Mary wanted to go very much. She liked to drive and she was fond of popcorn. But she was in the habit of waiting to be coaxed. 'I am not going,' she answered.

'Then I shall remain,' replied the mother.

Eva climbed into the back seat, and away they started. No sooner had they reached the gate than Mary, the little girl who had chosen to remain behind, called out that she wanted to go. The aunt locked back, shook her head, and on they went. At this Mary acted like a wild child. She caught her hat and ran after them, crying out at the top of her voice, 'I want to go now!' But Gray Beauty trotted swiftly on.

Poor little Eva begged that they wait for her sister; then begged that she might get out and run back to comfort her. Still Gray Beauty trotted along. The cries of the contrary child grew faint and were soon lost in the sound of Gray Beauty's feet.

Mary ran until she was tired; then threw herself under an elderberry bush that grew by the wayside. Sitting there—hot, dusty and angry—she began to hulk. After a long time Gray Beauty came flying back. Eva caught sight of her sister. 'O, auntie, stop! Here's Mary!' she cried.

'No,' said the young teacher, 'she must finish as she began.' And again Gray Beauty trotted swiftly on.

Mary screamed herself hoarse; but matters did not change. After a while she grew calm and began to think. All the long trudge home she was thinking. Later a dirty, crumpled little girl with streaked face and tousled hair, crept slowly into the house. She expected sympathy from her mother.

'Dearest, it is for your good,' said the mother, firmly. 'Don't make it too hard for mamma. I am suffering with you, and it hurts me more than it can you. Now go to your room, wash yourself, and eat the dinner alone that I shall send up to you.'

Day after day brought conflict after conflict. During them all Mary kept thinking. Finally she

Concluded on page 2.

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 in 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.



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