

**Will Not Take Part In Panama Show**

London, Feb. 24.—All efforts to move the British Government to reconsider its decision not to participate officially in the Panama-Pacific Exposition have failed. Sir Edward Grey, in the House of Commons to-day, said definitely that the Government could not reconsider the matter and expressed regret that the cabinet was unable to modify its previous decision.

**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.

There are as usual many things to interest the sportsman in the latest issue of **ROD AND GUN IN CANADA**, the March issue, which has recently come to hand. The Ojibways at Abitibi by Bernard Muddiman; A Walrus hunt within the Arctic Circle; A Caribou Hunt in the Yukon; The Little Lake of the Big Trout; Angling Notes by H. Mortimer Batten; and other stories and articles, along with the regular departments devoted to the interests of the trap line, trap-shooting, etc., etc., which are as usual well maintained, are combined to make a magazine that should be read by all Canadian sportsmen and by those Americans who come to Canada annually for their hunting and fishing. This magazine which is the only publication devoted wholly to the interests of Canadian outdoor life is published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

**PLUM CULTURE IN CANADA**

The subject of plum culture is treated in a bulletin of 72 pages issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. The information presented has been largely derived from the experience gained in connection with plum growing at the Central Experimental Farm during the past twenty-five years. In this bulletin, information is given as to the best methods of preparing the soil for a plum orchard, with particulars also as to the planting and subsequent care of the trees. Instructions are given as to methods of pruning, grafting and on many other topics relating to this branch of fruit industry. Lists of varieties of plums suitable for planting in different parts of Canada are given with descriptions as to the character, quality and time of ripening of each sort. Some of the insects and diseases to which the plum is subject are also referred to and methods of treatment suggested.

This bulletin which was prepared by W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, is No. 43 of the Experimental Farms and is available to those who write for it to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

The result of the scrutiny of the ballots cast in the voting on the Canadian Temperance Act in Welland County in January, which was concluded Wednesday, is a majority of thirty one for the "wets."

**You Breathe It**

By the simple act of breathing, we inhale life and death. You breathe air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs, soothes the inflamed membrane and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist E. W. Mair what he knows about Hyomei. You will find that he not only sells it but guarantees it. A complete outfit will cost you \$1.00 from your druggist or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. You will find invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money back if it fails.

**A GOOD MANAGER**

(By MARION GARTH, in the "Christian World.")

'Well, I think that's all. Doesn't it look nice and home-like? I am glad I thought to call at the rectory. The white lilac is beautiful, and gives just the finishing touch, brightening up that corner.'

Winnie Jones stepped back and surveyed her handiwork. It was certainly worth looking at. The long, narrow room furnished with fumed-oak furniture, on which the last rays of the setting sun were shining. Everything was new, from the golden carpet to the tea service for two which was set out on the table by the open window; flowers were everywhere, and in the further corner in a recess was a black pedestal, on which was a bronze bowl containing a huge bunch of white lilac.

'It will remind Mary of her wedding bouquet,' answered Betty King.

These two friends had spent the afternoon decorating the farmhouse for the homecoming of Mary Holland whose marriage the previous Wednesday, to Ben Holland, had stirred the village from its habitual quietude to unwonted excitement. They were expected home by the five o'clock train, from the seaside, where a brief honeymoon had been spent.

'She won't want reminding,' said Winnie. 'I think theirs has been an ideal match—they are so suited to each other. Mary is so tidy and thrifty, whilst Ben is so easy-going. She will be just the spur he requires.'

'I don't know,' Hetty's tone was thoughtful. 'Of course, Mary is very good and domesticated, but there is such a thing as being too tidy, like her mother, for instance. Did you notice last Wednesday as soon as the happy pair had left the house, and while we were still waving to them at the door; Mrs. Carroll had a large apron on, and was sweeping the confetti and rice from the doorstep. I think that is carrying the virtue of tidiness a little too far, it makes it so uncomfortable for everyone; as for Mr. Carroll, his life is a burden to him, and you know it.'

'I don't agree with you there,' said Winnie picking the dead leaves from a fern on the sideboard. 'I grant Mrs. Carroll is particular, and doesn't care for muddy boots on her doorstep, but her house is always spic and span, and she's such a good manager. I've heard the Vicar say what a splendid example she is in the village, and such a help to him with the mothers' meeting and district visiting. He says he can always tell when she has been round Boulton's Row, for she makes the cottagers see the error of their slovenly ways sooner than anyone.'

'Well, that may be,' retorted Helen, 'though I'm sure it's more in fear of her tongue, or her stopping their winter blankets, than because they like to please her. I say moderation in all things: It's as bad to be too neat, as it is to be slovenly; now Ben has been brought up to use things and get the comfort they were meant for. The Hollands

never seal up their front room from week to week, like Mrs. Carroll; even for the wedding the covers were not taken from the chairs. I know for one, I was frightened all the time I was in the house, in case I might knock something askew, and if Mary has inherited her mother's ways I see trouble ahead, for Ben has a temper, as I know, to my cost, being his cousin, and brought up together, and he won't knuckle under like Mr. Carroll has done to his wife.'

'Now, Hetty, dear,' said Winnie coming over and putting her arm around her friend's waist. 'Don't be on the look-out for trouble. It isn't kind, and they'll be here directly—I see the signal's down, Ben is very fond of her; I'm sure they'll be very happy in this dear little place. I don't think anyone could help it,' she went on wistfully, her thought wandering to the smoky town where she earned her living in a large drapery house. 'I'm sure I dread to think I've only two more days remaining of my holidays and it will be Christmas before I shall see you all again. Why' she laughed, her mood changing. 'Mary and Ben will be old married folks then. Here they come! They look happy enough now. Let us slip out the back way, so that they won't see us; they must have their first meal in their new house alone. It is all ready; I've pulled the kettle to the hob, so the water won't boil away.'

Mary and Ben Holland entered their new house hand in hand and gave a little exclamation of delight and surprise at the welcome their friends had prepared for them.

'Isn't it kind of them, Ben; it must be Winnie who thought of it,' Mary said, tears coming to her eyes, as she noticed the daintily-set table. 'How lovely it all looks. I do hope I shall make a good housekeeper, and be able to keep it always as it is now. It means a lot of work, but I mean to do my best.'

'Don't you worry over that, darling,' answered Ben. 'You, with your quick ways, will be able to keep things going without slaving yourself to death. I want a happy contented little wife, not a housekeeper.'

Together they went through the house; true, they had arranged it all themselves weeks ago, but that was before it meant home, and every room took on a fresh aspect as they entered it. After tea, when Mary had cleared the tea things away, they wandered out into the garden together. It was very quiet and peaceful out there, the farm laborers had long since gone home, and dusk was beginning to fall. Something in the quietness sent a thrill through Ben's big body. It seemed for a moment as if these two were quite alone—alone in a vast, quiet world. He turned to his little week-old wife and caught her to him passionately.

'My darling,' he questioned, reverently, holding her to him, 'you are not sorry, you don't regret?'

'No, no, Ben,' she answered

**"Reduce the Cost of Living"**

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.

softly.

He kissed her gently, almost timidly.

'God helping me, you never shall,' he said earnestly.

For some weeks Mary and Ben lived very happily at the old farmhouse. At first he had thought it rare sport to stand on the mat and call to his little wife, who would bring him his slippers, to put on before he crossed the hall, and when he finished his meals, to have her kneel by his side sweeping the stray crumbs from under his chair; but after the novelty had worn off, these little things began to irritate him. There seemed no time for the cosy little exchange of confidences, that he had so looked forward to, as one of the special delights of married life; no time for the walks about the farm, that he had counted so much on, and twice lately he had asked her to go down to the village with him, but she had answered she had no time; she had work to do that must be done, he had better go alone.

Ben was only an ordinary, hard-working young man, and he loved his little wife dearly, but he liked to relax after a day on the farm and enjoy his evenings. The armchair in the dining room meant a place where he could lounge in after tea, and with his paper and pipe spend a quiet hour or so.

One evening he came in hot and tired—they were hay-making in the top meadow, and Ben believed in working with his men—his tiredness may have accounted for a feeling of irritation when he noticed the armchair had been moved over to a corner of the room, where no comfort could possibly be got out of sitting in it.

'What's this for Mary? You know how I like that chair,' he asked, as his wife came forward with the teapot.

The springs are going, Ben; and look at the wall behind where

you have pushed it back—the paper is all scraped and worn.'

'What nonsense! A chair is to use, not to look at; when it wears out, we'll get another.'

He wheeled it over to its old pleasant corner, and sat on it, but he was conscious that his wife was hurt.

The next day he noticed the chair was covered with an antimacassar, and a cushion was fixed at the back, to save it from the wall. Ben's face flushed, for the antimacassar served the purpose of a notice that the furniture must not be used, except with care and circumspection.

When he made use of the chair, he removed the antimacassar, but next day it was there again, and he found it had been fixed on.

That was the beginning of a series of little efforts on the part of his wife, in what she called neatness. The next attempt was to make a dining room of the kitchen. 'It would be so much easier for me, Ben, I can keep the front room so much cleaner; besides what's the use of a large room like that for just us two.'

'The dining room was made to us,' Ben answered. 'Whatever good is it if we can't use it?'

'O, but we will use it whenever we have visitors,' answered his wife. 'And it will keep it fresh. The furniture is becoming very shabby with ill-usage, and I'm sure I'm always rubbing it up, but even now it is more shabby than mother's and she has had hers nearly twenty years.'

'And never used it,' Ben answered angrily. 'I tell you, I won't eat in the kitchen. If I do, the furniture shall come out, and we'll nail the door up. If I've got to eat in the kitchen, the visitors shall eat in the kitchen, too. Be a sensible girl,' he added, as he noticed the look of trouble on her face.

Concluded on page 7

**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**