

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.

"ROD AND GUN" of Woodstock, Ont. has put out an exceptionally good issue for February 1914, both as regards the character of the reading matter and the quality and interest of the illustrations. That well known writer and naturalist, Bonycastle Dale, contributes an article entitled the Bearman, descriptive of a ranch where bears are successfully raised in captivity. A humorous strain runs through this story, a slight departure, but an entertaining one, from this writer's ordinary style. "Prints from Canadian Trails" is a continuation of the fine series that is being contributed to his magazine by H. Mortimer Batten; "The Dominion Parks" as seen by an American writer, is beautifully illustrated; Edward Breck writes under the heading "A Nova Scotia Discovery" of the excellent caviare that is to be obtained in that province; A Report is given of the recent annual meeting of the North American Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association by A. H. Smith; and every page of the issue is packed full of interest or information for the Canadian or American sportsman.

A peculiar double egg was recently on exhibition in Manchester, N. H. The two inner eggs both had shells, were connected by a filament, but one of them contained only yolk, while the other had only the white part.

Miss Annie J. Cannon, the most distinguished astronomer in the world, is cataloging 240,000 new stars.

"The treasure-house of a man's life is his heart, and he who has nothing there is poverty-stricken, though he roll in gold; while he who has a good deal there is rich, whether he has a roof over his head or not."

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.

Three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two cupfuls of milk, one-half cupful of water, four tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder or of grated chocolate, one egg. Scald the milk. Dissolve the chocolate in a quarter of a cupful of the water, add the cornstarch moistened with the remainder of the water, then pour in the scalded milk, stirring all the time, and cook for five minutes. Beat up the egg and add it and stir for a few seconds. Pour into wet moulds and when firm turn out.

A DAILY THOUGHT

"A really good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing. This is the temper of that charity of which the apostle says that it shall never fail."

A Japanese woman of fashion is by no means a drain upon her husband as compared to the enormous cost of apparel for women in New York and Paris. Society women in Japan only spends about \$9000 a year on her clothes.

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 hawking 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-mei) 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 druggists 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.

THE LEADINGS OF DORCAS.

[By FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World']

It was prayer meeting night at Hopetown. The long, small-paned windows were open and through them floated from the twilight world outside the fragrance of the apple blossoms, while from the church within there waited the soft, wavering accents of a woman's voice.

Miss Dorcas Wheaten was speaking.

'I want to make a confession. I've often mistrusted the Lord and thought that the things I had to bear were hard and the things I had to give up were the hardest. I've always intended to go to New York and I never could because—well, because I couldn't. But, now I'm really, truly going—to visit my niece. I start to-morrow. I want the prayers of the congregation that I may return in safety and not be caught by any of the snares of the city.'

She sat down and Brother Wellman started. 'H. L. with M.'

After the meeting they crowded around Dorcas. Miss Spiggins, the village dressmaker, about to marry a widower said:

'I suppose it's real lively in New York. You can look out of your window most any time and see somebody goin' by.'

Ltella Smith, who had gone to school with Dorcas's niece, said, 'Give my love to Lizzie.'

But the minister's wife asked, 'Have you ever been to New York before?'

'Why, no,' replied Dorcas.

'You know we used to live there. If you will let me, I will bring you some addresses in the morning.'

Dorcas thanked her and the minister's wife went home to tell her husband. 'I'd as soon trust Edith in the city as Miss Dorcas.' Edith was their fifteen-year-old daughter.

It was not the fault of the minister's wife if Dorcas was not equipped for her struggle with the city. She had several written addresses and much verbal instruction.

'You've written your niece you are coming?' questioned her adviser.

'Oh, Yes.'

'And she has said she will meet you?'

'I haven't heard from her yet.'

'Don't you think you'd better wait till you do?'

A shadow fell on Dorcas's face. 'Oh, I've been lotting on it for so long. You see, since her mother died and then her husband, she hasn't got anybody but me. I want to see her now—and the city, too, you know. If she shouldn't meet me, I can go right to her address. And then there are your friends, too.'

'Well, I guess you'll get along all right.'

'Of course I will. Don't you worry about me. You don't know how I'm looking toward to going. I'd have Lizzie come up here, only she loves the city, and if you'd never been there, Miss Abbot, maybe you'd want to go, too. I've been saving up for a long time to go.'

'I hope you're not going to take much money.'

'Only about forty collars,' said

Dorcas, with outward calm but much inward pride. But don't you worry about that either. I'm going to wear it in a camphor bag around my neck.'

There was a ride in the stage, a change at the junction and then a four hours' car ride. At about four o'clock in the afternoon Dorcas stood in the Grand Central Station in New York, much flushed, partly with the heat, partly with the triumph of her longest journey.

Dorcas walked back and forth in the big station, jostled by the vigorous New Yorkers, who usually apologized with a smile, if they stopped long enough to look into her blue eyes. But Lizzie did not appear.

'Of course I'd know her,' thought Dorcas, with the horrible loneliness of the city creeping upon her.

The afternoon was drawing to a close. Dorcas took out the paper on which she had written Lizzie's address and studied it. As she came out of the station her head went high and the light of strenuous endeavor shone in her eyes. This then was the city. Before she knew it a policeman had assisted her politely but firmly off the sidewalk. But once in the middle of the street with an electric car behind and a dray before, Dorcas stood still with a subdued shriek.

'Oh, I can't go any farther!'

'All right stand still there and get run over,' said her guardian, coolly.

The strange jargon of the city with its 'blocks' and 'east' and 'west' confused Dorcas. All the policemen helped her across the streets whether she wished to cross or not, and then disappeared into the maelstrom of traffic before she could ask a question. At last, after riding too far in one direction and walking too far in another, Dorcas arrived at her niece's address. Her cheeks were pink now, her bonnet awry, her bag, she was sure weighed a ton, the dolman was too warm, but she could not carry it.

It was an apartment house at which she stopped. Dorcas rang the first bell she came to in the narrow hall. She rang and rang with desperate reiteration, seemingly eliciting no response.

Suddenly a woman's voice sounded behind her

'I opened the door; didn't you know enough to come in?'

'To come in?' repeated Dorcas.

'No, I didn't. When she smiled the woman smiled, too.

'Does—does Miss Kingdon live here?'

'No, she don't now; she's moved.'

'Oh,' said Dorcas, blankly.

'You mean a tall sort of a woman that always held her head high an' was aw'ul close-mouthed? But she was a real pretty woman—perhaps she was a relative of yours.'

'I'm her aunt.'

'Oh, land! Well, I don't know where she's gone; she never told me any of her business.'

'Does anybody around here know?'

'I'll ask the janitor.'

The woman moved her large

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figure in a colored kimono to the end of the hall where she shouted to somebody somewhere.

'Do you know where Mrs. Kingdon's moved to?'

In a moment a man appeared. 'I know where she is, but I ain't to tell any but the right parties.'

'You needn't be so scared nobody wants to know but her aunt!'

The man looked at Dorcas, who smiled at him. 'Know anything 'bout New York?'

'No,' said Dorcas, shaking her head.

'Well, you come right out here and I'll show you where to go.'

The woman disappeared, with a toss of head, only partly propitiated by Dorcas's 'Thank you for your trouble.'

There were a great many directions: Dorcas repeated them after her instructor and at last started dizzily onward. The larger life she had longed for seemed pulsating all about her, but instead of a thing of beauty every throb seemed a horror. The wonderful tales of the city which her sister had told seemed more false than the fairy tales Dorcas had condemned in her literal youth. The crowds of people went hurrying past, the elevated trains thundered overhead, the surface cars clanged near by and the drays rumbled and rattled over the cobblestones. Saloons were everywhere. At first Dorcas had tried to cross the street when she saw one, so that she might not have to pass, but evasion was hopeless. There were intoxicated men reeling unnoticed by, miserable little children trying to play on the sidewalks. The Hopetown fields and trees rose before Dorcas, the silence and the peace.

But at last she stood before an

apartment house over a grocery store. Even Dorcas's unpracticed eye saw that it was a peg lower in the social scale than the one she had just visited. She ventured timidly into the very narrow hall. A woman with a child pushed in just behind her.

Dorcas turned and gave a sigh of fulfillment, 'Oh, Lizzie!'

'Why—why! the woman drew back stammering. 'It's Aunt Dorcas.'

'Oh, Lizzie, I'm so glad to find you; I thought I never would, didn't you get my letter? And is this your little girl? She looks just like you, and you're just as pretty as ever—you haven't changed a bit.'

'Won't you come in?' asked the woman.

She unlocked the door and led the way up the narrow stairs. The child threw herself against her mother's knee with the cry, 'Carry, carry.' The mother lifted her, while Dorcas dragged the heavy bag up flight after flight.

At last Lizzie unlocked another door, then, after piloting Dorcas through a tiny dark hall opened atill another. Dorcas found herself in a small room with one window looking out on a wilderness of clotheslines. The room seemed pretty to Dorcas, with her memory of the haircloth sofa of Hopetown. Here was a crushed plush sofa and a pink and gilt lamp. The room was insufferably close, although the window was open.

'I'm boarding,' said Lizzie, lighting the lamp. 'I found it was easier than an apartment, so I just board.'

'I suppose I can get another room right near for to-night?'

'I'm afraid not; there isn't another room in this flat and I'd be

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 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.



Write for facts and prices.

TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock