

A Strange Mixture.

The oldest member of the Bank House of Commons is said to be Samuel Young, who is ninety two years of age but still an active debater. He is a Protestant, but he represents in Parliament the Catholic constituency of East Cavan in Ireland, and is a member of the Irish National party.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

2,000 "Marconi" Ships.

There are now 2,000 ships of different nations, exclusive of warships, fitted with Marconi wireless systems. Besides this, the British Marconi Company has 873 wireless stations at coast points.

\$3,000,000 in Skunk Furs.

The skunk brings annually to the trappers of the United States about \$3,000,000. It stands second in importance only to the muskrat among American fur-bearing animals. The value of a skunk skin in the raw fur market averaged from about 25 cents to \$3.50 in December, 1913, and usually runs higher. In 1911 over 2,000,000 skins were exported to London alone. Although this fur is not very popular in America, Europeans favor it because it wears well and has a lustre which makes it rival the Russian sable in appearance.

He Drew the Line.

Architect—"Now, where would you prefer the drawing-room sir?"
Mr. Strukile—"Look here, young man, I've let you put up a music-room, when I couldn't play a mouth organ; a nursery, when I ain't got no nurse; and a pantry, when I don't pant. But I'm going to draw the line at a drawingroom, when I couldn't even draw a straight line."

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. Blair.

How Clarence Helped

"Oh, mamma, if I could only help you!"

Little Clarence stood by his mother's side, and his blue eyes looked very wistful as they searched her face.

Clarence and mamma and papa, with Clarence's sister and brother and the wee baby, were strangers in a strange land. Papa had been sick, and they were travelling toward America, but here in this big city he had grown so much worse that they decided they must stay for a few days.

The big city happened to be London, and mamma had had a very hard time to find a home even for a few days for her sick husband and the little children. There were plenty of houses, yes, but no one wanted to take a sick man, with a family of four little children. So, when she found two rooms on the third floor of a "Home for Elderly Gentlewomen" she was very thankful. But every body in the house seemed so unfriendly and unsympathetic that even the children felt sad and depressed, and Clarence wondered why these severe looking ladies were called "gentlewomen."

This was the third day that they had been there, and Papa was not so well this morning. Mamma was worried and the baby was fretful. Clarence had gone down to the morning-room on an errand for mamma, and when he came back, tiptoeing through the hall, a door had opened and a stern-faced woman had stepped out. She raised one long, slim finger and shook it at Clarence.

"Hush, little boy," she said, "Hush, don't dare to make a single sound."

And Clarence had given her just one frightened look, and then crept like a shadow up the stairs to mother's re-assuring arms. He had not made one bit of noise; he had not intended to make any and he was certain that he never could forget that stern face and that long, slim shaking finger. But mamma comforted him and called him her dear, good boy, and Clarence felt better, yet not satisfied. What could he do to help mother?

The next morning mamma said: "Baby must go out into the garden. Clarence, do you think you could wheel him?"

"Oh, yes mamma, I know I can. But I do hope I need not see that dreadful woman who was in the hall yesterday."

Clarence's lip trembled as he thought of her, but mamma said she needed help, and he would try. So baby was wrapped and carried down the stairs out into the garden. There was his little mail-cart waiting for him.

The garden was a beautiful one. There were really two gardens belonging to the house, with an open gate between.

"Clarence, said mamma, 'you must not go through that gate. You may wheel baby up and down the walks on this side, you may play in the summer house or sit on the grass, but you must not go through that gate. Can mother trust you?"

"Yes, mamma, I will remember," promised the little boy, and his mother knew he would,

Clarence was glad to be out in the garden with baby, but the walks were narrow and winding, and in some places not smooth, so it was hard to push the cart. But the air was cool and so sweet with the fragrance of flowers, and there were many interesting things to look at. Clarence pushed away at the cart, making all the little turns successfully. Not once did he run off the path or into the shrubbery.

The gate into the next garden stood alluringly open, but he did not give it a moment's thought. Mother had told him that when you are forbidden to have a thing that you must not even look at it, so he did not look through the gate but went up and down on this side, thinking of mamma and that he was helping.

Presently he was startled. There on a bench under the copper beech she sat—the woman with the stern face and the long, slim finger. She was looking right at him, but Clarence hoped she would not speak. He tried to hurry past but the walk was very narrow and twisted just here, and the harder he tugged the more it seemed that the cart would not go as it should, and then the lady spoke to him.

"Little boy," she said, "push the cart through that open gate into the other garden; the walks are all smooth and straight and wide on that side, and it will be much easier for you."

Clarence heard every word she said, and it seemed to him that she might look kind if he would do as she told him to. Then he remembered his promise to mamma, and he drew himself up to the full height of his six years as he answered,

"My mamma said I was not to go through that gate, and I am going to mind my mamma."

"But it will be so much easier, little boy, you have such hard work on these narrow paths," she replied.

Clarence thought a moment, he felt he might be making friends with the lady if he did as she said. How nice it would be if he could gain a friend for mamma in this way, for Clarence knew that his mother had been very lonely. But then his promise was first, and so he answered sturdily.

"I must mind my mamma first, and I will not go through that gate, for I promised I would not."

The lady turned to her book and Clarence thought she looked sterner than before as he resumed his walk. He did not tell mamma what had happened in the garden, when she came out for them, soon after. He was not quite sure whether he should have tried to win the lady or not, but he was certain that he could never break a promise to his mother, and so he played quite happily in the play corner upstairs.

That afternoon there came a knock at the door, and a maid handed in a package "For the little master," she said. The package contained a wonderful toy launch, and mamma and Clarence, could not even guess who had sent it. Within the next hour the mail brought half a dozen more packages, all for the children and all containing interesting toys and

We would sell every pound of Tea consumed in the Maritime Provinces, if only we could persuade everyone to taste—



**a Marvel of Cup Quality
Free of Dust and of Virgin Purity
25^c to 60^c lb. Try a Packet**

books.

"I do not understand it at all," said mamma. But the children played so quietly with their new treasures that papa caught a good nap and felt much better when he awoke.

That evening at the supper table mamma had another surprise.

"I think," said one lady, "that you have the best children I ever saw."

When mamma looked inquiringly up the whole story of Clarence in the garden was told.

"We think such children ought to be encouraged, and so we begin today by selecting a few toys that we thought might help them to pass along the time more pleasantly," concluded the one who told the story.

"Oh, how grateful the mother was! Not chiefly for the toys and books. Oh, no! But for her obedient little son. He had won a place for himself in the hearts of all the people of the house, and for her a sympathetic circle of friends.

Everything was easier after that and, during the two months that they remained in London, mamma often told Clarence that by the keeping of one little promise he had made the big city a delightful place for her.—"Congregationalist and Christian World."

Anniversary of Bannockburn.

June 24th was the 600th anniversary of Bannockburn. Scotsmen, says the London Chronicle, have always affected a certain commiseration for Southrons when mentioning Bannockburn. Two English gentlemen visiting the famous field of battle requisitioned a neighboring black smith to act as guide. On taking leave of him, one of them offered him a crown. "Na, na," said the Scot, "it has cost ye eneuch already." It was an old farmer who told Dean Ramsay he

did not send to the English cattle shows as the judges could not be expected to show impartiality, adding complacently; "It has aye been the same since Bannockburn."

But the sharpest Bannockburn gibe at an Englishman was certainly deserved. For, according to Dean Ramsay, that Englishman had said to the Scotsman that no man of taste would think of remaining for any length of time in such a country as Scotland. "Tastes differ," was the retort: "I see tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen has been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thoct o' leavin' yet."

Co-operative Egg Circles.

"The Organization of Co-operative Egg Circles" is the title of pamphlet No. 4 by W. A. Brown, B. S. A., of the Poultry Division of the Live Stock Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture. In introducing this subject the writer defines a co-operative egg circle, states the need for organization and the work that can be accomplished.

The benefits, methods, and details of organization are exhaustively dealt with and directions for setting up and using an egg testing appliance are given.

The pamphlet, copies of which may be obtained upon application, from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, concludes with a proposed constitution and by-laws suitable for an Egg Circle.

Austria's Formal Declaration of War.

Vienna, July 28.—Austria to-day declared war against Serbia, and official notification was sent to Belgrade for transmission to the Servian Government. This action was made as soon as the Austro-Hungarian Government was notified Germany had refused to be a party to any conference having for its aim the mediation of differences between Serbia and Austria. The Government gave formal notice through the British Ambassador here that it would refuse to halt hostilities pending the result of such a conference and shortly afterward issued the declaration of war.

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! Arsenal 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