

Shores Covered With Powdered Pumice.

Valdez, Alaska, June 18. Additional evidence of the volcanic disturbances in Southwestern Alaska was brought here last night in the reports which stated that areas of the surface of the Prince William Sound and the shores of the Sound are covered with powdered pumice or ash. The powder is colored yellow and is unlike the ash from the volcano of Mount Katmai, the only known large crater in the district. It is believed that the fall of sulphur was brought down by the recent heavy rains.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonial Free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

GOOD ADVICE IN A NUTSHELL.

The woman who "hates" her work wears out her nerves and her disposition. She performs her task with teeth clenched. She becomes hostile at the need of any extra effort. She slumps mentally and physically. She works only to get through. Her ill-nature shows ultimately in wrinkles and spoiled personality. Learn to make a difference between "system" and "routine." Monotony is deadly. It causes the muscles to relax and dulls the spirit. Keep up a feeling of good will towards work as well as play. You will enjoy each better for having had the enjoyment of the other.

BE STRONG.

Be strong to hope, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night,
Be strong, O heart of mine
Look towards the light!

Be strong to bear, O heart!
Nothing is vain.
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain,
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to love, O heart!
Love knows not wrong.
Didst thou love, creatures even,
Life were not long.
Didst thou love God in heaven
Thou wouldst be strong.

—Adelaide Proctor.

Hymoi

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoi 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 Hymoi (pronounced High-oh-me).

Hymoi 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 Hymoi 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. Hymoi 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 Message of The Rose.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin, in the "S. S. Messenger.")

It was a beautiful rose and she was a beautiful lady.

She wore a white dress, a white hat and in one hand carefully wrapped in damp paper was the rose. With her was a little girl about eight years old, in whose face, for outside a summer sun burned fiercely.

The little girl had big brown eyes and thick chestnut curls.

"Two ice cream sodas, please," said the little girl to the soda fountain boy.

The beautiful lady smiled. The soda fountain boy smiled too. The first time he had smiled all day, for the fact was, he was homesick, and tired and discouraged. The proprietor of the store was gruff and stern, and with it all, a hard task master. The clerks were busy, customers were indifferent, and nobody it seemed had time or inclination to speak a pleasant word to the new soda fountain boy. He was so young too, and the blue eyes were frank and honest. His thick, golden hair was clipped close to his head and his mouth turned up a little at the corners. In a little village fifty miles away lived a little woman whose boy he was, and who still cried because she was lonesome, too. She was so afraid her boy would fall into bad company, so afraid no one would be kind to him, and so sorry he had to go away. But money was scarce, it was almost imperative the boy should earn money, and the city offered opportunities the village did not, and so she had blessed him and kissed him and let him go.

And the boy had come to the great city where everything was strange and new, and every one was much too busy to speak to him. Every one—not everyone, for after working hours he had met some boys, boys city raised and bred, who laughed at his ideas of life in general. They made fun of church and Sabbath schools, and were doing their best to get him into questionable places, but so far he had not yielded. But it was too lonesome and if he did go to the big vaudeville theatre the boys were always telling him about, who would be the wiser, and if he did play a game of pool or take a cigarette, why nobody seemed to care about him anyway.

And then the beautiful lady saw him looking at her rose. He was such a fresh, handsome lad. His eyes so blue, his hair so golden, she looked at him again. "You like flowers?" she asked gently. "I love them," was the quick answer. "That is the finest rose I most ever saw."

The lady smiled. "What would you say if I were to give it to you?" she said.

The boy looked at her. "I would be surprised," he answered. "I'm not used to anybody speaking to me, much less, giving me a rose like that."

The lady put it into his hand. "Take it," she said, "and give it to your Mother."—The boy's eyes suddenly filled—"I can't make a mile away—but are you sure you want me to have it?"

"Quite sure," smiled the beautiful lady.

And then the little girl and her mother finished their ice cream sodas and left the store. "Mamma," cried the little girl reproachfully, "your beautiful rose, why did you give it away? And it was the one you had."

The little girl's mother took the chubby little hand in hers.

"I gave the rose away, dear, because the one I gave it to needed it more than you or I. Roses have messages, and if we listen close we hear them. I made no mistake, I am sure."

The boy at the soda fountain washed and polished up the glasses with the happiest face he had worn since he left home. He even whistled a little under his breath. The big lonesome ache in his heart was gone. Some one had given him a rose. And he was going to do his best. He would not let the little mother in the old home be sorry on account of him. "No, sir."

The rose he took and placed in a glass of cold water. Then he set it carefully on the marble shelf of the soda fountain. The proprietor happened to pass by. He saw it. "Got a rose—ah?" he remarked in not quite so gruff a voice as usual—"like flowers?"

"Yes, sir. A lady gave it to me."

The boy smiled at him, and the blue eyes somehow for the first time caught his fancy.

"Nice boy, that," he thought as he walked away. "I'll keep an eye on him and push him along if I find that I can trust him. I like the look of him."

"Decorating your soda fountain, are you," said a voice a few minutes afterward.

The boy started. It was the head clerk who had spoken. The boy had often admired him for his keen intellect and business ability, and wished he would speak to him. "Yes, sir—I like flowers."

"You do, well you'll have to come out to dinner with me and see mine. Got any engagement for to-night?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's a go, then. You're off duty, at six, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I'll wait for you."

"Thank you, sir." The blue eyes were so pleased and grateful the clerk carried the look of them back to his desk.

Nice boy, that. I'll have to take an interest in him. The city is a lonesome place for him, I expect. We're all too selfish."

Two days afterward the beautiful lady and her little girl came into the store again. The rose was still in its glass on the shelf of the soda fountain. The lady smiled at the boy and he smiled back.

"Thee's your rose," he said and the blue eyes met hers in a sunny smile. "I look at it every hour in the day," he went on, "and it seems to me, everybody's been different. I ain't been lonesome, and besides that, I've made some friends."

"I'm very glad" she answered.

"I'm glad, too. I thought at first I'd never get used to the city."



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It was so big and everyone was so busy and then I got acquainted with some fellows. I guess they weren't the right sort. But since you gave me the rose, why I don't seem to care about them any more. The right kind of folks are my friends now. Oh, I'm going to make a man of myself, and as soon as I can, I'm going to send for my mother. And I'm going to church, too, whenever I can get off and get acquainted with the minister. The rose and I have planned it all. Folks that love flowers like I do, has to keep good company."

The strange lady took a card and hastily wrote on it an address.

"Here is where I go to church," she said. "You will find me there morning and evening. I would like to know you better myself," and then the beautiful lady reached over and shook the lonesome little soda fountain boy's hand, or rather the hand of the soda fountain boy who wasn't lonesome any more.

She had given up her beautiful rose, but in the giving of it, she had saved a boy for Him.

Electric Ovens "Sub" For Sunlight

[From the Edison Monthly.]

Electricity is being employed to help out the sun in California and Arizona. Date-growers have discovered that the natural temperature in the desert districts is not warm enough to ripen dates properly. Now this process is accomplished artificially by means of electric ovens. The unripe dates are put into these ovens and allowed to remain three days at a temperature of 122 degrees Fahrenheit. At the expiration of this period they are fully ripe and ready for market.

Fifty workmen were burned to death in the destruction of a wood mill by fire to day at Moscow. The fire resulted from an explosion.

Dead Bodies Found in Paris Trenches

Paris, June 18.—Paris continues to suffer from the great storm which swept over the district on Monday night, and 60 feet of the sidewalk in the Rue de Belleville collapsed last night. Large gangs of men are working in the trenches made by the flood. The bodies of two children were recovered from the pit in the Place St. Philippe du Roule, and from the wrecked roadway in the Rue du Havre the body of a man was taken. It was buried so deeply that three hours were occupied extracting it. Several hats and umbrellas were found in the same place, two of which were identified as belonging to missing persons.

Eight hundred million cigarettes were sold in the province of Quebec during the past year, according to figures presented at the Methodist Conference, Montreal, Wednesday evening.

According to the fisheries department statistics the number of fishermen engaged in Atlantic coast is approximately 47,500 as compared with 8,700 in the Pacific, 3,600 on the Great Lakes and 5,500 on other inland lakes and rivers. The average yearly yield per man on the Atlantic coast is \$297, on the Pacific \$1,664; on the Great Lakes \$788 and on the other inland lakes and rivers \$237.

The North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., which left Southampton, Wednesday, bound for New York with 1,000 passengers has returned to port with a big hole in her side amidships caused by a collision with the Liverpool grain steamer Incomore, bound from a Black Sea port for Antwerp.

Bennett Barleigh, a widely known war correspondent, died at London on Wednesday, aged 69 years.

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 A. NEY, Upper Woodstock