

South African Blacks Are Now Volunteering

Cape Town, South Africa, Aug. 13—Five thousand negroes have volunteered for military service. The De Biers mines have subscribed \$50,000 for the relief fund being raised at Kimberly

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.

Distribution of Rams and Boars by the Federal Department of Agriculture

As the distribution of pure bred stallions and bulls, 125 and 414 of which respectively have been located in different parts of the Dominion, has now been completed for the current year, it is announced that the Live Stock Branch of the Federal Department of Agriculture will undertake a further distribution of pure bred rams and boars during the months of August, September and October next, to associations of farmers organized in districts in which the services of satisfactory breeding animals in these classes are not already available. Applications for rams and boars, a large number of which have already been received, should be made at an early date, as it will not be possible to consider those that are not made prior to October 1st. Farmers desiring to secure the services of such stock should arrange to organize an association in their district and forward their application to the Live Stock Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, from whom application blanks and all information with respect to the conditions under which pure bred sires are distributed, may be obtained. It is understood that all applications shall be reported upon by officers of the Live Stock Branch and that favourable action as regards any application shall be subject to the approval of the Live Stock Commissioner. Letters addressed to the Department do not require postage.

FEET AND KILTS.

One day a Scottish boy and an English boy who were fighting were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scottish boy, though the smaller, being far the most pugnacious. "What garred ye fight a big laddie like that for?" said the mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into their trousers."

Hymei

The Breathable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymei 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 Hymei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hymei 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 Hymei 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. Hymei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Ole Mammy Cheerful.

(By the Rev. C. H. Mead, D. D., in the 'Christian Herald'.)

Oh, de Lord am good, an' Je skies am bright,
An' my soul is filled wid de heavenly light,
As I trabel on de King's highway.
He supplies my wants an' he holds my hand—
While he leads me on to de promised land
At de ending ob de King's highway.
O de King's highway; yes, de King's highway;
O, my faith am strong,
An' I sing my song,
As I trabel on de King's highway.

Each note and word of the song rang out clear and sweet, and as musical as a running brook, and harmonized with the beauty and loneliness of the spring morning. As the singer, a colored woman, came round a bend in the road, a robin in her left hand and a tawny hen in her right arm, her old face was all aglow with the faith and brightness of which she had just been singing, and was a picture well worth looking at. Hardly had the last note of the song died away, when a young lady standing on the wide porch of an old-fashioned mansion, blithely cried out:

"Good morning, Mammy Cheerful and three cheers for the sweet singer in Israel. Here is the best and easiest chair about the house waiting to be filled by the dearest old mammy in the world and you come right up and fill it."

After a warm embrace, the old woman was ensconced in the big comfortable rocker, a veritable embodiment of contentment and happiness, and ready for the rapid fire of questions she knew she might expect from her beloved foster child.

"Well, mammy Cheerful, what brought you here this morning?"

"What brought me here, Miss Annie? Why, bress your heart, 'tain't no secret, an' if 'twas, I could trust my honey wid it; 'twas jes my faithful old feet what brought me."

The old woman's sides shook with merriment and her laughter was as musical as the song of a meadow lark. Miss Annie joined in the laughter heartily and then said:

"I am sure you have some good news; pray tell me what is up."

"Up, dearie; why eberyting am up; my Lord am up, and love am up, and heaben am up, an' even de corn my ol' man planted yesterday was up before I left home dis mornin'."

Again the old woman's laughter pealed forth, until it seemed as if a flock of canary birds was giving a concert.

"Planned yesterday, and up this morning! Why, Mammy, how was that possible?"

"Well, yer see, honey, Uaels Eph thought, what wid de sun shine an' rain, it mought come up, in a week or ten days, but he hadn't reckoned on dem pigs a bustin' fwood de fence in de night an' givin' de corn a lift he hadn't counted on."

Again Miss Annie and her Mammy made the whole neighborhood ring with peals of merry laughter.

"I say, Miss Annie, I dun a heap of thinkin' about pigs as I come along dis mornin'. I used to tink dat pigs wid dere curly tails and dere squealin' was de cutest things dat ebber was, but I made up my mind dat all a pig thinks about is to make a hog of himself while makin' a hog of himself, an' doin' all he can to turn his squeal into a grunt, an' den roll de mud an' thank goodness 'at he's a hog. He don't want to be a man, but jes' a hog, an' it's all right, for dat's his nature. But, honey, dear, can you 'splain to me how a man, born to trabel in 'de King's highway' under de blue sky, an' among de flowers, an' hear de birds sing, an' to lie down in green pastures, an' to open de windows ob his soul to let de love shine in, gits tired ob bein' a man, an' goes in de saloon, an' comes out a hog, an' jes' wallers in de mud wid de four-legged members of his family? I dun tot' my ole man, dat I'd rather de pigs bust froo our fence an' make hogs ob demselves out ob de seed corn, dan to have some boys bust froo de 'saloon door an' make hogs ob demselves. Oh, Miss Annie, yer asked about de good news, an' I's sure got some. De oder day dey voted to make our town dry, an' quit makin' hogs out ob de boys, an' I an't done much but shout an' sing eber since."

"Oh, Mammy Cheerful, but that is good news; and I understand now why it was your singing, as you came down the road this morning, sounded sweeter than ever. See here, Mammy, do you ever get blue?"

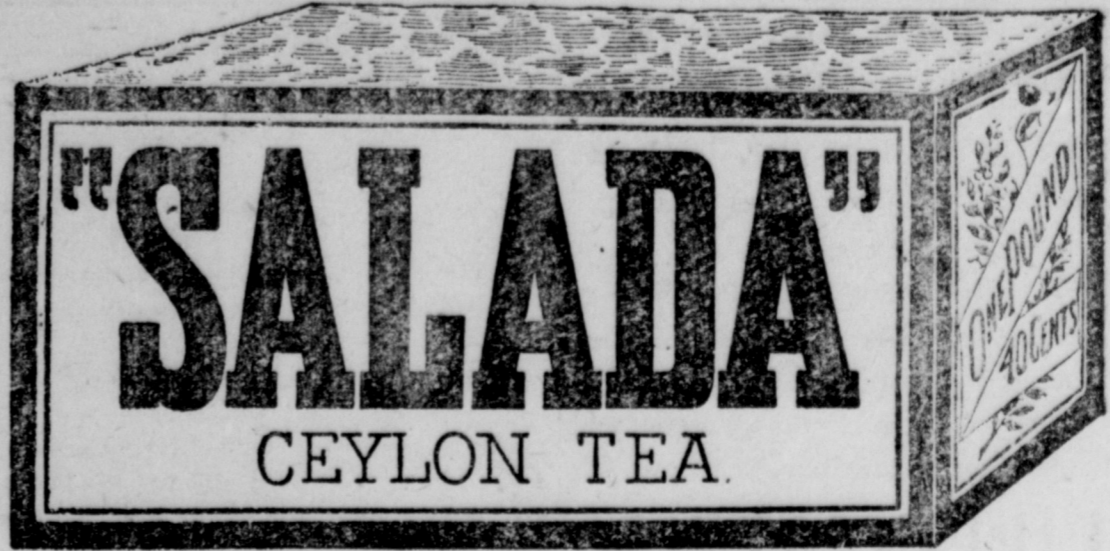
"Blue, chile? wat for I get blue? I an't my heavenly Father de King ob kings, an' isn't I his chile? De place fer blue is in de sky, an' de place fer love is in de heart, an' I keeps de blue an de love in de place whar dey belong. Dar am two things I couldn't get along widout; one ob dem is a broom, an' de oder is faith. Wid a broom I keeps de dust an' dirt out ob my way an' wid de faith I keeps de cobwebs out ob my sky. Bress de dear Lord for brooms and faith."

Here the old woman with smiling face sang softly, so softly that it sounded like a humming bird.

O de King's highway; yes, de King's highway,
Oh, my faith am strong
An' I sing my song,
As I trabel on de King's highway.

Tears were in the eyes of Miss Annie as the music ceased and very earnestly she said: "Oh, Mammy Cheerful, I wish I had your faith, and I have always wished it ever since I was a child in your arms. You are just the dearest mammy and the best Christian I ever knew. But, forgive me for not sooner asking about your rheumatism. Is it better?"

"Rheumatiz? Well, dar; I can't forget a'l about habin' it, fer yer see, honey, I has so many blessings to think about, dat I don't giv time to think about little troubles. I has enough twinges from de rheumatiz to remind me dat I is not yet in de promised land, bu grace enough to keep me from totin' out a thing like dat, wleh I's got my soul full ob de love of God. Some folks enjoys bein' miserable, an' so trot out dere aches an' pain



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an' troubles, as dough dey was de greatest tings in de world. No, no honey dear, what for should I hand yer a weed, when I can gib yer a rose, or a cloud instead ob a sun-beam, or talk to yer about rheumatiz wen I can tell yer about love? I's an' right."

"Well, Mammy, what have you got in your basket? I am sure it is something nice."

With a chuckle the old woman said:

"So yer dere noticed de basket at last, has yer? Well, I's been expectin' to hear yer ask dat question. In dat basket is some ob de nicest an' freshest eggs dat eber a hen laid, or a rooster crowed about. Isay, Miss Annie, did yer eber notice how much a rooster is like some men? De rooster does his biggest crowin' when de hen has laid an egg, an' some men does dere loudest crowin' ober something dere wife has done: Dar's dat lzy feller ebber in our town, Mose Simmons, when some one asked him what he done for a livin', he says; 'My old woman goes out washin', an' den all day long he holdin' down a chair in front ob de saloon an' tellin' wat a smart woman his wife am. An' say, Miss Annie, yer ought to hear dat same Mose shout in revival time; my, my, yer dere tink he was de good Lords chosen dieple, when ebrybody knews dat all de religion he's go in is in his wife's name. But dar, honey, how yer old mammy's tongue does run on! It does my soul good ter see yer, an' I jest couldn't stay away any longer."

"Well, Mammy Cheerful, you are welcome over and over again, and I was hungry to see you and hear your sweet voice once more. I get more help out of your simple, childlike faith, and preaching on everyday things, than I do out of all the sermons down at the old church where you held me in your arms the day I was christened. I hope you are going to make me a good long visit, and we will turn those lovely fresh eggs into the nicest things we can make for you

to eat.' The eyes of the old woman were swimming with tears, while her old black face shone like a morning sunrise, as she said very softly, 'Dear Lord, I wants to thank yer dat I still has a warm place in de heart ob my Honey Lamb, an' dat she don't turn her her back on her old black mammy. Miss Annie, I was going back home tonight, if my old feet get rested enough after walkin' nine miles dis mornin', but now I'm gwine to stay un, til tomorrow.'

'Tia's lovely, Mammy Cheerful. If it was not for Uncle Eph, you should never go back. You shall have the best bed in the house, and tomorrow I will send you back in the carriage.'

As Miss Annie went into the house she heard the old saint humming:

O de King's highway; yes, de King's highway,
Oh, my faith am strong,
An' I sing my song,
As I trabel on de King's highway.

The Cheerful Heart.

Christian Guardian,

'He that is of a cheerful heart hath a continual feast.' Which being interpreted, means that life has zest and wholesomeness and satisfaction for the man who looks at it with something of a smile on his face and who enters upon and continues in his duties and opportunities with courage and optimism. Whether life to me is good and joyous and worth while does not depend half so much on what I have in my pocket as it does upon what I have in my heart. If there is sunshine and health there, there will be sunshine and freshness over all my world, no matter indeed what kind of world it may be. And if there isn't sunshine and health there, it will be a dark and uncomfortable world no matter what there is in it. The problem of living happily and satisfactorily is not, therefore, a problem of getting something, but a problem of becoming something. Life will take color and tone not from what I have but from what I am. There are just as many people happy among those who haven't very big bank accounts as there are among the millionaires, just as many who find life a feast among those who eat very frugal fare as among those who luxuriate in over-abundance.

'Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill.'
—Sir Henry Wotton.

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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