

New Two-Dollar Note is Being Issued

Ottawa, July 9.—A new two dollar note is being issued by the government. It bears the likenesses of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

In this way it is arranged that after their departure Canadians will have circulated among them most agreeable souvenirs of their first Prince and Princess.

Miss Mildred J. Cook, as court stenographer, is said to be the highest salaried stenographer in St. Louis, Mo. She works in the higher courts and has an office where she does the work necessary, reading her notes of court cases to other women whom she employs, and they transcribe them on the typewriter or otherwise. Miss Cook has ability in other directions, too, and is superintendent of the junior department of a Sunday School.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not 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.

Men Must Give up Drinking

More and more the railways and other great corporation of our country are requiring sobriety and abstinence from strong drink on the part of their employees. This is in line with the declaration made by Mr. Taylor at the local self-government meeting last week, that Richmond business men were rapidly realizing that drinking and business did not go well together, and they had practically gotten out of the habit of former years of going out several times during the day to get a drink.

The Rural New Yorker, one of the most influential publications in America devoted to country life, in its last issue has this significant editorial:

"The Pennsylvania railway recently closed its saloon in the Pittsburg station and no more liquor will be sold at the station or on the trains of this company. This action is due largely to public sentiment. Prohibition is spreading like fire in Pennsylvania, and the state will undoubtedly be dry in a few years. The Pennsylvania railway has ordered its employees to quit drinking, and the public demands a square deal. If liquor is a bad thing for workingmen it is just as bad for officers and patrons, and should be kept away from all. Just as soon as the public show that they mean business the temperance question will be settled."

This statement is both straight and true. The great corporations are not insisting upon sobriety on the part of their workmen, but in the selection of officers and men for important and responsible positions preference is given to those who do not drink.—"The Continent."

Hymoei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

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

Hymoei 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 Hymoei 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. Hymoei 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 BOY.

By Frank H. Sweet.

For some reason Deborah and Amplas Hicks did not occupy so high a position in their neighbors' estimation as, in their own opinion, they were entitled to occupy.

What farmer was more thrifty, more saving, more careful than Amplas? Whose sock in the neighborhood was so carefully sheltered from the winter winds? Who had so many water-tight little out-buildings for the protection of that was theirs? Whose apples were better picked, or lasted longer than theirs? Who could show more maple sugar at sugar time? Whose household goods had lasted so long, or looked so well preserved, as those cared for by Deborah? Whose farm was kept in better shape, or managed more profitably, than theirs?

But their neighbors declared that Amplas was coarse; that Deborah was stingy; that they were hard to live with; that their only daughter, Letitia, had married that good-for-nothing Charlie Cane simply to get away from the paternal roof.

Gossip said that the two nephews who had lived with them had grown scur-looking in their service, and that, being weary of life, they had finally run away one night to nobody knew where. Public sympathy had not been with Deborah and Amplas in the matter.

Amplas thought he understood the reason. His neighbors were meanly jealous of his good fortune.

But the nephews were gone, and a boy to do chores, a girl to take hold in the house, would not be unhandy. Besides those worldly calculations, which seemed commendable to both, was a desire, unacknowledged by either, to do something for their one child, Letitia.

So, after much pondering and change of mind, they sent a letter to Letitia, saying that they would take and do well by her oldest girl or her oldest boy.

Hard work and disappointment had changed the pleasure-seeking Letitia of bygone days to something so calculating and sharp and unyielding that even Deborah and Amplas would have shrunk from such an exaggeration of themselves. The answer that reached the farmhouse was short and decisive.

"Mary can't go because I need her. John can't go because he is beginning to earn wages, and we need the money. But little Amplas can go if you want him. He is seven and not overstrong, and might fetch up on the farm."

The first decision was prompt. They did not want the sickly seven-year-old.

Deborah was disappointed. She had found a use for her imagination, and had already pictured to herself an industrious girl seconding her in all the work of the house.

Amplas, too had had his dream, and had gone up and down with the cultivator with the vision of a stout boy hard at work over in the next field, and he had pleased himself by planning to leave that stout boy, in the distant future, his precious farm.

Surely the sickly seven-year-old was out of the question.

But the more they thought of it, and the more Amplas became

impressed with the fact that the child was named after him, the more they were inclined to alter the decision.

"He could do chores enough to earn his salt," said Amplas, waveringly, halting in his hasty dinner.

"He would fret for his brothers and sisters, little as that," was the weak rejoinder.

"He would take your time from your work, being sickly?" questioned Amplas.

"He might grow strong up here. I wonder if he favors you?"

"He might get up the cows, and fetch water to the field, and gather the cobs, and such like. I done all such when not more'n five."

Gradually, they came to the conclusion that little Amplas must come; but it took so long to do so that when Amplas drove over to Bethel to meet the boy at the station he had to go in a sleigh. He knew that his grandson was only seven, yet when he saw the conductor take off a little scrap of a boy, he never thought of the child being his property. The conductor or spied him.

"Here your boy!" he shouted. Labeled for Amplas Hicks, Stoneborough. Amplas made some remark, but his "Ho, ho, ho" died in his throat as he looked down at the child gazing so gravely up into his face.

"You my grand'per?" asked the boy.

"Yep, spect I am," and Amplas tried to laugh; but he couldn't. He felt more awkward than ever before in his life. He never had been accustomed to noticing children, and he did not know a child ever looked so—so little, so meditative, so wise. The boy's great solemn eyes threw Amplas into a perspiration.

"You little Amplas?" he asked nervously. "Come we must be getting home to Deborah."

He strode off toward the sleigh and the boy followed. Expecting in some way to find the boy beside him, Amplas got into the sleigh, but there was a great gulf of deep snow between it and the platform where little Amplas stood, gravelelh watching.

"I got a bag," he said, holding up a cheque in his little, bare, red hand.

So Amplas had to get out and fetch the bag, and this time he lifted little Amplas into the sleigh. Something about the slight, trustful weight made his face turn scarlet. He looked down sideways at the boy and saw that he was shivering. Then old Amplas tucked the robe around little Amplas with a curious sense of protecting something.

The boy did not seem to grow warm on that long, cold ride home. He just sat and shivered uncomplainingly, while Amplas lashed his horse in a most un-Hicks-like fashion.

"Here, Deborah," he said, carrying the boy to his wife. "He's nigh about froze. Ginger him up or something."

Deborah had not expected anything so little as this. She held this child on her lap by the hot stove in the warm, comfortable kitchen. She took off his thin little scarf, and the poor little cap

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tied down over his ears. She took off his worn shoes and cottony clothes, and rubbed him hard, and turned and baked him before the fire.

She bathed him in hot water to warm him, and filled him with hot ginger tea, which he took obediently until the tears stood in his eyes. When she saw those patient tears something blurred her own eyes, and she saw more than one little boy uncomplainingly drinking his scalding ginger tea.

She wrapped him in the heavy shawl which she had been warming, and held him in her lap—and cried. Yes, she, Deborah Hicks, who hadn't cried for years—for she boasted that she wasn't the crying kind—felt such a love and pity surge up in her heart for that bit of a boy—almost her own boy—that she cried as if her heart would break.

Little Amplas stared at her. "Don't cry," he said finally, "I like to live here with you."

She gave him a big hug and laid him like a bundle on the old soft lounge. She turned her hot biscuits in the oven, poked the sizzling slices of ham in the frying pan, stirred the fried potatoes, poured boiling water into the teapot, and when old Amplas came stamping into the back shed from the dark, snowy world outside supper was smoking on the table.

Little Amplas watched everything with hungry eyes.

"Got him warmed up?" asked Amplas, as soon as he came in, "Ain't he the littlest thing you ever saw?"

Deborah had a suspicion that Amplas felt pretty much as she did. But perhaps his feeling would be gone by tomorrow, and she had already begun to wonder how she could get clothes for the boy. She and Amplas had virtuously and sternly resolved not to waste any money on him, and not to try to dress him "fashionable"—that is not to buy him any clothes unless they

were forced to do so. It seemed to Deborah now that nothing could be good enough for that little boy.

She had some flannel in the house, and she meant to make him good, warm underclothes. But he would need stockings before she could possibly knit them, and she had no wool.

She never had seen Amplas seem so interested in anything human as in that boy. He could hardly eat for looking at him. As for little Amplas, he devoured his ham and eggs and potatoes and biscuits and drank his milk with a gusto that would have seemed an ill-omen to Amplas and Deborah the day before, but which they looked on now with the greatest satisfaction.

Nothing was said, for the Hicks household was not a talkative one, until little Amplas looked at his grandfather, and philosophically remarked "If I eat like this, I'll soon be able to do all your work."

"I don't want you doing no work," was the gruff reply. "You're to play."

Deborah tried to look unconscious. Her husband was a very brave man to renounce his lifelong opinions so publicly!

The next day, Amplas declared that he must drive to Bethel to buy a strap, and he insisted on taking little Amplas with him.

Deborah sewed her fastest while they were gone, scheming in the meanwhile about shoes and stockings. Her schemes, however, were in vain, for when Amplas came home he broke in with:

"There, Deborah, little Amplas must go warm! See the great bargains! I was always a master-hand at buying."

There was a thick cap, and a heavy overcoat, and a warm suit, and a pair of stout shoes, and a whole bundle of other things. Little Amplas strutted around with a grave joy in his philosophic eyes

Continued 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.



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