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MONSOON—The most delicious Breakfast Tea in the world.  
TRY IT.

## THE SECRET OF THE GRANGE

"She does not," answered, "and even if she did—she loved you as blindly as any woman could love you, as sincerely as any woman could love you, as selflessly as any woman could love you."

"I do not know whether you believe in love at first sight," he continued, "but from that moment the image of the young girl, in her fair, girlish beauty, has never left my mind. I tried, but could not forget her. I made many pilgrimages to Croome Wood, but I never saw her. Miss Wood, with the deep, true love of a man's heart, and I have loved her ever since."

"By a strange coincidence, it happened that my solicitor in London was the very man that Mr. Carew entrusted with the settlement of his affairs. To him he revealed the estate. At that time, Mr. Lees, the solicitor, had been commissioned by me to lend out, on a good mortgage, the sum of money that had been left me. When he told me of Mr. Carew's application, I was delighted. I instructed him to lend the money, but forbade him to mention my name in the business. I need not say that I was quite a stranger to Mr. Carew; I had never seen him."

"The deeds of the estate were given over to me, and virtually I became master of Croome. Only one motive prompted me in all I did—my deep love for the young girl I had seen and dreamed of ever since. I know it was wrong, I do not excuse myself. I was aware that I was bound by a sacred tie, but I loved her, and I had never loved before."

"I knew Mr. Carew would wish to retire to some out-of-the-way place. The house he lives in is mine, although he does not know it. I told my solicitor to offer it to him at a very low rent, and as though it were his own property. He did so, and the old man eagerly accepted it. I was misled by the story he told of going to live in France. I would be glad to take Weir Cottage, and thus I came here to live at Woodleigh Grange."

"I do not offer you an excuse for my conduct, Miss Wood. I have none; but perhaps when you hear the story of my youth and my wrongs, you may judge me mercifully. I must go back to the wrong done to my father before me, in order that you may understand mine."

"My grandfather was a very wealthy man. He had but two children—my father, his eldest son, and my uncle Raymond, his second and best loved. His estate was not small, but my father, being the eldest, was brought up to consider himself as being the heir. I cannot tell you how or why he and his father quarrelled, but they did so, and my father was turned ignominiously from Marston Manor, the home he had always thought would be his. The quarrel was a desperate one, for father and son never met or spoke again. When my grandfather died, he left the whole of his fortune to his second son, Raymond; while to my father, who had been brought up as the heir, he did not leave one shilling."

"It was shameful, unjust. My uncle Raymond was not a generous man, either; he never made the least attempt to rectify the wrong his father had done—he never offered his brother one farthing of the vast wealth he had inherited. My father was left a broken-hearted man; he had no profession, and it was with difficulty he made his way in the world at all. My mother was a gentle, patient woman. She had loved my father, and she would not desert him when he became a penniless, broken-down man. They were married, and I was their only child. From my earliest childhood I had a keen sense of the wrong done to my father. I felt that he had suffered all his life for it, and I should do the same; but for that injustice, I in my mind should have been the heir of Marston."

"It was a cruel and unjust deed; it spoiled my life, as you will see. From my earliest youth one ambition burned within me. I had one dream, one thought, one idea—and it was to make money. Not for my own sake, not for my own pleasure, but that my father might be happy again. I thought that if I could only get the position that rightfully belonged to him—that he might one day be as rich as his brother who had supplanted him. I knew my motives were mixed—some good, some evil, but I am sure the strongest of all was love for my parents. I wanted to see my father once more, surrounded with luxuries, and I dedicated my life to work."

"I had an especial gift for languages. I could speak French, Spanish, German and Italian, and speak them well. I had studied as men do study, with a view to a profession in life, and before I had finished my nineteenth year I was offered an excellent and lucrative appointment in the West Indies. Proud and elated at my unusual good fortune, I bade adieu to home and the parents I loved so well, and took my first step in life with a light heart. My destination was San Domingo. How I have hated that place ever since! The first year I was there I worked very hard. I never went into society; I made no friends; time, thought and energy were all devoted to the acquisition of money."

"You will perhaps smile, Miss Wood, when I tell you that in my twentieth year, with the world before me, my heart at rest, and no shade of trouble upon me, I was considered a handsome young man. The merchant's daughter was very pretentious, and I need not describe her. Alice! I have seen her face as to some extent it was, and as it is. I had mixed so little in society that I thought the blushing, smiling young girl, with her golden hair, her hair, one of the loveliest in the world. I cannot tell you how it happened, but in a hundred ways that evening Alice Dormer showed that she liked and admired me. My vanity was flattered, but no warmer feeling rose in my heart for her."

"The next Sunday Mr. Dormer made me go home to dine with him. After dinner Alice sang and played. On some pretence or another the merchant and his wife both withdrew and left us together. "Time after time I was invited there, and the same thing invariably occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Dormer looked at me with attentions and kindness that I never felt before. I was so young and so inexperienced in the ways of the world that I was hardly to blame for falling into the trap laid for me. The pretty smiling young face that blushed and brightened for me, the kind, flattering words that soothed and charmed my boyish vanity, the kindness shown to me, a stranger in a strange country—all led me on. It did not seem strange to me, as it would have seemed to one older, that the merchant's daughter should evidently be so anxious to see me married to his daughter and heiress. I knew Alice would be very rich; he, her father, told me often and often of her fortune, and how hard he had worked for it. If I had been older or more worldly-wise, I should have wondered why, with her great advantages, her fair girlish beauty, and her wealth, she could have ever consented to see her married to one so poor and insignificant as myself. But he did so, and one evening he told me that he had noticed my evident love for his daughter, and that he only wished for her happiness; therefore, when I wanted his consent I had but to ask for it."

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"The utility of shedding tears is to keep the eyes cool, though the balance of the head may be lost. People of melancholic temperament rarely have clear blue eyes. The chameleon is almost the only reptile provided with an eyelid. Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration. Homer attributed a protruding eye to Juno. He called her the eye-eyed Juno. The utility of shedding tears is to keep the eyes cool, though the balance of the head may be lost. People of melancholic temperament rarely have clear blue eyes. The chameleon is almost the only reptile provided with an eyelid. Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration. Homer attributed a protruding eye to Juno. He called her the eye-eyed Juno."

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## MANAGEMENT OF FARM LABOR.

Unquestionably there is nothing connected with the business of farming which gives us as much annoyance or which is as difficult to get on a satisfactory basis as farm labor. There are various causes which tend to bring about this state of things, and perhaps none more so than the unreasonableness of employers. Socialists tell us that the world could produce enough for its needs if every man worked but half the number of hours that is now considered a working day; but unfortunately on our Canadian farms it seems necessary for the farmer and his men to put in each day a solid day's work.

Work All the Year Round and even then it is difficult to hold one's own among the keen competition. In these days when the competition between capital and labor has become so tense that a little extra straw at any time may bring about the most serious results, it is a matter of no small importance for farmers to consider whether something more could be done to put the labor question, as it affects the farm, on a better basis. In an ideal condition of affairs, the employer would never ask or expect his men to do more work than was right or reasonable, and when hired or willing in all cases be ready and willing to give a fair and

Just Remuneration for Services to be performed, and would endeavor to carry out a system of farming that would give employment to his men in the slack part of the year. The employed also would not take undue advantage of the employer because of a temporary scarcity of labor; would never shirk his work, but would be faithful in doing his duty, whether his employer was with him or not, and would in all cases be ready to put forth an extra effort at a busy time. It is scarcely to be expected, however, that such an Utopian state of affairs will ever exist, while frail human nature remains as it is, but by the exercise of a little thoughtfulness and mutual forbearance, the relations between employer and employed may be much improved. In considering the question of farm labor, as it affects the operations and profits of the farm, the home life of the dwellers there, morally and socially, it will generally be found on large or moderately large farms, that the employment of married men boarding themselves, is altogether preferable to boarding men in the house. Outside the question of profits, there is the all-important consideration of home life—the home life cannot by any possibility be

What Home Life Ought to be when the farm house is nothing better than a boarding house. It is not too much to say that the future life of many a bright boy or girl in this country has been a failure through too little attention having been paid to their yearning for home comforts. One of the great things to be aimed at in operating a farm in this way is to employ none but good men, and then to do everything in reason to make their lives comfortable. Farmers have no right, even

the start, and the Swazis seemed delighted with the new sensation, but the driver put on speed, and when it got to about twenty miles an hour his passengers were clearly in a great state of alarm; they grasped the sides of the truck and gazed like paralytics at the rocks and trees flying past them. Ubunu did his best to reassure them, but in vain, and some of them were on the point of jumping overboard to escape a worse fate when Ubunu shouted to the driver, and asked him please to slacken the pace. No sooner said than done, and in little more than a minute their speed was reduced to that of an ox wagon. The Swazis were quite reassured, and were soon laughing and talking again as lively as ever. At a siding, half way to Avoca, they halted, the engine changed ends, and the return journey began. Ubunu took the sign that he would like a bit of speed put on, and the driver, noting loathly, whipped her up until she was going between thirty and forty miles an hour. He imagined that the Swazis would get the tanks again, and the road was not very smooth, and the truck was jumping about a good deal, but he was mistaken. The Swazis had seen enough to satisfy them that he was master of the "Smoking Horse," and a hundred miles an hour would not have shaken their confidence. On returning to the station they got out of the truck with evident reluctance, but highly delighted with their adventure. The stationmaster was no longer a person of consequence. They crowded around the cab of the engine, made their most dutiful obeisance to the master of the Smoking Horse and his mate, and departed with shouts of "Inkoo, Inkoo!" (Thank you, my lord, thank you!)—The Scotsman.

## Swagis' First Railroad Ride.

Ubunu, the young King of Swaziland, appeared in full court dress, that is to say a forty-shilling slop suit, with a bowler hat, and attended by a dozen nearly naked Swazis—on the station platform at Barber-ton and waited patiently until it was almost dark, when the rumble of the train could be heard in the distance. With straining eyes they watched the track to see the flying wonder they had heard of. But when the engine, with screaming whistle and two great lamps glaring like the eyes of a monster dragon, rounded the curve and came screaming toward them, they fled like panic-stricken rabbits to the nearest cover, leaving their chief and the few white men on the platform to face the danger. Next morning the Chief re-appeared on the platform with his "tail," and begged the acting stationmaster to show his Indians the locomotive in less bellicose mood, and if it were humanly possible to give them a short ride behind it. As there was really nothing doing at the station the stationmaster decided to humor the young Chief's wish, and, hooking an empty coal truck on to the locomotive, he told the driver to take them for a few miles' run along the line. Ubunu and his "tail" got into the coal truck, the stationmaster into the cab of the engine, and off they set. It was "fair and softly" for a short distance from

the start, and the Swazis seemed delighted with the new sensation, but the driver put on speed, and when it got to about twenty miles an hour his passengers were clearly in a great state of alarm; they grasped the sides of the truck and gazed like paralytics at the rocks and trees flying past them. Ubunu did his best to reassure them, but in vain, and some of them were on the point of jumping overboard to escape a worse fate when Ubunu shouted to the driver, and asked him please to slacken the pace. No sooner said than done, and in little more than a minute their speed was reduced to that of an ox wagon. The Swazis were quite reassured, and were soon laughing and talking again as lively as ever. At a siding, half way to Avoca, they halted, the engine changed ends, and the return journey began. Ubunu took the sign that he would like a bit of speed put on, and the driver, noting loathly, whipped her up until she was going between thirty and forty miles an hour. He imagined that the Swazis would get the tanks again, and the road was not very smooth, and the truck was jumping about a good deal, but he was mistaken. The Swazis had seen enough to satisfy them that he was master of the "Smoking Horse," and a hundred miles an hour would not have shaken their confidence. On returning to the station they got out of the truck with evident reluctance, but highly delighted with their adventure. The stationmaster was no longer a person of consequence. They crowded around the cab of the engine, made their most dutiful obeisance to the master of the Smoking Horse and his mate, and departed with shouts of "Inkoo, Inkoo!" (Thank you, my lord, thank you!)—The Scotsman.

The man who is born to rule should never get married.

## HEALTH FOR LITTLE ONES.

### Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble, if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ailments that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making it comfortable and pleasant. It will give children good health at once. It is doing this today for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the value of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and a delicate to using them she was a precocious child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages, and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest child. They contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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## FRIENDLY ADVICE To Weak, Nervous and Easily Tired Women.

### Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

(From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.) It is a good many years since I was given a good trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased its reputation, and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many of this town have freely spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to these another is added in the person of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun, who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said: "Several years ago I became very much run down; I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery and I was in what the physicians called an anemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned and with it good blood and strong nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run down women, I say by all means give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"No doubt, Miss Wood, you think that I began to love Miss Carew when I first saw her a year ago?" said Mr. Charlton, raising his eyes suddenly from the flowers over which they had been lingering for several minutes. "I imagined so," I replied. "I was not aware that you had seen her before."

"Ah, yes; I had both seen and loved her before she came to Weir Cottage," he confessed. "I will tell you how it happened. Three years ago I was visiting friends who resided some distance from Croome. They are gone abroad now, and will never return to England. I went to bid them farewell. I was always fond of beautiful scenery, and one sunny morning I started off alone for a ramble, and found myself in the Croome woods. I walked on, wishing to see the Hall. I passed by the pleasure, and there, reading under a large cedar tree, I first saw Blanche Carew. I nearly told you how beautiful she is, nor how beautiful she looked, her golden hair