

# Do Not Confound



Ceylon Tea with those of any other brand, as imitations abound.

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# LOVE AND A TITLE

"What—the look?" she asks, innocently.

"No, your arm," explains Hal. "But," he adds, "that's out of the question—things never do."

"That's all right," she says, "and now I'll go for my book; I left it on the grass."

Hal runs back, and, after a little search, finds the volume; it is Tennyson's poems in Italian.

"Here it is," he says, handing it to her. "Is there anything else?"

"No, thank you," she says, "and now I will go and not disturb your fishing any longer."

"I shan't fish any more," says Hal, decidedly. "I've got quite enough."

"Yes," she says, "and the sun is sinking, too. Are you going to Forbach?"

"Yes," says Hal, looking to ask where she is going, but not daring to. "Yes, I'm staying at Forbach."

"Ah, yes, you are traveling—you are a tourist," she says, curiously.

"For goodness sake don't call me that!" says Hal, laughing. "It makes me feel like the idiots who go about with a knapsack and dressed like mountebanks! No, I'm staying at Forbach till some friends arrive. They are coming to that castle—Schloss, they call it—on the hill there."

"The König's Schloss," she says, nodding. "Yes, I know it. It belongs to a great English lord, doesn't it? What is his name?"

"The Marquis de Ferndale," said Hal. "Yes, that is it. Your English names are so difficult to remember. Ferndale, that is pretty."

"Yes," says Hal, carelessly; "his name is Vane, though; at least, that's what we all call him. He married my sister."

"Your sister," she says, thoughtfully. "Is she like you?"

"Like me—Jeanne!" says Hal, indignantly. "I'm sure I don't know. No, I should say not. Jeanne is very pretty."

"The girl looks at him with a little grave smile playing about her mobile lips.

"She is pretty—and not like you," she says. "And she's the marchioness—is that right? Yes, the König's Schloss is a beautiful place. Do you know the Villa Verona?"

"No," says Hal. "Is that—and he hesitates.

"That is where I live—where I am staying," she says, frankly. "It is a little white house—oh, not so large as the Schloss—just by the church."

"I know," says Hal. "Perhaps I might—"

"Yes?"

"I thought," says Hal, fumbling with his basket, with a very red face, "that I might, that you wouldn't mind if I called to ask if that healthy hook hadn't hurt your arm much."

"Will you?" she says, not eagerly, but with a frank smile of pleasure. "That is very kind! I shall be very glad! It is very quiet and dull—is quiet the right word? You see I do not speak English very well."

"Why?" she asks, Hal, enthusiastically. "You speak it perfectly! Your grammar is first-rate, and—and—in fact, you couldn't speak it better if you tried."

"Now you are complimentary," she says, "and that is not like your countrymen—they always speak the truth."

"Do they?" says Hal, ironically. "Not always, by George!"

"There is a minute's silence after this subtle burst of satire. She breaks it. "Are you staying all alone?"

"No," says Hal, "I've got my coach with me."

"She stares at him, opening her dark eyes to their widest.

"Your coach-and-four?" she asks.

"No—not that, sir," says Hal, "my tutor, Peter Bell, a clergyman who looks after me," he adds, with a smile, "and sees I don't get into mischief and fall into the water. Though, by the way, I had to pull him out of the lake! He is at the hotel; it is too hot for him, and he stayed behind, reading the paper."

"And are you going to be a clergyman?" she asks, thoughtfully.

"Not I," said Hal, decidedly; "I'm going to be a barrister, or going into the army—I don't quite know which. But it's holiday time just now."

"I see," she says, musing. "Well, I hope you will be happy."

"He doesn't bow, as he ought to do—doesn't lift his hat; but, in blunt fashion, he says:

"Thanks—the same to you."

And it is much to his surprise that, instead of smiling in reply, as an English girl would do, she looks drearily before her, and sighs.

Suddenly—too suddenly for Hal—she stops short at a little path.

"I go along here," she says. "We must say good-bye."

"Good—good-bye," says Hal, and he raises his hat.

She makes him a little bow, grave and demure, and is about to pass on, when Hal suddenly betinks him.

"Oh!" he says. "Wait—I mean, do you mind telling me your name—so that I can inquire, you know?"

"My name?" she says. "Yes. My name is Verona—the Princess Verona," and she smiles.

Hal stands turned into stone. A true Englishman, he respects rank. This simple, frank girl, whose arms he has been cutting about with his penknife, is a princess! What right has he to be walking so far with so great a lady? He lifts his hat.

"I don't," he says. "I didn't

Madame Tussaud's. Were you ever in the same room with one—ever speak to one?"

"No, Hal," says Bell, blandly. "I don't remember that I have."

"From comments Hal," "Supposing one meets a princess—and gets into confab with her, is it the right sort of thing to call her 'your highness'?"

"Certainly—I should say so," says Bell, but with undisguised uncertainty. "I'm not quite sure, oh, yes, but not too frequently. What makes you ask, Hal?"

"Merely the thirst which consumes me for every kind of information," says Hal, grimly.

Bell smiles and goes back to his letter, but Hal has not finished yet.

"I say, Bell," he says, "ain't it a rather rum thing for a princess to be trotting about alone? I fancied that they were generally attended by a companion—a what do you call it, sort of attaché?"

"Not always," says Bell. "Oh, no, especially on the continent. The higher orders of nobility are more numerous with foreigners than with us."

"That means that princess and dukes and counts, like blackberries, in Germany," says Hal, "and a princess is a princess anywhere, isn't it?"

"Certainly, my dear Hal," assents Bell, sedately, "but I fail to gather the relevancy of your questions."

"I make a wild kind of cackle on my part," says Hal, "and I'm going in for etiquette, now I'm going to visit at a real castle, and live with a real live marquis. Have you been up to the castle?"

Bell blushes.

"Yes, I took an opportunity of walking yesterday afternoon. It is a wonderful place, Hal, truly grand and wonderful, and, of course, I saw it at a distance, because I didn't know that you were a princess. Your people, you see—I mean your people—wouldn't thank me for being so free-and-easy. I'm well—I expect they wouldn't consider me good enough. I'm not a prince."

"No!" she says, with a little puzzled smile. "Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Bertram," says Hal, "Harry Bertram. I'm called Hal."

"Hal," she repeats, and the name for the first time sounds in the boy's ears like a note of music. "Hal Bertram. It is a pretty name. And why will you not call Mr. Bertram?"

"Oh!" says Hal, "don't call me Mr. Bertram."

"No!" Hal Bertram, then, she says, evidently anxious to please him, "why will you not call?"

"Well," he says, "well, yes, then, I will call, your highness!"

"She smiles and holds her hand.

"Good-by, Hal Bertram," she says, and Hal, uncovering, takes her hand, and shakes it, boy fashion. The next moment she has flitted up the winding path and is out of sight.

Hal looked up the winding path, and then at the stream, and lastly toward the village, with a puzzled and slightly dazed look on his handsome, boyish face. Then he lights his pipe, puts up his rod, and saunters through the valley, up the clean little street, which is nearly deserted, save by the little cart drawn by its two dogs; by the stableman at Der Krone Hotel, who apparently do all their work while leaning against the posts outside the gate, and by the little hump-backed fruit-seller, who sits under the huge yellow umbrella, looking like a china image in her green dress and snowy white cap.

Hal, pulling at his pipe, goes up the hot, white street, nods to the stable-keepers as they bestow an elaborate bow upon him, stops to stare at the two dogs, and then enters the miller's, buys three pipe figs off the old woman, and then clatters through the paved hall of the Krone, and, clattering up the broad stairs, saunters into one of the old rooms of the first floor of that most respectable hotel.

Sitting at a table at the open window is the Reverend Peter Bell, writing a letter with one hand, and beating off the gnats with the other. Perspiration is upon his forehead, for the gnats are numerous and the battle has waged long; his sleek hair is twisted by the heat, and his long coat of Oxford mixture is dusty; but he looks up with the old good-tempered smile, and greets the youth with the old:

"Well, Hal?"

"Well," says Hal, dropping into the chair nearest the window, and pulling the curtains into something like a screen.

"By George! It's like an oven in here, and—looking at the reverend tutor, merciless candor—"you look half-baked, sir!"

"It is hot, Hal," admits Bell, "remarkably so. It is true this room faces the south."

"And it is evidently the favorite and fashionable resort of every fly in Forbach," says Hal, striking out wildly at a cloud of those insects. "What are you doing, sir—besides melting, I mean?"

"I'm writing to your excellent aunt, my boy!" says the Reverend Peter. "I promised her that I would let her know how—"

"Whether I get into any mischief or not; thank you, sir. I've been pretty good up to now—oh—"

"Y—es," says Bell, with a little dry cough of hesitation.

"Oh, come, sir," says Hal, lazily expostulating; "I regard myself as a pattern property."

"Well—well!" says Bell, leaning forward and mopping his forehead; "but I wish you would address yourself with acquiring the language—"

"All right, sir," says Hal; "I shall pick it up in time. To tell you the truth that's the only thing that will give a foreigner the proper German accent. I've got some fish. I wonder whether they would let us have them for dinner?"

"I dare say," says Bell, peering into the basket, through his spectacles. "Dear me! they look very like English trout. I think I should like to try and catch some myself, eh, Hal?"

He laughs, knowing well that "Old Bell" could no more throw a fly than shot a pheasant."

"All right," he says, "we'll have a try to-morrow."

Then he leans his elbows on the open window-sill, and looks down into the street with more of thoughtfulness on his face than it usually wears.

Bell, meanwhile, returns to his letter, the completion of which is not greatly facilitated by the low and incessant whistling which Hal carries on.

Suddenly the whistling ceases, and without looking around, he says:

"Did you ever see a princess, Bell?"

"Did I ever—oh, yes, once, in Kensington Gardens," says Bell, mopping his forehead and smiling meditatively.

"I forget which princess it was, but she was very fair and stout, and looked in a pleasing manner—"

"Oh," puts in Hal, "I don't mean that sort of thing. Anybody can see a princess in a carriage or at the theatre—or at

## WAYS OF NEW YORK BURGGLARS.

When folks are far away The burglars make hay.

This ominous bit of parody is especially appropriate for New Yorkers at this time of the year when so many citizens have locked up their homes or apartments to spend a while in the country. It is in the vacation months that the burglar seeks the city. The country then has become too dangerous. The nights are so short that he can hardly get to work on a job in the hours when folks sleep soundly before the light begins to break. In warm weather, too, people leave their windows open; and should he have to use a bit of dynamite in overcoming a particularly stubborn lock, the explosion, breaking the deep sleep of the neighborhood, would be sure of arousing their neighbors for miles around. In the city, however, the thief can work more safely. He can hide from the early approach of day in the deep shadows of tall walls, and he can draw the click of his "jack" or the report of his safe-cracking blast in the roar of passing trains or cars.

In certain parts of the city just now the unusual activity of thieves has caused a veritable panic. In East New York, for example, there have been so many burglars and sneak thieves abroad that all men and women sit up nights with a manner of firearms handy to repel attacks. Five thefts in the region bounded by Bradford and Fulton streets, Arlington and Miller avenues, were reported recently in a single night. In the eastern section of Harlem 30 burglaries have occurred in the last 10 days.

In spite of strongest safes, more complete electric alarm systems and more complete methods of identifying criminals, the burglar seems to be feared nowadays much more than he used to be. An evidence of this is the tremendous growth of the burglar insurance business in this country in recent times. A little more than 10 years ago practically all effort to insure people against theft proved futile. Companies were organized for this purpose, but after many vicissitudes they ended in failure. Since that nearly a dozen corporations have come into existence, and so large is the business they do that in the last year they paid over \$384,147 in burglary losses. In the same time they collected \$1,210 in premiums.

This increasing dread of the burglar is due to the fact that he never was more formidable or more active than at the present time. In these days of greater wealth those temptations which are so alluring to the thief have been multiplied. Consequently there are more diamond robberies, and crimes of a similar character now than in the past. The discovery of more effective tools and more powerful explosives has also aided the robber, and although he does not attempt as often as he did to blow up big city banks, because of their alarm systems and special patrols, his ravages in country districts have grown to an alarming extent. At the present time four out of five bank burglaries are committed in towns of less than 100,000 inhabitants. In the last eight years 776 banks situated in such communities were attacked, with a loss of \$1,250,000. Safes once regarded as burglar proof have been shown to be little stronger than soap boxes in the hands of expert thieves and consequently many companies will not insure country banks at all.

## TEETHING WITHOUT TEARS.

Mothers who have suffered the misery of restless nights at teething times, and watched their babies in the unhelped agony of that period, will welcome the safe and certain relief that Baby's Own Tablets bring. Mrs. W. G. Mundie, Yorkton, N. W. T., says: "When my little one was cutting her teeth she suffered a great deal. Her gums were swollen and inflamed, and she was cross and restless. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after starting their use she began to improve at once, and her teeth came through almost painlessly. The little one is now a healthy child. This medicine is guaranteed to contain no poisonous or harmful drugs. It cures all the minor ailments of little ones, and may safely be given to a new born child. Full directions with every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent direct to 25 cent boxes by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

## SOME HOLSTEIN TESTS.

Twelve additional official tests are reported by G. W. Clemons, Secretary of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada. All of these were made under the direction and supervision of Prof. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and may be relied upon as strictly authentic. The most noteworthy record is that of Sara Jewel Hengerveld, a four-year-old cow owned by W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ontario. The following is the list:

- (1) Sara Jewel Hengerveld (4407), at 4y 2m 25d; milk, 583.1 lbs; fat, 19.79 lbs; butter, 23.09 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (2) Speckle (3844) at 3y 3m 26d; milk, 375.2 lbs; fat, 11.49 lbs; butter, 13.40 lbs; second milk, 389 lbs; fat, 11.84 lbs; butter, 13.81 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (3) Betty Waldorf (4023) at 3y 3m; milk, 386.8 lbs; fat, 11.21 lbs; butter, 13.08 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (4) Dora Pieterse Clothilde (4029) at 2y 11m 20d; milk, 373.5 lbs; fat, 11.08 lbs; butter, 12.93 lbs; owner, S. Macklin, Streetsville, Ont.
- (5) Beryl Wayne's Granddaughter (4412) at 2y 11m 14d; milk, 281.3 lbs; fat, 10.16 lbs; butter, 11.85 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (6) Daisy Akkrum DeKol (3652) at 2y 11m 23d; milk, 267.1 lbs; fat, 10.06 lbs; butter, 11.73 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (7) Aene Molley, (4677) at 2y 3m 10d; milk, 337.2 lbs; fat, 9.14 lbs; butter, 10.5 lbs; owner, J. W. Coho, New Durham, Ont.
- (8) Bewunde Aggie Pearl, 2nd (5795) at 1y 11m 11d; milk, 209.8 lbs; fat, 8.6 lbs; butter, 10.03 lbs; owner, George Rice, Tillsonburg, Ont.
- (9) Johanna Wynne De Kol (4529) at 2y 10m 24d; milk, 253.6 lbs; fat, 8.44 lbs; butter, 9.54 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (10) Inka DeKol Waldorf (4411) at 2y 5m 12d; milk, 248.1 lbs; fat, 8.24 lbs; butter, 9.73 lbs; owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.
- (11) Homestead Mercens (4678) at 2y 2m 6d; milk, 298.2 lbs; fat, 8.19 lbs; butter, 9.55 lbs; owner, J. W. Coho, New Durham, Ont.
- (12) DeKol Jewel (4679) at 2y 1m 5d; milk, 303 lbs; fat, 8.13 lbs; butter, 9.49 lbs; owner, J. W. Coho, New Durham, Ont.

## ERRORS OF DOCTORS.

Alien? Various Diagnosed and Different Treatment Prescribed.

George W. Hennessey, a life saver, examined by a physician of the United States Marine Hospital in New York and pronounced "physically fit," dropped dead a moment later.

John B. Millsap, serving a short sentence in the Detroit House of Correction for a minor offence, boasted that he could deceive the physician attached to the institution. He was taken ill and the doctors believed he was feigning illness—until he died. Then they found they had deceived themselves. These two men died on the same day.

Years ago a clever woman reporter visited the offices of a number of physicians, gave them an identical statement, and each named a separate complaint and prescribed a different course of treatment.

From time to time the news columns of the daily press tell how some unfortunate has died of injuries and disease after having been taken in an ambulance to a hospital where his or her ailment was diagnosed as "intoxication."

Yet against any record of blunders it may be worth while to offset the action of Dr. Michael K. Warner, of Baltimore, who destroyed his accounts before he died in order that his patients should not be pressed for payment by his administrators. There was the spirit that exalts the medical profession above any mere science.—New York Tribune.

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## IS WAR NECESSARY?

French Writer Says Peace is a School of Cowardice.

We all like frankness and admire a man who has courage to match his convictions.

Such a man is Ferdinand Brunetiere, the French editor, who in the Revue Des Deux Mondes defends war.

His views are digested in the Chicago Record-Herald as follows:

"Brunetiere, in the first place favors war for the virtues of devotion and courage it fosters. To preach peace, he says, is to ignore the invigorating and ennobling effects of warfare. Nations, like individuals, must keep strong, brave and resolute, and peace is a school of cowardice when carried to an extreme. No doubt unimportant disputes ought to be arbitrated, for after all, war means slaughter and misery and waste but it is well for nations to fight occasionally for honor and vital issues generally."

Of course such a position from a man so eminent has aroused a storm of protest, and his critics point out that to carry the argument to its limit, Mr. Brunetiere should also include dueling as a defense of private honor and free fights as a defense of private rights.

Perhaps the French editor might reply that to let the bars down to that extent war furnishes just enough scope for the exercise of man's ferocious tendencies to keep his virtue in running. The vitadefect with the view he expresses is in the narrow and brutal sense in which it appears he uses the word courage.

Have women, who never go to war no courage?

Every one knows they have courage equal to men with the limits of their peculiar spheres of duty. It is evident not alone in those acts connected with the care of children which have caused so many women to face fire, shipwreck, tornadoes and wild beasts, but in the care and defence of the weak and helpless generally.

Who can number the host of women who have laid down their lives in the care of the sick?

Has man developed no courage except what war brought out? The thought is absurd. Not a day passes that some man, a fireman, a police officer, a coast guard, a sailor, or some voluntary hero does not give up his life in trying to save others.

That training has been man's from time immemorial, and the training men have had from occasional wars is insignificant compared with the everyday training of everyday men.

To make men warlike there is no doubt war is necessary, and that it tends to make them overbearing and truculent is highly probable.

But that it cultivates the careful and conservative kinds of courage, better than they are cultivated in peace there is no ground to believe.

Neither is there reason for saying that peace makes cowards except as it makes men who allow bloodshed and reprobate wholly the barbarous notion that differences of opinion as to men's rights may be arbitrated by wholesale slaughter.—Detroit Times.

Wigg—When your friend the prize fighter retired from the ring, why did he choose the coal business? Wagg—Why, you know he always trained as a light-weight.