

# THE QUALITY OF

## Ceylon Tea is ABSOLUTELY MATCHLESS

Lead packets only. Black, Mixed or Green. By all grocers.  
HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1934

# LOVE AND A TITLE

Hal rides up bare-headed, and is greeted with an innocent smile of surprise, in his dark eyes. "Stand still, you brute!" she says, "and so soon, and is it not beautiful?"

Hal looks around for the first time, but his eyes come back to her face almost instantly.

"Yes, very fine," he says, scarcely noticing the view. "Very fine."

"And the castle, do you see that?" she asks. "We are all in Forbach so proud of the castle! It is grand, is it not?"

"Yes," says Hal, throwing a swift glance at the noble pile.

"Our poor little villa looks an ant-hill in comparison," she says, with a smile.

"I don't think so," says Hal. "Stand still, you brute!" This was the horse, of course.

"He is frightened at Carlo," says the princess. "Carlo, come here. Is he your horse?"

"Thank heaven, not!" rings in his ears and renders him dumb and stupid. Hal, he dreamed that she said it! It can't be true! He glances at her, scrutinizing her. She is but a child—seventeen at most. Until now he has not thought of her age, but now she seems a child, only a child, and the count appears Methuselah—Methuselah himself. Up before Hal's vision arise the wrinkled face, with its vanished smile, the gray hair and white moustache, and the vision makes him red-hot, furious mad! It is monstrous, horrible, unheard-of, criminal! Why should she do it?

Suddenly, without looking at him, she says, with a touch of serious gravity: "Your sister married the marquis—is he handsome?"

He rises himself to reply.

"Handsome? Vane? Yes?"

"Is he very old?"

"Old, no," he replies, emphatically. "Not much older than Jeanne. Yes, he is, perhaps, nine years."

"No more," raising her eyes with soft surprise. "And she is quite young?"

"A year older than I am," quites a girl.

"My age," she says. "I did not think—I did not know English ladies married so young."

"No," says Hal. "But Jeanne looks older; she is tall and womanly, I suppose."

"Going to see her—perhaps," says the princess. "I am going—we are going in a month."

Hal's heart sinks like a plummet of lead.

"Going," he says with dismay.

"Where?"

"To St. Petersburg," she answers in a low voice. "I am going to be married next month."

Hal nearly falls out of the saddle.

"Going—to be married!" he echoes.

She looks around at him, still with the little, sad, puzzled look, as if his palpable emotion had aroused a doubt in her mind.

"Yes, so it is arranged. Papa and the count arranged everything. We have been engaged—is that the right word in English?"

Hal groaned.

"Since I was—oh, for years ago."

Then she adds, with a low, musing voice:

"He is very good and kind."

Hal smothered a groan again.

"And he's papa's oldest friend."

Hal groans again, inaudibly, but as he says nothing, nothing polite and conventional, she turns her eyes upon him.

"Will you not wish me happiness?"

At this modest request, poor, maddened Hal turns crimson, white—all colors.

"Wish you—oh? Oh—oh, yes, certainly. I—I wish you happiness; that is, I mean, I mean, I mean, let us have a gallop. It's very cold—I mean it's very hot."

And he strikes his horse a smart blow with his light whip.

Much surprised and wounded, the animal bounds and dashes down the hill; the princess says the word to Florida and follows. But Hal, evidently laboring under the delusion that he is riding a race, gallops recklessly down the steep path and keeps ahead, utterly oblivious of the well-known truism, that strange horses are safest at the trot, and that galloping down hill over a loose, shingly road is dangerous.

The princess is safe enough; her horse knows every inch of the way, and is as sure-footed as a Spanish mule. She sees his danger, and calls out:

"Stop—take care!" but it is too late; with a sudden stumble the horse of Der Krona Hotel lurches on one side, and Hal flies over his head like a stone thrown from a catapult. With a cry, the princess throws herself from the saddle and bends over him.

"Are you hurt—are you?"

"No, I do not move, lying with his face on his arm."

With a sudden pallor, and a succession of low, terrified cries, she throws herself down beside him, and tries to turn him.

But Hal is stalwart and heavy, and her hands are as powerless to move him as if he were a block of marble.

With a face as white as snow, she springs to her feet and looks around for help.

Save the two horses, and Carlo, who sniffs curiously at the senseless youth, not a living creature is in sight.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" she moans.

But only for the moment does weakness hold her in dread; the next woman's art comes to her assistance.

Taking off her hat, she turns up a

shallow path until she reaches a brook. Stopping down, she fills the hat with water, and, once more bending over the still figure, she bathes the bright chestnut head.

After a minute or two, Hal stirs and raises his head, to her unutterable joy. With a low sob, she slips her arm around his neck, and lays his head on her lap.

There is an ugly cut on his forehead, from which trickles a thin stream of blood, which makes her shudder and cry as she wipes it away with her wet handkerchief; so still and peaceful is the face that one would think the boy was asleep; and perhaps, in the moment of excitement, she indulges the delusion; for, with an unconscious movement, she bends forward and presses the handsome head to her bosom, and, stooping the lovely head, lays her lips on his, kissing him passionately; not once or twice, but with a gush of sweet, womanly tenderness.

It is her soft, warm kisses that wake him, and Hal, as he opens his eyes for the moment, is under the delusion that he is asleep at the hotel and dreaming; but with a gush of sweet, womanly tenderness, she bends forward and presses the handsome head to her bosom, and, stooping the lovely head, lays her lips on his, kissing him passionately; not once or twice, but with a gush of sweet, womanly tenderness.

"Princess!" he says.

"Yes—yes! you are better!" she answers, eagerly, a warm flush on her cheek.

"Better—what? Ah! that horse! I know! I remember—I mean, where are we?"

"On the hill," she says, murmuring in his ear. "Do not move—do not stir. I am right in riding down the hill, and he began to cry silently, still holding him to her.

One ear escaping through her fingers, fell on Hal's face and roused him effectually.

With difficulty he stood upright, with reluctance, also, if the truth must be told, and then, Hal-like, laughed.

"That was a cropper!" he said, wiping the water from his face and head. "Serve me right for riding down the hill, gallop. You didn't fall, did you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I! No—no! It was only you who were hurt," she replied, swiftly watching him with wide-open eyes, as if she expected he would fall at her feet again.

"That's all right," said Hal, cheerily, but rather shakily. "It doesn't matter."

"Does not matter?" she echoes; "and you're not hurt?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Hal, smiling, as he brushed the hair from his forehead. "Served me right if it had been worse! I've ridden toward the count's house, worst of it. Let me help you to mount."

"Not yet—not yet," she says, earnestly. "Let us walk."

"I will walk, but you shall not," he says.

She falters a moment, then allows him to put her up in the saddle, and, with his hand on her horse's neck; and, accidentally, of course, of whom he is not aware, falls there also.

Quite accidentally, no doubt, his hand touches hers; but it cannot altogether be as accidental that his fingers should creep around hers and hold them; perhaps she thinks it assists him. And so they go down the valley—the English youth who is as poor as Job, and has to make his way in the world, and the princess who is to marry the Russian count.

### SPORT FOR LION HUNTERS.

Mountain lions have increased so rapidly in Yellowstone Park of late that they threaten the extinction of deer, elk and other wild animals that live in this great government game preserve. A demand has been made by the Government, through President Roosevelt's recommendation, has given John and Homer Goff, celebrated guides and hunters at Meeker, Col., a contract to clear the lions out of Yellowstone Park. John Goff is the guide who was in the successful cougar-hunting trip to Colorado.

The work of hunting lions in Yellowstone Park will, it is estimated, take several seasons, and in the meantime there is a demand for lion hunters in Colorado, Wyoming and other cattle States, where stockmen are suffering great losses from these predatory animals. Cougars are said to be on the increase in the Rocky Mountains.

Owing to the enormous amount of mountain lions in Yellowstone Park the Government will now have to pay a large bounty to the Goff brothers. The hunters will receive a bounty of \$5 on each mountain lion they kill, in addition to a salary of \$75 a month each for their work. Most of the work will be done before the spring and fall, for the winters are very severe in Yellowstone Park, the climatic conditions being almost arctic, owing to the moisture generated by many geysers. The Goff brothers have the largest and finest pack of cougar hounds in the world.

For some reason the mountain lion prefers the flesh of a colt to that of any other animal, and cougars have become the terror of horse raisers in the Rocky Mountain States. It is estimated that as many as 100 colts were killed by mountain lions in the last year, not fifty colts are left alive on the ranges between Phoenix and Prescott.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Drive Out Rheumatic Poison.

Rheumatism is slipped in the blood—any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is a foolish waste of time and money to try to cure rheumatism with liniments, poultices or anything else that only goes skin deep. Rubbing lotions into the skin only helps the painful poison to circulate more freely. The one cure, and the only cure for rheumatism is to drive the uric acid out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and the new blood sweeps out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened, aching joints, cures the rheumatism and makes the sufferer feel better in many other ways.

Mrs. Joseph Perron, Les Eboulements, Que., says: "I suffer from rheumatism in a chronic form for nearly twenty-five years. I spent much money in liniments and medicines, but without avail, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sometimes I was so stiff I could hardly move. The trouble seemed to be growing worse, and finally I found they were helping me. I now have pains in the region of the heart, and sometimes a smothering sensation. I grew so weak, and suffered so much, that I began to consider my case hopeless, and then one day a little pamphlet, telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fell into my hands, and I learned that they would cure rheumatism. I sent for a supply, and in about three weeks I found they were helping me. The trouble which affected my heart soon disappeared, and gradually the pains left me and I could go about with more freedom than I had done for years. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that they cure such troubles as rheumatism, anæmia, indigestion, kidney troubles, back-aches, headaches and dizziness, neuralgia, erysipelas, and the special ailments that burden the lives of so many women and growing girls. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these are the pills that bear the name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicinal dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HOTEL'S UNSEEN HELPERS.

Patrons who enjoy the luxurious physical comforts offered by a great modern hotel do not, as a general rule, give much thought to how much luxury is provided and how maintained, so that it shall be always so top with no possible chance of failure in the supply. Fewer still know that in the larger establishments a great majority of such supplies are manufactured on the premises or secured in a way wholly independent of any outside sources.

Under the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, for instance, far down below the surface of the street, in the lower of second basement, is a whole village devoted to the manufacture and distribution of such supplies, ice, heat, light, power and other things being there produced. It is a village of many climates, and one does not need to consult a thermometer to be conscious of the violent changes in temperature in passing from the garbages in front, where the winter is taken away, it is a realistic imitation of the Arctic regions. Each part of the immense plant needed to procure the various services for the hotel is sufficient in itself for a town of good size, and the population, as large as such a town, and its population, though a floating one, is given over to the production of duplicated, too, so that in case of accident the supply shall not cease, and this makes a still further enlargement.

In the engine room, where most of the power for all purposes is produced, are four Corliss engines, having each a horse power of 475, the fly wheels of which are 22 feet in diameter. Only one of these engines is needed to supply all the power needed in the day time, and two at night. The other two are held in reserve in case one or two of the four require to be taken temporarily out of service. Each of these engines runs an immense dynamo, and each dynamo has a capacity of 250 kilowatts. The engines supply a floor space of 150 by 140 feet. The boilers are five in number, with automatic stokers and a capacity of 200 H. P. each. From 60 to 70 tons of coal a day are consumed in winter for all purposes, and the fuel name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicinal dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## WAYS OF CHINESE DOCTORS.

Their Remuneration is From Sale of Drugs and Gifts After Recovery.

Chinese physicians of much repute never visit afoot, but must be carried to the patient on a horse, mule or jack, or in a carriage. At the patient's residence the doctor first rests awhile, and in the meantime is served with liquors and confections and often with a formal meal.

He usually collects no fee, but receives a percentage of the fees of the apothecary, if he does not himself have an apothecary shop. In all cases of cure, however, he is rewarded with rich presents, whose value depends on the rapidity and completeness of the relief. Apothecary shops exist in every village of any size.

Prescriptions always consist of several drugs, as high as twenty ingredients being frequently the case. They are put up in pill shape or given in their natural condition and boiled together by relatives. This mess, usually of bitter taste (and whose odor generally horrifies foreigners), is always administered hot and usually in big cups.

A Chinese medicine book, dating back to the Wang dynasty (1568-1644) contains no less than 28,739 receipts. Materials of the materia medica sinensis consist of vegetables, minerals and articles belonging to dragon's teeth, centipedes, scorpions, Spanish flies, roaches, beetles, tadpoles, etc.

Chinese doctors are, however, not content with medicines alone. They are adepts in massage, especially of the abdomen, and of the stomach and bowels. When massage does not work a cure or give relief (in pains of the stomach, for instance), the doctor will kneel on the stomach and rub and knead with his knees and hands the painful part, and this he will keep up until the patient is relieved (or says he is).

Another of his remedies is acupuncture, or plunging a needle into various parts of the body—a treatment that is said to be very effective in many complaints, and is highly regarded.

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