

URSE

Women in

ness, melancholy, ant-to-be-left-alone, hopelessness, they are one tried and like E. Pinkham's at once removes

medicine in the wide spread and ent. ing of women from her sex is terrible which they pay to help them is an pain is cured and by Lydia E. Pink-

men who are ill to Lynn, Mass., The is the daughter- ham, her assistant her decease, and since her advice has women. In her ch covers many like yours. Her ential

ere Others Fail.

and more are ex he can get all the strikers are deter- until the supply of The employees of at are still at work, ver was not inter-

DOUBLE.

DISCUSSING THE STRIKE.

9.—The Sub-Com- the anthracite mine will make an to reconcile the tween the employ- The representa- reported to have original demands operators may see something as will not say ner will be nor outcome there have not yet de- disposition of the al and continu- the award of the

WRECK.

AND BAGGAGE-RT.

A special from at a number of passenger train have been wreck- left from Grand the wreck. The of the Bur- say that the ac- miles west of it was nothing of the truck of ars. Two pass- were slight-

QUEST.

ases Martin Doyle. 9.—The in- Vincent the in- The joy gave That Vincent in by a bullet in th by Dwyer, sen- tent to kill did me firearm. He desired to se- home-made his re Battalion for Doyle was seen left in the even- take to home- them. The police ed and his arrest

The Flavor and Strength OF "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA Are preserved by the use of sealed lead packets Never sold in bulk. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

The doctor came quickly, and at once declared that life was quite extinct—he had always anticipated a sudden death for his patient. Her heart was weak, and so much emotion as had tried her of late had rendered all exertion, all agitation, dangerous; and probably the effort to rise and stand up, was the final feather which broke the strained cord of life.

There was no more to be done. What desolation there is in that sentence! All the warmth of the strongest will, are powerless to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of our hopes, one death has placed it there!

It seemed to poor, dazed Mona that Sir Robert and Lady Mary Everard appeared as if by magic. What a solace it was to throw herself into kind Lady Mary's arms, and tell her brokenly how deeply she mourned the thoughtful—if tyrannical—protector, to whom misfortune had linked her so closely.

"Well, dear, you may rest assured that the near prospect of your marriage soothed and brightened her last hours, and it is a great comfort to know she was in a happy frame of mind. Sir Robert has sent round to Mr. Waring. He will be here immediately, no doubt, and you know your best support."

"Oh, no! You are the best. You know poor, dear grannie so well, and she was so fond of you."

"Dear old lady! Of course, at such a painful crisis, old friends count for a great deal. I think, dear, you must come back with me to Charles street. I cannot leave you here alone."

"No, Lady Mary, I will not leave the house while my poor grannie lies helpless there. I feel bound to keep by her to the last."

A message from Sir Robert brought Waring, and the doctor, and the driver could urge his horse. He was quite sorry for the old lady, who had always treated him with kindly deference. He was deeply sympathetic with his peerless Mona, but he was principally put out because he knew that in consequence of her marriage must be delayed. Mona was not in the drawing room when he reached it, and he was somewhat disconcerted when Lady Mary came and explained that Mona was too much overcome to see him—that she was in her own room.

"But she will see me presently, will she not?" he asked, appealingly. "I thought it might be a comfort to her to talk to me."

arms, that she must be shown all patience and consideration. It was with a nervous sense of guilt, of being a deceiver, that Mona took leave of Lady Mary and her daughter. She took advantage of the vicar's wife's company, as she was going to town for a rare visit, and she thus avoided the cost and worry of having a smart lady's maid sent with her.

It was a gray, blustering afternoon when she reached St. Pancras, and found Mme. Debrisy waiting for her. "My dear, you do look bad. Come, get into the cab. I will find your things."

"I have only this small portmanteau and bonnet-box for the present."

"That's right. I am sure you are not fit to be out in such weather; get in, dear."

"I must post this letter, first," said Mona, her lips quivering.

"Very well; give it to me. Oh, yes; quiet right," glancing at the address. "You must keep him informed of your whereabouts. It's hard times for him, poor fellow, all this delay."

The long drive to Westbourne Villas passed almost in silence on Mona's side. To Madame Debrisy, silence was abhorrent, and she poured out much information respecting the changes she had made in her dwelling—the additional pupis promised her next month—"I am glad to give the rest of this one completely free, and give a little time to you, my dear child. And here we are, thank God. You will be the better of a cup of tea."

Mona, was indeed, thankful to have, so far, accomplished her purpose as to be under the roof of only sympathetic friends; but her heart fainted within her at the thought of the confession she had to make. If Mme. Debrisy refused to harbor her, what was she to do? Meantime that busy woman flitted to and fro. She stirred the already glowing fire, and she had an elderly servant of neat and imposing aspect, who had been with her for years, and who was rather a terror to Mme. Debrisy.

"(To be continued.)"

CHAPTER VI. The change from the luxurious elegance of the Chateau to Mme. Debrisy's London lodgings was about as great as can be imagined. Yet the house was not mean. The "widow woman" who owned it had a certain refinement. Instead of the usual extremely unplaced and unkempt "snares," she had an elderly servant of neat and imposing aspect, who had been with her for years, and who was rather a terror to Mme. Debrisy.

From the Plantation to Store

We watch Blue Ribbon Tea. Unsleping vigilance selects the tenderest leaves, scrutinizes every process of their manufacture, and carefully seals them in lead packets to preserve the flavor. No wonder the best is

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Strange Cases of Dual Personality

Cases of dual personality are not so rare as might be supposed. Many such are related in Dr. Sidis' book. The most remarkable is that of the Rev. Thomas Carson Hanna, a young clergyman of Plantsville, Conn.

One day when stepping from his carriage his foot slipped, and he fell forward, striking on his head. He was picked up unconscious. When he regained his senses his former personality had disappeared. He was practically a newly born babe. He remembered nothing of a previous life. He could not talk or understand anything that was said to him. In former times it would have been thought that he had become idiotic, and he doubtless would have been sent to a home for imbeciles, there to spend the rest of his life.

Dr. Sidis, then in New York, heard of this peculiar case. Here was an opportunity, he thought, to test his theory of disassociation of ideas. He believed that Mr. Hanna's brain cells had merely been dislocated, and that if they were brought back into proper position and working order the lost personality might be restored.

Under Dr. Sidis' direction, the young minister was educated from his A. B. C's onward. His faculties were as keen as ever; even keener, it seemed, than before the accident. In a week he learned how to read as well as a child reads at the end of his first year in school. In three weeks Mr. Hanna learned how to play the banjo. In a few weeks he had been taught the meaning of words and language so that he could carry on intelligent conversation.

The first assurance that some traces at least of his former personality remained was in the dreams which he related. He told of incidents and places seen in dreams which were really experiences of his past life. He spoke of seeing a square house with the sign upon it, "New Boston Junction." This was a place in Pennsylvania where he had once been. Yet in his new personality he could not recognize the church of which he was pastor; nor did he remember the young woman to whom he was engaged. It looked as if he would never again be able to take his former place in society. An entirely different man was growing up from the former Rev. Mr. Hanna.

But still he could not remember his past life. He did not even imagine what it meant. When asked if he could not guess what Boston meant, he replied: "It might be the name of the building."

Resurrection of the Rev. Hanna. Dr. Sidis, not at all discouraged, began a most unusual course of treatment. When Mr. Hanna was asleep he passed naturally into a hypnotic state, which was not a hypnotic condition, but was a resurrected dead personality of his own life experiences. Then something happened that in other ages would be thought miraculous. The patient began to talk of one of his old friends, Mr. Butler, and told incidents about him just as he would have done before the accident.

The Rev. Mr. Hanna had returned; he was himself again! This was the joyous thought that first flashed into the minds of his father and attendants. But they were mistaken. As the hypnotic state passed away the young minister relapsed into the secondary state, as Dr. Sidis called it. Again and again the patient was brought back to glimpses of his first life. Finally, Dr. Sidis tried a medicinal stimulus in the hope of bringing back the lost personality in more stable form. Finally, one morning, the patient woke up, and turning to his brother, asked: "Who has been preaching at the church?"

Here at last was the resurrection of the real Mr. Hanna in perfectly natural and rational mind. The brother then related how his father was occupying the pulpit and the family had moved to Plantsville, to which the young minister exclaimed, in great surprise: "Why, you don't say so! When was this?"

A SPRING TONIC.

Weak, Tired and Depressed People Need a Tonic at this Season to Put the Blood Right.

Spring blood is bad blood. Indoor life during the winter months is replete with weak, watery, impure blood. You need a tonic to build up the blood in the spring just as much as a tree needs new sap to give it vitality for the summer.

In the spring the bad blood shows itself in many ways. In some it breeds pimples, in others it causes indigestion, and in others it may be through occasional headaches, variable appetite, perhaps twinges of neuralgia, or rheumatism, or a lazy feeling in the morning and a desire to avoid exertion.

For these spring ailments it is a tonic you need, and a good blood-making, health-giving tonic in all the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red, health-giving blood, which reaches every nerve and every organ in the body, bringing health, strength and energy to weak, depleted, ailing men and women. Here is proof. Mrs. Charles Blackburn, Aylesford Station, N. S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken when I found I needed a tonic. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes of these pills and I feel like a new person. These pills are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of order."

Thousands of people not actually sick need a tonic in the spring, and to all these a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring new energy and new strength. To those who may be more seriously ailing, who are suffering from any of the ailments due to blood, a fair treatment with these pills will bring new health and vitality. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 60 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

COMES NOW A ROCKOPHONE.

Musical Instrument Which is Likely to Be Long a Curiosity.

About seventeen years ago Alonzo R. Gilman of South Berwick, Me., while driving in New York with his wife was passing a stone wall. He stopped, got out and tested the tones of several rocks by tapping them with his penknife. He was so fascinated by the tones that he had been suggesting itself to him for a long time. He wished to collect thirteen rocks of the right tones to make a scale of one octave, semitones included. He could play upon them with mallets, he thought, beside the xylophone.

Since then his spare time has been spent in searching stone walls and heaps. He has carried stones miles which outdoors gave as sweet and correct tones as could be imagined, but which were useless when placed beside the others of the wooden xylophone. There is a ripple in the instrument, the difference in tone being caused by the confining walls or the aid of a wind or clear atmosphere outdoors.

The result of days of searching, testing, carting and clipping now lies in the "rockophone room" of our Gilman's home on Young street, where the rockophone in this country and probably in the world. Fifty-two rocks or four octaves, are placed in a case resembling a square piano case in height and shape about 12 feet long and 3 1/2 feet wide. The rocks vary in size from six inches to three feet, the general shape is oblong, the average thickness about an inch.

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine that gives the mother the guarantee of a government analyst that it contains no poisonous opium and is absolutely safe. This is worth much to every mother who cares for the future welfare of her child. The Tablets are good for the tenderest baby or for the well grown boy or girl, and cure the minor troubles that are inseparable from childhood. Mrs. W. J. Macintosh, Chalmers Harbor, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and colds, and have found them a splendid medicine. I give the Tablets all the credit for the splendid health my little one now enjoys." The wise mother will always keep a box of these Tablets on hand. They can be got from any druggist or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

ALL HE WANTED.

The Grecian Winner of the Race From Marathon to Athens. He was a poor man, mark you, who had to live most economically to live at all. They offered him 25,000 francs in gold—25,000 francs in a country where a stout laborer earns less than two francs a day. He refused it. To sustain the honor of Hellas was enough for Lones Spiridon, he said, and only asked that he be given a water privilege in his native town of Mourassi, that he be allowed every morning to fill his goatskins in Athens and drive his little team to his little village and there sell such of the water as his own people might care to buy from him. The money? They set it aside for the physical training of the boys of the Loues' village.—James E. Connolly in "The Spirit of the Olympic Games," in The Outing Magazine for April.

Scraping the Surface.

"Don't merely scrape the surface of your business chances. Probe them. Then take your coat off and dig. This is the advice of an exchange devoted to publicity. If you do not advertise—if you trust to the drawing power of the sign over your front door for new customers—if you bury the good things in your stock in obscurity, you are merely 'scraping the surface.' But to get the new trade that can be had by going after it, you don't have to take your coat off. The newspaper will do the digging for you. Put your hand to the advertising lever and set the steam shovel to work."

As Good Now as Then.

At Christie's great auction rooms in London one day last week there was sold the autograph of Lord Nelson to Captain of Trafalgar. The concluding sentence of this historic message is worth the entire rest of it. It says: "In case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy. I could think of no better counsel for human activity than is here expressed. No one can make a mistake who conducts his energy face to face. It is as applicable to events as a maritime warlike. It is as pertinent to the man of business as to the man of the sword."