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CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

Put up in sealed lead packets to preserve its many excellent qualities.

40c, 50c and 60c per pound. By all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

The lodger who occupied the upper floor was a steady elderly city clerk, of remarkable punctuality and precision. Still the tone of the homely dwelling was new to Mona, who had been accustomed to the aristocratic, if narrow, and the distinction of her relatives' establishments.

The only members of the family who had accepted Mrs. Newburgh's grand-daughter frankly and cordially were Sir Robert and Lady Mary Everard. The rest looked on her as an interloper, an offshoot tainted by an admixture of blood that was anything but blue. Of this she was but dimly conscious. While under her grandmother's wing, she had received with decent civility; now, she felt keenly that she was about to alienate the only real friends she possessed—to sink from the level of the Newburgh traditions to that of struggling, almost adventurous, nobodies. Yet she did not regret the desperate step she had taken. Why, at her age, should she link herself for a long life to a thralldom that would irk her soul? Youth demands so much. It takes the friction of a life-time to teach moderation and the wisdom of compromise.

To Mona, the notion of temperate liking, instead of devotion to an ideal hero, and the importunate adoration of a man whom she considered commonplace and dull, was intolerable. Above all, she was so disenchanted with life, and love, and dreams of perfection, by St. John Lisle's conduct, that she fancied it was impossible the scattered fragments of imagination's shining temple could ever be re-formed—not knowing the marvelous recuperative powers of time and nature.

Fatigue made her sleep so profoundly that it took some moments of waking consciousness before she recognized just where she was. The sound of some one moving reminded her that she was sharing Mrs. Debrisay's room, and presently that lady came out fully dressed from behind a large Japanese screen, which converted one corner into a dressing-closet.

"And how did you sleep, dear?"

"Oh, well; too well!" exclaimed Mona. "Well, stay where you are. I'll bring you a cup of coffee and a bit of toast, for I have a long, busy day before me. I go to Mrs. Ardell's grand establishment first, over at Kensington. I am there for four mortal hours, then I get a bit of food and some private lessons in the same neighborhood, so I am obliged, as it is business."

"Of course it is; do not mind me!"

"My good landlady will give you something to eat at her dinner-time, and we will have a cozy tea together when I come in."

"Thank you, Deb."

"You see I have taken your advice, and changed my rooms. I was just ready in time for you, my lamb; the front room is better for a sitting room."

She hurried away, and returned sooner than Mona could have expected, with a fragrant cup of tea in a tin and a slice of buttered toast.

Once more she put in her head with a cheerful:

"I'm off now, make yourself comfortable, dear; there are some books and a lot of family papers in the next room; there are splendid stories in them, they make your hair stand on end, and forget the time. Take the hand-bell if you want anything—none of the other bells will ring. Good-bye, dear."

Mona dressed slowly, and went into the sitting room. It was a stormy, wet day. The rain beat against the one large bow-window which lighted it, and which looked over a small square of grass, with a flower-bed in the middle, and a couple of trees next the railings, that divided it from the street. It was a fairly well kept front garden, but at the present time, being strewn with dead leaves and sodden with rain, it was not a cheerful prospect. The fire had been hastily loaded with coal, and had succumbed to the lead. The table was crooked; a very irregular pile of newspapers, Herald, programmes of concerts, overflowed an occasional table; but the furniture was good and in good order, though extremely mixed as to style and pattern: some of it, in fact, was Mrs. Debrisay's, and some her landlady's.

The hand-bell evoked a tall, hair-featured woman, with thick grizzled hair, a spotless cap, and a dark print dress.

"The fire's gone out," she repeated, in a high-pitched tone. "I dare say madame thinks coal'll light themselves; she just jatches them on, whether there is a spark alive or not. I'll fetch a few sticks, miss."

The fire burning, the hearth swept, and a few tidying touches bestowed on the room made a vast improvement.

Mona threw herself into an arm-chair and tried to think what was best to do. What pressed most upon her mind was the painful necessity of communicating with Lady Mary. She ought not to be left in ignorance of her intentions, but would it not be well to hear first what Leslie Waring would say? Yes, she would wait.

The previous evening she had posted a few lines to the Chase, announcing her safe arrival; she might therefore postpone her next letter for twenty-four hours.

But this time, her refusal to ratify her engagement had been read by her lover, and she quivered at the idea of the pain and mortification she had inflicted.

ly for one who has pained and wounded you! I feel your superiority, and I humbly beg your forgiveness. I will always thank you as a true gentleman. May you find greater happiness than I could bestow. Here—take this back!"

"Pray keep it," he said, as she held out her engagement ring of diamonds.

"I cannot, Mr. Waring; you must take it back!"

He thrust it on his finger.

"Then it is all over between us!" he said, passionately; "all quite over! Perhaps it is better so. It would have broken my heart to try in vain to win your love; and, dear as you are, I would not have you without it. Good-bye, Mona! you have taught me how unlovable I am; yet I might have made you happy!"

With a slight despairing gesture of the hand he turned and left her.

Left her in a state of terrible agitation and doubt.

She did not expect to be so completely routed, so utterly ashamed. Her heart was stronger and nobler than she thought. She had broken with him, and she had lost him. She had offered to retract, and he had rejected her.

It pained her infinitely to think that his opinion of her had been lowered—that she had been so faithless to her promise.

Yet she knew that had she renewed, or kept to the engagement, she would be miserable.

"He will forget me soon," she told herself. "To-day his bearing was dignified and earnest, his feelings were deeply moved—to-morrow his eye will be caught by some one of the many charming girls he meets, and he will be far happier than with one whose heart is dead, like mine."

The dreary hours went slowly by—slowly, yet fast. She could not form any conception of what her future might be. Her powers of imagination, of conjecture, paused, paralyzed, before the bristling difficulties of the present.

She could hardly expect a letter from Waring till the next day. He was staying—not very far away, in Hampshire—with the gentleman who had been his guardian, and for whom he had a great regard. This man was—Mona felt, rather than knew—opposed to his marriage with herself. She was convinced that he considered her not sufficiently well off or important to be a suitable match for her ex-ward. He would assist to rouse Waring's wrath against her, and would not let him lower himself by a personal interview.

She strove to swallow a morsel or two of the dinner set before her; she tried to gather the sense of an agonizing tale in the London Reader, and interest herself in the tremendous persecutions of the heroine. All in vain. Time, how- ever, was rolling on; she might soon expect Mrs. Debrisay. Four o'clock struck when she had gone into the bedroom to seek for some piece of fancy work (which Mrs. Debrisay infinitely preferred to mending her clothes), when the sound of the front-door bell, followed by a step in the next room, made her hope that her kind hostess had returned. Going quickly in to greet her, she beheld Jane, the servant, in the act of lighting the gas, while, by the wind, looking paler—sterner than she thought he could, stood Leslie Waring!

"Good-morning," he said stiffly. "I thought I should find you in."

This while Jane pulled down the blind and retired. Then he made a step forward, and Mona stood, motionless—her trembling hands locked together, her eyes wide-open, gazing at him.

"Do you seriously mean what you have written here?" he asked, in a thick, unsteady voice, as he drew forth and opened her letter.

"Yes," she said; "I do."

"Then I have a right to ask the reason of this sudden change. What have I done to deserve it?"

"You have deserved nothing but good and gratitude from me," faltered Mona, sinking into a chair, for she felt her limbs unable to support her.

"Then why do you desert me?"

"I told you in my letter—the whole truth; I cannot love you as a wife ought to love."

She agreed to get over that difficulty. I hoped to win your affection if you were quite free from any other attachment."

"And I am, Mr. Waring! There is not a man in existence whom I would accept at this moment. But"—she was growing calmer under the desperate necessity of explanation—"I also told you—that, indeed, I blushed to write—that my grandmother's wish, her overpowering need, induced me to consent to what, otherwise, I should not have accepted."

"I understand. Then, Mona, you have treated me very badly. You took me when I was necessary to you; you threw me aside when you think you can do without me! And I love you so! I thought I was going straight to heaven when you promised to be my wife! I had faith in your promise to try and love me; and, after all, you were only sacrificing yourself to maintain your grandmother—a sacrifice you gladly escape as soon as you can! You have broken your contract!"

"You are justly angry. I cannot defend myself. But do you not think you will reap a happier fate with some woman fairer and better than I am, who will love you heartily, and—"

"No one will ever be so fair and good as you seem to me; and as you reject me, how am I to believe any one will love me? You had every reason to love me, yet you could not!"

"Love cannot reason."

"Then you know what love is!" said Waring, sharply. "There is something still in your heart which you will not speak out! Ah, Mona! why can I not please you? Why are you so cruel? You have destroyed my life!"

There was such passionate despair in his voice that Mona was profoundly moved. That she had cruelly, selfishly wronged him was borne in upon her with constraining force. She felt guilty, culpable, to the last degree; and, wavering in her resolution—wishing, it is possible, to do the right thing, she stammered:

"If—if you think it worth accepting, I will retract that letter, and—and do my best."

"No!" interrupted Waring, with a dignity of which she did not imagine him capable. "You cannot endure me! I do not want a victim! I love you too well for that. But, ah, Mona, it is an agony to think you will have to face the roughness of life! Whether you love me or not—whether you desert me or not—I would gladly give you half I possess to shield you from all you dare to face. Promise you will let me help you if you need help—promise, Mona!"

"Surely," she cried, greatly touched—"surely Heaven has cursed you with something of a woman heart, or you would not feel so tenderly and generous-

A NEW WOMAN

That's what any woman is after
a hot cup of FRAGRANT

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

It chases away that old tired feeling, and fills her with new life. SO DELICIOUS, TOO.

ONLY ONE BEST—BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

for some time unable to eat, and her nerves had suffered severely from the shock of her grandmother's sudden death. It made Mrs. Debrisay's soft heart ache to see how thin and white her pet pupil had grown, how she started and trembled at her sudden noise, and, above all, at her steady effort to be calm and helpful. It was almost too much for her, this waiting for what the morrow should bring forth. She knew Sir Robert, though kind, was choleric, and, like all sensitive creatures, she shrank from rough words; she strove to strengthen herself by reflecting that she was the best judge of what was best for her own happiness—that she had a right to decide for herself—that she was not bound to obey Sir Robert, though she hated to contradict him.

Mrs. Debrisay put on her best black silk dress, and a pretty little morning cap of Brussels lace, in honor of the occasion; and Mona swept away the confused mass of papers into the bed-room, and put the place in order, adding a few Christmas roses and geraniums which she had persuaded Mrs. Debrisay to let her buy. She knew how revolted the orderly baronet would be by any untidiness or a sordid lodging-house look, and she had a vague fear that he might take her from the asylum she had sought.

As madame had anticipated, Sir Robert came between eleven and twelve. A glance at his broad, usually good-humored face, showed how great was the wrath he had accumulated.

He came abruptly into the room, and without a word of greeting, exclaimed—

"What the deuce is the meaning of your extraordinary conduct, Mona. Have you quite lost your senses?"

"No, Sir Robert, I have been making up my mind to break off my engagement ever since my grandmother died," she said, gaining courage when absolutely under fire.

(To be continued.)

TEN RULES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS

1. Take as much interest in your employer's business as if it were your own.
2. Do not expect to get all you can and give nothing. Do a little more work than is demanded.
3. Be prompt. Show that you have an interest in your work above a desire for an extra half-hour in bed in the morning. You can't come down a half-hour late every morning and impress your employer with the idea that you are a work-a-week, active man or woman with an interest in your work.
4. Do your work well to-day, you won't have to do any of it over again to-morrow.
5. Be cheerful and willing. A sullen countenance is not pleasant to look upon either by an employer or a customer. Remember your pushing power with a customer is one of your assets. The reverse will be your loss. Be courteous. Do not trust your own troubles and inharmoniousness upon those around you. It is a poor investment.
6. Be conscientious. Don't take too much interest in mail games, theatres, parties, etc., or you may find that you have not much time left to give to your work. Don't have a relative die too often. Funerals sometimes grow monotonous to an employer during the baseball season or on matinee afternoons.
7. Do not make the same mistake twice.
8. Do not let your thoughts be always wool-gathering if you expect an increase of salary on pay-day.
9. Do not shirk your work and be always thinking of the money side of the proposition. Give good value for the money you receive and you will be sure to succeed.
10. Put yourself in your employer's place and figure out what kind of an employee you would hire to get the most out of your business. Then set yourself to be that employee.

There is no short, easy road to success, but it is well worth travelling—Printer's Ink.

A SPRING DANGER.

Many People Weaken Their System by Dosing With Purgative Medicines.

A spring medicine seems to be a necessity. Nature demands it as an aid to enriching the blood and carrying off the impurities that have been accumulated during the indoor life of the winter months. Thousands of people, recognizing the necessity for a spring medicine, dose themselves with harsh, gripping purgatives. This is a mistake. Ask any doctor, and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system and cannot possibly cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives weaken. The blood should be made rich, red and pure—purgatives cannot do this. What is needed is a tonic, and the best tonic medical science has yet devised is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood, and the new blood strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills banish pimples and unsightly skin eruptions. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and a host of other troubles that come from poor, watery blood. That is why the men and women who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well and sleep well, and feel active and strong. Mrs. Albert E. Sampson, L'Ardoise, N. S., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the greatest benefit. I know of no medicine that can equal them in building up people who are weak or run down."

When buying these pills see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is printed on the wrapper around the box. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PERFUMES IN MEDICINES.

Physicians Attempt to Treat Diseases by Working on Olfactories.

It has long been known that certain odoriferous exhalations can exert a powerful influence on particularly susceptible individuals, even producing marked nervous disturbances. It has been shown that perfumes or odors produce nervous and respiratory reflexes, as well as urticaria and vertigo. These manifestations are rarely single, but combined or alternate. Odors will also produce a decided impression at times upon the digestive apparatus. Among the symptoms arising in the latter condition are nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, and excessive salivation. Nausea is more common, this symptom being excited by stench, as well as odors from certain flowers or plants.

Odors, whether agreeable or disagreeable, are not causes of disease in the sense generally taken, says the Medical Record. They may, however, disorder certain functions by impairing nervous energy, and thus creating a predisposition to attack by disease. And yet, strange as it may seem, collectors of night soil or garbage, and laborers in slaughter-houses or tanneries do not seem to be particularly affected in consequence of inhaling the odors so prevalent in the vicinity of their labors.

We are familiar with the assertion that emanations arising from manure set faintness is sometimes observed to overcome persons upon their entrance into a

WONDERS OF MANY KINDS.

No plausible explanation has yet been offered regarding the origin of the famous stone of Ober-Ammergau, which has a human face of sorrow marked by the hand of nature on its surface.

The stone was discovered by an American lady on Mount Kopfel, overlooking the village of Ober-Ammergau, famous for the "Passion Play." Geological experts declare that it is natural and that no tool has carved it. If this is true, says the inquisitive scientist, then how was the stone naturally marked?

This is a question that is likely to puzzle mankind for so long a time as the stone exists. Dr. Garnett, who has examined it, cannot say more than that "it is a great natural curiosity, more curious than anything of the same nature with which I am acquainted, and the history of its discovery is more curious still."

In the Church of St. John, Pica, there is a stone that puzzles scientists even more than does the stone of Ober-Ammergau. It is curiously marked with red, blue and yellow, and the lines represent an old man with beard and with a bell in his hand, seated beside a small stream. The stone fragment is supposed to contain a picture of the Redeemer.

Mystery of Hawaiian Well.

A water well bored upon a plantation at Kealia, Hawaii, presented a new problem to the world's scientists and they began to ask one another the question, "Does the earth breathe?" The artesian well at Kealia had a tube thirteen feet high surmounting the bore, and in this at 8 o'clock in the morning the water stood at a height of eight feet.

Six hours later the water bubbled over the top of the tube in a steady stream. At 8 o'clock the next morning the water had fallen five feet in the tube. This rising and falling continued like clock-work for so long as the tube was open to the bore. It certainly was not caused by the tide, for no tide in the world is regular. Scientists know this and they want to fathom the mystery of the regular rising and falling of underground streams.

Why do mountains travel? is a little puzzle that has stumped many great minds for many years. Several engineers went to Bengal some years ago to find out why the Mainim mountain, near Gohna, had taken it into its own hands to move. This gigantic mass of earth started on its travels in 1803 and in September of that year had completely dammed the River Ganga.

Although the engineers made every possible effort to discover the reason of its shifting, and to stop the advances, they failed, and a deep lake was formed which rose till the new dam, unable to bear the vast pressure of water, broke suddenly. The flood turned a rich valley fifty miles long into a water-logged waste and doing damage to the extent of many thousands of pounds.

Another Moving Mountain.

Travers mountain in Switzerland has also stumped men of science. At the present moment it is crossing the valley in which it is situated at the rate of a few inches a day, and no one can discover why the reason of its stealthy crawling. Some time ago an immense wall of great thickness was erected around the mountain to keep it in place, but it is believed that by and by the huge mass will push the wall down as easily as if it were built of paper.

Three scientists, two from America and the other from Britain, are reported to have spent several months in Corea trying to elucidate the wonders of that strange land.

The wonders in question consist of a hot mineral spring which is supposed to heal anything from a cold to a cancer; two springs so arranged that when one is full the other is empty; a cavern in the mountains in which a cold, piercing wind rages perpetually; a large grove of pine trees which will sprout again directly they are cut down; a stone which floats in space and levitates; not least, a rock which gives forth great heat, however cold the weather might be.

CALCIUM "STEEL."

Not What Its Name Leads One to Expect.

Calcium steel, a superior French porcelain, recently brought to notice, is not any form of steel or any other metal, but a ceramic product, made by baking in an oven, a paste made of finely-pulverized feldspar, sand and lime in certain specified proportions. These materials, being mixed with water and worked into a plastic paste resembling sculptor's clay, and then baked, produce a porcelain or earthenware of great hardness and durability, which resists corrosion by acids, of alteration by atmospheric influence, is a poor conductor of heat or electricity, has a specific gravity of 3.2, and is in color a yellowish white which may be varied to any desired tint by the addition of metallic oxides.

By reason of its hardness and a certain toughness, which permits it to be bored, cut, planed, or polished—qualities which generally belong to metals rather than ceramics—this substance is popularly called, by reason of its ingredients and peculiarities, "calcium steel," although it is in no sense a metal and has no relation whatever to steel.

Jail for Reckless Chauffeurs.

(Phil.—Lidia Ledger.)

Some accidents are unavoidable in this world busy with traffic. People will get under the wheels of the slowest going vehicle. The dray, as well as the motor car, has a record. Despite this fact, the truth remains that a person slain by a reckless automobilist generally is the victim of a worse, a grosser, a more heartless callousness than is the one who succumbs to the impact of the trolley. The simple and easy way to rid the highway of the peril that lies in the drunken or brainless direction of the swiftly moving automobile is to treat the guilty chauffeur as the criminal he is, and to hold him and his accomplices on the charge of manslaughter at least, as well as responsible for all the material damage wrought.

The fellow with money to burn is always somebody's flame.