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Universally Acknowledged

to be superior to the finest Japan grown.

UCALABA!

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Get a Trial Packet to-day.

Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all Grocers.

Won at Last

Her reflections were suddenly broken in upon by a familiar voice exclaiming—
"By Jove! It is Mona, Mona Jocelyn!"
and she found her further progress barred by Bertie Everard, Sir Robert's only son, who was studying law, having no military proclivities, and thinking legal knowledge would be useful in managing the family estate, which was by no means flourishing under his father's mismanagement.

"Bertie! I never dreamed of meeting you," as though the ban which had fallen on her had been "banishment"—that an encounter between two inhabitants of the same town had been thereby rendered impossible.

"Nor did I. I thought you had emigrated, or been sent to a penitentiary, or some such thing. You see, when any one drops out of sight in London, it is such a drop in the ocean, that he or she leaves no trace behind. I am quite glad to see you. Come, tell me all about yourself. Evy has wept gallons over you. She wanted to write, and the Lord knows what, but my mother strictly forbade her. You are an awful black sheep, you know—a lost nutton."

"Of course I am," said Mona, smiling. She understood her cousin's dry bluntness. "But you must acknowledge I have kept out of sight and not troubled you."

"Yes, it is quite true. Now I have met you, I am amazed to find you still exist. How have you managed it, Mona?"

"Why trouble about details? I exist, and I want nothing that is enough."
"Wonderful woman! Where are you going?"
"Home."
"Home? Is it far?"
"Not very."
"Let me come with you?"
"If you like, I am glad to have a chance of hearing about you all."
This brief colloquy took place on the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens. Mona was crossing from a house in Queen's Gate, where her last lesson had been given.

Bertie Everard, a tall, thin, bony young man, most accurately got up, and as unlike father or mother as could be imagined, turned and accompanied her toward the Bywaters Road.

"Do you know, you are looking fairly well! Checks not quite so round, eyes a trifle more sunken than they were last year, but you are a pretty—no, a handsome girl still, Mona."

"I suppose one does not grow old in five or six months."
"No; but the tradition in our family is that you have been eating the bread of misery, and precious little of that, bedewed with the water of affliction, and—"

"And you were all content that I should, though we were such good friends and enjoyed so many happy days together."

"It was your own fault, you know. You took your own course. I dare say, if you had asked her, my mother would have helped you; but she wasn't bound to look you up. Sentimental generosity is out of date altogether."

"I do not suppose it would have been a weakness of yours, at any rate. However, you need not fear for me. I get bread enough, and to spare, and very pleasant bread, too. Now, tell me some news. How is your dear mother? She was always so good."

"She is exceedingly flourishing and busy, for Evelyn's get-to-be married—very good matches—to Lord Finistoun. He is pleasant, easy-going fellow—rather an ass, but that will suit Evy. She hasn't much brains herself."

"She has sense enough not to think she has all the brains of the family, as you do, Bertie."

"Yes, I do, and I am no great things after all. Your troubles have not taken the sharp edge off your tongue, Miss Jocelyn," he said, laughing.

"There is no Miss Jocelyn now. I have resumed my poor father's name. It is more suited to my fortunes and fancy."

"By Jove! And what is it? Craig? Un! It was a queer notion of Mrs. Newburgh's to suppress it. Nobody cares or thinks about names now, except for what they are worth on paper. I suppose you haven't heard or seen anything of Waring?"

"No, of course not."

"Nor any one else, either! Can't think what's become of him. Some one did say he was training a colt for the Derby. I dare say he is glad enough now that you have broken with him. Can't understand why men marry!—must be an awful bore."

"I have no doubt he is obliged to me."

"And you are deucedly sorry you gave him the chance, eh?"

"You would not believe me if I denied it."

"Well, no; I would not; though you are a rum sort of a girl, Mona. I always liked you. You say what you think, and you run your own with that grandmother of yours, who was as big a tyrant as I have met. You are a fool, too, in many ways—ready to cut your own throat for an idea; but there's something taking about you. I never thought St. John Lisle would lose his head as he did on your account. He kept it very quiet, but I saw through him. I see through a good many things."

"I never credited you with such powers of imagination before, Bertie."

"Oh, don't try that tone with me. I know what I am talking about. Of course he would only marry a woman

Mme. Debrisy, with a gently reflective air.

Bertie laughed, not quite so easily as usual; and there was a pause while he sipped his tea.

"That's rather a good picture," he said at length, nodding to a portrait of a refined, foreign-looking man, with beautiful lace ruffles and cravat, and a costume of some two hundred years ago.

"It is the picture of Monsieur Le Baron Debrisy de Coulanges, my grandfather's great grandfather, who led a party of the religiousists to Ireland, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes," said Mme. Debrisy, with dignity.

"The deuce he did! what a bad choice. It's a good portrait, French portraits generally are. Who is the artist?"

"That I cannot tell; there are only initials on the picture."

"Pity it hasn't a well-known name on it. It would fetch a good price."

"No price would tempt me to part with it!" cried Madame, proudly.

"Oh, indeed! Now, tell me, how do you manage to rub along?"

"Monsieur Debrisy and I have entered into partnership; she takes the big pupils, and I take the little ones."

"By George! Does the squalling and strumming pay for all this?" waving his teaspoon comprehensively round.

"It does; but then you must remember it is all in the fourpence three farthings style of expense," said Mme. Debrisy.

"Gad, what heaps of money we waste! exclaimed Everard, putting down his cup. "What sums my father does get through! I suppose you never go to parties or to the theatre, kind, so living out of it is no consequence."

"There are people who give parties, living even here," said Mona.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and we sometimes go to the theatre and enjoy it very much."

"Well, it's evident you're not breaking your heart over it. If you like the theatre, I will send you a box. I know a couple of managers—amusing vagabonds, they dine with me sometimes—so I can ask them."

"Thank you! We shall be very glad. Now, it is half-past six, Bertie; you had better go."

"I will. Is there a cab to be had in this neighborhood?"

"Why not adopt the habits of the country, and try an omnibus—three-pence to Tottenham Court Road, a shilling cab fare on to the Temple."

"Capital idea. Why one might live for half a crown."

"There are no rooms to let in this house, Bertie."

"That is a pity. Good morning, Mrs. Debrisy; good-bye, Mona."

"Happy to see you again," said Mme. Debrisy. "You are really quite a character."

"What the deuce does she mean?" asked Everard of himself, as he took up his neatly rolled umbrella, and opened the door, while Mme. Debrisy yelled after him to turn right and go on to a large church where the city omnibus passed every ten minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

The variable spring, the hot dusty summer days, succeeded each other and the partners worked steadily through it all.

They had gleams of diversion, too, for Mme. Debrisy had friends and acquaintances of her own profession who often gave her tickets for concerts and order of the theatre. These were amusements of which Mona had enjoyed but little during her residence with her grandmother, whose fixed principle it was never to pay for anything of the sort. They were a source of great enjoyment, for Mona was peculiarly attached to music, and she had something of the dramatic gift herself.

With the exaggeration of youth, she reproached herself for being so slight and trivial as to forget too quickly the sorrows and disappointments of the bygone year. Of all the trials which had been crowded into a few months, the ofttest was her breaking with Leslie Waring. She always wished to hear of him, but he had passed away completely out of her life.

Bertie Everard's remark respecting Lisle's admiration for herself dwelt long on her mind for some time. She was certain that it soothed her wounded amour propre to know that she was not altogether self-deceived. But the impression of St. John Lisle was fast fading. Now and then in the park, at the theatre, some soldierly-looking man of fashion would remind her of him, and she thought with a sigh of the difference between the style of such cavaliers and the ordinary toilers with whom it was her lot to associate in future. Still she began to look at that future with less of fear than she did, and even ventured on a little castle building respecting a visit to Germany next year, for which she and Mme. Debrisy agreed to "save up," and not to dissipate any of their little store in a seaside trip this somewhat wet season.

Of course Bertie Everard forgot all about the orders he had given for the visit. Mona looked for so eagerly; but the announcement of her marriage—with a long list of wedding presents, including "an Indian shawl from Her Majesty"—at the end of March, and her departure for a prolonged tour on the Continent, explained her non-appearance.

London is a great world. In no other place can any one be so successfully hidden; and though Mona moved about everywhere, with a freedom that was new and delightful to her, she never encountered her aristocratic relatives but once, when she saw Lady Mary and her second daughter driving down Piccadilly. She was, however, lost in the humble pedestrian crowd, and passed unnoticed.

A very hot July had driven away all Mme. Debrisy's pupils, save two or three. The ranks of the pupils were also thinned, and both were planning a course of needle-work and reading during the approaching time of rest.

The dog days had compelled their fellow-lodger to muzzle the objectionable terrier—which made him unusually rampant when the torture was removed in the house.

Mona had been out one morning to do some small housekeeping errands, as Mme. Debrisy had a headache, and on re-entering the house with a latch-key, was surprised to hear a sound of snoring and scuffling in their sitting room. The door of the room was ajar, and she beheld Mme. Debrisy, her cap slightly awry, endeavoring to drag a lace shawl from the fangs of Dandie, who snarling and yelping, held on like grim death, stretching the shawl to its fullest length, and dancing backward, while she struck at him ineffectually with a small heart-brush.

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Can Only Obtain Health Through New, Rich Pure Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Growing girls—girls in their teens—must have rich, pure blood. Healthy womanhood depends upon the vital change from girlhood to maturity. Every woman should most carefully watch her daughter's health at this critical period. If a girl at this period has headache, if she is pale, thin, languid, it shows that her slender food supply is being overtaxed. She will always be ailing and may slip into a hopeless decline or consumption if her blood is not built up at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood which strengthens to every organ, and makes dull, listless, languid girls, bright, rosy-cheeked, active and strong. Miss Maggie Donohue, Erinville, Ont., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was badly run down, and it seemed as though my blood had turned to water. I was very pale, suffered from headaches and palpitation of the heart, and often I would pass sleepless nights. I found nothing to help me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can truthfully say I never enjoyed better health than I am now doing."

When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root of all common ailments like anaemia, dizziness, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, skin eruptions, erysipelas, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, rheumatism and the special ailments of growing girls and women. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine 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.

Circulars, Posters and Newspapers.

In France, as in Canada, the superiority of the newspaper over all other advertising mediums is recognized by expert opinion. A French writer, comparing the newspaper with the "prospects" or circulars, says of the latter: "One such circular has no longer even tears of the wrapper, and without even being read finds its way, as a miserable weed, into the wastebasket." And of the poster: "One passes by it often without reading it. Besides, it has scarcely been posted up before the characters become torn, and sometimes disappear in the thick layers of paste, even if they are not scoured away by more or less other multi-colored posters."

But the journal, which is able to carry the name of the house into the most unobtrusive corners."

The Union Laws of Caste.

At Jaipur I visited a British official house, in the "foreign quarter," where a fine which in New York would need two servants. But in his Jaipur house that official had forty servants; for the east system decrees one occupation for each caste. The sweep may only sweep; the water-bearer may bear water, nothing else; the man who pulls the over-head fan (punkah-wallah) may perform no labor save that of fanning, and so on through the forty different castes from which the servants of my official friend were recruited. Thus in India the crowd invades your very hearthstone; and that's what makes a home in Kiplingland so very interesting.—From "Kiplingland" by Gilson Willets, in Four-Track News for April.

Knew His Business.

A writer in the London News tells this story at the expense of that long-suffering animal, the London "bus horse." When horses were wanted for the South African war, a lot of animals were sent which had been employed hitherto in the shafts of London omnibuses. The soldiers who had to use these horses for drawing guns found they would not pull with any spirit or energy at the heavy guns. At last one Cockney driver found a remedy: He slapped his belt against the gun and shouted: "Benki! Benki! Liverpool street!" In the familiar manner of a "bus conductor" the soldiers' horses plunged forward, and no more trouble with them was experienced.

A Clever Advertisement

May induce you to try a packet of

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

But after that its unvarying Good Quality will succeed in holding your trade. Try the Red Label.

Blue Laws of New Jersey

Still in Force, Though Not Often Invoked.

The indictment of Mrs. Charlotte P. Wood of 305 Webster avenue, Jersey City, as a common scold has brought to the fore once again the State's old Blue Laws, which are still in force. Mrs. Wood has pleaded not guilty and is yet to be tried. If Henry Austin and others who caused her indictment succeed in proving her guilty, she will probably be put in jail for a short term or placed under bonds to be good.

The penalty for being a common scold used to be the ducking stool, but this feature of the law was repealed many years ago. Still the common scold law remains on New Jersey's statute books, as do many others of the old Blue Laws handed down by the early settlers.

In other States these old laws have all or nearly all been repealed, and few of them have been wiped off the New Jersey statutes, but as a whole the old Blue Laws of New Jersey still exist and are at intervals enforced. A few years ago District Attorney Charles H. Winfield, of Hudson county, prosecuted and convicted a woman who lived on the Hill in Jersey City of being a common scold.

The old common scold law had not been brought up for years, but the woman was such a nuisance that some of her neighbors, in casting about for a means of suppressing her, heard of the old law and had it enforced. The scold was imprisoned for ten days.

Another case remembered about the court house in Jersey City is that of Joseph Yambiarombi, a farmer of Bergen county. He visited Jersey City frequently and was so profane in his profanity that he gained the soubriquet of Swearing Joe.

Some years ago he was arrested, convicted—there were plenty of witnesses—and sent to jail for thirty days. But Joe promised to swear off swearing, and in some way got a mitigation of sentence after four days and went back to his farm.

In a volume of the statutes of New Jersey of 1833 many of these old laws are found, and in a revision under an Act of April 4, 1871, a number of them were retained and are still on the statute books. Of these there is a law prohibiting "hunting on the Sabbath day, with gun or dog, or in any way taking or killing any game, wild animals or fowl," under a penalty of \$25 fine, one-half of which goes to the complainant and the rest to the poor of the town or county. To carry a gun on another's land is an offence for which the owner can collect \$5 and keep it all himself.

Only milk and the United States mail are allowed to be carried through the State on Sunday, and Justice of the Peace are authorized to stop any canal-boat or freight train on Sunday, and hold it at the expense of the owner until the next day. This law also applies to droves of cattle, sheep, horses, swine, etc.

To drive a stage on Sunday, except in cases of necessity or mercy or to carry mail, is punishable by a fine of \$5 or imprisonment. To drive an ordinary wagon or vehicle for the purpose of business or pleasure costs \$2.

Fishing on the Sabbath with any seine, net, hook or line, whether you catch any fish or not, is punishable by a fine of \$14 or imprisonment for the same period, unless you are fishing after sunset on Saturday and until 12 o'clock on Sunday night.

The man who so far forgets himself as to swear or use profane language in the presence of a Justice of the Peace while in the execution of his office may be fined or imprisoned for the same period as for further testimony, and either fined for the benefit of the poor or imprisoned for four days. Another law makes the toll roads free to persons going to funerals, to Sabbath worship or to any religious meeting.

Then, so that there can be no mistake as to what one can and cannot do on the Sabbath, nearly all these offences are bunched in one clause, which specifies "that no travelling, worldly employment or business, ordinary or servile work or labor, either upon land or water (works of necessity or charity excepted), nor of necessity for fishing, sporting, hunting, gaming, racing, or frequenting race tracks, or tipping houses, dancing, singing, fiddling or other music for the sake of merriment, nor any playing of football, nine-pins, bowls, quoits or any other kind of pastimes, playing, sports or diversions, is to be indulged in on the Sabbath day, under a penalty of \$1 fine for each offence, the money to go to the poor."

Citizens who observe the seventh day of the week, or Saturday, as a day of worship are exempt from answering to any process in law and equity as defendants, witnesses or jurors, except in criminal cases, and if such a person is brought before a justice for committing any of the offences named against the Sabbath, or first day of the week, he shall be discharged on proving that Saturday is his day of worship.

Under the head of "Laws for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality," passed in October, 1833, is the following, which applies to all days of the week, and is still in vogue:

Whereas, Public shows and exhibitions of divers kinds have of late become very frequent and common within this State, whereby many strangers and worthless persons have unjustly gained and taken the themselves considerable sums of money, and it being found on experience that such shows and exhibitions tend to no good or useful purpose in society, but on the contrary to collect together great numbers of idle and un-

STURDY BABIES.

In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured babies because these tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion, and thus bring perfect health to every mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you there is no other medicine so good. Mrs. James Hall, Beach Hill, N. S., says: "My baby was troubled with indigestion, was cross and peevish and rapidly losing flesh. I got Baby's Own Tablets and in less than a box cured him and he has ever since enjoyed good health and is growing splendidly." Mothers should remember that this medicine is absolutely safe and can be given to the weakest, tenderest baby, or to the sturdy, well-grown boy or girl with equally good effect. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUNDAY LAWS IN VIRGINIA.

Difficult to Get a Drink if One Does Not Know the Ropes.

"Down in the quaint old seaport of Norfolk a few days ago I saw a beautiful example of the workings of a strict Sunday law," said W. L. Rodgers, of Baltimore at the Raleigh.

"It was not possible to get any liquid refreshments in the hotels and the saloons were hermetically sealed."

"Strolling along one of the principal streets, my attention was attracted to a crowd of men who swarmed in and out of a place as if it possessed a magnet. enough it did, as I found by joining the crowd. The place was dingy and unattractive, but it had a bar in full blast and the man behind the counter couldn't dish out the liquor fast enough. I called for a drink, too, but the bartender, instead of waiting on me asked me for my ticket. I told him I had none and he proceeded to explain:

"This is a clubhouse and we don't serve drinks to any except members. However, there is the secretary and you might ask him."

"At this the person pointed out as secretary came up and repeated what the other had told me."

"We have to comply with the Virginia law," said he, "or risk going to jail. But you look all right and I can make you a member of the club. The fee is 20 cents."

"I paid it with a murmur and thought it a pretty cute mode of selling a drink for 25 cents."—Washington Post.

What Caused the Explosion.

(Oakley, Kan., Graphic.)

A sweet little girl, the pride of the family, rushed into the bedroom last Sunday afternoon where her mamma was indulging in the afternoon nap and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, there is a man in the kitchen bugging the hired girl." Seeing the look of surprise on her mamma's face she clapped her hands and cried: "April fool! It's only papa!"

Wags—It takes two to make a quarrel. Wags—Yes; but a quarrelsome man can always find the other one.