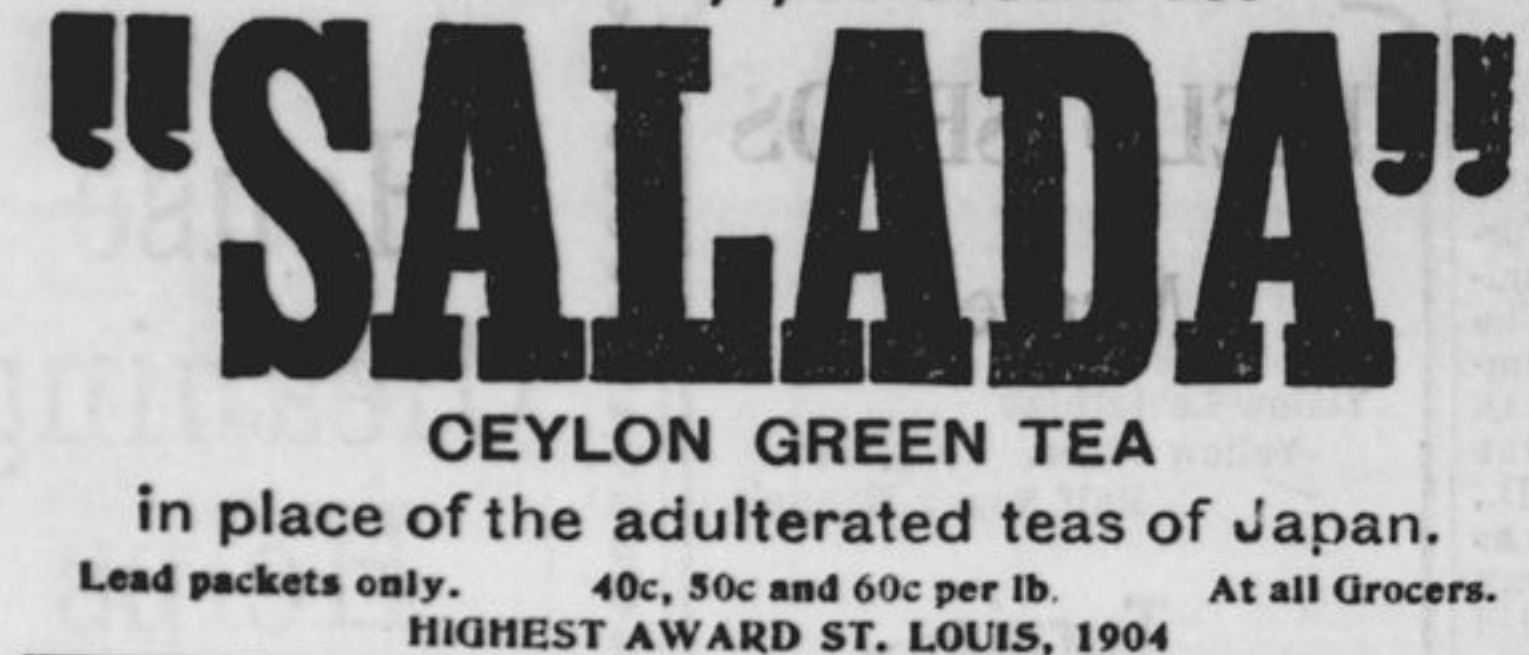


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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

"They were all so angry with you, that, without giving myself the trouble to think of my usual way, you know, I took for granted that you were a dreadful criminal; still I was as fond of you as ever—but mother would not hear of my writing. Then I was so bewildered about Finistoun. He came and went, and some people thought he was going to marry Lady Georgina Fitz-Maurice; but I did not. At last it was all settled; then we were frantically busy, and then I was travelling so much, and so selfishly I never gave a thought to any one, which I regretted, I know. Now, dear, that I am married to the nicest, kindest, pleasantest man, I feel that you were quite right to refuse Mr. Waring. Poor man—I liked him very much. It must be quite awful to be invited to any one you cannot love with all your heart. Of course, if Mrs. Newburgh had lived, it would have been different. I have told Finistoun all about you. He remembers you just as you are, and admires you very much. He says you are a plucky girl, but does not think you were wise to throw over Leslie Waring. The best of men, dear Mona, have very little sentiment about other people's marriages. I can at all manage it, I will come and see you as I pass through London; and you must come and stay with me. I am sure you will like Finistoun; he is not exactly handsome, but distinguishes, and really very clever. My father thinks very highly of him, and he is a sound conservative. The dear mother is flourishing and looks forward to presenting Geraldine next season. It is lonely, not having a daughter 'out.' Good-bye, dear Mona. You will forgive my neglect and grant I had a good excuse. Ever your attached,

"Evelyn Finistoun."

"I am not so sure about that," said Mona, smiling, as she put the letter, which she had read aloud, back into its envelope. "But I am most grateful for your writing at all. It is really a nice, dear thing."

"So she is, I am glad Squallini thought she had been well taught. I have heard of him. He gets his guinea lesson. I dare say I can do just as well, and I thought my fortune was when I first got seven-and-six. Why, Mona, there's a little man trying to open the gate—an old man, with a stick and an umbrella. It must be your millionaire."

CHAPTER IX.

In a few minutes the severe Jane entered and told them there was a gentleman—she hesitated before pronouncing the term—"wanting to see Miss Craig."

"Show him in at once, Jane," said Mrs. Debrisay, graciously, and the hero of Mona's adventure came in slowly, having left his hat in the hall.

He had rather a low, wide head, and a kind of reluctant smile.

"You'll excuse me," he said, falling on to a chair, rather than taking a seat, "but I am rather frail. It's a long way from the station here. I told you, haven't?"

His exceedingly Scotch accent must be imagined.

"Very pleased to receive you, sir," said Mrs. Debrisay, bluntly.

"But you should not have taken the trouble," added Mona, compassionately.

"I wanted to come," he said, wiping his brow with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. "First, I wanted to pay ye back your silver," he extracted a small bag purse from his trousers pocket, and took out sixpence; "and there it is," laying it on the table. "Next, I wanted to ask you a few questions, if you don't mind."

"Certainly not."

He did not reply immediately, but looked inquisitively and sharply round the room.

"You have a nice, tidy place; a bit of garden is pleasant. It's better, a good deal, than where I am. May be it costs more. I pay a guinea a week for a bedroom and a sitting room."

"We pay very little more for two rooms all to ourselves," said Mrs. Debrisay.

"Is she your mother," he asked, looking at Mona.

"No, not my mother, though she behaves like one."

"Ah, and you are sure you have no Scotch blood?"

"My father was Scotch."

He drew forth her card, and looked at it, slowly reading out, "Miss M. J. Craig."

"What does the M and the J stand for?"

"Mont Jocelyn."

"They are not vera Christian like names. Where did your father live?"

a bit, and my old master remembered me in his will, so, as I found my health failing, and new men coming into the firm, I thought I would rest and try to recover. I took a cottage and a bit farm awa' in the west, but I got rheumatism, and grew up to try to get a cottage a great London doctor, and was recommended to you place in Camden Town. The son of one of our clerks lodges there; but he is out 'a' day and I suspect 'a' night too. I am just wearin' 't; but I am not half cured yet. I wonder if this place is much further from Harley street?"

"By no means, my dear sir," cried Mrs. Debrisay. "It is a shorter and a pleasanter drive. I presume you are consulting the famous Dr. Swaithead?"

"That's the man. He is awfu' costly."

"What matter? so long as you can regain your precious health? I think you would find this neighborhood more salubrious, and in every way preferable. It may be. I will think of it."

"Will you not take the arm-chair, uncle?" said Mona; "that is such an uncomfortable one."

"Thank ye; it's well thought on. With various groans and twitches, Uncle Sandy transferred himself to the seat recommended. "Ye see," he explained, "I have been sair afflicted with a weakness in the spine; it's a sore hindrance. I have been high a month in London, and I've not heard one of the famous preachers yet. I have not had many opportunities, and I am well aware of my own deficiencies; but it was not for my pair frail body, I could impart myself rarely to any of the preachers. There's lectures, and concerts, and sermons, and the like."

"But I hope you will get stronger, uncle; then you will be able to enjoy this wonderful town," said Mona, kindly.

"His name was John; but I know little about him. I remember faintly that he was kind and loving."

"Well, I knew him. Knew him from his babyhood. My name is Craig—Alexander Craig, and I am your father's eldest brother."

"Indeed," cried Mona, touched, nay, even, pleased, to meet any one of her father's blood. "Then you are my uncle, my own uncle."

"I am that," he returned earnestly.

"But my dear sir," ejaculated Mrs. Debrisay, "forgive the caution of an old woman of the world—can you supply some proof that you are this dear child's nearest relative?"

"You are right to be cautious, dear. I have a letter from my niece's grandmother, written near fifteen years ago, offering to take her and provide for her. If her father's people would undertake never to come nigh her or interfere with her, I was a bachelor, and a busy man. I never approved of my brother's marriage. He took a wife from a class that despised his own, so I just let the poor woman go. I loved your father," he continued, looking at Mona, "almost like a son. You have a look of him, and a bonnie red head like his. Your mother was a pretty, dark-haired lassie; but I lost him when he married. She was too fine for me, and I lived away from them. Here's your grandmother's letter." He took out a large pocket-book, from the recesses of which he drew a letter, and handing it to Mona, observed, "It's not over seven years old."

"It is indeed poor grannie's writing," she said, passing it to Mrs. Debrisay. "I am glad to find you, uncle," and she gave her hand to her new-found relative.

"Thank you!" he exclaimed, holding it a minute. "It was just the guiding of Providence that brought you to your fearsome street to help me. When I looked in your face I felt you were nae that strange. But whar's your grandnither?"

"In her grave," said Mona, sadly. "She died suddenly—in my arms."

"I hope she was well prepared. And when was she called?"

"She died last November."

"Ah, awfu'! she'll have found out by this time that the poor and lowly of this world are the elect of the next."

"Mrs. Newburgh was a true Christian and a real lady," put in Mrs. Debrisay, emphatically.

"They dinna always hang together," returned their new acquaintance.

"She was very, very good to me," said Mona.

"Anyway, you've had a wise-like upbringing. You are not ashamed of your niece Sandy, though he is a plain body?"

"Ashamed! No, indeed, not!"

"None," she called it "noo"—"till me how ye come to be here with this ledly. I thought the Honorable Mrs. Newburgh—with somewhat sarcastic stress on "the Honorable"—was to leave you a fortune."

"Alas! my dear sir, my dear young friend's story has been a real tragedy," began Mrs. Debrisay, who proceeded, with suitable modulations of voice, to recite the tale of Mrs. Newburgh's loss, and the consequent poverty—of the necessity of her laboring in poverty to live, and being reduced to her present position.

Uncle Sandy listened with profound attention.

"Recooed, ye ca' it," he said. "It's no' reducing for an honest lassie to earn her own bread, which is mair honorable than the honors of the peerage! So you live here, my dearie! Ah, there's a good drop of Craig blood in yer veins, or you would not have set up for yourself, like a wise lassie. If ye can keep a roof like this over your head, ye canna be doing so bad."

"Remember my dear Madame Debrisay pays for the larger half."

"And what is she to you?"

"I think," said Uncle Sandy, with grave, deliberate approbation, "that you are just a pair of verri honest, respectable women."

"Thank you, uncle," said Mona, laughing. "We are both proud of your verdict."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Debrisay, insinuatingly, "perhaps your uncle would stay and share our modest midday repast. We have but a little cold roast beef, a salad, and 'omelet aux fines herbes,' but at least it will avert the pangs of hunger."

"Roast beef, did you say?" asked Mr. Craig, anxiously; "I canna digest boiled! But you're verri good, and I shall be happy to join you, for the pleasure of your society." And told you, I am verri fond of your farm, your youth under a fine man, Mr. Kenneth Macechorn, of Macechorn & Leslie, the great jute manufacturers. He retired, but he just missed the occupation; and went off like a puff of wind. I kept it on, and saved

Chicago Tries Sword Canes

THE LATEST MEANS OF DEFENCE AGAINST HOLD-UP MEN.

Notice the canes carried by Chicago men after nightfall and you'll probably observe a metal ring or an almost invisible button in the thick six or eight inches below the handle. Press the button and give the cane a sharp twist and you'll be surprised to find that the handle is easily separated from the body of the cane, and that a metal blade, sharp and pointed, is attached to the handle. For the sword cane has lately come into new favor with those who make use of Chicago streets after dark.

And of those who do not carry sword canes, it is a safe bet that nine out of every ten carry a revolver tucked in their overcoat pockets.

The entire city is terrorized by the exploits of thugs and bandits. Even theatre-goers carry weapons to the playhouse with them. The man who returned through Chicago streets at night, even in the heart of the business and theatrical district, is taking long chances.

At the corner of State and Van Buren streets, a few nights ago, a hold-up occurred. In the heart of the city, about 11 o'clock at night, a countryman from Iowa faced a drawn revolver thrust under his nose, and was compelled to disgorge his watch and \$10 in cash. Street cars and pedestrians were within easy reach of the thug, yet he performed his feat unmolested.

Twenty minutes later the countryman, who had regained his nerve and had followed the highwayman, suddenly sprang upon the bandit and fell him with a blow. Then he helped himself to his own watch and money, took the thug's revolver from him, and forced him to surrender his own watch. When the Iowa man reported the matter to the police, they decided that he had a clear title to the spoils won from the highwayman.

Another illustration of the boldness of the thugs is found in the experience of a young woman from New York, who is staying at one of the most fashionable hotels in the city. A few minutes before 6 o'clock, one evening last week, she entered the hotel by the side entrance and passed into a log corridor leading to her main lobby. The corridor was deserted except for a young man.

Suddenly he struck her in the face, forced her against the wall and almost strangled her, at the same time trying to wrench loose her hat, a chateaux bag and watch. She was unable to scream, and was fainting when a messenger boy happened to enter the corridor and gave the alarm.

The thug knocked the boy down and made his escape by the side door. This happened in the largest hotel in Chicago, in the heart of the city.

Take half a dozen casual business men in Chicago and then take a poll, and it is a safe bet that at least two out of the six can tell you their experience with the carrying of sword canes. It is small wonder, then, that practically every man who is obliged to be out late at night carries a revolver or a weapon of some kind.

It is rather dangerous, however, to carry weapons. Not that the police will arrest you. The law about carrying concealed weapons in Chicago is a dead letter and is never enforced. The danger comes from being caught by bandits.

It is a recognized principle of bandit law that any victims caught with revolvers must be beaten and kicked unmercifully. The bandits do this to discourage the carrying of concealed weapons. As a precaution against attacks, experienced citizens always carry their guns in their hands when passing through dark streets.

The most popular revolver in Chicago—and you can hear all kinds of arguments about revolvers at the clubs and hotels—is the magazine revolver, operated like the Mauser rifle, for almost nine dumb-dumb cartridges, and yet it is so small that it can be conveniently carried in a coat pocket.

But the use of sword canes, after all the most striking feature of the situation in Chicago. The length of the blades varies, but the most popular weapon is one with a short blade, not over two feet long. This can be used as a dagger or dirk, and is valuable in coming to close quarters with the thug. The long blades or rapiers, are useless if the thug once breaks inside the guard.

These blades can be had in Toledo steel, and some of them are very handsome affairs. A beautiful blade attached to an ivory handle is considered in a case belonging to a theatrical manager, who has carried it for fifteen years. It was made to order for him, and cost \$45.

Canes with good blades can be purchased for almost any price from \$2.50 up. For \$2.50 one can purchase a fairly good stick with an eighteen inch dirk, the stick being made of unpollished birch.

For \$5 one can get a very excellent weapon in polished wood, with a two-foot dirk. For \$10 one can secure a long blade, with an automatic tilt, or guard, which unfolds as soon as the blade is drawn from the cane. The tilt is a very valuable adjunct, as it prevents the hand from slipping upon the blade in a scuffle.

The fashion in hold-ups has changed slightly since the thugs found out that many people were carrying sword canes. They learned it unexpectedly in Buena Park, a fashionable suburb north of Chicago, in December.

Two of them undertook to relieve a young man of his valuables at the muzzle of a pair of revolvers. The man, as the second thug came near to search him, made a sudden lunge with his sword cane, which he had released without being observed.

If he had tried to run the man through it would have been an easy task. He had lacked the nerve to deliberately plunge a knife into a man's body, so he slashed at the thug's revolver arm with an upward cut and evidently inflicted a severe injury, for the bandit yelled and dropped his gun. His companion fired one shot at random and ran.

Nowadays, if a man is caught by

SUNDAY AT HOME

An Avalanche of Fire. (By a Banker.)

Amongst the most awe-inspiring spectacles ever witnessed upon this earth a great forest of heat fire takes a most place. Originating perhaps with a carelessly thrown lighted match, a strong wind fans the flame, and in an incredibly short space of time a broad stretch of heat is blazing furiously. Ever broadening out, the conflagration is soon a very dense of fire, curling billows of wildfire, savagely leaping and bounding onwards; new, as a wide breath of force is reached, with a fierce roar the livid flames mounting high in air, forked, blood-red tongues of palpitating fire quivering and vibrating half concealed amidst the rolling grating wreaths of blinding smoke; now, as a clump of tall fir is gripped by the devouring torrent, a very inferno, a whirlwind of eddying flames, surging madly in a frenzied spasm of lurid rage with a hoarse stridor as though it were the blast of a wild, infuriated hurricane; and now, the gale moderating, stealing along with diminished fury, though still issuing sea of tossing fire rollers, until at length the destroying blast subsides, the convulsive roar is stilled, and the wild, raging organism is quelled.

But what a terrible metamorphosis! Where once was a smiling landscape is now but a black ruin, a ravaged devastated wilderness. Where once all was in floral beauty, tufts of heather, bell all aglow in a brilliant pink, tassels and garlands of traveller's joy hanging in luxuriant profusion from the boughs of a tall thorn or hazel, erect spikes of purple foxglove, or pendant drupes of the graceful bitter-sweet, all now are swept away and reduced to ashes, and in their place is but a desolate waste, the destroying blast still, the convulsive roar is stilled, and the wild, raging organism is quelled.

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Money Makers

Holstein-Friesian cows are money-makers because they are milk-makers. No other breed of dairy cows can furnish so high a percentage of large yields. In this breed the large milkers are many, the small milkers are few. In other breeds the large milkers are few, and the small milkers are many.

This is a business point that should attract the attention of business dairymen. The small milkers cost their owner about as much for "keep" as the large milkers cost their owner. The large yielder, therefore, makes milk at a lower cost than the small yielder. Both are equal at the feed rack, but the large yielder at the milk rail is worth two or three small yielders.

The Holstein-Friesian is pre-eminently a large yielder. She has been made prosperous by her. The world over she is regarded as the greatest dairy cow, greatest for yield of milk, greatest for fine quality of milk, greatest for fine butter production, greatest for prepocity, greatest for ability to thrive under all sorts of conditions, greatest for proliarity, greatest for longevity and general usefulness.

Farmers, who are producing milk for cheese and butter factories, for condensaries, or for the liquid markets, need to start right. They need cows of vigorous constitution, cows that can consume large quantities of feed and convert it into large quantities of fine milk, and cows that milk long, breed vigorously, and produce calves that are healthy and easily reared. Such cows are money makers. The Holstein-Friesian are such cows.

The cow that is to make money must make milk in quantities above the average. She must be a large eater, a good digester, a perfect assimilator of digested food, and a ready transformer of the food into fine milk. The farmer should not look for a "small eating" cow for the small enter must be a small milker, and a little extra butterfat in her milk will not make up financially for the deficiency in quantity. The manufacturer does not attempt to make a ton of steel out of materials that contain only a possible half ton. The milk producer cannot force a ton of milk from a cow whose good in a ten-time time contains only half a ton of milk.

It is not economy to select for milkers cows that are "light feeders." The light feeder may cost her owner \$4 or \$5 less per year than the "heavy feeder" would cost him, but she will give him only 2,000 pounds of milk a year, while the large feeder will give him 5,000 or 7,000 or 9,000 pounds of milk. The cow that in return for \$5 more in feed can give 2,000 to 6,000 pounds of milk is evidently a money maker. The Holstein-Friesian cow does this.

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Can Obtain New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anæmia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood and thus cure anæmia. When the blood is poor the nerves are starved and irritable. Then comes hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness and other nerve disorders. Headaches, backaches and sideaches wear out and depress the poor pale victim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon bring ruddy health and lively vigor. They soothe the jangled nerves and give new strength to every organ. Miss Winnie Allen, Montreal, says: "I was so weak and run down that my friends thought that I was going into consumption. I was as pale as a corpse, had no appetite and did not sleep well. The least exertion tired me out, and if I walked a few blocks I would be almost breathless. My sister advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using them for a few weeks I am again enjoying good health, and have good color. I think every weak girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured Miss Allen. The pale anæmic needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood with every dose. That is why they cure all common diseases like anæmia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the secret troubles that make the lives of thousands of women miserable. Dr. Williams' medicine can be had by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

DEATH TO MOSQUITOES.

Carbolic Acid and Camphor Used to Kill the Pests.

With the advent of summer the extermination of mosquitoes will again be taken up, and since these insects are now known to be carriers of malaria and yellow fever, and perhaps other less serious ailments, their presence is no longer tolerated with the indifference that once existed. However, so many bright minds have been working on methods of extermination that the present season's campaign will be much more effective than in the past, especially as regards house fumigation.

Professor Mims, of New Orleans, one of the experts engaged during the recent yellow fever scare, has discovered a new fumigant, for interior use, which has received the approval of the United States Marine Hospital service.

The new agent has been named "quillicide," and is a mixture of equal parts of carbolic acid crystals and camphor, made up in a solution, and evaporated by means of the alcohol lamp. Four ounces of this mixture is sufficient to exterminate all insects, such as house flies, mosquitoes, roaches, etc., in a room of 1,000 cubic feet capacity. The solution may be put in an enameled wash-basin and supported on a piece of stovepipe placed over the alcohol lamp. Evaporation is very rapid, 20 minutes being sufficient for application to an ordinary room, and at the end of that time the room may be entered and the windows and doors opened for ventilation without danger or particular discomfort.

It is this harmless and rapidity of action that makes quillicide so valuable, especially as it does not injure fabrics or the ordinary furnishings. Its comparative economy is a cardinal feature.

Same Ring, New Engagement.

Miranda—I accepted Mr. Mashiegh last night and he is going to get the engagement ring to-day.

Muriel—Oh he already has it. I returned to him this morning the one he gave me.—Life.

The Man Who Won.

He kept his soul unspotted. As he went upon his knees and he tried to do some service for God's people day by day; He had time to cheer the doubter. Who complained that hope was dead; He had time to help the cripple. When the crowd of sinners were dead; He had time to guard the orphan, and one day, well satisfied. With the talents God had given him he closed his eyes and died.

The Divine Love.

All the love there is in the universe proceeds from loving hearts. Love is not an abstraction, but is the actual manifestation of personality. Wherever there is love there is some person who exercises it, and without whom it would not exist. As well might one expect to find sin in the world apart from sinful beings as to find love apart from loving hearts and lives.

The central source, manifestation and embodiment of love is God himself. He is so disposed in his infinite perfection that he must bestow love upon which to lavish himself, and in order to have them he must create them and provide for them. His love is not an abstraction, nor can we conceive it as a mere characteristic or attribute, but are made acquainted with it in the exercise or bestowal of it upon the objects of his love.

A light gives light, and a loving person loves. We know that a light is a light, because it gives light, and a loving person will find objects to love and will love them. So far as we know, the universe is infinite. We do not know where its boundaries are or could be, and it may be that space is infinite in extent, peopled with worlds, as the habitations of the infinite God, even as eternity, which is infinite without beginning or ending, is the lifetime of the eternal God. He is everywhere and always, infinite and eternal, and it may be that it requires an infinite universe to satisfy his love, the object of love of his infinite heart. With a commensurate object love is bereft of its proper life.

An Ill Wind, Etc.

Old Mr. Brownson (reading the paper)—I see that in the recent storm a sea ship loaded with passengers was wrecked. Old Mrs. Brownson (gladly)—How terrible! I can imagine how glad those passengers were to get on dry land.

In buying a horse a woman usually fails to drive a bargain, though she may not be able to horse.