

BECAUSE

Of its Absolute Purity and Delicious Flavor



CEYLON GREEN TEA

is rapidly taking the place of Japan.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Woman at Last

Bereft of sympathy, life would be but a struggling mass of discordant atoms, without coherence, without harmony. Justice might guide our actions—even generosity might bestow its bounty; yet, needing that contact, that fusion, that man souls would fly further and further from each other. Sympathy, too, is the informing soul of genius. The power to put one's self in another's place—to understand by the magic of fellow-feeling his strength and weakness, to penetrate those dusky mental centres where lurk the meanness and deceit of which he is ashamed, and by which he is nevertheless actuated—the broad kindness that disdains no atom of humanity, but sees a possible self in the poorest and most fallen—these bestow the faculty of true second sight on him who perceives much, because he loves much. Mme. Debrisy and Mona were happy together, because they thoroughly understood each other.

There were depths in Mona's nature, perhaps, beyond the reach of madame's plummet; but there was nothing in hers to make it discordant. Indeed, the more it was called upon, the more readily did it respond—as a high-mettled steed answers to the spur, or breaks its heart in the attempt.

Mona enjoyed the pleasure of answering madame's questions. It was so delightful to be remembered after many days.

The last lesson had been given—the last promise to write "directly they returned to town" spoken, and Mme. Debrisy and Mona were sitting at the table, meeting accidentally in the train, walked home together.

"I do think," said the former, "that ours is the neatest garden in the village; but I fancy the trees are turning a little already."

"The green has deepened, that is all," returned Mona. "Look, Deb! Mrs. Puffidiff has put up a card. Mr. Rigen has must be going sooner than we thought. I must say the dog has behaved very well lately. I will ask Mrs. Puffidiff to come up after tea. I suppose he is going. I do hope she will let the rooms soon. Mrs. Rigen has returned early, and informed her that he had found better and cheaper rooms—that he was going away to the country the next day—that he would take his dog, and would not return; therefore Mrs. Puffidiff might make out to look after his little wants if he were in the same house."

"Well, really, Deb, I am afraid he would be too great a bother to me. I am rather unkind and selfish to say so."

"Yes, it is, cherie, and I am ashamed of you. But let us poor souls have a bit of comfort, while he is in this strange wilderness of a place; it will help him. It certainly is a bad season."

"Yes; she will fret a good deal if she does not."

And Mrs. Puffidiff disclosed a tale of woe.

"I get better all the quicker, and then he will be off to his residence in the west of Scotland. Perhaps he will return our hospitalities by inviting us to stay in the Highlands; and if you will only be guided by me, house and land and all will be yours."

"House and land? Why, Deb, you are more imaginative than ever. However, do as you like. I am awfully selfish, I am afraid, but I dread that poor Uncle Sandy may spoil our holiday."

The following morning brought a letter from Mr. Craig, written in what had been a business hand, now run to seed, and exceedingly shaky.

He had been, he said, exceedingly unwell, and confined to the house with a bad cold; that he was now considerably better, and proposed calling on Wednesday, first when he hoped his niece and her friend—the orthography of which name had escaped him—would assist in finding him suitable lodgings, as his present abode was cold and damp, and most prejudicial to his peculiar condition."

"Wednesday first," repeated Mona. "Does he mean Wednesday next—that will be to-morrow."

"He will come in the nick of time," exclaimed Mme. Debrisy. "He is the very man for the rooms upstairs, and they are the rooms for him. Now, leave everything to me."

Mme. Debrisy lost no time in advising Mrs. Puffidiff to put the rooms in order, as it was probable that a gentleman would look at them next day.

"A very advantageous tenant," Mrs. Puffidiff added madame with some importance. "He is wealthy, but somewhat eccentric. He does not wish to be considered poor, or to seem poor—still he is sound and reliable, and will be most punctual."

"I am sure madam, it will be rare luck to rent my rooms straight off, and to a relation of Miss Craig's too."

"I will come up and look at them, Mrs. Puffidiff."

"They are all in disorder now, ma'am; but I never let real dirt lay about."

"So, Mme. Debrisy ascended, and remained some time absent.

When she returned she took up the needlework she had left and said, gravely—

"Mona, my heart, write a line to your uncle, ask him to take his bit of dinner with us to-morrow, and mention that there are rooms to let in this house; but if they do not suit him we will look for others."

"I will ask him to dinner, certainly; but let us leave the question of lodging to the chapter of accidents."

"Mona, I feel a conviction that you should not let the nice old man slip through your fingers."

"Dearest Deb, why do you talk as if I believed he had many thousands to bequeath, which I do not."

Mme. Debrisy opened her lips to speak and then closed them firmly, keeping silent for some instants.

"Well, dear," she said at length, "may be you are right. I am a little inclined to follow 'Will-o'-the-wisps'; take your own way."

"You are wise Deb after all," returned Mona, going to the writing-table, and beginning a note to her uncle. "Of course if he chooses to take the rooms, I will make no objection."

"We will go out after dinner," observed Mrs. Puffidiff, "and I'll get some ribbon for your hat. You will see if I don't turn out something equal to Madame Isabelle."

"I have no doubt you can—"

And Mme. Debrisy glided skillfully away from the subject in dispute.

"Well, I shall not be sorry, though I must say the dog has behaved very well lately. I will ask Mrs. Puffidiff to come up after tea. I suppose he is going. I do hope she will let the rooms soon. Mrs. Rigen has returned early, and informed her that he had found better and cheaper rooms—that he was going away to the country the next day—that he would take his dog, and would not return; therefore Mrs. Puffidiff might make out to look after his little wants if he were in the same house."

"Well, really, Deb, I am afraid he would be too great a bother to me. I am rather unkind and selfish to say so."

"Yes, it is, cherie, and I am ashamed of you. But let us poor souls have a bit of comfort, while he is in this strange wilderness of a place; it will help him. It certainly is a bad season."

"Yes; she will fret a good deal if she does not."

And Mrs. Puffidiff disclosed a tale of woe.

"I get better all the quicker, and then he will be off to his residence in the west of Scotland. Perhaps he will return our hospitalities by inviting us to stay in the Highlands; and if you will only be guided by me, house and land and all will be yours."

"House and land? Why, Deb, you are more imaginative than ever. However, do as you like. I am awfully selfish, I am afraid, but I dread that poor Uncle Sandy may spoil our holiday."

The following morning brought a letter from Mr. Craig, written in what had been a business hand, now run to seed, and exceedingly shaky.

He had been, he said, exceedingly unwell, and confined to the house with a bad cold; that he was now considerably better, and proposed calling on Wednesday, first when he hoped his niece and her friend—the orthography of which name had escaped him—would assist in finding him suitable lodgings, as his present abode was cold and damp, and most prejudicial to his peculiar condition."

"Wednesday first," repeated Mona. "Does he mean Wednesday next—that will be to-morrow."

"He will come in the nick of time," exclaimed Mme. Debrisy. "He is the very man for the rooms upstairs, and they are the rooms for him. Now, leave everything to me."

Mme. Debrisy lost no time in advising Mrs. Puffidiff to put the rooms in order, as it was probable that a gentleman would look at them next day.

"A very advantageous tenant," Mrs. Puffidiff added madame with some importance. "He is wealthy, but somewhat eccentric. He does not wish to be considered poor, or to seem poor—still he is sound and reliable, and will be most punctual."

lace cap, went out to assist his descent from the vehicle. A shrill wrangle ensued over the fare, from which Mr. Craig—cool, persistent, and utterly impervious to insult, where "siller" was concerned—came forth triumphant.

Mona, who had been making sauce for the salad, according to Mme. Debrisy's recipe, had just placed the salad bowl on the table, when he stumped in with the aid of a stick and umbrella.

"Well," he said, tumbling into a chair and holding out his hand to Mona, "I did not think I would live to see you again, but here I am."

"You are looking better than I hoped to see you," she said, kindly.

"Eh! I have been awful bad, and I am varra lonely in you place. Women-kind are aye thoughtful for the sick and weak, and I am pleased to take my bit dinner wi' you."

"And we are glad to see you."

"Can ye cook?" was his next question.

"Well, not much."

"You see, my dear sir," cried Mme. Debrisy, "the dear child has not much opportunity of learning; but she has a natural aptitude which I endeavor to cultivate."

"That's right; every woman ought to cook. Ye see, that's their natural work, and that doctoring—I don't mean prescribing medicine, but seeing to its being swallowed."

"By this time dinner had been placed on the table, and Uncle Sandy appreciated fried sole, some boiled trout, white sauce, and a choux-au-gratin, prepared by Mme. Debrisy's own and still plump hands.

He spoke little while he ate, belonging to that unaffected class who think that dinner means eating—not social enjoyment.

When he had had enough, he pushed away his plate, and then, as if Mme. Debrisy and Mona, who had been quietly waiting for him, returned thanks at some length, and then—very deliberately took a vial from his pocket, dropped a certain quantity into a glass, added water, and drank it.

"Ah!" he said, "I have had a good dinner, which is conducive to digestion. Now, Mona, what is the meaning of that bit card in the window; is to say the rooms are to let?"

"They are, uncle."

"Then, if they are not too costly, I will take them. That young man—ah! Robertson's son—has not behaved as he should, and it is as well I should have my brother's daughter to look after me."

"I shall be very happy to do all I can for you, uncle; but you must remember that when my pupils come back to town, I shall be obliged to go out a great deal."

"Never mind. Pupils or no pupils, you stick to me."

Mme. Debrisy gave a slight nod and a proud glance, expressing, "Didn't I tell you?" most distinctly.

"I'll look after you, if you will look after me!" he continued. "Whenever Madame will come with me, I will go upstairs and see the place."

This intention was duly carried out, and Uncle Sandy, after careful examination, pronounced it to be "very good."

"It would suit me well to give under the same roof with ye both" (he said "baith"), and I do not wish to give any trouble. When ye buy for yourself, ye can buy for me. When ye have a pleasant book ye can lend it to me, and when I am frazier than my ordinar, she, a nod to Mona, "can read to me. Noo, I'll give you a look at the two rooms."

"Let us see Mrs. Puffidiff," quoth Mme. Debrisy.

Whereupon a long discussion arose. Mr. Craig had no objection to be a monthly tenant.

"I have let my wee place for two years," he said, "and I can bide better here than elsewhere."

So after some haggling, for he would not bear of looking elsewhere, he became Mrs. Puffidiff's tenant from the following Monday at the large rent of five pounds ten per month.

Uncle Sandy lost no time in shifting his quarters.

Early in the forenoon of the day on which his week in the Camden Town lodgings ended, he appeared at Westbourne Villas with all his effects.

It was a curious collection—a battered leather portmanteau, a couple of cushions strapped on top of it; a tin box, bursting with the number of medicine bottles, lotions, and embrocations crammed into it; a large, untidy parcel of books, tied with many pieces of twine knotted together; and one inexpressible item—a large, wide-mouthed, brown earthen jar, a square of canvas fastened carefully over the orifice. These—a spare umbrella and two walking sticks of different thickness—were carefully transferred to his apartments.

Mona and madame endeavored to make them look neat and cheerful, had contributed some flowers and a growing fern to the decoration of the sitting room and flattered themselves that Mr. Craig would be charmed with the attention.

"Ah!" he groaned—"guttural ab!" dropping into a chair as soon as he had mounted to his rooms. "It's an awful wau! I was better on the ground-floor in yon house."

"Oh, I hope you won't regret the change!" said Mme. Debrisy, politely.

"You will not want to go up or down stairs much; and you see the folding doors to your chambre a couche make it nice and airy."

"To my what?" asked Uncle Sandy. "I dinna understand foreign tongues."

"Your bedroom. You see, my dear sir, I am half French, and the language I have been so long accustomed to slips out now and then."

Uncle Sandy gave an inarticulate grunt in reply to this explanation, and then, looking round and sniffing vigorously he exclaimed:

"'What's that I smell so strong?"

"Perhaps these flowers," returned Mona, who came in as he spoke, carrying his sticks and umbrella.

"Ay, no doubt. Just take them away, will ye? They are varra unwholesome. Every medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. LeBlanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says: 'Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was cozier and sicker, and at that age sold by my mother to the doctor, and he sold me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I was cured in ten days. I was then I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child.' Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Water alone, my dear sir? Will you put something in to qualify it?"

"I never put anything in, your honor; but the doctors say I ought to take a draught whiskey for my stomach's sake."

"I am so sorry! but we have not such a thing in the house. I will send Jane for a bottle of whiskey."

"London whisky!" cried Uncle Sandy, very audibly; adding with pious earnestness, "God forbid!" Then, rising, he clutched Mona's arm with one hand and his stick with the other. "I have a draught in my portmanteau, and I'll just get it."

"Can I get it for you, uncle?"

"Naw!" very decidedly. "I never give my keys to anyone!"

With many groans he bent his knees, leaning heavily on Mona—for the portmanteau had been placed on the floor—and managed to unlock it. Mona had stepped back as soon as he let her go, lest he should think her inquisitive; but the heavy lid was too much for him.

"Why don't ye give me a han'?" he asked, querulously.

Mona came to his assistance, and the exceedingly mixed contents of the portmanteau were displayed in view.

Uncle Sandy picked out trousers and waistcoats and socks recklessly until he reached the layer where the whiskey-bottle was embedded; he handed it to his niece, and, having thrust his garments in again, looked the recipient; and, rising to the help of madame's young son, tumbled into his chair again, with many exclamations of pain. The desired refreshment was procured, and then Mona proposed that he should have the newspapers with the help of madame's young son.

"Ay!" said Uncle Sandy. "That'll do fine. I am just awful weary. Are ye going to give me a bite the day, as there is nothing preparit?"

"Certainly!" said Mona.

"I'll be obliged to you, but I beg the pleasure of your company," said Mme. Debrisy.

(To be continued.)

NERVOUS CHILDREN.

St. Vitus Dance, Neuralgia and Headaches Common Among School Children.

St. Vitus dance is a disease that is becoming more and more frequent among school children. Young people take the nerves with study and hard labor, and the form of neuralgia, headache, nervous exhaustion, weakness of the limbs and muscles, and what we call "being run down." In other cases St. Vitus dance is the result, and the sufferer frequently loses control of the limbs, which keep up a constant jerking and twitching. There is only one way to cure this trouble—through the blood which feeds and strengthens the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only medicine that can make the new rich red blood that feeds the nerves and strengthens every part of the body. The case of Flossie Doan, of Crowland, Ont., proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Doan says: "I am a mother of a daughter afflicted with St. Vitus dance. She became so nervous that after a time we could not let her see even her friends. She could not pick up a pencil, and she had to be constantly helped to help herself. She had grown thin and very pale, and as she had been treated by several doctors without benefit, I feared she would not recover. A friend advised me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after she had used a couple of boxes I could see that they were helping her. We gave her nine boxes in all, and by that time she was perfectly well and every symptom of trouble had passed away. She is now a strong well developed girl."

If your growing children are weak or nervous, if they are pale and thin, lack appetite or complain of headaches or backaches, give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and see how speedily the rich, red blood these pills make will transform them into bright, active, robust boys and girls. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50¢ per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Century Ago.

Few persons to-day stop to realize how different things were in the States a century ago. Here are a few things to think of:

Merchants wrote their letters with quill pens. Sand was used to dry the ink, as there was no blotting paper.

Mona and madame had to be satisfied with three or four boxes; letters were sent by the stage, and it cost eighteen and one-half cents to send a letter from Boston to New York, and twenty-five cents from Boston to Philadelphia.

Every gentleman—Washington, for example—wore a queue, many powdered their hair.

Imprisonment for debt was common.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

The Mississippi Valley was not so well known as the States of the East.

Two stage coaches carried all the travelers between New York and Boston, and six days were required for the journey.

There was not a public library in the United States. A day laborer received two shillings a day.

Stoves were unknown. All cooking was done at an open fireplace.

Many of the streets were unnamed.

DELICATE BABIES.

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial infirmity is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make weak, sickly children well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. LeBlanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says: "Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was cozier and sicker, and at that age sold by my mother to the doctor, and he sold me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I was cured in ten days. I was then I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child." Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUFFERING

An Ontario Farmer Finds a Cure at Last in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Direct Cause of His Trouble was a Strain in the Back Which Affected His Kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Ardoch, Ont., May 14.—(Special.)—Mr. Am J. Jeanneret, of this place, gives a very interesting account of his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "I hurt my back and strained my kidneys and for 18 years I suffered on and off intense agony. I was subject to attacks of Rheumatism and Lumbago. My joints were stiff, my muscles cramped. I lost my appetite, my flesh began to fall away, my nerves were shaken, I could not rest or sleep at night and I was sinking into a deplorable condition when I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes and I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was. I am certain I owe my cure wholly to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

FAMILY LYING AMONG BELLS.

Births, Deaths and Marriages in a Great Cathedral Tower.

So far above the pavement that those who walk in and out among the hundreds of passing vehicles appear like creeping insects, and so high that the ordinary noises of the city reach upward only as a confused murmur, lives the family that has the distinction of being the most elevated in Mexico's capital. The home of this family is high up in the eastern tower of the cathedral, and there, among the bells that for centuries have called the faithful to the services of the church, this family has lived for years, and there is every indication that the tower will be their home for many years to come. Two years ago Manuel Brena, the head of this family, died, and now his widow, Luisa de Brena, assisted by her three sons and her daughter, looks after the ringing of the bells and cares for the great clock that has marked time for so many years for the residents of that part of the city.

Brena had been led to live in the little home among the bells, births have there been celebrated and death many times has come to the occupants. It was more than 100 years ago that a man was placed in charge of the bells and that who now lives there are the lineal descendants of this man. This man was the grandfather of Luisa de Brena, who is now a grandmother herself. When her husband died he was an old man, and the woman is no longer young, but it is probable that the present holder of the position of bell-ringer will not pass to new hands when she is carried down the winding flight of stairs. Doubtless the work will fall to one or all of her sons, who now spend their time in looking after the work of ringing the bells at intervals, the time of which is no doubt known to the priests themselves no better than to them.

They are bell-ringers by birth and education. The one who sings the masses before the altar knows the time for the ringing and the length of the performance no better nor as well as the members of the Brena family. There are three sons, Francisco, Augustin and Antonio, and one daughter, Maria Gaudipia. The mother and daughter care for the home and the sons handle the ropes their father, their grandfather and their great-grandfather once handled.

Probably not one man out of ten knows that a family is living in one of the cathedral towers, and probably not one man out of a hundred knows anything of the condition of that home. By far the majority of those who do know there is a family there it is imagined that they live like ordinary people. The idea doubtless prevails that the family lives like the poorest portero, but should any one pay a visit to this home above the city they would find a home far superior to the average home in Mexico City.

The Brena home is one of the most comfortable of homes. Its sanitary condition is naturally far superior to that of nine-tenths of the homes on a level with the thousands of buildings that compose the city, and the air that reaches the cathedral home is filtered of the nauseous odors that are not uncommon to those who live below. The fresh air of the country seems blowing about one, and it is refreshing to the imagination to believe it really is the same untainted atmosphere of the hills that circle the city.

Instead of living like peons, the Brena family lives among luxuries the poor of the city never have. The cement floors are covered with carpets, and furniture and pictures give to the several rooms that are located there a home-like air that might cause the family to be envied in spite of the immense number of steps it is necessary to take in order to reach them. At one side of the parlor is a piano, and Miss Brena and one of her brothers are skilled in its use. The music of the church and the music that is never heard in the organ loft may frequently be heard by those who sit in the benches in front of the cathedral. Many have wondered where the sounds come from, and few have discovered that they come from among the bells of the old cathedral.

It was here the mother was married more than thirty years ago and doubtless it will be there that the daughter will be married some day. For the maidens of the Brena family the bells of the cathedral are wedding bells, and on those occasions the men of the family perform a double duty when they pull the ropes, and those below seldom know that the ringing is for anything more than the ordinary services of the church.—Mexican Troubles for Spring Days.

SECRETS OF OLD CASTLES

Current Comment.

The strange discovery in Ireland the other day of a vaulted subterranean chamber under an ancient castle revives the belief in the undiscovered secrets that still await the explorer of our medieval strongholds.

Romantic novellas have been largely responsible for the general adherence to the very real mysteries and tragedies of these grim castles, for their tales of hidden wrongs and violence have come to be regarded as merely efforts at the imagination, having no existence in fact. How very wide of the mark this is let the following few instances show:

A discovery almost precisely identical with that in County Roscommon a few days since was made in 1828 during the restoration works in the ancient chapel attached to the castle of St. Michael's mount, in Cornwall, which dates back to the fourteenth century. The workmen in removing a wooden platform discovered a walled-up door in the south wall and opening it a narrow flight of stone steps was revealed, leading down into a grim stone cell six feet square, without door or other opening than the door by which they had entered.

They were horrified by stumbling in the darkness of that dreadful place upon what proved to be a skeleton of a man of extraordinary height as the bones were found to have thrust into this living tomb to die of starvation has never been discovered. Such dangerous as these in which you find your victim and then "forget" him, were known as "obolites."

The appalling cynicism that constructed this particular example beneath the chapel floor is worthy of remark. While the doomed man lay in the cell he was surrounded by above him the pious castellan and his fellow villagers were praying God.

The ruined castellated manor house of Minister Lovel in Oxfordshire kept its tragic secret some 220 years.

This is one of the most romantic places in England, both in the circumstances of its situation and its story. It came to Francis, Viscount Lovel in the age of Charles II. He it was whose name was one of the subjects of a political rhyme then current in the land:

The cat, the rat and Lovel the dog
Rule all England, under the hog.

The cat was Catesby, the rat Radcliffe and the dog King Richard himself, whose favorite badge was the blue dog. The chief ancestor of Lovel was a nobleman like the expression of a special hatred and contempt of him, but it was merely a play upon his ancestral crest, that of a hound, or, in heraldic language, a "talbot." Still, he was his own man, and his own master, and he was the object of much hatred on the part of the nobles, for he had asserted their cause for the Yorkists.

Charles II. triumphed and Henry VII. reigned Lovel, to save his head, fled the country, but returned later with the invader's expedition of the impostor, Lambert Simnel. At the battle of Stoke, when Simnel was defeated, Lovel mysteriously disappeared. By some he was thought to have fallen on the field, while others declared that they had seen him in flight, attempting to swim his horse across the broad channel of the River Trent.

He was never again heard of until 1706, when, in the course of some house repairs, what had been his old manor house of Minister Lovel, a large underground vault was discovered. When the workmen accidentally broke into it they were astounded at the grisly sight of the skeleton of a man seated at a table, his body still supported by a shivered countenance, dried, parchment-like, over the skull. Before him lay a cap moulded, and decayed in the course of time, and a few empty barrels and some gnawed bones were also discovered.

The discovery explained the mysterious disappearance of Lord Lovel. He had fled from the fatal field to his old home in the peaceful country, and in the winding windward and had lain there in concealment, far removed from hostile notice. In this secret room his existence was known to only one confidential servant.

He had been furnished with provisions to last some time, and his food had been locked in against such time as it would be possible once more to escape abroad. Whether he died by starvation or whether he was killed or died will never be known. Only the fact remains with the unfortunate Lord Lovel, having exhausted his stock of food, was starved to death in his secret hiding place.

Nowadays the great house of Minister Lovel is no more than a mass of tall, ruined walls, from whose midst the traveller sees the parish church rising majestically in the distant view. Many supernatural legends belong to old castles. That of Skerfish, in Cumberland, was the subject of such a one so far back as the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was said: "The voice of the wind in the chimney was the voice of the queen's ministers from the tower of London that he might be set at liberty to go and find his treasure for the queen's majesty, probably thinking that even an encounter with guardian devils would be preferable to a toro-toro. But he do not let that let him go."

A secret to the supernatural sort is tradition said to be lodged in Rochester castle. According to the marvelous legend, a mysterious crypt exists, crammed full of untold stores of treasure.

To find it you must seek with a hand of glory—rather a difficult thing to obtain in these days. To prepare this magic article you cut off the dried guilty hand of a hanged and gibbeted murderer, wrap it in a winding sheet, and place it in a box, and then, after a number of exceedingly nasty rites take some of the murderer's fat and some of his hair and mix the mixture with the fingers of the hand, making them, in fact, into so many candles. Lighting them, the approved method, according to the "Inchiquin Legends," is to chant:

Now open, lock,
To the Dead Man's knock
Thy bolt and bar and band!
Nor more nor averse
Joint muscles or nerve.

At the spell of the Dead Man's knock! Sleep all who sleep, wake all who wake! But he who seeks the treasure for the sake!

Legend tells that one intrepid seeker did at that vague period known as "once upon a time" fulfill all these varied processes and came at last to the mystic portal, dosing his magical glass as he progressed. He had extinguished all but the thumb when he uttered an exclamation. (Perhaps "himself.") Instantly his unholty candleabra burst into flame once more and he was dashed senseless to the ground. He was never again able to find the crypt or the door.

PRESERVES BY THE TON.

Jams as Made Wholesale in New Zealand.

The utility of housewives attempting to compete on score of economy with manufacturers of jams and small fruit preserves is made evident by the Agricultural Economist of London, showing the wholesale manner in which such preservation is accomplished by co-operative growers in New Zealand. Fruit to the extent of three or four tons is placed in huge casks and stirred mechanically by hand. Spirituous sulphur-dioxide gas is introduced through pipes entering at the bottom of the receptacle. Fruit thus treated keeps indefinitely and may be worked up into jams at a subsequent convenient date. Although fruit thus treated presents a bleached appearance it retains its natural color upon heating for a sufficient length of time to drive off the contained sulphur.

Even with the perfection of the airship, it will be hard to rise above suspicion.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Crapsey has been found guilty of heresy, but there will be no burning at the stake. The time when men showed their devotion to religion and their great love for their fellow men by cooling them alive has gone by forever. Alas for such degenerate days!

A Russian physician is said to have discovered the bacillus that turns hair gray. He says the remedy is heat, and now the fellows who want to get back the youthful color of their locks are having their scalps ironed at a temperature of 140 degrees.

The Czar appears to be unwilling to grant full amnesty to political offenders and evidences a wish to stop half way between absolutism and constitutionalism. He will probably find that there is no resting place between points—He objects to the premiers being chosen by Parliament, but it is probable that he will be forced to give way. Some day he may wonder why he perched so long on the safety valve, while a comfortable seat stood vacant.

Leslie's Weekly says that San Francisco, before the earthquake, stood ninth among the cities of the United States, according to the census of 1900, which credited her with 342,782 inhabitants, a figure which had probably grown to over 400,000 at the time of the disaster. The eight cities which have a larger number of inhabitants than had San Francisco, according to the last census, are: New York, 3,437,292; Chicago, 1,908,575; Philadelphia, 1,293,097; St. Louis, 575,238; Boston, 509,992; Baltimore, 508,937; Cleveland, 381,768; Buffalo, 352,387.

It is estimated that Canada supplies over three-fifths of the world's output of maple syrup and sugar, the average annual production being 17,804,234 lbs., with a money value of \$1,780,423. It is stated that much real maple product is turned out, but thousands of gallons of "maple" syrup and tons of "maple" sugar never came from that noble Canadian tree acer saccharinum. Efforts are being made to stop adulteration, but at best the supply will never now overtake the demand. We have so many synthetic products now that we may reasonably hope for synthetic maple sugar by and by. We get all the various foreign mineral waters synthetically duplicated. We have synthetic drugs in plenty, and the chemists will doubtless give us synthetic maple sugar after the maple forests have been burned up.

Writing on Woman Suffrage in New Zealand, Edith Searle Grossman in the Empire Review, gives her ideas of the net results so far visible: "So far the franchise has not brought about any revolution. It has helped to raise the position of women in New Zealand, but not to any remarkable extent. It has increased their interest in politics, and certainly promoted the introduction of humanitarian legislation into the House. It has not affected home-life perceptibly, and it has not altered the character of women. Many prophecies of evil have proved false and many hopes have been disappointed. Politics have not been raised to a higher standard. But the people are more effectually represented than they had ever been before. Women, without changing their domestic character, have become citizens equal with men, and life already has a larger outlook for them. But still in New Zealand, as elsewhere, it is only the rarer exceptional women who devote themselves to politics." The expectations of those who hoped for a political millennium as the early result of women's entry into the struggle have not been realized. On the other hand, it would appear that it has not turned the women of the country into factionists and rent the homes with disorder of party origin. Women, generally speaking, do not appear to have thrown over family affairs for the larger affairs of state, but to have calmly, and more carefully, accepted the situation. Perhaps the enthusiasm of even the most ardent advocates of women in politics has been cooled by the opening of the field to them. Human nature is so constituted that it is the unattainable for which we have the greatest longing, and woman has her full half of that weakness. If fine clothes, stunning millinery, positions in society, husbands, etc., were to be had for the picking up, she would probably feel as indifferent about them as about a right to vote that has only to be exercised.

The Montreal Star does not take kindly to the proposal that physicians kill our incurables. It says: "What a premium on cold-blooded murder the whole proposal offers. How simple would become the process of getting out of the way one whose stay upon earth happened to be undesirable. With what suspicion would one not regard every death where an incurable patient was left to 'mourn.' Above all, with what horror would not mankind learn to look upon that noble profession, so self-sacrificing, so devoted to their duty—that profession which has done and is doing so much to alleviate human suffering and cure human ills.