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BE WISE
and have a Glass of **ICED**
LEMONADE

CEYLON TEA
When you feel warm a small piece of
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Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

Woman at Last

She could not read; her uncle's words had sent her thoughts back to that first vivid season of her real life, when she had drunk so deeply of pleasure and of pain.

St. John Lisle was within a few miles. She might possibly meet him in her rambles or her drives with her uncle, and how should she feel if they stood face to face? Her heart answered, "Slightly curious, but quite unmoved."

Yet, to her infinite satisfaction, she felt a profound conviction that Lisle could never again stir in her emotion of any kind. She might even be amused with his cool, crisp talk, if he deigned to bestow any of it on her; she had even forgiven herself her weak credulity, and could smile at her youthful folly in accepting Lisle's veiled attentions and ardent though indefinite expressions of admiration, as meaning anything real. It was all so completely past—though little more than three years had elapsed since they had met and parted—that she felt as if she could meet exactly as though they had never met before. The man she had loved so shyly and warmly had vanished, with the actual St. John Lisle she was barely acquainted.

Then the scenes which preceded Mrs. Newburgh's death passed through themselves distinctly before her. How glad she was that her poor grandmother had had the comforting conviction that her beloved Mona would be provided for by a happy marriage; yet to procure that assurance poor Mr. Wring had been laid in a casket for a few short weeks, and then thrown aside when no longer needed.

"I almost wish I could have loved him," she murmured; "he was, and no doubt is, a really good fellow. But it was impossible, even if he had had the sort of power which had been latent in his eyes from a few short weeks, and then thrown aside when no longer needed."

"Perennial charm and sweetness seem to be the peculiarity of your race," he returned, with a caressing smile.

Mona slightly raised her eyebrows, and observed:

"Bertie, is not exactly fascinating."

"Bertie, no, of course."

"I'm thinking there is a contradiction somewhere," interrupted Mr. Craig, looking up from the letter he had been reading. "I will just look for the letter I had in my hand."

"What an extraordinary delightful surprise to find you here," exclaimed Lisle, rising and coming over to the window, where Mont sat, and leaning his shoulder against the frame, it never occurred to him that when his eyes fell upon you. Is this old gentleman really your uncle?"

"Really and truly my father's elder brother. You see, I have reverted to my natural race."

"If he is all at sea," said Lisle, slowly, his eyes still dwelling on her. "Do know I watched the papers for the announcement of your marriage for months, then I wrote to Bertie Everard, and heard from him that you had thrown over the poor devil I had been envying, and disappeared in the deepest disgrace with every one."

"How very good of you to take so much interest in a person you were not likely to see again," said Mona, looking up in his face with a half smile.

"I always hoped to see you again."

"Really archly."

"You knew I did!" returned Lisle, quickly.

"I knew nothing about you, except that you were an amusing partner, and that you thought you did."

Lisle did not answer immediately; he pulled his moustache, and looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"And did you discover your uncle soon after you left the Chase?"

"And how did you manage?—I am dying to hear your history. You will tell me everything, won't you? We were always sworn allies."

"Oh, I have no story to tell. I have been extremely fortunate, and I have no claim to anyone's compassion."

A scornful smile curved her haughty mouth.

"No, I suspect you would very quickly throw it back in the face of the idiot who presumed to offer it! But I shall see you again; I hear your interesting relative approaching. I must see you again."

"There is no reason why you should not," returned Mona, with much composure.

"As she spoke, Mr. Craig came in, the letter he had gone to seek for in his hand.

"I'm right," he exclaimed, exultingly, as he tumbled into a chair rather than sat down. "Balmuir himself writes to me on the 25th of June, 1882, that he believes my rights extend as far as the cairn of Kilmethan; and here—striking the letter Lisle had brought with irritation—his factor says I canna fease below the gray stane dyke at the lower pool. Just read for yourself."

Lisle took both letters, and read them with an air of profound interest.

"There is a distinct contradiction," he said, when he had finished. "Suppose I take both up to Balmuir, and talk the matter over with him, and let you know the result. I do not wish to give you any trouble that I can help," he added, contentedly.

"You're verra polite. It would save me a good bit of trouble. I'm a pulchritudinous fellow, as you see; and now, we'll be having dinner in a quarter of an hour, stay and tak' a bite. The boy shall put up your horse. You'll be late for lunch at the Lodge."

"Thank you," said Lisle, frankly and graciously. "I shall be most happy; his eyes seeking Mona's with a laughing glance."

"Just rin out, dearie," said her uncle, "and tell Jamie to put the horse in the stable. The gig can bide in the yard."

"Pray, Miss—Miss Craig, allow me. I could not think of allowing you to be sent to—"

"You had better let me go. Probably Jamie would not attend to your orders," interrupted Mona.

She went away to deliver the message, and Lisle followed her.

"Is Donald at the stables?" she asked. "Make him attend to the horse. I am afraid trusting your smart turn-out in Jamie's rude hands," she said to Lisle.

"He cannot do much. What a trump your uncle is to ask me to stay."

"And how very much bored you will be before the room—prince ever."

"I am turned to risk that."

Mona turned to re-enter the drawing-room.

"Are there not gardens or ferneries or something to look at?" asked Lisle, inquiringly.

"Yes, we have very good gardens. Would you like to see them?"

"Certainly; above all things."

"Very well, Uncle Sandy," she said, opening the door, and saying, "Sir, St. John Lisle would like to see the gardens."

"Verra well. I'll be proud to show them," and Uncle Sandy leaned over the arm of his chair to pick up his stick, while the latter, with a grateful "I will stay to receive Miss Black, who must soon be here," said Mona, gently, as she took up her work and resumed her seat by the window.

Lisle cast a backward glance at her as he left the room, and she did not pretend to see. As soon as she was alone her hands dropped into her lap—a grave, almost sad expression crept over her speaking face, which had worn so bright and amused an aspect, and she murmured, rousing herself, "The corroding and how far they extend. It seems Mr. McGregor has let his fishing to Lord Finistoun, and I am now on my way to the way of mutual accommodation. Have you seen Lady Finistoun yet? You used to be great chums, I remember," addressing Mona.

"I did not know she had arrived."

"She came last Saturday," said Lisle, handing the letter he had spoken of to Mr. Craig, who put on his glasses and proceeded to read it with great deliberation.

"Does she know you are in this part of the world?" continued Lisle, letting his eyes rest on Mona with the peculiar lingering gaze that used to disturb her—even now it cost her an effort to meet them with a smiling, unembarrassed look, but she succeeded as she answered:

"No; rarely hold any communication with her; when we meet, she is as nice and sweet as ever."

"Perennial charm and sweetness seem to be the peculiarity of your race," he returned, with a caressing smile.

Mona slightly raised her eyebrows, and observed:

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WHY GIRLS ARE PALE

They Need the Rich Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Three years ago Miss Ellen Roberts, who holds the position of saleslady in one of the leading stores in Halifax, N. S., was a pale, delicate looking young woman, who then lived at home with her parents at Amherst, N. S. She complained of general weakness and loss of appetite. Her blood was thin and watery and she grew thinner day by day until she looked almost a shadow. Her cheeks were sunken, and her eyes were sunken, and her face, and her features faded, and she was going into a decline. "I had no energy," says Miss Roberts, "and suffered so much from the headaches and dizziness and other symptoms of anaemia that I felt I did not care whether I lived or died. One day, however, when reading our local paper I read a testimonial given by a young girl in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as her symptoms were almost identical with my own I determined to try this medicine. Before I had used the first bottle I began to find benefit, and I continued taking the pills until I had used seven or eight boxes, by which time I was fully restored to health." To-day Miss Roberts looks as though she had never been ill a day in her life, and she has no more of the ailments which were once her lot.

Some of the American fortunes have turned out just as small. It was thought always that the late Fanny Davenport was a rich woman. She had acted for many years with great success and had been a popular favorite. Yet she left practically nothing that was of a measure due to the failure of several productions made just before her death.

Henry E. Abbey died a poor man, although he had handled millions. Maurice Grau, on the other hand, retired from business with \$400,000, which he had made in two months, and he is now a millionaire. The rest of his fortune was earned during the last ten years of his managerial career.

Augustus Daly had been through several years of very bad luck just before his death, but his last season was profitable, because of the success of "The Sign of the Cross," which he had been years in harness and had spent thousands and thousands of dollars.

A. M. Palmer was practically a penniless man on the bounty of Charles Frohman when he died as a manager of the Herald Square Theatre. Al Hayman is still one of the richest men in New York, and he has been years in harness and had spent thousands and thousands of dollars.

THIS DUMPY CAN FIGHT.

Mechanical Prize Fighter Keeps a Live Boxer Busy.

A mechanical prize fighter, designed to serve as boxing partner for the professional pugilist, has been invented by a New Britain, Conn., man, according to the Scientific American, this machine is really a formidable fighter, and has already gained quiet an enviable reputation in the many encounters it has had with local talent. Not only does it deliver straight leads and counters, but it varies these with an occasional upper cut and its blows are raised with speed and force. The machine does not "telegraph," that is, it does not give a warning of a coming blow by a preliminary backward jerk, which is so common to all but the best of boxers. For can the opponent escape these blows by side stepping, because the automation will follow him from one side to the other. At each side of the opponent is a trap door, connected with the base of the machine in such a way that when he steps on one or the other these doors the machine will swing around toward him. The arms of the mechanical boxer are fitted with spring plungers which are connected with crank shafts turned by machinery. Separate crank shafts are used for the right and left arms, and they carry pulleys between which an idle pulley is mounted. These pulleys are connected with the main driving pulley by a belt which is shifted from side to side, bringing first one and then the other of the boxing arms into action. The belt-shifter is operated by an irregular cam at the side of the machine and gives no striking as to which fist is about to strike. Aside from this, the body of the boxer is arranged to swing backward or forward under the control of an irregular cam, so that the blows will land in different places on the opponent. For instance, a backward swing of the body will deliver an uppercut. The machine is driven by an electric motor, and can be made to rain blows as rapidly as the best boxer can receive them, or it may be operated slowly for the instruction of the novice. As the machine is fitted with spring arms and gloves, an agile opponent can ward off the blows and thus protect himself.

Indiana Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the act requiring manufacturing and mining companies and firms to pay their employees semi-monthly in laful money.

Few Fortunes Made in Acting

STAGE STARS WHO LEAVE AS MUCH AS \$100,000 ARE FEW

The fact that few actors and managers leave behind them any fortune appears to be just as true in other countries as it is here. A statistician has recently figured out some interesting details as to the estates left by distinguished players and managers in England. Henry Irving left only \$100,000 and much of that was realized from the sale of his pictures and other works of art. The fact that Ellen Terry had a benefit the other day shows how much she has saved from her acting work. Unlike Sir Henry she never had any share of losses to bear.

William Terriss, who was murdered five years ago, in London, was 50 at the time of his death, and left \$100,000. He was in all that period an actor, under salary and had made few if any ventures of his own. Dan Leno, who was only 45 at the time of his death, got the biggest salary ever paid to any music hall singer in England, and Oscar Hammerstein gave him \$1500 in real money during his stay at the Olympia. Yet he left behind him only \$54,000.

Wilson Barrett, who had known many ups and downs in his career, found great prosperity in "The Sign of the Cross," but during the latter part of his life, he lived on his ranch. That has now been sold for \$30,000. She earned \$25,000 from her tour last year and will keep on acting for several years to come, so she will probably be able to retire in comparative ease. Her husband, who was a manager of great popularity here, died penniless. Her savings were in a measure exhausted by ill health, but it was a matter of surprise that out of her earnings she saved so little.

It is always a little difficult to tell just how much one can spend their money," a manager told the Sun reporter the other day, "for very few of them live in luxury. They may have a house and a valet, but with expenditures of this kind horses and carriages and fishing are the things they rarely keep. They are the least popular of the members of their companies and in other ways that do not show but cost a great deal they let their money slip away."

"I know one star who travels in the most comfortable way and I suppose she enjoys it. She takes a room, two meals, and a valet, and always has a large suite of rooms in which she is a supper almost every night. Of course that may be fun but it is using up every cent she earns. Yet that woman has a very modest house in the country where she spends her summers and has a perfect New York. She never lives with the least pretence to elegance in her own home. All the money is splashed out in life on the road."

"It is the same way with most of the managers in this city. They do not seem to have much fun out of their money. They never spend it as other men who made the same incomes would. One sees them around the hotels and chop houses of Broadway just as if they were still agents on a small salary. It is true that they have begun to live like lords only during the past few years, but there is still no good reason why they should work so hard to make money from which they have so little pleasure. Usually it goes after a while and they might as well have spent it in enjoying themselves. They have paid out to authors and actors. Go into one of the Fifth Avenue restaurants where you see men of all kinds enjoying their money and tell me if you ever saw a manager among them. On the other hand none of them—with a very few exceptions—ever buy his own home. They do not seem to care for the comfort or luxury in it. Yet in spite of the little fun they have out of it the money goes."—N. Y. Sun.

Why Thunder Sours Milk

To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. The whole process really is simple and natural.

Milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria that in a day or two, under natural conditions, would cause the fluid to sour are usually susceptible to electricity. Electricity inspires and invigorates them, affecting them as alcohol, cocaine or strong tea affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk they accomplish the task completely in half an hour.

It is not the thunder in a storm that sours milk; it is the electricity in the air that does it. With an electric battery it is easy, on the same principle, to sour the freshest milk. A strong current excites the microbes to supermicrobic exertions and in a few minutes they do a job that under ordinary conditions would take them a couple of days.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Emigrant From Greece

"Stranger" we are told, comes from the Greek "ex" or "out of." "Ex" means out, from, or away, the same word as the Latin "extra," whence comes "extra." Then comes the Latin "straneus," which means outside. The old French word from this, "estranger," means an outsider, but "estranger" gave us the word "stranger," by dropping the "e."—St. Nicholas.

Hunt for Chorus Girls

The annual hunt is now being carried on in New York and Philadelphia for chorus girls. There seems to be quite an unusual shortage in the supply of these musical amateurs, church singers, minstrel musicians and bookkeepers. Nothing is said about the old ladies, but they are probably exempted.

Had Him Wagged

"Ready for that stroll on the beach, Miss Summerbell?" asked the young man, "supply me with your name, please, as I am a very busy man." "My engagement was with you," answered the young lady, "but she won you last evening at bridge."

Wise Man

First bald-headed man—No flies or mosquitoes bothered him this summer. Second bald-headed man—What did you do? First bald-headed man—Had a spider's web tattooed on his bald spot.

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HOT WEATHER FOOD HINTS

As the temperature rises the appetite declines and the average individual wonders how he ever managed to sit through an eight course dinner. Most of us feel that we could content ourselves on a diet of fruit and liquids, but such a diet lacks sustaining qualities.

"Why, then, adapt the diet of the tropics to the summer months here?" is the suggestion of a man who has spent many years near the equator.

"A fruit and vegetable menu is all very well for men and women who are not called upon to spend several hours in the performance of some daily occupation," he went on, "but working folks need some kind of meat, and even a small amount of animal food, should consist of fish, meat or poultry. In the tropics these three articles form an important part of the daily menu, but are prepared in a different way from the ones we are used to. They are accompanied by vegetables and fruit, which by the besting properties attributed to a meat diet.

"Sliced cold meats daintily served with a crisp green salad will tempt the appetite of almost any one. A piece of a real meal is best of all. A steaming hot, well cooked meat, such as lamb, beef, or possibly veal, combined with snowy flakes of rice and a vegetable, such as cauliflower, is plenty of fuel for the human furnace and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish. Most people who have lived in the tropics have grown very fond of it on account of the delicious fruit chutney which it is served with. Mango chutney is especially good.

"There is the well-known West Indian dish called scab without so much as the name of a scab in it. It is appetizing all the same. It is made of layers of pork sliced thin, cooked in salt water, and then well boiled with cloves and with lime juice poured over it. The dish is baked in a lined with a small colony of Poles who another crust is put over the top after the scab has been smothered in highly flavoured gravy. Chutney is served with it, and is an unrivaled summer tonic.

"Curried fish is one of the mainstays of the tropical menu, and fish and rice, as we have it down there will tempt an appetite when more elegant viands fail to tempt a duller one. If you are in a hurry, soup forms a substantial part of the all the year diet with us, and the better it is in the way of season, the better it is. Pepper pot lives up to the temperature of its name, yet in spite of that it is not heating and after drinking a glass of it one actually feels cooler and braced up. I suppose it's on the same principle that hot tea does not heat one, but cools it. Like it, Pepper pot lives up to the temperature of its name, yet in spite of that it is not heating and after drinking a glass of it one actually feels cooler and braced up. I suppose it's on the same principle that hot tea does not heat one, but cools it. 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