HEALTHFUL
Because of its Purity and Freedom
From Coloring Matter
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
Lead Packets Only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. At all Grocers.
HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS. 1904

TRIAL FOR LIFE

It took but one instance to impress this strange scene upon the brain of Laura Elmer, and then deeply shocked by what she had inadvertently witnessed, she turned hastily to retrace her steps to her chamber.

In her hurried retreat, a few words from the library reached her ear, the first from Sir Vincent Lester, in a voice half-suffocated with emotion.

"For her sake, then; she loves you."

A derisive laugh from the other was the only reply.

"Oh, heaven! you would not destroy her!" burst in anguish from Sir Vincent.

"I will give you ten days, and then—"

Laura heard no more; she had passed out of the reach of the voices.

She gained the privacy of her own room, and with no disposition either to sleep or read, retired to rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

The long-looked for day of Lady Howarth's rural breakfast and promenade at her superb villa at Richmond came at length.

At an early hour the Duchess of Beresleigh and his party, consisting of the Baroreni Etheridge and the Ladies Wardour, entered their carriages to proceed to the scene of Arcadian festivity.

The morning drive from London to Richmond, along the banks of the beautiful Thames, through sunny meadows and shady groves, in all the luxuriant verdure of an early summer time, was the purest enjoyment of natural scenery that Rose had experienced since leaving her beautiful home at Swinburne Castle.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when they reached the villa, an elegant mansion of white stone, crowning a commanding height above the river. Behind the house stood a tall, close, well-kept wood; before it rolled a green lawn, in all the dewy freshness of June, and adorned by grand old oak trees, standing singly or in groups, at various distances, between the mansion house and the water's edge.

The lawn presented a strange and grotesque scene. Such anachronisms of history and geogrtphy, such solecisms of rank and caste, of politics, and religion, might have afflicted the uninitiated beholders with temporary insanity. It was covered with a multitude of people in the costumes of all countries, all ages, and all classes.

The Duchess of Beresleigh was dressed as a Roman matron, the Ladies Wardour as Roman maidens.

Lady Etheridge as Aurora, was beautifully arrayed in a floating, cloud-like robe of azure and rose-colored gauze. A single diamond, like the morning star, blazed upon her fair forehead, and a large veil, like a silvery morning mist, covered her form. Her dress, her figure and her graceful motions excited universal admiration as she passed, but the close, black velvet mask concealed her lovely features.

The scene, so novel and so entertaining, engaged her youthful fancy. She knew that under those various and grotesque disguises the aristocracy, celebrity, beauty and fashion of the town were present.

Some, from the peculiarity of their figure, gait and manner, the duchess was enabled to identify and point out to her young charg .

"That fine looking woman, dressed as the Goddess Diana, is the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, my love."

"Yes; there is no mistaking her graceful carriage. But who is that stately woman in the eharacter of Cleopatra?"

"I think theMargravine of Anspach; there is the Margrave, as Marc Anthony."

"And that Oriental looking beauty, dressed as a Sultana?"

"Hush, speak low, one, my dear, who bartered her woman's fame for a prince's fickle favor, and lost both—the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert."

Rose crimsoned and became silent.

The lady's name, for praise and blame, had blown far over England, and reached even Rose's distant home. Rose walked on in embarrassed silence, until the ever-changing kaleidoscopic sceno again raised her curiosity.

"Oh, can you tell me who that veiled beauty, dressed as an Eastern princess, and wafting all the perfumes of Arabia as she walks, can be."

"Yes; she is the beautiful Mrs. Bristow, lately returned from Constantinople She has taken the character of 'Nourmahad, the Harem's Light.' You remember the Feast of Roses, in 'Lalah Rookh.'"

"Yes."

They passed on. Breakfast tables, covered with all the luxuries of the season, were set at intervals about the lawn. A large number of masked figures in white dominos, officiated as masters of the ceremonies, and stood in readiness to marshal the guests to the tables. It was rumored that they only awaited the arrival of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was to honor the fete with his presence.

This was the first the Duchess of Beresleigh had heard of the anticipated presence of the prince and the rumor somewhat disturbed her; but she consoled herself with the thought that, in a crowd of five hundred people, her party might easily escape royal notice.

A little after one o'clock, an agitation that moved the multitude as the wind sway the waves of the sea, announced that the prince had arrived, though where he was could be known only to his hostess and the very few others who were in the secret of his disguise.

The signal was given for breakfast, and the masters of the ceremonies began to arrange the guests at the various tables. The masks were not laid aside even during that long feast which made the business of eating and drinking rather inconvenient and awkward.

At the close of the breakfast the tables were swept away as if by magic and the real business and pleasure of the day commenced.

Music, dancing, waltzing, games and singing went forward everywhere over the grounds and in the house.

The duchess and her party remained as spectators only, not wishing to enter into the active amusements of a company where all the figures were masked and most of them quite unknown.

At length an enterprise was opened in which the duchess thought herself and party might safely join. A number of young children, dressed as fairies, and without masks, came around among the guests to distribute tickets for a grand lottery, to be drawn at the villa at four o'clock.

The duchess, her daughters and Lady Etheridge took tickets; and as the hour of drawing was near at hand they repaired to the house. A crowd was already around the wheel. Many blanks, with a few trifling prizes, were drawn. The crowd of ticket-holders, and also of uninterested spectators, poured into the house, filling up the halls and rooms. The second prize was drawn by the Duchess of Gordon—it was an emerald ring of great value. The crowd pressed near to see it, and Lady Etheridge felt herself forcibly separated from the Duchess of Beresleigh, and pressed onward toward the wheel. Her number was called out. Expectation was on the qui vive. She drew, and obtained the first prize—a gold locket set around with diamonds of inestimable value.

She blushed deeply at her success, and turned the jewels as if in search of the secret of unfastening it, when she felt herself touched upon the shoulder. She turned and saw a lady masked, and in the costume of Minerva, with helmet, shield and spear, standing near her, who stooped and whispered:

"It opens with a spring; press the diamond there under the ring and it will fly open; but do not open it here."

Rose, disturbed by being addressed by a stranger, looked around for her party, but could not see them anywhere. The crowd had entirely cut her off from their company.

"You are in search of the Duchess of Beresleigh? I will conduct you to her side," said the masked lady.

"Thank you; I shall be very much obliged," answered Rose.

"Follow me, then, if you please," said the unknown, leading the way—first through the drawing-room, where the lottery had past been ended, thence through a room fitted up with musical instruments of every description, and in which a number of opera singers were performing for the amusement of a portion of the company, to the door of an adjoining apartment, which she opened, saying:

"The duchess has gone into this room to rest and refresh herself; enter and you will find her."

Rose crossed the threshold and found herself in a luxurious apartment, fitted up in the Turkish style, with ottomans, cushions and other voluptuous accessories. In the midst of the room stood a richly-gilded table, laden with rare wines, fruits, jellies, sweetmeats, etc. There was no one in the apartment, and Rose looked around, expecting the appearance of the Duchess of Beresleigh. Supposing that she had, perhaps, retired only a few moments, Rose felt no uneasiness, but, seating herself upon an ottoman, touched the spring of the locket for the purpose of examining it. The case flew open and revealed the miniature of the prince, set in brilliants. On the reverse side were the words: "L'Amour est l'Ange du Monde."

Flushing with confusion and alarm, Rose turned to leave the room and seek the duchess elsewhere, when her purpose was prevened by the entrance of a mask in the costume of Phoebus Apollo, who advanced toward her, saying:

"Apollo greets Aurora, the Sun salutes the Morning Star."

"The Morning Star always disappears with the rising of the Sun," answered Rose, gliding toward the door.

"Nay, pause, beautiful one! He is no stranger that addresses you! Behold!" And the unknown lifted his mask, revealing his features.

"The prince!"

The heart of Rose beat with agitation and terror; yet, controlling herself by a great effort, she courtesied deeply to the heir of the crown, and, speaking with the most respectful coldness, said:

"I am fortunate in having this opportunity of returning to your royal highness a jewel which could only have reached my hands through the greatest mistake."

And she laid the locket on the table before him, and turned to leave the room.

But he took her hand and reseated her upon the ottoman, saying:

"Nay, retain the gift, most beautiful Rose, and behold the giver at your feet!"

And then, with the grace, fervor and eloquence of which he was the perfect master, he told, to perhaps the hundredth hearer, the oft-repeated tale of his unchangeable love—a prince's love.

"A prince's love! a prince's insult! an insult as deep, coming from your royal highness, as though it had been offered by the lowest hind in your dominions!" exclaimed Lady Etheridge, indignantly.

And so saying, with her beautiful countenance exalted to fervid enthusiasm, Lady Etheridge passed from the room, while the eyes of the prince followed her with a gaze full of admiration, wonder and reverence.

He did not attempt to detain her; persuasion not force, was the weapon of the prince.

This admiration of her virtues only strengthened his desire to win her heart. He pulled the bell rope impatiently, and a page entered.

"Send my equerry hither," was the order of his royal highness.

The page bowed low and disappeared.

A few minutes elapsed and Colonel McElroy entered the presence with a deep reverence.

The prince regarded him with an angry and sarcastic expression, saying:

"I have to congratulate you, sir, on the eminent success of your second stratagem!"

"Your royal highness has at least received a private interview with the lady, which was all that I could pledge myself for," replied the equerry, bending lowly.

"And this is the result," said the prince, angrily taking up and throwing down the locket. "She has returned my gift with a gratuitous lecture."

"Perhaps a more costly offering would have been more successful."

"I do not believe she can be bought!"

"Pardon me, your royal highness did not, perhaps, bid high enough."

"I do not believe she can be bought!" angrily repeated the prince.

"Pardon once more, your royal highness; but one who knew this world right well declared that every man had his price, and I have never yet met the woman who had not hers. It is but a question of more or less expense, of shorter or longer time."

"I offered her the rank of a duchess."

"She is likely to obtain that honorably, and without the aid of your royal highness."

"What then, was left for me to do? I could not tempt her, as I did Fitzherbert, with the rank of a princess and the prospective rank of a queen."

"No, your royal highness; it is rather too late in the day for that."

"What then, was to be done? What the deuce do you mean by your talk of the conquest of this woman being a matter of more or less expense and of shorter and of longer time? I care nothing for expense, but a great deal for time! I must win that girl, whatever it may cost, McElroy, but I must win her soon. By my soul, she is the most enchanting creature I ever saw. Tell me, what is to be done?"

"If your royal highness would trust me——"

"What after two failures?"

"With submission to your royal highness, I would humbly suggest that this second stratagem has scarcely been a failure on my part, since it has accomplished all that it promised—a private interview with the lady, an opportunity of pleading your cause to her alone."

"That is true and if my pleadings proved unsuccessful, you are not to be blamed, I suppose?" said the prince.

McElroy bowed in answer, adding:

"Nor should your royal highness be discouraged with the manner in which the lady met your advances. She was unprepared, surprised; she was not, perhaps, so accustomed to be wooed as your royal highness is to winning, and, perhaps, you had not discovered her price."

"Then why the deuce do you not discover it for me? What else do I keep you for?" demanded the provoked prince.

"To serve your royal highness to the best of my poor ability, as becomes your humble servant, and, if your royal highness will deign to leave this affair exclusively in my hands, giving me authority to conduct it as I see fit, I think I can pledge myself to bring it to a successful issue."

"Then I give you a carte blanche to do as you please in this matter, with one proviso, that you do nothing unworthy of the prince."

"On my head be it if I do!" exclaimed this zealous, unscrupulous instrument of the royal pleasures and vices, as he mentally formed against the peace and honor of Lady Etheridge, a plan the most diabolical that ever entered the head of man or fiend.

Meantime the subject of this plot, hurrying through the music room and also through the drawing room, everywhere sought the Duchess of Beresleigh, whom she found at last at the hall door.

"Well, my love, I have been seeking you all over the house and the grounds for the last two hours; but, believing you to be most probably within the villa, I took my position here like any porter, as the most likely place to see you as you should pass out. But what on earth is the matter? You are pale and trembling. You are agitated. You are ill. What has happened to alarm or distress you, my love?" exclaimed the duchess, on observing the greatly disturbed appearance of Rose.

"Oh, madam, let us go hence! let us return home at once!" exclaimed Rose, excitedly.

"Willingly; it has been a pleasant day upon the whole, but I, too, am quite tired. I will not ask you for an explanation of your distress until we have reached the privacy of your own dressing-room at Beresleigh House," said her grace.

The carriages were ordered, and the duchess and her party prepared to return.

While they stood waiting, the duchess sought to cheer her drooping young friend. Pointing to the beautiful and varied landscape of hill and dale, and grove and river, all bathed in the clear sunlight of a June afternoon, she said:

"Do but look up, Rose. What a glorious day! With what a lively green the fields and groves are clothed; how deeply blue and clear the sky, how high the dome of heaven'.

Rose looked up and heaved a sigh.

"Ah, madam, so I thought when we came out this morning. Now, alas! I might say with Hamlet, that 'It goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air—look you—this brave, oerhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire—why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.'"

The carriages now came up; the duchess and her party entered, and were driven to Beresleigr House.

Her grace sought no time in seeking the latter.

"Now, my love, that we are alone, you may tell me what so distressed you at the villa."

"Oh, madam, an event that makes it necessary that I should beg your grace to absolve me from my promise of spending the season with you, and to sanction my immediate return to Swinburne Castle," said Rose, excitedly.

"Explain, my love," said the duchess.

Lady Etheridge, with deep blushes, commenced, and related the details of her forced interview with the prince.

'Ah, I see it all now. The breakfast, the masked promenade ,the lottery, all was got up for the especial purpose of bringing about your meeting with his royal highness. There are men, and women, too, I am sorry to say, of the highest rank, who thus lend themselves to the purposes of royalty. You are right, my love, we must leave town; but we shall not turn to Swinburne Castle, but to Beresleigh Court, where I shall still claim you as my guest," said the duchess.

And this course was immediately decided upon. But an unforeseen event that shall be related in the next chapter prevented the contemplated journey, and turned the fate of our heroine.

(To be continued.)

Girlhood and *Scott's Emulsion* are linked together.

The girl who takes *Scott's Emulsion* has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, *Scott's Emulsion* provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

WEAK AND WORN OUT.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give New Strength to Overworked Women.

The life of a domestic is a hard one. She toils from early morning until late at night; her work is never done. Often she is too busy to get out of doors for a breath of fresh air. Unless her blood is kept rich and pure this close confinement wears on her health. Her strength will fail; she may lose her appetite, become pale and dyspeptic. In fact she is in danger of a general breakdown. Such was the condition of Miss Marie Ann Fleury, of Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., before she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For a number of years I have been a servant. Up to a year ago I had always enjoyed the best of health, but suddenly I was seized with vains in my side, my appetite left me, I became dyspeptic and lost all strength. I consulted a doctor, who told me I was suffering from general debility. I was forced to stop work and for three months I followed the doctor's treatment, but without benefit. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I had often heard of the cases they cured, I decided to do so. I only took eight boxes before I was cured, and to-day I am stronger than I ever was. My digestion is good, and I can now go about my work without fatigue. I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me, and I strongly advise other weak, sickly girls to give them a trial."

Miss Fleury's case is one of many that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured after doctors' help had failed. The success of these pills lies in the fact that they strike right at the root of the trouble—the blood. Other medicines simply act on the symptoms of the trouble—and may relieve, but do not cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood—that is why they cure dyspepsia, rheumatism, anaemia, heart palpitation, headache, backache and the ills of women; all these are caused by bad blood. For sale at druggists' or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HEALTHY BABIES.

Healthy babies are good babies — it is only the sick child that cries all the time. Mothers, if you want to see your little ones smiling and happy, give them Baby's Own Tablets—there is a smile in every dose. The Tablets cure all the little ailments of childhood arising out of a disordered condition of the stomach or bowels. They are good for all babies, and are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiates or harmful drugs. Mrs. F. D. Kirk, Dumfries, N. S., says: "I always use Baby's Own Tablets for the ailments of my little ones and find them a splendid medicine. A few doses always restores them to perfect health. I would not be without the Tablets in the house." The Tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Economy That Did Not Pay.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"Yes," said the publisher of art catalogues and artistic advertising devices in Philadelphia. "I have done well the past year, and expect to do better in the future. Sometimes I make a mistake, however, that makes me feel a little tired. Not long ago our firm wished to reproduce in catalogue and card form a painting that appeared in one of the magazines. I called on the artist to buy the right. She wanted $400. It was more than I was willing to pay, so I offered her a royalty instead. She accepted, and we have already had to pay her $18,000, with the demand for the picture increasing every hour. An experience like that keeps a man fairly humble regarding the infallibility of his business judgment."

The optimist rejoices that every 24 hours brings him a day nearer spring, but the pessimist growls because it brings him just that much nearer next winter.

ILSES' CHIEF CROP LILIES.

NARCISSUS FARMERS OF SCILLY NOW IN HARVEST OF FLOWERS.

Bulbs Developed in Hothouses in Order to Escape Violent Storms—Benedictine Monks Perhaps Responsible for Introducing the Blooms.

Thirty miles southwest of Land's End the narcissus farmers of Lyonesse are busy over the January produce of their floral harvest. Many a hothouse is all aglow with white and gold and local steamers are beginning to bear their growing consignments of fragrant boxes past the perils of the Wolfe and the Rundlestone to the Great Western railway terminus and starting point at Penzance. But beautiful as is this horticultural industry and fascinating as it is also in association with the hours of heavy gales with a girdle of foam from the black crags of Penmuis to the towering rock mass of Minavawr, the story of its origin and growth is more domantic still.

Indeed, that microcosm of the Scilly Isles has had vicissitudes of fortune in the last revolutionary and Napoleonic wars it did well as a port, squadrons of warships and fleets of merchant vessels being frequent visitors to its island-encircled roadstead. The small farmers found an abundant market for their vegetables and other produce not only with the vessels detained in harbor-by easterly winds but with the fleets always cruising off Brest and "the Gib," as the rock fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean was familiarly known to them.

Then came the peace and a commercial collapse, partly redeemed from disaster by the inauguration of a kelp industry. Then the demand for kelp failed and again there was distress. Still in the days of sailing ships an east wind always filled the pretty little roads and undaunted enterprise also made Scilly a shop-owning and ship-building port. Besides, the cultivation of early potatoes for the London market brought a new affluence to the farmers, who invested their savings in island-owned ships. Then the development of steam destroyed the ship-owning and ship-building industry and a spirit of finanical gloom settled down on Lyonesse.

All the while, however, unknown to most of its inhabitants, the makings of a Pactolus lay disregarded in many an island nook, orchard and garden. And this brings the story to a date about thirty-seven yearsg ago, when it was known that in the Isles of Scilly there were eight varieties of narcissus quite apart from any that might be growing in the Abbey gardens, the beautiful pleasaunce of Mr. Dorrien-Smith at Tresco. A few of these were to be found growing wild, others in the gardens of the farmers.

How these flowers came into the islands is, so Mr. Dorrin-Smith, the popular "king of Sicily," says, a matter of some obscurity. Sixty-three years ago, however, it is known that the captain of a French vessel which had taken shelter in the roads presented two bulbs of Camperelli to Mr. Gluyas. It is not unlikely that some of the varieties of narcissus mentioned may have been introduced by Benedictine monks, who through long generations occupied the priory of St. Nicholas.

Certain it is that seventy-two years ago the late Augustus Smith, the uncle of the present "king," brought in several sorts of naclassus. To him must also be ascribed the credit of discovering the commercial possibilities of the bulbs. As he sauntered about his dominions his aesthetic eye was observant of the narcissus, noticed how early and luxuriantly they bloomed, and came to the conclusion that as an export they might be profitable.

At length he himself wooed Covent garden with a small consignment of lilies and was rewarded by receiving a cheque ror a sovereign. As occasion offered he mentioned the matter to certain of his tenants, but they were influenced by a natural conservative instinct and did not at first act on his hints. A few of them, however, imitated their "king" in a modest way and contributed their mite to the supply of the London flower market.

Scilly's total area is 3,600 acres, of which rather less than 2,600 are susceptible of profitable cultivation. Consequently the spare land, apart from the occupied farms, was more limited in quantity than it is in Manitoba. There was a great run on it and in a short time every available acre adapted to narcissus culture began to be taken up. The output increased by leaps and bounds, the weight of the cut flowers running into hundreds of tons. As lilies are not individually very heavy, the total harvest of blossoms reached a prodigious figure. One of the most striking sights to be seen at Scilly are the little boats laden with their fragile and fragrant flowers which struggle from the smaller "off islands" some dark and stormy winter morning against surge and blast to reach the steamer at St. Mary's pier.

One consequence of the growth of the narcissus industry in Scilly has been the discovery by the farmers of the value of glass houses and the islanders of thirty years ago would have been greatly astonished if they had been told how large an archipelago area the mere lapse of a generation would suffice to shelter in this fashion. For mild as the Scillonian winter is—the rare apparition of sip—the remarkable narcissus can not safely be grown entirely out of doors. Sand from the shore beaches, fierce spray from the mountain breakers, penetrate every nook of the islands during a heavy gale and play havoe with the delicate petals of a fully opened narcissus.

So the beautiful flowers—now quite multitudious in their variety as compared with the original eight kinds—are picked while the tender bud is still protected by the green sheath, at any rate long before they are open and brought into the hothouses, where, placed in bowls and vases, they develop a size and beauty in damp temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit which would be else impossible. So after two years' growth in the open the pineapples of the Azores have glass run in over on rails that the third year of perfect development may be unmarred and that they may acquire that seemliness and those dimensions which now command the biggest prices from the west end fruiterers.

Now at this moment the workers throng the lilly fields gathering the unopened lilies and the crisp stalks are being laid in the wicker baskets for conveyance to the safe shelter and even warm temperature of the glass houses. When fully open they are made up in bundles of a dozen and laid neatly side by side in the regulation boxes. And in cart or in boat they have been brought down to one of the little steamers which ply to Penzance, and then, their forty-mile journey over, are taken possession of by the Great Western Railway, which conveys them more or less swiftly to Paddington and early morning sees the Covent Garden salesman proclaiming their merits to a matter-of-fact throng of buyers. One morning they are in their Cassiteridean home, innocent of the ways of cities; the next sees them in the heart of "the busy hum of men."

AN HEIRLOOM FOR CANADA.

(Halifax Record.)

A clergyman of this city on Friday night last visited a Scotch family of six who arrived by the Corinthian and were on their way to Toronto. During the conversation the mother showed him a cradle, 160 years old, which she was bringing to this country. It was either mahogany or walnut, but the reverend gentleman not being well posted on the subject of cradles averreth not what it was.

But what a tale could not that cradle tell were it gifted with the power of speech? How many lullabys have been sung over it? How many of Scotland's sturdy sons and gifted daughters have been rocked to sleep in the good old-fashioned way, that mothers of the Twentieth Century do not practice. The hands that carved that cradle have long ceased their labors, yet note what changes have taken place since then.

The cradle was constructed two years before Halifax was founded and sixteen years before the sovereignty of Great Britain was acknowledged on this hemisphere. While the cradle rocked, Wolfe won the Plains of Abraham and Clive added the Indian domain to the British sway. The Georges ruled in the British Isles and passed away, and during the reign of the third George we lost the continent. George Washington rose to found a great nation.

Prussia came from a small kingdom to be a mighty empire, while revolution after revolution shook the power of the French kingdom and republicanism came out victorious. So in all the European countries mighty upheavals took place. And over Canada has come in that time a great change.

From being scattered, disconnected villages, we are now a nation of provinces, knit together in a confederacy that is linked by bands of steel; from being a country of fur traders we have developed into a land where beautiful and fruitful farms abound, one of the greatest wheat producing countries of the world, a land scratched. All this has been brought scratched. Al lthis has been brought about while the little cradle has done its noble duty in the hills of old Scotland.

And when we begin to think that some of the men who have helped to make Canada great, as MacKenzie, Strathcona, and the rest, have been rocked in Scotland's hills, one cannot but hope that the cradle now finding its way to this country may have placed within it many a lad and lassie who shall add to Canada's moral, intellectual and material prosperity.

Adaptability in Fashions.

There is a new keynote in the spring fashions this year which every woman who makes her own clothes will be glad to know about. It is adaptability. This new adaptable feature is perhaps best illustrated in the jumper of guimpe dresses which are to be so very fashionable throughout the spring and summer. The jumper waists will be seen in panama, voile and silk, and also in the cotton fabrics, such as plaid and check gingham and silky mercerized madras. It is this style of dress that will be worn in place of the shirt-waist suit. There is no doubt that it has many good points in its favor.

Take, for example, the jumper frock for a young girl, and let us look into its possibilities for usefulness. The pattern consists of three garments— the skirt, the waist and the bib jumper. In making up the gown it would be wise to have at least two waists to wear with it, and two or more jumper bibs. One of the waists might match the skirt, and the other migh be of sheer India linen or all-over lace. When the waist that matches the skirt is worn, then the bib jumper may be of some other material. For instance, if the waist and the skirt are made of dark blue cotton voile, the bib jumper would look attractive in all-over lace; and then again, if an entirely different sort of a dress was wanted, the skirt and the bib jumper could be made of plaid mercerized Madras, and the waist be of all-over embroidery or linen. The jumper in this frock is slipped on over the head, and is made with tabs at the back and front which button onto the belt.—Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion for March.

If marriage is a lottery, alimony must be a gambling debt.

CURRENT COMMENT

Kouropatkin takes up a lot of space to explain that the Japanese won because they were more patriotic and fought more valiantly than the Russians.

This giving of millions in gifts to educational institutions is very good in its way, but if some of our millionaires would give freely of their wealth to the work of hunting down the causes and finding cures for cancer and consumption they might confer a boon on humanity.

Rumor has it that Prof. Osler will quit Oxford to become Dean of McGill medical faculty. There is as yet no official confirmation of the rumor, but gossip has it that Prof. Osler finds Oxford a pretty quiet berth, and it is possible that the rumor of the change may be true.

A war on whiskers has begun. The Southern California Veterinary Association at Los Angeles the other day resolved that all dairymen should dispense with all hirsute adornments of the face, and the health experts throughout the State of Kansas have taken the matter up, and propose more radical reforms than did the veterinarians of California. The Kansans hold that no one wearing a beard should be allowed to assist in the preparation of any food, as they believe that whiskers are the hiding place of all sorts of germs and bacilli. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this reform will no doubt boom the barber trade.

The U. S. Government is to make another effort to break up the operations of certain padrones who have for several years been engaged in the traffic of importing Greek boys, who are held for long periods in what is said to amount to absolute slavery. These boys are largely employed as bootblacks in shoe-shine parlors, and are said to practically work for nothing besides their keep for the first year or so. The Greek Government will assist the United States Government in putting a stop to this species of slavery.

According to the London Tailor and Cutter, there is a probability of fashionable England adopting the kilt! The Daily Graphic in contemplating such a sartorial revolution as the Sassenach in kilts mildly remarks that they "are draughty garments for the months of February and March, but perhaps the idea is that they shall only be worn in the weather in which, as Mark Twain once said, the human skin is the most comfortable of all costumes. While it thinks they are "a step in the direction of the ideal," it laments that they give little scope for the cutter,

There would be fewer murders and attempted murders if people did not carry revolvers or knives on their persons. Rochester judges have realized that for some time, and with a view to put a stop to the practice and lessen the number of murderous assaults, they imposed substantial fines on those found guilty of carrying such weapons. They began with $10 fines, then raised them to $25. That did not seem to have much effect, and they made the fine $50. The other day one of the judges imposed a sentence of fifty days in the Penitentiary, in addition to the usual $50 fine. It is hoped that this stiff sentence will help materially to discourage the dangerous habit of going armed in that city. Canada is comparatively free from murders and assaults in the heat of passion, simply because the penalty against carrying concealed weapons has had the effect of making most people go unarmed. The man who carries arms is the one who generally gets into most trouble. Foreigners who come to Canada cannot too soon learn that the stiletto and the pistol are not needed in this country to settle disputes.

A Connecticut physician claims to have cured a pneumonia case with an anti-pneumonia serum of which he is the inventor. It would be a great triumph to master pneumonia. Osler declares it to be a self-limited disease, yielding to no medication, and to which only expectant treatment can be applied. A good many physicians decline to subscribe unhesitatingly to this theory, but whether it is correct or not it must be said that the battle is usually one between the patient and the disease, in which the physician is little more than a spectator whose sympathy is with the former. This Connecticut physician's serum will have to be tested; it cannot be approved on the experience with a single case. But if it prove to be a specific, the Governments of the world should make him a millionaire and erect statues to him in every capital. Such a discoverer is worth a thousand great generals.

The Montreal Hebrew Literary and Political Club is interested in a movement to have ten thousand Hebrews of that city naturalized. The club members believe that when once the Jewish people realize that they owe their allegiance to the British crown and their citizenship to the Dominion, it will speedily bring to an end all attempts to further socialism and anarchism in this country. When these men have a vote and a stake in the country they will not be so apt to be led away by visionaries.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM & BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO