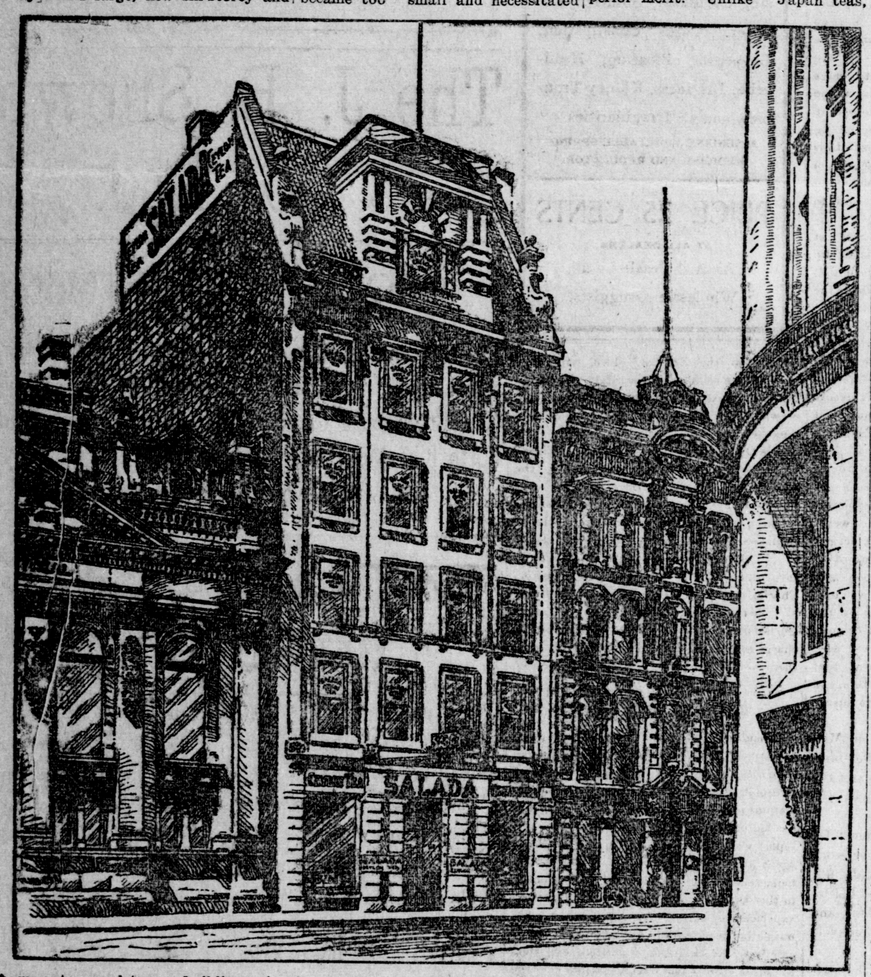
THE SALADA TEA COMPANY.

Great business enterprises of our day and generation have some regard for the beautiful. Keen, up-to-date business men have an eye for the attraction which an artistic, tasty warehouse and appointments have for the buying public. In the matter of advertising, as well as in the architecture and external and internal fittings of successful business houses to-day, this aesthetic note is very apparent. During the last five years many fine business establishments have been opened in Toronto with all the conveniences in warehousing and appointments that money and taste could command. These splendid model buildings are still being erected, and to-day we present our readers with a picture of the latest prominent business house which has attracted the attention of the thousands of people who pass up and down Yonge street every day. This large, new six-storey and



basement sandstone building is occupied by the Salada Tea Company, near the corner of Yonge and Front streets, opposite the Board of Trade building. The building is very attractive in appearance, and is in truth the largest, most modern and most complete tea warehouse on the continent. The Toronto home of Salada has a frontage of 40 feet and a depth of 213 feet, and is a magnificent building in every respect, an adornment to the business section.

The history of the Salada tea business is a striking example of up-to-date, alert enterprise. The business originated in 1892 in a very small way on Wellington street, and was commenced to introduce the teas produced in the island of Ceylon. At that time the tea wants of Canada were entirely supplied from China and Japan. The head of the Salada firm, Mr. P. C. Larkin, quickly recognized the healthful qualities of Ceylon teas and also believed that if Ceylon tea was presented to tea drinkers in a manner that would ensure perfect cleanliness and a retention of the tea's flavor, that it would soon drive the adulterated teas of China from the market. The old-fashioned houses, satisfied to jog along in the old-fashioned way, sneered at the innovation, but after a year or two commenced to recognize the merits of the Salada tea, and the favor that it received at the hands of the public. The business grew, until the Salada Tea Company had to take large premises at 25 Front street east. A year or two passed and their lack of space obliged them to absorb part of the adjoining warehouse. Time passed, the business grew and the firm purchased the warehouse, at 32 Yonge street, which then consisted of a five-storey building. In three years this edifice became too small and necessitated the erection of the present fine warehouse, which is a credit to the firm and to the city.

In the meantime, the extension of the business in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces necessitated the opening of branch warehouses. The first branch office was opened in Montreal, under the management of Mr. George Mann. Salada met with so much favor in the Lower Province that the branch there soon needed the commodious premises which it now occupies, at the corner of St. Sulpice and St. Paul streets. A branch was also opened in Buffalo, and later a branch was established in Pittsburg, then one in Detroit, under the supervision of Mr. Charles Sutherland of Hamilton. Subsequently, Mr. James McGuane, of Toronto, who has been one of the backbones of Salada, since it was established, left this city to found a branch in Boston. He has since extended the business throughout the New England States and it can now be said that Salada is as well known in every town in New England as it is in Canadian cities. Agencies have also recently been opened in New York, Rochester, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, and other American cities.

Up to the year 1898 Ceylon produced nothing but its delicious black teas, but since then it has been growing the most excellent green teas that the world has hitherto enjoyed. Such wonderful progress has been made with these as that the Salada Company believe that they will entirely displace Japanese greens, just as their black tea has displaced all China black tea in Canada. The drinker of Japan tea has only to taste these teas once in order to be convinced of their superior merit. Unlike Japan teas, the Ceylon teas are entirely without artificial coloring.

The enterprise shown by the Salada Tea Company is not only beneficial to themselves and to Canada generally, but by bringing the merits of the product of one colony to the attention of the consumer in another colony is doing much to weld the empire together, for the Ceylon tea planter is flesh, blood and bone, one of ourselves and the merchant or manufacturer who brings about a close connection between different parts of the empire is perhaps more useful than the average politician.

It is also worthy of comment that the Salada Tea Co. is making Canada the distributing centre for the vast quantity of tea imported from Ceylon every year. Canada is the only country in the world to which tea is admitted free of duty, and the Canadian public are able to buy their tea cheaper and better on that account.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XII.

Gretchen's love and care and sweet content grows daily, showing no sign of weakness or decay.

Winter has been conquered and lies low, and Spring usurps the throne, casting abroad its universal smile. April has laughed and wept its merry hour away, and it is now May. Deep in the hedgerows the flowers are shining in great clusters like myraid stars, emitting a delicate perfume that pervades the soft wind as their frail leaves open. "The sun looks on the world with glorious eye," and all living things seem to bask and grow and ripen under its touch.

The clock on the chimney-piece has just chimed nine strokes; and Gretchen, with an early cup of chocolate, on a small table near her, is leaning back in a chair before her bedroom fire, "gowned in pure white," and with the post upon her lap.

A letter from Kitty is open in her hand, the contents of which have plainly interested her in a more than ordinary degree, as her face is full of thought, and her eyes, though apparently intent upon the glowing coals, see nothing visible, but are traveling far away into the misty future.

Lady Blunden's news is varied and diffuse. She and Sir John are now in London; and, the season being well commenced, she has plenty of gossip to disseminate.

Arthur Blunden is now on his way home from the east, and may be expected in town at any moment. Brandy is stationed near town; and, as Dandy is staying with his aunt at South Kensington, the inseparables are happy. The season is pretty fair so far, but not so well as usual, the weather is behaving itself so badly — and the war has created a dullness — and Her Royal Highness—etc., etc. Georgie Harcourt is to marry the duke, they say, but no one quite believes it yet, — she is so extremely plain, in spite of her lovely smile. The house in Belgrave Square is very charming, — all there is, indeed, of the most desirable; and she is very happy, — quite happy, — but might be even more so if she could only have her dearest Gretchen near her for a little time; and so on.

There is, perhaps, a greater use of the pronoun "I" than "we" in this letter than in the former ones, but still it is bright and joyous and full of affection. Then, just at the end comes the passage that has aroused in Gretchen's heart a hope strong and precious, — a hope so terrible in its greatness as to cause its possessor pain.

"There is in town just now a doctor wonderfully clever, they tell me, about the spine. He is quite young, and has started up from no one knows where, but is very talented; at least he has completely cured that boy of the Wainscots' who was considered, you may remember, a hopeless case. When I hear him spoken of I cannot help thinking of poor Kenneth. If he could do him any good what a blessed thing it would e for you, my darling girl! It appears he has studied the subject deeply, — has, in fact, given up his whole time to it, — and has some method of his own for strengthening diseased spines learned in some German school. Why not bring Kenneth up to town, if only to see him? I would say have him down; but if Ken were on the spot always it would be better. Think it over, dearest; but do not be too sanguine —disaupointment afterwards is always so severe, so much worse than the original evil."

Gretchen's hand crumples the letter almost unconsciously. Oh, if he could be cured! If this young man could only give him back his health and strength, — nay, even some of his strength, — how grateful, how passionately thankful, she would be!

All day she carries the letter in her bosom, not showing it to Dugdale, but vague,y dreaming of its contents, and weaving plans that perhaps may never come to maturity, but still "are sweet in sowing."

She is silent and distrait during the evening, sometimes hardly hearing Kenneth when he addresses her. Once or twice he surprises her with tears in her eyes, — eyes fixed upon him with wistful longing. It may be that all her hopes and fond fancies are but dreams, fated to melt with the first dawn of day, but at least they yield her for the time being "a dear delight." and make her pulses throb and her heart beat quickly.

"Sorrow may reign for a night." The words haunt her and pursue her from room to room. What if her sorrow should cease some night "and joy come up with the day?"

Tossing in her bed, counting the weary hours, Gretchen lies awake, still thinking of this new star that has arisen in London. With night has come a touch of despair. Now she wonders how she shall persuade Kenneth to see this doctor, and again asks herself whether any good will — or can — come of the attempt if made. It will only torment and worry him to take him up to town, if indeed he even consents to go; and yet——

At this particular moment a faint moan reaches her ear. Her door is open. Starting up in bed, she raises the night-lamp beside her, and listens attentively, with beating heart.

Again the sound comes to her, made louder by the awful stillness of the night; and, springing from her bed, she thrusts her naked feet into her slippers, flings a dressing-gown over her, and taking up the lamp, enters the passage that divides her room from Kenneth's. His door is partly unclosed; inside a faint light burns dimly; and as with soft footfalls she crosses the threshold, she can see that he is awake, his arms flung above his head.

He is deadly pale; great drops of dew lie upon his forehead; one of his hands is clenched.

"Kenneth," murmurs she, in a terrified tone, hastening to his side. Opening his eyes with a start, he turns his face towards her.

"My darling, is it you?" he asks, with evident surprise. His voice is like his own, but weaker. Plainly the paroxysm is past.

"Yes — yes., The doors were open, and I heard you moan," returns she, deeply agitated. "What is it, Ken? What can I do for you?"

"I am all right again. It was the old pain in my back, and rather sharper than usual," — with a sigh of exhaustion. "It goes as suddenly as it comes."

"But to suffer all alone! Why did you not ring for Barker?"

"I hate bother — and Barker, on such occasions," says Kenneth, with a languid smile. "I have been so much better of late, I have got out of the way of calling him. My dearest child, I am sorry I disturbed you; but I thought all the doors were fastened. Don't look so frightened; the pain has almost gone. But before you go you will give me those drops on the table over there, as you have come to do me good?"

"Why did you not call me sooner?" — reproachfully.

"What! wake you from your sleep? Better Barker a thousand times. Do you think I would give you so much trouble?"

"Kenneth," exclaims she, deeply pained, "when will you learn to regard me as your wife? Can there be trouble in helping those we love? Do you think I should hesitate to give you trouble if I were in pain? No; I should say to myself, 'It will be his joy to comfort me.'"

There are tears in her soft eyes; her hand trembles slightly as she holds out to him the glass containing the desired drops.

But then consider how little I can do for you. The bargain is not equal," returns he, sadly.

She shakes her head in dissent and watches him in silence as he drinks eagerly what she has measured out for him.

"You are really better?"

"Quite better. Go back to bed, darling; you are catching cold standing there."

"I thought those attacks had left you forever," she says, wistfully, a sore trouble tugging at her heart-strings.

"I thought so too. But it is nothing. I may not have another attack for a long time again. Forget it, Gretchen, and return t dreamland."

"Dreams are madness when one must face reality, however horrible," says she, with a quickness that has something in it of despair. She has placed her lamp upon the table, and is standing with her small white hands clasped before her, her snowy cashmere gown embroidered in pale blue hanging in straight folds around her, yet hardly concealing the dainty naked feet beneath. She looks like some mediaeval saint wrapt with grief.

Going nearer to him she gently removes his pillow, shakes it, and returns it to its place beneath his head. But for this action, which somewhat relieves her, she feels she must give way to the emotion that is choking her.

"Try to sleep," she says, tremulously, kissing him.

"If only to please you," he promises, with a smile.

"Shall I lower your lamp?"

"Thank you. Good-night, my gentle nurse."

"Good-night, my dear," whispers she, a world of tenderness in the common old-fashioned term of endearment; and then they kiss each other again, and she walks away from him, lamp in hand; while he watches silently her lissom figure, clad in its trailing draperies and likens her in his heart to some fair angel of old, with her soft brown hair half unbound, and her light burning; until at last she steps beyond his sight, and the perfect picture is lost to him.

* * * * * * * *

This symptom of increasing weakness on the part of Dugdale frightens Gretchen, and strengthens her in half-formed resolution to seek for him new advice. Hitherto he has been recklessly despairing, and (after the first disheartening opinion given by a doctor on the spot at the time of his accident) has obstinately refused all medical and surgical treatment and examinations. Gretchen determines to combat this obstinacy; and next morning, when they are both in the room they most affect, — the room where first he saw her, — she says, suddenly, without looking at him,—

"Ken, do you know I think I should like to go to London this season?"

A faint pause ensues. There is the rustling of a hastily turned leaf —a quickly drawn breath, — no more. Has it come so soon, then? Has weariness at last made itself felt?

After awhile, with his face averted, he says kindly,—

"Certainly, darling. It will do you good to escape from this stupid place for a little time; you will come back all the happier for the change."

"Yes, dear," says Gretchen, equably, who reads him like a book.

"Where will you go? — to your mother, or to Kitty? Kitty will be better fun."

"To neither," — with pretty raised brows of astonishment. "Why should I? Have I not your house in Berkley Square you have so often described to me? I quite long to see it. Why need I trouble any one, when I have such a pretty home of my own to go to?"

"True. But I fear it will be lonely for you. Such a big house, and no one in it but yourself. You will find it dull."

"Am I ever dull with you, dearest?" — with gentle malice.

"With me!" — turning to look at her as she sits on the favorite low seat beside him, her arms embracing her knees, her eyes gazing innocently into his. "What shall I have to do with it?"

"Why, you will be with me, of course."

"You meant me to go to London, too?"

"Naturally should I go without you I should feel lost, — utterly undone. Why, you are part of myself; I cannot do without you. You must come, Ken."

The almost agony of regret that had showed within his eyes vanished at her words, and light shines there instead, and he exclaims impulsively,—

"Oh, Gretchen, impossible!"

"Is it?" — quietly. "Very well, then, we can stay at home, and enjoy our spring and summer in the sweet country. What shall I read you now?"

"No, do not read," interrupts he, quickly, laying his hand upon the open page that rests upon her knee. "I want to talk, — to think."

Gretchen obediently closes the volume and gazes meditatively out of the window. She lets the faintest shadow of disappointment show itself on her brow, knowing that he is earnestly regarding her, and, with the mean intention of rendering him still more uneasy, sighs profoundly, but with seeming unconsciousness.

"You want to go down to town," he says, at last, breaking the silence.

"Just a little. Not so badly that I cannot content myself at home, if you will not go."

"Why not go without me, if only for two months? I should not miss you much. At least I should manage to get on without you; to live until you return."

"I never knew you unkind to me before," she retorts, her eyes filling with tears. "I was foolish enough to think you would miss me, —that you could not get on without me. I flattered myself, it seems."

Taking her hand he presses it to his lips.

"Forgive my lying," he says, softly. "I didn't mean a word of it. I should be miserable if left for one day without you; but I want you to enjoy yourself."

"Yet you will not help me to it," — reproachfully.

"Do I not? I say go."

"And I say I cannot enjoy myself without you; so there is no use in going."

"Must I go, then?"

"No. We can stay here and be quite happy."

"On the contrary, we can go there and be quite happy. You shall take me where you like, Gretchen, as it seems I am necessary to you. You will never know how proud and thankful that thought makes me. Yes, we shall go to town, my dearest, and I shall find pleasure in hearing your praises said and sung."

"It is a bargain!" cries she, clapping her hands joyfully. "It is my victory, Kenneth, but the reward shall be yours!"

"What an ocular speech! Why, you might be a priestess of the gods, your words are so difficult to read. Yours the victory, but mine the wreath. Well, so be it."

(To Be Continued).

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

TO WEAK, NERVOUS AND EASILY TIRED WOMEN,

Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

It is a good many years since the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased its reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many in this town have freely spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to these another is added in the person of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said: "Several years ago I became very much run down; I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery and I was in what the physicians called an anaemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned and with it good blood and strong nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run down women, I say by all means to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Get Rich.

Take a quantity of silica costing one-fourth the price of oil; mix it with oil, and sell the compound to the public at the price of pure oil; offer "prizes" with the compound to make it sell. It is such a compound the public get when they buy common soaps. In Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—the public buy a pure and well-made soap. Sunlight Soap reduces expense by prolonging the life of the articles washed with it, which is much more profitable to the public, than common soaps with "prizes." 204

A MAGNETIC CANNON.

The electrical magnetic cannon invented by a Norwegian professor has recently been given severe tests at Christiania. The gun works magnetically, the shell being drawn out of the bore and not impelled, as by gunpowder. The professor claims that by the use of magnetism as motive power a 1,000 pound shell can be given greater range than by any of the established methods. The firing of the gun causes neither smoke nor sound.

HEALTH FOR LITTLE ONES.

Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble; if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this to-day for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says:—"I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

ANIMALS AS ACTORS.

Clowns and Tragedians Outside the Human Family,

Most observers of animals know well enough that "making pretend," as the children call it, is not a practice unshared outside the human family. Dr. Zell, in a letter to a German publication — the Zeitgeist —gives numerous instances of what he calls "dramatic art in animals. He points out that the Greeks and Romans were aware of this faculty, and goes on to relate the following anecdote, told by Aelian:

"In Mauritania, on the north coast of Africa, the leopard never attacks monkeys, directly, for he knows they will at once take flight into the trees. He finds out where a pack of apes are sitting in a tree, and lies down under it, stretching himself out as if he were dead. The monkeys, catching sight of him, watch for some time to see whether he moves, and then, one by one, with many alarms and returns to their tree of safety, gradually gather around the body, smell at it, touch it, and finally begin to gambol about it. The leopard waits patiently, scarcely breathing till the apes become quite confident, and then suddenly springing up, is able to kill or mortally wound several before they have recovered from their astonishment."

The writer then describes the maneuvers of two wolves, who set out to kill a watch dog. One wolf went to the entrance of the courtyard, and as soon as the faithful dog rushed at him, galloped away. The dog in his zeal, rushed after him to a considerable distance. Meanwhile the second wolf had cut off his retreat; the first wolf, stopping in his flight, turned round, and between them they soon made mincemeat of the unfortunate dog. In a family with which Dr. Zell was acquainted, there was a favorite and very intelligent dog. His master was a very good-natured man, whose wife sometimes had to use means to prevent his being imposed on. Dr. Zell went often to dine with him, and regularly observed the following proceedings: As long as the mistress of the house was in the room the dog lay still in his corner, never attempting to move. But as soon as she left the room on some domestic errand, the dog at once jumped up and ran to the table, begging of his master with great success. No sooner did he hear the returning footsteps of his mistress than he ran back to his place, and pretended that he had never moved. This trait is fairly common in dogs, and we believe the above could easily be matched in the experience of many of our readers.

UNDERGROUND MOUNTAINS.

The conductors of the Trigonometrical survey in India have made a singular discovery. They have reason to believe that there is in the middle of India an underground, or buried, mountain range, a thousand miles in length, which lies parallel with the Himalayas. The conclusion is based on the peculiarities of the local attraction of gravitation, the plumb-line being deflected southward on the north side of the supposed underground chain, and northward on the south side. The inference is that a great elongated mass of rock of excessive density underlies the surface of the earth between the two observing stations.

GRAVEL CURED.

REMARKABLE CASE OF THIS PAINFUL DISEASE.

Reuben Draper, of Bristol, Que., Who Was a Victim, Finds Relief and a Permanent Cure.—He Tells of His Sufferings and How He Left His Troubles Behind.

Bristol, Que., June 16.—(Special)—No disease can cause more severe and dreadful pain than Gravel. Reuben Draper, of this place, was taken ill with this awful trouble about five years ago. He was cured and so many have asked him how it was done that he has decided to give the whole story for publication:

"About five years ago I was taken ill with the Gravel. I suffered great pain, so I sent for a doctor. He gave me some medicine and came to see me twice afterwards, but my disease was not gone, and in a short time I had another very bad attack.

"This time I sent for another doctor with about the same results, only I was getting weaker all the time.

"Then a man advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, for he said they had cured his mother. I thought I would try them and bought a box.

"Just one week after I began the treatment I passed a stone as large as a small bean, and four days later another about the size of a grain of barley—this gave me great relief, and I commenced to feel better and gain strength right away.

"That was five years ago and I have not had any trouble in that way since. I have the stones in a small bottle and anyone can see them who wishes. Dodd's Kidney Pills certainly saved my life."

The story of Mr. Draper will be good news to many sufferers who may not have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Gravel and Stone in the Bladder.

What has cured this gentleman and hundreds of other very bad cases should cure anyone, and those who may be afflicted as Mr. Draper was should try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

AT HOME IN THE KITCHEN.

Queen Alexandra Is a Splendid Housewife.

Viewed from a human standpoint—just now a popular one from which to contemplate royalty—Queen Alexandra is the peer of any lady in England in housewifery. For her proficiency she has to thank her excellent mother, the late Queen Louise of Denmark, and the exigencies of her childhood life, which was the reverse of luxurious.

There were not many servants at the Gule Palace, says the author of a recent "Life of Queen Alexandra," and the young Danish princesses were required to dust their own rooms, and make themselves generally useful about the house and at meal-times. A gentleman who one day was invited to partake of the informal family luncheon at the palace recalls that the family butter dish chanced to need replenishing, and the Princess Louise, instead of summoning a servant, turned to her elder daughter, and said:

"Alexandra, will you fetch some more butter?"

And the future Queen of England departed willingly and gracefully on the homely errand to the larder.

During a visit paid by her in 1888 with the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, after inspecting every part of the Home for Scandinavian Sailors, said to Mrs. Melin, the superintendent:

"I would like to see the kitchen."

It was dinner-time, and the cook was frying fish.

"I can cook fish," said the princess; "let me show you if I cannot." She went to the cooking range, and deftly turned the fish in the pan till it had taken the requisite brown.

THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE

To Add Comfort and Celerity to Travel—How the Bicycle Proved Its Worth.

All modern means of transportation are the direct outcome of human endeavor to add comfort and celerity of travel: to economize on the fleeting moments of our short lives, and to make our movements on pleasure or business bent, pleasant. The bicycle particularly, though once regarded as a fad, has proved itself to be one of the most serviceable of modern vehicles of transportation.

We know of nothing so absolutely useful in the country. It has the virtue of making eight miles feel as one, and throws into that distance a sensation of keen enjoyment at the pleasurable exercise we are getting. To most of us, a trip to the post office or our neighbor is no light task to undertake on foot, and the bother of harnessing a probably over-tired horse takes the pleasure out of the trip. A bicycle stands always ready to do your bidding. It is made so perfectly today that repairs are the exception; and the price of the very best wheel is now an easy proposition.

HOW TO GET A WHEEL.

If you want one of the best wheels made anywhere on earth, "Cleveland," "Massey-Harris," "Perfect," or "Brantford," write to the Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited, 34 King St. West, for their June proposition.

"Is this a cool neighborhood in summer?" "Is it? Well, I should say it was! There isn't a man in the neighborhood who doesn't help himself to my flowers and lawn mower without so much as by your leave."

Minard's Liniment is the best

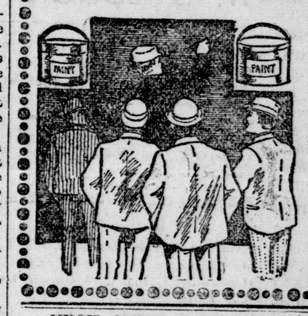
The cook looked none too well pleased at ladies in the kitchen, but when as the visitors turned to leave, Mrs. Melin whispered, "It is the Princess of Wgles who has fried the fish," the cook showed such astonishment that the princess burst into a hearty laugh.

Page Metal Ornamental Fence. We now make fence that is ornamental, very showy and surprisingly cheap. It is just what is wanted for door yards, division fences in town lots, grave yards, orchards, etc. It is painted and retails at only 20 cts. PER RUNNING FOOT. Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. We also make farm fence, poultry netting, nails and staples.
The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 3

It's sad to think how much good money is spent on bad tea despite the fact that Blue Ribbon is in every store. Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

The Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED, TORONTO
Can handle your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY (alive or dressed), STRAWBERRIES, APPLES, TOMATOES, other Fruits, VEGETABLES or PRODUCE to good advantage.
Shipping tags, stamps, pads supplied. Correspondence invited.

PAINT DEMONSTRATION.



Any painter can demonstrate to you which is the best paint. You can do it yourself. One trial will convince you that in

Ramsay's Paints

you can get the right paint to paint right. It is made to keep your house fresh and bright, to beautify, to make it last longer. It is made at the right price for pure paint, and none of our agents overcharge.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE.

it will tell you all about it and show some pretty houses.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842, MONTREAL. Paint Makers

MUCH MORE COSTLY.

Highup: "A penny for your thoughts, darling."

Mrs. Highup: "Oh, they will cost you more than that."

Highup: "What were you thinking about?"

Mrs. Highup: "The dress I ordered yesterday."

Wabash Railroad.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Col.; Salt Lake City, Ogden, Utah; Hot Springs and Deadwood, South Dakota.

Lowest round trip rates ever made from Canada to the above points.

Tickets on sale June 1st to 21st, and June 26th to 30th, inclusive. Special excursion June 22nd to 25th. Other cheap excursions during July and August. All tickets good until October 31st, 1902. All tickets should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route to all Colorado points.

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Full particulars from any railroad agent, or J. A. RICHARDSON, Dist. Pass. Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

There are in the British army 640 colonels, 960 lieutenant-colonels, 2,300 majors, and 4,850 captains.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

HIS BUSINESS.

A lawyer, trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case, in the course of his cross-examination said:

"You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening during all this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Were you and he interested in any business together?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, unhesitatingly.

"Ah! Now will you be good enough to tell us how, and to what extent, and what the nature of the business was in which you and he were interested?"

"Well, I have no objection to telling. I was courting his daughter."

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white, as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Johnny and Harry had been left at home with their big sister, mother having gone out. At bed time they wanted to "stay up for mother," but their sister relentlessly put them to bed. Harry maintained a stolid indifference, but Johnny cried lustily. Their sister listened at the foot of the stairs, hoping they would soon be good. At last Johnny stopped, and the listener heard him say: "You cry a bit, Harry; I'm tired!"

If the atmosphere were liquified it would make a sea 35 feet deep over the whole world.

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES.

Via the Chicago and North Western Railway to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake, Hot Springs and Deadwood, South Dakota, during June, July and August. A splendid opportunity is offered for an enjoyable vacation trip. Several fine trains via the North-Western Line daily. Full information and illustrated pamphlets can be obtained from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

The "Mikasa," 15,200 tons, belonging to the Japanese Navy, is the finest battleship in commission.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Yes don't tell me Mrs. Brady is to be marri'd agin?" "Yis; it's thrue. Oi knowed yez'd be surprised at her." "Faith, 'tis not at her Oi'm surprised."

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe

The Crown swimming baths at Kennington are the largest in London. They are 160 feet long and 60 feet wide.

"Did you ever get over her mother's objection to you?" "Yes. I told her that she looked as young as her daughter." "That caught the old lady, I suppose?" "Easily; but it lost me the daughter."

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AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

the nightingale's song may be heard at a distance of a mile on a calm night.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

It takes 25 1-3rd days for the sun to rotate once on its axis.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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