# "RESULTS PROVE ALL THINGS"

Ceylon GREEN Tea are growing to enormous proportions. It is fast becoming as popular as "SALADA" Black Tea. Sold only in lead packets. By all grocers.

The costume, too, of gentlemen and ladies has undergone some mutations since the first fine day that our Achilles found himself standing on his bare legs in the corner. There are no high neckicioths, there are no Hessian boots now. D'Orsay has followed Brummel where dress is unnecessary, perhaps inconvenient, and a garment that fitted a man would be pointed at in the present day as simply ridiculous. Our youths are clothed to please themselves, and so, I presume, are the ladies. That an outer fabric of light material, standing several feet from the person on all sides, is a cool and comfortable attire in warm weather, appears a self-evident proposition; but that the beauty of the female figure, so to speak, is enhanced by this upspringing, so to speak, like a jack-in-the-box, out of a volume of circumambient muslin, is a question of opinion which may admit of some dispute. Who shall decide on such matters? Achilles must congratulate himself that his own proportions are independent of all vagaries of fashion and changes of costume.

Above all, if he be wise, should he exult and leap for joy, as it were, in the untrammeled luxury of his naked feet. I speak it advisedly when I say, that on the most crowded day in June I betieve the Greek alone of all that throng around him is ignorant of the suffering caused by a pair of tight boots. Now, I am aware that in this department of art, as in many others, we have borrowed largely from the French. I am not to be told that Hoby and Hubert and the rest have achieved all that can be achieved with so pliant a material as leather, and that even the cunning chiropodist who did so much for Louis Napoleon, finds his profession failing him day by day, for that there are no excrescences now to pare away. So when I speak for this boots, it is worth while to scan the pace and action of John himself. His footfall on the pavement is firm, light and regular, the tread of a man whom running, leaping, fencing and such antietic exercises have put well upon his legs; his polished boots loo he had shown more than common per-spicuity, were this morning at a consid-erable discount in the city. The business erable discount in the city. The business of which he is principal manager has got into a hitch, and "advices" received by today's post have tended to complicate the difficulty. Also an outstanding claim he had resolved, with the concurrence of his partner, to contest, has been advanced at an inconvenient season, and in an offensive manner. Some of the irons in John's fire have thus become unpleasantly warm to the touch. of the irons in John's fire have thus become unpleasantly warm to the touch, and he feels today further removed than usual from the coming independence, and power, and influence, which are to rest upon money. Thus it occurs to him as Lady Olivia's barouche turns into the Ring, that it will be ten years at least before he can drawn of marving. John Ring, that it will be ten years at least before he can dream of marrying. John is not a "bread-and-butter," "love-in-acottage" sort of man. He is not young enough to be romantic, and too young to know the real value of gold—alas! far below the price we see it quoted in the daily papers as commanding at Hamburg—so he dismisses the subject at once with

—so he dismisses the subject at once with his customary energy, but feels, notwithstanding, that his mental perambulations into the future limp along very restrictedly in consequence. No—John Gordon's boots are today by no means pleasant to wear.

Lord Holyhead, Charley Wing and old Landless lounge in leisurely conclave at the rails, and the nobleman, who is on horseback, recognizes Gordon, and nods to him over the heads of his two friends. With Holyhead's strong, firm seat in the saddle, surely there can be no pressure on the soles, and those feet, thrust home in their shining stirrupirons, ought indeed to be unconscious of a twinge. Alas! "Nobs," like his neighbors, is undergoing the torture of "the boot." In the first place, he is on a certain hack of which he has long coveted the ownership, and is today for the ed the ownership, and is today for first time proving the merits of his first time proving the merits of his late acquisition. The animal is faultless in appearance, symmetrical and well-bred. In the stable it comes near perfection, but ere he had ridden it a hundred yards this afternoon, he discovered the old story that, if he had only been on its back before he bought it, he would not have given half the money it had cost him for his purchase. Old Landless, too, who is a first-rate judge has not improve him for his purchase. Old Landless, too, who is a first-rate judge, has not improved the matter by volunteering his opinion that "it's a clever shaped one enough, but as a hack, Holyhead, I don't think it quite comes up to your mark!"

Twinge number one:

Then he has had what he calls "a roughish time of it" lately with Branches and the state of the stat

roughish time of it lately with Bra-voura, and has resolved that his ac-quaintance with that siren shall hence-forth become day by day more distant. To any gentleman who has taken in hand the very difficult task of breaking with a lady whose interests, rather than her inclinations, lead her to value his friendship, it is needless to insist on the oft-recurring annoyances created by this

twinge number two.

Lastly, by today's post he has heard from his steward in the north, that the poacher whom he directed him to prosecute, and who had hitherto been a prime favorite with his lordship, and the best cricketer in the parish, has been "pitch-ed into" by the worthy magistrates more severely than he desired, or than the culprit deserved; and to do Holyhead justice (for, as his old brother-officers know, "Nobs" always had his heart in the right place), this last twinge is considerably

The Skin PEARLINE does not injure the hands in the least.

> We use PEARL-INE for bathing, and find it excellent-do not like to bathe without it.

Mrs. Rev. B. M. N.

Rev. H. D. S.

Two of the Millions

keener than either of those created by the deception of a dealer and the caprices of a contraito.

Landless, who has one arm linked in Charley Wing's, and the other reclining on the rails, might indeed fairly claim immunity from all mental pangs, such as I have described, on the score of bodily suffering. A general champagne-and-claret gout has reduced him to a crippled amble, and a pair of cloth shoes, even at the best of times; and why he should ever have a care or an anxiety, it is difficult to understand, living, as he does, on a small annulty wrung from the forbearance of his creditors. The Yorkshire property is mortgaged, the Irish estates are under trust. As fine a fortune as was ever wasted has been frittered away, less through vice than sheer carclessness and incompetency, so that none but the lawyers know where it is all gone; and the former Amphitryon of many a joyous feat and hospitable welcome, is satisfied now to dine for seven-and-sixpence at his club, and prose away the evening over his brandy-and-water and eigar. I believe Landless likes his present quitte as well as his former life. Easy, good-tempered, without brains or ambition, the necessities of his existence are but a little whist, a little lounging, much gossip and tittle-tattle (for Landless is kindly even in his weaknesses, and stops short of scandal), a glass of warm negus after he is in bed, and an old servant who robbed him handsomely in former days, and saves every shilling he can for him now, to look after him. It seems he should have no more cares nor anxietles than an ox stalled up to feed; and yet—and yet—within that bloated form there does beat a heart, if you can only get at it, and next that heart, in his breast pocket, lies a yellow, fumigated shipletter that makes every pulsation beneath it a throb of pain. Even Landless loves one thing on earth besides his dinner, and if that curly-headed midshipman, lying sick unto death at the mouth of the Senegal, yields to the fever which is wasting blird or him like a very Rachel, an

[To be Continued.]

With an Eve Single to the Good of Her Fellowmen She Toiled.

HEROIC LIFE

The Story of Eliza H. Varney, of Bloomfield, Ont .- Spent Many Years in a Service of Saintly Sacrifice to the Poor and Needy - Ministered to Their Physical as Well as Spiritual Wants

Bloomfield, Ont., July 11 .- (Special.) Our community boasts of having within it one of the most devoted Christian women that ever toiled in the world's vineyard.

Owned and blessed by God, this selfsacrificing heroine and her husband, since deceased, spend many years of faithful pastoral work in different parts of the continent.

Elizabeth H. Varney, relict of the late Levi Varney, is now 73 cears of age and is living in quiet retirement here. She is a member of the Society of the Old Orthodox Friends and this simple peace-loving Society never had a more humblt or more worthy mem-

It is of her work among the Doukobors in our own Canadian Northwest that she loves most to speak, and many and vivid are her recollections of this

peculiar people. One of the greatest difficulties this devoted woman had to contend with was disease among her poor people. But she had armed herself with a remedy that was as unfailing as her own charity-Dodd's Kidney Pills were the weapon she used to drive out sick-

Some years before she had tried and proven the value of this great medicine in her own case when threatened with dropsy and suffering with rheu-matism. They had completely restored her, and when she found that the prevailing trouble among the Doukhobor people was Kidney Disease and Dropsy she knew that Dodd's Kidney Pills would be her most valu-

able aid in her good work. She tells of one poor young woman among this people who was suffering so severely with the Dropsy that she was terribly bloated all over and confined to her bed. The Lady Missionary left a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills and immediately sent for three more

She was rewarded for her efforts by the complete recovery of the young Dodd's Kidney Pills have received this worthy woman's most emphatic

indorsation.

### Shot Down Danish Flag.

In view of the purchase of the Danish West Indies, pardon me for re-calling an incident of twenty-odd years ago that nearly caused serious international complications, says a New York Press writer. An American marksman, paying a visit to Charlotte Amalia, amused the governor by an exhibition of skill with the rifle. Siting on the veranda of the Government House, he said he could cut with a bul let the signal halyards on the flagstaff of the fort, and lower the Dan-ish standard to the ground. As the lines were almost invisible in the distance, the governor was willing to bet that he could not do it. The shot

rang out and the flag fell. Presently a horseman dashed up, informing the governor that someone had fired on the flag. There was great excitement. The governor, none too pop-ular, it seems, with the military, ruined his political future by admitting that the affair was a joke in which he connived. Report being sent to Co-penhagen, highly colored, of course, by the commandant, his excellency was summarily removed.

Watchdogs are to be purchased and trained to accompany the police on their nightly rounds at Schaerbeck,

# Red Riding Hood. There liv'd in a dark forest once A great man nam'd Strong Bow. And many a mighty deed he did In days long, long ago.

His wife at times went forth with him, Arm'd with the bow and spear, To ride through woods and over floods, To hunt the fallow deer.

Their daughter, young "Red Riding Was call'd a youthful sage—
A very clever child was she,
Though still of tender age.

Her parents said before they left,
To hunt the deer that day,
"The woods come near our castle door—
The woods reach far away. "Wolf packs are all around, my child, They're here on every hand, And if you venture forth alone, They'll kill you where you stand.

"They loiter in the forest near, And when the day grows dim, If you should venture out of door They'd tear you limb from limb."

Then Strong Bow and his pretty wife, Dress'd in their trappings gay. Kiss'd Riding Hood's sweet rosy cheek.

And quickly rode away. Into the forests deep they rode, Before the end of day. The fallow deer with hounds they chased Till they were miles away.

But little luck there came to them, For early in the day. "Noble," the best of all the hounds, Had from them gone away.

O'er hills they rode, through gloom; glens,
Through many a threatening flood,
Through deep defiles in places wild,
Far in the tangled wood.

Worn and weary they returned, But what was their dismay. When near the castle door they saw There "Noble's" body lay.

And just within the castle door,

Among the shadows dim.

There lay the bones of grandmamma,
Who was torn limb from limb. Red Riding Hood had shut her door, And kept within her room,
And there she saw, from her high place,
How Noble met his doom.

Her little heart was sorely pained, For near the great hall door, The bloody bones of grandmamma, Lay scatter'd on the floor.

And oft she thought in after years,

Sitting in shadows lone, Of the great dog that gave his life, That he might save her own. In after years Red Riding Hood Was often heard to say,
"The noblest lesson of my life,
My dog taught me that day.

"His life for mine he freely gave; So trusty, faithful, true—Fiercely he fought to guard the door 'Twas all that he could do."

Soon far the fame of Riding Hood Spread o'er the country round— The noble deeds she often did. Were taught her by her hound. Many years have since gone by,

The wolves return no more, And grandmammas have come and gone, Their blood stains not the floor. But where in all the land today Can faithfulness be found, Greater than that for Riding Hood, Shown by her faithful hound.

Still, still, among the hills of Wales, Where that old castle stood. Some friendly hand points to the grave Of dear Red Riding Hood.

And still some children point the place Where faithful "Noble" fell, To save from fangs of savage beasts
The child he loved so well.

Red Riding Hood did deeds of fame, for often there she fed the poor, Help'd beggars on their way.

She tam'd the birds by feeding them
All through the mouth of May;
They sang her praise, in field and
Throughout the livelong day.

Long after dear, sweet Riding Hood Was buried on the hill, The redbreast, when he came in spring, Sang of her kindness still. The linnet joined with him in song

Far in the leafy wood,
To tell of deeds done long ago,
By dear Red Riding Hood. And as they flew o'er hill and dale, Near where the castle stood. They always sang their sweetest song 'Bout dear Red Riding Hood.

And when the autumn season came, They to a warmer clime, Where suns were bright and days were

warm, Like ours in summer time. The robin sang, and linnet too.

As they flew through the wood
Of her who liv'd long, long ago—
Their friend, Red Riding Hood

Or sat in silent mood.
Oh! we were always rous'd to song
When we saw Riding Hood.

We'll ne'er forget our sweetest song, Long taught each feather'd brood, To sing in Wales the summer long The deeds of Riding Hood.

"It is the song of all the birds.

Of lark and linnet too.

Thou charming child of long ago,
Our parents sang of you,

"Who fed the birds in winter time— They never wanted food— And cared for them long, long ago? It was sweet Riding Hood.

"Now Riding Hood is seen no more."
She lies beneath the ground;
But when, ah! when, like her of yore,
Shall such a friend be found?

'And we have come from the warm south,
To where a castle stood,

That sheltered here, long years ago, Our friend, Red Riding Hood, Here rests the queen of singing birds,

Who gave our parents food;
We'll toil from dawn till early eve,
From love of Riding Hood. "We may come and we may go,
And sing in the leafy tree.
Have we mong men a friend? Ah! no,
Never a one like thee.

Now wicked boys make war on us, To kill us when they can, But the great God for us has care— Is kinder far than man.

"Oh! shall the time return again, ,
When we sing in the wood?
Our songs shall be as once they were,
When fed by Riding Hood.

"Then we shall sing from morn till night, When boys grow kind and good, And will do, as traditions say, Was done by Riding Hood."

birds will watch you all the day, And as they sung of Riding Hood.
They'll learn to sing of you.

Remember what the Saviour says About the sparrow's fall.

And though He cares much more for you,
His love extends to all.

Then take you care, and do no wrong,
To songbirds or their brood;
But feed them when they sing their song,
As once did Riding Hood. May 25, 1902.

Plants for the destruction of sewage by cremation are now operated by 9' cities of the United States.

### WILL LEARN TO SWIM FIRST ON DRY LAND

National Instruction of New York School Children.

The simple, old-fashioned way to teach a boy to swim was for the other boys to throw him in the water and boys to throw him in the water and merely see to it that he did not actually drown. It worked pretty well, and the boys subjected to the treatment learned fast, although, their parents sometimes considered the way brutal—if they heard anything about it.

Now, in a big city like New York, this is all changed. The boys and girls

are both taught to swim, and in New York this year there is to be a considerable enlargement of facilities. It is proposed to give a two months' swim-ming course to all boys and girls under 16 who apply for it, and at the end of the time there will be diplomas for those who have finished the course creditably, and probably a gold medal for the best boy swimmer and an only other for the best girl swimmer. Only those can be admitted who have not

learned to swim before.

To one who remembers the old rough and ready methods, the most astonishing part of the scheme is the scientific exactness with which swimming is to be taught—is taught in some places now. The pupil begins on dry land, and practices arm movements under the direction of an instructor, who counts one, two, three to time the motions. When he is supposed to be somewhat familiar with the muscular movements required he is put into the water and there he is taught floating, then the breast stroke, then the overhand stroke, diving, rescuing drowned people by throwing ropes or by diving for them, and then the method of re-suscitating those who are half-drown-

### PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Saves the Life of a Manitoba Lady.

It Completely Banishes the Agonizing Troubles That Were Dragging Her to the Grave.

There never was a remedy so highly recommended as Paine's Celery Compound. There never was a remedy in such universal demand. It is popular and prized in tens of thousands of homes, because it makes sick people

Paine's Celery Compound has saved thousands from nervous prostration and collapse; it has effected wonderful cures in kidney and liver complaints; its victories over rheumatism and neuralgia have commanded the attention and admiration of our best physicians. It has cured disease when everything else has failed. The following voluntary testimonial from a Manitoba lady who owes her life and present good health to Paine's Celery Corporated will about the soul of Compound, will cheer the soul many despondent sufferers. Mrs. R. Cobb, of Seamo, Man., says:

Before using your valuable Paine Celery Compound I was so crippled with rheumatism that I had to crawl on hands and knees from one place to another. I also suffered from neuralgia and dreadful headaches, and could not get more than one or two hours sleep each night. I often thought it would be better to die than live and endure my terrible agony. I was happily advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and after use of six bottles the rheumatism and neuralgia are banished, and I now eat, rest and sleep well. My present improved state of health is due entirely to the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, which has done wonders for me. My husband is now using it for dyspepsia, and it is doing wonders for him.'

## TENNIS WAS PLAYED IN ANCIENT FRANCE

More Popular Than Archery in the Thirteenth Century.

Among the games pure and simple which had so great a popularity that archery was neglected for them, the jeau de paume, or game of tennis, held from early times the most prominent place in France. Everybody played it, kings as well as their subjects. Even monks were addicted to it, and the council of Sens prohibited their playing, especially "in their shirts and in public." The people were so passion-ately devoted to this game, and others of the same kind, that they often left their work on week days to go and play, and various regulations were made at different times, either to suppress such games or to allow them only

on Sundays. In England, whither they had been imported, their practice had likewise to be restricted. We are told that in 1292 there were thirteen manufacturers of tennis balls in Paris, while there were only eight booksellers. The French balls were considered the best in Europe. In Louis XI.'s time the manufacturers complained that there were dishonest people who made spurious imitations of balls, containing lime, sand and other materials, which made them heavy and injurious; and the king issued an ordinance to the effect that they should be made of good leather and good stuffing, on penalty of a fine and the burning of all bad balls-the proper stuffing being the hair of animals, usually of dogs. This explains the joke in "Much Ado About Nothing," on the beard of Benedick: "The barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.

## Children Cry for CASTORIA. Children Cry for CASTORIA. of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

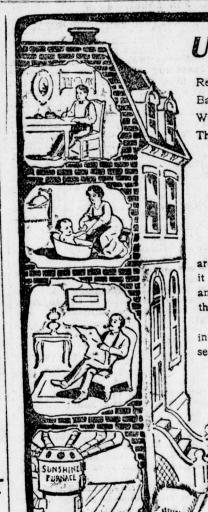
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria. Children Cry for When you feel weak, run-down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.



THE TEST OF TIME Imitations Come! Imitations Go! But the Original Remains Forever!

Always Insist on Your Dealer Supplying You with E. B. EDDY'S WOODENWARE PAILS and TUBS

They are manufactured from the best of material by the most skilled workmen.



# Uniform Heat

Reading comfortably on the ground floor, Bathing baby comfortably on the second floor, Writing comfortably on the third floor,

This, in short, is the story of every house heated

# "Sunshine" Furnace.

The Regulators that divide the warm air are so constructed, and the pipes which carry it to the different registers so arranged, that any quantity of heat desired can be forced to the different rooms or flats of a house.

The "Sunshine" is the only furnace made in which hot-air pipes to first floor do not rob second and third floor pipes.

Burns coal, coke and wood equally well. Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for free illustrated booklet.

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WM. STEVELY @ SON, Agents, London.

## HAS COME RAPIDLY INTO PROMINENCE

The Rise of the Spicy Carnation in Popular Favor

The carnation pink has been called the flower of destiny. Within the last few years it has risen from comparative obscurity to a position among the most highly cultivated blossoms of the

conservatory. "There has been a decided boom in carnations in the last year," said a Broadway florist. "Men ordering flowers for their ushers and best men at weddings choose the carnation frequently, and we have made up many bouquets for brides and maids of honor of the white variety. The flower has, of course, increased in beauty. The carnation you buy today is a different affair from that of five years ago. It has a great deal of character in its style. It does not droop or even bend. It has an erect poise on its stalk, the separate petals of the flower sustain themselves crisply from the center.

"At this time of the year flowers begin to get very scarce in market. It is all that we can do to supply decorative flowers for dinners at the fash-ionable summer resorts. Private conservatories must be robbed to help out the florists at all Newport functions. We are using the daisy quite freely now for decoration. For children's parties it is in favor. We have decorated churches entirely with daisies for some of the out-of-town weddings in country places. Then there have been functions at which wild flowers were used exclusively. The carnation, if it becomes fashionable, will always more of a man's flower than a woman's favori e. While it makes an admirable bouquet for carrying, it is not a graceful corsage flower, although it seems made for a man's coat."

Warts Removed Without Pain. Putnam's Painless Wart and Corn Extractor never fails to remove Warts, Corns or Bunions, without pain, in a few hours. Give Putnam's a trial.

# To Dye At Home

Learn how to do it successfully, easily, quickly. Get a cake of the famous English Home Dye, Maypole Soap, that washes and dyes at one operation. Brilliant, fadeless. The dye of highest quality that sells for a small price.

Sold everywhere. 10c. for Colors. 15c. for Black. ~~~~~

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream



similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair, without injury to the skin.

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