

ROSS' TEA



ROSS' HIGH-GRADE CEYLON TEA

Should be tried. We know you'll appreciate it.

BLACK. GREEN. MIXED

King Ed's Favorite Wine.

The Hungarian Journalist and politician, Kornel Abranyi, in his paper, Pest Naplo, gives some interesting details of a visit which King Edward paid to Hungary many years ago. The King repeatedly declared that when out of England he felt nowhere so much at home as in Hungary, and he was often pleased to accept invitations from Count Tassilo Festetics or Count Stephen Karolyi, with whom he had many friends. Once when he was at dinner in Count Karolyi's Budapest house, he refused the costly French, German, and Spanish wines that were offered to him, and with all courses drank the white table wine which he had tasted after the soup, and declared that no wine had ever suited his taste so well. After dinner he asked Karolyi whether he could order a reasonable quantity of this wine. Count Karolyi, with Hungarian hospitality, answered, "The wine is nowhere to be had; it has either been drunk to the last drop or else it is jealously guarded; the vines which produced it are all destroyed by the phylloxera, and whether new plantations will ever produce the same quality again is uncertain. What I have of it was left by my father in the cellars of Neigy Karolyi, and I do not know how much that is."

Nothing more was said, but next day Count Karolyi traveled to Nagy Karolyi, called the manager of the cellar and asked him, "How much more have we of the Bakator from Ermetek?" "Of the family wine?" the butler asked. "Well, just so much that it will last us to the end of our lives." "The question is, how long do you expect we shall live?" "Should God give us a hundred years to live, even then the wine would last to the end." "But suppose I did not expect to live one hundred years; suppose I thought 80 was enough, how much wine would be left?" "On a rough calculation—ten hectoliters." "Very well, put those ten hectoliters into the best casks you can get, take them to the railway station, and make ready to accompany them on a long journey." Now, to take wine safely by rail and by ship is a difficult task if its quality is not to suffer. Two weeks passed before Count Karolyi received the announcement that the butler had reached England in safety with his ten hectoliters of white wine; that he had tested its quality and had found it in perfect condition. The Count wrote a respectful letter to the then Prince of Wales, informing him that ten hectoliters of the wine he was pleased to like in Hungary were in England, and begging him to accept it. The Prince expressed his delight at the present in a letter which will be kept in the Count's family, but Karolyi only learned much later how much the Prince appreciated the gift. About eight years ago Karolyi was the Prince's guest in England, and at table he was informed that the Bakator from Ermetek appeared on the table solely in his honor. At all other times the Prince drank it himself, for he had also made arrangements to make it last all his life.

La Grippe Prevented and Cured Quickly.

La Grippe is a germ disease. Catarrhazone kills the germs. You can not get Grippe if you breathe Catarrhazone. If you have it, it will lessen its intensity and cut short the attack. Catarrhazone is a white specific for Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. Druggists everywhere sell it, two sizes, 25c, and \$1, or by mail paid on receipt of price. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

"When your mother went to school she didn't have such tomfoolery studies," growled old Mr. Penuckle. "No," answered the daughter, "she didn't need them. In those days the girls didn't have to hustle out and chase up a job as stenographer to help support the family. I'll have to do, did you, ma?"—Indianapolis Sun.

A HALF DOZEN GOOD STORIES.

It was the Scottish express, and as it was not due to stop for another six hours the other nine occupants of the smoker began to get nervous. The tenth passenger, who was sitting in the window corner with a cap pulled over the face, groaned again. The kind-hearted old gentleman moaning opposite unscrewed a flask of cold tea and passed it to his afflicted neighbor. He drank long and eagerly.

"Do you feel better?" asked the giver.

"I do," said he who had groaned.

"What asked you, anyway?"

"Alked me?"

"Yes; what made you groan so?"

"Groan! Great Scott, man, I was singing!"

His gait had the roll of salt water and every person in the little crowd on the corner would have put him down as a sailor. As the car slowed up he swung on the back platform, while the others clambered inside. As the conductor started on his collection round the sailor said loud enough for all to hear:

"Say, mate, I'm going to settle for all that got on," and he thrust a \$5 bill toward the conductor.

The man in uniform was perplexed. He did not care about offending a man of Sharkey's build, and yet he was afraid the passengers would object, and get him into trouble. "They might not like it, sir," he protested.

"They ain't got no objection, mate. Uncle Sam paid me off last week, and I want to spend my money. Here, take em out."

The conductor looked around. The passengers were smiling. Thus reassured, he counted 18 fares and took 90 cents out of the \$5 bill. Then he handed the sailor the change.

"Just as well humor him," he remarked to the man up front.

"I thought he was a sailor by his walk."

"Yes, and a sailor and his money are soon parted."

"Wonder what ship he is from?"

"Didn't ask him. Goodness, sort of a chap, though. But he almost robbed me of all my change. Hello. This note looks funny."

The man up front scrutinized it and then said:

"Worthless."

"What?"

"Yes, a counterfeit."

"I'll make him take it back, and—"

"But when the conductor glanced back he found the generous sailor had vanished.—Maine Journal.

The young man took a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket and laid the paper on his knee.

"I will have something important to tell you in a minute, Miss Jones," he said.

Then he read over carefully what he had written and crossed out a word. "Superfluous," he said, half to himself.

He went over it again and crossed out another word.

"It's just as strong without that," he muttered. "We are all too prone to use adjectives and adverbs, anyway."

He picked up the paper and seemed about to begin to read from it, but suddenly stopped.

"That whole sentence might as well come out," he said. "The meaning is perfectly clear without it. Conciseness is really the crying need of the hour."

Then, turning to the girl, he said: "Be mine!"

"Thus we see the power of habit. For years his duty had been to edit the 'copy' of profligate correspondents.—Chicago Post.

"This altercation, as I understand it, took place at McGuiggin's tavern," said the cross-examining attorney to the witness.

"It is called McGuiggin's tavern," replied the witness, "but McGuiggin hasn't had anything to do with it since the 13th of last March."

"You are certain of that, are you?"

"I am."

"The 13th of March is the exact date on which McGuiggin ceased to have anything to do with the tavern that is called by his name?"

"It is."

"Now, bear in mind that you are under oath and that you are swearing to exactness. If you wish to say it was about the 13th of March that McGuiggin ceased to have anything to do with this place, I advise you to put your answer in that form."

"I don't need to."

"You swear that since the 13th of March McGuiggin has had nothing to do with the place?"

"I do."

"Give your reasons for such an explicit statement."

"Because McGuiggin died on the 13th of March."

Dialogue between Mr. Bliss and his neighbor's wife:

"You don't mean to say, Mrs. Wylie, that you never rode a wheel until now?"

"You sit perfectly!" I never saw anyone balance so gracefully. Don't mention it! It is a pleasure to assist you. How gracefully you dismount! Too heavy? Nothing of the kind. You wheel like an expert. Allow me."

Dialogue between Mr. Bliss and his own wife:

"Now, Laura, if you are going to hang on that bicycle like a sack of meal you'd better give up trying to learn. I told you I hadn't time to go wobbling all over the country holding you on a wheel. It's too much to expect of mortal man!"

"—!!!—!!!—!!!—?"

"Mrs. Wylie? Why, that woman wouldn't learn to ride in a thousand years; neither for that matter will you! I didn't do anything of the kind—I never told her so! Her husband asked me to teach her a few moments, and I did, out of neighborly kindness."

"—!!!—"

"I hold her hand! I never did anything of the kind, except to drag her on and off that wheel. You lean away over to one side. Oh, yes, I'd like running alongside, like a page or professor of athletics. Not much, Mrs. Bliss! If you don't learn in two lessons, you can practise by yourself. There you go! Go! Well, whose fault was it? No! I don't make a spectacle of myself trying to hold you on! Go into

the back yard and wobble to your heart's content! I'm finished."

A contractor who found himself thwarted by an inspector who rejected a lot of material, went to Sir John Macdonald, and demanded the office's disapproval of the contractor was a man whom it was not desirable to offend, and as the inspector had but done his duty, Sir John said—"Dismiss him, no; but I will promote him for his faithfulness, and if I remove him this afternoon to begin his new duties, it will suit you just as well as if I had discharged him."

Thus the virtue of the inspector was rewarded, and the contractor was free to use the rejected material.

She was rather proud of her waist, and intimated that he couldn't guess the measure of it.

"I can give it within the fraction of an inch," he replied. And he did.

"Someone must have told you," she exclaimed.

"Wrong," he answered.

"Then how did you guess it?" she asked.

"I didn't guess it," he said. "I happen to know the length of my arm."

Then, with one exception, everyone laughed. The one exception blushed.—Stray Stories.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Message of Hope to the Weak and Depressed.

A Grateful Woman Tells of Her Release From the Agonies that Afflict Her Sex After Three Doctors Had Failed to Help Her.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only lay to the lot of women. The following story of the suffering and release of Mrs. Charles Hoag, of Southampton, N. S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoag says:

"For nine out of the thirty-two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine I could suffer and yet have lived. Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about, and indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case. These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied, and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure. Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-making compound that was highly recommended. This, like everything else, failed to help me. 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