

It is More Than Palatable
It is Absolutely Delicious.

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

No nerve disturbing qualities. Unrivalled as a "pick-me-up."

Lead packets only. Black or mixed. All grocers.

A Brother's Error.

"I hope you'll find 'em all right," said Robb, adding, with a smile, "I hope they won't win you away from the boys."

Without any comment Henry Kyle raised his bride arm and his splendid horse darted away and was soon lost to sight among the hills. He rode until the summer sun looked straight into the deepest canyon and the vines of a wondrous land, and flashed on a lake that was walled in by mountains that rose skyward like an impassable barrier.

Between the mountains and the lake there was a belt of valley many hundreds of acres in extent, with clumps of trees here and there that gave it a park-like effect. There were cattle and sheep in the meadows, and the emerald expanse was broken by the sinuous streams, that flashed down from the distant snow peaks and poured their cool, trout-filled currents into the lake. From one of the groves a pillar of smoke arose, marking the site of a human habitation. When Henry Kyle saw this, he left the trail he had been following and galloped for the grove. The cattle and sheep raised their heads and looked after him in wonder.

A large double log house occupied a clear space in the grove, and back of this was a barn. The surrounding gardens showed thrift, and the vines and flowers indicated more refinement in the occupants of the place than is usually seen in that wild land. As Henry Kyle was hitching his horse to a tree before the house a beautiful girl of 17 or 18 ran out, and with a cry of "My brother! My brother!" she threw her arms about him.

"Glad to see you, Nora," said Henry Kyle, kissing her; then holding her at arm's length, his admiration filled his eyes, he continued:

"Why, you grow more and more beautiful every time I see you. Ah, it's a pity that so fair a flower should be shut in from the admiration of the world."

"The world," she repeated, "this is my world," and she lifted her eyes with an expression of adoration from the valley to the mountains. "Away from this home I could not be happy."

"Well, well. Where one is content a knowledge of better things may not be prudent. But tell me, how is mother?"

Before the girl could answer a gray-haired woman, with a calm, patient face, and an indescribable look of having seen better days in other scenes, came out and greeted the young man with a warm and tender smile which only a mother can feel.

"Put away your horse," she said. "You have surely come to stay with us now."

"Only a few hours," he answered. Then he added, with a forced laugh: "I have two other hours of ease and gain before I do not think that my father and Louis will care to have me with them for even that time."

"You know they will, Ah, Henry, if you would only stay with us we might be very happy."

They had now entered the house, and an Indian boy who acted as a servant, was told by Mrs. Kyle to take charge of the horse.

"I should like to make you all happy, but I am afraid I am an Ishmaelite and can never settle down. Have you not often defended me by telling father it was in the blood?"

"No, Henry, it is not in your blood to err as you have done. Impulse has been the curse of the Kyles, but not a one of them has ever been capable of a deliberate wrong," said Mrs. Kyle, coming over and stroking his wavy brown hair.

"I might be happy in this valley if I could persuade a young beauty whom I recently met to stay here with me and share my fate," said Henry Kyle with the light, careless manner that was peculiar to him.

"And who is this beauty?" asked Mrs. Kyle.

"She is with her father, brother and another sister, now en route to Oregon or Washington Territory. The immigrant train passes within two hours' ride of here tomorrow."

"And where does this family come from?"

"From West Virginia," replied Henry.

"West Virginia?"

"Yes, mother. Why, the name seems to startle you," said Henry, turning and watching the white cloud of trouble that every word of his seemed to bring to the face of his mother.

"Oh, no! Why should the name of a place affect me?" She stroked her forehead nervously and then asked with an evident effort at composure, "And what is the name of the people?"

"Blanchard," replied Henry. "The old gentleman is called Dr. Blanchard."

"Dr. Blanchard?"

"No effort, even had one been made, could hide the emotion that Mrs. Kyle now felt. All the color fled from her face, and her hands trembled so that she had to interlock her fingers to keep them steady."

"Did you ever hear of the name before?" asked Henry.

"I-I think I have."

"Nora was about to speak, but was interrupted by the joyful barking of a dog outside, and the sound of voices near by gave her an excuse to cry out:

"Father and Louis! They will be glad to see you."

The girl went to the door, where her father and brother greeted her fondly, and then led them into the room where was her truant brother, Louis. Kyle was a few years younger than his brother, and equally handsome, but his face had a stronger and more serious expression. He welcomed Henry cordially, but the look on the old gentleman's face was not one of pleasure.

Mr. Kyle was a tall, well-made man of 50, with iron gray hair and shoulders slightly stooped. The story of a great grief was plainly written on his face.

"Are we to have you with us long?" asked Mr. Kyle, addressing Henry.

"No, sir, I was near here and came to see how you all were."

"I suppose we should be thankful," said Mr. Kyle with a stern look, "but have caused you an effort to leave your companions."

"Let us not blame him," broke in Mrs. Kyle. "There is but little to occupy a young man of spirits here."

"There is duty," interrupted the younger brother. "Any man who has a higher incentive would be incapable of appreciating it."

"Ah, Louis, laughed Henry, "we are differently constituted. The blood of the Scotch-Irish Covenanters freezes in your veins the red current of the French burns through mine. I love you better for being what you are. If we were alike, these mountains would be too small to hold us."

"If you were like me, this valley," said Louis, "would be a kingdom large enough."

Leaving the brothers to talk, Mrs. Kyle beckoned to her husband to follow her. She led him into another apartment, the floor of which was carpeted with the softest furs, then cautiously closing the door, said:

"Dr. Blanchard, his son and two daughters are near by on their way to Oregon."

"My God!" sobbed the man. "My sister Mary's husband! My sister Mary's children!"

"But they will not come near us," she said soothingly.

Mr. Kyle took a turn across the room, then, coming back, he said:

"My heart goes out to them. All the past rises in judgment before me. It was but yesterday I fled through the storm and darkness with this right arm red with the blood of my brother!"

As Valentine Kyle, or Valentine Weldon, to give his true name, spoke he buried his face in his big brown hands and cried as if his heart were breaking. The wife and husband were still talking when a bright Indian girl, known as Kushat, came into the room and told them that dinner was ready.

During the meal this girl followed Henry Kyle with her black eyes, and there was in that gaze that told of a more than ordinary interest in the handsome young man. After dinner Henry Kyle saddled his horse, bade his family good-night, and was soon flying into the mountains from which he had come.

CHAPTER III.

Henry Kyle's splendid horse flew over the mountain trail that dark night with all the ease and certainty of a great bird cleaving the air. After two hours of ceaseless galloping the young man saw, far to the front and far down from the hill along which his horse coursed, a camp-fire, and the bright light revealed a group of men, their rifles flashing on the trees like queer igneous fruit, while in the background the outline of a group of grazing horses could be made out. Suddenly a figure in hunter's dress appeared on the trail, and Henry Kyle, reining in his horse with his left hand, while his right dropped back to the stock of his pistol, called out:

"Is that you, Bouton?"

"Yes, We're waiting for you," replied the tall figure in a gruff voice.

Henry Kyle dismounted, and as the two drew near to the fire the light glowed on the fierce brown face of Bouton, a lawless half-breed, but too well known to the settlers in these mountainous districts.

"The boys are in a hurry," continued the half-breed.

"What's up?"

"They are afraid the immigrant train may escape us, and that mustn't be, for it is the richest outfit that has been seen in these hills for many a day."

"Are the Blanches in camp?"

"Yes, Hank."

To be Continued.

THE ONLY HELP.

A Victim of Bright's Disease for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Neepawa, June 29—(Special).—Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly of Liverpool, came here as a last resort. Had suffered ten years with Bright's disease. Reported to be past help and dying, her reappearance on the street in apparent good health, was a pleasant surprise. The explanation given was that her little boy had insisted that she should use Dodd's Kidney Pills and prophesied that they would cure her. She says: "From the first few doses I began to feel better, and after taking four and a half boxes I say it with heartfelt gratitude, I am perfectly cured." Dodd's Kidney Pills is the only medicine in the world that has ever cured a case of Bright's disease at such a stake.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Sir Henry Hawkins, Hon. Mrs. Henker and a number of other prominent persons are thinking of building in London an animals' hospital.

Dyspeptics who despair of a cure try Manley's Celery Nerve Compound. It never fails.

Gentlemen: As a cure for dyspepsia I don't think Manley's Celery Nerve Compound can be overpraised. I suffered greatly with this trouble for a long time, and after trying numerous remedies, but without success, I took your Compound, and it has made me thoroughly better. These pills are the best I have ever used. I have had it a tonic with the greatest success. F. Stansfeld Royal Hotel, 285 Yeager St.

Most delicious delicacies for table use and for afternoon teas—

ORANGE SLICES

APRICOT DESSERT BISCUIT

PECAN WAFERS,

Just arrived from New York. Try them.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

109 Dundas Street.

Phone 422.

DESPERATE FIGHTING.

Heroism of the Besieged Armenian Townspeople of Zeitoun.

Nothing in the history of the world's great sieges surpasses, as a record of desperate heroism, the story of the siege of Zeitoun, a little Armenian town which at the end of the year 1895 most bravely took up arms against Turkish authority. The gallant resistance was made chiefly in this year of 1896, and the episode of current history which well merits narration in the "Advertiser."

Zeitoun is a small city in the highlands of Armenia Asia Minor—so small that it is not shown in many atlases. It stands on a plateau on the mountain slopes. Above it, to the right, a cliff towers 2,000 feet. On the other side a sheer precipice falls 250 feet. On a hill beyond the precipice stands a Turkish garrison. The town, and this was always garrisoned by Turkish troops. One road only leads up the mountain to Zeitoun, and in no other way can it be approached.

The people of the town heard that Turkish forces were coming, and that a massacre was intended. Then thousands of Armenians from the surrounding country began to pour into Zeitoun as a place of refuge. The men of the place took up arms to resist the massacre, which they believed was imminent, and were joined by the women.

If they were to resist, the first thing to be done was to capture the fort. It was impregnable to assault, but the Armenians, with a desperate courage, and using the fort's water supply, and when the garrison was exhausted by the capture of the fort, the Armenians, with 250 soldiers, and possessing themselves of many rifles and 10,000 cartridges.

In the town was the Turkish governor, and the Armenians, with the men of the town were fortifying the road and besieging the fort. These guards attempted to set fire to the town, but the Armenians, with the women of the town, with axes, overpowered the guards, and made them prisoners.

Soon a terrific attack was made on the town. Every Armenian was engaged, and there was none left to guard the prisoners, quartered in the governor's house. The women, however, succeeded in breaking out, but were again overcome by the women. This time the excited women resolved to make a desperate effort. They killed every one of the Turkish prisoners, and threw their bodies over the cliff.

The siege went on a long time; the Turks outside were unable to effect a breach. But the Armenians' supplies gave out, and the sickness began to prevail. The Armenians sought to make terms with the besiegers. The answer came back to them:

"Surrender at once and we will spare you in every ten, wait one day and we will have the life of every man, woman and child."

The Armenians refused the terms, and the Turks brought up artillery, and began bombarding the town. Out of three thousand shells thrown fully twelve hundred fell without exploding into the mud walls and roofs of the houses. The women fearlessly gathered up, opened, and emptied out the powder and shot, and the besieged were in great need.

In fighting, prodigious slaughter was inflicted on the Turks. Once a score of Armenians put on the uniform of Turkish soldiers, stole into the Turkish camp, and suddenly began firing on the Turks. The thought a mutiny had broken out, and began firing at one another on all sides. Many were killed, and the Turkish camp was in confusion.

One morning soon after the siege began, the Armenians drove a great herd of mountain goats towards the Turkish camp. These animals, the black with white faces and march in almost perfect ranks. A few Armenians just behind the goats began to fire. The Turkish soldiers, mistaking the goats for the Armenians, abandoned their supplies and fled, and the Armenians carried off their booty.

So the siege went on for many weeks. The Turks, by their own account, lost six thousand men killed, while the Armenians lost only one hundred and fifty in actual battle. But four thousand of the refugees in Zeitoun died of hunger and disease. Smallpox carried off hundreds.

At last a general armistice was proclaimed, and the brave defenders of Zeitoun profited by it.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

Proportion Coming to Each Inhabitant if Equal Division Were Made.

That is a very old story sober-minded statisticians reject as erroneous and apocryphal, that tells how a needy man in the city of Paris obtained an audience with the head of the banking house of Rothschild. To this financial magnate the needy man excited his distress, and argued that there should be an equal division of all property, doing away with the existing disparities which, he alleged, were the cause of his distress.

Stories, took from his desk a piece of paper, and figured upon it the total wealth of the world. He divided the total by 26,000,000, the population of France at that time, the result being the per capita share of the wealth of the world. The result was \$200. The needy man, however, had been entitled. Then M. Rothschild redivided that total by the population of the country, and handing his visitor a one-franc piece, 20 cents, said:

"My friend, here is your share of the world's wealth. It is, of course, a very small sum, but it is the share of the property of the country. Collect the balance from others."

Whether may be the basis of fact upon which this story is founded, there is no disputing its periodic recurrence in the form of an estimate of how much each citizen of a country would have if the wealth of such a country was equally divided among all its inhabitants. Recently a paragraph, probably of English origin, has started on its travels through the newspapers and magazines, which shows that if the wealth of the United States was so divided every person in it—man, woman and child, millionaire and pauper, banker, farmer, artisan, school-boy and school-girl—would have \$200. This is not a large sum when the growing resources of the United States are considered, but there are probably plenty of persons in every community who would be willing to accept \$200 in cash in full satisfaction of their claims as a citizen at some time far remote of the total wealth of the country.

In point of fact it is, of course, unreasonable to base any plan of division on the total number of inhabitants, for a very large number of persons, who are not counted in the census, are not included in the same rate in the "Advertiser," namely, 1 cent per word for first insertion and 2 cent per word for each subsequent insertion.

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tants of the country, a division of its wealth would yield much more than \$200—in fact, more than \$1,000. There were by the last federal census about 17,000,000 male adults in the United States, and a division of the wealth of the country among them would give \$5,000 apiece as the share of each. The word "wealth" has a somewhat elastic meaning when applied as a designation of property, but among the statisticians it covers first and chief of all, land, next houses, then the contents of houses, and in the order of importance, cattle, money, metal, railways, merchandise, ships and sundries. On the basis of all these the average wealth of each inhabitant in the following countries is in excess of \$1,000 per person: the United States, England, France, Denmark, Holland and Australia. Between the \$750 and the \$1,000 limit are Switzerland, Belgium, Canada. Below that are Germany, Spain, Italy and Sweden. In Russia the average is \$300, and in no country from which authentic statistics are attainable is the amount of wealth less.

On the basis of the actual money in circulation among the inhabitants, the average wealth of each inhabitant in the United States is \$35, in Germany \$25, in Holland \$40, in Great Britain \$20, in Spain \$22, in Italy \$15, in Belgium \$30, in Canada \$10, in Russia \$10, in India \$5, in Japan \$7.50, and in China \$2. A division of the wealth of any country on an exact and indiscriminating basis among its inhabitants is, of course, chimerical, but a consideration of the results of such division gives a very clear indication of the relation which the wealth of one country bears to the wealth of another, and of the vastness of material wealth is more rapid in the United States than in any other country, but the growth of population keeps pace with it.

Two Much Questioning.

From the Outlook.

"Too much questioning," says Prof. William James, "and too little active responsibility lead, almost as often as too much sensualism and, to the edge of the slope at the bottom of which lies pessimism and the nightmare of suicidal view of life." In these words is contained the explanation of a great deal of the depression of which sensitive minds in our century seem to be the especial prey. This was undoubtedly one of the reasons for that sense of futility which so often lies upon the pages of Amiel's "Journal."

Any lack of balance in the distribution of man's force throws him out of sound relations with himself and the world. Every attempt to live a partial life brings about the same result. A whole, normal life is lived only when one gives expression to his nature through thought, emotion, and action, to eliminate or minimize any of these forms of personal energy is to throw the nature out of harmony and to invite the peculiar disease of depression which we call pessimism.

There is a great and vital force in every man's nature which is liberated only when he acts; to refrain from action is to keep this force pent up and to invite disorganization. The man who makes himself merely a spectator in the drama of life not only misses the profounder significance of the drama—which is revealed only to those who take part in it—but checks his own growth and checks his own nature in its endeavor to secure full expression, and, through expression, full development. No man can be a mere looker-on in the great movement of life without running the risk of becoming either a cynic or an idler, and most men become cynics.

Active contact with one's fellows, real participation in the life of the day, the sharing of the great fundamental human experiences, are essential to health, to poise, and to happiness. To miss the giving out of one's self through thought or motion or action is to invite one or other of those spiritual diseases which are so widely prevalent at the end of this century.

The Viceroy's Musical Breakfast.

An Eastern potentate recently tendered a breakfast at his magnificent new palace near Hyderabad to the Viceroy of India and his staff. Whether he borrowed an idea from Mother Goose, or whether his imagination was inspired by the same music that inspired her, we cannot know, but certainly appreciation is due to him for making "a true story" of that fascinating rhyme about the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." It all happened at his breakfast, "Large, but not suspiciously large, cakes were handed round," writes one of the guests. "As they were opened a little whiff of steam drifting out of each, and alighted on the flowers and shrubs with which the table was covered, or flew about the room. There were 60 opened 60 birds began to sing."

Telegraphic Blunders.

Gentleman's Magazine.

The telegraph clerk, generally zealous and painstaking, puts his hand to remarkable phrases in moments of mental abstraction or calligraphic weariness. In one of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches at Bradford that statesman was made to say:

"We are now at the parting of the ways. Will you take the path that is full of footfalls and precipices?" Devotion to athletics led the telegraph clerk astray, and he wrote "footfalls" for "pitfalls." His lapse, though entertaining, was not malicious. It did not arouse so much indignation as the following message.

"The League of the Cross looks with favor upon the effort to rescue the people from the curse of drink. The sub-editor does not often get such an exquisite morsel as 'No cross, no crown,' telegraphed 'No crown, no cross,' but he receives many telegraphic perversions of the truth."

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain and worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine-coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the interests of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneibler, Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Allen C. Smith, Pres.,

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WHICH MARK THE SUPERIORITY OF

SUGAR COATED