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TANGLED THREADS

"No, indeed, Marjorie. I am sure you will be far more likely to forget me, when you are having gay times abroad, and visiting innumerable places of interest. Then, too, you move in a very different circle, and will have much to distract your mind." Helen returned, while she drew the petite form of her companion into her arms and softly kissed her white forehead.

"Do you think all the sight-seeing, good times, and gay company in the world could make any difference with my love for you?" queried Marjorie, with an injured pout.

"I am sure, I hope not, dear," said Helen, smiling at her mood.

"Do you think it would make any difference in your love for me, if the conditions were reversed?" suddenly questioned the girl, with a startled look in her innocent eyes.

"Marjorie!" exclaimed Helen, in a wounded tone; "you know that it would not; environment amounts to nothing if the individual is pure and noble and honest."

"The world in general doesn't think so," objected her companion musingly; "if you have money and position you are nowhere socially, you are as well out of existence altogether."

"That is putting it rather strong, isn't it?" queried Helen, smiling. "I know it is so to a large extent, but it should not be, and I believe the time will come when money will not be the chief factor. In the world's opinion, but that men and women will be estimated and judged according to their real character and worth," she concluded earnestly.

"Helen, would you marry a poor man?" inquired Marjorie, sitting erect, and bending a curious, searching look upon her.

Helen flushed, then smiled at the question.

"I certainly would never marry a rich man unless I was sure he was worthy of my confidence and esteem," she replied.

"Now, you are trying to evade me," Marjorie gaily retorted. "Would you marry a poor man? By poor, I mean one who might have to work at some trade for a living, who could not give you a beautiful home and nice things to wear, and for whom you might have to work, because you could not afford to keep a servant. Could you bear to wash and iron, bake and brew, make all your own clothes, and, perhaps, have to play nurse, besides? Could you marry with all that in view?"

Helen laughed out merrily.

"What an appalling array of bug-bears!" she exclaimed. "Then she grew serious again. 'No, dear, I think it would be very unwise for any girl to marry a man who was unable to give her at least a comfortable home. I think it would be inconsiderate and wrong for a man to ask a woman to marry him, if he could not do that much for her. But by a 'comfortable home' I do not mean a luxurious one, and, if the color warmly flushed her cheeks. 'I loved a man well enough to become his wife, a very simple home would satisfy me, while, if he met with reverses after we were married, I should never be afraid of work as long as he needed my assistance in helping to rebuild his fallen fortunes. I should not even mind the washing, ironing, baking, and brewing, or even playing nurse, to the extent of my ability, if it became necessary for me to lend a hand so far, for I love to be busy, and I should be very unhappy to be idle, if my husband was burdened, although one naturally prefers to choose one's employment.'"

"Well, I just couldn't buckle down to a life like that," said Marjorie, with an expression of disgust; "no, indeed, not for the very best man living. I shall never marry any but a rich man. I should be perfectly wretched unless I could have a lovely home, and beautiful things to wear."

"Well, but suppose you could have all these to begin with, and then adverse circumstances suddenly deprived your husband of all his wealth?" said Helen.

A frown of annoyance gathered upon her companion's brow.

"Oh, well," she returned, with a note of impatience in her tone, "he'd have to manage to take care of me, somehow. And," she added, "my husband must also be handsome, cultivated and everything that is nice. You see, Helen, I expect a great deal in my lord that is to be."

"Yes, and so do I," Helen gravely returned, and for the first time experiencing a sense of disappointment in her friend; "but I should gauge him from a moral and intellectual standpoint, rather than from his financial and social position, and--"

"Well, and what?" queried Marjorie.

EVER HAVE CRAMPS?

Kind of fierce to be tied up in a knot at midnight with cramps. Keep Nerviline handy. Ten drops cures cramps instantly. Used occasionally, Nerviline prevents this trouble entirely. From Stratford, Ont. Wm. De Witt writes: "Nothing I know of will give such quick relief to cramps, colic or pain in the stomach as Nerviline. If you feel squeamish or sick, just ten drops of Nerviline in water and you're well next minute."

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almost sharply, as our heroine paused. "And I should feel that it was incumbent upon me to give just as much as I expected to receive. Marriage is not a one-sided institution, Marjorie, dear--or, rather, it should not be looked upon as such. It should be regarded as a mutual contract, under which each party should be willing and careful to make an adequate return for that which he or she expects to receive. Under no other conditions can marriage be harmonious."

"Heavens, Helen, what a 'good-guy' you are!" cried the little butterfly, with a ringing laugh that had a tinge of scorn in it, and impressed her friend somewhat unpleasantly. "How you analyze and dissect every subject! An adequate return, indeed! I wonder what I have to bestow upon my future liege in return for the hand, heart and fortune which I shall expect him to lay at my feet?"

"I hope that you will, at least, have a true and honest love to give him when he comes riding by," said Helen, with a tender thrill in her tones; "a love that will make you willing to share his every trial, as well as his successes in life; for, dear, there is no true love that is not backed by the spirit of self-sacrifice."

"Oh, dear! What a humdrum, prosaic life this would be, if everybody took such serious views of it as you do!" sighed Marjorie, with another shrug, but with a self-conscious flush on her cheeks. "I expect you think I am just a useless butterfly, and too shallow for anything."

"No, indeed; I am sure that under your merry moods and apparent care-free existence there is a vein of pure gold, which needs only right conditions to bring it forth, that it may mature and enrich other lives, as well as your own."

"Helen Seymour, do you really believe that of me?" exclaimed the girl, as she turned and faced her friend, laid her jeweled hands upon her shoulders, and earnestly searched her face.

"I certainly do, Marjorie," was the hearty response. "You know that mamma and I believe in looking for what is best in everybody. You remember the old saying, 'Think a man a thief, and you will help to make him one.' So, on the same principle, if you look for what is good, and noble, and pure in people, you will help to bring out those very qualities in their character."

"Helen, I wish I might always live with you," Marjorie here burst forth, with a thrill of earnest longing in her tones, and with a sudden rush of honest tears in her eyes. "I believe that I could grow to be really good under your influence."

And the meant it; for once, the girl's better nature was aroused, and she longed to become pure and true, as she knew her friend to be.

Dearest said Helen, as she softly kissed her on the lips, "every human being must work out his or her own life problem; no one can borrow oil of his neighbor. There is good in every one, and he will grow pure and noble in proportion as he cultivates that good in himself. You must work for that result in your own sphere, I in mine, and I am sure, if we are honest, we shall be conscious of great growth in each other when we meet again."

Marjorie secretly wondered what her eyes dropped with a sense of conscious guilt as she remembered a letter which her aunt had that day received from her mother, and certain schemes which had taken form in her own fertile brain, and which had been resulted in upon the information contained in that epistle.

CHAPTER XII.

The letter referred to in the preceding chapter had been full of interesting news.

Mrs. Ellsworth had been summing at St. Moritz, a lovely village in the Engadine, and picturesque location on the banks of the Inn, and she wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sturdy, which she felt sure, if successful, must result in the ruin of the life of the beautiful girl.

At the same time, her own inclinations prompted her to fall in with her mother's plans; so, after a brief struggle, during which self-conquest was the order of the day, she gave up her own time, and said, in reply to Mrs. Sturdy's question:

"I am sure I don't mind, auntie; I suppose we might as well go one time as another. If it will not interfere with your plans, I have nothing to keep me, you know."

"Very well; I know no reason why we should delay, only--with a flush of annoyance--'I must confess, I am not in sympathy with your mother's matrimonial scheme. I think match-making is detestable.'"

Marjorie laughed at the remark, but the flush that glowed upon her own cheek was not caused by annoyance, but from eager anticipation, in view of meeting handsome Robert Eggleston, the nephew and heir of the wealthy Mr. Langens.

So it was decided that they should sail a week from that very day--Wednesday. Consequently, in order to make the necessary arrangements, they would have to leave for New York on the evening of Saturday morning, which was the day that the Seymours had set for their return to their city home.

Mrs. Sturdy set about her preparations immediately, and was busy and unusually thoughtful throughout the day.

CALIFORNIA DESERT

IS NOW VANISHING

WATER STEADILY ENCRDCHING ON SALTION VALLEY.

Those who read the daily newspaper have no doubt been more than once of late mildly excited by sensational dispatches from California intimating that certain large portions of that Commonwealth are actually rapidly disappearing from the sight and touch of men. It is reported that a large valley in the southernmost portion of the state is vanishing; has been assaulted by the sea; volcanoes are breaking up the solid ground beneath and the ocean is coming in to cover up the universal ruin.

It must be admitted, writes Thomas H. MacBride, of the University of Iowa, that for these sensational stories there is a certain basis of fact. In the Salton desert of Southern California, where less than two years ago the traveler on the Southern Pacific Railway saw only a wide vista of drifting sand, he now may skim along for miles beside a spreading sea that deepens from day to day and widens every moment.

Within less than two years over many square miles the whole face of the country has been changed. Railroads have been whelmed, stations and houses and factories lost in one encroaching flood; gulls and cranes run along the beach where but a few months since the sage-hen nested or the wild rabbits hid in sandy burrows. Surely, whether Neptune and Vulcan are busy or not, something has happened, and the passing traveler would like to know.

If we consult a map of the region in question, and at the same time study the levels of the country, we shall speedily discover that the old Salton Desert is indeed a basin of remarkable depth for its extent, and wonderful in many ways. The altitude of the station at Yuma, just east of the basin, is 137 feet. While the level of the Salton river is almost at sea level, so that it is evident we have here a great depression not only below the Colorado with passes Yuma, but actually away below the level of the sea. Now, it is evident that if the volcano should once conclude to open up a way for oceanic waters, the sea might easily take possession of the Salton basin. But here they don't stop.

The Colorado River at Yuma is far above the bottom of the basin, and it skims along the southeast border of the valley. In fact, with respect to the basin and the slopes sides, the river occupies exactly the position of a great irrigating main carried along some hillside above waiting fields. Some of the enterprising men who saw the situation, realizing that large areas of the basin were not sand at all, but the finest sort of fertile alluvial soil, began to use this great natural main by constructing a secondary, carrying the waters of the Colorado out under the desert, and now the Mexican boundary, where it was easy to dig under the earth, is a narrow channel of the water of the river to certain old river channels emptying, or rather opening, into the lower part of the Salton basin. Recently, for the sake of wider service, new lines have been opened. All went well until some eighteen months since, when the Colorado, flushed with flood, rose well above its usual tide, and forthwith, instead of hurrying its waters southward to the Gulf, the fall tide sent the water back, and the basin was filled with fresh water of the river, the wide-forming lake is salt once more, in memory of its old-time history.

The botanist, too, finds curious confirmations of the story. All about the Salton valley are curious isolated groves of palms, palms of a peculiar sort, the Washingtonia, the fact of their being planted in South California cities. But Washingtonia should stand by the sea, as the California Gulf--and so these isolated groves are but the remnant of a tropical forest, no doubt, that at all perished with the drying of the old Salton sea of which geology tells. The fact, however, that the palm is yet to be discovered; its sands along the old-time eastern shore are still blowing about in sand.

The waters of the Colorado, if allowed their present course, will no doubt bring the water of the Colorado to the Gulf. Already railroad men declare the air too moist. If so, would the palms again ex- tend, and the water, the water, the water would tropic verdure once more make the bordering mountains green?--Popular Science Monthly.

BENNY ON THE OSTRICH.

THE OSTRICH IS A LARGE, UGLY BIRD, WITH AN UNAPPETIZING DISPOSITION AND A POWERFUL APPETITE.

It grows in hot countries where there is plenty of sand and natives. A full-grown ostrich has been known to attack man without hesitation. You hunt ostriches by running your head up through a stuffed one, which enables you to approach them with impunity, and then you shoot them down with your bow and arrow. If I were hunting them I would use an automobile, which is far swifter.

The ostrich lays an egg as big as your head. Then it calls it a week's work and a half. Ostriches can also be raised in farms. All you have to do is to put a fence around them and stand outside and watch them. They are very fat and feed on peanuts and cracker-barrel. The works of creation are wonderful. Let us ever strive to go and do likewise. Ostriches are beautiful, but expensive, and are frequently worn on hats.--Chicago Tribune.

Mistake in Burial.

An extraordinary burial mistake is reported from Liverpool.

Two men of different houses, and belonging to different parents, were taken to a hospital suffering from fever. One died and was buried, the other recovered and was found to its supposed mother.

She, however, found that the child was not hers, and inquiries showed that it was her baby which was dead, and that the living child belonged to the other woman.

An affecting scene occurred between the two women when the truth came to light.--London Mail.

Annie Oakley

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SPECIAL AGENTS.



GREAT REVOLUTION IN MILLING INDUSTRY

COMMENCED IN 1790, WITH OLIVER EVANS' SYSTEM.

When the farmer has harvested his grain and got the golden store safely into his garner, the next question is: How shall his wheat be prepared for food and for shipment to the distant parts where it is wanted?

It is known to all that the ancient method of grinding grain was that of the hollowed stone, or the mortar and pestle. By such means did the old Hebrews, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Greeks grind or crack their grain.

It was a long time after the building of Solomon's Temple before the Romans improved upon the very ancient system by inventing the running stone and stationary grooved one--the "runner" and "nether millstones," which were, of course, at first operated by hand.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the millstones invented by the Romans were made much more effective by the process known as "dressing," or grooving the meeting faces of the stones.

Crude as these means were, they were all that man could do until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It was in 1790 that Oliver Evans, of Delaware, wrought his great revolution in the milling industry.

By Evans' system, from the moment the grain was emptied from the wagon to the final production of the flour at the close of the process, all manual labor was dispensed with. The grain was first put into a box hung on a scale beam, where it was weighed. It was then run into an elevator which raised it to a chamber over cleaning machines, from which place it fell into the mill.

From the mill it fell into a hopper, from which it was conveyed by machinery to the bolters.

The Evans system--between which and the older one there was no comparison--prevailed in the old and new world for more than three-quarters of a century.

Within the past generation, however, of course, been a revolution in the milling business greater even than the one made by Evans at the close of the eighteenth century.

About 30 or 35 years ago it was discovered that the coarser portion, or kernel, of wheat, which lies next to the skin of the berry, and between the skin and the heart, is the most valuable and nutritious part of the grain, as it consists largely of gluten; while the interior is made up chiefly of starch.

It was such knowledge that led to the modern revolution in milling methods, and gave us the "roller" process in lieu of the old faced stone.

The new process consists of removing the outer skin of the wheat and its adhering impurities from the "middlings," then separating the middlings from the central part, and then regrinding the middlings into flour.

Under the old system the coarser part, known as middlings, was thrown aside and ground up into cattle food, or into what was considered an inferior grade of flour, by which arrangement the cattle got the cream of the wheat, while the man, in his ignorance, was eating the poorer part, thinking that he was getting the best. Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, in New York American.

The picturesque French Foreign Legion, which has just obtained the honor of bearing the insignia of the Legion of Honor on its standard, dates from 1831, and to some extent takes the place in the French service of the old Swiss mercenaries, many of whom are numbered among its earliest recruits. It only serves abroad, however, and has principally served in Algeria.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

Most of the troubles that afflict little ones may be traced to the stomach or bowels, and if these are put right the child will get well and thrive well. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all stomach and bowel ailments, and all the other minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Wilbert McKenzie, Chelmsford, Ont., says: "My little girl was troubled with obstinate constipation to such an extent that we did not think she would live. She cried almost constantly and was wasting away. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and in three days found a great improvement. I continued giving her the Tablets for nearly a month, and every trace of the trouble has disappeared, and she has since been a bright, healthy child and has grown nicely." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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really begins after you buy it and pay for it. It comes in the amount of fuel you feed to it and in repairs. The best furnace is actually the cheapest.



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Buck's "Leader" Furnace is built to give cheap heat, lots of it, and to last a lifetime.

Its firepot is in sections--it will never wear out. Its proportions of firepot and radiating surface are exact, every heat unit in the fuel being extracted and used.

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