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WHY



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Won at Last

The fourth day after her return home, Mona was as usual in attendance on her grandmother, and making out a list of such necessities as they might take with them, when two letters arrived by the second delivery. One was from Sir Robert Everard—a distant cousin of Mrs. Newburgh's—and offered her a cottage which used to be occupied by one of the curates of the parish, suggesting that she might remove some of her furniture there before the final crash came, and adding much kindly counsel. The other was in a big, firm, but unknown hand. Mona turned to the signature—it was "Leslie Waring." She had almost forgotten him in the painful excitement of the last few days, though the bitter remembrance of Leslie's advice never left her. Every night when she had read or softly talked her grandmother to sleep, when all was still and dark, she lived over again the fiery ordeal of that conversation in the train, and looked, shuddering at the dream, only future, through which she must do battle alone. To whom could she turn, on whom could she lean, when the man who seemed to hang on her words—whose eyes spoke the warmest devotion, shrunk from her at the first mutterings of the storm? But as to when Mr. Waring would declare himself, or whether he ever would, she gave no thought. Now the momentous question on which she would be called to decide stared her in the face, and filled her soul with fear and disgust. "I cannot read this letter to you, grannie; could you read it yourself?"

"Why? What is it?" "It is marked private, and is, I see, from Mr. Waring; do you remember him?" "Yes, I do. Give it to me. Where are my glasses?" Mona sat and watched the haggard, hopeless face, as her grandmother used the lines, gradually growing less drawn, less desponding, while her own heart sank lower and beat faster. "Thank God," murmured Mrs. Newburgh at last, heaving a deep sigh that lost yet. "Mona did not speak. "Mona, read it!" she continued; "I suppose you know the contents; read it, I say," repeated Mrs. Newburgh, impatiently. Mona took it and read with nervous rapidity: "Dear Mrs. Newburgh,—I venture to trouble you with a letter, because I have twice tried in vain to see you or Miss Jocelyn. I feel it is awkward and difficult to approach you, but I am about to address you, when I have had so few opportunities of making myself known, but I earnestly hope you will exonerate me from the charge of presumption, and that Miss Jocelyn will not refuse to let me explain myself to her personally. If I dare to be somewhat premature, it is because I believe I might be of some use in the present crisis were I so fortunate as to be accepted by the lady. I am, I trust, a sensible, steady, and indeed, under any circumstances, I should be proud to be of the smallest service to you, and beg to assure you that I am ready to meet your wishes in all ways. Looking anxiously for your reply, I am, yours faithfully, "Leslie Waring."

There was a short silence when Mona ceased. "A very good letter," said Mrs. Newburgh, with a little gasp, looking with pitiful, imploring eyes at her granddaughter. "I wonder if he composed it himself," observed Mona, quietly. "My child, could you make up your mind to marry this young man? I have noticed his admiration of you. He writes like an honest, sensible fellow. Let me have the comfort of knowing that you have escaped the ills of poverty."

"Oh, grannie, it is a tremendous price to pay for safety! Mr. Waring may be a better man than I deserve; but do not care for him. He seems to me an awkward big boy—dull and unformed." Mrs. Newburgh sighed deeply, and closed her eyes. "I leave it to yourself. I am such a failure, I dare not urge my advice on anyone. Do as you will, Mona."

"I am afraid they will! I try hard to think what will become of me—of what ought to do," returned Mona, with a deep sigh. "I fear I am very useless. What can I do to earn money?" "You earn money! Why, it is hard enough for those who have been trained for work to find the means of existence; and you—here she found her handkerchief necessary. "That I should live to hear you speak of such a thing! Not that the work itself is hard—an idle life is the worst of all—it's the looking for it, and the failures and the waiting. No, my dear, you must make up your mind and marry some nice rich man." Mona laughed, but her laugh was not merry. "Dear Deb! you are imaginative as ever! Nice rich men are not plentiful nor are they ready to marry penniless girls."

"Yes, Englishmen are. And you must not be hard to please. I remember that night I went to Mrs. Vincent's soiree musicale, to play the violin, and distinguish man talking to you, and watching you. I asked you about him after, but you would only laugh. You told me his name, but I cannot think of it." "Mrs. Vincent's party?" said Mona, blushing. "There was a crowd of very polite gentlemen there," she added, evasively. How well she remembered that blissful evening—what a thrill of pain the mention of it sent through her heart. "Ay! but this one was more than polite. He was a captain—Captain Leslie, that's it. Now, why wouldn't you take him?" "Because he never asked me, for one thing," said Mona, nervously. "I suspect he is a man who wants a great deal of money, and has very little."

"It isn't badly off! I know—they were talking of him, and of a rich widow who wanted to marry him, and Mrs. Vincent said he was too independent to be a fortune-hunter—that he had six or seven hundred a year, to say nothing of his pay."

"That is not being rich," returned Mona, trying to evade the subject, but making a mental note of the fact that Leslie was not poor; then sudden impulse prompted her to confide her difficulties to her shrewd friend. "But I am in a painfully undecided state of mind about it. He has written to my grandmother asking leave to 'pay his addresses to me,' as old-fashioned people say."

"Oh, yes. It is such a comfort to talk to you, and tell you things. You dear, good Deb. All I have told you is a dead secret."

"Of course it is. I know I talk a good deal, but I never let anything slip. I was trusted with now, God bless you. Mind you write me word to-morrow that you have agreed to marry Mr. Waring. There's my address. Ain't my new cards pretty?"

CHAPTER III. Sleep partially restored Mrs. Newburgh; but next morning her granddaughter observed that she was restless and watchful—especially of herself. The doctor forbade her leaving her bed, as the weather was extremely cold, and a chill might be fatal. When Mrs. Newburgh's toilet de lit was made, and her pillows properly arranged, Mona took her work and sat down beside her—feeling quite sure that her grandmother would not be able to get up. "I will be glad to see Sir Robert, granmie," she began. "He will give us some good advice."

"Not half so good as Mr. Oakley can," returned granmie, querulously. "He is a nervous man, and his conduct will save me from total ruin. What troubles me is that letter of Mr. Waring's. It ought to be answered. I think I could manage to write it, if you bring me the large blotting-book."

"I am as fresh as the flowers in May. I was dead beat at the end of the season—but it was a good one—so I went to Southsea to stay with the Winglemans. He is a bandmaster to the regiments there. She is a sweet little French woman, I knew her in Paris. I had a very nice time, and it freshened me up. I have found very good rooms in Westbourne Villas, and cheaper than what I had. I have a big bedroom, and a nice parlor. The woman of the house is a widow, and glad to have a permanent tenant. You'll come to see me, dear, one day."

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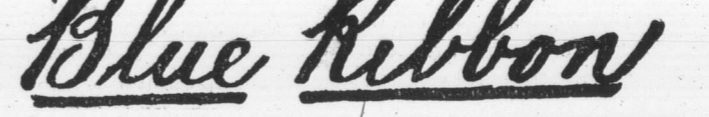
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BETTER BE WISE IN MATTERS OF DOUBT BUY

TEA. DOUBT then changes to CERTAINTY, certainty of quality.



Only one BEST TEA—BLUE RIBBON TEA.

Royal Courtships of

---: Couples :---

The romantic wooing of the King of Spain reminds one how rarely the element of romance has been associated with royal marriages. What could have been more brutally inconsiderate than the arrangements for the marriage of Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III. This Princess, just 17, was selected as consort for the King of England. Her life at Mecklenburg, writes Lady Violet Greville in the London Daily Chronicle, has hitherto been of the simplest. She dressed in robe de chambre every day except Sunday, when she put on her best gown and drove out in a coach and six. The Ambassador sent to demand her hand having arrived, she went to dine downstairs that night for the first time.

"Mind what you say," "et ne faites pas l'enfant," was the warning of her eldest brother. After dinner at which she was seated at the table and two cushions prepared for a wedding, her brother again saying, "Allons, ne faites pas l'enfant, tu va etre reine d'Angleterre," led her in. Some kind of ceremony then took place, she was embraced by her family and presented by the Ambassador with a beautiful parure of diamonds, including the little crown of diamonds which so often appears in her portraits. She was preceded for an immediate departure, but pleaded for the respite of a week, in order to take leave of everybody. During this time she ran about visiting the poor and the little garden of medical herbs, fruit and flowers which she cultivated herself for the benefit of the poor. She afterwards introduced the same practice at Kew and Richmond.

The poor little bride suffered a terrible crossing to Harwich, the royal yacht being driven on the coast of Norway. The Duchess of Ancester and Hamilton, sent to conduct the Princess to England, were both much indisposed, but Charlotte herself remained quite well and cheered the company by singing Luther's hymn, "Nun dankt dem Herren." The royal party was accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire, who was also nearly wrecked on her crossing. "Les reines ne se noient pas."

Arriving in London at about 3 o'clock having travelled since 12, she was met by the King in the garden of St. James' Palace. Attempting to kneel, she was caught by the enthusiastic monarch, who embraced her kindly and nearly carried her upstairs. That very evening the wedding ceremony took place. Horace Walpole writes of the new Queen: "She looks very sensible, cheerful and is remarkably genteel" (that favorite epithet of the period).

Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous, her violet velvet and ermine so heavy that her clothes were dragged almost down to her waist. The wedding over and supper not being ready, the Queen sat down and obligingly played and sang to her harpichord. The royal party never separated till between 3 and 4 in the morning. No slight trial for a bride of 17 who had employed the few moments she passed in her room after her arrival in trying on her wedding gown and the rest of her trousseau.

When first she caught sight of the palace she became very nervous and, being told that she was to be married that evening, she, in fact, fainted in the carriage. The Duchess of Hamilton, one of the beautiful Miss Gunning's, smiling at her fears, Charlotte said: "You may laugh—you have been married twice—but to me it is no joke." It is pleasant to think that after being so highly tried Charlotte's married life proved perfectly happy.

Very different was the arrival of Catherine of Braganza, who when first seen by Charles II, was laid up with a cough and a little fever in bed. He was not favorably impressed by his new consort, and remarked as much to his attendants. Elizabeth Farnese, who married the King of Spain, son of Louis XIV. of France, as his second wife, celebrated her arrival in Spain by quarrelling with and summarily dismissing the lady in waiting sent to receive her, the famous Princess des Ursins, who had ruled the late Queen, and by whom she herself had been chosen as successor. Elizabeth's future life was passed in slavish attendance on her husband, who might secure her influence over him and prevent any State affairs being transacted without her knowledge. Twenty minutes only of the day and night was she permitted to be alone. Elizabeth was an ardent sportswoman and followed the King even at the chase; the rest of her existence was passed in a routine of arduous etiquette and monotony. George IV's reception of his bride, Caroline of Brunswick, is well known. How the blue eyed, buxom, bouncing girl was implored by Lord Malmesbury to be very particular about her person and her toilet; how the Prince pretended to be overcome at their first meeting and called for a dram of brandy, and how the Princess afterward declared that he was drunk on her wedding night. Not much chance of happiness there!

BABY'S SMILE

Baby's Own Tablets has a smile in every dose for the tender babe and the growing child. These Tablets cure indigestion, wind, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, and feverishness, break up colds, and bring natural healthy sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate, narcotic or poisonous "soothing" stuff—it always does good and cannot do harm. Mrs. Joseph Ross, Hawthorne, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and find them the best thing to keep children well. You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

His Chief Distinction. Bill Gubbins was a harmless son of a gun, but he had a magnificent beard. Gubbins could point to a thing he'd done. "Set he had a magnificent beard. He nourished that beard with scrupulous care. He carefully brushed each separate hair, and strangers who saw it were wont to stare. "What a magnificent beard!"

He courted an heiress; he won the day—She adored a magnificent beard. And she fell in love at first sight, they say. Of his truly magnificent beard. And soon his love was snugly settled in life. Secure from poverty's struggle and strife, With nothing to do but to please a wife, Who adored a magnificent beard.

Hardly a Whole Page. George Fippert, the page at the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver, is very small. The other day, relates the Denver Post, a man entered the hotel and asked for a guest. "He's not in his room," said Clerk Shuler after looking at the key box, but I'll have his name called. He may be in the lobby. Here comes the page now. The man turned and saw little George approaching. "Is that boy a page?" he asked. "He is," replied Shuler. The man smiled, "He doesn't look like a page to me," he said. "He looks like a paragraph."

Chinese Eyes Not Crooked. Chinese eyes are straight in the skull, according to E. Lemaire, in La Nature, of Paris. They appear oblique, but they are not really so. Von Siebold, Altdorff, and Schlegel, the great Chinese authorities, all agree that the eyes of the Chinese are straight, and in order to convince ourselves of this it is merely necessary to make a careful study of the portraits of Chinese. The reason the eye appears oblique is that the upper eyelid and the general direction of the eyebrows are oblique; the upper eyelid at the side of the nose forms a special fold, which covers entirely the angle where the lacrymal gland is found. In addition, the lids are generally very thin and the eye less open.

III-Bred Gotham Flunkies. It would appear that the President's daughter was fairly driven from New York escape raging flunkies. No other word fits the sort of going publicly when what lady's every step was dogged while in the city. The thing goes beyond newspaper sensationalism, or advertising, and is an ongoing on could set the crowd so wild to intrude upon a young girl's privacy unless there was a growing feeling that it is the height of bliss so much to gaze upon one near to the President. It is more than empty-headed curiosity, it is the kind of ennoblement which Thackeray denounced for feeling a thrill at the very sight of the Court Circular.

PURE RED BLOOD Is Necessary to Health, Strength and Happiness. Pure, rich red blood is what is needed by every woman, young or old. Thin, weak, watery blood is the cause of all the ills that afflict the weakness and weariness, all the dizziness and despondency all the nervousness and fainting spells that afflict girls and women. The only thing that can help you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich red blood, that gives new life and strength to every organ of the body. In this way they make pale, feeble girls develop into healthy, vigorous women. For the same reason bring ease and comfort, and regularity to women at all ages of life. Miss J. Dietrich, St. Clements, Que., is one of the many thousands made well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I tried several medicines, but got nothing to help me until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, a throbbing in the head, and dizzy spells. I was weak, pale and discouraged when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Six boxes of these have made me feel like an altogether different person, and have given me new health and strength."

COALING SHIPS AT FORT SAID. January it was, and the wind piping cold. We reached Port Said before midnight. It rose suddenly out of the sea, low and lonely, with a string of lights winking in black velvet. They coal all day and all night at Port Said, week in and week out, and the long year round. Men, women and little children to be seen. Natives of the sort of going publicly when what lady's every step was dogged while in the city. The thing goes beyond newspaper sensationalism, or advertising, and is an ongoing on could set the crowd so wild to intrude upon a young girl's privacy unless there was a growing feeling that it is the height of bliss so much to gaze upon one near to the President. It is more than empty-headed curiosity, it is the kind of ennoblement which Thackeray denounced for feeling a thrill at the very sight of the Court Circular.