

THE REAL SECRET of the popularity of "SARAJA" CEYLON GREEN TEA. NO ADULTERATION. NO COLORING MATTER. NO IMPURITIES. ABSOLUTE PURITY TELLS THE STORY. Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.



"Then I'll come. It's a pity I have to gang doonstairs, but it canna' be helped." "My dear Deb," said Mona, sitting down again to some work which the arrival had interrupted. "I am afraid Uncle Sandy will be something like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. You have undertaken a rather heavy task; it seems to me that he expects us to do everything for, and be everything to him."

have heard something of Waring without asking directly. And how delightful it would have been to see Evelyn once more! The days had shortened considerably, and the night had grown sharp and chill. Mr. Craig was painfully early both in rising and retiring. He was rarely out of bed at nine in winter or ten in summer, and being unable to get out of doors as much as in the fine early autumn days, was rather more exacting and troublesome. Mona found reading aloud more of a tax after teaching than it had seemed in her holiday time, but she rarely disappointed her uncle; when too tired Mme. Debrisay supplied her place. But he never approved the change.

"What'll ye tak'?" asked Mr. Craig presently; "beer or wine?" "Neither, sir. I drink only water and a drop of whiskey sometimes. Wine is rather indifferent in London"—this lady. The young Highlander would have let any amount of foxes gnaw his vitals before he would confess that he was almost a total abstainer, from motives of economy. "It's no an indifferent price, then," grumbled Uncle Sandy. "We find a very tolerable light claret at fifteen shillings a dozen," remarked Mme. Debrisay. "I fancy it might suit you, Mr. Craig, for a little change."

"I don't know how it is, but for all I try, I don't think your uncle loves a bone in my skin. Never mind, so long as he is good to you, and remembers you, I am content." "He ought to be very grateful to you, Deb, for all you have done for him." "Ah, my dear! I wish men have any gratitude to bestow!" These words were exchanged as Mona was about to ascend to her uncle's sitting room, where she found him sitting over the fire, his feet on a hassock placed inside he fender.

"Come your ways," he cried. "The sight of you is good for sat'een nawaday! Have ye had your bite? Ay? Then we'll have a good spell of paper before bedtime. But first, let me note I want to write to a laddie I have neglected in a way—my sister's son, Kenneth Macallister. He is in an office in the city. A big place, 'doin' well, I believe." "A nephew of yours?" "Ay, a nephew," he pronounced it "nay-few." "He used to come and see me there in Camden Town. But he and Jamie Black—the lad I shared the lodging with—used to make a noise, and argue, and go on wi' fates' talk, till I said I would not put up wi' it. And Kenneth—he had a Highlandman's temper—he got offended. No, he has come back from his holiday, and is clothed (I daur say he left off the breeks when he went home) and in his right mind. So he writes for leave to come and see me. He is a guile laddie, in a way—not varra weel informed; but every one hasn't had opportunities, nor have they striven to educate themselves as I have. Though my disadvantages have been great. No, my hand is very shaky the night, so you write for me, my dear. Tell him to come early to kick here by, next Sawbath, and come back with me to his dinner. Madam will let us dine with you—have a joint, or something a hungry laddie can cut from and come again. She'll tell me my share. Give him a bottle of beer. We'll say naughting about the drop whiskey—it's no that good for a young mon, and I haven't much left."

"Very well, uncle. How shall I begin? I never met this young man, who is, I suppose, my cousin Kenneth. Not all out. My mother was twice married, and Kenneth's mother was my half-sister; still, he is a near kinsman." "I will write as if from you. Tell me what to say, and you can sign the letter." "Varra weel!" A very few lines sufficed; a few directions as to trains were added, and the note was ready for signature. "I went you to be kind and friendly to the laddie. You and he are all that's left of my people," said Uncle Sandy, meditatively; "and he is no that bad—only self-opinionated; it's just a young rascal against the incoming of knowledge."

DUST AND DEATH A MILLION ILLNESSES PER ANNUM IN LONDON

(T. F. Manning, in the London Daily Mail.) A thoughtful pathologist, every time he walks abroad in London, must be amazed at the number of avenues of disease he finds negligently left open by those who have the care of the people's health. While the difficult problem of the prevention of dust on the high roads is being wrestled with, other and even much more deadly forms of dust—dust which can be effectively suppressed—seem to escape the attention of sanitarians. It is a wonderful fact. Do you often go to the theatre? "Scarce ever. I am tired after the day's work; and in summer I would rather take a row on the river." "The young are eye carried away" with an inordinate love of amusement, an "excitement, in these latter days." "Ay, but I know what a change. Food cold water is the best of all, only I am forced to qualify it now and again with a drop of whiskey, which I take medicinally, you understand."

A WELL-KNOWN BANDA MAN SPEAKS

(To be continued.) Banda, Ont., May 21.—(Special).—There is at least half the dust in cities and highly respected in this section of the country than Wm. Bell, Esq., J. P., and the statement he makes before concerning his cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills bears weight and carries conviction with it. "For more than a year I was a sufferer from kidney trouble," Mr. Bell says, "Always in pain, at times the agony would become unendurable, and I was practically unable to attend to any of my duties. I doctored with several local physicians and tried every means to get cured, but without success. At last I was induced to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I have the greatest pleasure in stating that they drove away the pains entirely and restored me to my old time health and strength. I am as well as I ever was, and I credit this entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

The ten technical universities of the Empire, called in German, high schools, enrolling over 17,000 students, are in close touch with, and a great help to, the industries, says the Engineering Magazine. In several cases they cultivate special branches with regard to local interests. For instance, the school in Dresden being near a textile district, has a course in the technique of dyeing. The Aix-la-Chapelle school being so near the coal fields and iron works, has especially good courses in mining and metallurgy. Danzig includes a course in engineering, though Berlin already stands very high in that department. Karlsruhe has a forestry department, and Munich an agricultural course.

DEATH SEEMED NEAR.

Three Doctors Baffled But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue. Just a few months ago the home of Mr. James Beers, of Emerson, N. B., was filled with sorrow. It seemed that death would claim the life of their bright little girl. To-day this gloom is changed to joy. The little one is no longer ill, but is now bright, active and happy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought this change after three doctors had failed. Concerning this illness and cure, Mrs. Beers says: "At the age of six my little girl became very ill. At different times for the next year and a half three doctors treated her without benefit. She was terribly run down, an her blood was nothing but water. Then droopy set in. She would swell so that her clothes were too small for her. Her legs and feet were nearly twice their natural size. To make her torture worse rheumatism set in. Her state was pitiable. Sometimes we thought she could not live much longer and for three months she could not walk a step. To touch her was to cause her the greatest agony. The doctors were baffled—they could do nothing for her, and as a last resort we began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the pills several weeks, when we saw there was a slight improvement. The improvement gradually began more marked, and by the time she had taken twenty-one boxes her cure was complete. It is now nine months since she took the pills, and she is now as well as she ever was and goes to school every day. I cannot speak too highly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I feel they saved my little girl's life."

STORY OF BURDETT-COUTTS.

Interesting Woman is Now 92 Years Old. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts kept her ninety-second birthday the other day, at her London home. She received, as usual, an enormous number of telegrams and letters of congratulations and bouquets of flowers. It was of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts that the King once remarked: "After my mother, she is the most remarkable woman in England." She is still the most philanthropic woman in the world, and at 92 gives all her charities her personal attention. The story of her accession to a fortune running into the millions at the age of 23, her long spinsterhood, and her romantic marriage late in life to Ashmead Bartlett, who took her name, is too well known to need retelling. Her activity is the wonder of every one who knows her. She still takes long drives every day. She enjoys the friendship of half the celebrities in Europe. The late Duchess of Teck was one of her closest friends, and Prince Francis of Teck is the Baroness' godson. Most of the contemporaries of her youth have now passed away, but her interests are so varied that she is continually making new friends.

What is the result of all this dust infection. The average household is seldom without a cough, or a cold in the head, or a case of bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. The by-law could be made an admirable instrument of education. A measure regulating the size of bedrooms, for instance, might be resisted as "violating the tradition of the Englishman's house in his castle. But if anything is certain in the science of hygiene it is that a human being requires a known minimum of cubic space in his sleeping room for health. That minimum is not to be found in half the bedrooms of London. The bedrooms in the cheaper houses and flats, that are springing up in such numbers do not give sufficient cubic space for a good sized dog, and the men and women who occupy them being their day's work half poisoned by carbonic acid. Their working efficiency is lowered and their liability to disease increased. It ought not to be outside the powers of the public authorities to secure healthy bedrooms for the people. From various small causes people catch their death illness or contract delicacy that leads to death. How many people now dead would be alive but for their daily journey by train and omnibus. In the ill-ventilated omnibus and overcrowded railway carriage not only is the air foul and poisonous from the presence of carbonic acid, but it is invariably laden with the germs of disease. One might almost as well battle against these in pure air, but in foul air they have a powerful ally. Let any one walk to and from business every day for a month and he will find his health immeasurably better than when he leaves. This is due as much to escape from the foul air as it is to the exercise. Why can we not have a by-law to ensure the proper ventilation of all public buildings and another to prevent their overcrowding. At present, most of these things we have discussed, our authorities lag behind those of America and Holland. Why? Life is surely the most precious of our possession, and its preservation is more important than paving and lighting, or even rate-collecting.

MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

A medicine which keeps babies and children well, or restores them to health when they are ill, is a priceless boon to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the pain of teething, and give sound, healthy, refreshing sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of the poisonous opiates found in so-called soothing mixtures and most liquid medicines. The Tablets are equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Robt. Currie, Loring, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for curing constipation and other ills of little ones." You can get these Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Perils Lurk in the Clothes Brush.

The brushing of dusty cloths in the living room of the household is opposed to cleanly sentiment, apart altogether from the evil of health which, as the bacteriology of dust distinctly indicates, might easily be caused by the process. The imagination does not require to be stretched very far to realize that the clothes brush might be easily responsible for the dissemination of disease. Dust is rarely if ever, free from micro-organisms and among them pathogenic entities have been recognized. Dust is, in fact, an enemy to the human race, a vehicle of disease, and should everywhere and on every occasion, however trifling, be prevented as far as means can be employed to that end.

The clothes brush is a vigorous dust producing agent, and since its application is indispensable it should be used in a manner as far as possible consistent with the requirements of hygiene. Clothes, of course, must be brushed, just as carpets must be beaten, but both processes create a nuisance which is different not in kind, but only in degree. Just, therefore, as there are grounds reserved for the beating of carpets remote, as they should be, from human habitation, so also ought there to be in a household conducted on hygienic lines a special room, relegated to the brushing of clothes.

Enthusiastic sanitary reformers would no doubt, suggest that provision might also be made for trapping the dust by some such simple measure as suspending a damp sheet across the room. The daily clothes have a large capacity and a singular affinity for dust, which may contain the seeds of a common cold or a sore throat, or even of blood poisoning and tetanus, so that the suggestion that the clothes brush should be handled in a less indiscriminate way than is usually the case can hardly be regarded as chimerical. If dust has been proved to be pathogenic the scattering of it broadcast by means of the clothes brush must be a violation of hygienic principles.

The brushing of clothes is in fact a clumsy and an unsanitary procedure, which might with advantage be superseded by some more effectual and less offensive method. The use of some kind of vacuum brush for the purpose would sanitariously speaking, be ideal.—From the Lancet.

A cartman of Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, has been fined one shilling and sentenced to jail for a week for having his name and address printed on his cart in the Irish language. The case is before the Court of King's Bench on appeal, and the issue to be passed upon is whether Irish is a legal language or not. In the matter of addresses on letters it has been decided that an address written in Irish must also be given in English translation on the envelope.

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