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Won at Last

Her reflections were suddenly broken in upon by a familiar voice exclaiming:—"By Jove! it is Mona! Mona Jocelyn!" and she found her further progress barred by Bertie Everard, Sir Robert's only son, who was studying law, having no military proclivities, and thinking legal knowledge would be useful in managing the family estate, which was by no means flourishing under his father's inefficient rule.

"Bertie! I never dreamed of meeting you," as though the ban which had fallen on her had been "banishment"—that an encounter between two inhabitants of the same town had been thereby rendered impossible.

"Nor did I. I thought you had emigrated, or been sent to a penitentiary, or some such thing. You see, when any one drops out of sight in London, it is such a drop in the ocean, that he or she leaves no trace behind."

"Come, tell me all about yourself. Ery has wept gallons over what. She wanted to write, and the Lord knows what, but my mother strictly forbade her. You are an awful black sheep, you know—a lost mutton."

"Of course I am," said Mona, smiling. She understood her cousin's dry bluntness. "But you must acknowledge I have kept out of sight and not troubled you."

"Yes; it is quite true. Now I have met you, I am amazed to find you still exist. How have you managed it, Mona?"

"Why trouble about details? I exist, and want nothing—that is enough."

"Wonderful woman! Where are you going?"

"Home. Is it far?"

"Not very."

"Let me come with you?"

"If you like. I am glad to have a chance of hearing about you all."

This brief colloquy took place on the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens. Mona was crossing from a house in Queen's Gate, where her last lesson had been given.

Bertie Everard, a tall, thin, bony young man, most accurately got up, and as unlike father or mother as could be imagined, turned and accompanied her toward the Bayswater Road.

"Do you know, you are looking fairly well? Checks not quite so round, eyes a trifle more sombre than they were last year, but you are a pretty—no, a handsome girl still, Mona."

"I suppose one does not grow old in five or six months."

"No; but the tradition in our family is that you have been eating the bread of misery, and precious little of that, bedewed with the water of affliction, and—"

"And you were all content that I should, though we were such good friends and enjoyed so many happy days together."

"It was your own fault, you know. You took your own course. I dare say, if you had asked me, my mother would have helped you; but she wasn't bound to look you up. Sentimental generosity is out of date altogether."

"I do not suppose it would have been a weakness of yours, at any rate. However, you need not fear for me. I get bread enough, and to spare, and very pleasant bread, too. Now, tell me some news. How is your dear mother? She was always so good."

"She is exceedingly flourishing and busy, for Evelyn is going to be married—very good match—to Lord Finistoun. He is a pleasant, easy-going fellow—rather an ass, but that will suit Ery. She hasn't much brains left, but—"

"She has sense enough not to think she has all the brains of the family, as you do, Bertie."

"Yes, I do, and I am no great things after all. Your trouble has not taken the sharp edge off your tongue, Miss Jocelyn," he said, laughing.

"There is no Miss Jocelyn now. I have resumed my poor father's name. It is more suited to my fortunes and fancy."

"By Jove! And what is it? Craig? Um! It was a queer notion of Mrs. Newburgh's to suppress it. Nobody cares or thinks about names now, except for what they are worth on paper. I suppose you haven't heard or seen anything of Waring?"

"No; of course not."

"Nor any one else, either! Can't think what's become of him. Some one did say he was training a colt for the Derby. I dare say he is glad enough now that you have broke with him. Can't understand why men marry!—must be an awful bore."

"I have no doubt he is obliged to me."

"And you are deucedly sorry you gave him the chance, eh?"

"You would not believe me if I denied it."

"Well, no; I would not; though you are a rum sort of a girl, Mona. I always liked you. You say what you think, and you held your own with that grandmother of yours, who was as big a tyrant as I have met. You are a fool, too, in many ways—ready to cut your own throat for an idea; but there's something taking about you. I never thought St. John Lisle would lose his head as he did on your account. He kept it very quiet, but I saw through him. I see through a good many things."

"I never credited you with such powers of imagination before, Bertie."

"Oh, don't try that tone with me. I know what I am talking about. Of course he would only marry a woman

with lots of money, as I think you had wit enough to know. He is enjoying himself in India. I had a letter from him some time ago—asked why he had not seen your marriage announced—asked if it was postponed, always a bad sign of womanish weakness. Where do you live, for heaven's sake? We must be approaching the far west."

"Do not come any further, Bertie—you will die of fatigue."

"No, I will not, but you will, if it's a few miles further out; let me secure a cab, before we leave the haunts of civilization behind us."

"I think ten minutes more will bring us to our destination; but, to copy your own amiable canon, would rather you did not come. You will only satisfy your curiosity, and carry away materials for a ridiculous description, to make Ery and Geraldine laugh."

"Why should you begrudge us our innocent mirth? It is an absurd prejudice to feel injured by being what is called 'turned into ridicule.' You have only to show a stolidly indifferent front, and my word of ridicule of its whole power."

"I wonder how you would like being laughed at yourself, Bertie."

"Should not mind—but I am not ridiculous—I am too natural, and always say what I think."

"I often—I mean I used often—to wonder if you are as hard and heartless as you seem."

"I believe I am; but come on, I am determined to see your hair, and I do not dine till eight, so I have plenty of time."

"I cannot prevent you, but I do not want you." They walked a few paces in silence, then Mona asked: "And is Evelyn happy? Does she seem happy?"

"Happy as a child with a new toy—she and Finistoun make idiots of themselves in the most approved manner. It will be a great piece of news for her, this rencontre with you."

"Does she still care for me?"

"She seemed to do so the last time we mentioned you."

"That was not recently?" smiling.

"No, not very."

"I live here," said Mona, after a short silence, pausing before Mme. Debrisay's abode.

"Ah! guess little box."

"Ve," said Mona, gravely, "consider it a splendid residence; pray walk in, as you will come."

"You are horribly inhospitable," said Everard, laughing, and he followed her into the house.

On opening the door, Mme. Debrisay was discovered resting in an arm-chair, beside a table set for tea. Her bonnet lay on the floor beside her, and her thick and undeniably disordered black hair was uncovered.

"This is Bertie Everard," said Mona, quietly; "Evelyn's brother."

"Very pleased to see him, I'm sure," said Madame, rising bravely to face the intruder, and not deigning to pick up her bonnet. "Your sister was one of my most charming pupils."

She fancied the visit was a free-will offering of friendship to Mona, and she was highly delighted with the visitor.

"Oh, indeed?" returned Everard. "I should not have thought it."

"And you find your sweet cousin looking well? I have done my best to take care of her."

"My cousin?" elevating his eyebrows.

"Can't you see the difference between Mona—first, second, twenty-fifth?"

"Oh! a cousin removed to the vanishing point of relationship. I have not the faintest wish to claim you, Bertie."

"Really, Mona, my dear, that is not the retort courted."

"If you knew Mr. Everard better, dear Madame Debrisay, you would know that he despises courtesy in himself and others."

"I only hate shams," said Bertie, frankly.

"Let me offer you a cup of tea," said Mme. Debrisay, rather scandalized.

"Thank you, I shall be glad of it, after our long, dusty walk. Really, it's not so bad, now we have got here; looking round with visible examination. It's a better room than mine in the Temple."

"Is that possible?" cried Mona.

"And in better order. Did you fasten up that drapery at the back of the piano, Mona?"

"She did, sir," said Mme. Debrisay, proudly, "and, if you'd like to know, the stuff is Oriental chintz, and we paid fourpence three farthings a yard for it at Whiteley's sale."

"By George! you don't say so!" He was deeply interested in pounds, shillings and pence. "Why, it looks capital."

So saying, he took the milk jug and peeped into it.

"I regret it is not cream," said Mme. Debrisay, coloring.

"Yes! cream is an improvement, but the tea is very good."

It will do you good, Bertie, if you would swallow the contents of the jug, provided it supplied you with the milk of human kindness, which you need so much."

"That's very smart, Miss Craig, but I don't want any such stuff in my composition. Your milky kindly people are generally asses, and are imposed upon right and left. Miss Craig's manners haven't improved since she came to stay with you, ma'am."

"There is no use in trying to pierce your tough skin, Bertie. The hippopotamus is invulnerable to bullets."

"Yes, but he is an ugly beast!" added

Mme. Debrisay, with a gently reflective air.

Bertie laughed, not quite so easily as usual; and there was a pause while he sipped his tea.

"That's rather a good picture," he said at length, nodding to a portrait of a refined, foreign-looking man, with beautiful lace ruffles and cravat, and a costume of some two hundred years ago.

"It is the picture of Monsieur Le Baron Debrisay de Coulange, my grandfather's great grandfather, who led a party of his co-religionists to Ireland, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes," said Mme. Debrisay, with dignity.

"The deuce he did! what a bad choice. It's a good portrait. French portraits generally are. Who is the artist?"

"That I cannot tell; there are only initials on the picture."

"Pity it hasn't a well-known name on it. It would fetch a good price."

"No price would tempt me to part with it," cried Madame, proudly.

"Oh, indeed! Now, tell me, how do you manage to rub along?"

"Madame Debrisay and I have entered into partnership; she takes the big pupils, and I take the little ones."

"By George! Does the squalling and strumming pay for all this?" waving his teaspoon comprehensively round.

"It does; but then you must remember it is all in the fourpence three farthings style of expense," said Mme. Debrisay.

"Gad, what heaps of money we waste!" exclaimed Everard, putting down his cup. "What a father's money does for you!"

"I suppose you never go to parties or things of that kind, so living out here is no consequence."

"There are people who give parties, living even here," said Mona.

"Indeed?"

"Yes and we sometimes go to the theatre and enjoy it very much."

"Well, it's evident you are not breaking your heart, Mona. If you like the theatre, I will send you a box. I know a couple of managers—amusing vagabonds, they dine with me sometimes—so I can ask them."

"Thank you! We shall be very glad. Now, it is half-past six, Bertie; you had better go."

"Yes, I will. Is there a cab to be had in this neighborhood?"

"Why not adopt the habits of the country, and try an omnibus?—three-pence to Tottenham Court Road, a shilling cab fare on to the Temple."

"Capital idea. Why one might live for half nothing up here."

"There are no rooms to let in this house, Bertie."

"That is a pity. Good morning, Mrs. Debrisay; good-bye, Mona."

"Happy to see you again," said Mme. Debrisay. "You are really quite a character."

"What the deuce does she mean?" asked Everard of himself, as he took up his neatly rolled umbrella, and opened the door, while Mme. Debrisay yelled after him to turn right and go on to a large church where the city omnibus passed every ten minutes.

CHAPTER VIII.

The variable spring, the hot dusty summer days, succeeded each other until the partners worked steadily through it all.

They had gleams of diversion, too, for Mme. Debrisay had friends and acquaintances of her own profession who often gave her tickets for concerts, and orders for the theatre. These were amusements of which Mona had enjoyed but little during her residence with her grandmother, whose fixed principle it was never to pay for anything of the sort.

They were a source of great enjoyment for Mona was peculiarly alive to beauty and harmony, and had something of the dramatic gift herself.

With the exaggeration of youth, she reproached herself for being so stupid and trivial as to forget too quickly the sorrows and disappointments of the bygone year. Of all the trials which had been crowded into a few months, the ofttest was her breaking with Leslie one which came back to her ofttest was her breaking with Leslie Waring. She always wished to hear of him, but he had passed away completely out of her life.

Bertie Everard's remark respecting Leslie's admiration for herself dwelt long on her mind. There was a certain comfort in it; it soothed her wounded amour propre to know that she was not altogether self-deceived. But the impression of St. John Lisle was fast fading. Now and then in the park, at the theatre, some soldierly-looking man of fashion would remind her of him and she thought with a sigh of the difference between the style of such a man and the ordinary toilers with whom it was her lot to associate in future. Still she began to look at that future with less of fear than she did, and even ventured on a little tender building respecting a visit to Germany next year, for which she and Mme. Debrisay agreed to "save up," and not to dissipate any of their little store in a seaside trip this somewhat wet season.

Of course Bertie Everard forgot all about the orders; nor did Evelyn pay the visit Mona looked for so eagerly; but the announcement of her marriage—with a long list of wedding presents, including "an Indian Hebe" and "her Majesty"—at the end of March, and her departure for a prolonged tour on the Continent, explained her non-appearance.

London is a great world. In no other place can any one be so successfully hidden; and though Mona moved about everywhere, with a freedom that was new and delightful to her, she never encountered her aristocratic relatives but once, when she saw Lady Mary and her second daughter driving down Piccadilly. She was, however, lost in the humble pedestrian crowd, and passed unnoticed.

A very hot July had driven away all Mme. Debrisay's pupils, save two or three. The ranks of Mrs. Debrisay's were thinned, and both were planning a course of needle-work and reading during the approaching time of rest.

The dog days had compelled their fellow-lodger to muzzle the objectionable terrier—which made him unusually rampant when the torture was removed in the house.

Mona had been out one morning to do some small housekeeping errands, as Mme. Debrisay had a headache, and on re-entering the house with a latch-key, was surprised to hear a sound of snarling and scuffling in their sitting room, the door of which was open. Going in quickly, she beheld Mme. Debrisay, her cap slightly awry, endeavoring to drag a lace shawl from the fangs of Dandie, who snarling and yelping, held on like grim death, stretching the shawl to its fullest length, and dancing backward, while she struck at him ineffectually with a small heath-brush.

"Diable de bete!" she exclaimed. "Keep away from him, Mona. I believe he is going mad."

"I believe he is only frightened and angry. Let it go, and probably he will too."

Thus diverting Mme. Debrisay's attention, she relaxed her grasp. The dog gave a vigorous pull, and trotted triumphantly with the lace in his mouth—head and tail erect—into the hall, where he proceeded to tear it vehemently.

"Just look at that! The only decent thing I have to put on my shoulders when I go out. Get away with you, you cur!"—a thrust of the brush—"Call him off, Jane!"—another thrust—"Take that!"—throwing the brush at him finally.

This routed the foe. He jumped back, and Mona quickly snatched up the shawl. "My beautiful Chantilly shawl!" almost wept Mme. Debrisay. "I got it at a sale the last year you were with us in Paris. Thirty-five francs seventy, and it's worth two hundred! It was a good one. I will not live in the house with such a brute! He will be tearing our eyes out next! I felt a little better after that cup of tea you brought me, so I did up my hair, and came in. Who should I see but my gentleman perched on the table where I had laid my shawl after folding it up, scratching himself—no less—in the middle of me beautiful lace. I made one dash at it and dashed it to the brute off. Instead of running away, he turned round with real bourgeois impudence—like his master's—fastened his ugly teeth in one corner, and would not let go."

"I am sure, ma'am," said the landlady, coming in, "I am that sorry I don't know how to express it. I don't know what's in the dog. He is always trying to run up here, as if he knew it worried you."

"I have no doubt he does," returned Mme. Debrisay, examining her lace. "Look here! There's a tear for you! Here's another! It's just ruined."

"(To be continued.)"

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Can Only Obtain Health Through New Rich Pure Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Growing girls—girls in their teens—must have rich, pure blood. Healthy womanhood depends upon the vital change from girlhood to maturity.

Every woman should most carefully watch her daughter's health at this critical period. If a girl at this period has headache, if she is pale, thin, languid, nervous, if her slender food supply is being overtaxed, she will always be ailing and may slip into a hopeless decline or consumption if her blood is not built up at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The rich blood which these pills make bring health and strength to every organ, and make dull, listless, languid girls, bright, rosy-cheeked, active and strong. Miss Maggie Donohue, Elmville, Ont., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was badly run down, and it seemed as though my blood had turned to water. I was very pale, suffered from headaches and palpitation of the heart, and often I would swoon in the streets. I found nothing to help me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these have fully restored me and I can truthfully say I never enjoyed better health than I am now doing."

When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reach blood with good blood they strike straight at the root of all common ailments like anemia, decline, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, skin eruptions, erysipelas, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, rheumatism and the special ailments of growing girls and women. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 60 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Circulars, Posters and Newspapers.

In France, as in Canada, the superiority of the newspaper over all other advertising mediums is recognized by expert opinion. A French writer, comparing the newspaper with the "prospectus" or circular, says of the latter: "One succumbs under such an avalanche of these that he no longer even tears off the wrapper, and without even being read it finds its way, as a misanthropic, into the wastebasket."

And of the poster: "One passes it by often without reading it. Besides, it has scarcely been posted up before the characters become torn, and sometimes disappear in the thick layers of paste, even if they are not recovered by more or less other means. But the colored posters."

Journal remains. It is this which is able to carry the name of the house into the most unknown corners."

The Union Laws of Caste.

At Jaipur I visited a British official. His house, in the "foreign quarter," was of a size which in New York would need two servants. But in his Jaipur house that official had four servants; for the caste system decrees one occupation for each caste. The sweep may only sweep; the water-bearers may bear water, nothing more; the man who pulls the overhead fan (punkah-wallah) may perform no labor save that of fanning, and so on through the forty different castes from which the servants of my official friend were recruited. Thus in India the crowd invades your very hearthstone; and that's what makes it interesting. From "Kiplingland," by Gilson Willets, in Four-Track News for April.

Knew His Business.

A writer in the London News tells this story at the expense of that long-suffering animal, the London bus conductor. When horses were wanted for the South African war, a lot of animals were sent which had been employed hitherto in the shafts of London omnibuses. The soldiers who had to use these horses for drawing guns found they would not pull with easy spirit or energy at the heavy guns. At last one Cockney driver found a remedy: He slapped his belt against the gun and shouted: "Benk! Benk! Liverpool street! Liverpool street!"

Instantly the horses plunged forward, and no more trouble with them was experienced.

A Clever Advertisement

May induce you to try a packet of

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

But after that its unvarying Good Quality will succeed in holding your trade. Try the Red Label.

Blue Laws of New Jersey

Still in Force, Though Not Often Invoked.

The indictment of Mrs. Charlotte P. Wood of 305 Webster avenue, Jersey City, as a common scold has brought to the fore once again the State's old Blue Laws, which are still in force. Mrs. Wood has pleaded not guilty and is yet to be tried. If Henry Austin and others who caused her indictment succeed in proving her guilty, she will probably be put in jail for a short term or placed under bonds to be good.

The penalty for being a common scold used to be the ducking stool, but this feature of the law was repealed many years ago. Still the common scold law remains on New Jersey's statute books, as do many others of the old Blue Laws handed down by the early settlers.

In other States these old laws have all or nearly all been repealed, and a few of them have been wiped off the New Jersey statutes, but as a whole the old Blue Laws of New Jersey still exist and are at intervals enforced. A few years ago District Attorney Charles H. Winfield, of Hudson county, prosecuted and convicted a woman who lived on the Hill in Jersey City of being a common scold.

The old common scold law had not been brought up for years, but the woman was such a nuisance that some of her neighbors, in casting about for a way of suppressing her, heard of the old law and had it enforced. The scold was imprisoned for ten days.

Another case remembered about the court house in Jersey City is that of Joseph Vannabancum, a farmer of Bergen county. He visited Jersey City frequently and was so profuse in his profanity that he gained the sobriquet of Swearing Joe.

Some years ago he was arrested, convicted, there were plenty of witnesses—and sent to jail for thirty days. But Joe promised to swear off swearing, and in some way got a mitigation of sentence after four days and went back to his farm.

In a volume of the statutes of New Jersey of 1833 many of these old laws can be found, and in a revision under an Act of April 4, 1871, a number of them were retained and are still in the statute books. Of these there is a law prohibiting "hunting on the Sabbath day, with gun or dog, or in any way taking or killing any game, wild animals or fowl," under a penalty of \$25 fine, one-half of which goes to the complainant and the rest to the poor of the town or county. To carry a gun on another's land on any day except by the owner's permission is an offense for which the owner can collect \$5 and keep it all himself.

Only milk and the United States mail are allowed to be carried through the streets on Sunday. Justice of the Peace are authorized to stop any canalboat or freight train on Sunday and hold it at the expense of the owner until the next day. This law also applies to droves of cattle, sheep, horses, swine, etc.

To drive a stage on Sunday, except in cases of necessity or mercy or to carry mail, is punishable by a fine of \$3 or imprisonment. To drive an ordinary wagon or vehicle for the purpose of business or pleasure costs \$2.

Fishing on the Sabbath with any seine, net, hook or line, whether you catch any fish or not, is punishable by a fine of \$4 or imprisonment until it is paid. There must be no fishing after sunset on Saturday and until 12 o'clock on Sunday night.

The man who so far forgets himself as to "swear" use profane language in the presence of a Justice of the Peace while in the execution of his office may at once be convicted by the Justice without any further testimony, and either fined or imprisoned for the purpose of business or pleasure costs \$2.

Shooting, fishing, sporting, hunting, gaming, racing, or frequenting race tracks, or tipping houses, dancing, singing, fidling or other music for the sake of merriment, nor any playing of football, nine-pins, bowls, quoits or any other kind of pastimes, playing, sports or diversions, is to be indulged in on the Sabbath day, under a penalty of \$1 fine for each offense, the money to go to the poor.

Citizens who observe the seventh day of the week, or Saturday, as a day of worship are exempt from answering to any process in law and equity as defendants, witnesses or jurors, except in criminal cases, and if such a person is brought before a justice for committing any of the offenses named against the Sabbath, or first day of the week, he shall be discharged on proving that Saturday is his day of worship.

Under the head of "Laws for the Suppression of Vice and Immorality," passed in October, 1833, is the following, which applies to all days of the week, and is still in vogue:

Whereas, Public shows and exhibitions of divers kinds have of late become very frequent and common within this State, whereby many strangers and worthless persons have unjustly gained and taken to themselves considerable sums of money, and it being found on experience that no good or useful purpose is thereby accomplished, but that they are only a collection of great numbers of idle and un-

wary spectators, as well as children and servants, to gratify vain and worthless curiosity, loosen and corrupt the morals of youth, straiten and impoverish many poor families; if any person shall for any price, gain or reward, show forth or exhibit, act, represent or perform on any public stage or in any public house or other place, whatever, any interludes, farces or plays of any kind, or any games, tricks, juggling, sleight of hand feats or uncommon dexterity, or any bear baiting or bull baiting, or any such like shows or exhibitions whatsoever, every person so offending and on being convicted shall forfeit and pay to the use of the poor \$16 for each offense.

Exceptions to this are the exhibitions of "natural curiosities or inventions, or wonderful mechanical appliances