

CONVERSION

To its daily use is the direct and immediate outcome of a "Tea Pot" Test.



Ceylon Teas—Black or Uncolored Green. Guaranteed to be ALL PURE CEYLON TEA. Sealed lead packets only. 25c and 40c per pound.

MRS. LATIMER'S LOVE

Gilbert Orme had never in his life reflected on the duties that he owed to the station in which he placed, to his fellow-creatures, to his family, even to himself. It had never occurred to him that a reasonable being was scarcely put into this world for no higher purpose than to wear out a certain quantity of clothes, eat a certain number of dinners, and make himself tolerably agreeable to a certain circle of people, whose bodies were as well cared for as his own. He had sometimes found himself restless, he didn't know why; and very often bored and bored others, with whom he associated, complain of the same symptoms, and he was quite satisfied to lay the blame on a loaded bottle of claret, or an east wind. He knew so many Clara Vere de Veres.

"With glorious health in boundless wealth. Yet sickening of a vague disease."

And one and all seemed to apply the same remedy—fresh excitement to prove a fresh opiate, and bread fresh disgust. Hitherto the treatment had answered moderately well. Today he felt strangely out of sorts and dissatisfied with the monotonous routine, to which he felt as if he were condemned by his own election and frequently by the same people. His associates would have done in the same predicament—dressed with the utmost care, in a selected and expensive street with no very definite object, save to kill the afternoon.

It was strange how that singer in mourning haunted him; how the simple pathetic air she had sung, as feelingly as in his ears still, how that sweet, pale face, framed in his soft brown hair, rose at every turn on his mental vision, how distinctly he had caught the name, though only mentioned once, and then carelessly, by John Gordon—Mrs. Latimer—Mrs. Latimer—John Latimer—something about her. Should he go and find John Gordon, who was safe and unmolested in his daily business still five, and then, what then? Cui bono? Surely my boy was becoming what the fashionable novelists call a "rake," and Pan Place to Beersheba, from the top of Grosvenor Place to Temple Bar, he had scanned it inch by inch, and it was all barren.

Now if Gilbert had chartered a handsome cab, and paid the driver by the mile, I doubt if he would have found the street as his shortest route from the house, occupied by his father, to the White's Club. Such, however, was the line my indolent friend chose to adopt, and it appeared simply to force of habit that he turned up a street leading from that thoroughfare to the park, to knock dreamily at the door of one of the prettiest houses in London—a house which always looked as if it had been fresh "done up," and the balcony of which bloomed with such geraniums as were not to be seen elsewhere.

"Is Mrs. Montpelier at home?" asked Gilbert, in a voice of course polite, and the footman answered in corresponding tones, that Mrs. Montpelier was at luncheon, and "would Mrs. Orme step this way."

Now, Mrs. Montpelier was one of those ladies on whom the world is wont to look somewhat askance without any defined cause. There were certain houses to which she was wont to come, and with whom she interchanged the card-leaving and other dreary courtesies of society; but those who were not invited to her house, and who were not what they called "Omnia Gatherums," and the people "second rate," but it swamped Mrs. Montpelier's bark, nevertheless. Who is she? demanded Lady Visigoth, with an annually increasing virulence, spreading her long hands and tossing her head like one of her own carriages; indeed, indeed, she is a woman who resembles that of the Roman-nosed one that went on the near side. There are stories about her, I tell you, what are her antecedents? answer me that! There were no stories about Lady Visigoth, nor when you looked at her, were you surprised at her immunity; but when she asked you about Mrs. Montpelier's "antecedents" in that phrase of generous virtue, you could not but feel as if you yourself were doomed, however unjustly, to share the burden of the fair back-lashed's possible sins.

Mrs. Montpelier's antecedents, however, albeit unknown to Lady Visigoth, were sufficiently romantic. She had made a runaway match with an Indian officer at nineteen, and had for some years run through married life a picture scene of danger and excitement. She had been "under fire," too—real, honest, fighting fire, more than once, had seen a round shot go through her tent and smash her workbox; on another occasion the camel she rode in a somewhat ill-organized retreat had received a bullet wound in its neck. She was rather proud of these adventures, and of the rajas whom she had visited, and the begums, in whose eastern boudoirs she had made herself at home; and she would have been pleased that pleasantly of those days with a dash of quiet sarcasm and a vein of womanly sentimentality were not only pleasant. The young husband soon died from climate and "brandy-palms," and she, who could find her way home to her surviving relatives, via Calcutta, she was snatched up in that city of palaces and huge hot to change her name, and more, by Montpelier, of the civil service, a tall, thin, yellow man, like a bamboo, old enough to have paved the street he lived in with gold. She never spoke of that time, and whereas there were fortunes and photographs and remembrances of her first husband scattered about her drawing-room in profusion, any souvenirs she had of old Montpelier were locked away carefully upstairs in her writing-desk. I believe she loved the "bamboo" very dearly. Remembered as he was with others, he doted on his handsome wife, and she—old, withered, ugly as he was—why did she love him? I can give no better reason than a woman's answer—"because she did."

He left her, for the second time, a widow, in the prime of life—very rich, very good-looking, and after a year or two, tolerably resigned to her fate. She wandered about the continent for a time, and refused, of course, many an offer of marriage. Indeed, Mrs. Montpelier

Lace Curtains

I have used Pearl-line-to-day for washing lace curtains and like it very much. Washed easier and cleaner than with any soap used before. I like it very much.

Mrs. Rev. J. D. E.

One of the Millions.

685

TABLEAU TERRIBLY REAL RICHEST BOY IN AMERICA

Girl's Dress Caught Fire at a School Entertainment.

Priest's Presence of Mind Saved Her Life—Burns Not Serious.

Detroit, June 26.—A flaming, shrieking human sacrifice was disclosed to a packed audience at the closing exercises at St. Vincent's school on Fourteenth avenue last night. It was the last tableau in a gorgeous production of "Althea," by the pupils of the school, Miss A. McMahon, of 133 Eighteenth street, a beautiful young girl, was playing the part of the Christian martyr Althea; and the curtain rose on the final scene with the pagan Greeks burning her at the stake.

The burst of applause changed to an appalled silence when the audience realized that the tableau had turned into awful reality. Instantly the curtain came down. Behind it people raced to save Miss McMahon from death. By the presence of mind of Father Doherty the girl's life was saved.

"No blame can be placed anywhere for the accident," said Mrs. McMahon this morning. "It was one of those unavoidable things that no one can foresee."

"It was the concluding tableau. 'Althea,' dressed in a beautiful, long-flowing sleeves, stood on a pedestal about two feet above the stage floor. Her hands were clasped before her, with the sleeves almost reaching the floor. A small distance in front was a circle of red fire. It was arranged to make it look as though 'Althea' were burning in the middle of a huge fire. When the curtain rose the draft swept the fire backward and ignited the long sleeves. The dress flamed up like powder. Anne covered her eyes with her hands, and so saved her sight. Father Doherty threw a cloak about her and Dr. Brady had her sent home. He does not think her burns are serious; but it is a miracle that the fire did not spread and burn many other girls back on the stage."

Father Doherty was not burned at all.

Washington, June 27.—There are observant people in Washington who believe that the English sparrows in this part of the country have learned wisdom in the past month that insect food is just as good as street sweepings. This discovery is attributed to the invasion of the city by locusts. The sparrows are the locusts greedily and grew fat on them.

About the middle of May the locusts, or cicadas, as the scientists call them, first made its appearance here. The insects came by thousands out of the ground, where they had spent seventeen years as grubs.

It is noticed that the sparrows were not so numerous on the concrete streets, while there were more of them in the park, and it was soon evident that the locusts were eating them.

To those who knew the habits of the sparrow, this was regarded as remarkable, as these birds had been thought to have an aversion to insect food.

The sparrows were brought to Washington from England nearly 40 years ago, in the supposition that they would eat the insect pests that preyed on beautiful shade trees.

The birds failed to realize expectations, and proved more destructive than useful, preferring buds and seeds to other kinds of food.

In the eastern part of the country the locusts have been confined this year almost entirely to an area embracing the District of Columbia and nearby counties of Virginia and Maryland. They have not appeared in large numbers north of Laurel, Md., or south of Fairfax, Va., the distance between these two points being about 50 miles.

In some parts of this territory they have been so numerous that the noise of their singing has sounded like the howling of wind in a forest.

They have been observed in great numbers here in Lafayette Square, the White House grounds, and in the older parks. This is accounted for by the fact that most of the trees in these parks were standing in 1885, a year in which the locusts appeared.

On having the young locusts, then a grub, goes into the ground at the foot of the mother tree, and remains there until its seventeen years of subsoil existence have passed. Then it makes its way to the surface, still in the grub stage, but with the winged insect almost fully developed inside the shell.

The grub clings to the tree and the winged insect breaks its way out of the shell. As a winged being, the cicada lives not longer than six weeks. When the eggs are deposited, it dies. The robins have lingered longer here this spring than ever before, and it is supposed that the good fare afforded by the locusts was the reason for this. The robins have come to like the insects better than the grain picked from the refuse in the thoroughfares.

A reporter, walking through the White House grounds, was attracted by the antics of a plump cock sparrow, and on close inspection found that the bird was struggling with a big moth which was tearing at pieces with its vicious beak. Since then many similar instances have been observed.

The sparrows seem the ground close by, presumably looting for more locusts, but grabbing up anything in the way of an insect that comes within the range of their sharp eyes.

Marcellus Hartley Dodge, a Student at Columbia College.

He is in No Hurry to Squander His \$60,000,000.

New York, June 26.—With \$60,000,000 in his own right, and a continuance of the habits of economy that have characterized his life so far, it is not likely that Marcellus Hartley Dodge, a student of Columbia University, will want for any of the necessities for some time to come. Young Dodge received his fortune under his grandfather's will a short time ago. His riches have not changed his manner of life. He still lives in one room at the lower end of Madison avenue, just as he has done since he first began to prepare for college. It is too far for him to walk to Columbia, but wherever he has to go with in two or three miles of his home he walks simply to prepare for college. He is economical almost to the point of penury. He dresses well, as befits an undergraduate, but never showily. About the only extravagance that he has are his clothes and books.

The youthful Cressus is still under 20, tall and slender in appearance, with dark eyes and a pallid complexion that shows his devotion to his books. Young Dodge says that when he leaves Columbia in 1903 he intends to get right down to the serious problems of life. He has not determined as yet what line of business he will follow, but he has promised himself to avoid Wall street. "While not so rich as Mr. Carnegie," says he, "I do not intend to allow my hands on my charity to go unheeded."

FEASTED ON THE CICADAS

Sparrows Learn Something From the Seventeen-Year Locusts.

Desert City Streets for the Richer Hunting Ground of the Parks.

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Molders' Strike Averted.

Montreal, Que., June 27.—The threatened strike of the iron molders has been averted by the men accepting a compromise rate of \$2.40 a day. Between 300 and 400 men are affected.

"Hello Girl" Give Him Away.

Minneapolis, June 27.—Infatuation for a woman led to the capture of City Detective Christopher C. Norbeck, whose disappearance from Minneapolis last week caused the suspension of his trial for bribe-taking.

The fugitive sought telephone communication at Carver's 25 miles away, with Carrie Emerson, now in jail charged with aiding him in his flight. The telephone operator sent a message to the sheriff and his arrest followed.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for book in paper cover, or 50 stamps in cloth binding.

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansfield, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months when I looked forward to becoming a mother I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting and I felt so that I could not eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble. (I could not do anything before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines or write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for book in paper cover, or 50 stamps in cloth binding.

Successful Cooks

use LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE to give that palate-pleasing relish to all soups, fish, game, meats, gravy, salads, etc.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce is used the world over, and is indeed the most delicious sauce in the world.

If you have been using other sauces, just try one bottle of Lea & Perrins'—People never stop with one bottle.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Canadian Agents, Montreal, Que.

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY!

ONLY TWO DAYS MORE.

\$1.00 invested today increases in value 42% at the close of business Monday, June 30th.

Eastern Consolidated Oil Co.

Now selling at 35c per share, par value \$1.00 fully paid and non-assessable.

Advances of 50c

\$1,050.00 invested today within 48 hours shows a net profit by advance in price of \$450.00 in one of the safest and most profitable investments offered the public in many years.

Monday Will Be the Last Day

The market price of this stock will soon be \$1.00 per share. Over \$75,000.00 have been paid the last seven months in dividends at the rate of 2% monthly on the investment.

21,000 acres rich oil lands. Nearly 100 producing wells

C. B. HEYDON & CO.,

Rooms 401 and 402 Manning Chambers Building, 72 Queen Street West, corner Queen and Terauley Streets, Court House Square, Toronto, Ont.

E. B. EDDY'S

WOODENWARE

PAIS and TUBS

They are manufactured from the best of material by the most skilled workmen.

Don't Spoil

Don't blame the cook if the porridge isn't just right—it's Tillson's Rolled Oats she needs and that will end the trouble.

Don't blame a one if you simply take what is offered to you by the grocer; good Rolled Oats have a distinguishing name.

The Porridge

Get TILLSON'S "Pan-Dried" Oats.

THE TILLSON COY. LIMITED.

Sold in London by T. A. ROWAT & CO. 234 DUNDAS STREET.

Boston has a highly interesting institution called the Five Cents Savings Bank, with over \$25,000,000 in deposits and a surplus of nearly \$2,225,000. Most of its savings banks are five cent institutions, and it has a penny bank with deposits of \$2,000,000.

Two hundred and sixty members of the British Parliament have notified their approval of the compulsory adoption of the metric system of weights and measures in England.

The maidens of Denmark never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, but it is the marriage finger in that country.

Four naval seamen deserted from the United States squadron during its recent visit to Naples.