### CONVERSION

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

leylon Teas-Black or Uncolored Green. Guaranteed to be ALL PURE CEYLON TEA. Sealed lead packets only. 25c and 40c per was a lady who could take very good care of herself. Finally, notwithstanding her deficiency in "antecedents," she came and settled in London, three doors from Lady Visigoth. I should despair of explaining to male stupidity that, after a career of adventure and travel; after the glowing Indian days, first of thrilling excitement, then of princely magnificence; after the gorgeous coloring and the dazzling climate, and the ease and freedom of Hindustan, Mrs. Montpellier could settle down to a quiet street in Mayfair, and find absorbing interest in the narrow routine of London life. A lady will understand it in a minute. She puts herself at once in Mrs. Montpellier's place. Give her a household to order, a few shops to go to, a certain position to wrest or to retain, above all, a feud with Lady Visigoth, and she will have no difficulty in finding occupation for every hour in the twenty-

cupation for every hour in the twenty-

The widow (perhaps a twice-bereaved

Gilbert Orme had never in his life reflected on the duties that he owed to the station in which he was placed, to his fellow-creatures, to his family, nay, 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 languid without sufficient cause; but he heard 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 joyous health,in boundless wealth, Yet sickening of a vague disease."

With joyous 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 breed 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 free-will. He did what any of his associates would have done in the same predicament—dressed with the utmost care, in a selection of Poole's noblest efforts, and wandered out into the streets 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 so feelingly rung in his ears still; how that sweet, pale face, framed in its 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—and John knew something about her. Should he go and find John Gordon, who was safe to be immersed in his daily business till five? and then, what then? Cui bono? Surely my boy was becoming what the fashionable novelists call blase. From Dan 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 hansome cab, and pald the driver by the house occupied by his fare to the door of White's Club. Such, however, was the line my indolent friend chose to adopt, and it appeared simply from the force of habit that he tsrned up a street leading from that thoroughfare to the park, to knock dreamily at the door of one of the prettlest houses in London—a house which always looked as if it had been fresh "done up," and the balconies of which bloomed with such gerantums as were not to be seen elsewhere.

"Is Mrs. Montpellier at home?" asked Gilbert, in a very matter-of-course voice; and the footman answered in corresponding tones, that Mrs. Montpellier

ing tones, that Mrs. Montpellier was at luncheon, and "would Mrs. Orme step this way?" Now, Mrs. Montpellier was one of those

intimidating:

"There may be fifty reasons—goodness only knows!" Doctor Johnson loved a good hater; the quality to less vigorous minds is perhaps suggestive of awarather than affection. I admire its wondrous development, on occasion, in the female breast. For the converse of that

charity which the apostle enjoins—that charity which the apostle enjoins—that pure white mantle which can cover all the scarlet stains of sin, aye, and wrap a shivering, wounded neighbor, too, in its kindly folds—for the self-righteous-

ness that puffeth up and vaunteth its own merits, that thinketh evil that suf-

anything to make him cross. Then he was not the least given to making love to them; and, let satirists say what they

will about the craving for conquest implanted in the gentler sex, they do like a man who will at once put them on an intellectual footing with himself, and who offers them frank confidence and

respect rather than admiration which they suspect to be false, and flattery so sweet as to become unpalatable.

so sweet as to become unpalatable.

Mrs. Montpellier shook him by both hands and bade him sit down and eat.

"I thought you were never coming to see me again, Mr. Orme," said the hospit-

me again, Mr. Orme," said the hospitable lady; "and it's no use asking you to dinner, for you're always engaged. Now, what will you have? Everything's cold. This is the first day I've lunched alone for six weeks. What have you been doing all these ages? Now do tell me all about yourself."

This last request, I may observe in a parenthesis is assentially femining. To

arenthesis, is essentially feminine. To me, as propounded by a gentle, refined being, it always appears a complete staggerer. Would they really like to know? and how could the best and wisest of us tell them?

"Oh," answered Gilbert, "that is easily done. My time is chiefly employed in learning to work cross-stitch backward, winding silk for my cousin, and reading good books to my mother."

The widow laughed, but she did not blush. Lord Holyhead's impenetrable nature was so well known that it was a standing joke to quiz her on having subjugated him—a joke she herself took

[To be Continued.]

In exceedingly good part

Now, Mrs. Montpellier was one of those ladies on whom their own sex choose to look somewhat askance without any defined cause. There were certain houses to which she was asked, certain people with whom she interchanged the cardleaving and other dreary courtesies of society; but those who repudiated her averred that the houses were what they called "Omnium Gatherums," and the people, "geograf, rate." The accusation people "second rate." The accusation was scarcely a fair one, but it swamped Mrs. Montpellier's bark, nevertheless. "Who is she?" demanded Lady Visigoth, with annually increasing virulence, spreading her long hands and tossing her head like one of her own carriage-horses; indeed, her face strongly resem-

spreading her long hands and tossing her head like one of her own carriagehorses; indeed, her face strongly resembled 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. Montpellier's "antecedents" in that voice of rigorous virtue, you could not but feel as if you
yourself were doomed, however unjustly,
to share the burden of the fair backslider's possible sins.

Mrs. Montpellier'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 followed his fortunes through many a picturesque 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 rajahs whom she
had visited, and the begums, in whose
eastern boudoirs she had made herself
at home; and sometimes (not; often) she
would chat pleasantly of those days with
a dash of quiet sarcasm and a vein of
womanly sentiment that was not unpleasant. The young husband soon died
from climate and "brandy-pawnee" combined, and ere she could find her way
home to her surviving relatives, via Calcutta, she was snapped up in that city of
palaces and induced to change her name
once more, by Montpellier, of the civil
service, a tall, thin, yellow man, like a
bamboo, old enough to be her father, and
rich enough to have paved the street he
lived in with gold. She never spoke of
that time; and whereas there were miniatures and photographs and remembrances
of her first husband scattered about lived in with gold. She never spoke of that time; and whereas there were miniatures and photographs and remembrances of her first husband scattered about her drawing-room in profusion, any souvenirs she had of old Montpellier were locked away carefully upstairs in her writing-desk. I believe she loved the "bamboo" very dearly. Reserved 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, 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. Montpellier

#### Lace Curtains

I have used Pearline to-day for washing lace curtains and like it very much. Washed easier and cleaner than with any soap used be-fore. I like it very much.

Mrs. Rev. J. D. E.

one of the Millions.

School Entertainment.

Life-Burns Not Serious.

Detroit, June 26 .- A flaming, shrieking human sacrifice was disclosed to a packed audience at the closing exeroises 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 Annie McMahon, of 133 Eighteenth street, a beautiful young girl, was playing the part of the Christian martyr Althea; and the cur-Christian martyr Althea; and the curtain rose on the final scene with the pagan Greeks burning her at the

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

"No blame can be placed anywhere for the sad accident," said Mrs. Mc-Mahon this morning. "It was one of hose unavoidable things that no one can foresee."

four.

The widow (perhaps a twice-bereaved one may fairly be called a widow indeed)—the widow had seen a good deal of life, and had not failed to profit by what she saw. Rather repudiating the idea of a third marriage, she had resolved to enjoy to the utmost the many pleasures and amusements which her situation permitted; and, setting Lady Visigoth at defiance, she made her house the pleasantest lounge in London, and consequently commanded a great deal of very agreeable society, of which that exclusive dame could not have the faintest notion. Mrs. Montpellier's little suppers on Saturday nights; her luncheons, her dinners, her choice picnics, her well-selected parties—all went off without hitch or contretemps. If you were dying to meet "somebody," and dined with Mrs. Montpellier, you were sure to go down to dinner with that "somebody," and no other, on your arm. If you wondered what had become of your old chum, whom you had never seen since he pulled next you in the ten-oar at Eton, or went up the breach alongside of you at Sobraon, ten to one you found him at luncheon at Mrs. Montpellier's. If you wanted a fourth in that barouche which was going anywhere out of town, who must amuse and interest the other three all the way "there and back again," you had but to go to Mrs. Montpellier's pretty house between three and five, and you might select your companion from the pleasantest people in London. No wonder the young men dropped in so nature. "It was the concluding tableau, 'Althea,' dressed in cheesecloth, with 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. At some 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. Annie 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 on the stage.' Father Doherty was not burned at

house between three and five, and you might select your companion from the pleasantest people in London. No wonder the young men dropped in so naturally at Mrs. Montpellier's, and stayed there, as Lady Visigoth viciously remarked, "so long."

The hostess herself was, to do her justice, no slight attraction. Though a good deal past thirty—indeed, as far past as she well could be—she was bright and handsome still. Very dark, her complexion had deepened rather than faded under an Indian sun, and her black hair was, as yet, unstreaked with a line of gray. Her features, though irregular, had extraordinary play and brilliancy. She dressed, too, to perfection, and was never to be surprised in unbecoming colors or costume; while her figure, which had always been her strong point (and a very strong point such a figure is), preserved its symmetrical outline, and remained lithe and unduiating as in the days of her first honeymoon. Altogether people were justified in their general expression of wonder "why Mrs. Montpellier didn't marry again"—a question Lady Visigoth delighted to answer with a shrug of her broad, bony shoulders, and in a tone of mysterious defiance truly intimidating:

"There may be fifty reasons—goodness Ready For

Bahy. The young mother thinks, when she has completed the baby garments that are to clothe the little form. But she is not all ready for baby's coming, unless she has done something more for the baby than merely to prepare his clothes. Many a young mother who goes through hours of pain and suffering wonders why it was not possible to prepare in some way for the baby's advent, and to avoid the agony that seemed almost unendurable. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the ness that puffeth up and vaunteth its own merits that thinketh evil, that suffereth not long, and is easily provoked—for a thorough-going and practical opposition to the true fundamental precepts of Christianity, commend me to the merciless rancor of a virtuous British matron such as my Lady Visigoth.

Gilbert was a prime favorite with his hostess. Indeed, he was very generally poplar among women, from the damsel in her teens, just "out," who voted him very "good-natured," and was not the least afraid of him, to the passee woman of the world, who found something interesting and unusual in a certain freshness of sentiment and originality of thought, which he never—entirely lost, and to whom his little affectations of indolence and sans-souci were amusing, because so utterly transparent. He would laugh at himself, too, and with them, in the most perfect good-humor. He was not to be put out by any disappointment, and never seemed to care enough about anything to make him cross. Then he one medicine for women which prepares them perfectly, both for the burdens and pleasures of maternity. It prevents the morning sickness from which so many women suffer. It strengthens the whole body, so that there is no nervousness nor anxiety. It promotes a healthy appetite and causes refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength for her trial and makes the baby's advent practically painless. Healthy mothers have healthy children, and it is the general testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for motherhood, that the children were healthier and happier than those born after months of mental misery and physical anguish on the part of the prospective

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without fee or charge. As chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has in the past thirty years and over treated and cured more than half a million sick and suffering women. The testimonials of these cured women are on record. A large number of them were cured when doctors had pronounced a cure impossible and after enduring years of useless suffering.

Let no sick women hesitate to take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer, but write at once and so secure the professional counsel of a specialist in the diseases of women, entirely free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Hoped for Death.

"For the sake of poor suffering women, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your medicine has given me," writes Mrs. Callie Bowles, of Watts, Iredeil Co., N. C. "I was in a most miserable condition when I wrote to you. I had uterine disease so bad I could scarcely walk and suffered such dreadful misery I hoped to be relieved by death. You wrote to me to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and I have taken eleven bottles of it, and two of your 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am entirely well and feel like a new woman. I feel 'haukful to God and to Dr. Pierce for the blessings I now enjoy. I have a fine big boy, two months old and never got along as well in my life. I can't praise your medicines enough." good books to my mother."

She held up a pretty finger at him, as one would threaten a child.

"No nonsense," said Mrs. Montpellier.
"I hear all sorts of stories about you. Come, out with it; make a clean breast of it, and begin."

"Virtue is always liable to scandai," replied he, laughing. "With the exception of the pursuits I have named, I have been fulfilling my daily duties, and earning the reward of a good conscience. With Holyhead to help me, I have been much employed in doing nothing; have done it rather well, and a good deal of it." done it rather well, and a good deal of it."

"Are you going down to Richmond with Lord Holyhead today?" asked the lady, looking sharply and meaningly in his face. "I hope not. I don't approve of your friend. I don't approve of your friend. I don't approve of your party. You see, I know everything."

"Of course you do. You sat next him at dinner yesterday at the St. Quentins'. You had on the yellow dress—the one with black lace; not the pale one with roses. It was stupid of that servant to upset a cream over it. Woe is me! I shall never see that yellow gown again!"

"How do you know all this?"

"Never mind. I was sure Holyhead had seen you, because he was so restless and uncomfortable this morning. He has moved every article of furniture in my room, and broken two vases and a small china teapot; but he didn't dare mention your name. A little bird told me about the cream."

The widow laughed, but she did not blush. Lord Holyhead's impenetrable nature was so well known that it was a standing idea to out? her on having

#### Very Thankful.

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansonville, 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 terrible sick I could scarcely 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 eacn and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts when I had taken them a lew days, I let 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 any thing 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.

## TABLEAU TERRIBLY REAL RICHEST BOY IN AMERICA

Girl's Dress Caught Fire at a Marcellus Hartley Dodge, a Student at Columbia College.

Priest's Presence of Mind Saved Her 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 likely that Marcellus Hartley Dodge, a student of Columbia University, will want for any of the necessities for some time to come. Young Dodge re-ceived his fortune under his grand-

father's will a short time tago.

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 within two or three miles of his home he walks simply to save car fare. 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 Croesus 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 prob-lems of life. He has not determined just 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 worthy demands on

#### FEASTED ON THE CICADAS

my charity to go unheeded."

Sparrows Learn Something From the Seventeen-Year Locusts.

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

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

About the middle of May the locusts, or cidada, as the scientists call this insect, first made its appearance here. The insects came by thousands out of the ground, where they had spent

seventeen years as grubs. It was noticed that the sparrows were not so numerous on the concreted streets, while there were more of them in the park, and it was soon evident that the locusts were the attraction there. 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

The sparrows were brought to Washington from England nearly 40 years ago, in the supposition that they would beautiful shade trees. But the birds failed to realize expectations, and proved more destructive than useful, preferring buds and seeds to other

kinds of provender.
In the eastern part of the country the seventeen-year 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 ave been so numerous that the noise of their singing has sounded like the

oughing of wind in a forest. They have been observed in greatest numbers here in Lafayette Square, the White House grounds, and others of the older parks. This is accounted for by the fact that most of the trees in these parks were standing in 1885, year in which the locusts appeared. On hatching, the young locust, then goes into the ground at the oot 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 grub clings to the tree and the winged insect breaks its way out of the shell. As a winged being, the ci-cada 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 sparrows, perhaps, learned from the robins that the locusts were

worthy of attention. It has been a common sight in most of the parks to see sparrows so fat and lazy from overfeeding on locusts that they would hardly move out of the way of pedestrians. When startled they flew low and not far, as if lamed or stupefied.

locusts have now practically disappeared, but the sparrows seem to prefer the park, where insects abound, to the streets, where heretofore they made their principal feeding places Commander George W. Baird, of the navy, has been making careful observations, and has reached the conclusion that the birds have come to like the insects better than the grain picked from the refuse in the thorough-

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 it was tearing to pieces with vicious pecks. Since then many simiar instances have been observed. The sparrows scan the ground closely, presumably looking for more lo-custs, but grabbing up anything in the way of an insect that comes within the range of their sharp eyes

#### 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. Beween 300 and 400 men are affected. "Hello Girl" Gave 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 telep'ione communication at Carver, 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.

# Successful Gooks

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.

# ONLY TWO

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

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

## Advances of

\$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

## 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.

Always Insist on Your Dealer Supplying You with E. B. EDDY'S WOODENWARE PAILS and TUBS

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

# Dont 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 any 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 CO'Y, 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 \$2,100,000.

Two hundred and sixty members of the British Parliament have notified weights and measures in England.

The maidens of Denmark never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always 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, which is the marriage finger in that country.

their approval of the compulsory adoption of the metric system of the United States squadron during its recent visit to Naples.