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CEYLON TEA Contain the finest tea grown in the world. Black, Mixed or Green. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

LOVE AND A TITLE

There is a pleasant bustle and confusion downstairs; it is not every day that the most distinguished guests as the Marquis and Marchioness of Fendale and a live princess, and when the three arrive downstairs they find a breakfast which would not discredit to the castle in the matter of fresh trout, eggs, cream and venison. And Vane, when Verona appears, timid and blushing, is all kindness and consideration. His own newly found happiness makes him more gentle and sympathetic than ever, and, as he leads her to the table, he says, quietly, but with calm confidence: "Jeanne has told me, all princess; you must let me be your friend."

Just enough wind, eh? What a glorious day. Come on, you folks; don't waste a minute, and he puts his hands to his mouth and shouts in sailor fashion: "All hands aboard." A peal of laughter greets this summons, and in answer to it a party of ladies and gentlemen turn around the corner and come clambering down the beach. To see them—so light-hearted, so like a pack of schoolboys and girls just out for a holiday—you would never guess that there was a marquis and marchioness and a count and countess, to say nothing of an earl and a clergyman. But so it is; for here, back at Newton Regis, are Vane and Jeanne, and the count and his new-made bride, whom we know as Maud Lambert; and here also are Charles Nugent and dear old Hal, the last smiling through his spectacles as if life were one perpetual holiday; and here also is Verona—Verona, as beautiful as we knew her, but no longer pale and wishful-eyed, but with roses growing on her cheeks and the English soil and happiness have planted. "Come along," says Hal, who seems unable to keep still, but insists upon arranging the hamper and tossing up the cushions that have been piled on the boat for the ladies, and generally getting in the way of the sailors. "Come along—don't waste a minute. Look, Verona, isn't she a beauty?" and he looks enthusiastically at the yacht, which is Vane's present to Jeanne on her last birthday. "Isn't she a clipper? Come along—we shall have a glorious sail! What a jolly party we make. I wish Georgia and her beau were here, but I never can remember his name—where here; we should be complete then. And I say, have you got a watch on, darling? The last words Aunt Jane said to me were, 'Don't be late for dinner.' I shall make you responsible. Vane has no idea of time, neither has Jeanne when she is once on board; and as for me, I never could get a watch to go properly in my life. You'll have to keep the time when we're married!"

PARALYSIS YIELDS TO DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

AFTER SEVERAL DOCTORS HAD PRONOUNCED THE CASE HOPELESS.

Convincing Proof That Cure Was Permanent—In Five Years the Patient Had no Relapse—Facts in a Remarkable Case Substantiated by Sworn Statements.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a physician, placed under a trade-mark that is a guarantee of their genuineness to every purchaser. They contain no stimulant, opiate or narcotic and while they have cured thousands they never injured any body. To show that cures effected by the remedy are really permanent and lasting, we recently investigated the case of Mr. A. Frank Means, of Philadelphia. Mr. Means was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and his testimonial was printed five years ago, as follows: "I had the grip for four winters and my nerves were broken. I lost the entire use of the lower half of my body. My stomach, liver, kidneys, heart and head were never affected, but the paralyzed condition of the lower part of the body became my bladder and bowels. For a whole year I lay in bed perfectly helpless, with no power in either limb and the feeling gone, so that I couldn't feel a pin run into my legs at all. I couldn't turn over in bed without help. To get up, a pulley was rigged up on the ceiling and awindlass on the floor. "During two years of my affliction I had six different doctors, but none of them gave me any relief. A specialist from Philadelphia treated me for three months, but he was of no benefit to me. These doctors gave me up, and said it was only a question of a few weeks with me, as nothing but a rest cure would do me any good. I had given up, and a friend sent me a pamphlet containing statements of two men who had been afflicted something like me, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them at once, and although my improvement was slow, it was certain. Now I can walk most of the time without a cane and everybody around here thinks it is a miracle that I do not get about as I do. My legs have certainly been a God-send to me. Within the last three years I have answered dozens of letters from invalids who had heard of my case, and who asked me if it was true that I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have told them all that this remedy cured me, and I am glad of this opportunity of telling about my case, so that others may find relief as I have done."

to be one of the most profitable branches of Canadian agriculture. Live Stock Branch. Dominion Department of Agriculture.

CLOSED CHURCHES.

Six Days Out of Seven These Edifices Are Non-Productive.

I suppose many readers will be startled and some offended, at least in their first impression, when they see our churches arraigned as misusers of wealth. How is that possible? they will protest. Are not our churches obviously and conspicuously devoted to the general good? Are they not guided by able and unselfish men who devote their lives to the spiritual needs of their fellowmen? And is it not preposterous to charge them with misusing wealth, either shamefully or otherwise, when everyone knows that most of our churches are struggling under a burden of debt? All is true enough, yet the briefest consideration makes it clear that the hundred thousand churches in America (let us take that number for the sake of argument) are trying to do their work under conditions that would be considered foolish and wasteful if they existed in any or for four or five evenings! Imagine a hundred thousand department stores doing active business only one day in seven and remaining closed for the other six days or, at best, doing languid business on one or two odd afternoons! Imagine a hundred thousand theatres giving performances two or three evenings a week and then remaining closed and silent for four or five evenings; imagine a hundred thousand factories working 10 hours a day for a single day in seven and perhaps working five hours a day for two other days, and then letting their fine machinery and tools rust away for four or five evenings; imagine a hundred thousand schools, theatres and department stores to lose both in money and general esteem and, if such conditions persisted, we should conclude either that the directors of three activities were hopelessly incompetent, or that there was a very small demand for what they were trying to furnish. Of course we have grown up in the idea that the most natural state of churches to be closed and silent most of the time, just why no one can say, but, being creatures of habit, we accept things as we find them. We expect our houses to be used every day, our barns to be used every day, our shops, libraries, hospitals, office buildings, all the structures on our soil we expect to be used every day, save only the churches which are the most costly and the most beautiful. They are expected to be used occasionally, less than half the time, yet the churches represent a huge material investment based on infinite labor and saving, a value far greater than all the gold in the United States. The value of the land and buildings, that certainly exceeds two thousand million dollars! On which the money interest, at 5 per cent, would be two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year! The spiritual value of the churches, well, that is beyond our reckoning, but it should be very great and precious to offset so huge a sum. And most of the days it is wasted!—Success.

APPLE HAS A LONG DESCENT.

Traced Back to the Cave Dwellers of Swiss Lakes.

Among the fruits of the rose family are apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries and quinces, as well as strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. The apple is a fruit of long descent. Among the ruins of the Swiss lake dwellers are found remains of small seed apples which show the seed valves and the grains of flesh. The crab apple is a native of Britain and was the stock on which were grafted the choicest varieties when brought from Europe, chiefly France. Apples of some sort were abundant before the conquest and had been introduced probably by the Romans. Yet often as Saxon manuscripts speak of apples and cider there is no mention of named varieties before the thirteenth century. Then one may read of the pearmain and the costard, Chaucer's "mellow costard." In the roll of household expenses of Eleanor, wife of Simon De Montfort, apples and pears are entered. In the year 1286 the royal fruiterer to Edward I. presents a bill for apples, pears, quinces, medlars and nuts. Pippins, believed to be seedlings, hence called from the pips or seeds, are said not to have been grown in England before 1525. The exact Drayton, writing of the orchards of Kent at that period, can name only the apple, the orange, the russet, the sweeting, the pome water and the reinette. John Winthrop is usually held responsible for the introduction of the apple into the new world. But as a matter of fact when Winthrop anchored off Cape Ann the reclus Blackstone already had apple trees growing about his cabin at Shawmut Neck. Some of the best of American apples were brought over by the Huguenots, who settled in Flushing, L. I., in 1600, and planted there, among others, the pome royale or spice apple.

The Canadian Hog Raising Industry

Investigations by the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture into the alleged shortage of hogs have shown that for some months past the supply of bacon hogs in Canada has been falling off. Even before the order was issued debarbing packers from importing United States hogs to the competition between buyers of hogs has been so keen that top prices have been paid continuously, and that these prices have been high enough to give a profit to the producer. They claim, therefore, to be at a loss to understand why there is a shortage at this time. Speaking from the standpoint of the packer, well informed authorities claim that the price has not been as uniformly high as it should have been. At times of the year when the packers anticipated heavy runs, prices dropped to a point where no profit was left to the feeder. This, they claim, took place last season when sows should be bred for the supplies of the fall just past, and as coarse grains were high and labor scarce at that time, many brood sows were sent to the market. Again, it is argued that the majority of packers have not encouraged the production of hogs of the bacon type and weight. For a number of years improvement in the hog stock of the country made satisfactory progress, but during the past season at least the producers of the ideal sort have received no en-

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