

How Red Rose Tea is Grown

TEA is a native plant of Northern India. Transplanted to Ceylon it lost much of its strength and richness, but gained in fragrance and delicacy. That is why Ceylon tea is not a strong tea. That is why I blend Indian and Ceylon teas together—that is how the strength and richness, fragrance and delicacy of Red Rose Tea are secured—that is why Red Rose Tea has that "rich fruity flavor."

Red Rose Tea

is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

District Doings

LOUISVILLE.

The sidewalks in this village have been greatly improved on by our present roadmaster, and by the ratepayers, who all lent a hand in the good work.

The day crop is enormous in this vicinity this year and the farmers in general have a good two weeks' haying before them.

The Saturday shower was needed in the country and did very much good to the corn and other green crops.

Nearly all our young people were at the Solton picnic on Friday, where they enjoyed the very best of a time.

Mr. Clarence Weaver has recovered from his serious illness caused from the last football game.

Mr. Hilliard Blackburn has been somewhat unwell but is recovering rapidly now.

A very enjoyable time was had last Thursday evening at a strawberry and cream social held in the Methodist church here under the auspices of the Ladies Aid. A very good program was furnished by home and city talent, Mr. Winterstein acting as chairman.

FLORENCE.

Our granite sidewalks when completed will add greatly to the appearance of the town.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES

By KATE M. CLEARY

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The April downpour was at its fiercest when the knock came to the kitchen door. It was a timid knock—so timid that Nan stood with knife suspended over the pan of apples she was paring, thinking her imagination might have played her a trick. It came again—low, entreating.

The girl crossed to the door and opened it.

"Good land!" she cried. "Come in! You poor little soul, whoever you are, come in!" And out of the blinding rain she caught the little black, shivering figure and whirled it into the warmth and spicy scent of the big kitchen.

She stood and looked at her unexpected visitor, her gaze a curious blending of amazement and compassion. Such a frail, old figure of a woman. The plain black cashmere gown, the thin shawl, the close little bonnet, all were dripping rain, from the stiff jet spirals ornamenting the bonnet to the hem of the poor skirt. And the face that looked up at Nan, dumb and beseeching, was childishly pathetic in its wistfulness.

The woman held a worn bag clutched in one hand.

"I," faltered the stranger deprecatingly—"I got caught in the rain."

Nan threw back her head and laughed—a girlish laugh, crisp and infectious, and the shriveled countenance of the intruder relaxed into a smile.

"Pardon me," cried Nan, controlling herself; "only it was so evident you had not been under shelter the last hour that I couldn't help laughing. Here, sit down in this rocker near the stove." She deftly unpinned the soaking shawl and removed the pulpy bonnet. "Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "you're no rubbers on! And your feet are dripping! You're just a bundle of wetness! Whatever will I do with you?"

She spoke with the air of solicitude she might have used toward a child. Nan was only seventeen, but she had many burdens on her shoulders, and she bore them with courage. A year ago, when she had graduated from the high school, she had hoped that she might go to college, but her father, who was a doctor, had died, and she was left with a heavy heart she saw the days slipping by and with them the time she would have given to the acquisition of further knowledge. Today many hidden tasks still remained to be accomplished, and here was this forlorn creature on her hands.

"I'm sure I'm sorry to be making you trouble, my dear," piped up the plaintive old voice. "If when after I'm rested a bit you'll be telling me my direction I'll be moving on."

But suddenly she went ghastly white. She caught her hand sharply to her side, and her lips turned blue.

"Here," cried Nan, "take this!" She had gone for a stimulant and was back, holding it pressed to the twitching mouth. The old woman swallowed the liquid and tried to rise.

"Sit still!" commanded Nan. "You're ill! You mustn't stir!"

Nan stood before her, tall and slender in her blue cotton gown, with a big white apron belted in at her waist. The pure pallor of her skin was accentuated by the blackness of her brows and lashes. Her gray eyes were wide with perplexity.

"Wait a minute," she ordered and went flashing up the back stairs. She reappeared with a load of garments over her arm. "You're such a mite of a thing the clothes that I've outgrown will fit you," she said. "Your bag? Here it is—safe behind you. There!"

She worked rapidly as she talked. "Now you're dry and comfortable anyhow, if you do look funny."

The old woman smiled up at her gratefully. She did look funny in the schoolgirl gown of red, but the color had come into her cheeks, and her chilled feet were growing warm in the dry stockings and slippers.

"Now I'll make you some tea and toast," declared Nan, hanging the wet clothes to dry. "And then I must get back to— Good gracious, my cake is burning!"

She was on her knees in a minute and had snatched the oven door wide open. A smoking, blackened mound confronted her. And, as ill luck would have it, at that very moment Helena Burnet, her cousin and mistress of the house owing to the invalidism of Mrs. Burnet, came sailing into the kitchen.

"What's this?" she cried sharply. She was in street attire, but had been well protected from the storm. "Your cake ruined! And that—who is that person?"

Her cheeks scarlet from embarrassment and the heat of the oven, Nan was hastily removing the cake.

"She's an old lady who got caught in the shower," the girl explained nervously. "Did Aunt Ellen come, Helena?"

"No, she didn't," snapped Helena.

"I've waited in that drafty depot until I am nearly sick. I suppose you made that chicken broth the way mother says she used to like it?"

"Yes, and the little honey hearts too." "You've got the spare room all ready, I dare say?"

"Yes. It's clean, and I lit the fire half an hour ago."

"Such a lot of trouble and expense to go to for a foolish old woman," grumbled Miss Burnet. "Mother says she always had a little sense as the law allows. But that doesn't alter the fact that she is coming to spend her few remaining years with us and that she has \$60,000 to leave. I suppose she will land here tomorrow, and we'll have this bother all over again. Well, I'll spend \$100 on mourning for her when I inherit it!"

"She will never leave me anything," averred Nancy Goodwin. "My mother never forgave her. But—briskly buttering some fresh toast—"If she ever were to remember me I'd—"

"Go to college, I presume!" ended Helena contemptuously.

"Yes, that I would!" rejoined Nan resolutely. "There's no hope of that!" she sighed. "Now, try to eat a few mouthfuls of this and drink your tea."

Helena stared from her cousin to the strange guest and back again.

"Do you mean to say you've gone out of your head, wasting good food on a tramp?" she shrieked.

"Hush!" begged Nan, trembling with mortification. "You will hurt her feelings!"

"Feelings, indeed!" She glared at the stranger. "The rain is over now. She can go about her business."

"She is sick and cold. She can't go out of the house tonight. Let her sleep in my bed. I'll make up a shake down on the cot." Then, hurriedly, as she saw angry refusal in the other's eyes, "Don't make me leave you if you value my work!"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that Mrs. Hunter across the street has offered me \$10 a week as housekeeper in her home. I would have no more labor there than here, where I am paid nothing. And I shall accept her offer today if you make me turn this poor old creature out!"

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Miss Burnet. But, aware that Nan was quite capable of doing what she threatened, she made a tempestuous exit from the kitchen.

Overcoming her apologetic objections, Nan assisted the old woman up the stairs. On the second floor they passed a bright room, hazy with rosy chintzes, with a jolly fire rolicking in the grate.

"I wish I might take you in there," she whispered. "But that is intended for Mrs. Franklyn, who is coming to stay here. You shall have her chicken broth, though," said the girl determinedly. "She can't need it any more than you do."

And when she had tucked the feeble body into her own narrow bed she brought the chicken broth. But that night when the dishes were washed the girl climbed to her room she found her protégée very ill. She was feverish, and the pain in her side was worse. Occasionally she lapsed into delirium. Nan was frightened, and as the woman grew worse she sped down the stairs and across the street for Dr. Meeker.

"Pneumonia," he said. "Exposure, eh? I thought so. Practically hopeless. What's that, eh? You want a lawyer?" He bent to listen. "Poor soul, what have you to will?"

"John Meeker," she panted, "don't you know me?"

"I'm young Dr. Meeker. John Meeker is my name. I'm trying to be as good a man. If I can build up my practice that had fallen off I hope to make a home for this little girl here."

The old woman smiled and nodded.

"You'll get me a lawyer maybe if you know that I am Ellen Franklyn. No, don't call the others. Helena is like her mother, cold and selfish. I heard her for myself today."

The physician did what he could and hastened away. His experienced eye told him she had been ill several days and that the exposure of the afternoon was hastening the climax. The lawyer returned with him, and the household was aroused. The old woman chuckled, exhausted, but triumphant, as she fell back after signing the will.

"I've left Helena a hundred dollars to buy that mourning she was so set on," she whispered. "You can get your learning while he's making the home for you. 'Twas the fine fellow his father was, I mind well."

And not all the wrath or lamentations of Helena Burnet and her mother prevailed to impeach the validity of the will, which left the property of Ellen Franklyn to Nancy Goodwin.

"I shan't hold you to your promise now, dear," Charlie Meeker said when he came to see the girl off to the university. "You are an heiress now. Everything is different."

"That isn't different!" she replied with emphasis. "You loved me when I was a common drudge. You mustn't stop loving me now that I am going to fit myself to be a wife of whom you may be proud."

He smiled down at her.

"My dear, my dear," he said, "a prince might be proud of you. Here's the train."

Countersellers and Weddings.

The marriage of convenience is an institution among criminals, at least in England. In a recent case in London a detective testified that it was common for counterfeiters to marry women solely for the purpose of passing bad coins on the public. These marriages are not contracted from any feelings of mutual attraction or even trade partnership, but in the belief that juries have a reluctance in convicting wives.

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District Doings

CON. 13, RALEIGH.

Wm. Doods is improving after his recent illness.

Detective Birk, of Dover, located the Jersey calf which Henry Russell had stolen from his farm.

CHATHAM TOWNSHIP.

The following is the result of the June promotion exams, of S. S. No. 14, Chatham Tp., names in order of merit:

Class III. to Class IV.—G. Burlingham.

Class II. to Class III.—Carrie Frye, E. Clapp, A. Blair, L. De Wolfe, C. McGregor.

Part II. to Class II.—Promoted in May—H. Simpson, R. Teeter, E. Clapp, C. Shaw, E. Parker, M. Whitmarsh, H. Simpson.

Belle Richardson,

Teacher.

S. S. NO. 2, CHATHAM TP.

Following is the report of the semi-annual examination held at S. S. No. 2, Chatham Township. Names in order of merit.

Primary—Cleda Cartier, C. Cartier, O. French, E. Griffith, N. Brown, Part I, Jr.—W. MacNeillage, I. French, F. Brown—all promoted to Sr. I.

Part I, Sr.—G. Blackburn, W. Chinnick, S. Dorey—all promoted to Part II.

Part II.—A. Pratt, C. Holmes, E. Cartier, A. Brown, R. Kennedy—first three promoted to II.

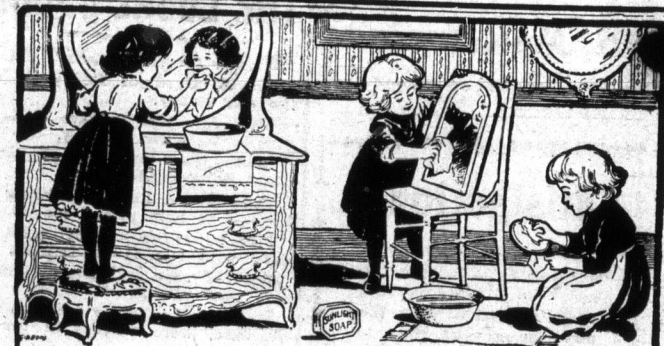
Class III.—J. McDonald, B. French, G. Griffith, C. Blackburn, J. Ritchie, M. Chinnick, S. Weaver, absent—first three promoted.

Class III.—I. Holmes, G. Abraham, B. Chinnick, B. French, E. French, R. Kennedy—first two promoted to IV.

Class IV.—J. French, J. Brown, S. Weaver, D. Forsyth.

S. G. Knight,

Teacher.



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NO MONEY USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Peter B. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay in bed, unable to get up, and was very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me, gazed at my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me—my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair fell from the memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me I was threatened with paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, were an electric belt for three months, went to Mt. Clemens for baths, but received little benefit. While after treatment at Mt. Clemens I was induced to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kergan, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor going through my nerves. I was cured mentally, physically and sexually. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

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Red Feather Tea

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Unnatural drains, the result of early indiscretions or excesses, may be undermining your vigor and vitality; poisons in the blood may be sapping your very life; the presence of Stricture or Varicocele may be making your life miserable; Nervous Debility symptoms may cause you to feel life is not worth living; some secret disease may be preventing you from getting married—what are you doing for it? Rouse yourself and be a man. Your future happiness is at stake. Consult specialists who have a reputation for curing these diseases. If you are incurable they don't want your money. Recoverable parties may pay after cure. We cure Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Blood Poison, Secret Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Complaints. Examination Free. If you cannot call, write for Question Blank for Home Treatment. Charges reasonable. Booklet sent Free (sealed).

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