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Same flavor as Japan, only perfectly free from adulterations of any kind. It is to the Japan tea drinker what "SALADA" Black is to the black tea drinker. Lead packets only. 40, 50 and 60c Per Lb.

Won at Last

"I had no idea Miss Jocelyn was in any way related to you," said Waring with a smile.

"Miss Jocelyn. There's no Miss Jocelyn here. This is my niece, Mona Craig."

"I remember now," said Waring quickly. "I beg your pardon. I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Craig some years ago, in London."

"It is very remarkable, but there's time enough to talk about it. Go, take off your coat, Kenneth, show Mr. Waring his room. Come, my darling, tell Jessie to bring up the vases. I'm just faint, like, it has been a cold journey."

"Will you take a little whiskey and water at once, uncle?" asked Mona, trying to remember her duties with an effort, so dazed did she feel at this astounding reappearance.

"Awful, it might be better to do so. Just hang up my coat, will you? Eh, but you have a fire that's enough to set a' the chimneys in Kirkcubright burning; still it looks grand. The young man will think and Sandy Craig has a fine house of his own. It's a very strange, you know, each other. Thank you, my dearie, as she handed him his allowance of whiskey and water."

"But uncle, how in the world did you come to know Mr. Leslie's daughter?"

"Well, I knew him when he was a wee bairn, but his long years since. His mother was Mr. Leslie's daughter. You'll mind my telling you of the great house of Macacachern & Leslie. Leslie was the grand gentleman of the firm; and his daughter—eh, my word, but she was bonnie! she was the young lady that ought to have been my wife, and this lad's eyes are just like his mother's—she's married a proud, upstart Englishman; but the sister was hers, and the boy was named after her father. He has been foolish, I'm afraid, and has spent a cruel lot of money, gaming away and racing and rampaging. Something turned him wrong; no, he seems more wise like, and has settled down on a farm in America. He can't over about some law piece, a bit of money that was coming to him through his mother, and so he came over to Glasgow to speak to Mr. Cochran, who was the adviser of 'a' the house, and there he found me—paw 'uay' paw 'uay' paw 'uay' here he is, and Jessie, too. The dinner's ready. I'm glad to see you in my house, Mr. Waring. Give me your arm. I am a poor frail body."

Waring threw a smiling glance at Mona, as if asking pardon for preceding her, and led her host in to the dining-room.

Mona took her place at the head of the table with an overpowering sense of embarrassment, mixed with self-reproach.

"Something had turned him wrong," Uncle Sandy said; "she was that something!"

"Friede came to her assistance, however; she must not let him see how overwhelmed she really was. By a resolute effort she recalled her self-control, and played the part of hostess with sweet gravity and simple kindness; but though avoiding Waring's eyes, she keenly observed how greatly he had changed. He looked taller because he had grown thinner; his strong figure looked firmer and more set; his face, longer, darker, more browned and grave, if not absolutely sad; it had completely lost the florid fleshiness of early manhood; his eyes, too, seemed larger and more thoughtful; but his long, thick moustache, drooping to either side, showed when he smiled that his rather large teeth were as brilliantly white as before; his hands, that used to be creamy and plump, were turned almost black, and showed both bone and sinew, as though they and hand work were well acquainted. Yes, he had changed wonderfully, and improved. His old, good-humored eagerness to please and to be pleased was replaced by a proud repose of manner and left a slightly weary but kindly quietude behind.

He sat his dinner as if he liked it, and did not say much; once he looked round the pretty, comfortable room admiringly, and exclaimed:

"You cannot think, Mr. Craig, how delightful all this seems to me. The bright silver and glass, the flowers, the look of refinement—these things want a woman's touch."

"I suppose you have no young ladies out yonder?"

"No, my partner, like myself, is a bachelor. Indeed, it has hitherto been too rough for ladies, but we are improving rapidly. We had nearly finished a jogg house when I left; quite an architectural mansion," added Waring, laughing. His laugh was still frank and pleasant.

"I hope your partner is an honest man," quoth Mr. Craig.

"I hope so, too; indeed, I believe he is. He comes of a respectable English family, and has been accustomed to the life of a rancher since his early boyhood. He is a first rate judge of cattle and horses; and if he had not much money capital to put into the venture, he contributes what is quite as valuable—knowledge and practice."

"Eh, I'm no that sure. There's as much danger as profit sometimes in the knowledge of penmanship."

"Oh Watson! not penmanship; and he is really a very good fellow."

"That is fortunate," said Mona, forcing herself to join in the conversation. "I suppose you have no other companion?"

"None. A chance traveller asks for hospitality now and then, but he never stays long."

"It must be a lonely life, though I should not dislike it," said Kenneth.

"I certainly do not. There's freedom and plenty of work, and when night comes one is too tired for anything but a good night's rest."

"And I daresay you are a peaceful and content to be away from your own society of conceited fules and grinning cheats they call the great world," said Uncle Sandy, viciously.

"Oh human nature is pretty much the same in the wilderness or in the world of social life," said Waring, good humoredly. "It would be but poor philosophy to cry out against the world I have left because I played the fool there; on my word I'd be if I threw away fortune. There are as many good fellows—or as few good fellows—in one state of life as another."

"I believe that," said Kenneth. "I should like well to see your place, Mr. Waring."

"Why don't you come out for a bit. It is a sort of life you would like, I think."

"Eh, but he has his work cut out for him here," cried Uncle Sandy. "He'll find it best to hide of me, Noo, tell me how many head of cattle have ye, forbye horses?"

And the three men plunged into talk, from which Mona collected that Waring had invested almost all his capital left him in the purchase of a ranch, and that he had been speculating in a ranch, near the famous redwoods on the Pacific coast, and that as yet, he had realized very little, though his hopes were high, and he had evidently thrown himself energetically into the undertaking.

She kept silence gladly. Waring's presence—his steady composure, his quiet submission to the inevitable—touched her deeply. She longed to cry out:

"Have you forgotten me? Can I atone for the pain I inflicted?"

But most probably he had nearly forgotten that he once loved her, and hoped to pass his life with her. She panted to be alone, to disentangle her thoughts—to master the disturbance of her mind. As they seemed so absorbed in conversation, Mona thought she might slip away unobserved; but her uncle noticed her movement.

"Bide a bit, my lassie," he cried, "we've sat here long enough. We'll come wi' ye to the drawing-room. You shall sing us a sang, and then I'll gang awa' to my bed. My niece sings fine, Mr. Waring," he added, as he took Mona's arm.

"I know that, Mr. Craig," returned Waring, opening the door for them to pass through; "I remember her songs well."

Mona felt that she blushed crimson, while she said, in a low tone, to her uncle:

"I have scarcely any voice to-night—do not ask me to sing."

"Hoot, toot, my dearie, you'll please us well."

Mona stood a moment, irresolute after Uncle Sandy had tumbled into the depths of his chair. Waring came to her side, and looking kindly and perhaps a little sadly, into her eyes, said:

"Don't refuse, Miss Craig. You don't know what a treat the music of a woman's voice is to an exile like myself, especially as in a few days I shall go back to the wilds again."

"Then I will do my best," returned Mona, simply, and she went to the piano.

The song she chose was a pretty, quaint German ditty she had learned while abroad—for she did not wish to revive painful recollections by singing anything that might be familiar to Waring. He moved away, and sat in deepest thought while she listened.

"Awful, that's not one of my favorites. I am not much of a musician—my opportunities have been scant—but I have an uncommon gude ear," said Uncle Sandy. "Give us a Scotch sang, my dearie."

"Oh I am not presuming too far," said Waring, coming over to lean on the piano. "I might ask for an old favorite—'Robin Adair'?"

"Ay, that will do," from Uncle Sandy. "I need not have been so careful to spare his feelings," thought Mona. "I am making a fool of myself. It is an age since I attempted it," she said aloud; "but I will try it, if you like."

It was dreadfully annoying, but she could not steady her voice. She could not keep a certain tremulous pathos out of her notes. Men were so conceited—they had such a high opinion of themselves, that perhaps Leslie Waring would fancy, as she was so upset at meeting him, that she regretted having rejected him. Ah, no; he was too frank and honest, too simple and unselfish, to need the guarded treatment Leslie required. Leslie, who was so much comparable to Leslie Waring. What wonder time and trouble had done for the latter!

"Thank you!" said Waring, from his chair in a shadowy corner, where he had retreated when she began the song he had asked for. "That was an immense treat."

"Ay, there's nae music like Scotch music, nor is there any sangs for melody an' poethry, an' spirit, an'—an' historical value, like Scotch sangs," said Uncle Sandy.

"I believe the Irish claim 'Robin Adair' as their own," said Mona.

"Claim it! I daresay they do," said Uncle Sandy, contemptuously. "They'd aye claim everything; but if that lilt isna Scotch, awel, I am no Scotch. Come, give me your arm, Mona, I'll just gang to my bed. I'm awfully weary."

"Then maybe Mr. Waring would like a smoke with me in the kitchen. I think we will have it all to ourselves in a few minutes," said Kenneth.

"Thank you, I should. One grows a little too fond of the weed when one is freed from the restraints of society."

"It's a very peremptory practice; but it's just talking to the winds to protest against it. Good-night, sir, Kenneth, there are the keys. Mr. Waring will need a drap after his pipe."

"Good-night," murmured Mona, as she gave her arm to her uncle.

Waring bowed, but did not attempt to shake hands with her.

It was an infinite relief to be alone, and locked into her own room. For a long time she thought confusedly, or rather a confused mass of mixed memory and thought thronged her brain, without any effort of her will.

How vividly Waring's face, pale with painful emotion, the day they last met, came back to her. He had quite forgotten her; she felt that. He was a really good fellow. She wished the face to be friends again, as she was with Kenneth, but that would never be, she feared. She never could feel at ease with him. He looked as if he had suffered a great deal. Was her fault, then, the never could admit that she should like to let him know that she had generally a very good opinion of him, but how should she find time to do so, when he had said more than once that he would only stay a couple of days? What a curious contradictory jumble life was altogether! Mona felt unaccountably unhappy, and, laying her bare head on the pillow, she went long and quietly before sleep closed her wet eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Morning brought renewed spirit and fresh courage.

Mona could not help smiling at the singular combination of circumstances which brought her once more face to face with the man whose wife she had so nearly been. It was foolish to feel so uncomfortable about meeting him. As he was perfectly unembarrassed, she was resolved to meet him with a good heart, and treat him with friendly cordiality. He deserved consideration at her hands, for he had behaved to her with chivalrous forbearance.

Still she did not leave her room quite so early as she usually did. She was determined to run no unnecessary risk of a tête-à-tête interview.

Uncle Sandy and Kenneth were already in the dining-room when she entered, and went through the ceremony of infusing the tea before her uncle began the long, rambling extemporary prayer with which he always opened the day. They had hardly risen from their knees when Waring came in and wished the happy good-morning!

"I hope you rested well?" said Uncle Sandy.

"I was extremely comfortable, but I dreamed furiously," he replied. "I seemed to have lived over my whole life since we parted last week night. The strain of Scotch blood in my veins has not developed a tendency to second sight, now that I am in my mother's native land, for I have had quite awful warnings in my visions. Some disaster hangs over me. However, that is nothing new. I suppose I shall live through many more before I have done with things."

"Shall I give you tea or coffee, Mr. Waring?" asked Mona.

"Coffee, please."

He turned toward her, and suddenly meeting her eyes, the color rose in his brown cheek.

"Were your dreams in the morning?" she made haste to ask, anxious to hide her own confusion by speaking.

"Yes! It was a frightful dream. I woke from the last, and worst."

"Then be of good courage. The veil in your dream will prove good in disguise and you will get your wish."

"Thank you! I accept the omen from your lips."

"Are ye no for parrich?" asked Uncle Sandy. "It's varra wholesome and strength'nin'."

"Thank you, no. This hare pie is excellent."

"I wish Mary Black was here," observed Mona to Kenneth. "She is a little wit for reading dreams and telling fortunes."

"Ay, she's a witch! That is ferry true, Mona," cried Uncle Sandy. "Black to come and stay here again! I have not seen a female face for months."

"Yes, you can ask her. She is varra welcome. It's a nice blithe lassie," explained Mr. Craig to Waring. "And sings as sweet a bit as you'd hear anywhere."

"Sorry I have no little chance of seeing her, sir. My time grows short."

"Hoot, toot, man! Ye can stay till next week."

"I am afraid I am too unfortunate to be able to accept your kind hospitality. I have business in London, and I want to take the Cunard boat on the 11th."

"I dinna like to let you go. We'll talk about it, you an' me! Kenneth, is it going to be a fine day?"

"I think there will be showers."

"You may be tolerably sure of that, Kenneth," said Mona.

"I want to talk to Mr. Waring round the place, and let him have a glint at Strathairle."

"Strathairle?" repeated Waring. "Hadden Finistoun shooting herabouts?"

"He has a deer forest—a great stretch of unclaimed land, whaur hundreds of honest sheep ought to be grazing, instead of its being a playground for a hantle o' feckless nobles," quoth Uncle Sandy.

Waring, however, was too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed him.

"Didn't Finistoun marry one of the Everards?" he asked—"a very pretty girl?"

"Yes, she is a bonnie wee wife," said Uncle Sandy. "And, though she is a bit feckless, I dinna object to her coming to see Mona. But they are a cauld, stiff, upsettin' family! It was well for Mona she found a guide, kind uncle to take her in wha' she wanted, and put her out."

Waring glanced sharply at Mona, who colored with vexation, and said haughtily:

"It is not necessary to trouble Mr. Waring with our family quarrels."

"What's wrong wi' you?" asked her uncle in some surprise.

"You have capital sport about here, I suppose?" said Waring, as if anxious to change the subject.

"Yes, the public are all the same. You can fish or shoot the living day," cried Kenneth, enthusiastically. "Sir St.

John Lisle said he never saw birds more abundant."

"Lisle!" repeated Waring, quickly, addressing Mona; "I thought he was in India."

"He returned on the death of a relation, whom he succeeded," answered Mona, briefly.

There was a short pause. Then Kenneth proposed that he should take Mr. Waring for a round of the place, and along the road toward the Lodge, before dinner; and that after it uncle should show his guest the garden, the farm-yard and the stables.

They were still discussing their plans when Mona rose to visit Phemie, and h'd high council anent dinner. She felt it a relief to escape Waring's eyes, though he rarely looked at her; and his voice, which had in it, to her fancy, a tinge of melancholy, that filled her with self-reproach. So, having completed her task downstairs she went to her room, then, finding that the walking to and fro and sound of voices had ceased, she concluded that the pedestrians had started, and went to the drawing room intending to dust some few pieces of old china she had persuaded her uncle to buy while they were on their travels with her own fair hands.

She had hardly commenced when approaching footsteps startled her, and Waring came into the room, and closed the door behind him.

"I thought you had gone out with Kenneth," said Mona, laying down her duster, with a curious feeling of being caught.

"We were just starting when one of your uncle's tenants came to speak to him, and Mr. Macgillivray's presence was needed in what they call 'the museum.'"

Mona smiled.

"You have not seen our museum yet."

"No," returned Waring, and there was a pause.

He stood looking at the fire, and she hesitated what to say next.

(To be Continued.)

MAKES NEW BLOOD.

That is How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure the Common Ailments of Life

Making new blood. That is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are always doing—actually making new blood. This new blood strengthens every organ in the body, and strikes straight at the root of anaemia, and the common ailments of life which have their origin in poor, weak, watery blood.

Mrs. A. J. Seeley, of Stirling, Ont., tells what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her fourteen-year-old sister, Miss Annie Sager, after other treatment had failed. She says: "For some years Annie had not been well. She would take spells of dizziness and headaches that would last for several days, and her whole body would become dry and hot as though she was burning up with fever. Her lips would swell, and then, after bursting point, and then when the fever would leave her the outer skin of the lips would peel off. She doctored with two different doctors, but they did not succeed in curing her, and the trouble seemed gradually to be growing worse. Then we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and under this treatment she has recovered her health. The headaches and dizziness have gone; her color is improved; her appetite better, and she has had no further attacks of the fever which baffled doctors. We are greatly pleased with what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and recommend them to other sufferers."

It was the rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make which cured Miss Sager. That is why these pills cure all common ailments like anaemia and debility, headaches and backaches, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the special ailments that prey on the health and happiness of girls and women of all ages. Pills for Pale People, with the full name on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Edward a Smooth Diplomat. (Louisville Herald.)

King Edward has shown remarkable political wisdom in cultivating the good will of the smaller powers of Europe. Among these his nephew, the kaiser, has not a friend. All regard the latter with doubt or suspicion or fear. Hence the kaiser's desire to make Germany a great naval power of the world. But King Edward has forestalled him not only with the smaller but with several of the larger powers of Europe. The Anglo-Spanish marriage was a master stroke by his bringing the Spanish peninsula into closest touch with Britain, frustrating the kaiser's ambitious designs on northern Africa. It would take a century of naval building to bring the German sea power to the level of possible opponents on water.

Law of Compensation. (Rice.)

Lady—Oh, those awful automobiles. It's simply terrible to read how an aged woman was killed by a car near Trouville yesterday.

Chauffeur—My dear, madam, if you read on a little farther, you will see that an automobile was killed near Chateau-Thierry. That makes things even.

"Freed" by Uncle Sam. (Buffalo Courier.)

"Cuba Libre" isn't "Libre" any more, and again there is likely to be an illustration of the big fish swallowing the little one. Which of the republics to the south of us will be "next?"

Presumption of Guilt in Court. (New Orleans Picayune.)

Under both English and American law every man is presumed innocent until he has been proved to be guilty, but under English law when he has once had a trial in a court of competent jurisdiction and has been convicted this presumption is reversed. It is presumed that he has been justly tried and justly convicted. If he questions the justice of his conviction and carries that question up to a superior tribunal the presumptions are against him and in favor of the tribunal. It is not, therefore, sufficient for him to show that some error has been committed on the trial; he must also make it appear to the satisfaction of the appellate tribunal that this error has been prejudicial to him and really affects the justice of his condemnation.

Two Softies. (Cincinnati Tribune.)

Eleanor—I hear that Grace and Arthur were about the softest couple that were ever married in this town.

Evelyn—I should say so! Why, they were so soft that their friends held the rice before they threw it at them.

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A HOUSEWIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

Zam-Buk Tested by Results.

Judge a remedy by its cures. Zam-Buk has won its position by what it has done. If you have skin disease, barbers' rash, eczema, scalp sores, a troublesome ulcer, an old wound—if you have a bad cut, chapped hands, or any sore, disease or inflamed condition of the skin, give Zam-Buk a trial, and contrast what Zam-Buk can do for you with what benefit you have reaped from other preparations. To help you in this the proprietors offer a free sample box to all who send in a one-cent stamp to pay postage. Merit alone should tell in medicine.

Zam-Buk has the merit. It is compounded from the finest medicinal herbs, extracts yet discovered. It is at the same time antiseptic and healing. It kills all disease germs, it builds up damaged or diseased tissue. Doctors prescribe it, nurses use it, mothers of families swear by it. It has been keeping house for forty years and never found anything to equal Zam-Buk," says Mrs. Angus, of Fenelon Falls. "As a household balm and salve it is wonderful." Use it for chapped hands, chilblains, burns, bruises, children's injuries, etc. Also cures piles. All druggists sell at 50c a box, or direct from the Zam-Buk Company upon receipt of price. 6 boxes for \$2.50.

TEST FOR COLONIAL BELLES.

Girls Paraded Around a Divan Until Chosen for the Dance.

It is a great pity that the treadmill has vanished. It was the quaintest and most important feature of the social life at White Sulphur Springs, and had not its like anywhere in the world. Some wit of colonial days gave the great room that name. Here all the girls and their mothers met after supper preceding the dancing of the evening german. In the centre of the room was a circular divan, and around this the girls paraded either with their mothers, their chaperons, or in pairs. The object was to be chosen for the german. Woe to the girl who was left.

If this happened the first two nights, tears and agony were followed by retreat. It was a cruel test for any woman's nerves, yet it continued as the foremost custom of the place for nearly a century. The real belles were snatched by partners before they had advanced many steps in the parades, but many a girl had her heart almost broken because she was too young and too intense to know that failure to "catch a beau" for the dance did not write one down a failure elsewhere.

Round and round the parade circled until the dance was well on in the ballroom. For this hour girls and matrons wore their proudest array of clothes. It was this steady tramp, tramp over the same worn way that suggested the name of the treadmill.

It must have been a rarely lovely sight, despite the strain, in Colonial days, when the belle with patch and powder, in satin and brocade, met the gay cavalier with silk knee breeches, jewelled laces and silver buckles.

Miss Mary Lee, the eldest daughter of Gen. Lee, was anxious to restore the custom, but, as Mrs. Roger Pryor, said: "Not under the glare of electric lights. It needs candles to put it in keeping."—Ainslie's Magazine.

TIGRESS WAS AFRAID.

And One Man, Unarmed and Unassisted, Killed Her.

A party of five of us were out tiger shooting in Central India during the month of May in a well known tiger centre, but although panthers and bears were plentiful enough the object of our expedition was conspicuous by its absence.

Eventually two of our party whose time was limited went off in disgust, and the next day an Indian came running into camp with a most remarkable story, which was afterwards corroborated by a personal inspection of the place. The man was out on duty collecting honey, and seeing a likely porcupine cave, filled up the mouth with brushwood, set it light, and sat waiting on a little slab just like one of those cats for wayfarers outside the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. The porcupine, I may remark, is regarded as a great delicacy among the aboriginal tribes. Nothing, however, turned up, and so he went off disappointed of a good supper.

The next day, hoping against hope, he returned to the cave and found—not a porcupine, but a tigress. She had never had courage to face the brushwood, and so had been suffocated to death. The cave overhangs a very deep pool of water, which never dries up in the hottest weather, and had she charged out the impetus would have forced her to rush straight over the edge—a drop of some fifty feet. The usual approach is a very long and narrow ledge, which we ourselves only managed with considerable difficulty.

I suppose the tigress discarded the idea of a plunge from such a height, although the pool is 16 or 18 feet deep. She was a young though full grown tigress, and measured 8 feet 5 inches.—London Field.

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BAY OF QUINTE.

IS THE NAME OF INDIAN OR FRENCH ORIGIN?

There has recently been some discussion of the origin of the name of the Bay of Quinte, and in view of that fact the following from the editor of Notes and Queries in the Montreal Star, may be of interest.

The nearest approach to the name of Quinte held by any Frenchman known was that of Prince Le Conti. This person was a particular friend of Chevalier de la Salle, to whom was ceded the Seignory of Cataragui. "Chevalier de Tontu went with him proposing to share his fortunes" in western explorations. Now La Salle named one of the islands near Cataragui (Amherst) after this officer, and even yet may be found living persons who call that island Isle Tontu. Well, it might reasonably be supposed that La Salle would wish to do honor to his friend, the Prince de Conti, and therefore named the bay after him. From Conti it might gradually change to Quinte or Quinte. Now, however probable this may seem, it cannot be regarded as the origin of the name.

Again, it has been supposed to be derived from the Latin Quintanus or Quintus—the fifth place—having reference to five bays, namely, the lower bay, Pictou Bay, Hay Bay, The Reach and upper bay; or, as some aver, it refers to five Indian stations existing in the vicinity of the bay; but, however much may be advanced in support of the plausibility of these theories, we think a more certain origin is perfectly intelligible.

The word Quinte, as at present spelled and pronounced, when rightly done, is undoubtedly a French one, being one of the few remaining memorials of French possession; but its origin can be distinctly traced to an Indian source.

We have seen elsewhere that the country lying north of Lake Ontario was called the "Country of the Northern Iroquois." To the south of the lake was the Iroquois Country proper. Among the several nations which composed the Iroquois confederation were the Senecas, or commonly called Seneca. Wentworth Greenhalgh, in the "London Documents," writing of a journey in May, 1677, from Albany to the Indians, Westward, says: "The Senecas have four towns, viz. Canagana, Tiotholton, Cananada and Keint-he— which contained about twenty-four houses, and was well furnished with corn. Now, the Indian term Keint-he, he is remembered, was written by an English explorer, and of course was spelled in accordance with the pronunciation of the Indians. Every one knows that the letters of the alphabet have a different sound in the French language. If, therefore, a French writer were to write the English term Keint-he, it is not unlikely he would spell it Kanta or Kente. Examining the old French maps made by some of the early travellers through Canada, but bearing dates subsequent to 1671, we find marked with distinctness an Indian village, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, by the name of a number of different maps, which we have examined in various libraries in Canada, and in the Imperial Library in Paris.

It is not always spelled Kente, sometimes it is Kante, and upon one it is Kenti, and upon the map in the Imperial Library, in Paris, it is Kento. This Indian village has its location upon most of the maps at the extremity of Hay Bay; but upon a few it is placed at the south shore of the Peninsula of Prince Edward. Upon one map it is put at South Bay; while on another, Wapoose Island is called Isle de Quinte; hence it is inferred that a branch of the Seneca tribe, separated from the main body, and removed to the north of the lake, and settled probably first at South Bay, and afterwards, at certain seasons, visited Hay Bay, to which, in time, they gave their name—that of Kente, according to the pronunciation of the French. It was an easy matter to convert Kente into Quinte. In other words we find that K and Q are used indifferently among early writers of New France; for instance, Quebec is spelled by early writers, Quebec, spelled by early writers. Kente. The origin of the word Quinte seems, in this way, to be perfectly clear."

This communication on the subject of the origin of the name "Bay of Quinte," which was lately asked for, was received from Mr. A. G. Parker, of the Bank of Montreal, Hamilton, by one of my literary friends who has handed it to me for publication. Mr. Parker adds: "I procured the enclosed extracts from a book owned by Mr. Arthur McGinnis, the one and only Indian of Belleville, the one only man there to speak on the subject. The theory of a French officer named Quinte having given his name to the Bay, he thinks is entirely unlikely, and seems pretty clear that the name had an Indian derivation. Dr. William Canniff believed in 'Kente,' an Indian town in Prince Edward County to the South of the Bay."

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS.

The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

The first national English Thanksgiving was on Sept. 5, 1688, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on Feb. 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's jubilee.

The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day of thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamation was by Congress during the revolutionary war.

The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

Honors Even.

(N. Y. Sun.)

Kenther—In India more than 20,000 persons a year die from snake bite