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DIRECT from the growers, Monsoon Inda- Tea at 25 cents is a purer and choicer tea than the packings of tea brokers offered at 30 and 40 cents. Monsoon Tea graded at 25 cents, 30 cents and 40 cents proves a surpassing excellence not attained in other teas ten cents higher in price. But the exclusive perfection of Monsoon, packed by the growers to sell at 50 and 60 cents, is incomparable.



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## **\*** OUR SHORT STORY

"After Many Years."

"Just on ahead. There now, look-

"Oh, no! They often look white with the dust of the road, and besides

some of them are fair. Perhaps that particular woman is a hill woman—

a Kashmiri. They are sometimes as

fair as-no, not you, but many English girls," and he glanced admiringly

But her remark had evidently im-pressed him, and for some time ne,

seemed to him there were many

white—horribly white. Strange stories came to his remembrance, stories

which were whispered just after the

mutiny, that all the missing English women and girls had not been killed.

balconies which overhang the porches

travelers were loud in their praises

and comparisons with every pictur-

esque town in Europe, giving, however,

as they felt correct, the preference to

The principal police officer soon

rushed them into one of the largest

shops, a low ceiled room with a mud

rascal in the whole bazar, but also

"memsahibs" would see some wonder-

ful things. Col. Manners, who had

often performed the duty of showman

during his stay in Lucknow, knew ex-

actly what to explain, and waited ex-

pectantly for the inevitable exclama-tions of astonishment over the fire—a

few pieces of glowing charcoal in a

broken earthenware pot, the very primitive bellows, worked by an al-

most naked shining little boy, and the

The proprietor was a stout man,

greasy and repulsive-looking, and with

an air which made Col. Manners look

even sterner than his wont. His words

his goods as quickly as possible. The ladies thought all natives alike, and

noticed nothing wrong with the man's

leer and sly glances or the way in

which he directed all his remarks and

compliments to the young girl. They

watched him make a few silver bangle

which were lying about the shop, but

Mrs. Villars had set her heart upon

buying a certain kind of nose ring,

and there was not one to be seen.

When the silver worker understood her

where, in the shadow, Col. Manners

he returned to his customers with a

with turquoises, in his hand. Mrs. Villars was delighted, and while she

of the policeman, her daughter wand-

She was astonished to find a woman

seated there, and more, that she wore

the identical sari which had attracted

tively she looked down to see the wo-

man's feet, but the whole form was

shrouded in the usual way, nothing

was visible but the face, and upon that

the girl gazed with a growing horror

on her own. It was the face of an old

woman; dark hair was parted and

brought low over the forehead; there

tion, rage and despair glared out of

bent over them, half fascinated, half

A voice sounded across the room:
"Come, Miss Villars, we must be going. There is more for you to see,
and the sun is getting hot. And"—

she was looking there came a sudden change. They positively darkened with an expression of the acutest agony. She was suffering—ill? Edith bent closer, but the fierce gesture of

the hidden arm forbade her kindly

touch, and she could not speak—the woman would not understand English.

She felt relieved to know that Col.

Manners was heside her and silently

ered to the back of the shop.

vere sharp as he bade the man show

few rough and simple tools.

quite white. Isn't it funny?"

at her dazzling complexion.

peautin

It was a summer night in Cawnpore, an endless stream. They filled her in the year 1857. Two lovers stood soul with terror. She felt that each within the convenient shade of a veof these veils might cover some awful randa saying a long farewell—till the tragedy, a tragedy whose horror was morrow. The stars were shining with increased tenfold by the seal of silence, that radiance which makes the peculiar glory of an Indian night, and the air was heavy with the scent of the champak blossoms.

Light that radiance which makes the peculiar glory of an Indian night, and the air was heavy with the scent of the champak blossoms.

Light that radiance which makes the peculiar typified by that shrouding veil.

Suddenly she turned to her companion, a gray-haired man, strong and upright, a man in the prime of life,

"Good night, my darling, I must go, and whose whole appearance, from and each moment only makes it harder the tip of his pointed gray mustache to leave you."
"Go, then. Who is keeping you?"

to the tip of his polished riding boot, was as typical of the English officer "You! you witch! How well you know your power. Haven't you kept as hers was of the English girl.
"Did you notice that woman, Col. Manners?" she asked.
"Which?" said he, gazing at the numbers by which they were surrounded with a naturally bewildered exme ten whole minutes, when I ought to have started on my rounds ages

"I have kept you! How dare you imply such a thing? I have been longing for your departure. I—I am

Nery sleepy." with a carefully simulation. Nery sleepy," with a carefully simu-lated yawn and wide-open mischievous do you call it?"

eyes.

"I see the woman, or rather the

"Well, I am going. Really, this figure, you mean. But what is there time. By the bye, you know I cannot extraordinary about her?" come till late tomorrow evening. I "Only her feet. They are white—. wish to goodness I were not adjutant. What's the use of the few extra ru-pees when it takes up all my time so that I never see you now?"
"Oh, what a story, and what a frown!

"You cannot. I can only just see your white frock and the lines of your hair and that searlet thing on your head, and—your eyes. I see them wherever I am. When the colonel gives me an order I stare straight too, watched the passing women, gaz-over his head till I know he thinks I ing always at their feet. And it have gone crazy, and I see there-in the air-two dark-brown eyes, sparkling with wickedness and shining like

the stars above us now—and—"
The remainder of the speech was arrested by a little hand which was laid lightly upon his lips, and which naturally met the fate it deserved. There him once. Even now he shuddered, was complete silence in the shadows and saw with thankfulness that they veranda, only broken by her had arrived at the Chank, the part of short and hurried breathing, and a slight the bazar where the best goldsmiths' stir as she nestled into his arms and shops are situated and remarkable for was clasped for an instant to his the beautiful carving of the wooden breast. The syce (native groom), who was crouching near beside his master's where the work is carried on. waiting horse, raised his drowsy head and wondered if he had gone into the house again. But just then the farewell was finally accomplished, and he listened curiously to their parting this city of "the gargeous East."

"Good night, Dick. Be as early as you can. "Good night. Of course I'll be early. It will be years before I see you shops, a low celled room with a mud flood, while he whispered to Col. Manners that the owner was the biggest

'Be sure you recognize me then! You the best worker, and that the English

silly! Good night." Master and servant turned at the gate of the garden and looked back. She had stepped out of the shadow and it was bright enough for them to see every detail of her white muslin dress, flounced to the waist, and to catch the gleam of her uncovered neck and arms. Dick Manners even imagined he could distinguish the curve of her dark head outlined against the scarlet bow and see the starlike shinning of her eyes. He sighed as he away. It was so hard to leave her only for a few hours, and the heavy, clinging scent of the champak blossom oppressed him and seemed to lie as a weight upon his heart.

It was in May, 1887, when a party of English men and women rode through the streets of the native city of Lucknow. They were going to visit the shops of the famous gold and silver workers and were accompanied and bought some curious ornaments by an escort of native police for their guidance, and, though the ladies of the party scoffed at the idea, for their protection as well. The bazaar at Lucknow has too bad a name for any Englishman to care to take his womankind there without a show of force. The streets are very narrow and the houses have, in many cases, overhanging balconies to the upper stories, creating a feeling of oppres-sion even in riders, who are raised above the masses of many shaded humanity with which the countless lanes and alleys are filled.

Edith Villars was typically English in appearance, having soft, fair hair and gray blue eyes, and with the latter she now gazed as if fascinated at the shrouded figures which passed her in her attention on the road. Instinc-

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children their brown depths as the English girl the emulsion every fall for a appalled. month or two. It keeps them Well and strong all winter.

It prevents their taking cold.

Your doctor will confirm this.

Your doctor will confirm this. well and strong all winter.

The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

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eyes awful with the extremity of shamed despair and filled with such longing as might burn in those of some lost soul who gazed across the impassable gulf of the kingdom of the

With a deep drawn sight Col. Manners passed out and looked up, half unconsciously, to the dark blue sky

coal fumes makes them unbearable, fancy living in one. No one but a native could!" But, even as he spoke, he threw off the depression caused by the char-coal fumes or that uncomfortable looking old woman in the corner and turned to look proudly at the tall, beautiful, fair haired girl who was al-

"Those hovels are stifling; the char-

ready, surely, his own.

Miss Villars had not answered him. She stood hesitating on the threshold, shading her eyes from the dazzling glare before her, thinking of the blackness, the wretchedness, behind her. She felt it would be long before she forgot that face; those eyes, which to her excited imagination, seemed to be following her still. Was there not some appeal in them? She half turned as if to go back, but Colonel Manners said, "This way, Miss Villars," and she stopped ashamed of her aimand she stopped, ashamed of her aim-

less impulse. Inside the dark and stifling shop, which Col. Manners had been so glad to leave, the woman still crouched upon the floor. She had thrown back her vell as if she needed air, and the masses of her dark, fine waving hair were revealed. Not native hair. The very way it grew showed that. When the shade of the sari was gone her features were visible, and every curve of lips, nostrils, eyelids and throat out her English blood. Within her breast a torment of misery was unsealed. It was years since she had thought, consciously thought, as she

was thinking now. But for 30 years she had not heard the voice she had heard today, had not seen the face upon which her eyes had hungrily rested only a few mo-ments before, had not dared, for shame and agony, to admit the thought of him into her heart, and now—All that she had borne of humiliation, illusage and daily, grinding tyranny throughout those weary years was as nothing to the burning torment of those few seconds when dick had looked down upon her without a spark of recognition in his eyes, with only a horror, which was perhaps the mere reflection of that within her own.

She closed her eyes. It was a sum-She stood in a starlit garden. The scent of champak blossom was heavy on the air, and a voice speaking from very far away, "It will be years before I see you

But before the memory of the past could drive her tortured soul to madness she was recalled suddenly to the present by another voice:

"Am I to keep thee in idleness all thy days? Rise. Get thee to the preparation of the meal. Thou hast looked too long upon these white folk. Perhaps they have bewitched thee, but remember I will have no lazy white memsahibs here."

It was the voice of her master, and while the sneer cut her to the heart, as it had never failed to do through all the long years, the flash died out of her eyes, and, drawing the cari closely around her once more, she passed obediently to the back of the house with the slow, gliding step of a native woman.-Temple Bar.

### nandanandanandanandanandanan A Smile: A Laugh.

Little Harold has evidently listened to the usual bugbear tales of nursewhen recently left with his mother for the day, and she bade him go into the darkened library and stay fifteen minutes for teasing his baby sister, he vehemently remonstrated:

"Bears will eat up your little boy, and you won't ever have a little boy again," and other dire forebodings. Finding it impossible to shake his mother's determination, he doggedly started across the hall, saying:

"Well, I'll go, but you'll have to take the 'sponsibility."

"Madam, what was the name of this spring chicken? Mr.Golightly stared hard at the landlady as he spoke. The bird in question, skillfully eluding the fork with which he supposed he had impaled it, had

leaped from under the carving-knife and struck him squarely in the shirt "Name, Mr. Golightly," said the landlady; "I don't think it had a name." "You should have called it Hope,

ma'am," said the unhappy carver. 'And why Hope?" "Because," he bitterly answered, as he scraped the gravy from his necktie, "because the poet says that 'Hope

springs eternal in the human breast.'

One Sunday not long ago the minister of a small country parish in Scotland had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. The congregation being already assembled, he was in

wish he went to the back of the room, a sorry plight. Suddenly an idea struck him. He had seen a crouching figure, and saysent for John, the beadle, and instructing a few words in a low, harsh tone, ed him to give out the Psalm cxix. (containing 176 verses), while he hurried particularly fine noe ring, incrusted home for his sermon. On his journey back to the church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door conducted her bargaining, with the aid waving is arms and shouting at him. On reaching the church door he ex-

"Are they singing yet, John?"
"Aye, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're chirping like spar-

"I want some kind of a door-spring, one that won't get out of order," said

a customer. "A door-spring?" answered the hard-"Yes, and one that won't require the

strength of an elephant to open.' was no color in the sallow cheeks, and the eyes glittered out of bony hollows. "And it must be strong enough to They were wonderful eyes, the only rebring the door all the way to, and not maining trace in that countenance of a long past beauty, but now they were leave it swinging open a couple of awful, too, for misery and humilia-

> "And when the door closes, I don't want it to shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations." "Yes. You want one that will bring

the door all the way to, and yet do it "That's the idea. Put I don't want any complicated arrangement, that requires a skilled mechanic to attend

"No, of course not. You want something simple, yet strong and effective."
"That's the talk. Something that can be put on or taken off easily; something that will do its work quietly, yet thor-oughly, and won't be eternally getting

out of order.' "I see. I know exactly what you

want, sir, just exactly."
"Well, show me one."

# pointed to the huddled form. For a few brief seconds her clear, blue eyes met those other brown ones—those eyes awful with the extremity of

An Old Woman's Solution of How to Make a Will.

The Young Lawyer's Story of the Unique Proceedings Which Produced an Avalanche of Feminine Fury Among the Bellicose Legatees.

"Legal practice in the country," said the young attorney who had taken a run down to the city to freshen up a bit, "is not cracked up to be anything which is right, but if I continue to have experiences similar to that which I had last week my life will not be devoid of interest.

"I was sent out by my father, whose junior partner I am, to Billerton a little while ago to draw up a will for an old woman who had about \$20,000 worth of property to devise and about a dozen legatees. When I reached the devisor's house, I found that she was prepared for hereafters and emergencies of all kinds.

"She had heard of broken wills-had heard that no lawyer could draw up a will that some other lawyer couldn't breakbut being a strong minded person she had her own ideas about things. She had put off making a will as long as she dared, but one day a happy thought struck her, and she concluded that she could beat the lawyers at their own game. She said to herself that wills were broken because some one didn't get something that he or she thought she ought to have or some one else had got something that he or she ought not to have. The old woman's solution of that difficulty was a stroke of

"I found the devisor sitting prim and stiff in her prim and stiff little parlor, and ranged around the room were a lot of other women, all primmer and stiffer than the devisor. They were the legatees, and they were there to tell the devisor what they wanted without reserve and as freely as they would fight after the devisor's death for the same thing if it had not been be queathed. There were two men there, but they didn't count. I didn't notice them when I went in, and every time they said a word they were promptly squelched.

"The women were of the spinster type, the kind that one likes to characterize as females, spare, acidulated and grim. I believe two of them were married, but that must have been so long before that they had forgotten it. Here were pretty ma-terials for an argument, and if I hadn's been so young and fresh I would have collapsed at the unprecedented plan. As it was I enjoyed the situation until I was fairly in for it, and then, of course, I could not get out. "Lest her presence should trammel a

free discussion, the devisor, after introducing us all around and making the necessary explanations, left the room, and in less than five minutes the air was full of flying fur and feminine fury.

"'Well, if I can't have the white house with the cupalow I won't take anything,' said Hannah Maria, and she swished out of the room in tears, only to come back a few minutes later, having thought better

"'Now, you can have the swamp lot, Susan. You know your husband allers said he'd drain it if it was his'n.' This

"'Indeed! And have me nursin him for fever an ague all the rest of his life, caught workin down in that mire. I guess not. No, ma'am. I want the hill farm. It's little, but it's healthy, an you ain't so

smart as you think, Jane Pearce.' 'Really, I can't make anything out of this if you won't be a little more amicable. I am afraid that the testator's wise plan will be frustrated if you can't come to a

better agreement. "A scornful sniff, punctuated by such remarks as 'Brute!' 'Wretch!' and the like, which ran around the room, was all I got for my pains. I had interfered in a family quarrel, and it was none of my affair if the family chose to decide things in a bellicose way.

"And then the row started again after a few minutes of sullen silence. It was, You take the medder lot and I'll take the wood lot.' or 'I think Elizabeth ought to have the cows; her husband bein so shiftless, she could sell the milk and do better.' Now they bandied about the 'phaeton' and the 'cherry bounce,' which no one seemed to care for and seemed likely to go to one

of the unobtrusive males present. "Then the fight settled thickly over the little apple orchard, and I was reduced to despair. Finally I threw myself into the breach once more with a new proposition. I would take the inventory of property and let them ballot on the proposition articled there, each piece of property going to the one having the plurality of votes, and I went to work at once to put my scheme in operation without waiting for the legatees' consent.

"The upshot of it was that the plan fell flat on the first round, when a very desirable bequest was put up, each legatee casting one emphatic ballot for himself or herself. Then there was a scene and tears and more tears, with suspicious glances at the two men whom no one thought would have dared to prefer themselves.

"I don't know how I ever came to a conclusion, but in the end I got a fair idea of what would be acceptable, and after consultation with the testator and getting her approval I drew up the will.

"But that isn't all of the story. When I came to present my bill, the devisor asked me how much I wanted. I drew a deep breath and boldly said, 'Five Ellars.' She almost fainted away, and, mind you, the will bequeathed property to the amount of \$20,000. When she came to, I asked her if she thought I demanded too much. "'I'll never give it in the world-never,

never, never!' was her determined reply. "'Well, would \$2.50 be too much?' She only frowned at this without fainting.
"'Well, what do you think is right?" I finally asked in despair.

"'I'll pay you \$1.50 and not a cent more,' she answered, jumping at the chance to name her own figures, and Iwell, you can call me a fool if you will-I took it. There'll be a dozen partition suits in that will, and I stand a good chance of getting into them.

"Yes, country practice is meager, but it is stimulating," concluded the young attorney thoughtfully as he ordered a 5 cent cigar and went out, leaving his hearer to pay for the drinks.—New York Sun.

Unimpressed. "This castle is haunted," said the English guide to an American visitor as he threw open a massive shutter, "and the ghost is never seen except out of this win-

"Then your ghost might be called a mere window shade," replied the tourist. -Detroit Free Press.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 63 are yellow, 87 white, 32 purple, 30 red, 81 pale pink. 12 russet and 14 of mixed colors.

Consumption is described by the best medical authorities as the growth in the body of a plant or germ, which sets up inflammatory condition of the lungs, causing fever, wasting and death in many eases within two or three years. Read this letter from Mrs. Lydix

Armstrong, New Utrecht, Long Island, S. C. Wells Co., Le Roy, N. Y. DEAR Sirs:-"I cannot say too much in favor of a medicine that works such wonders as Shiloh's Consumption Cure does. I cannot understand how any human being who is endowed with common sense dares to let a cold have its own way unchecked. Nothing but ignorance of one's own anatomy can account for it. I should like to tell them how I proceed in my own family. If any of them take a cold, I prepare a hot mustard foot-bath, make the sufferer go to bed, put the foot-bath under the blankets, so there will be no chance of taking more cold, and get my patient into a fine sweat. A drink of hot lemonade helps on the perspiration. I then give a dose of Shiloh's Cure and leave my patient

under its influence, repeating it when necessary. This is taking old la grippe by the forelock; a proceeding he does not relish, for he always takes leave at once.'

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold under a business-like guarantee by all druggists, who will on request refund the purchase money in all cases where the remedy does not accomplish all that is claimed for it. 25c., 50c. and 31 throughout the United States and Canada. In England 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d and 4s. 6d.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her of Fainting Spells, Partial Paralysis and Heart Trouble, After the Doctors Had Given Her Up to Die.



The beginning of this year very few people in Uxbridge, Ont., thought Mrs. Geo. Adams, a well-known and highly respected lady of that town, would be alive to see the incoming spring.

She was so weak and wasted, her appetite was gone, there were dark circles under her eyes, her heart was bad. these terrible faint spells and smothering sensations came over her so frequently that it seemed to be only a matter of time till she would pass to the great majority.

More than that, there were times when she became partially paralyzed, and the doctors who were in attendance had given up all expectations of her recovery. At this time a friend in Toronto, hearing of Mrs. Adams' serious condition, advised the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. It was the last ray of hope, and Mrs. Adams concluded to try the remedy On February 3rd she got the first box and started taking them. That was a Thursday; Friday night the first good

effects of the medicine were made evident in Mrs. Adams getting sound, refreshing sleep, the first good night's rest she had had in months. From that time on every day found her improving in health and getting stronger. The terrible pains that used to shoot through her head and arms

disappeared, the spells of numbness and partial paralysis that came over her at times bothered her no more. she was able to resume her household duties, and in addition, bake her own bread, a thing she had not attempted for the past two years.

Today Mrs. Adams is thankful to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for sparing her life to her children and their health and strength. husband, and under date of April 4, Milburn's Heart and Ner 1898, wrote as follows: "I had given up all hope of recovering and frequently thought I could not live through the day.

I was in this helpless and hopeless condition when a friend advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. which I secured at Mr. Nicholls' drug store. I had not taken them long when I noticed a great change for the better, and before I had used half a box I was up doing my own housework.
"By the time the first box was completed I was able to walk down town and back quite easily, a distance of half a mile each way. "I cannot speak too highly of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as they saved my life and restored my health."

"Fainting spells, numbness and par-

tial paralysis came upon me very often,

sometimes seven spells in half a day.

ELIZABETH ADAMS. T. C. Nicholls, B.A., the popular druggist and stationer of Uxbridge, who sold Mrs. Adams the pills, is ready to youch for the truthfulness of

the above statement. This case of Mrs. Adams is only one

of the thousands that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are curing all over Canada. Anyone afflicted with weak, palpitating, throbbing heart, nervousness, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy. spells, pale, sallow complexion, thin, watery blood, dyspepsia, weakness, loss of flesh, spinal disease, St. Vitus dance, etc., will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the remedy indicated. For women they are especially beneficial, imparting a rosy color to the pallid cheek and giving relief pain and weakness. Growing girls and nursing mothers have heavy drains on their systems, and will find in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the very elements that are needed to keep up Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c a box or 3 boxes for \$1 25. T. Milburn & Co.. To-



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SHIRT COLLARS IRONED STRAIGHT so as not to hurt the neck. Stand up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not suited no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

Lee Hing Laundry

He who murmurs at his lot is like one greatest matters in the simplest way. baring his feet to tread upon thorns.