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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

## Won at Last

The place seemed to him after his long absence at once more beautiful and more intolerable than it used to be. He longed to show it to Mona. He longed to hear her exclamations of delight at its beauty, and to display so distinguished-looking a creature as his niece and adopted daughter—for pride was a very ruling passion in the heart of Sandy Craig.

Still it cost him a severe mental struggle to yield so much to his strong desire for Mona's company, as to write the letter above quoted. Once done, he was feverishly eager to reap the fruits of his surrender, and reckoned the days till Mona made her appearance.

After a fatiguing journey, for the night was warm, Mona found herself at Glasgow in the gray of the morning. Early as it was, Kenneth, "in the garb of old Gaul," awaited her in the parlour. He looked so martial and magnificent that Mona did not recognize him at first. When she did, she was disposed to laugh at what she considered his "fancy dress." He assured her, however, that it was his habitual costume when among the hills, and that the only difference he had made was to put on his best go-to-meeting kilt and plaid in her honor.

"Not altogether in my honor, Kenneth," she said, when, having collected her luggage, they had time to exchange a few words.

"Well, may be not," he returned, with a happy smile. "Now, if we leave by the one-twenty train for Kirkcubbin, we'll get to Craigdarroch by six o'clock. My uncle agreed not to expect you before so you can come away to Mrs. Robertson's, where you can rest and have breakfast, though she will be half frightened at so grand a young lady as you are."

"Grand. Why, Kenneth, you are chaffing me."

He only laughed, and calling a cab, they drove away through dull streets as yet scarcely astir, to the modest mansion of a Free Kirk minister, who was already in his study, and came forth to welcome the stranger lassie with kindly warmth; then his wife appeared, as neat and well appointed in her cotton morning dress as if she had made an afternoon toilet; and lastly, Mary, blushing with downcast eyes and a sweet smile flickering on her lips. The first thing Mona noticed was the golden red tinge in her soft, abundant hair.

"If mine is half as pretty, I am content," she thought as she offered her hand and said kindly—

"I am very pleased to meet you."

The words—the very tone in which they were said—made Mary look up, and then the smile shone out in her honest, light blue eyes, and a red-tipped mouth rarely quite closed over very white teeth, resumed her face from plainness. Her complexion, though clear and good, was much freckled, and the cheek bones were somewhat high; still Mary Black was undoubtedly a "bonnie lassie," and pleasant to look at, as Kenneth evidently thought, as his face beamed when his eyes fell upon her.

"You'll be awful tired after so many hours in the train; here, Mary, take Miss Craig to the spare room. You'll maybe like to wash your hands and brush your hair a bit before you eat your breakfast."

"Thank you; I feel I need ablution sorely."

"I am so very pleased to see you," said Mona, when she and Mary had entered the sacred precincts of the spare room.

"And so am I to meet you; Kenneth told me what a good friend you have been to him; but you are not a like what I expected to see."

"I suppose not; people never are like what is expected."

"I will leave you now, ring when you are ready, and I will show you the way to the breakfast room."

At the table were gathered the minister's younger brother, a big-boned lad of fourteen, a slight, thoughtful boy of nine or ten—both silently intent on finishing their morning meal, to be off in good time to school—and a chubby girl of six, evidently the pet of the family.

The mother told with pride that their eldest boy was away doing well in Japan, and another daughter had married in the spring, and was living in Liverpool.

The long, devout grace, the bowls of porridge and cups of milk, the voices, the dialect, all seemed to Mona like a chapter out of a Scotch novel; yet it took her fancy. The kindness and frank hospitality about them a self-respecting restraint—a thoughtful tone—that gave the impression of sincerity. She was struck with the superior softness and sweetness of Kenneth's and Mary's voices and recognized in them types of a very different race from that of the minister and his family.

The host appeared to be acquainted with Mr. Craig, and spoke of him with a touch of dry humor here and there which showed he was fully alive to the peculiarities of his character. Mr. Robertson—a pleasant well-read man, quite abreast of the modern thought movement—seemed pleased to converse with his young English guest. Both his wife and Mary Black evidently looked upon him as something quite too immensely clever to be addressed save with due consideration, and Kenneth, too, regarded him as a superior being. As soon as he had bowed the final blessing, the minister

that side of the house—and a long narrow apartment containing some glass cases of birds and butterflies, some fossils, a rusty claymore, and the skeleton of a deer's head and antlers, which was termed "the Museum"—these constituted the reception room.

At the door stood a respectable gray-haired "dour" looking woman—the cook and general servant—and behind, the "bit lassie" who helped her.

"Whaur's the boy?" asked Mr. Craig, descending with the help of his stick and Kenneth's arm.

"He's gane awa' to the forge; the gray meerkat o' a shoe as she was drawing the gravel for yon new walk."

"Ah, and the gardener?"

"Oh, he's awa' till his tea."

"Then, Kenneth, ye must put up Browne; and give him a good rub down, he's just steaming."

Mona thought that a woman, a girl, and a boy were a scanty staff for so large a house, and foresaw housekeeping difficulties.

"This is my niece, Miss Craig," said Uncle Sandy to the "dour" looking woman; "ye'll just do a' she tells ye."

"She'll likely not know our ways, and she frae the south," she returned, sulkily.

"Then you must teach me," said Mona, smiling so pleasantly on her that her face relaxed.

"Folk learn so quick if they are so minded," she said, less harshly.

Then Uncle Sandy led Mona through the Museum, the dining room, the drawing room, and the library.

"You see it's no a poor hoose," he said, with satisfaction. "Now, come awa' to your ain bed chamber. Ye'll like it fine, I am thinking." Uncle Sandy stumped down the passage and introduced his niece to a pretty airy chamber, the windows of which looked over the garden, with a side glimpse of the loch.

"My room is next ye. I thought if I were sick, or bad with the rheumatics, it would be well to have you near me. I have had a bell put there, ye see, just over the head of your bed. I can reach the rope for me, and wake ye any time I want ye."

"A delightful arrangement," said Mona, laughing. "It is a charming room, and when I unpack I shall make it look quite pretty. The house has evidently been arranged by men, uncle; it seems awfully bare."

"Aweel, women have their uses. If I had been able to marry the lassie I loved, I would be a different man this day."

Mona soon found that life at Craigdarroch, in spite of the fishy, or surrounded her, was not a bed of roses.

Mr. Craig viewed housekeeping expenses through the small end of his mental telescope, and tried to keep them down to impossible limits, while at the bottom of his manly heart he feared Phemie the cook far too much to do more than grumble indefinitely.

"She is a wasteful deil," he whispered to his niece, the second day of her sojourn at Craigdarroch, when he was busily handing her the keys, and instructing her in the duties of her new position. "You can look after her better than I can. She just drinks pounds of tea; two ounces ought to do her and the girls for a week; and she fishes, or bill is just fearful. They twa want good meat meals every day."

"But, uncle, they must have meat every day—no one would serve without it."

"Well, it's just a bad new fashion. Scotchmen grew to be what they are on good oatmeal."

"I shall do my best, uncle, but I am not economical. I warn you. I know what it cost Madame Debrisy and myself to exist, and it will be a sort of guide. May I look at your books?"

"Books. I never keep only. I just for the siller slips away over fast."

"No wonder you think so, if you keep no accounts. I will not undertake impossibilities, but if I do not give satisfaction, you must turn me away. Craig of Craigdarroch ought to live like a gentleman."

"Eh, but that's weel said!" cried Uncle Sandy, with sudden enthusiasm, which showed Mona she had hit the right nail on the head. "Weel, do your best, dearie; but you maun ruin me."

"I will not try, uncle."

"So Mona took up her cross with courage, and found, as is often the case, that difficulties vanished at the touch of a hard hand."

A week of this new life passed rapidly. Mona found her hands full, nor was the work unpleasant. Her nature was essentially feminine. She loved order and delicate nicety in her home, and thought no trouble too much to secure it. Fortunately, she succeeded in winning the allegiance of the cook, who, having anticipated that the stinginess of her master would be intensified by the minute minutiae, was minded to give satisfaction to find a greatly increased degree of justice and liberality in the domestic government.

The furniture, too, vexed her soul. It was excellent as regarded quality, but frightful in form and color. She had a faint persuasion she induced Uncle Sandy to permit her ordering pretty colored muslin curtains, a few cheap Oriental rugs, and some small etchings, the choice of which Mona confided to Mary Black. These, with sundry baskets and pots of flowers disposed about the drawing room, so transformed it that Uncle Sandy scarcely recognized the once stiff and dreary chamber.

"You're a clever lassie," he cried. "You have made the place look grand at no great outlay. Now, I'm hoping you'll no ask mair siller for a long time."

"We shall want some additions to our furniture and decorations, uncle, before winter," returned Mona, who had learned from experience that the best of Uncle Sandy was asked for, the less he was inclined to give. "But I will tell you about them in good time. Now that you are going to reside here, you must have your chair, your table, your rug, and you'll be obliged to Miss Black for the trouble she has taken."

"Weel, and who says I am not? She and her people are Kenneth's friends, hey?"

"They are. They were so kind and hospitable to me when I arrived, weary and way-worn, in Glasgow, that I should like immensely to ask her to spend a few days here on her way home, if you will permit me. She is a nice girl. I am sure you would like her."

"Oh! ay, you may ask her as much as you like. Can she sing a Scotch sang?"

"I have no doubt she can. That reminds me, we must have the piano tuned."

"Tuned! Why, it was tuned before I left home, and has no been played upon since."

"My dear uncle, the mere lapse of time has reduced it to a sad condition."

## OPERATION VOIDED

EXPERIENCE MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable. How She Escaped It.

When a physician tells a woman suffering with serious feminine trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for just such operations.



Miss Margaret Merkley

There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of menacing female troubles cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Miss Margaret Merkley, of 273 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing-down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination said I had a female trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The ulceration quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well."

Female troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful or too frequent, or excessive if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing-down pains, don't neglect yourself; try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"And whaur—whaur is the tuner to come from?"

"Aweel, we'll ask a bit at Mr. McIntyre's (the grocer and general dealer). We are going into the town after dinner. I have to see the gentleman that has taken the moor about the fishing, or the one of the gentlemen. There's a pair of them, and one has only just come down."

"Who are they?" asked Mona, carelessly, as she sewed on the band while had come unstitched from her uncle's umbrella.

"Oh! a Colonel Langton, and another fresh from India, a grand man, a Sir something Lisle."

"There's your umbrella, uncle. I think Phemie wants one or two things from me. Did you see Mr. Macrae, and get the papers? Eh, we canna carry the two big boxes. Can ye do without them till to-morrow, Mona, and I'll send the cart for them?"

"Yes, uncle, I have my hand portmanteau, which is quite enough."

Kenneth scrambled in behind, and after one or two stoppages at shops of the "general" order, they quitted the primitive little town—which is a convenient stopping and starting place for tourists and sportsmen—and proceeded toward Craigdarroch, by a road which skirted the loch, traversed a pine wood, wound round the head of the water, and then ascended between picturesque rocks crowned with heather and waving bracken, or wound through clumps of fir and oak trees which grew in sheltered hollows, or led round some projecting angle of the hill, from which could be seen a wide stretch of moorland and mountain, all rich and varied with autumnal green, brown, and gold, and a dozen different tints melting into each other, while away west over the sea the sun was sinking in a flood of golden light.

The old cart-horse that with bent head and patient toil dragged the vehicle up the long ascent, evidently understood his task too well to heed Uncle Sandy's "gups" and occasional applications of the whip. When they came to a gentle decline or a few level yards, he broke into a trot, and his great feet beat the road like sledges-hammers; then at the very first upward tendency he deliberately checked his pace to a steady walk, from which nothing could move him. Yet Mona enjoyed the drive immensely. The beautiful wild scenery, the soft, delicious, honey-sweet breeze that from time to time touched her cheek like a caress; the restful silence, and, perhaps, more than all, the unusually happy expression of Uncle Sandy's puckered face, gave her profound pleasure.

At length, after following a low moss and grass-grown wall for some way, they turned into a narrow road, at the divergence of which a wooden gate, with one broken hinge, lay helplessly open.

"Noo," said Mr. Craig, with all the pride of proprietorship, "you are in the parks of Craigdarroch."

"What a delightful country! What a pretty place!"

"Wait till you are up at the hoose. I think you'll say it is better than West-bourne Villas."

The "hoose" was turned in a contradictory manner with its face to the hill, and built of melancholy, half-mourning graystone. Within, a short wide hall lighted from above led to the public rooms, and from it a passage branched off to the sleeping chambers, and a narrow crooked stair led to various apartments.

Most of the rooms of the hoose were only one-story high. The drawing room had a bay window, from the centre of which steps led down to a pleasure ground, consisting only of grass and groups of trees which grew abundantly in the shelter of the hill, and the view atoned for any deficient ornamentation. From this opened a pleasant room, to which the Glasgow occupier had added a square projecting window—also opening like a door. This had some book-cases and a writing table, and was dignified by the title of the library. A good dining room with ordinary windows—for the ground sloped steeply away from

## A Flying Trip to Teulon

By E. A. Barry, Regina, Sask.; Formerly of Knox Church, Hamilton.

Forty miles north of Winnipeg you come to the stamping ground of 5,000 Galicians or more. No one knows exactly how many there are. Five thousand came, but they marry young, disappear in the woods, and even the census man has a job in locating them all.

The chief ways of access are via the Teulon branch of the C. P. R., soon to be extended still further north into the woods, or via Lake Winnipeg to Gimli and other small Icelandic hamlets, thence overland by pathways which by courtesy we may call roads.

There are a number of good graded roads over which the tourist is usually conducted. There are others that defy description and require the appreciation of experience.

Nor is the whole land Galician and bush. Some of it is open with as beautiful a landscape as can be found in Ontario. There are found the farms of English-speaking settlers, with splendid buildings, rich land and all the elements of agricultural prosperity.

The day the writer was there he had the opportunity of dining at a wayside Church of England picnic, in a church grove, where the whole situation recalled old days in the east with the comforts and pastimes of rural districts.

Then within a short distance you strike the timber, which is chiefly poplar, with some scrub oak. Here the Galicians are encamped, scattered for miles in the woods, which are rapidly clearing and turning into fertile fields. In peak-roofed log buildings, straw-thatched and plastered, they live, some clean, some dirty, some filled with not only foreign human population, but with what Dr. Robertson used the call "the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

The recent movement of the "Independent Greek Church" has produced a few local priests, who are really presbyters, and who hold services which are well attended in the frame, cross-mounted church by the roadside.

The present policy is for the English doctor and missionary to keep in touch with these foreign leaders and through advice to help keep before these people the religious and also the Anglo-Saxon idea of life.

Among those who are thus seeking to teach the swarming hordes of Galicians, Swedes, Germans and Jews is our own medical missionary at Teulon, Rev. Dr. A. J. Hunter, and his assistants in the hospital.

Teulon is a hamlet strewn along the C. P. R. track, and is for the present the northern terminus of the road, and half mile around the corner of the country roads are the grounds of the mission.

Considerable has already been done in the way of equipment, partly through the church donations, and partly through the personal offerings of Dr. Hunter and his mother, who superintends his house.

A hospital has been erected capable of comfortably accommodating twelve patients, and, in a pinch, twenty-three uncomfortably. With its wide verandahs it presents a very pretty site from the road. Near by Dr. Hunter and his mother have erected at their own expense a commodious house as a mission home.

From this centre the doctor is the medical adviser and friend of 10,000 people. It is no easy job, for it often means long drives with no asphalt pavements, but jaunty excursions over log and stump strewn trails and through swamp and bog, where mosquitoes and the innumerable varieties of summer flies keep one awake in the warm air, or where the keen breath of the winter north wind finds out every unprotected part.

Through the mission Dr. Hunter and the nurses are seeking to gain the sympathy of the Europeans in behalf of their work. The church has been moderately generous, but the writer feels that if the field and the facts were known, the members of the church would be still more liberal.

The cost of the hospital to the amount of about \$6,000 has been met by the church, but almost all the other expenditure equally necessary has come out of the private funds of Dr. Hunter and his mother.

Our church should know as much as possible about this work and lend it all the practical sympathy it can at the present time, which is the critical and strategic period in its history.

Some time ago the doctor contracted blood poisoning in the performance of duty. It cost him three months in Winnipeg hospital where for a time his life was despaired of. Although the Winnipeg doctors were very kind it meant a large outlay for hospital fees and forty dollars a month for a medical substitute in Teulon. Dr. Hunter is unobtrusive and would not publish all he should, but as a visitor, the writer found out a few facts that he wishes the church should know, and his observations made him feel that there are present needs that are pressing if effective work is to be done.

Among them are the following: \$1,000 cash for immediate use; assistance in procuring more land for the hospital and mission; larger grants for the supply of drugs, instruments and medical

## SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Liquid medicine advertised to cure stomach and bowel disorders and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When a mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little ones she has the guarantee of a Government analysis that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. The prudent mother will appreciate that in Baby's Own Tablets there is absolute safety. An occasional dose to the well child will keep it well—and they promptly cure the minor ailments of childhood when they come unexpectedly. Mrs. G. Hamilton, St. Adolphe, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic and bowel troubles, and find them safe and speedy in their cure." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

## Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

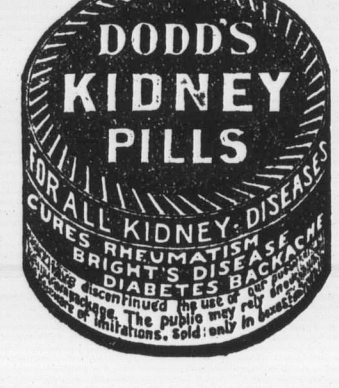
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

The average automobile is almost as stubborn as a mule.



boks; an isolation ward and an operating room.

At present, as the doctor put it, they operate "any old where."

A nurses' home would be a convenience only to be appreciated by those on the ground. There is much need of a room where the dying could be placed apart from other patients, and a mortuary chamber is a real and pressing necessity.

In the near future enormous good would be accomplished by a school where promising boys and girls could be brought under direct Christian influence and sent back among their people as evangelizing, Canadianizing factors. There are children now in the village school, boarding at the mission, who are a credit to any community. If fully trained in a mission home what a force they would be among their own people!

The writer who saw the conditions would heartily commend this work to all interested in what is both Foreign and Home work.

If it is to be a real aggressive enterprise it must be more adequately endowed, and made capable of reaching out in larger and more aggressive lines of work. And it is of vast importance that some such agency should be there, for in the West feel very keenly the force of the oft-repeated statement that if these people are not Christianized and nationalized the surrounding districts will be paganized and denationalized and the Canadian tone be correspondingly lowered.

## WHY CYPRESS WOOD SINKS.

Scientists From Washington Make a Most Singular Discovery.

Southern lumbermen take great delight in a story of certain scientific gentlemen who were sent by the government at Washington to study the growth and uses of the bald cypress at a time when cypress lumber was comparatively new to the market. They went direct to a large camp, presented credentials to the superintendent and watched with minute care the processes of cutting the timber and floating it down stream.

Cypress is a light, spongy wood that grows in swamps and absorbs water readily. The scientific gentlemen requested the superintendent to throw some logs into the river separate from the main rafts and followed their progress down stream at a certain point.

After floating south for some distance the logs with one accord sank. Much surprised, the scientific gentlemen returned and followed another consignment. The phenomenon was repeated; at a certain distance from the camp all the logs sank.

The gentlemen from Washington, being very scientific, did not think to question the power of cypress to become waterlogged, but after numerous observations and much comparing of notes reported to the department the startling discovery that cypress floated north of a certain parallel of latitude and south of 2° invariably sank. Of the cause they were not yet certain, but hazarded the suggestion that it might lie in the rotary motion of the earth, increasing in speed as the logs approached the equator until it was powerful enough to draw them under.—American Magazine.

## FARMING WITH LESS RAIN.

Finely Pulverized Surface Enables Soil to Store Up Moisture.

We are just beginning to learn that if the soil is cultivated carefully and intensively it can be made to hold water within itself and carry a storage reservoir underneath the growing crop. Finely pulverizing and packing the seed bed makes it capable of retaining the greatest possible percentage of the moisture that falls, just as a fine sponge of a certain size will hold many times as much water as a coarse sponge of the same size or as a tumbler full of birdshot will retain many times the amount of water that a tumbler full of buckshot will. It is a well-known fact that water moves in the soil as it does in a lamp wick, by capillary attraction.

The more deeply and the more densely the soil is saturated with moisture the more easily the water moves upward in the soil, just as the oil "comes up" a wet wick faster than it does a dry one.

The problem of evaporation is the mightiest one before the agriculturist of the semi-arid west. Even if the same amount of rain fell in Eastern Colorado as falls in Iowa, it does not follow that as much moisture would be available for plant life in the former as in the latter state. Eastern Colorado is a mile above the sea, and has a clear atmosphere and intense sunshine. Its atmosphere is, therefore, very dry and quickly drinks up the moisture from the soil unless we take measures to prevent it. This we do by means of a soil "blanket" called a "mulch."

This nicely pulverized surface serves a two-fold purpose—it prevents the moisture from below, in large measure, from evaporating and at the same time keeps the surface in such condition that it readily absorbs whatever sudden showers may fall.

One can illustrate the effect of this fine soil "mulch," so far as preventing evaporation is concerned, by putting some powdered sugar on the surface of a lump of loaf sugar and holding the latter in a tumbler of water. He will observe that the powdered sugar will remain dry even when the lump has become so thoroughly saturated that it crumbles to pieces in his hands.—World To-day.

## Really an Awful Affair.

(Judge.)  
She—He married her for her money. Wam't that awful?  
He—Did he get it?  
She—No.  
He—It was.