

## PURE FOOD

Is an absolute necessity for the preservation of our well-being.

# "CALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA.

Is positively "All Pure Tea" without any adulteration whatsoever.

Lead Packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

## Won at Last

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"I dinna ken what's come to ye," said Uncle Sandy, in very discontented tones, as he pushed away his plate and held out the tea cup he had just emptied, to be replenished. "There canna be better or purer air than at Craighdarroch. It's aye wet or south; yet there's Mona wi' a bad headache, wanting her breakfast in her room, an' Mr. Leslie lookin'—nae, but ye look better than ye did yesterday, looking at him, only ye dinna eat. What's a bit haddie an' a mouthful o' toast to stay a mon's stomach i' the mornin'?"

"Oh, I'm all the better for my ramble with Kenneth yesterday."

"Ye are well-nigh yourself again; but I was feared ye'd be goin' too far when I heard ye hadna come back at tea time."

"I left Kenneth, because he was going further on. I came back by Monksleugh and the oak wood. I hope Miss Craig's headache is not severe."

"She's more tired-like than in pain. She wants quiet. Aweel, she went to bed airly enough," quoth Uncle Sandy, "to get it."

"I dare say she will come down soon. Jessie says there is a new brood of chickens out, Mr. Craig, said Mary. "Twelve-wee birds, all strong and lively."

"Ay, that's varra good. Now there's another fair early train to Glasgow, we'll dispose o' good pair o' the poultry varra profitably. I'll go down and look at the chickens, if Mona were here."

"And wouldn't you take my arm, Mr. Craig, for want of a better?" said Mary, blushing very sweetly.

"Yes, I will, my bairnie," said the old man, looking at her indulgently. Sandy Craig had a great liking for a pretty face. "We'll go and have a crack wi' the hen-wife."

Later, Mona, thinking from the profound stillness that she had the house to herself, came from the seclusion of her room to the drawing-room. She had been greatly agitated by her interview with Lisle, and greatly distressed, on reflection, to think she had trusted the secret of her love for Waring to a man whom she could not help considering an enemy. Yet she did not quite wish the words unsaid. She wished to honor the man she preferred, in the eyes of the rival who despised him; but she hoped and prayed that the knowledge of this admission might never reach Waring. Perhaps, indeed, probably, he had formed some fresh attachment, which held his heart against her. "After all," she thought as she stopped to look at herself in a long glass at the end of the room, and saw that the long, straight folds and close-fitting bodice of her dark blue serge, with the broad band and buckle that showed the easy roundness of her waist, the scarf of old lace round her throat, the soft, wavy masses of her reddish-gold hair, became her well—"after all, I am not worse-looking than I used to be; but that does not matter."

With a sigh she opened the piano, and began to play dreamily. How fast the days were slipping away! To-morrow would be his last at Craighdarroch, and then good-bye forever.

"Is the headache quite gone?" said Waring, coming up behind her.

Mona started, and changed color.

"Yes, nearly gone. You startled me, I thought you were out."

She met his eyes as she spoke, and something of indescribable tenderness in them made her heart stand still. She rose and went to the window.

"It is cold and raw to-day," she said, with a slight shiver.

Returning to the fire, she leaned against the mantel-piece. Waring put his arms on the top of a high-backed chair opposite her, and said, with a quick sigh:

"The days cannot be too dark and dreary to suit my spirit. I cannot gather courage enough to think of Monday!"

"It is coming very fast," said Mona, softly, and keeping her eyes fixed on the

fire, but feeling that Waring's were fastened on herself.

"Will you think me weak, selfish, worthless, if I cannot leave you without saying how dearly I love you? To think how near I came to calling you my wife; and now we are but strangers to each other. Don't you see how bitterly hard it was? Oh, you were right to break with me, if you could not love me. It would have been misery to us both if we had been together."

"I do not regret you," he returned, "I was not worthy of you, or I should not have gone to the bad as I did, because I was disappointed. But when I came back to life from that terrible fever, I felt another man. I felt I had a duty to myself that forbade this unmanly abandonment, and I have been stronger ever since. I was even getting over the painful longing for you. And now we have met, and I am worse than ever. And you, you seem sweeter than ever. I feel as if I could not leave you!"

He pushed the chair from him, and came to stand beside her, his eyes full of love and sorrow, his plain face beautified by the spirit that animated him.

The fire of heaven seemed to Mona to have descended on her heart, and filled it with joy unspeakable. She let her hands drop, and, quivering from head to foot, she almost whispered:

"Then do not leave me."

"Ah, Mona," said Waring, drawing close to her, "do not tempt me to a renewal of suffering! I am too desperate. I do promise you, Uncle Sandy; faithfully promise you."

The dramatic taste of moderns will not permit that minute description of fortune to each character which all well-constituted readers ought to demand. None of ours came however to any tragic end, nor was Leslie's confirmed bachelorhood very detrimental to his happiness.

For the satisfaction of that estimable portion of the public who demand "ask for more," the curtain shall go up for a few minutes on the last tableaux.

Winter and summer had come and gone three times, and a glowing autumn sun was gilding the hills and deepening the purple heather, when Mona and her husband strolled together once more to the foot of the big oak tree.

"After all, Leslie, I believe I love this view the best of any."

"I am quite sure I do," said Waring, a smile stealing into his brown eyes and spreading over his healthy, happy face.

"Why are you so fond of it?" asked Mona, settling her head comfortably against his shoulder.

"Because—well, I will tell you a secret, the only one I have had from you."

"How dare you, sir? Confess at once!"

"Well, I don't think you'll mind now. The day before you deigned to accept me, I had been roaming about with Kenneth, and got tired of everything, life included, so I left and strolled up the hollow where until I found myself beside those big stones, where the bracken still grows so high, and I threw myself down among them, and thought what an unhappy devil I was, when I heard Lisle's voice close by, and I could stir, you were both seated here. I hesitated and lost my chance of appearing, until I heard too much to make it advisable to show myself. Then I listened, and if even a fellow was lifted into the highest heaven of pride and delight, I was that day."

"What! Did you hear everything I said?"

"Every word! So that I did not know how to behave myself like a rational creature, and pretended all the evening to be dead tired. You see, it would never have done to let you know. But if I had heard from your own lips that you liked me—well, better than Lisle, I should never have broken silence."

"It is possible? I understand thought! It is well you kept the secret. I should have been so awfully vexed."

"Yes, I knew that."

"Just imagine my ever having hidden things from you, and being a stranger, and fearing you should look into my heart and see what a goose I was. We could never misunderstand each other now, we have grown so like."

"As the husband, so the wife is—thou art mated to a clown!" quoth Waring, laughing.

"Hush!" she interrupted. "You shall not say impertinent things of my maid! But it is nearly half-past four; we must go back. Mary ordered the carriage for us to go and meet General and Mrs. Fielden at five, and you know what a punctual little house-mother she is."

"Very well; but first you might give a fellow a kiss for the sake of old time."

"Yes, for past and present both, my own dear."

## SOME ERRORS OF SPEECH.

## III Selected Words and Expressions That Are Often Used.

I am sometimes surprised when a man or woman—usually a woman, though why I cannot say—of quite excellent education fairly flounders in a sea of ill selected words, says a writer in the Queen.

Her worst faults are often due to redundancy; she will not give utterance to a simple, straightforward statement.

If she expresses an opinion, it is to say, "I think it is very unwise to do that—that is what I think." If she reads a letter aloud it is studied with "she says" from start to finish. "She says, 'We intend going to town soon for a week, and then abroad for July,' she says," and so on. From a person of wide culture and education I have been struck dumb by an assurance that she "never would be any different," with the added comment that, after all, "it makes no matter." How anyone with the merest vestige of an ear can coin such a verb as "to make a matter" it is difficult to understand.

But it is not only in conversation that these and similar expressions find place. It becomes harder each year to discover a novel in which the characters, intended to be those of cultured people, discourse as such I note with distressing frequency that someone has "saved" not her money, when the expression is perfectly correct, nor her household goods from the flames, but a yard of ribbon or her grandmother's letters.

"What is the matter?" is surely explicit enough. Why, therefore, say "Whatever is the matter?" But worse than this is the slipshod "You will never do that!" rather than "You don't intend doing that?" or "Nothing would surely persuade you to do that?" perhaps followed, on the unexpected arrival of a friend, by "That is never you!" or "You are quite a stranger!"

I have on one occasion heard a woman of outward refinement and amazingly careful manner observe: "You must take those gloves off Ebbel; they will fit you better than they do her."

My gardener having informed me a few days previously that he had had some plants "off" another gardener, I was able to understand the meaning the expression was intended to convey.

My plea is, first of all, for greater care in avoiding the use of second rate expressions, a care specially needed among those whose circle of acquaintances is small. In addition, it is always worth while to know the meaning of the words we use.

A famous novelist, whose books are just now widely read, has literally strewn the pages of one of them with a word which a glance at the dictionary would have told her has a very unpleasant meaning, quite other than that she attributes to it.

It is even desirable to avoid such very common errors as "it appeared to be a paradox," "mutual friends," "a limited income," "a verbal message," "replaced by another," "entirely dedicated," etc.

A paradox is "a seeming absurdity," therefore a thing either is or is not a paradox—it cannot seem to be a seeming absurdity. Friendship may be mutual, but if two know another person they have a common, and not a mutual, friend. "A limited income" may be a very large one, for limited is the contrary to unlimited, and is not synonymous with small. "A verbal message" means a message in words, and may be either written or spoken. If spoken, it is an oral message. The daily papers in their Parliamentary reports are correct in referring to "questions not orally answered," and their reporters are among the few who use the word in its true sense. To "replace" a thing is to put it back where it was. A Prime Minister resigns, but he is afterwards replaced in office. This replace is not synonymous with substitute.

To dedicate is to take one-tenth, so an army if decimated has lost a tenth of its men.

I have too many weak spots in my own English to do more than draw attention to common mistakes, into many of which I have myself fallen, sometimes to be dragged out again by a mark of exclamation and a comment in the margin by a much tried editor, and to this salutary treatment I owe, at any rate, a diminution in my verbal errors.

There are certain expressions which at one time were used exclusively by a lower class. They were copied by one lower in the social scale, and have consequently been abandoned by the other. Of these "naive" is a notable instance, and possibly "amitie," though I think the latter was never used except among somewhat homely people. Still more striking examples are "lady" and "gentleman," for which "woman" and "man" are now always substituted.

## Selling Snow in Syria.

(Daily Consular and Trade Reports.)

Consul Jesse B. Jackson, of Alexandria, describes the method in Asia Minor of providing a substitute for ice. Snow is gathered in the adjacent mountains and packed in a conical pit, tamped in tightly and covered with straw and mud. At the bottom of the pit a well is dug with a drain connected at the bottom to carry off the water formed from melted snow. As the cost of collecting and storing is very small, the only labor is in delivering to the consumers, which is accomplished by pack horses. The selling price is 10 to 25 cents a hundred pounds and often cheaper.

Young Garden subsequently devoted himself with great assiduity to his profession, where his undoubted abilities ran a risk of being lost. He was brought him much distinction. He was appointed Sheriff of Kincardineshire, and in 1764 he was promoted to the Bench under the title of Lord Gardenstone. A year or two before that he had acquired the estate of Johnston, and he immediately set about fostering the village. He maintained an unflinching interest in the community, giving assistance where it was necessary and, above all, deserved, and in 1779 he secured a charter erecting Laurencekirk into a burgh of barony. In 1793 he died, aged 72 years, and until well into the following century the Bailie and Councilors never allowed the anniversary of his birth to pass without meeting together to take what one minute described as a "moderate glass."

For many years Lord Gardenstone was one of the "characters" of Edinburgh, and as such received a place among the famous Kay's portraits. He was represented riding on an old horse, with a dog in front and a boy dressed in a kilt behind. A detailed account of the picture states that Kay portrayed him as, what he really was, a very timid horseman, mounted on an old hack, which he had selected for its want of spirit, preceded by his favorite dog, Smash, and followed by a Highland boy, whose duty it was to take charge of the horse on arriving at Parliament House.

His eccentricity took the even stranger form of a strong affection for pigs. He became so much attached to one that he allowed it to share his bed, and when good feeding and rapid growth made it a rather cumbersome bed-fellow it was still lodged in comfortable quarters in the apartment. During the day it followed him about like a dog. One morning a farmer had occasion to visit his lordship, and being shown into his bedroom stumbled upon some object. That object gave vent to an uncompromising grunt and squeal of complaint, and from the bed there proceeded a voice: "It is just a bit sow, poor beast, and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night."

Operations Would Be Impossible at a 10,000-Foot Level.

The latest determination of rise in temperature in descending underground gives 243 feet for every degree centigrade or 135 feet for a rise of one degree Fahrenheit. The difference in temperature of different rock substances is almost inappreciable.

Experiments made in deep mines to prove that the heat of the rocks does not preclude mining operations at even 4,000 feet, because if the recognized formula was accepted there would be a temperature of 125 degrees Fahrenheit at 5,500 feet, demonstrated that such a temperature is not reached.

The assertion sometimes made that mining might extend to as great a depth as 10,000 feet if haulage could be accomplished is untenable. The difficulties would not be in haulage, but, first, that of breathing under the enormous atmospheric pressure, and, secondly, increase of temperature. A mass of air in a down-cast shaft of 60 degrees Fahrenheit at the surface of a depth of 10,000 feet would attain a temperature of 90 degrees by its own weight. Healthful mining would be impossible.

CARE OF THE BABY.

A mother's work and work in caring for her little ones is greatly lightened if she has on hand a safe remedy for the cure of indigestion, colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and the other little ailments that are apt to come to children suddenly. For these troubles, Baby's Own Tablets are better than any other medicine. They are mildly laxative, prompt in their action, and a few doses usually leave the child in perfect health. They do not contain an atom of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and may be given with equal safety to the new-born infant or well grown child. Mrs. Reginald James, Fenaghvale, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and find them unexcelled as a medicine for children. They promote sleep and general good health." You can get the Tablets from your druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CLERKS' HOURS IN GERMANY.

Effort to Do Away With Long Midday Rest.

A discussion is going on in commercial circles in Germany regarding the respective merits of the English and German systems, of arranging the hours of work in banks, company offices and big business houses.

It has always been customary in Germany for clerks and accountants and all workers of this class to begin work considerably earlier than is the case in England, and to terminate work in the evening much later than is usual in London. Work begins in German offices, as a rule, at 8 o'clock in the morning, and ends at 6 o'clock in the evening. In German offices considerably before 8 o'clock in the evening. Partial compensation for the early beginning and late termination is obtained by taking a two hours' pause at midday, but even with this break the total hours worked in German offices considerably exceed those in English offices, especially as a half holiday on Saturday is still an exceptional arrangement in Germany.

An agitation is now going on for the abolition of the long midday interval, and of the introduction of the hours of work usual in English offices. Many German business men, however, resist the innovation and persist in maintaining the old fashioned system.

Many German stock brokers, company directors, directors of banks and captains of industry adopt a curious arrangement by which they dine at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and afterward return to their offices from 6 till 8 in the evening.

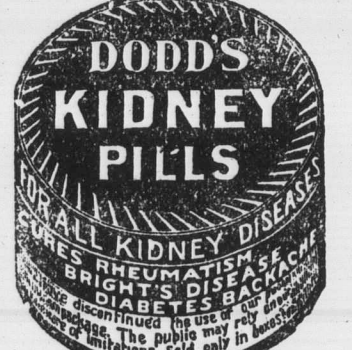
Those Germans who have had practical experience of office work in England are unanimous in declaring that English clerks do just as much in six or seven hours as German clerks in nine or ten hours, and advance the general argument in favor of the general adoption of the English hours of work in offices.

A few of the big banks in Berlin have already got as far as a working day of eight hours, from 9 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon, with two hours' rest on Saturday, when they close at 3 o'clock.—Berlin correspondence London Standard.

Time for a Real Thrill.

(New York Mail.)

H. G. Wells, otherwise a sane and interesting observer, says that "war is a slow game. Mr. Wells has evidently never sat behind a pot full of aces and watched another man draw two cards.



### Girlhood and Scott's Emulsion are linked together.

The girl who takes Scott's Emulsion has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, Scott's Emulsion provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



## Ventures on Mild Criticism.

(Washington, Kan., Register.)

We do not like to find fault with the works of nature, but it seems to us that it would be a great improvement if the luminous end of the lightning bug had been placed