# The best value for the least money is the motto of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

# **(8888888888888888888888888888**8888888 OUR SHORT STORY

"Once Too Often."

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Par-son! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done

The curate drew back.

interferin'."

John.

"What do you wan?" he asked.

"What do I want?" repeated the

bully, following up the question with

a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled

with the word-"apology fer interferin"

hearing a strong word from a parson.

The path wound across the moor,

through the green and purple of the

heather, cutting a low hedge here and

there, and losing itself at last in the

"You have, indeed," said St. John,

peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links

from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt

sleeves, while his enemy gaped at the

"Now, I'm ready," said the curate,

But the foul word never passed his

lips, being stopped by a carefully-

The little curate was filled with a

blood sang in his veins as he circled

brutal smashes, and getting in a stroke

"Feel better?" said the curate.

Goliath made a few steps, then re-

'Don't say another word. Good-bye,

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid:"

shoulder a rub, and donned his coat

and hat. As he started toward the vil-

she gasped, as she reached him. "I

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmis-

ton," said the curate coldly, raising his

struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had

forgotten that event of a week ago, but

the cutting tone of his voice reminded

He had gone about fifty yards when

she called his name. Her voice just

him that he had not suffered alone.

reached him, but something in it told

He turned about and hastened to her.

TOLSTOI AT WORK

His Bandwriting Is Big and Looks

Like Coiled Ropes.

Count Tolstoi is like one of the great

painters of old. After forming the plan of his work and gathering a great num-

ber of his studies, he begins with a

charcoal sketch, so to speak, and writes

rapidly, not thinking of details, says

the Arena. When he writes in this way he gives it to Countess Sophia An-

dreevna, to copy out, or to one of his

daughters, or to one of his intimate friends, to whom this task may give

Lyof Nicolaievitch, Count Tolstoi,

generally writes on quarto paper, of rather poor quality, in a big, rope-like

handwriting, about 20 pages a day, am-

ounting to some 4,000 or 5,000 words.

He has no special habits with regard

to pens and paper, and when a firm in

Moscow conceived the idea of giving the world a "Tolstoian pen," it was dis-

covered that on the subject of pens
"Count Tolstoi had no opinion." He

works mostly in the morning, and con-

siders this the best time of the day to-

her. She bowed her head and he went

Nancy started as though he had

watched you from the hedge yonder."

hat and making to pass on.

lage a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Mister Parson, I'm-I'm-

planted blow from a small but singu-

peat-haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned.

'I've got ye now.'

proceedings.

larly hard fist.

handkerchief.

Well I'm-

wreck to his feet.

persuasively.

homeward.

on his way.

pleasure.

Columbus Journal

when occasion offered.

He was painfully white now.

eing that of a recently-affianced pair, Miss Edmiston carried herself with an | wi' ye," cried the man, who had been ir of pretty dignity, made none the drinking heavily, though he was too

ess apparent by the fact that she was seasoned to show any unsteadiness in ully two inches taller than her lover, gait. lev. John St. John. He was a thin, viry little man, dark-haired and palenplexioned, and was much troubled n his daily work with a certain unconerable shyness. That he should have on the heart of handsome Nancy Ediston was a matter for surprise and scussion among the residents of roxbourne.

"Such a very uninteresting young tan," said the maiden ladies over heir afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did be ever come to propose?" remarked he mothers whose daughters assisted a giving women an overwhelming and ot altogether united majority in The men, on the other hand, voted

t. John a good sort; and his parshionrs, in their rough way, owned to his any qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," he curate was stammering, looking up his beloved, when they were both copped short on the narow pavement. burly workman was engaged in chassing a small boy with a weapon in the hape of a stout leather belt. The hild screamed, and the father, preumably, cursed.
"Stop," cried the curate.

The angry workman scowled and aised the strap for another blow. St. ohn laid a detaining hand on the felw's arm, the temerity of which causd the latter such surprise that he sened his grip for a moment, and the oungster fled, howling, up an alley.
"What the —,"spluttered the bully, ancing 'round the curate, who seemed

shrink nearer his sweetheart. "Let us go, dear," he said. He had rown white and was trembling. At this juncture, two of the workan's cronies appeared at the door of he ale house opposite, and, seeing how

atters stood, crossed the road, and rith rough hands and soothing curses, onducted their furious friend from the "Horrible!" sighed the curate as the

overs continued their walk. Miss Edmiston's head was held

im, then?" said the curate, mildly; he was a much larger man than I, ou know." Nancy was silent. She was vaguely

ut sorely disappointed in her lover. Ie was not exactly the hero she had reamed of. How white and shaky he

"You surely did not expect me to ake part in a street row, Nancy," he aid, presently, somehow suspecting er thoughts. He knew her romantic

But she made no reply. "So you think I acted in a cowardly ashion?" he questioned, after a chill

"I don't think your cloth is any exuse, anyhow," she blurted out, sudenly and cruelly; the next instant and get patched up. Here's money." was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, howver, the curate had lifted his hat and ing his toilet. as crossing the street. An icy "good-

was all he had vouchsafed her. Mr. St. John was returning from payof the village, and he had taken Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. short cut across the moor. It was clear summer afternoon, a week since is parting with Nancy. A parting in arnest it had been, for the days had one by without meeting or communiation between them. The curate was sad young man, though the anger his heart still burned fiercely. To ave been called a coward by the wonan he loved was a thing not lightly be forgotten. His recent visit, too, ad been particularly trying. In his oul he felt that his words of comfort ad been unreal; that, for all he had triven, he had failed in his mission to ie bereaved mother. So he trudged cross the moor with a slow step and ent head, giving no heed to the sum-

r beauties around him. He was about half-way home when is somber meditations were suddenly terrupted. A man rose from the ather, where he had been lying, and good in the path, barring the curate's

rogress.
"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with enace in his thick voice and bloated

"Good afternoon, my man," returned

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# In Woman's Interest

Startling Millinery.

I am tempted to write a fashion arbreathe one word against the wonder- third. ful creations that have been prepared for us.

How can we refuse to think them perfect when at a glance we can see the earth has been ransacked to get together the means for their adorning? A milliner's domain should be a temple of enchantment. I prefer at present a chamber of horrors in a musee. This sounds like rank heresy, but truth will

I have spent days searching for a quiet hat. Another woman has done ningly-cut matinees, or dressing jackthe same, and still another and another. We all agree the "quiet" hat will never be ours unless we buckle down to plain facts and have some shape trimmed to suit out taste. Even The curate and Miss Edmiston were St. John, recognizing the brute of a then I don't believe I would dare leave the milliner long enough to herself to do the trimming. She would try, the do the trimming. She would try, the through which the lines of the body poor dear, to follow out my wishes, but her fingers would have become so accustomed to the piling-on agony of the hour that my hat would got the way of

> Poor women! What is any one of them but the beauty to do about this hat question? "Sober sides" in millinery so called are pert enough for sweet seventeen.

> What are real matrons to do? What are the women with faces like full moons to do, and the weazened-faced women and the women with lines of care and bad skins and straight locks?

tween a father an' his kid. But I This sounds frightfully discouraging. I am down in spirits when it comes to licked him more'n ever fer yer blasted hat-buying. If others are not equally "You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. blue over the question it is because conceit or beauty is buoying their hopes His opponent gasped.
"Let me pass," said the curate.
"No, ye don't," cried the other, reuntil a life-raft of some sort reaches them. If it comes won't it be laden with posies and plumes, and gorgeouscovering from his astonishment at headed pins that would have suited the Queen of Sheba. St. John gazed hurriedly about him.

I trust I have not been imported have been for the last ten days doing fect was lovely. That is, I have watched the buyers. A puckered-faced little dame I remember interested me very much, She had set her heart on a broad-brimmer of straw loaded with twelve heavyheaded roses. What roses! A glorious magenta with now and then a pale yellow beauty. Very, very French, and each rose as big around as a teacup. Above the roses, and it was a shame, towered spikes of ribbon and tossing

bination was having in tints. There was a regular color bout. "Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come Possibly a tall woman with a skin faultless in texture and tinting, and with a wealth of hair might have worn this hat. The lady who ordered it needed a complexion artist and a hair store to prepare her for her headpiece.

Well, we shall have to put up with each other. If we are truthful we shall not be able to gush much over the wild, unholy joy. He had not felt like not be able to gush much over the this since his college days. He thanked beauty of our neighbor and we are not guild the fell in layer with ourselves. Providence for his friends, the Indian going to fall in love with ourselves. We are all in the same boat. That's clubs and dumb-bells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The one comfort.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

0+0 For the Windows and Doors.

round Goliath, guarding the giant's Fortunately people are beginning to It was not long ere the big man abolish the thick, heavy curtains for He can never take warning from oldfound himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was gone, his jaw was swollen, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrible blow then?" said the curate mildly:

"If I was not long etc the big man abound the thick, heavy curtains for discholar windows, which at the best gave a dark, gloomy effect to the rooms inside, and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrible blow and a sense of desolation to the house as a youth;

He can never take warning from old-fashioned things.

He must fight as a boy; he must drink as a youth;

He must kiss, he must love; he must at David. Partly parried, it caught him from outside. The light, flimsy, artistic curtains now coming in vogue accomearth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no! The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young they dress the window artistically sapling, and the next that Goliath knew whether viewed from the inside or outwas, ten minutes later, when he opened side. If sash-curtains are used at all, his available eye and found that his they should be made of the thinnest enemy was bending over him, wiping dotted or figured muslin, and hung on the stains from his face with a linen small brass rods so they can be drawn to one side. But sash-curtains are not necessary except in special rooms. They are not used for the vestibule "Hush, man; it's not worth swearing doors. In their place a curtain should about," interposed his nurse. "Now, be strung from a brass rod to cover the whole of the glass. Over this a thin silk shade of some color to har-He held out his hand and assisted the monize with the interior decoration of "You'd better call the the chemist's the hall should be hung to pull down at night. This makes it impossible for The vanquished one took the silver outsiders to peer into the hall when and gazed at the giver, who was mak- the lamps are lighted, and at the same time it gives a bright, cheerful aspect "Please go away, and don't thrash to the vestibule. The silk shades are your boy any more," said St. John, also hung on brass rods, and arranged to draw back by small cords and tassels.

The harmony of shades and curtains must always be considered. It is much better to have curtains of dotted or and the curate shook hands with him. figured muslin, than to have a few The big man turned away. Presently front windows decorated with handhe halted once more. "I'm —!" he said. It had to come. Then he shambled

EUREKA!

As you travel through southeastern Kar. sas about one hundred and twenty five miles south of Topeka and eighty five miles east of Wichita, the brakeman sticks his head in the doorway and yells: Yreeky!" and a couple of minutes later the train pulls into Eureka, the prosperous county seat of Greenwood County.

One of the happy inhabitants of Eureka is Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor, and the reasons for her present happiness are set forth in the following letter addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute," of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Taylor says: MIS. Laylor says:
"I had been a sufferer for fifteen years and in
August 1896 was taken with severe cramping
pain in my stomach. A hard lump about the
size of a goose egg formed in my right side. It
became so sore
I could scarcely
walk about the

walk about the tors in town and they said medi-cine would do me no good. I gave up all hope of ever getting well again. One well again. One day I thought I would write to you telling you of my condition. You told me I had enlargement of one of the lobes of my liver and the gall bladder, and advised me and advised me

to take your
'Golden Medical Discovery'
and 'Pleasant'
'Golden Medical Discovery'
'I consulted two of the best doctors in town." end 'Pleasant
Pellets.' I had not taken more than half a bottle of each when I began to feel better, and my
appetite came back, and for a little over a year
since, I began to do my work."

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a medicine that cures on rational, scientific principles. It is the discovery of a regularly graduated, practicing physician of high standing. It tones up the stomach, stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels. It brings all the digestive organs into healthy activity. It neutralizes and eradicates all poisonous, effete matter in the blood and fills it with the rich, vital, red

corpuscles of health and vigor.

The "Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains no alcohol in any form.

some silk ones, and the rest of the windows with cheaper grades. Some use expensive curtains for the winticle. The longing does not often pos-sess my soul. It seems a shame to muslin for those on the second and

> 00 Delightful Comfort.

There is nothing so delightful in the world, or so saving to one's gown as to remove it the instant one comes in from a round of shopping or calls, and to substitute a pretty skirt and neglige jacket. This season the liking is for short jackets and fanciful petticoats, rather than for long tea-gowns with trains. The latter are new, but are not so smart or so comfortable as the cunets, and the elaborate silk or fine lawn skirts. Negliges are among the pretty necessities which women may make at home with success. muslin, are all available, and may be made to suit any taste. One style of neglige is made from sheer muslin, show. It is finely pleated to a yoke trimmed with a pretty fichu of the same material, and fastened with a smart rosette.

# A Very Pretty Waist.

The uses of narrow ribbon as trimming are manifold. I saw a white taffeta shirt waist which was one of the prettiest things I ever did see. The back was made with a pointed yoke. This had two lines of very narrow scarlet velvet ribbon and one of black in the center across the yoke. The fronts were covered with lines of the narrow scarlet velvet, with three rows of the black between every four rows of the red. The sleeves were small, coat shape, and plain, save for three lines of ribbon at the wrist. Down the fronts were three ruffles of the white taffeta just as full as they could be held two inches wide. On the edges was sewed the scarlet velvet. The ef-

## A Novel Salad.

A cherry salad was served at a luncheon recently with broiled French chops. The salad was made from the French stoneless cherries which come in bottles, a little of the juice in which they were preserved being retained. They should be very cold, and just before piling the fruit in the center of feathers. Such a fracas as that comthe chop-dish a little salad oil and lemon juice sprinkled over it. Finelychopped parsley is scattered on the top of the fruit after it is arranged on the dish, a wreath of watercress separating it from the circle of chops.

# The Poets. 000000000000

Experience.

The world was made when a man was born. He must taste for himself the forbidden

swear to the truth Of the friend of his soul. He must laugh to scorn

The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes That are clear as the wells of Paradise.

And so he goes on till the world grows Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold;

Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh, And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff. He grows formal with men, and with women polite.

And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight. Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head. And loves for his pleasure-and it is

time he were dead. -John Boyle O'Reilly. 0+0

The Land of "Pretty Soon."

know a land where the streets are paved.

With the things which we meant to

achieve. It is walled with the money we meant to have saved: And the pleasures for which we

grieve, The kind words unspoken, the promises broken. And many a coveted boon,

Are stowed away in that land somewhere-The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame Lying about in the dust, And many a noble and lofty aim Covered with mold and rust. And oh! this place, while it seems so

near, Is farther away than the moon. Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there-The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land Is strewn with pitiful wrecks, And the ships that have sailed for its

shining strand Bear skeletons on their decks. It is farther at noon than it was at And farther at night than at noon;

Oh, let us beware of that land down there-The land of "Pretty Soon." -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

0+0 The Song of a Heathen. [Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32.]

If Jesus Christ is a man— And only a man-I say That of all mankind I cleave to him, And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God-And the only God-I swear will follow him through heaven and The earth, the sea and the air!

HORSELESS CARRIAGES IN MEDI-

CINE. Doctors are swift to avail themselves of the expedients made possible by the progress of invention, says E. S. Mar-

-R. W. Gilder.

tin, in Harper's Weekly, that when an X-ray picture is to be taken of a New York patient, the physician no longer finds its necessary to fetch a large elec-



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tric battery from his office, but simply telephones for an electric cab, and, as it stands at the door, runs out a wire from the sick-room and borrows the electricity he needs from its storage battery. That is beautiful, and recalls the ways of the primitive milkman who drove his cows to his customers' doors and squeezed out each family's allowance in the housekeeper's presence.

A western country doctor is reported to be saving himself many trips by using carrier-pigeons to bring word of the condition of distant patients.

TIME BOOK

# **NATURE'S COLORS**

Reproduced by a New and Simple Process of Color Photography.

Another new method of "color photography" has been discovered. It is the invention of Prof. R. W. Wood, of Wisconsin University. Science, in a recent issue, gives the following particulars: "He (Prof. Wood) produces the colors by diffraction, and, though at present the production of the first finished picture is somewhat tedious, duplicates can be printed as easily as ordinary photographs are made. The pictures are on glass, and are not only colorless, but almost invisible, when viewed in ordinary lights, but when placed in viewing apparatus, consisting of a convex lens on a light frame, show the colors of nature with great brilliancy. The principle is that the picture and the lens form spectra which overcap, and the eye placed in the overlapping portion sees the different portions of the picture in color depending upon the distance between the grating lines at that place. Prof. Wood says the finished picture is a transparent film of gelatine with very fine lines on it, about 2,000 to the inch on the average. The colors depended solely on the spacing between the lines, and are from spectrum colors, or mixtures of such, the necessity of colored screens or pigments, used in all other processes except that of Lippman, having been overcome. The pictures can be projected on a screen by employing a suitable lantern, or can be viewed individually with a very simple piece of apparatus consisting of a lens and perforated screen mounted on a frame. A peculiarity of the process is that there is no such thing as a negative in it. Half a dozen pictures have been printed in succession, one from another, and all are positive and indistinguishable from

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