CEYLON GREEN TEA

Get a Trial Packet To-day.

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Won at Last

heavenly while they lasted."
"Ah fire does not belong to heavenrather to the other place. Good night."

"Mona," he exclaimed in a low tone "Good-night," she repeated. night Sir John Lisle." CHAPTER XXI.

Although Mona yielded to Lady Finistou's earnest request and remained over the following day, she was really anxious to return home. This passing contact with the social strata from which she had been divorced, showed her how eep was the gulf that yawned between her present and her past. She could not return to Lady Finistoun's set, neither would they that belonged to it pass from thence; she had thrown in her lot with Uncle Sandy, and with Uncle Sandy she

Mona had not the faintest tinge of snobbishness, but she was really fond of Lady Finistoun, and the easy, plea-sant manners, the tact, and tone of en-joyment of those who surrounded her, made a delightful whole, on which she was reluctant to turn her back. She was however, philosophic enough to do

so with a good grace, accepting the in-evitable without a murmur. During the day and evening which suc-ceeded that last recorded, Lisle had no chance of speaking to Mona except be-fore witnesses—and he grew very ill-tempered as time went on. Most of the ladies were out to lunch with the sportsmen at a distant point, but Mona re-mained with Mrs. Menteith, and took a ramble with her, the heir, and his nurse,

in the lazy, sunny afternoon. • At dinner Miss Morton cleverly cap-tured Lisle, whose face, under the infliction, was a source of amusement to Mona whenever she looked at him. There was no attempt at dancing—the German attache sang some duets with Mona, and Miss Morton, who had a shrill, clear Siles Morton, who had a shrill, clear voice—trained to perform extraordinary gymnastics — treated the company to some French comic songs—a performance which so disgusted Lisle that, with an expressive glance at Mona, he disappeared and was seen by process.

d and was seen no more. The next morning was grey and soft, and Lisle, with Lord Finistoun, started and Lisle, with Lord Finistoun, started early to stalk deer. Lisle was in a very bad temper. He was enraged at the smiling ease with which Mona kept him at bay, and mortified at being held in check by the fair woman who so com-paratively short a time before had changed color when he spoke to her ose hand trembled when he took it in own. Moreover, he was furious with himself for having lost the reins of his self-control, and fallen so much deeper in love than he had been. After all he would get over it again—only he must not see her, or he would not answer for

Lady Finistoun expected more guests, her return home. Miss Morton offered to drive her back to Craigdarroch in the pony carriage, and some time after funcheon they started. Lady Finistoun parted with Mona most effusively, and insisted on her giving a promise to come again; but while neither granting nor withholding it, Mona guessed that in the ruch of new pleasures and new people she would probably be forgothen.

Various important nothings had deleved their setting out, and it was nearly

layed their setting out, and it was nearly tea-time when Mass Morton drew up the ponies at Mr. Craig's door. The old gentleman had evidently been

asleep over a volume of "Metapheesics," which he often took up after dinner. "Here I am, uncle, back again on your hands," said Mona, going into the lib

"Aweel, I am glad to see your face!" said Uncle Sandy, cheerfully, "though you did outstay your leave. Eh. you are looking bonny! You'll be finding it dull and hamely here after you grand hoose, and a' the fine doings."

and a' the fine doings. 'I am very glad to come home, I as "That's right; it's kindly said."

uncle—may I ask her to tea?"
"Ay, to be sure. Is Lady Finistoun no

"Miss Morton is in the drawing-room:

with you? She is a bonnie bird!"
Mona explained, and ended by ringing
and ordering tea to be prepared forth-'I'm glad to see you, mem," said Uncle

Sandy, shuffling into the drawing-room with the help of his stick, and holding out his hand to Miss Morton, who rose tall, thin and somewhat masculine tak' a bite and a cup o' tea." Here he tumbled into a chair "There has been tumbled into a chair "There has been a touch of east in the wind yesterday and to-day, and my back and limbs have been just aching fearfu'. You'll feel it

hat and re-settling the feather.

Then it is time you did! Whaur will ye find a people so well-edicated, and so intelligent? Whaur will ye find so much

"What mater," he said," if they were key, and so large an illegitimate birth avenly while they lasted." key, and so large an illegitimate birth rate!" interrupted Miss Morton, with

rate!" Interrupted Miss Morton, with strong emphasis.

Uncle Sandy gasped. That a woman—a young woman, or a woman who posed as young—a spinster, a fine lady, should have unhesitatingly uttered such a word—absolutely stunned him.

"Aweel, aweel, that's easy said. 'Gie a dog a bad name.' A' that is no proven,"

he returned, feebly, for he knew little of statistics, nor was he much given to believe what he did not like.

believe what he did not like.

"I don't know if you ever read the graver magazines," said Miss Morton with an intolerable air of superiority "so perhaps you have not seen Professor Macgrubber's paper on the comparative morality of the Celtic races. He brings

morality of the Celtic races. He brings out some curious facts."
"Facts!" Angrily. "Are you sure they are facts? I wouldna be so keen to believe what a mon says against his ain country—(I suppose by his name he's Scotch)—"it's an ill bird that fouls its sin neat."

Scotch)—'it's an ill bird that fouls its ain nest.'"

"Oh, he is a perfectly reliable scientific man, and he says the illegitimate—"
"It's no becoming to argue such a like subject wi' a young lady," interrupted Uncle Sandy, hastily and severely. "At ony rate, we are ceevilized enough to ken that."

"Oh, dear me!' exclaimed Miss Morton, with some contempt, "it is evident you are more moral in talk than in action!"

Before Mr. Craig could gather his forces to reply, Mona came to the res-

"I am sure tea must be ready. Shall we go into the dining-room? I am quite onging for a cup.'

"So am I. It is past my usual teatime," cried Miss Morton. "What a lovely view you have here! I have rarely seen anything more beautiful, and I have knocked about a good deal."

'I am surprised ye find any good in the country at a"," remarked Uncle Sandy, with withering sarcasm, as he took his seat.

"The country, the rocks and mount-

"The country, the rocks and mount-

ains, and burns and sea, are well enough. In short, all have the spirit of man, and the climate are divine," remarked Miss Morton, with cheerful disregard of what

Morton, with cheerful disregard of what any one else thought.

This was so very evident, that Uncle Sandy instinctively felt that he had better leave her alone.

"Mona and me—we have wandered abit oursel's." he resumed, to change the subject. It's verra divertir' to see the differences betwirt diverse nations."

"It used to be," corrected Miss Morton; "but they are all growing horribly alike.

"but they are all growing horribly alike. When I was last at Jerusalem," she continued, helping herself to a gream scone, while Uncle Sandy's eyes looked big with amazement, as seen over a huge cup of tea he had just lifted to his lips—"when I was last at Jerusalem, a very ente Lady Finistoun expected more guests, and was unable to accompany Mona on her return home. Miss Morton offered Tophet—convenient, but vulgar." Tophet—convenient, but vulgar."

It is much to the credit of Uncle San-

dy's national caution and self-control that he swallowed his tea in silence, and even helped himself to a spoonful of marmalade, before he replied dryly in the interregative form-

"And how many times might you have been in the Holy City"
"Twice. First, when I joined Lord
and Lady Huntover's party, and I was
awfully bored. That determined me to travel on my own hook ever after; and then the year before last, when I went down the Danube and by the Black Sea to Constantinople, and so on by Smyrna and Damascus to Jerusalem. I only took my maid, and a dragoman from Smyrna. I enjoyed that tour. I met some very good-looking American naval officers; they were shrewd and amusing. Apropos, where is your nephew, Mr. Crair?"

"He is awa' to the loch wi' Mary Black they want to be aye bang-banging birds. I doubt but that Kenneth I doubt but that Kenneth will

have taken the nets. They will be here soon. The girlie canna want her tea."

"I like to hear you talk, Mr. Craig," said Miss Morton, sending in her cup for replenishing. "I fancy your Scotch

said Miss Morton, sending in her cup for replenishing. "I fancy your Scotch is pure and unadulterated."
"My English, you mean," he said, angrily. "It is weel known that the Scotch speak better and more grammatical English than the English themselves,"
"I am learning a good deal to-day," said Miss Morton, coolly.
Mona hastened to turn the subject.
"I have always had a great wish to see Damascus," she said. "Is it very beautiful?"

beautiful?"

"Yes, very lovely. The most picturesque place. It is completely encircled by hills. The sight is something like-

boen just aching fearful. You'll feel it far keener ower in Strathairlie—we are weel sheltered here."

"Oh, it is a wretched climate everywhere," returned Miss Morton with decision. "In another month I suppose all civilized people must quit these latitudes."

"Ceevilized!" repeated Uncle Sandy, in a sharp key. "Why, Scotland is the most ceevilized country upon earth!"

"Oh, indeed! I never heard that before," said Miss Morton, removing her to know him. Why, it is Bertie Everard, and he has a rod in his hand. I thought fore," said Miss Morton, removing her hat and re-settling the feather.

Then it is time you did! Whaur will refind a people so well-edicated, and so What a bore!"

The will expect me to drive him back. What a bore!"

thrift, so little crime, such a God-fearin', blushing brightly from pleasure at seeing self-respectin' population—"

Mona, as well as from habitual shyness.

"You need not fash yourself," is a kind of enlightenment I sho extensive a consumption of whis-

with quiet cordiality. Kenneth, too, had no eyes for anyone but Mona, until he

no eyes for anyone but Mona, until he had greeted her.

Then Miss Morton called out—
"How goes it, Mr. Macalister; come here and sit by me. What a provoking creature you are to be out, when I have taken the trouble to drive over here."

Kenneth colored crimson and explained to her and to his uncle that he was not fit to sit down to table, after dragging a net, until he had changed his clothes. Then he made his escape.

Everard went up to Mr. Craig.
"Very glad to see you sir," he said, with unusual civility. "I have been coming to call on you two or three times. Now I have made my way here at rather an unsuitable time, which I hope you'll excuse."

an unsuitable time, which I hope you'll excuse."

"Sit ye doon, sit ye doon," cried Uncle Sandy. "All times are suitable—specially when food is ready. Bring mair cups and cookies. We are not denuded, though the housewife has been awa?"

For some occult reason, Everard was rather a favorite with Uncle Sandy.

"I thought you had gone with the deer stalkers," said Mona.

"In intended going, but Lisle was in such a beastly bad temper. I thought I wouldn't venture. We would have been sure to quarrel. This place looks uncommonly well—ever so much better than when Fitzallan had it. That's partly your doing, eh Mona. Thank you," as she handed him his tea. "I must say women can be of use in making the inside of a house bearable if in nothing else."

"I believe men would do it better if "I believe men would do it better if they put their minds to it, said Miss Morton.

"You ought not to say so, even it you think it," returned everard. "It isn' ood form for a woman to run dov

"But I don't run them down," cried Miss Morton. Then interrupting herself as Mary was about to take the seat be side her—"No, no! this is Mr. Macalis ter's place."

Poor Mary fied to Mona's side of the table.

table.

"Come by me, dearie," said Uncle Sandy, "hurtling" nearer the end of the table to make room for her.

Why, you never do anything else," Everard continued, speaking to Miss Morton. "You bully all the women up at the Lodge to no end."

"Why do they let me, then. They are so weak, I can not help it."

"The apostle says—" began Uncle Sandy with some solemnity, intending to convey a dignified rebuke, and to say a word in season.

Why, you never do anything else," ly. "The Apostle Paul was a man of the world. He might have an idea or two

iy. "The Apostle Fall was a man of the world. He might have an idea or two on the extremely complicated question of female character, but the rest are nowhere on such a subject."

Uncle Sandy retreated in tolorable or further than the first product of the contract of th

"You are really the most contradic-tory creature I ever met. Bertie," ex-claimed Miss Morton. 'You are always

railing at women yourself; but if I say a word against them, you are up in "In arms. Whose arms? Yours. I ar "In arms. Whose arma? Yours. I am afraid you would give me more of a bear's hug than a loving squeeze."
"Well," cried Kenneth, hastily swallowing a lump of short-bread, and reddening vehemently with the effort, as also at the sound of his own voice, "I

also at the sound of his own voice, "I say that no man is good for much who thinks the world would be worth living in were it not for the ladies."

"Bravo, Kenneth," said Mona, while Mary clapped her hands, and Uncle Sandy again essayed to express his views.

for the mither that watched ower him an'-"

"Oh mothers don't count in Mr. Even ard's world," interrupted Miss Morton. "He is so devoid of human feeling, that

and plaid. "What a nice boy you are. If you are going to live here all your life, it is well to have something to comfort

you."
"I have a great deal to comfort me. "That's fortunate. Now, as you the country, I want you to take me to some good places for making sketch-es-picturesque nocks, you know, not wide expanses of country."
"Oh, I am afraid I'm no great judge,"

While Miss Morton was exercising her blandishments on Kenneth, Everard was making himself agreeable to Uncle Sandy. He had a business faculty, which told upon his conversation with a kin-dred spirit, and the keen old Scotchman

I see you have a capital lot of cattle

on the pasture."
"Ay." said Uncle Sandy, much gratified. "You see the last twn years I was awa' seeking health and finding nane. Noo things go better under the maister's een, forbye Kenneth's, and he is a clever chiel about cattle and the like.'

chiel aboot cattle and the like."

"But, uncle, I am sure you are better than when I first saw you," said Mona.

"Oh, ay. I do not say that I am no better, but it is verra little. The waters in yon place did me good—I don't deny it; but I am only a puir body after all."

"When are you going to let Mona come back to us?" asked Everard.

back to us?" asked Everard.

"Oh! when she likes, with she likes!"
"I am not going from home again, thank you," said Mona. "I am conceited enough to think that I am of more use here than anywhere else."

"And so you are, my lassie, so you are."

are."
"Why, we will all be inconsolable, and
Lisle will be tearing his hair! Come,
Miss Morton, if you have done deluding that son of the mountains, it is time that son back to the Lodge." "Why, are you not going to walk?"

Kenneth. You will be sure to tell me what day it will suit you to guide me to what day it will suit you to guide me to this cleugh at Balmuir. Good-evening, and he has a rod in his hand. I thought he had gone with the deer stalkers. Now he will expect me to drive him back. What a bore!"

In a few minutes Miss Black came in, blushing brightly from pleasure at seeing Mona, as well as from habitual shyness. "You need not fash yourself," stiffly. "You need not fash yourself," stiffly.

TUMORS CONQUERED SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy,

The growth of a tumor is so sly that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



so-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or discovered to the product of the pr

placement, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and

begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twentyfive years has been advising sick women free of charge. Dear Mrs. Pinkham :-

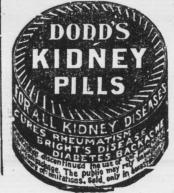
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my periods stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly that I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician and was told that I had a tumor and would have to undergo an operation.
"Soon after I read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After trying five bottles as directed the tumor is entirely gone. I have been examined by a physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my periods around once more, and I am entirely well."—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chesnut Street Bradford, Pa.

"That is sinning against light, Mr

Cisterns for drinking water should be built where their contents will be cool in summer and not liable to freeze in winwas niterested in his remarks.

"Those fields of your, between this and the loch, look considerably better and cleaner than they did last year; and of the walls should contain a non-contained the strength of the walls should contain a non-contained the strength of the walls should contain a non-contained the strength of the walls should contain a non-contained the strength of the walls should contain a non-contained the strength of the walls should be put underground. If ter. They should be put underground. If the situation be exposed the upper part ducting air space two or three inches wide. A good shape is that of a cylinder, and the best material is concrete When finished, says Indoors and Out, the inside should be plastered with pure Portthick, and when this is dry it should be "whitewashed" with two thin coats of

A filter can be provided by building within the cistern a small cistern whos walls are of common porous bricks laid in cement mortar. The space between the walls of the cistern and this inner cylinder should not be less than eighteen inches. When filled with clean sand the water enters here and finds its way into the centre of the filter, from which it is drawn for consumption.



FIRST SIGHT tragedy here.

I read somewhere recently a reference to that "flabby sentimentalism, love at first sight," and I marveled, writes H. B. Marriott-Watson, in the London Mail, at the profound knowledge of human nature displayed in this saying. We are accustomed to hear that the

comantic love. The poet merely voices the heart of the lover, and more fine things have fluttered in the lover's heart than have ever appeared on the poet's page. It is but the echo of romantic love that lilts in the lyric. "Love is in the lover's heart wherever he may be."

The attitude of many elderly people toward love is singularly unfair and unimaginative; also it is frequently un-grateful. The decline of a passion, even the loss of it, does not obliterate the fact that it once existed.

Thank heaven we began life as sideal-

Inank neaven we began the assider ists. even if we afterward grow cynical. And supreme among ideals is romantic love, which (I say it boldly) is in its essence love at first sight. This is not to say that in these more temperate countries youth and maiden emulate the passion South, and fly into each other's arms or first acquaintance. But passion South, and my into each other's arms on first acquaintance. But I do claim that the more devout and single-minded a passion is the earlier wil have been its inception. Deliberation has no place in the courts of love. Our grandmothers were fond of advocating a leisurely growth of affection on the part of their daughters. It was in their view immodest to be in love with your fiance, although it was very proper to love your husband. Of course every nice woman did love her husband. And that was the love they inculcated. It was to come slowly; it dawned with respect, and was encouraged by gratitude, admiration and the like. Aid the

full flower of that martial love is de-picted for us in the novels of a bygone eneration. Well, a homely affection of a drab

imped in, and they were off.

"That's a verra remarkable woman," said Uncle Sandy, when they all reassembled in the library, where a good wood fire was crackling. "But I canna say that she seems to me a wiselike ane. There's just naething she will na put her tongue to; neither is there onything that is respeckit by her. She is ay interrupting an' moidering aulder and wiser folk than hersel'. She has wandered to and fro, and seen a walth of places; but it has no improved her intelligence, for when a's said and dune, she is just a haverin' taupy!"

"Eh, Mr. Craig, but you are cruel to speak so boldly of a leddy that Kenneth is so pleased with, and who is so taken up with him," said Mary, with a pretty, saucy smile.

the must have been hatched by some patent incubator, like the funny little fluffy chicken one see in that window in Regent street."

"I wish to hear nae mair aboot her," there is intelligence; there is character; said Uncle Sandy, drawing an arm-chair there is intelligence; there is character; said Uncle Sandy, drawing an arm-chair there is intelligence; there is otherwise there is intelligence; there is intel

The topic under discussion was Mary's return home. She thought she had been away long enough. But Mona strongly urged her remaining.

(To be Continued.)

DRINKING WATER CISTERNS.

And he use.

The impression of personancy —

stantly.

As a girl steps into the punt, as a mail from The Dr. With the twinkling of an eye does the small shaft go home to some one. I do not mean to say that either man or woman of necessity will recognize the bit at of necessity will necessity will recognize the bit at of necessity will recogniz of necessity will recognize the hit at once. Human beings are, fortunately, not all self-conscious, nor are they constantly feeling their pulses. Healthy young people will not stop to question;
"Am I in love?" But presently, when
they are aware of their condition, if they
will look back, they will honestly confess that the quickening of the heart dated from the first meeting. Of such s love at first sight.

The very constitution of human

ture, if its instincts are obeyed, demands that love should thus be inaugurated.

The correspondence of the personality with the lover's tastes, the dovetailing of it, is precisely on the lines of Kant's famous "forms." The girl fits in with

his nature.

This, then, is the origin of romantic of existence. love, this instantaneous attraction, refining into the full passion under favoring influences. And now we are in a position to deal with that pale counterfeit of love which our grandmothers advocated. It creates beside the real thing no more impression than a tallow dip beside a burning sun. But romantic of common associations, of common in-terests and of mutual appreciation. These in course of years invest the orig-inal sentiment with a hundred other ties, and so the love of husband and wife at best should be "merged into the" and despotic governments equally guilty.

perfect star" of a radiance fuller and greater than in the more passionate be-ginnings. Or sometimes it does not; sometimes that netus of affection and There has been but the original senti-ment, and that is all. Well, there is

URANUS IS A VAST PLANET.

Immense Distance From the Earth

Causes It to Look Small. If Uranus, which is a star of about the sixth magnitude, were a plane like those little ones called asteroids, which are being discovered by the dozen every we are accustomed to hear that the poets are responsible for most of the fictions which rule our conduct. For example, it is declared that the poets have idealized woman to the undoing of man. And so the poets also have invented and handed down this thing called romantic love.

Now, we should all have the honest courage of our convictions and face the is to say, they revolve from west to

courage of our convictions, and face the consequences of our actions; and, there-consequences of our convictions, and face the consequences of our convictions, and face the consequences of our convictions, and face the consequences of our actions; and, there could be consequenced in their orbits—that is to say, they revolve from west to east around Uranus, while Uranus goes, like all the other planets, from west to east around the sun. It is believed that Uranus rotates backward on its axis also. Uranus rotates backward on its axis also. Moreover, the axis of that great, strange globe lies in such a direction that in the course of its year, which is equal to eighty-four of the earth's, the sun shines

eigthy-four of the earth's, the sun shines almost perpendicularly first upon one pole and then upon the other.

Measured by the terrestrial time standard there are forty years of constant daylight, followed by forty years of unbroken night, around the poles of Uranus. And the sun rises in the west and sets in the east there. But the sun looks very small when viewed from Uranus—only 1-400 as large as it appears to the earth's inhabitants. Still it sheds upon that planet 1,500 times as much light as the full moon sends to the earth, so that daylight upon Uranus, while faint compared with the blaze of a terrestrial noonday, is nevertheless a a terrestrial noonday, is nevertheless respectable kind of illumination.

SUFFERING WOMEN

Need Just the Rich Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

From girlhood to middle life the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood. If her blood is poor and watery, she becomes weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular, she suffers from headaches and backaches and distress which only women know.
At every stage of woman's life Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills are her best Well, a homely affection of a drab sort may develop out of such circumstances, but I should not like to call it love. We ought to differentiate as the friend. because they actually make the rich, red blood which gives followed than most women."

Mona thanked him demurely.

Kenneth was very attentive in arranging ing Miss Morton's wraps, and she was flatteringly coquettish. Mary could hardly hide her laughter; then Everard jumped in, and they were off.

"That's a verra remarkable woman," said Uncle Sandy, when they all reaspended in the lithest of the same and other for years. They have many association of years. able to drag myself about. I suf-fered from headaches and dizziness, my appetite was poor, and to at-tempt housework left me utterly my appetite was poor, and to attempt housework left me utterly
worn out. I slept badly at night,
and what sleep I got did not refresh me. For nearly three years I
was in this condition, and was constantly taking medicine, but found
no benefit from it. One of my neighbors, who had used Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills, with much benefit, advised me to try them. I did so, and ed me to try them. I did so the whole story is told in the 'I am well again.' There are 'I am well again.' There are times yet when I take the pils for they seem to me a guarantee against the troubles from which so many women suf-

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't act on the bowels. They contain just the elements that actually make new and strengthen Trat's why they cure anaemia, digestion. neuralgia, rheumatis The young people readily took the hint, and in the drawing-room held high council.

The topic under discussion was Mary's return home. She thought she had been away long enough. But Mona strongly urged her remaining.

The topic under discussion was strongly urged her remaining.

The topic under discussion was strongly urged her remaining.

That is smade his wife. Smith may even the come to wonder that himself later. But the correspondence of Mrs. Smith's personality with Smith's tastes decided him. And he did not take years to find it out. The impression of personality is made in stantly.

As a girl steps into the punt, as a Sold by all medicine dealers or by all medicine dealers or by an even to wonder that himself later. But the correspondence of Mrs. Smith's personality with Smith's tastes decided him. And he did not take years to find it out. The impression of personality is made in stantly.

As a girl steps into the punt, as a Sold by all medicine dealers or by Sold by all medicine dealers or mail from The Dr. Williams' Medic Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box,

A Balloon Inclined Railroad,

An engineer named Baldgrauer, of Salzburg, has invented a balloon railroad, experiments with which are now being made in the mountains in the

neighborhood of that German city. It consists of a stationary balloon, which is fastened to a slide running along a single steel rail. The rail is fastened to the side of a steep mountain, which ordinary railroads could not climb, except through deep cuts and tunnels. The billoon is to float about thirty five feet over the ground, and a heavy steel cable connects it with the rail. The conductor can at will make the balloon slide famous "forms." The girl fits in with a demand of the man's nature. He may disapprove of her in many ways; she may annoy him; but he cannot help loving. Nor could he say what in her attracted him. Perhaps it was the voice that made the first impression, or was it the grace of her carriage? It may have been the gentle beauty of her face. But she has no beauty? She has for him. At least, he admits that she is not strictly beautiful, but—. Oh! there for him. At least, he admits that she is not strictly beautiful, but—Oh! there is only one explanation. He loves. The personality corresponds with the laws of his nature.

The Economic Crime of History.

(Cor. New York Herald.) We laugh at the ludicrous blunders of he statesmen of the mediaeval times, with their emargoes, drawbacks and other hindrances to commerce, but the dip beside a burning sun. But romantic sentiment, while the necessary foundation of marital love, is not by any means its only constituent. From the outset there begin to grow up around this rooted passion the affections and sentiments of common associations of common is a common associations of common in view of the common associations. there begin to grow up around this rooted passion the affections and sentiments of common associations, of common interests and of mutual appreciation.

These in course of years invest the arise