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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

At All Grocers.

Won at Last

"Well, Uncle Sandy," cried Mona, coming to the rescue, "you must admit that all work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy."

"I am no sure o' that; I worked hard enough and I never was dull."

And pray, Mr. Macalister, how is trade at present?" asked Mme. Debrisay, comprehensively, with a view to changing the subject.

This produced a lengthy and rambling reply, after which Uncle Sandy avowed his intention of closing his eyes for a quarter of an hour. He therefore re-ascended with his "mayfews" help to his room. Mme. Debrisay excused herself, because she had promised to visit some professional friends, so Mona was left alone with her newly discovered cousin.

When he returned, after conveying Mr. Craig upstairs, he sat down by the table, resting his elbow on it, and shading his eyes with his hand, he looked curiously at Mona, who was reading a French book of travels, which she laid down politely on his reappearing.

"My uncle seems a good deal tired," she did not know what in the world to talk about to this tall, semi-civilized young man.

"He is that; but he is an aged person; he has nearly reached the years allotted to man."

"I suppose so."

"When my uncle wrote to me that he had found his brother's daughter, I did not think I should find you such a grand young lady. You don't seem to belong to up, though the Macalisters are an old stock."

"You see, I was always brought up in London and on the continent; that makes me seem different. I am not grand."

"It is more than that," he said, reflectively, "more than that. Yet you are like a young lady I used to go to school with when I was a wee lad. I saw her again last autumn when I was back in Glenhoulagh; and she is like you—ferry like—only you are taller and stouter."

"And has she a 'bonnie reed heid,' as my uncle says I have?"

"Your looks are more gold than red," said the young Highlander, with an admiring smile; "but Mary's are browner, and she seems younger."

"And I suppose you enjoy getting away to the mountains and lochs of your native place?"

"Eh! it's another life. I had not been back for two years, and I had no mother to welcome me this time."

"He stopped abruptly."

"That made a sad difference," said Mona, softly.

"He did not speak immediately, and when he did, it was to ask, in an altered tone:

"Were you ever in the Highlands?"

"Never."

"There is nothing like them anywhere. To be sure, I haven't seen much else, but there can be nothing finer. Whether it's the grey dawn flushing redder and redder over the mountain tops, or the soft evening fading from crimson and purple and gold and blue, to the pale blue mist and silvery moonlight; and the air so fresh and free; the springy heather, that makes your step light; the grand, exulting sense of climbing higher, I feel a man among my native hills—I'm just a dull machine in this big, breathless town."

"Certainly not a dull one; you are a poet, Mr. Macalister."

"Met! Well, no; I never tried writing verses; but I am a good craig's-man, and no bad shot; as to fishing, few can touch me. Did you ever land a salmon?"

"No; I have only seen it boiled on a dish."

"Well!" enthusiastically, "but it's just what you want, and show you all over the big mountains, the glass, and the straths; and row you out on the quiet loch in the hush of the evening."

"I wish you could! I should enjoy such a ramble immensely."

"Well, in a lowered and mysterious tone, "my uncle may be will ask you to stay at Craigharroch. He has a lovely place there."

"Here a vigorous peal of Mr. Craig's bell summoned them both to their attendance on that honored relative."

"Do you know, Deb, I am quite interested in that young Highlander; there is something uncommon about him—he is an original."

"I don't know, and I don't much care about his originality, but I do care that he shouldn't come between you and your uncle's natural affection. My impression is that he is a selfish legacy hunter."

"In short, he is what you wish me to be. Oh, Deb, Deb!"

CHAPTER XI.

After this first visit Kenneth Macalister came frequently on Sundays, and sometimes of a week-day evening. He would appear between 8 and 9 o'clock, having walked straight from the city after business—just to stretch his limbs, he said, after sitting cramped at a desk all day long.

Mr. Craig, though by no means cordial in his welcome, on the whole encouraged him to come, and seemed pleased that Mona lent him books from her scanty store, or played to him, which gave him great delight. Indeed, she grew quite fond of the queer, half-developed, irritable, impressionable young man, who in tight trousers, a gaudy neck-tie,

found such evident pleasure in her society.

Mrs. Debrisay, too—though distrustful of the influence on Uncle Sandy—liked him in spite of her. Homely and even uncouth as he was, he was such a contrast to the smallest tinge of vulgarity, and by nature was a true chivalrous gentleman. He had not much of the business faculty, yet plodded on steadily at his distasteful work. It seemed to her that he ought to have been a soldier, a herdsman, or an agriculturist, and that ungenial occupation, or some early trouble, had given a tinge of melancholy to his mind.

Meantime, her pupils increased, and began to realize the wondrous healing powers of time and work—that to live for pleasure was but a poor and partial existence. Uncle Sandy, however, missed her frequent companionship greatly, and did not hesitate to complain of her frequent absence.

"Sure you cannot leave off earning your bread to dance attendance on him," said Mme. Debrisay, whose tender consideration for Mr. Craig had altered a good deal since his nephew appeared upon the scene. "He is really growing a cantankerous old soul. One would think that the world was made for his use. You must make him understand that you have your living to get, and if he wants you to act as his daughter, he should behave as a father."

"Very well, Deb, I will tell him so."

"But you need not quarrel with him, though. I think he really is fond of you."

"So do I, and rather dependent on me, which disposes me to give in a good deal to him. Do you know, he is a clever old man in some ways. He says very bright things occasionally, and has read a great deal; yet how ignorant he is in some directions."

"Ah! my dear, that is because he has had only looks to instruct him. It's a one-sided sort of knowledge that is not corrected by contact with your fellow-creatures."

"His politics are very funny. He is a tremendous Radical as affects social matters and those above him in rank; but just tremendously Conservative as regards the rights of property and those who are in an humble position."

"Of course he is. He is not the sort of man to see both sides of a question. I wish there was some one to keep him company, and go out with him, when we were away. And he gets up so cruel early, the days are twice as long as they need be, for a creature that has nothing to do. Could you start him to write anything?"

"I think not. I think his medicine and his two walks a day, with that fiddle of the Covenant he has begun, will keep him fairly busy."

"Well, I hope so. It certainly is a terrible thing to be old and alone. I sometimes wonder what will become of myself."

"Ah, Deb! you and I must stick by each other."

"You, my darling; you'll marry the prince yet."

"The winter wore on. It was severe; but Mona grew constantly out kept free from cold. Kenneth had been gradually adopted by her, and was her companion on many a Sunday. Indeed, Mrs. Fuddiford and her servant considered him to be Miss Craig's "young man." From this companionship Kenneth learned much of manners and even modes of thought—learned, too, with the rapidity of an imaginative, impressionable nature. He admired and looked up to his cousin with profound conviction. His society amused Mona and helped to make her feel younger and more cheerful. Her own spirits were exceedingly variable. Sometimes Uncle Sandy's cutting remarks and utter want of tact would raise in her nephew's wrath, and he would pour out his wounded feelings with most volubility to his cousin, who generally reasoned with and calmed him.

"He thinks because he has a lot of money, and I have a right to expect he will remember his sister's son, that he can trample me under his feet; but I will have him know that the Macalisters were gentlemen when the Craigs were lowland peasants."

"Come, Kenneth, don't insult the Craigs; they are my people, and you must not be rude."

"You are quite different; you are a queen—so you seem to me; but you do not insult a fellow! I'll not come near Uncle Sandy till—"

"Till next Sunday," interrupted Mona. "What should I do without my walk?"

"And Kenneth, I always want you to come with me."

"Oh, I'll come, Cousin Mona! No fear; you shan't want your walk for me; but Sandy Craig is no gentleman, though his mother's brother—half-brother, I mean."

Kenneth continued to speak, but his words conveyed no sense to Mona, for her eyes had been attracted by a well-known figure.

This conversation had taken place as the cousins were walking. They had come through Kensington Gardens, past the Albert Memorial and, reaching the road, turned west, intending to return by Palace Gardens. Just in the narrowest part of the High Street, at the opposite side, two men stood talking—one short, stout, bow-legged, and bull-necked, with a massive, impressionable young man, who in tight trousers, a gaudy neck-tie,

and a most horsey and repellent aspect. He had his back turned toward Mona as she came up. The gentleman with whom he was in deep conversation, and who faced her, was Waring.

Waring was looking dull and sullen; his clothes carelessly put on, and an indescribable air of self-neglect pervading his appearance. Mona was so startled that she almost unconsciously put her hand through Macalister's arm, drawing near to him; and he, somewhat surprised, bent his eyes upon her with a smile.

Waring, who was talking eagerly, angrily glanced toward them at that moment. Their glances met—Mona blushed vividly. Waring grew white, hesitated, raised his hand to his hat; but Mona had passed before he could lift it.

"What was the matter?" asked Kenneth.

"I thought I saw a gentleman I used to know, and I—I was afraid he might come and speak with me."

"You should not be afraid of any one when I am with you, Cousin Mona! I would not let any one trouble you."

"But there are some things you might not be able to help. However, it is no matter. No, Kenneth—do not look back, please."

"I cannot make out who it was," said Kenneth.

"Never mind. Tell me, where did you go to church to-day, for you were not in time to go with Uncle Sandy?"

"I had letters to write, so I stayed in my lodgings; it's a comfort to write sometimes."

"No doubt it is; and I do not think I care for your work in the city?"

"No, I hate it; but I must stick to it now; I am too old for anything else. I would have liked to be a farmer—or a soldier."

"What opposing fancies—a gentle shepherd or a fighting man?"

"Shepherds have always been fighting men; David killed the Philistine."

"True. And why then did you choose a career you disliked?"

"Because I was forced. I am the only son of my mother, and she was a widow. I was in haste to deliver her from the burden, and the quickest way was through Uncle Sandy. He got me a clerkship in a Glasgow house, and then I got recommended on to London; and it is slow work. It will be many a long day before I can get a home of my own, unless my uncle helps me; and he is such an ill-tempered carle, I doubt if he would do much good to any one whatever."

"Is not unkind," said Mona, thoughtfully.

"No; he is not," returned Kenneth, who was getting over his ill-humor; "and he told my mother that I should be his heir if I would take his name! Now that is what I dimly like at all."

"Why should you mind? You could put Macalister before the Craig, and it would not sound badly."

"May be not; any way, it will be long before I need to use it."

"Why, Kenneth, you speak as if you wanted to be a noble lord."

"No; I want no such thing. God knows; but a bit help just now would be worth thousands later on when one is too old to enjoy it."

"Tell me! Why, I don't suppose he would ever see my face again if I did."

They talked in a friendly fashion till they reached the house, when the servant informed them that Mr. Craig had been asking for them, and the rest of the Sabbath was devoted to him.

Mona's sudden start and slight confusion soon passed from young Macalister's mind. But the encounter with Waring affected by seeing him look so changed for the worse. Ought she to bear the blame of this in any way? No! However grieved she might be, she could not wrought such mischief. It was only his natural downward tendencies that were swaying him. And there was so much of good in his nature, it was an infinite what that he was thus dragged down.

What horror the man was to whom he had been speaking! Poor Waring! He would have liked to renege with him and save him; but, even had she the chance of doing so, she would have put herself in a false position by showing the kindly interest she felt. A few days after this little adventure, and much about the time Mrs. Newburgh had died the previous year, Uncle Sandy was seized by a very sharp attack of bronchitis.

For a few days he was even in danger. On this occasion Mme. Debrisay distinguished herself. She was a capital nurse, at

Mona or three times a day, and really to depend on the only one who could do the work.

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When Mr. Craig was able to get up, and stagger with Kenneth's help in his sitting-room, he was less disposed than usual to growl and find fault.

"Well, madame," he said, "you may be wrong in the matter of doctrine, but you are 'right' in the treatment of the sick. I'd have been a dead man if I hadn't known what to do while they were seeking the doctor."

"I am very glad to be of any use to you; but I think, as far as constant attention went, Mona was the best of all. She left nearly all her lessons to stay with you. However, I am glad to say she has only lost two or three."

"Lost! Did you say lost?"

"Yes, my dear Sir. You see, Tuesdays and Fridays are always very busy, and she gave up three pupils for those days, not to forego her attendance on you."

"That was a kind—varra. I'll not forget it."

He seemed lost in reflection, while Mme. Debrisay murmured to herself:

"I wish he would remember it soon, or his memory won't keep it."

"I was just thinking that Mona has been like a daughter to me," resumed Mr. Craig. "I begin to think I'd be lucky some without her. Eh! Kenneth, my money, what do you say?"

"You would feel very desolate without her, now that you have been accustomed to her; and so might anyone. My cousin Mona is an uncommon clever, bright young lady."

"Eh, ye think so, do you? Awed, awed. Ye pit notions in my head." A pause ensued. "Am I hasty the master?"

"To see if I were dead or alive?" and I a regular attendant for nigh nine months! He was aye sharp enough to come seeking prescriptions for his charities, and a Christmas-tree, or such like heathenish custom, but he hasna come to speak a word in season."

"Ministers in London are very hard worked," observed Kenneth. "They have so much to do with the poor, they just leave the rich to take care of themselves."

"And who says I am rich? If I have enough to pit food in my mouth, and a few decent duds on my back, have I no a soul to be saved? I daresay your priests," to Mme. Debrisay, "would leave an old man without the comforts of religion, because he kept out of the work-house."

"Oh, certainly not," said madame, laughing; "nor do I think any priest ever knew, Catholic or Protestant, is inclined to neglect a penitent who has something to leave behind him."

"Shepherds are all alike; but that's different from ministerialism; considering my years, it was a very serious attack. Not that I am what you would call old, but then I have had weak health for many years, and sma' car."

"Well, sir, if you have been well tended this time, it will cost me a lot of siller."

(He grew intensely Scotch when irritated or uneasy.)

(To be continued.)

PALE, WEAK WOMEN

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Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People actually make new blood. Can any cure be made direct or certain? Blood is bound to cure bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia just as good cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Clara Cook, a young English woman, who recently came to this country from Portsmouth, England, and is at present residing at Prince's Lodge, Halifax County, N. S. She says: "I am an enthusiastic believer in the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for anemia. I had suffered from the trouble almost from childhood, but a few years ago it developed into a severe type of the trouble. My skin was pale and waxy, my lips seemed bloodless, and my entire system was run down. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and weak spells, and my friends feared that I was going into a decline. I tried tonics and emulsions, but without benefit. Then a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the same trouble advised me to try them. In a short time they began to help me and in a couple of months I was quite well, my color having returned to my face, my appetite improved and I had gained in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for all anemic girls and women."

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Useful Hints.

regency luncheon dish is boiled ham and tomato sauce. A cup steamed until tender, and while a little butter and some cold chopped very fine (not more than a cupful), are tossed lightly together. The mixture is then piled in a on a platter, and a tomato ree over. The dish is a very all one, and well takes the place

re travelling out from new table for hemming, as they are using these places or holes in this.

vegetable parsee either young or even young, fresh nettle recommended. They are cooked me way, boiled, rubbed through and added to cream.

ture of glycerine and starch is to apply on stained hands.

Carrie is quite shocking, big hole in her stocking, Carrie doesn't mind the yarn.

Some men when your money's free, Shake your hand effusively. When its gone you find that they Shake you in another way.

CONTINUE

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NO OLD MAIDS IN TURKEY

There to be Married is Every Woman's Right

There are no old maids in Turkey, and no equivalents for the word spinster in the Turkish language according to Mrs. L. Parkes-Richards, widow of Samuel Richards, the American artist.

Whatever a girl's social position or personal attraction," says Mrs. Richards, "who has lived a number of years in Constantinople," she is considered to have a right to a husband, and she gets one.

"To be unmarried is a shame in Turkey. Even the slave girls after seven years of service get their freedom and are presented with a husband."

"In Turkey married men are regarded with special favor. Yet as a fact they have very little to do with getting married. Neither, for that matter, have the girls they marry. It's the man's mother who does it all."

"She makes a tour of the harems that seem likely, looking over their eligible girls, and by and by she picks out one for her son. It is a mother's privilege in Turkey to select her own daughter-in-law. The girls who are not voluntarily chosen are somehow supplied with husbands by the bribes of diplomacy of their fathers."

"Sometimes this system, which seems to have been devised for the special benefit of plain girls, and unattractive women, since the bride is never seen unveiled by the bridegroom till after the marriage ceremony, results in tragedy."

"I know of a young naval officer who owed his very rapid advancement to the favor of his chief. Finally, as a last token of esteem, his superior said to him: 'I will give you the hand of my daughter in marriage.'"

The young man was overwhelmed with gratitude at what he regarded as his chief's supreme act of confidence in him. One day, though, a friend said to him: "Has your commander tried to get his ugly, chicken-eyed daughter off on you?"

"He is chicken-eyed," she has an ailment that makes one blind at night. Nothing could be more prejudicial to a woman's charms in a Turk's view than poor eyesight. Well, the young naval officer extricated himself from his engagement, leaving his prospective father-in-law raging and threatening."

"For a time, in his chagrin and disappointment, the young man eschewed all thought of marriage. After a while, however, his friends prevailed on him to contemplate matrimony again, and arranged for him to wed a young woman who, they assured him, was everything desirable in a wife."

day marriage ceremonies the bridegroom was at liberty to lift the veil from the bride's face, he beheld not a Turkish girl at all, but a Kurdish woman.

"You're ugly, hideously ugly," he shrieked. "I won't have you."

"But he already had her. The only thing left him was to get divorced."

"Not polygamy, but divorce, constitutes the grievance of the Turkish woman. Few houses contain more than one wife, but divorce is frequent and attended by few legal complications. The husband can always remarry his wife three times. If after he divorces her and wants to remarry her she must go through the formality of being married to another man and then divorced from him."

"This practice has given rise to a new profession, that of proxy husband. The proxy husband generally blind and a bear and relinquishes his bride without a word, but the legal process has been gone through."

"Sometimes, however, he insists on holding on to her. There was a man living on the shores of the Bosphorus who quarrelled with his wife and divorced her, but as he was legally bound, but although he had difficulty in living with her in peace, he had no sooner lost her than he found he could not get along without her. How to remarry her for the fourth time was a problem."

"At this crisis a friend offered to play the role of proxy husband. His offer was accepted. When the legal ceremony had been performed he refused to relinquish her. The angry husband raved and threatened, but the lawyer asserted his legal rights, and kept her."

"This story, however, is no more typical of Turkish life than the 10,000 wife desertions in Chicago last year and the 1,000 divorce cases now on the docket in Ohio are typical of American life. The Turk has no statistics, but it hardly seems as if he needed to tie his knots much tighter to compete with us."

"The only way a Turkish husband has of getting even with a teasing or bad-tempered wife is to threaten her with divorce or a second wife. While divorce is thus trifled with, there are checks upon it such as the obligatory return in full of the wife's dowry."

"In Turkey, it is the prospective husband, not the bride's father, who settles her dowry upon the bride and thrifty parents see to it that this is commensurate with the bridegroom's position and in case of divorce sufficient to secure to the woman independence and dignity."

"In Turkey the bride brings nothing, yet when she leaves her husband's house for good she takes with her all her personal property, even to her slave girls, bed linen and the kitchen utensils."

"There is no accounting for the Turkish woman, anyhow, according to Mrs. Richards, who says that in a land of surprise she is the biggest surprise of all."

"Though supposed to be oppressed and suppressed, she is pre-eminently a woman's rights woman, fully aware of her privileges and insistent on getting them."

Mrs. Richards said, "Though at home she is confined within barred cages, when abroad she goes about freely."

"Though supposed to be shy, compliant, without force of will, she is neither shrinking nor retiring. The Turkish woman is not only self-sufficient but self-assertive."

"Her rights, and especially her legal rights, are more clearly defined and more rigorously enforced than the rights of women in many more advanced countries. In the first place she enjoys the right to protection. Everywhere and always she is under the protection of society."

"Inside her home she is as if in a shrine; outside her home she is the object of especial concern to every policeman. There are no men ogling her from street corners, no impudent young fellows to

come up beside her when she pauses to look in a shop window. She is never spoken to on the street. For a man to speak to a Turkish woman on the street or offer any attentions would be as much as his life was worth."

"In Turkey no man speaks to a woman when on the street or accompanies her in public. Fathers pass their daughters by without a greeting, brothers daughters, even husbands their wives. The reason for this is not far to seek."

"With all the women veiled, except as to their eyes and mouths, it is almost impossible for a man to tell one woman from another out of doors, and when he thinks he is greeting his wife, say, he may be addressing a total stranger. Such a situation would be intolerable to the Turkish sense of fitness."

"So far do the Turks carry their desire for the complete social separation of the sexes in public that it is rare for a Turkish gentleman even to look at a Christian woman. For the same reason, if he chances to meet a European or American lady whom he knows, he will not greet her till she has greeted him. It took me some time to find this out, until I did I thought all the Turkish men of my acquaintance were cutting me."

"In Turkey the policeman becomes a monitor, a judge of social observances, an enforcer of rigid conventionalities. If people don't know what is the decent thing to do or are so careless that they won't do it, he is there to lead them back into the right path. For instance, I was told of the case of a newly married young Turkish couple who were so much in love with each other that they overlooked the regulations and began to take walks together. For this purpose they chose the quietest, most secluded streets in the immediate neighborhood of their own homes, instead of taking to more frequented thoroughfares, although they were both what might be called emancipated. Their action, however, did not escape the vigilant eye of a police officer. First they were seen by him to be walking up and down, hand in hand, and to be talking together."

"Such a breach of etiquette smacked unmistakably of European license and cried aloud for conviction. The policeman interfered. He had to be a representative of the Ottoman Empire and as a Turkish gentleman there was nothing else left him to do. He told that guilty pair of married lovers that they really would have to