DON'T TAKE OUR WORD

but take the tea pot and make an infusion of

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN Tea and you'll find it infinitely superior to any Japan Tea you ever tasted. It is sold in sealed lead packets the same as "SALADA" Black Tea. By all Grocers.

FIGHTING FOR A NAME.

"Oh, I hope not—that would have been shocking. But I was awfully afraid, when I got to Atlantic avenue this morning, and found out that you were being tried, that I should be too late to do you any good. I ran away and had to depend on the street cars." Gertrude explained with tremulous lips.

"Ran away!" repeated Ned, wonderingly.

"Yes; you see papa and mamma went away to Philadelphia the day before yesterday, to a wedding, and I was invited to stay with Grace Emerson while they were gone. Mrs. Emerson was very much frightened about my fall and ordered me to lie quietly in bed all day. She was ill herself, so I did not like to trouble her in any way, and Mr. Emerson had gone down to the office when I awoke, so I could not tell him about you. Grace had to go to her music-teacher at nine, so I disobeyed orders, got up and dressed myself, and ran away to tell the officer about that dreadful boy who stole the purse. When I could not find him, I was almost crazy and couldn't trink of anything else to do but to come to court myself and tell what I knew."

"Well, you are a very brave young lady, and you have probably saved your young friend here a great deal of trouble by acting so promptly," Ned's lawyer here remarked, while he regarded the fair girl admiringly.

"I am very glad," Gertrude answered with a blush.

Mr. Lawson now drew the attorney aside to settle with him, thus leaving the two young people together.

"I shall never forget this of you—never!" Ned said in a voice that was husky from grateful emotion. "I believe it would have broken my mother's heart if I had had to go to prison, and I'm sure I never could have held my head up after it."

"Of course, it would have broken her heart, and mine, too," Gertrude naively responded.

Ned flushed at her words, and a glad light leaped into his eyes.

"Would it?" he earnestly asked.

"Yes, indeed," she frankly returned, "and I believe I am not sorry that mean fellow is going to get his pay for playing such a wretched trick upon you—though I think it is dreadful for anyone to have to go to prison. What made him do it—who is he, anyway?"

"Why, that was Bill Bunting—the chap who stole your dog three years ago," Ned explained.

"Why, was it? What a wicked creature he is! Then, of course, he tried to make you out a thief, just to be revenged on you for getting Budge back for me," Gertrude excitedly exclaimed.

"Yes, I am sure he never would have given up such a full purse for any other reason—he might have kept it himself as well as not," Ned answered. Then he added, as he searched his fair companion's face somewhat anxiously, "but I can't help thinking about your fall—I hope your head doesn't trouble you new."

"No—not much; once in a while I have a little twinge, but it will be all right in a day or two," the young girl carelessly replied.

Mr. Lawson now joined them.

"Well, well, well," he ejaculated in a satisfied tone, "we're safely out of the woods—eh, thanks to Miss Gertrude. And now, as it is almost twelve, suppose we all celebrate the occasion by going down to the Adams House and getting an A No. 1 dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Lawson," Gertrude said, smiling. "I should like to more than I can tell you, but I am afraid that Grace and Mrs. Emerson will be anxious about me, for no one knows where I am, and I am sure I ought to go directly back to them, if you please put me on a Commonwealth avenue car."

"All right; I suppose we'll have to let you go, though we would be glad of your company at dinner," Mr. Lawson returned, as he stepped forward to stop a car for her.

"Are you going to Nantasket this summer?" Ned inquired, when they were left alone again.

"No; haven't I told you we are going to Europe the eighteenth of this month."

"Going to Europe!" exclaimed Ned, with as much astonishment and dismay as if she had said she was going out of the world.

"Why, yes; but don't look so woe-begone," Gertrude cried, laughing, "for we are coming back the last of September. But I'm glad, though," she concluded, flushing.

"Glad of what?" asked Ned, not comprehending her meaning.

"Glad that you are sorry to have me go" she confessed with a blush and a shy smile, at which Ned's heart gave a sudden bound for joy.

"Then you'll be back for school?" he said inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, indeed. Don't you imagine, Ned, that I'm going to let you get ahead of me in school," she roguishly retorted. "I will be back to race with you next year, and I will give you all the mental exercise — as Professor George expresses it — that you will want. Oh, there comes my car. But say, Ned," she eagerly interposed, "if I write to you from abroad, will you answer my letters?"

"Just try me and see," Ned exclaimed, his face all aglow with the proposition.

"All right. Then you look for one by the first return steamer after we land. Now I must go. Good-bye," and with a smile and nod of farewell the lovely girl tripped daintily out into the street, where Mr. Lawson helped her upon the car, shoved a nickel in the hand of the conductor for her fare, and waved his cane in adieu as she disappeared within.

Ned followed her with wistful eyes, and muttered longingly:

"I—I just wish that girl were my sister."

Then he gave a sudden start, scratched his head reflectively, while a peculiar expression illumined his features and a great wave of color shot to his brow.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated under his breath, as if an altogether new idea had struck him. "No—I guess—I don't, either."

Mr. Lawson now rejoined him, and asked if he would come and have some dinner.

"If you please, sir, I think I'd better take the next boat and go home—unless you'd like me to attend to that errand I came for yesterday," Ned replied, feeling as if he wanted to see his mother. It seemed an age since he left her the day before.

"All right, go on—you'll just have time to catch the noon boat, and I'll attend to that matter myself. There's something else, too, that I want to look after," Mr. Lawson responded, then bidding him good-bye, with the promise that he would be home himself by four o'clock, he went about his business, while Ned started briskly off to catch the 12:10 boat.

He stowed himself away in a snug corner of the deck, near one of the great paddle-wheels, and gave himself up to his thoughts, which appeared to be of a very grave nature, for he scarcely moved until the gangplank was thrown out upon the pier at Nantasket.

Then he sprang ashore and darted away toward one of the lovely cottages on the bluff, where he was soon rehearsing to his mother the exciting incidents of the last 24 hours.

Mrs. Heatherton was considerably wrought up over the matter, but thankful that Ned had come out of it so honorably, while she gave high praise to Gertrude for the noble part she had borne in the affair.

"I am afraid I should have had to go to prison if it had not been for her." Ned gravely remarked, "unless," he added, "I had done as the lawyer advised and pleaded guilty of a first offense. Do you think it would have been right for me to do that, mother?"

"No, my son," Mrs. Heatherton decidedly replied, "I think it would have been very wrong; it would have been a deliberate falsehood, and nothing but evil could have resulted from it. You would have sullied your conscience with a lie, and also branded yourself as a thief."

"I knew you would say so, and I wouldn't have done it for anything," Ned said resolutely. "I should always have despised myself for it; and if that is a specimen of the tricks that lawyers use to gain their cases, I never want to be a lawyer."

[To be Continued.]

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farmyard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock, and in cases of cough and pains, it can be used with good effect.

An official document has been issued by the Italian government dissuading skilled mechanics from emigrating to the United States, as it is expected that the industrial prospect of that country will be much depressed in the near future and the number of unemployed enormously increased.

There's No Hero Worship in Baseball These Days

The idols whom baseball fans at one time lionized have passed and the game today brings its heroes in a day and then drops them the next. In commenting along these lines the Chicago Journal says:

"Hero worship in baseball is dead. The fan of modern times pins his admiration to a whole team and its style of play. He sits upon the bleachers and cheers or guys as suits his fancy, but in seven cases out of ten he is watching the whole collection of performers and his eyes do not follow the movements of any one of the array. Liberal, perhaps, are his cheers for any clever play; loud rise his hoots for bungling errors; but when the game is over he trots along home—he doesn't stay to give Jones or Smith or Hooligan a personal ovation.

"The era of a magnetic personality in baseball is dead. Even the two men who rank as foremost players—Lajoie and Wagner—do not get the adulation which the marvels of 20 years ago could win. No longer does the great ball player make the nights a giddy pink after a successful game. No longer do the eager sportsmen flock around him to feast him and buy him wine. He comes and goes unheralded and unworshiped. If he goes on a jag he goes with two or three other players, has a few high balls, and turns into bed early. He doesn't cut a swath through the bright light district with an army of whooping cranks behind him. As a rule he saves his money, possibly, for the very reason that he can't spend it when he has no hangers-on.

"William Lange, the gigantic center fielder of the Chicago team, was the last of the idols. While Lange was temperate in regard to wine and highballs he had a personality which won him friends innumerable in every city. When Lange went out after the game a multitude stuck with him. Up and down Broadway or Chestnut street, or Twenty-second street, he trotted, with his retinue in his wake, and the amount of excitement Big Bill and his tribe could create in a couple of hours was something wonderful. He enjoyed fully as much popularity as the great players of the earlier years, and when he passed from the game forever the hero worship custom passed with him. Lange was not damaged in the least by his midnight carnivals. He married, settled down, and is now a wealthy real estate dealer in San Francisco and a model citizen.

"Mike Kelly was one of the great cards of the past when it came to throngs of admirers and kicking up a wild time after a game. There were several of the old White Sox who ran Mike a pretty close second and had terrific times, but Kelly was the king of them all. A big, jolly-faced man of delightful, humorous ways and conversation, Kelly could entrance a crowd and keep them happy all night—and he did so as long as he could hold another schooner. Kelly is dead. So are most of the gay White Stocking crew who used to keep the glasses tinkling through the long hours up to dawn. Kelly, Corcoran, Flint, Williamson and Burns have all been counted out and there have been no merry feasters to replace them.

"The St. Louis Browns and Baltimores had many magnetic players, and the champion New Yorks had a star crowd of fun-makers, with big Roger Connor, Tim Keefe, Buck Ewing and John Ward. These men could stir up the Tenderloin of Manhattan in great style—and they did.

"The present tribe of players are too matter-of-fact, too devoted to the dollar to take a chance on spending it, which is one reason why they get no hero worship; but the fact remains—there are no such winning, magnetic fellows in the game today as there were in olden times. Why and wherefore such a change?"

TALK OF SPORTS IN OLD ENGLAND

Result of Newmarket Stakes Furnishes a Surprise—The King's Doings.

The Newmarket meeting in England last week was successful both from a racing and social point of view, but the visitors were hardly prepared for the defeat of Capoio de Rothschild's Stamant in the Newmarket stakes.

The colt, which, previous to that race, had been a warm favorite for the Derby on the strength of past performances, the last of which was an easy win in the Two Thousand Guineas, either could not or would not struggle and was beaten just as easily as he had scored in the first of the season's classics by both Henry I. and John O. Gaunt. On form and stamina this seemed unaccountable, but that he did not give a true running was obvious.

His temper will, it is feared, prove a barrier to his achieving the most coveted laurels of the Derby, which, from what appeared to be a one-horse race, now stands forth in the light of one of the most open blue ribbons of recent years.

The King was present on all four days and scored his first win of the season with Rosemarket on Thursday. On the same day the American jockey, Maher, who continues to ride well, won the Payne stakes on J. R. Keene's Sweeper, which, when Keene sold off his English stud last year, he exempted as being a colt likely to improve even to the extent of distinguishing himself in the classic races. He remains, however, a moderate colt.

The defeat of Rhona Adair, the conqueror of Miss M. H. Higgins, of Chicago, in the women's golf championship was a big surprise. Miss Adair's downfall was brought about in the fourth round of the competition by Miss May Hezlett, the former champion. Miss Adair started well and secured the first hole, but from this point the best play came from her opponent, who played a strong and accurate game throughout. At the turn Miss Hezlett held a commanding lead and the champion was quite unable to make up lost ground. A keen contest finished on the sixteenth green, with Miss Hezlett the winner by 4 up and 2 to play.

THE TURF.

TO HAVE PRIVATE TRACK.

Having acquired more than ten acres of ground on Washington Heights, New York, it is said that C. K. G. Billings, owner of Lou Dillon, 1:58½, the world's champion trotter, and other famous trotters and pacers, intends to construct a private trotting track for his own use. It is said that Mr. Billings' property has cost him an amount far in excess of $1,000,000. This, however, is not considered excessive for a man of Mr. Billings' wealth, as he is estimated a millionaire many times over. At the time Mr. Billings' private stable was constructed it was said the amount spent on the equine palace was not short of $250,000.

DALY LOOKING FOR BIG PURSES

Expects Claude to Win Brooklyn and Elliott the Harlem National.

J. Daly, now probably the best jockey in America at less than 110 pounds, will ride his father's bay colt Claude, in the Brooklyn, reducing to 105 pounds for the occasion. Daly, sen., makes no secret of his belief that Claude at the weight will beat any eastern horse in the Brooklyn, even if the track is dry and fast. Should the going be muddy the race certainly appears to be at Claude's mercy. After the Brooklyn the famous trio, father, son and horse, will join the stable in Canada, where Galen Brown, a few years ago one of the most famous of western turfmen, will have had charge of the Daly horses. He was engaged by M. J. Daly as trainer and manager during the former's trip to New York with Claude, and may remain with the stable in that capacity all summer, as the present arrangement seems to be satisfactory to both men.

About the time that M. J. Daly is most full of anxiety over the outcome of the Brooklyn Handicap, Galen Brown will be leaving Toronto for Chicago on another big turf enterprise, bringing with him Daly's Racine-Aurelia II. colt Elliott, with which they expect to win the $15,000 Harlem National Handicap on June 4, in which race he has only 97 pounds to carry. W. Daly, who is gradually becoming a fair jockey, though still riding in the eighties, will go with Galen Brown to Chicago to ride Elliott.

McCLARY TEAM IS WITHOUT A BATTERY

The battery of the McClary City League baseball team is no more. McLachlan and Barrett, who held down the ponts on Saturday, are no longer connected with the works. It is understood that some difficulty arose on Saturday with the result that both pitcher and catcher left the employ of the company, and also the ball team. McLachlan and Barrett were good men and their places will be hard to fill. McLachlan will play in a league team, but Barrett's intentions are not known. A player should have no difficulty in securing berths.

LACROSSE.

A full practice of the Lorne Lacrosse Club will be held on the St. John's A. C. grounds tonight, and every night this week, at 6:30 o'clock. A full attendance is required, as the players for the St. Thomas match on May 24 have to be selected. All new players welcome.

ODDS ON BECK STABLE ARE STILL AT 12 TO 1

The Toronto Turf Club reports that the speculation on the King's plate has excelled all former years, both as to the number and the amount of commissions. As each different horse shows a fast trial the followers of the stable hasten to get their money on. War Whoop ran a very fast trial Saturday morning and was backed to such an extent that he is now favorite at 2 to 1. Commissions reported last week were:

War Whoop, $750 to $250, $600 to $200, $360 to $100.

Seagram, $800 to $200, $400 to $100, $400 to $100, $200 to $50.

Dyment, $250 to $50.

Hendrie, $40 to $20.

Beck, $2,400 to $200, $1,200 to $100.

Chappell Boy, $2,500 to $100, $1,200 to $50.

Perfect Dream, $2,000 to $50, $900 to $30, $1,000 to $50.

Osborne, $600 to $50, $600 to $50.

The odds are: War Whoop, 2 to 1; Hendrie, 3 to 1; Seagram, 4 to 1; Dyment, 6 to 1; Osborne, 12 to 1; Beck, 12 to 1.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.

At Morris Park—Rapid Water (Hildebrand), even; Blandy (Lyne), 13 to 2; Totness (W. Hennessy), 20 to 1; Hurst Park (Odom), 5 to 2; Runnels (Hildebrand), 3 to 10; Oarsman (Odom), 3 to 2.

At Worth—Sincerity Belle (Fisher), 8 to 1; Foresight (Oliphant), 18 to 5; Just So (C. Harris), 40 to 1; Toscan (Lorsen), 11 to 2; English Lad (Nicol), even; Postman (Johnston), 20 to 1.

JOE GRIM STILL DEFIES THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW

Joe Grim, the Italian punching bag, still defies the knockout blow. The human rubber ball, as he is known, has yet to be stopped. Grim can now add the name of Peter Maher to the list of opponents who have failed to put him out. Maher put himself through a special course of training to accomplish that long-expected feat.

The man with the wallop was considered to have an excellent chance to down the Italian with his famous right. True Maher landed a few blows that must have disarranged the symmetry of his piano keys and punished him around the bellows often enough to have driven all the wind out of his works, but Grim was there at the finish nevertheless.

All boxers look alike to Grim, and the bigger they come the better he likes them. A big man like Maher has trouble in getting to him. Maher went about his job in a workmanlike manner, but whenever he got Grim in danger the latter would invariably get under his guard and hug. Fitzsimmons, O'Brien and Gans are a few of those who have failed to put the Italian out.

Kid McCoy believes he can do the trick. At least he is willing to undertake the task and will probably have the chance in the near future.

"TWIN" SULLIVAN WON.

Toledo, O., May 16. — "Mike," alias "Twin" Sullivan was given the decision over "Gus" Gardener in a fast ten-round fight here tonight. Sullivan had the best of the fight throughout and had Gardner all but out in the eighth round.

FREE SCORE CARDS.

The friends of The Advertiser can, upon application at the business office, secure baseball score cards free of charge. When a game is played between independent teams it should be scored on one of these cards and left at the office, to make sure of its publication the following day.

IS ROWDY BALL AGAIN COMING?

Presidents of the Big Leagues Called To Be Prepared for All Emergencies.

There are indications that the "rowdy" element among the baseball players is making the fight of its life to regain the upper hand of the umpire, which position it held not so many years ago, says the Chicago Tribune. In spite of frequent examples made by the executives of the leading organizations in suspending players who have kicked over the traces, instances are increasing where the umpire is compelled to remove kickers from the game, and not infrequently from the playing grounds altogether. As yet there has been no particular serious outbreak this season, but with scarcely a day passing without some minor offense being reported, it is only a question of time before something does happen which will undo much of the work already accomplished toward elevating the tone of the great national sport. Presidents Johnson, Pulliam and Grillo, too, have a task marked out for them to keep down this element, and they cannot be too watchful or jealous of baseball's good name. They will be supported by the better element among the players and public in any measures, however drastic, for the suppression of rowdyism, wherever it appears. It is only necessary for them to mete out punishment with an impartial hand, no matter on whom it falls, nor how seriously it may affect any manager or team, to insure their retaining that support. There seems to be less real occasion for kicking by players this season than heretofore. Thus far the umpiring seen in Chicago has been of a higher order than for the same period of time at the opening of any other season. The fact that the games are getting closer, as the teams become equalized with the help of the foul strike rule is a prolific cause of kicking, of course. There are several ways of kicking on decisions, and not all of them are objectionable. It is only the kind that offends the public by insult or by delaying the game that needs to be looked after most carefully. The short, sharp kick over a close decision never hurts the game if it goes no further.

RIDGETOWN IN LINE.

The Ridgetown baseball club has reorganized with the following officers: Honorary president, F. Dauphin; president, C. H. Routledge; vice-presidents, P. Bawden, C. H. Eastlake; manager, Dr. D. Marr; captain, George Davis; managing committee, R. W. Youngs, J. Weese; secretary-treasurer, N. Hartwick. The secretary would like to hear from outside towns to arrange games for May 24.

IN THE NATIONAL.

		R.	H.	E.
At Pittsburg—				
Pittsburg	00001500*—6	11	5	
New York	00005000—5	5	1	

Batteries—Leever and Phelps; Mathewson and Warner. Umpires, Johnstone and O'Day. Attendance, 6,366.

At Chicago—				
Chicago	02310001*—7	10	3	
Brooklyn	00031000 2—6	5	6	

Batteries—Weimer and O'Neill; O. Jones and Bergen. Umpire, Moran. Attendance, 1,100.

At Cincinnati—				
Cincinnati	01000000 0—1	5	2	
Boston	00002000 0—2	7	1	

Batteries—Hahn and Schiel; Wilhelm and Needham. Umpire, Emslie. Attendance, 2,500.

Rain at St. Louis.

IN THE AMERICAN.

		R.	H.	E.
At Boston—				
Cleveland	14020100 1—9	11	0	
Boston	00003000 1—4	10	6	

Batteries—Bernhard and Bemis; Gibson and Criger. Umpire, Connolly. Attendance, 5,810.

At Washington—				
Washington	12001000*—4	9	4	
Chicago	20000100 0—3	8	5	

Batteries — Patten and Kittredge; Walsh, Paterson and Sullivan. Umpire, Sheridan. Attendance, 3,000.

At Philadelphia—				
St. Louis	31000000 0—4	3	2	
Philadelphia	05000000*—5	9	3	

Batteries—Siever and Sugden; Henley and Powers. Umpire, Carpenter and O'Loughlin. Attendance, 3,012.

At New York—				
New York	20000030 1—6	8	5	
Detroit	10104050 0—11	15	3	

Batteries—Wolfe, Hughes and McGuire; Killian and Wood. Umpires, Dwyer and King. Attendance, 2,600.

IN THE EASTERN.

At Buffalo—Providence 5, Buffalo 2 (10 innings).

At Rochester—Baltimore 9, Rochester 6.

At Toronto—Jersey City 3, Toronto 1.

At Montreal—Newark-Montreal game postponed on account of rain.

SECOND FIGHT IS ARRANGED

Young Corbett and Britt Are to Meet Again in San Francisco.

"Jimmy" Britt and "Young Corbett," who recently fought at San Francisco, are to again battle for the featherweight championship of the world. Britt's victory at the last meeting of the pugs was the subject of a storm of adverse criticism, and since then it has been the aim of Corbett's manager to arrange another match and let Corbett show that he is the leader of the featherweight class. The next fight will also be in San Francisco, but the date has not been set. The articles drawn up in New York yesterday, stipulate, however, that the men shall meet in the ring not later than Dec. 31. Willie Britt, representing his brother, and Henry Pollock, Corbett's manager, met today and drew up articles which stipulate that the date and other details for the contest shall be agreed on at a meeting between Corbett or their representatives on Sept. 15. The agreement also provides that no bouts other than three-round sparring contests shall be engaged in before the fight. Pollock suggested San Francisco, and Britt immediately agreed. Britt insisted on the provision that no fight previous to the match should be engaged in.

LIPTON WILL NOT CHALLENGE AGAIN

The officials of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club deny that Sir Thomas Lipton has decided to issue a fourth challenge for the America's cup. Geo. L. Watson says there is no truth in the report that Sir Thomas Lipton has commissioned him and William Fife to design a Shamrock IV. Mr. Watson says no such proposal has been made, that he knows nothing about Sir Thomas Lipton having decided to built another challenger for the America's cup and that he believed matters are still exactly as they were when Sir Thomas wrote to the New York Yacht Club anent the change in measurement.

LACROSSE.

NO. 1 JUNIOR DISTRICT.

The schedule arranged by the committee for the C. L. A. Junior District No. 1 is as follows: June 3, Hanover at Southampton; June 14, Harriston at Walkerton; June 17, Southampton at Harriston; June 24, Walkerton at Hanover; July 8, Hanover at Harriston; July 14, Harriston at Hanover; July 17, Walkerton at Southampton; July 22, Hanover at Walkerton; July 22, Walkerton at Harriston; July 29, Southampton at Hanover; Aug. 5, Southampton at Walkerton; Aug. 8, Harriston at Southampton.

ROUGH ON WHISKY

She Borrowed the Money to Buy Samaria.

St. Henri, Dec. 17, 1902.

Gentlemen,—I write you these few words to let you know that I have been very well satisfied with the Samaria Prescription. Although I am very poor, I bought one bottle at three dollars. I had to borrow the money, so that he would not know it. I am glad to say that he stopped drinking at once. A thousand thanks. Mrs. Camille Labelle.

Inclose stamp for free sample and pamphet to Samaria Remedy Company, 25 Jordan street, Toronto. Also for sale by W. T. Strong & Co., London.

A STORM AT SEA.

I contented myself with the fore-crosstees, some 70 feet above the deck. As I searched the vacant stretch of water before me, I comprehended thoroughly the need for haste if we were to recover any of our men. Indeed, as I gazed at the heavy sea through which we were running, I doubted that there was a boat afloat. It did not seem possible that so frail a craft could survive such stress of wind and water.

I could not feel the full force of the wind, for we were running with it, but from my lofty perch I looked down as though outside the Ghost and apart from her, and saw the shape of her outlined sharply against the foaming sea as she tore along instinct with life. Sometimes she would lift and send across some great wave, burying her starboard rail from view and covering her deck to the hatches with the boiling ocean. At such moments, starting from a windward roll, I would go flying through the air with dizzying swiftness, as though I clung to the end of a huge, inverted pendulum, the arc of which, between the greater rolls, must have been 70 feet or more. Once the terror of this giddy sweep overpowered me, and for awhile I clung on, hand and foot, weak and trembling, unable to search the sea for the missing boats, or to behold aught of the sea but that which roared beneath and strove to overwhelm the Ghost.—From Jack London's "Sea Wolf," in the Century.

THE LANGUAGE OF WIRES.

Language is used to conceal our thoughts; and, in advanced stages of civilization, man has found that this desirable end can be more effectually attained by sending time-saving and time-serving telegrams, and by carrying on conversations by telephone, which may be conveniently obscured or broken out at critical moments without reproach, and which afford no means of penetrating the diplomatic disguise of the respective parties. It is, of course, possible to be frank on the telephone, but it is also possible to be otherwise; and business men, trained in the elementary school of Nicolo Macchiavelli, with a finishing course of transatlantic bluff, find in it an instrument of remarkable effect at certain junctures. It may be that, in coming generations, face to face "straight talks" may be accounted "bad form"; and that all manner of commercial and domestic explanations will be made at a safe distance by electric transmission.—London Traction and Transmission.

NEW USE FOR BALLOON.

From a balloon shallow places in the ocean and rocks rising near to the surface can be seen much more clearly than from the shore or from shipboard. For this reason the French naval engineer, Renaud, suggests that a captive balloon would be a must useful accessory to a marine surveying ship. With such a balloon dangerous waters having shallow areas and bottoms intersected with narrow and tortuous channels could be rapidly charted both by eye observations and by the aid of photographs taken from the balloon. Of course, soundings would still be necessary to ascertain the exact depth of the water, but these would be greatly facilitated by the knowledge previously gained through the aid of the balloon.

Most railway journeys are tedious!

Ill-ventilated, stuffy cars, occasionally filled will soft coal smoke, get on one's nerves—cause headaches and upset feelings generally.

If you get a cup of Blue Ribbon Tea you will enjoy your journey—it will soothe your jangling nerves—comfort your throbbing head.

It will make you feel better just to smell it. A cupful will rest you completely.

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Black, Mixed Ceylon Green "Just Pure Tea" 40c. the pound and worth it

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This range is placed on the market to meet the demand for a moderate priced and thoroughly efficient gas stove. It is made with either two or three top burners, and a large oven, with drop door, which acts as a shelf, on which roasts, cakes, pies, etc., may be drawn out. The oven is a perfect baker and roaster, evenly and quickly heated.

This range, though very compact, is quite big enough to cook a considerable sized dinner, and will do it as well as the most expensive gas range.

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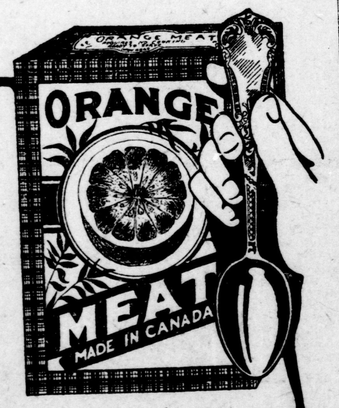

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