Ceylon GREEN Tea

Is preferred by former Japan tea drinkers because of its greater purity.

Lead packets only. At all Grocers. 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

Won at Last

"Instincts, indeed! You are no cat or a dog! Why did ye speak to a respectable young man—your uncle's heir, mind you—in a way that gars him say he'll never ask you mair?"

"I a way that gars him say he'll ding Kenneth, by a gesture, to follow her. "I am very sorry if I have offended for I really like him, but I thought it

y like him, but I thought it to explain that I could give

darrochd for I doubt but the man I let the land to is just making a kirk and a mill of it; in anither year, I'll get it into my ain hands, so I'll want Kenneth to be my factor, and we twa men folk would be ill aff without a lassie to look after us—so you speak up, Kenneth, my man, and ask her before my face."

"No! Kenneth, do not!" cried Mona, lastic with the ward of the sandy's whims and exactions, but she classic with the ward of the sandy's whims and exactions, but she care more than the wards of the sandy's whims and exactions, but she care more than the wards of the sandy's whims and exactions, but she care more than the wards of the sandy's whims and exactions, but she was on the sand wards wards of the sand wards o

coloring, with pain at having to disappoint her uncle, and also with irritation at the denseness which prevented him from perceiving the unsuitability of such a marriage. "I should only repeat what I have said before. Though I am heart-

marry a young leddy who has refused me three times! It would be very un-wise to tak' a reluctant wife. May be some other young leddy——"

Kenneth got so far, when Mr. Craig interrupted him bitterly—

"Ay, ay, my lad! there's as good fish

in the sea as ever was caught; an' I see it's no your fault. I don't know what's the matter wi' you, Mona? If you have wi' you, Mona? If you have another lad in your e'e, it'll be some ne'er-do-weel, I'm afeared. If it's you sneering deevil, Everard, he wadna walk across the street for you. You'll be sor-Ty for your contradictiousness one day.' "My dear uncle," laughing, "I never supposed Bertie Everard cared for mor-tal but himself. I assure you I have no

lad of any description in my mind's eye."
"Aweel," cried Uncle Sandy, greatly enraged, "it is varra ungrateful and unbecomin' to mak' a laughing stock of your uncle, wha has spent a kist o' siller on you! To think that you'll refuse a fine, good young man, and never give a thought of your puir uncle's comfort, all for mere selfishness, and an illplaced faney. A woman's life is no good to her, if she hasna a husband to rule

"In that I can not agree with you! I impossible it is for any one to choose a husband or wife for another. I am by no means afraid of managing my own

life unassisted by a husband."
"Eh, you think you might rule the kingdom, I daur say! But I'll no have anybody wi' me that will not hear reason, or respect my wishes. Kenneth has one will heat to color me so he shell off her bonnet, which she dropped on done his best to obey me, so he shall come with me to Craigdarroch! and you can stay with that fantastical Frenchwoman, who, I suppose, encourages ye in

meth, firmly. "I will not stand in my cousin's way." He had been fidgeting uneasily, eager

to put in a word.
"You'll not stan' in your cousin's way you'll not! What's that to you? Are you baith so daft-like as to think you can divide my property and—and my siller betwixt ye, under my very een, before the breath is oot o' my body? Eh but I'll give neither of ye'a bawbee! I'll just build a retreat for puir meenisters. just build a retreat for puir meenisters and endow it. Why should I fash my-self wi' a couple of contermacious young

"And you may please yourself for me, uncle!" oried Kenneth; "any way, it will no weigh on my conscience that I didn't try to do as yo udesired."
"Aweel, I know that, an' I shall not

forget it, though I will not have you dictating and presuming. You just give notice to your employers, and come awa' wi' me to Craigdarroch. And you, Mona, I am done wi' you; you may go to your chum. I renounce you; you are just heartless, like your ould grandmither's fine aristocratic freends, and look down

on folks that are better than yourself."
"You ought not to be so angry with
me, uncle," said Mona, gently. "I am
only exercising a right of choice that belongs to the humblest and poorest. I
am really grieved to think we must part.
You have been very good to me, and I

am really grieved to think we must part.
You have been very good to me, and I hope I have been some comfort to you; but there must be no misunderstanding: I never will accept a husband, save of my own free choice!"

"And a mull you'll mak' of it! Kenneth, my mon. I'll tak' a glass o' water wi' a drap o' whiskey—just ring the bell. I'll trouble you nae mair, Miss Craig; you can drop my name again, for a' I care, and gamg yer ways. You, Kenneth, just give warning to your landlady; I'll just give warning to your landlady; I'll give you Mona's room."
"But, uncle, I can not—" began Ken-

"Do not contradict him," whispered

CHAPTER XVII.

A change had indeed come o'er the him no hope."

"And he did nae offend you?"

"Oh, no, uncle. Kenneth would never offend a lady."

"I am glad you say it, for I have been angered against him. Now, be a wise lassie, an' mak' up your mind to tak' him if he will ask you again, then ye can baith come awa' wi' me to Craigdar darrochd for I doubt but the man I let the land to is just meking a kirk and a spirit of her dream. Mona scarcely ex-

Sandy's whims and exactions, but she had grown to care more for him than she knew. He had become so dependent on her, that the maternal instincts of a woman's heart had gone out to the creature she protected. Moreover, she believed him to be a greater sufferer than lly sorry to refuse any request of yours, to dictate to her in such a purely perchoose a husband for me."

"And I must declare I canna wish to that he should rudely turn her out."

that he should rudely turn her out wounded her deeply. How miserable the old man would be, too, all alone, doing battle with the landlady, and fret-ting over a hundred and one trifling an-noyances from which he had hitherto been shielded. Was it possible that the moisture on her cheek was a tear? She was afraid that, on the whole, she was no favorite of fortune. It seemed her fate to be constantly uprooted. How little rest she had known since she left the tranquil seclusion of her Dresden school—only a few months of feverish fitful joy, and then clouds and dark-

Mme. Debrisay did not come in till ten o'clock.
"And is it here you are all alone by

yourself in the dark?" she cried, coming in quickly through the soft gloom of a summer's night. "Thate is too bad! a summer's night. "Thate is too bad! To think of me talking to that castlebuilding German, when I might have been here with you, dear. How is it you got away from our dear Old Man of the

ea ?"
"Easily enough, dear Deb! Uncle San dy has turned me out because I have decidedly refused to marry Kenneth Mac-alister."

"Turned you out!" repeated Mme. De am sincerely sorry to disappoint you; but if you think of it, you will see how ampossible it is for any one to choose "I do not think so; but I have ventured to believe you will take me in, and in that belief I have told Mrs. Pad-diford that my room was wanted, so I came over here.'

the floor; "and all for not marrying that long-legged Highlander, who is not fit to dust your shoes." "No, no, Deb! he is a very good fel-

"Oh, good enough, but not for such as you. So I suppose it is all over!" "What is all over!" asked Mona.

"My hopes that your uncle would pro-vide for you. Now you are no better off than you were before. Indeed you are worse off, for you have to make up for all the time you spent wandering about with that old bear."

"The usual fate of legacy hunters," re turned Mona, smiling. You are no legacy hunter, Mona, declare that cantankerous uncle yours can have no more heart than a

"I do not believe he is quite heartless," said Mona, thoughtfully; "I believe he is fond of me, and will soon recall me."
"When I hope you will have more spirit than to respond!" cried madame; indignantly: "he deserves to be left to

hirelings for the rest of his days."

"That would be a cruel punishment for an outbreak of temper; it was nothing more. Came, dearest Deb, I am tired and depressed; I will go to bed. Do you know that it is very delightful, the idea

of breakfasting tete-a-tete with you to-"Is it, my darling? Ah, it warms my heart to hear you say so! If you belonged to me now; if you were my own, own child, oh, it would give me the strength of a dozen women to work for you say that it is not not the strength of a dozen women to work for you say fight for you; not but I'd do you and fight for you; not but I'd de it all the same, only I'd have a right to

you, then."
"Until I married some selfish tyrant on a man, who would show his love by separating me from you." returned Mona, taking her hand in both hers with an af-

fectionate smile.

"Ah, just so," sighed Mme, Debrisay;
"there are eddies of misfortune at every
bend in the stream of life; some slip past
them and more slip in. I don't know how it is, Mona, you always remind me of my precious baby girl that was taken from me when she was two years old. She had hair just like yours. How much the heart can live through; I died one death when I found out the real man I had married, but I came to life again Mona, passing close by, as she approached her uncle. "Good-bye, then," she said, kindly, "I will never offer to return, but if you want me, and ask me, I will come to you!"

She tried to take his hand, but he she tried to take his hand, but he want and turned his face. pushed hers awey, and turned his face istence till Debrisay went that took ling baby. You will be enchanted with

a load off me. I began to be a living woman again. The music always was comfort to me; and here I am, battling for bread, and taking what pleasure I can get! Is it not amazing, the vitality of some natures? Now I have you to look after, dear, it doubles my life. Ah, what would we be without love? It is the true religion, and the real damning sin is self-ishness! Good-night, dear."

The next day was one of Mme. Debrisay's busiest, and it was exceedingly wet. Mona ast indoors very contentelly, busy with book or needle, and Uncle Sandy made no sign.

The following evening, Kenneth made his appearance, with an exceedingly perturbed aspect.

The partners were sitting at a table enjoying a late tea when he came in.

"Well, Mr. Macalister, what news?" cried Mme. Debrisay, putting down the teapot to shake hands with him.

"Good-evening, Kenneth. You do not look too happy." and Mona.

"With Madame Debrisay."

"With Madame Debrisay."

"I should be delighted to see deligh

The partners were sitting at a table enjoying a late tea when he came in. "Well, Mr. Macalister, what news?" cried Mme. Debrisay, putting down the teapot to shake hands with him. "Good-evening, Kenneth. You do not look too happy." said Mona.

"Happy," he repeated; "I am just miserable. I am think Uncle Sandy's gone clean daft. He was up in the city at our place, and saw Mr. Sinclair—that is the principal partner. Came in all the rain in each from Moorgate street. He

our place, and saw Mr. Sinclair—that is
the principal partner. Came in all the
rain in a cab from Moorgate street. He
told Mr. Sinclair that he was going to
adopt me, and requested I might be allowed to leave, as he could not go to his
place in the Highlands without me. So
I was called up, and old Sinclair made
me a speech about my good fortune, and
my excellent conduct while in the service of the house (I don't believe he
knew my name rightly half an hour before); and the two old fellows complimented each other. I fancy Mr. Sinclair
thinks I am to come in for ten thousand
a year at least. This morning all the
clerks were congratulating me, and I felt
like a thief."

"Why should you, Kenneth? I assure

"Why should you, Kenneth? I assure "Why should you, Kenneth? I assure you I should have been more miserable than you look, if I thought my uncle had quarrelled with you about me. I have perfect confidence in your layalty."
"And you may have that, Cousin Mono; but it's many a long day before I can be of any use to you."

hurch or institution, or something wick-

"After all," cried Mme. Debrisay,

"After all," cried Mme. Debrisay, "I don't believe he has much to leave behind him. He talks big; but for all the cry I suspect there is not much wool."
"There is no telling," said Kenneth. "But I think he is rich. My poor mother thought he was ferry rich."
"We shall never know till poor Uncle Sandy has no further need of our services," said Mona, smiling. "So there is no use conjecturing."
"That is true. Eh, but he is dreadfully angered against Mona," returned Kenneth, addressing Mme. Debrisay. "When I said I would come over and see her, he broke out against her, and forbade me to cross your threshold. I could not stand that. I just told him that I was willing to obey him in many ways, was willing to obey him in many ways, but that neither of us had any right to quarrel with her. So, after some words—a good many words—he told me to do as I liked, but I was never to name your name to him. He is awrul miserable just fretting the flesh off his bones. We e to start for Craigdarroch on Mon-

'On Monday!" exclaimed madame. "And will they let you away from the

"I don't think I am so valuable that they want to keep me," said Kenneth, with a grin. "Anyhow, we are off on Monday; and I can't say I like having the care of Uncle Sandy all that way. We are to stay a couple of days in Glas-gow, that he may see his man of busi-ness, and then go on to Kirktoun—that's the nearest station to Craigdarroch. It's on a loch, I believe, and it's a fine place."

on a loch, I believe, and it's a line place."
"You must write and let us know how
my help there, Kenneth."
"I will drop you a line, cousin. The
worst is, I see no chance of getting away
north to Glencorrie. My uncle will not
let me stir from him."
"That will be trying. You would want "That will be trying. You we

my help there, Kennetht. "Eh, I should indeed. Uncle Sand Ten, I should indeed. Uncle Sandy treats me very different from what he does you. I cannot manage for him in the house, but I am not afraid of the fields and the woods. I'll manage them fine. I was always the latrd's factor till my poor mother died, and then Uncle Sandy would have me in an office to learn business."

earn business. earn business."

Some more talk and friendly conjecture made time pass quickly till Kenteth rose to bid them good night.

Mona could hardly believe that Uncle Sandy would leave town without seeing ner, and she kept a good deal indoors until the Monday fixed for his departure; but the old man made no advance. In deed, one afternoon Mme. Debrisay me thim walking with the aid of his stick, when he passed her without the slightest sign of recognition. She came home in

nigh wrath, and denounced his folly and obstinacy, and many other bad qualities, with much eloquence. Mona said noth-She was hurt by her uncle's conduct, but not inconsolable. She only regretted seriously the period of the year at which the break had occurred, as the difficulty

of finding employment forced her to impinge on her small capital. Mme. Debrisay insisted on her being a guest for at least a month, to which the ear of offending her kind hostess co belled Mona to agree. Otherwise, the est and congenial companionship were ery delightful.

very delightful.

Uncle Sandy had been gone about a week, and the last days of July were fast slipping away, when one warm, sultry afternoon, as Mona was leaving Marshall & Snelgrove's. where she had been shopping for madame, whose soul expanded at sale time, a smart footman overtook her, accosting her with the words, "If you please'm, Lady Finistoun would be glad to speak to you."

"Lady Finistoun?" repeated Mona, looking around. "Where is she?"

"Her ladyship is in the carriage, close by."

haking hands with her former ally, "I was so afraid I should miss you, dear," cried the young peeress, shaking hands warmly with her. "I was afraid you had yanished from me altogether. Bertie told me about meeting you abroad with a wonderful old millionaire of an uncle. Come, let me drive you wherever you are going, or, better still, let me take you to see baby. Such a dear, dar-

ing now?"
"With Madame Debrisay."

"And what have you done with the un-cle?" "He has quarrelled with me and left

"He has quarrelled with me and left me."
"Oh, you foolish girl! How did you offend him?"
"It is too long a story to tell you now. Tell me about yourself."
Nothing loath, Lady Finistoun poured forth the annals of a golden life flooded with the sunshine of prosperity—with busy pleasure and careless, though kindly, happiness.
They were, she said, on the point of starting for a month's cruise in northern

starting for a month's cruise in northern latitudes, with a gay party, in the Duke of Hallamshire's yacht, during which time the son and heir, now nine months old, was to stay with Lady Mary at the

(To be continued.) CHILDHOOD DANGERS.

Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather months. Too often these troubles become acute, and a precious little life is lost after only a few hours' illness. During the "Let me give you a cup of tea, Mr.
Kenneth," said madame, kindly. "It is hot weather season every wise mother my opinion," she continued, as she poured it out, "that neither one or other of you will ever see a pu of your uncle's money. He will get all he can out of you, and then leave all he has to some shurch or institution or continued the some that they come suddenly. Better still, as money, institution or continued the stomach and bowels clean, and prethe stomach and bowels clean, and preed of that kind."

"No, I do not think that," returned Mrs. John Lancaster, North Portal, Sask. Mona, thoughtfully. "I believe he is says: "My baby was attacked with diarquite earnest in his intention now, but he might get angry again and change his gave Baby's Own Tablets and next day she was as well as ever. I find the Tablets are the only medicine a little one Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Villiams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

> PURE WATER IS SKY BLUE, Scientific Men at Last Agreed as to its

After long hesitation, scientific men agree to day in admitting that water physically pure, seen in mass, is sky blue. This color is that taken by the whit light of the sun when absorbed by the water in consequence of a phenomenon the explanation of which would be a lit-

tle long.

It is not due to the chemical purity of the water, since the sea, which is the bluest water, is also that which contains the most sait. Nevertheless, according the Forel's experiments, the matter in solution should be the predominant cause of the modification of color, upon which act, besides the matter in suspension the color of the bottom and the rewhich act, besides the matter in suspen-sion, the color of the bottom and the re-flection of the sky and the banks. Con-sequently blue water is pretty rare in nature; a good many seas and lakes that give us the impression of this tint are

The water at present acknowledged to be the bluest is that of the Sargasso sta, between the Cape Verdi islands and the Antilles. The water of the Mediterranean off the French coast and around Capri is bluer than that of Lake Leman, much less blue itself than that of the lakes of Kandersteg and Arolla, in Switzerland. Pure water containing a mil-lionth of ferric hydrate appears brown under a thickness of six meters; a ten-millionth is sufficient for it to be green and in order that it may remain blue needed less than Hustration.

Teach the Boy.

To be true to his word and work. To face all difficulties with cou face all difficulties with courage nd cheerfulness. To form no friendships that can bring

nim into degrading associations.

To respect other people's convictions.

To reverence womanhood. live a clean life in thought and ord as well as in deed. That true manliness always commands

That the best things in life are not hose than can be bought with money. That to command he must first learn

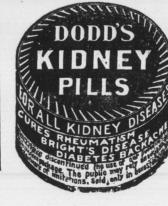
That there can be no compromise beween honesty and dishonesty.

That the virtues of punctuality and oliteness are excellent things to culti-

rate.
That a gentleman is just what the word implies-a man who is gentle in his dealings with the opinions, feelings and weaknesses of other people.—Mother's Magazine.

Too Busy to Whistle.

(Boston Herald.)
It is said the art of whistling will soon be counted among the lost unless there is a revival of the cheery spirit that seems to be forsaking men. Nobody whistles as he works in these strenuous days. He has too much on his mind to pucker his lips in a whistle. Nor does he hum or sing to himself for that matter. If is, if not downright and, too busy for that joyous and unconscious expression of contentment.



BETWEEN STATIONS

There was a clergyman in the carriage, who was not acquainted with Mr. Fish's heaven-sent gift of being better informed than everyone, and he dug into the con-

"I think you'll find that when the wind's in the northeast we are in for a dry spell," he said, blandly.

Mr. Fish beamed upon him. "A popular fallacy, sir. We shall have rain with-

in twelve hours." At that moment the train started with a jerk, and Mr. Fish, who had paused to deliver his opinion, sat down in

ny lap.
"So sorry," he said, pleasantly. "But it really wasn't my fault. The engine-drivers on this line don't start the trains roperly."

He removed his straw hat with the

re removed his straw hat with the colored ribbon and placed it on the rack with his bag beside it.

Then he wedged himself in between the clergyman and a bank clerk, and apologized to the latter for standing on his foot.

"That's all right" said the bank clerk.

"That's all right," said the bank clerk grumpily.
"A first-class smoker doesn't seem to be large enough for some people's feet," said a man on the opposite seat. "They ought to travel Pullman."

But Mr. Fish is one of those fortunate people who never understand a sarcasm leveled at themselves. "I don't approve of Pullman cars," he remarked. "My wife and I once went down to Brighton in care of the same than the same th in one and I sat in a draught. I never had such a face in my life. Thought it was lockjaw coming on."

The stockbroker looked up from his paper and growled something that sounded like "Pity it wasn't," but Mr. Fish didn't here.

sounded like Ity to what fish didn't hear.

"Do you see about this fellow who's going to try to get to the North Pole in an airship?" he said, turning to me.

'Shocking mistake, isn't it?"
"You don't think he'll succeed?" "No chance," said Mr. Fish. "In the first place, his airship's built on a wrong principe. I've gone into the matter pretty closely. There's not enough body in it. Do you follow me? Now, if I were building an airship I should make it something like a hansom cab, but without the wheels. Your propellers would be attached to the shafts and the steering apparatus would hang out be-hind. Quite simple. I can't think why the idea hasn't sturck someone else. But as a matter of fact, an airship isn't the thing for the pole."

"You've got a plan of your own?"

per," said Mr. Fish, quietly. "I'd under-take to reach the pole in six months. It's a question of expense. "Very costly business," I ventured to

"Quite so, I wrote a letter to the Morning Post about it. But you know what these editors are. They refuse to put in anything that's really interest-

"What was the principle on which you proposed to work?"

"I proposed, sir ,to lay down a light railway," he said, impressively.

"A light railway to the pole," I gasped.

"Why not? I should carry it over the ce on elevators. Simple as A B C . All it wants is a certain amount of organizing. I dropped a note to Rothschild about it. Had an awfully civil letter from his secretary.

"What did he say?" "He said his lordship thought the plan most original." Mr. Fish paused and smiled with conscious pride. "But he ance it," he added, dreamily. "He doubted if the traffic would justify its existence, and thought there were practical difficulties to be overcome.'

At this point the stockbroker's raucous voice burst rato the conversation in way that made Mr. Fish-who is really the gentlest of creatures-to start. "A railway to the pole wouldn't be half bad," he said with a grin. "And I'll tell you how it could be made to

Mr. Fish leaned forward eagerly. "Don't issue return tickets." Mr. Fish looked perplexed. "Why not,

"Because there are several whom I for one would like to send there. if I could be sure they'd never come

Mr. Fish looked vaguely grieved, but the stockbroker, who was in his most truculent humor, suddenly fixed with his eyes a little old man with mutton-chop whiskers and clean-shaven upper lip, who

"I'd begin with e present government,"
"I'd begin with e present government,"
"I'd send every man he said, pointedly. "I'd send every man jack of them to the pole and chain 'em to it." The little old man took up the chal-

lenge cheerfully.
"It grieves me to hear you speak like that, sir," he said, bristling with indigna-

a watch in his hand.
"I say it grieves me to hear anyone talk like that," repeated the old man, firmly. "The present government is a body of honorable Englishmen—" "I though tthey were Scotch," inter-rupted the stockbroker.

This brought up a remark from a long-leged individual in the corner. He leaned forward. "And I'd have you to know they're none the worse for being Scotch," he said, looking as if ne would like to fight the entire stock exchange on the subject. The stockbroker retired to his paper,

looking annoyed because there was some one in the world as pugnacious as him-self, and Mr. Fish, of Forest Gate, pickseir, and Mr. Fish, or Forest oace, pased up the thread of 2his discourse exactly where he had dropped it.

"The fact is, I don't suppose Rothschild quite understood my plan," he said, mildly.

"These rich men have no brains, you

"I always thought—"

"No, you're wrong. You'll ivariably find that wealthy people lack intelligence," he remarked with the authority of a man who knows what he is talking about. "It's a law of the universe, Can you give me the name of a millionaire who is doing any good in the world."

"I consider that—" I began.

But Mr. Fish checked me with upraised hand. "I know what you're going to say before you open your mouth. You're going to quote Carnegie."

"I certainly think that Mr. Carnegio—"

"Carnegie never made a bigger mistake in his life than when he began opening libraries. The world doesn't want any more libraries, sir. There are too many books already."

"But surely 'reading—"

books already."

"But surely ,reading—"

"Reading is mostly waste of time, sir.
What the world wants is thinking cluba."

"Thinking clubs? You mean that—"

"I mean that some of us talk too much and think too little," said Mr. Fish, shaking his head, sadly. "If I were a millionaire, I should surprise some of those fellows. I should build thinking clubs all over the country, where no one was

all over the country, where no one was allowed to speak."
"I think that an admirable suggestion" said the clergyman, and his eyes twinkled pleasantly behind his spectacles.
"We'd all join," said the stock bro-

ker, grimly.

Mr. Fish beamed with pleasure. "We all need more time for medita-tion," he said. "Many people when once they start talking don't seem to know when to stop. They won't let their neighbors get a word in edgeways. But there—"

At this moment the train rolled into

Liverpool street and there was a scramble for hats, sticks and bags.

"If ever you join a thinking club, sir, I'll pay your subscription," said the stock broker, by way of a parting thrust. And he strode away with the air of a man who is seeking trouble.

Mr. Fish wished me good morning hur-

He had decided to call on the traffic superintendent and give him a few hints on the better management of the line.

THE LIGHT OF SYRIA.

Rich and Poor Make Use of These Illuminants.

Vice Consul-General William C. Magelsson writes from Beirut that the candles used in Syria are both manufactured

dies used in Syria are both manufactured locally and imported.

Those of domestic production are hard-made and of poor finish. The materials used in making them are paraffin and stearin (imitation bees' wax), and in some instances real wax is used.

Most of the foreign candles consumed in
Syria are of French make. They are imported through commission houses and are sold to Syrian wholesale dealers; a credit of three or four months is usually given. Practically all the business of Syria is in the hands of commission merchants.

Inasmuch as statistics are not available in Turkey, is is impossible to state the exact amount of the candle importa-tions; it is known, however, that the consumption is very large. Candles are used in every home and hut in city and country. They are used in the houses of the wealthy natives as well as in the ents of the nomad tribes. Large quanities are furnished to the hotels threes. They are an important fea-ture of all religious ceremonies. During the celebration of marriages the guest hold long lighted candles, which they carry away to their homes when they depart. Persons desirous of bringing carry away epart. Persons desirous of bringing hoping to draw the blessings of heaven upon themselves, frequently keep from one to five candles constantly burning upon the church altars. The Mohamm dans also use them in their places of

Won't Become Citizens,

A feature of the case which is of special interest to the United States is that a considerable number of these Hungar-ian immigrants seem disinclined to beome citizens or to become in any way come citizens or to become in any way permanently identified with this country. They retain their allegiance to the King, they send back their savings to the old country, and after a time they themselves return thither—precisely as the Chinese have so often been denounced. for doing. In connection with that cir-cumstance it is pertinent to recall that Baron de Levay, in the utterance which we have cited, declared that the Hungarian government had officially provided means for the safe transmission home of emigrants' remittances of savings, and for the repatriation of those who needed to return home. If to this we add the official statement recently attributed to or. Wekerle, the Hungarian Prime Minister that the efforts of the Hungarian government to induce its emigrants to America to retain their Hungarian citizenship are meeting with much success, we may perhaps arrive at an explana-tion of the phenmonea we have remark-

ed upon In that case the circumstances must be regarded as der by unsatisfactory and as emphasizing the need of a stringent recasting of our immigration laws. It is not desirable to have myriads of aliens flocking hither, with no thought of becoming Americanized, but meaning rather like a motor car might be expected to do when it sees a policeman with money they can and then to return to



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