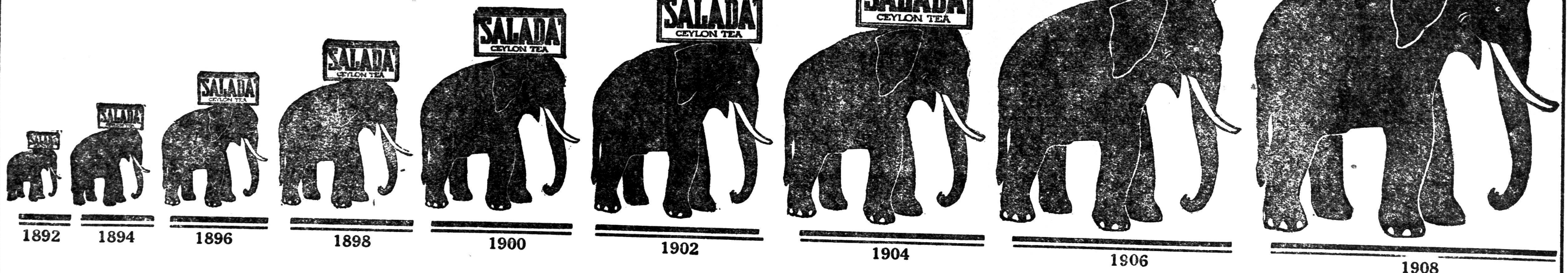


TWELVE THOUSAND MILES FROM THE ORIENT

FRESH and fragrant from the finest tea-producing country in the world—The Island of Ceylon. Do you know "SALADA" Tea by Flavor? Have you ever enjoyed its deliciousness and downright goodness? "SALADA" is "hill-grown" tea—grown on plantations high up on the hills. The leaves are small and tender, with a rich, full flavor. It is picked every week, and reaches you fifteen weeks later in air-tight, sealed "SALADA" packets. Its native purity and fine flavor are perfectly preserved. You are guaranteed tea of unvarying good quality.

—Will you ask your grocer for a package to-day?



Illustrating the growth of "SALADA" sales during the eighteen years we have been in business. It pays to serve the public well.

It is mathematically impossible to correctly illustrate the proportionate growth in our sales in this space, as the 1908 elephant should be 302 times larger than the 1892 elephant.

SIDELIGHTS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Lord Lansdowne, who has just been appointed to the post of military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada, as lieutenant-colonel of the Coldstream Guards, has until now been serving on the staff of the King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, and succeeded to the family honors, which include a barony, a viscountcy, and an earldom, about four years ago. Up to that time he had been known as Lord Newton Butler, and it was as Lady Newton Butler that his wife, a beautiful woman in London, Lord Lansdowne's peerages are all Irish. But he has been elected a representative peer of Ireland, and as such occupies a seat in the House of Lords. Shortly after his accession to the earldom he became involved in a somewhat sensational suit against a clergyman, the Rev. J. Murray Dixon, rector of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, for the recovery of sums amounting to several thousand pounds, which it appeared he had obtained in some fashion or other from the late earl, who was far from being a rich man and had, moreover, a number of children. All the testimony went to show that the late earl, who was a man of unbusinesslike habits, had allowed himself to be induced to lend the money to the clergyman, who had used his influence as the old peer's spiritual adviser to obtain the loans. Lord Lansdowne had neglected to take any statement in writing from the parson that the money was advanced merely as a loan, and on the strength of the theory after the earl's death that it had been a gift. After a long trial the rector was defeated and was condemned to refund the full amount, besides being scored by the presiding judge.

The pretty and fascinating Mme. von Siemens, who is alleged by Indian newspapers to have overheard from a convenient hiding place the discussion of the plans for the defence of the Austrian front from a hotel in Milan, where the minister of war and the commanding generals had assembled for the purpose, after the close of the grand manoeuvres of King Victor Emmanuel's army, is not, as has been alleged, an Austrian. Nor yet is she a German. By birth she is Swiss, hails from the city of Berne, and as a young girl resided in the name of Eleonora, or Nora, Füssli. Her husband was the late Werner Siemens, son of Charles Siemens, the latter being known as the Russian Siemens, to distinguish him from his three brothers.

Werner Siemens married in 1882 a Russian woman—Natalie Gavrilouk, of Odessa. This union was dissolved by divorce in 1894; and in the same year the ex-Mme. von Siemens became the wife of Baron Axel von Varnbüler, plenipotentiary of the king of Wurtemberg in Berlin.

Werner Siemens also lost no time in marrying again, bestowing his name and his hand on Nora Füssli. On his death his widow married Freydom Malcolm Khan, who was at that time Persian minister in Rome, and a son of Nazim Malcolm Khan, who headed the first Persian embassy to the United States—during the presidency of Buchanan—and who was for so many years Persian envoy in London.

Freydom Malcolm's marriage with the widow of Mme. von Siemens was annulled after two or three years, on the ground that he had already a Persian wife living, and for some time the courts of Germany and Italy were busy with suits brought by the Persian ex-diplomat—for he had been dismissed from his country's service—to prevent the woman from availing herself Princess Malcolm Khan, which

A Frightful Fire.

Causes widespread sorrow—likewise a lively cause causes much pain—the cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, that never fails and always cures; try it.

he persisted in doing, on the ground that he had failed to repay to her, in accordance with the terms of the decree of the annulment of their marriage, the large sum of money which she had advanced to him prior and subsequent to their marriage. Last February Mme. Nora von Siemens, or Princess Malcolm Khan as she still styles herself, became the subject of an immense amount of discussion in the Italian press, and even in the Italian Parliament, owing to the fact that when Gen. Saletta died, he had been completely infatuated with her, whom he named as the executrix of his will, and by whom he had been completely infatuated during the closing years of his life.

As chief of the general staff, he had a quantity of the most confidential documents relating to the defense of Italy, the mobilization of the army, etc., in his care, and these thus came into the possession of Mme. von Siemens, who at first declined to surrender them. Matters were further complicated by the fact that the German embassy, when appealed to by the authorities, declined to interfere, on the ground that the woman was not a German, since she was by birth a Swiss, by her first marriage a Russian, and by her second a Persian.

The Russian embassy was reluctant to take any steps in the matter, on the ground that Mme. von Siemens had become a Persian by her second marriage, and that since Malcolm Khan had not complied with the law, which alone the German courts had consented to dissolve the marriage, the union must be considered as still in existence. But finally Mme. Siemens succeeded in obtaining access to the Italian Government, on her own terms, which left her free to remain in Italy.

It is difficult to believe that while she had possession of the confidential papers of the late Gen. Saletta, she did not master their contents before surrendering them to the Italian Government, and the power which they most immediately concern in Austria. It is naturally believed that she communicated the information thus obtained in Vienna.

It is not often that a statesman of the importance of Sir John Gorst, who was minister of education in the last Salisbury administration, goes over to the other side. But this is what Sir John has done, in his 74th year. Having joined the Liberal camp, he has agreed to stand as a Liberal at the impending general election. He was perhaps the most brilliant member of that fourth party to which the late Lord Randolph Churchill, Arthur Balfour, and the late Sir Henry Drummond Wolff belonged; and in calling attention to the fact that Winston Churchill preceded him into the Liberal ranks and now is member of a Liberal cabinet, he does not hesitate to assert that if his old friend and colleague, Lord Randolph Churchill, had been alive, he too long since would have joined the Liberals, who according to him, embody to a far greater degree than the Unionists the principles of that Tory democracy which he and Churchill championed.

While political principles may have something to do with Sir John's conversion, there can be no doubt but that he has been prejudiced against the Unionists by the treatment to which he was subjected at their hands. For he simply was shown the construction of the Unionist administration by Arthur Balfour, after the retirement of Lord Salisbury. He was troubled with him, and that he could not tolerate the stupidity of his inferiors in ability than these inferiors were set up above himself; and those who recall his defence in the House of Commons, when under secretary for India, of the unfortunate policy of his chief, Lord Cross, the minister for India, will readily understand that with his terrible gift of silky satire

the Scrope family for nearly 600 years, going to the Lowlands at the beginning of the Victorian era. It is beautifully situated, on the slope of a wooded hill, and Box brook, a famous trout stream, flows through the park. Another son of Sir John, namely, Harold Gorst, who has made for himself a name as an author and as a journalist, spent the greater part of last summer in America, making many friends.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher's choice of the title of Lord Thetford on his elevation to the peerage last week, on the King's birthday, is due to the fact that Thetford Manor is one of the country seats bequeathed to his son Cecil by the late Josiah Vavasour, Vavasour was one of the directors of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., and when he died last winter was found to have bequeathed the great portion of his large fortune, about £2,000,000, and also the manors of Thetford, Croxton and Kilverstone Hall, to Sir John's son, Cecil, on condition that the latter should adopt the name and arms of Vavasour.

There was no connection between the family of the late Josiah Vavasour and old Sir William Vavasour, who blossomed forth into prelates and archbishops. But Sir John possessed too much pugnacity in his composition to find the calling of a missionary congenial, and accordingly he became a soldier and a magistrate employed in the suppression of the Maori rebellion. Subsequently he returned to England, where he joined the brilliant fourth party, and founded the Primrose League in conjunction with the American wife of his colleague and intimate friend, Lord Randolph Churchill.

Sir John attracted much attention last summer by surrendering to the Government a pension of \$5,000 a year, which he had been drawing since 1902 as a former cabinet minister, on the succession to the Castle Combe property, a mulatto. "It refers to persons of a considerable number of Lowlands. The Castle Combe estate was owned by

pass for white. She was a proficient stenographer and was employed in the office of a well-known San Francisco attorney.

"She was a good, self-respecting woman. All that she asked of the world was the privilege of being alone. Her skin was as white as any white person's. Her features were of the classical type.

"There wasn't a chance in 10,000 that any white person in San Francisco would have suspected her of having one-eighth colored blood in her veins; but colored people, you see, were aware of their own to determine such a thing. Certain infallible signs, visible only to the eye of a colored person or to the eye of one who has lived long years in the Southern States, will reveal the individual with colored blood. These signs have to do with the finger nails, certain markings of the eyes and so on.

"One day about two years ago this young octroon woman was riding in a San Francisco street car. An intoxicated man of my race, a mulatto Pullman car porter, entered the car and took a seat next to her. He examined her furiously over the tail of his drunken eye. Presently he began to try to flirt with her.

"Alarmed and fearful of what was coming, the girl started to leave the car. The Pullman porter laid a detaining hand on her arm and leered at her.

"Don't you go home," he said to her, "so that anybody in the car could hear him. You're a nigger just like I am and you know it."

"Then a white man in the car knocked the Pullman porter flat in the aisle and the girl got off and made her escape, but that experience has made San Francisco impossible for her. Do you know where she is now? In China. She is a stenographer in the office of a Chinese shipping firm in Shanghai.

"I hate to acknowledge that such meanness exists among members of my race, but there is no dodging the fact. There are thousands, tens of thousands of them who would pull the person passing for white back to where they originated.

"I knew an octroon man who was in business as a haberdasher in Cincinnati for some years. He was a son of a quadroon who was prominent

in the politics of a southern state during the days of reconstruction. He was a handsome, athletic fellow with regular features, a fair skin and light brown hair.

"When his father and all of the other members of his immediate family died he decided to quit the south for the north and pass for white. He started a haberdashery on one of the main streets of Cincinnati and prospered. He made no attempt to marry a white woman. All that he desired was to be let alone.

"But some members of the race who which he had grown up found him out, and they began to bother him. He paid them for their silence for a number of years. Their demands became exorbitant. When he rebelled against impoverishing himself to satisfy these demands they began to act familiarly with him in the presence of his white friends, thus causing the latter to wonder.

"His worst worry over the situation brought on a decline. From a big, athletic man he fell into consumption. He shot himself. His story didn't come out when he committed suicide, solely to depression over his disease, but he wouldn't have fallen into consumption, I am sure, if he hadn't been worried for years by blackmailers.

"The great majority of the persons who seek to pass for white succeed in so doing. I know of many curious instances of this sort of thing.

"In a large city of the middle west there is an octroon girl engaged in a head buyer for the most important military establishment in the city. This girl has a dazzling white skin, blue eyes and golden hair. She is a perfect beauty, and her manners are so charming that many men are not married, nor will she ever marry.

"Her mother, a quadroon woman, lives with her in the capacity of servant. The daughter has a pretty apartment. The mother does the household work. When there is no present she is the girl's well-loved mother. When there are others present she is Melinda and keeps to her place in the kitchen.

"The mother is entirely satisfied with this arrangement, although it cuts the daughter away from her. She is proud of her daughter, who is her only child, and naturally wants to be with her. At first, when this girl began to pass for white, she lived alone in her apartment, receiving money every week to her mother, who lived in a Tennessee city. The mother longed to see the girl, and she herself suggested the arrangement of which I speak.

"The girl's friends call upon her, dine with her, and they haven't the slightest suspicion that the handsome girl is a quadroon. The mother sits upon the table in her hostess' mother. It is an odd arrangement, but how else, in the circumstances, could it be done?

"I knew of a similar case right here in New York not many years ago. An octroon girl who had been educated in a Montreal convent at the expense of her mother, an artist's model when she returned to New York, passed for white. She posed for the head and face only. Her features were of the Greek type.

"After two years of this work she was married to a Frenchman, the manager of a French shipping firm in New York. Until the marriage the girl had visited her mother, who lived in the colored section of Harlem. In the colored section of Harlem, in secret, after her marriage she could not afford to take such chances of exposure. So her mother became her washerwoman and did the heavy cleaning up around the apartment. Thus the mother was enabled to see the daughter two or three times a week. It was the mother's suggestion.

"The daughter's French husband, a fine fellow and a first rate business man, was recalled to France a few years later. With his wife and five children he now lives in prosperity and happiness in one of the major port cities of France. His wife's mother was taken along with the family in the capacity of domestic. She is still alive and waiting on her grand-children.

"The French husband doesn't know that his wife is an octroon, but I don't believe he'd care if he were told. Frenchmen in fact most Europeans, view this matter differently. You know, he loves his wife and his family, and probably he wouldn't care if he knew. Perhaps he will be told some day.

"An octroon girl from New Orleans went to Chicago a short time before the world's fair in 1893 to pass for white. She was a beauty, with a milk white and chestnut hair. She

found employment as a demonstrator in a booth on the world's fair grounds.

"Along came a young German who fell in love with her. The young German was a graduate in medicine and surgery. His people in Berlin were rich. The young German proposed marriage to the octroon girl. She declined him.

"He pressed his offer. He refused to be refused. Finally she told him about herself. She wanted to be fair about it. He told her that what she told him made no difference. They were married.

"He is practicing his profession in Germany today. They have a house, saw the children playing in a Berlin park. I did not see the mother. If I should have passed her by without recognizing her, though I doubted her on my knee when she was a child, and if she met me she certainly would recognize me. The answer is simply

"That I am glad to know that she has won out, that she didn't have to be underhanded to win and that the door of opportunity opened to her touch."

"The annexation of Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines by the United States helped a good deal the persons who sought to pass for white. The swartzy Cubans, Kanakas and Filipinos who visit the United States in such numbers, and set here, look many of them, as if they had some of our blood in them. Some of them

"The Cubans, I mean—have. "The darker octroons desiring to pass for white find it convenient to be known by their white friends as Cubans or Kanakas or even Filipinos; in my opinion, however, they are not properly the name of the languages of the countries from which they pretend to come.

"One other thing: There is a general idea, based upon the Darwinian doctrine, known as the reversion to ancestral types, that the children of a union between an octroon and a white person are liable to be black or brown. In my opinion this belief is baseless. I have known of many unions of this kind, have seen the issue of such unions and have never seen a single instance of such a reversion; but such a thing is feared even by the octroon figuring in such marriages."—New York Sun.

BUYING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS EARLY

Start Now, Cecilia Says—She Has Already Begun to Look.

"This year," says Cecilia, "I am going to buy my Christmas presents early, earlier than ever."

"I don't know what will happen, but I am going to make a great effort to get through in time this year. I began this morning to make lists of the things that I want to get. I could give everything I like to. And I know pretty well already what I want to get. I may have to revise these lists somewhat as we go along. I may discover that some of my folks or friends change their minds and express in their casual conversations, of which I take mental note, new preferences which I shall want to regard, but I have got now pretty good rough lists of what I want to buy, and I have already begun to look. I have done this now for two or three years, but I am going to get through this earlier than ever this year and avoid the rush.

"They tell me that in the old times people used to put off their Christmas buying till the last week before the holiday, and the last day, and then all join in one mad scrimmage, and I guess there must be many who do that now. I know there are, because I hear people say now distractingly when the crowded days come, 'I don't know what I'm going to get for Susan. I don't know what I'm going to get for John; but I know there are more and more people nowadays who think these things over in advance and make up their minds and then go ahead and buy the things one or two at a time and get them into the house out of the way.

"I know I do that. I start weeks in advance and find the greater variety and get what I want and things that haven't been mussed."—New York Sun.

MINARD'S LIXIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

GYPSY SMITH'S ENGLISH HOME

Beautiful Hedged-in Garden of Roses a Picturesque Feature.

Rev. A. H. Armstrong writes in the Chicago Advance:

"I returned my week end in London for a few hours to my Gypsy Smith home in this country, not in the pulpit, but in the garden. It took two train hours to Cambridge, and two taxicab minutes to Roman's Ten. A big, dark man in his shirt sleeves, tan coat, calling, 'Hello, there's Mr. Armstrong.' We were fairly tired out and borne home in a

"The Gypsy Smith is a double two-story red brick, cottage style, and chimneyed. There are white walls all around with small paneled casement windows and quaint white porch pillars. The room is bright and cheerful. The kitchen has a 'choke.' There is an air of comfort and substantiality, typical of English homes. The acre or two of garden is walled by a high, thick hedge. It ranks the house in front by a trim lawn and an expanse of fern-grown rock. At the rear it goes riding with leaf and bloom and fruit. It is so full of an cultivation that it is a joy to the eye. There are many roses, apples, cherries, huge gooseberries, currants and sweet English strawberries. There are big leaved potatoes, rank peas and 'broad beans' that look like bladders growing on balsam plants. And roses, roses, roses.

"I wrote my wife that there were more roses in Gypsy's garden than in all oak Park, and I think that is literally true. There were dwarf roses and tree roses climbing and running roses, roses on trellises and fences and a rose that smothered the rear corner wall with thousands of thorns. There were white and crimson Rambles, pale Damasks, red Marchals, Nells, queenly American Beauties, scarlet Chinas, even in France, his modest roses and Malmaisons, pride of the House of Bourbon.

"Under an arbor with a thatch of roses a foot deep we sat down to English tea on a rug under a tree. The thin baked bread and tea cake were served from 'the curate's delight,' a three-story cake basket. We dipped 'three-hole straw' lemons in sugar and thick, yellow cream, holding them by the stems. We were much amused by a talented grey parrot, which kept calling, 'Master, come home; where's our old boy?' and singing snatches of the hymn 'Saved by Grace.'

None of the railroad companies which have adopted electricity in the regular use of moving trains seems disposed to give out any figures showing the cost of operation.

In a process recently patented in Germany for the regeneration of vulcanized India rubber fragments of old rubber are mixed with from one-tenth to one-fifth their weight of aniline, and the mixture is heated until it becomes fluid.

For Edison and Columbia machines and records, call at Williams' Piano Company, 261 Dundas street, 29th-f.

PURIFIED HIS BLOOD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sores of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged up, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., found, is to purify the blood. He writes:

"For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches formed all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this.

"At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box.