

Better Miss a Medal than a Cup of Delicious

Ceylon Tea, because for quality and flavor it has no equal.

Lead Packets Only.
Black, Mixed or Green.
HIGHEST AWARD,
ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Wayward But Winning

Lady Harrington stares through her eyeglasses at Carrie and shakes her head, and Lady Bellairs murmurs something—a Miss Harrington, I believe.

"Harrington!" shouts the duchess. "Is that one of Harrington's daughters? I remember him well. We used to call him Handsome Harrington. Hem, she does him credit. Bring her to me, I should like to know her."

The ladies around the august old dame stare at each other aghast, and the duchess, who likes to be obeyed, is about to repeat the request in the loudest tones, when Carrie, crimson to her delicate ears, looks up with a smile at Willie and says:

"I think I have a turn if you are still of the same mind."

Of the same mind? With a flash of the eyes he puts his arm round her waist, and as the gentlemen come forward with the duchess's message, Carrie glides out of his reach.

"I always thought," she says, for she can talk while she waits, being sound of mind, "that a duchess could not be so rude if she tried. How many most fond ideas are shattered as one grows up. Some day I shall discover that carriages play at pitch-and-toss like their leisure hours, and that princes of the blood are given to skittles."

Willie laughs and looks down at the beautiful face with fond admiration.

"Oh, the old duchess says what she likes, you know," he explains.

"She certainly doesn't say what I like," retorts Carrie.

It is a nice wait, and the hand—a little noisier, perhaps, than Coote & Thuey's—plays it very well, but somehow, for some undefined reason, Carrie doesn't enjoy it as well—not, say, as well as she thought she should, and very soon she stops not out of breath in the slightest, but with a little sigh.

"Let us rest," she says. "I think I like looking on better than dancing. There is a nice little corner. Let us stand there."

"All right," says Willie, delighted at the tele-tete.

And they go into the corner. But they are not alone, for a small party of aged ladies in the character of waitresses are seated on the round seat, smiling manfully and looking on through their eyeglasses in imitation of the grandees at the other end of the room.

One old lady recognizes Carrie and greets her effusively.

"How well you are looking, my dear, and is your papa here?" she wheezes.

"And Mr. Fairfax, too? What a lot of people. My dear, how crowded this is. But, Carrie dear—!" in a hushed and excited whisper.

"Well," says Carrie, bending her head as the old lady clutches her dress.

"Where's the young lord? Why didn't you bring him with you, my dear? Lord Cecil Neville, you know, who explains with a nod and a grin, and Carrie colors for a moment.

"Why didn't I bring him with me?" she asks, "because he was too large to carry and he would not come unless I did not?"

The old party cackles.

"Full of your spirits, as usual, my dear," she says, nodding and smiling.

"But we all expected him, you know. So very handsome, he is, and so immensely rich, isn't he?"

"I don't know," says Carrie sweetly.

"Is he? Why don't you ask him to give you a subscription to the Bungalow Missionary Society?"

"Oh? So I will, my dear," says the old lady, taking the suggestion in all seriousness.

"Do," says Carrie, then she turns away.

"I'm getting rather tired of hearing Lord Cecil's name," says Willie, sullenly.

"Yes," she says, absently. "It is a pity we did not bring a pack of his caries de visite and distribute them to-night; they would have consoled these good people for his absence."

"It's a nice thing to be a young lord," he said, looking down moodily.

"I don't know," retorts Carrie, reflectively. "One would be awfully bored. Before tomorrow's sun has set old Mrs. Callender will be down on him—Lord Cecil, not the sun—in her missionary card," and she laughs.

"Think how they would have mobbed him if he had come! He was too wise to stay at home in his slippers."

"Miss Harrington, do give me this

A Question for Women TO SETTLE.

When home dyeing has to be done, will it pay our women and girls to use weak and adulterated dyes sold in connection with Cheap-John jewelry, rough plated ware and common books, or will it pay better to use the world-famed DIAMOND DYES which sell entirely on their merits and established reputation?

Wise and prudent women who place a money value on their faded dresses, skirts, blouses, jackets, ribbons, stockings, curtains, draperies, husbands' and children's clothing, know well that to make the old and dingy things look like new, the best and surest way is to use the DIAMOND DYES, of which family every color is guaranteed to produce perfect results, when the simple directions are followed. The temptation to buy trashy jewelry, common plated ware, or cheap books, should never induce any intelligent woman or girl to use poorly prepared dyes, which only ruin good materials and fabrics.

The crude dyes referred to are sold by some retailers for the sake of large profits, a most unwise business for the short-sighted merchants who are daily losing many valuable customers who find they are disappointed and swindled.

At this time, when women are doing home coloring, we say, do like the tens of thousands who are meeting with success and profit, use only the DIAMOND DYES, which are sold at ten cents, same price as the weak and blotchy dyes. See that the name DIAMOND PACKAGE DYES is on each envelope handed to you.

RUSSIA INCREASES ARMENIA'S WOES

Correspondent Gets Truth at
the Church's Center.

MORE PERSECUTION IS FEARED
Bishop Convinced Turks and Tartars
Will Soon Wage Holy War on
All Christians.

Etchmiadzin, Russian Armenia, Nov. 22.—Etchmiadzin is in some respects one of the most important religious centers of the Armenian Church, whose adherents number several millions, and are divided between Russia, Turkey and Persia, besides numerous large or small colonies in Egypt, Australia, Greece, France, England, America, India and the West Indies.

The Armenian Church is, above all things, a national church, it is limited to the Armenian people, and is closely bound up with their history, all their thoughts and ideals center in their church. Secondly, it is an essentially democratic institution. Priests and bishops are elected by the communicants, and the Catholics of Etchmiadzin, or universal head of the whole church, is elected by the delegates of every Armenian congregation in the world.

Etchmiadzin is close to the small town of Yaghatap, in Russian Armenia, in the Caucasus. A large monastery is there, with a cathedral dating from the twelfth century, a valuable library, a printing press and several other institutions connected with the dissemination of religion and learning.

Besides the Catholics there are some forty monks, or rather archimandrites or bishops. The monks are poor and poor alike, subscribed voluntarily to support the church, until this summer the property was returned.

On arriving at Etchmiadzin I immediately asked for an interview with the venerable prelate, but he was ill and could not see me until the afternoon, which he was to spend at a small house close to the Church of Ripsima, outside the monastery.

Thither I repaired, and I found Mgr. Melchisedech, a long black rod, long on a sofa propped up with pillows in a large room whence a broad window looked right across the Armenian plain to the distant mountains.

It was sunset, and the great snow-capped dome was lit up to a brilliant golden red.

Melchisedech is now 55 years old, his hair and beard are gray, and his health is failing. But his mind is as clear as it has always been, his eye is keen, his hand is steady, and his mental activity unabated. He works hard for his people, travels wherever his presence is required, and until last year, he was frequently in Constantinople.

In the past eight months the warfare between his people and the Tartars has given him a great deal of work, but he has not the least weariness in his face.

A Fighting Prelate.

He is a fighting prelate and encourages his people to resist oppression—Turkish, Russian or Tartar.

He is renowned for eloquence, but as he is not a fluent speaker, I could not converse through an interpreter. I cannot repeat all he said on the political and social conditions of his people, but he has a keen sense of justice and he is not likely to be misinterpreted and lead both him and his church into trouble. But I may state that he is far from optimistic as to the future of the Armenians, and fears there will be further persecution and bloodshed.

He is very bitter against those who have governed the Armenians, and complains that even restitution of the church's property has not been wholly satisfactory, the estates having been grossly mismanaged and partly ruined.

In all parts of the Caucasus Tartars and Armenians are at daggers drawn, and the Armenians are doing little or nothing to re-establish peace and order. He is convinced that there is a Pan-Islamic movement among Turks and Tartars, directed at present against the Armenians, but he expects soon to see a campaign against all Christians.

The policy of governments may change," he said, "but as long as the ministers who carry it out remain the same there can be no real improvement."

I have rarely been so impressed by anybody as by the Grand Old Man of Armenia.

Elephant in a Panic

Ran Through a Crowd With Men Fighting on His Back.

Houston, Texas, Nov. 22.—With the back of an elephant for a ring a lively fight took place last night, resulting in a stampede on the "Hike-along," the main thoroughfare of the carnival grounds. Seven thousand people were surging on the "Hike-along" when the elephant, a man on his back, and a crowd of men, women and children, were suddenly attacked by the animal.

The elephant has done duty during the carnival as an excursion conveyance, carrying ten to twelve people at one time around the grounds. There was a full load of men on his back when he was attacked, and he was infuriated by a lady. A fierce clash followed. The fighters were big men and game, and went at one another with their fists. At the outset an innocent party was knocked out of the elephant box over the animal's head and went sliding down its trunk. This, with the other commotion, caused the elephant to charge through the crowd, trampling on the heads of the people.

A wide path was made for it by the panic-stricken people and no one was injured. One of the believers was with a clean blow knocked the other off the elephant. The other revelers fell sprawling in all directions, and the animal, after a moment's pause, charged through the crowd, trampling on the heads of the people.

Head of the Church.

The most interesting feature of Etchmiadzin is the venerable Archbishop of All the Armenians, Mgr. Melchisedech, or Khelmar Hayrik, as he is affectionately called—the man who has guided the people through all these years of storm and stress.

Born in 1820 at Van, in Turkish Armenia, in his early youth he took part in the revolutionary movement, and he entered the church, and in 1858 was ordained Priest-Archimandrite, a dignity which has nothing corresponding to it either in the Protestant or Catholic churches. He was appointed Treasurer at Constantinople in 1855, and became

Limit of Human Agony

Is often reached with corns. Foolish, because Putnam's Corn Extractor cures in twenty-four hours. Don't put off—get "Putnam's" today. Fifty years in use—painless and sure.

CUPID, NOT CASH, WINS THIS LORD

Miss Breese Will Not Owe
Title to Dollars.

OTHER ELIGIBLES IN SIGHT
An Estate of Three Castles and
Broad Acres for the Bridal
Couple.

London, Nov. 22.—The marriage of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby to Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, is different from the average Anglo-American alliance. It is Cupid and not cash that has ensnared the noble lord. He is one of those fortunate aristocrats who can afford to marry for love. Miss Breese, daughter of W. L. Breese, is reported to be passing rich, but the money she will bring to her husband will not begin to equal the inheritance that is in store for him as the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Ancaster.

The earl is 70 years old, and though he comes of a long-lived family, in the natural course of things it cannot be long before Lord Willoughby succeeds to the title, and the broad acres and magnificent country seats that go with it. Of the latter there are three—Grinsthorpe Castle in Lincolnshire, Normanton Park, near Stamford, and Drummond Castle, in Perthshire, Scotland.

The Earl of Ancaster is hereditary lord and great chamberlain of England, an honor which he shares with Lord Chalmersley—pronounced Chumley. The House of Lords was unable to decide which of the two houses had the best claim to the billet, and settled the matter by an amicable arrangement under which their respective heads alternate in the office. The earl held it until Queen Victoria's death, and then the marquis took his turn. After he becomes Earl of Ancaster Lord Willoughby will succeed to it some day.

Like most high-sounding jobs in this country its duties are dead easy, and chiefly ornamental, but it carries with it a lot of privileges, and brings the person holding it into close contact with the sovereign, and other royalties, and of necessity, his wife too. There can be no question, therefore, that the future American Countess of Ancaster will have every opportunity for gratifying the most exalted social ambitions she may entertain. But to do her wife Miss Breese hardly needs such assistance. She has already made good her footing inside the royal circle. She is a great friend of the young Countess of Devonshire, and was one of the few unmarried young women who were invited to be present at the royal wedding at Windsor in June last.

Perquisites Are Many.

There are many perquisites and gifts attached to the office of lord chamberlain's office and those that have fallen to the Willoughbys are stored at Grinsthorpe Castle, constituting a veritable museum of royal relics and other interesting antiques. Among them are the clothes worn by Charles I., King James, and George IV., at their coronations, a clock from the house of lords, which stopped ticking at the moment of King George III's death, and, of course, has never been permitted to record their flight, and a gilt chair, used by kings and queens on state occasions, rich tapestries and draperies, and lots of other things that are supposed to be of great value because of their associations with royalty.

Grinsthorpe Castle is a grand old place, though it is seldom used for the present earl except for shooting parties. Some portions of it date from the early part of the thirteenth century, and the castle is a fine specimen of the architecture of the period. One of the towers, called King John's Tower, still exists. Its walls are seven feet thick. The north front was reconstructed from designs from Sir John Vanbrugh, but the eastern side was built by the Duke of Suffolk, and the central drawing-rooms in which King Henry VIII. and Catherine Howard were entertained in 1541. The castle today forms a hollow square, the rooms on the north and west sides being the most interesting. The park, which comprises 2,000 acres, Big parks are also attached to Normanton and Drummond Castles.

Willoughby Serious Now.

Lord Willoughby is 38 years old. He used to be known as a dashing young fellow and fond of frolic. He can still sing a good comic song, but settled down to taking life seriously some years ago. For the last ten years he has represented the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire in the House of Commons as a Conservative, to the satisfaction of his constituents in all events, though he has cut no great figure there. He is both good natured and good looking, and though it is hardly probable that he will ever do anything brilliant, he can be depended on never to make a fool of himself.

Hearse-ene.

Without upsetting the stomach or causing other bad effects, Angier's Emulsion cures hoarseness, coughs, and throat and lung irritations. It is acceptable to the taste and stomach. It improves the appetite, assists digestion, tones up, and benefits the whole system. Try a 50-cent bottle.

Prince Killworth, who has acquired fame in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, renounced his title and estates when a young man and emigrated to America, where he attended to a bolt-making machine at a salary of \$750 a week. He then got a position as engineer, and eventually became a railway manager in Venezuela.

You Won't

cough long if you use Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic. It cures Colds, Coughs, and all irritations of the air passages almost instantly.

You won't use anything if it fails to cure you, for then your dealer will give you back what you paid for it. If you use Shilo's

You Will

agree that it is the greatest medicine for Coughs and Colds in the world.

"I have used Shilo's Consumption Cure for Coughs and Colds," says Mr. G. H. Reed, Marquette, Ont.

"I have used Shilo's Consumption Cure and find it very satisfactory," says Mr. J. E. McKay, Kincardine, Ont.

"I had cold and a friend told me to try Shilo's Consumption Cure. I did so and am well," says Miss Cooper, 433 Avenue St., Montreal, Que.

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

CUPID, NOT CASH, WINS THIS LORD

Miss Breese Will Not Owe
Title to Dollars.

OTHER ELIGIBLES IN SIGHT
An Estate of Three Castles and
Broad Acres for the Bridal
Couple.

London, Nov. 22.—The marriage of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby to Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, is different from the average Anglo-American alliance. It is Cupid and not cash that has ensnared the noble lord. He is one of those fortunate aristocrats who can afford to marry for love. Miss Breese, daughter of W. L. Breese, is reported to be passing rich, but the money she will bring to her husband will not begin to equal the inheritance that is in store for him as the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Ancaster.

The earl is 70 years old, and though he comes of a long-lived family, in the natural course of things it cannot be long before Lord Willoughby succeeds to the title, and the broad acres and magnificent country seats that go with it. Of the latter there are three—Grinsthorpe Castle in Lincolnshire, Normanton Park, near Stamford, and Drummond Castle, in Perthshire, Scotland.

The Earl of Ancaster is hereditary lord and great chamberlain of England, an honor which he shares with Lord Chalmersley—pronounced Chumley. The House of Lords was unable to decide which of the two houses had the best claim to the billet, and settled the matter by an amicable arrangement under which their respective heads alternate in the office. The earl held it until Queen Victoria's death, and then the marquis took his turn. After he becomes Earl of Ancaster Lord Willoughby will succeed to it some day.

Like most high-sounding jobs in this country its duties are dead easy, and chiefly ornamental, but it carries with it a lot of privileges, and brings the person holding it into close contact with the sovereign, and other royalties, and of necessity, his wife too. There can be no question, therefore, that the future American Countess of Ancaster will have every opportunity for gratifying the most exalted social ambitions she may entertain. But to do her wife Miss Breese hardly needs such assistance. She has already made good her footing inside the royal circle. She is a great friend of the young Countess of Devonshire, and was one of the few unmarried young women who were invited to be present at the royal wedding at Windsor in June last.

Perquisites Are Many.

There are many perquisites and gifts attached to the office of lord chamberlain's office and those that have fallen to the Willoughbys are stored at Grinsthorpe Castle, constituting a veritable museum of royal relics and other interesting antiques. Among them are the clothes worn by Charles I., King James, and George IV., at their coronations, a clock from the house of lords, which stopped ticking at the moment of King George III's death, and, of course, has never been permitted to record their flight, and a gilt chair, used by kings and queens on state occasions, rich tapestries and draperies, and lots of other things that are supposed to be of great value because of their associations with royalty.

Grinsthorpe Castle is a grand old place, though it is seldom used for the present earl except for shooting parties. Some portions of it date from the early part of the thirteenth century, and the castle is a fine specimen of the architecture of the period. One of the towers, called King John's Tower, still exists. Its walls are seven feet thick. The north front was reconstructed from designs from Sir John Vanbrugh, but the eastern side was built by the Duke of Suffolk, and the central drawing-rooms in which King Henry VIII. and Catherine Howard were entertained in 1541. The castle today forms a hollow square, the rooms on the north and west sides being the most interesting. The park, which comprises 2,000 acres, Big parks are also attached to Normanton and Drummond Castles.

Willoughby Serious Now.

Lord Willoughby is 38 years old. He used to be known as a dashing young fellow and fond of frolic. He can still sing a good comic song, but settled down to taking life seriously some years ago. For the last ten years he has represented the Horncastle division of Lincolnshire in the House of Commons as a Conservative, to the satisfaction of his constituents in all events, though he has cut no great figure there. He is both good natured and good looking, and though it is hardly probable that he will ever do anything brilliant, he can be depended on never to make a fool of himself.

Hearse-ene.

Without upsetting the stomach or causing other bad effects, Angier's Emulsion cures hoarseness, coughs, and throat and lung irritations. It is acceptable to the taste and stomach. It improves the appetite, assists digestion, tones up, and benefits the whole system. Try a 50-cent bottle.

Prince Killworth, who has acquired fame in connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, renounced his title and estates when a young man and emigrated to America, where he attended to a bolt-making machine at a salary of \$750 a week. He then got a position as engineer, and eventually became a railway manager in Venezuela.

You Won't

cough long if you use Shilo's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic. It cures Colds, Coughs, and all irritations of the air passages almost instantly.

You won't use anything if it fails to cure you, for then your dealer will give you back what you paid for it. If you use Shilo's

You Will

agree that it is the greatest medicine for Coughs and Colds in the world.

"I have used Shilo's Consumption Cure for Coughs and Colds," says Mr. G. H. Reed, Marquette, Ont.

"I have used Shilo's Consumption Cure and find it very satisfactory," says Mr. J. E. McKay, Kincardine, Ont.

"I had cold and a friend told me to try Shilo's Consumption Cure. I did so and am well," says Miss Cooper, 433 Avenue St., Montreal, Que.

SHILOH

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

Suppose you do like the tea you are using. How do you know it is the best tea you can get for the money?

MANY were satisfied with the tea they were using before they tried Red Rose Tea.

When they tried Red Rose Tea they found it had that "rich fruity flavor," found it was strong—that it requires less to make a cup of good tea than the brand of Ceylon alone they had been using.

Now, why not be sure you are getting the best tea to be had.

You cannot be sure till you try Red Rose Tea.

**Red Rose
Tea** is good Tea
T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

**Exceptional
Furniture.**

Whether you have an entire house to fit out, or just a single place to buy, it will pay you to come here, for we have, else, do we believe, will be seen such excellent variety, such originality and beauty of designs and such goodness and quality at the price.

The sideboard illustrated here is solid oak, beautifully finished, has a large British plate mirror. Regular \$35.00 value.

**The Ontario
Furniture Co.**
228 and 230 DUNDAS STREET

This is called the practical age; at all events it is a time when people like to get value for their money. This is assured when you buy

**COWAN'S
Perfection COCOA**
(Maple Leaf Label)

It is absolutely pure, very nutritious and very healthful.

The COWAN CO., Limited, Toronto.

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
for E. B. Eddy's
FIBRE-WARE**

TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, ETC.
from any first-class dealer.

SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit, a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods in this line. Just as good as EDDY'S, but experience would prove to the contrary, so don't be led astray. BUY EDDY'S EVERY TIME, AND YOU WILL BUY RIGHT.

Gourlay Pianos
Typify
Piano Superiority

In every detail of their construction. They mark further progress toward the attainment of the ideal in piano-building, and are firmly established as the highest standard of piano excellence.

Their acknowledged superiority has not been achieved merely by the use of the best materials, nor by the employment of the most skilled craftsmen, necessary and important as these factors are. Beyond even these the underlying secrets of the success of the Gourlay have been:

An intelligent conception of the ideal in piano-building. A knowledge of the advance of science, and latest methods of attaining this ideal.

The ambition and determination to realize this attainment.

And a factory supervision that allows no consideration of cost to hinder this realization.

We ship on approval anywhere in Canada.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
LONDON REPRESENTATIVE:
C. W. TREADGOLD, 195 DUNDAS ST.