

When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always used.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

A London correspondent tells this of Dr. Ingram, the new Bishop of London:

On one occasion when I was with him at a bustling Midland Railway station, the bishop was accepted by a somewhat imposing dignitary of the church, who entered into a grave talk with the head of the Oxford House. Suddenly, Dr. Ingram said, "Pardon me, but I have a moment to spare," and he turned to me, a rough-looking man who was passing, and greeted me as heartily returned. After a few minutes of bright and laughing conversation, Dr. Ingram returned to me.

"Whoever was that?" asked the other dignitary, somewhat pompously. "Oh," was the reply, "that's one of my opponents. We always have a chat when we meet."

"You don't mean he's an atheist, surely?" was the response.

"Yes," said Dr. Ingram, "do; at all events, he fancies he is one; but he's such a pleasant fellow, and there's a lot of good in him. And, then, with a grave pause, he added, "And goodness can only have one source."

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and giving may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced a more tedious walk."

The wheezy old station master walked up to them.

"You goin' to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business!" retorted the bridegroom, indignantly.

Onward came the train. It was the last to that destination that day; an express-train, nearer it came at full speed, then in a moment it whirled past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you said 'warn't none of my business, I has to signal if that train's to stop."

A curate having preached a very clever sermon on the Sunday, called upon a certain colonel on the Monday especially to ask his opinion.

"How did I like the sermon?" said the colonel. "Very much, indeed. It's one of my favorites."

"One of your favorites?" stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand."

The colonel regarded him with a twinkle at the back of his eyes. "Of course, I won't say a word," he said, "but I know very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from."

"Sir," said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his righteous indignation. "I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and—er—forgetting yourself, I must ask you to apologize."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase, he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to a certain page, and there, in a cursive hand, he saw the face as he glanced up at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I apologize. You did not steal it after all, for I find it is still here. My mistake, sir; my mistake."

He pulled himself up at the hotel table, tucked up his napkin, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly, "here's nothing on this I want."

"Ain't there nothing you would like for dinner, sir?" enquired the waiter, politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?" The waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bona-fide?"

"No, no, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we haven't."

"Got any jeu d'esprit?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any solres dansants?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off, "Got any sine die?"

"We ain't, sir."

"Got any pluribus unum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems to me I heard of that, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen to return empty-handed.

"Maybe you've got some beef and cabbage and a gooseberry tart?"

"Sure we have, sir," exclaimed the waiter, and in a tone of the utmost relief, he fairly flew out to the kitchen—"Titi-Bits."

A certain duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of soldiers, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with the carriage at his side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going. The lad replied:

"To the park to see the duke and squire."

The duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride to the park with him.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance of whom he was, kept his grace

WRECKED BY A ROSE A DAY.

A Romance Which Proves the Ticklish Nature of Sentiment.

Sentiment is ticklish stuff, says the New York Sun. It lies so close to the border of absurdity that only a canny traveler in its domain can keep from occasionally straying across the line.

Now there was a young man—a most estimable young man. What's more, he was a very good fellow. In the course of time he fell in love. Estimable men do that often. Even good fellows are likely to do it. Being in a way, being in love, by the law of sequence, a man is apt to make himself more or less ridiculous. The young man who is the hero of this tale wasn't ridiculous. He was distinctly successful in the role of lover.

He was saturated with sentiment, but in a maddening way. He walked the line between sentiment and absurdity unerringly. He did the little thoughtful things women love, but he didn't make a doormat of himself. And the girl was wiser than he. She was a sensible, sensible girl. Then he was called away. His San Francisco uncle was inconsiderate enough to die, and he was obliged to go out and settle up the estate. That made him exceedingly sorrowful, for things were at a critical point. By proposing he wanted to spoil his chances for matrimony, yet he was a young man, and he knew that a lover in New York is to a New York girl worth two lovers in San Francisco. Also, he knew that the two lovers—and more—would be in New York.

But he had to go, and that being settled, he pondered how to make the best of a bad thing. Of course, he would write often—every day; but any fellow would do that. He must suggest in some other way his constant thought of her. He had been in the habit of giving her—American Beauties—as often as the state of his exchequer would permit. A brilliant thought came to him. He would make an arrangement with the florist and have a single splendid American Beauty rose delivered to his lady love each morning of his absence. He would probably be gone six weeks, seven days in a week, 50 cents each. He did a lightning calculation. Yes. He could raise the price.

So the thoughtful lover made the arrangement. The night before he left he mentioned it to the girl. She was much touched. Women like such little attentions. The next day a gorgeous delivery wagon pulled up with a flourish at the girl's door. A splendid vision in a uniform that would have made Solomon look like a foggy day ran up the steps bearing a long-stemmed rose and handed it to the maid, who gave it to the girl. The girl blushed and sighed, and put the rose in a vase by her mirror, where she would be likely to see it often.

The next day the same thing happened, and the next. Always the pomp and circumstance, always the huge and radiant vision bearing one simple rose.

Then in an evil day for the absent lover the girl saw that the thing was funny. Her chum was with her, and the chum had a lively sense of humor. They giggled over the magnificent delivery wagon and the big man in uniform. The girl giggled again. Sentiment merged into absurdity and was lost.

Each time the performance of the rose happened it seemed funnier than it had before. The girl grew hysterical over it, and greeted the tender token with fearful mirth. From the rose to the man was a short step for femininity. She couldn't take either seriously.

When the man of sentiment came back from San Francisco he found her engaged to a man who had been rose-crazy a week. Long for the All of which goes to prove that sentiment is ticklish stuff.

Askit—What kind of a doctor is Pillsbury?

Tell—He's the sort that blames his poor practice on the Christian Scientists—Baltimore American.

James Flett, an employee of a Rags-Peak Lumber Company, had his foot caught in a line roller. Part of his foot was torn off and his toes badly smashed.

LIBRARY AMONG THE REAS. THE COMMONEST OF ALL TROUBLES

A Youthful Outing in the United States.

MISTAKEN FOR MEAGHER

When Labouchere left Cambridge he was traveling. Mexico was a country he meant to see, having resided in the capital some little time, he rode off on his own horse and with \$50 in his pocket. After a number of months he returned to the capital and fell in love with a girl. The girl was traveling with the troops and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and mules as equivalents for coin. By and by he tired of this occupation and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chipeway Indians going back to their homes. He went with them and lived with them for six months, doing nothing but playing cards for work and sports, playing cards for the family for the rest of the time. He was always a just, fair, and passing away the time. Leaving the Chipeways, he went to New York, and making the city his headquarters, he visited the towns about it. It occurred to him to go into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. Don't imagine that he did all this without money. When mentioned his \$50 I did not think it necessary to say that Mr. Labouchere could draw upon his bankers or his father. He was now and then hard up, however, not to say hungry, while waiting remittances, but he was generally quite equal to all emergencies. He had always seemed to take the world more as he found it. The serious business it is. When he strides forth, sword in hand, as if he were really tragic, that is only his way of pretending. His sword is really only a play. But the harlequin often turns his bat into a bit of a maul.

Labouchere was sent by the British Minister to look after some Irish patriots at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle hour in almost any American city, you can get into a game of cards in a way. Being in the way of a gambler, in the evening of his arrival the attaché incontinent entered a gaming establishment and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he was very satisfied. He did not doubt with his prowess. The next day the balliffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay, and could not therefore take away his luggage. All he could do was to write two days for his return. He was to Washington for a remittance, and wait two days for his arrival. The first day he walked about, and spent his half-dollar on a bench on the corner. The second morning he went to the bay to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing to do but to buy himself a breakfast. Towards evening he grew very hungry, and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. He was hungry and for the time being, penniless. He touched at his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen, and that they were not only continually staring at him, but were even discussing him with each other. His guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impudently appearing at the table when they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer, and in a low voice said, "I beg your pardon, sir, are you a patriot Meagher?" Now this patriot was a gentleman who had sided with Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia and escaped thence to the United States. "It was my business to look after the patriots," said Labouchere, telling me the story, "a finger before my lips and said 'Hush!' the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling as though I saw a vision of Erin beginning me. It was felt at once that the waiter was gher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent. When I had done justice to all the good things I was to the bar, and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the Post-office, got his money, and breakfasted—Joseph Hutton in "The People."

Mrs. Brown and Her Son.

It was on the eve of a local holiday—"Where are you going on, day?" said Mrs. Brown to William, her son.

"I think I'll go to Lanark," replied William.

"What's to be seen there?" asked the mother, who did not know that Lanark was near the famous Falls of Clyde.

"Eh, mother, I've no ken that," answered William, rather astonished at his mother's ignorance. "Why, Cora Linn, of course."

Mrs. Brown was seemingly hurt at her son's sharp answer, for turning on him she warmly replied—"Ye dinna need to get into me a temper at the bit simple question. How was I to ken yer lassie's name and I, tell me."

Minard's Liniment Lamberman's Friend.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used more for Backache Than for Any Other Kidney Affection.

Bright's Disease Not so Frequent of Late Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Indisputably the Most Effective Also far less Prevalent.

Matane, Que., July 8. (Special.) Not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the Province of Quebec there is a marked decrease noticeable in the number of cases of Bright's Disease reported. This fact is undoubtedly due to the wide use of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the earlier stages of the disease.

Bright's Disease at one time was the cause of a large proportion of the deaths in this province. It was incurable and until Dodd's Kidney Pills were introduced, it was incurable. Not so, however, now. Dodd's Kidney Pills have almost wiped the disease out. Nor is Diabetes any longer a source of great concern. The most common cause of Bright's Disease manifests itself in Backache, and her Dodd's Kidney Pills, doing their most active work. They are the only pills that cure and quickest cure for Backache ever invented. They work on a principle of going to the root of the trouble—the kidneys—wherein they differ from all other backache medicines except imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They do more than merely relieve. They positively cure, as thousands of people are ready to testify.

Donne, a well known resident of Matane, says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a grand success of curing me of Backache, and I recommend everybody to keep them in the house. They are a wonder as a remedy for Backache and Disease of the Kidneys."

Miner of German Origin.

Lord Milner's grandfather was a German merchant at Neuss, who married a German lady, nee Von Rappard. In 1830 his son Karl was born. Karl received his education at Bonn, where he matriculated in 1852. In 1853 he married, whilst a student, and studied medicine at Bonn, Glessen, and Tübingen, taking his degree of D. Med. at the last-named place in 1858. He practised as a doctor in London from 1861 to 1867. In that year he returned to Tübingen, and became "Lektor der englischen Sprache" at the University there, and in 1872 "Ausserordentlicher Professor," in which year he married a German lady. His first wife had died in 1860. The question consequently arises whether Lord Milner is an English subject by birth, or whether he has become naturalized. There is a statute of William IV. which gives the Sovereign the right of all right to create a naturalized citizen. It was passed because William IV. was a Dutchman who had been naturalized Englishman. It does not appear ever to have been revised. Unless the above be revised, Lord Milner was naturalized Englishman by his brief residence in London, his son would have been born a German subject. If so, and the son was naturalized, he cannot become a Peer.—From Truth.

Dear Sirs.—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for rheumatism, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Was the Piano Safe?

Some time ago a famous pianist was giving recitals in an Irish city. He invariably took a piano with him to the different towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the pianist practised at his hotel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond.

One day the musician was engaged to recite the history of his life to learn that his hotel was on fire. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the messenger as to the fate of his beloved instrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed. The messenger replied that an effort had been made to get it out, but this was not successful.

Noticing the crestfallen look in the face of his questioner, the man hastened to add:

"But make yer mind easy. Yer Honorable, the piano was in the safe, for as I was leaving the house was playin' on it."—London Tit-Bits.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

An Apple Eater.

During a visit to the South of England, a gentleman was met with who related a unique and most interesting experience in dietetics. It was that for the last three years he had lived on one meal a day, and that meal was composed chiefly of apples. Further astonishment was evoked by his reply to my question as to what he drank when he stated that the liquid of the apples supplied all the liquid he needed. He was of the opinion that the apple was of the most beneficial kind, being in reality water with the pleasant and most interesting taste of an apple. He partook of his one meal about three o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied with the meal occupying him from twenty minutes to half an hour. He looked the picture of healthful manhood, and is engaged daily in literary work.—Chambers' Journal.

The New Style of Theological Discussion.

Camden, N. J., is now to the fore with new and progressive evangelistic methods that should merit attention. Differences between preachers of various creeds are settled by wrestling matches before the congregation, the winner being looked upon as having demonstrated the superiority of the doctrine he promotes.

This new evangelistic scheme was introduced at a revival meeting in Camden. Two ministers occupied the platform, Dr. Tingling, an Englishman, who held certain radical views on "Eternal Punishment," and Dr. Edwards, an American, who was much more moderate in his views of the future condition of mankind. Constantly, during the meeting, the two ministers came into verbal conflict, but it was not until near the close of the service that the really interesting feature of the evening was introduced.

Dr. Edwards, in his efforts to show the Briton the futility of his position on the question of the eternity of punishment, prefaced his argument with a half Nelson which greatly reduced the force of Dr. Tingling's argument. The English evangelist released himself from his undignified position by spinning on his head. Immediately thereafter he began his argument in favor of everlasting fire and torment with a strange hold which disconcerted the American and his attempt to speak the flow of his muscular oratory. There being no reference present, Dr. Edwards could not claim a foul and saw no means of strengthening his position, logically or otherwise.

Fight Becomes More Earnest.

Before the debate could be closed by a touch of both shoulders and a high to the mat, however, he wrenched himself free, always getting a strong body hold, proceeded to demonstrate the falsity of the position assumed by Dr. Tingling. Dr. Tingling retorted by throwing Dr. Edwards over his shoulder, falling upon him and almost ending the discussion. The American, however, argued to explode this epithetical argument by a double Nelson which landed Dr. Tingling flat on his back on the mat. The congregation gleefully accepted the views of Dr. Edwards, and thereafter in correct premise and deduction.

There is much to be said in favor of this new method of conducting a theological discussion. It is much more lively than the only too common pulpit to-day and will attract many to church who now are never seen or heard. It will mean the production of evangelists of different calibre from those at present engaged in preaching the gospel, and the man who will feel himself fitted to answer a call to preach unless he has taken a course at Muldoon's Gym and been assured by some of the leading preachers of the day that he is fully qualified to meet the leading modern revivalists.

Features of a Future Discussion.

The major and minor premise of a syllogism will then consist of a hammer-lock and grapevine twist, while the proper answer to an annoying question as to Infant Damnation will be answered by a York-rip or a cross-buttock tow and the preacher not ready in logic will have to be able to form a "bridge" at any moment which will prevent his utter confusion by an abler competitor. Eventually, of course, all the leading religious universities will give their post-graduate men courses in Jiu Jitsu, importing the ablest Japanese adepts for the purpose, and the Kikoukai, by the Terrible Turk, undoubtedly will be given the chair of applied science in theological demonstration at some leading college.

A new and charming vista of possibilities is opened for us—Kall Decker in N. Y. Telegraph.

Hard to Explain.

Anderson was passionately fond of his dog, and the proprietor of the hotel at which he always stopped always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along, and as he approached his destination he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper table that night no honey appeared, and Anderson said sharply to the head waiter:

"Where is my honey?"

The waiter smiled and said: "You mean the little in black-haired one? Oh, she don't work here now."

And the Republican says that Anderson never did get it fixed up satisfactorily with his wife.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Why We Let It Pass.

The other day a man with an angry look in his eye stopped us on the street and wanted to know "What wrote that piece?" Which appeared in the previous issue of the great moral and religious weekly. Now, we wrote the piece ourselves, but the weather being too warm for us, we wrote it for a friend to be thrashed by a cripple we told him we considered the writer as an entirely responsible man, who didn't mean any personal or out of the way. We do hate a row—Howard, Kan., Courier.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

A Mysterious Chest.

The Tear Paul I left a locked chest when he died, inscribed, "Not to be opened for a hundred years." The Tear was murdered on March 24, 1801, just when he was intriguing to place Russia under the power of Napoleon. Nothing is as yet known of the contents of the mysterious chest, but it is surmised that it contains important papers on the history of a hundred years ago, and especially on the projected attacks on England.

There Is

no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them.

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QUEER IDEALS OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

These have been ascertained (?) and tabulated by a Miss Dodd, who writes in the National Review of the Views of American girls on the question "Which would you rather be, a man or a woman—and why?"

Tabulating the answers, it is found that 85 per cent. of the school girls remained, as Miss Dodd puts it, "true to their sex," which one takes to mean that they preferred to remain women. Fourteen per cent. of them were very true to their sex, indeed, because they asserted that they despise men, and believe women to be superior.

One of these school girls would rather be a woman than a man because "women wear nicer dresses and more colors"; another, because "women are not punished so much as men," for the law is not hard on them; and still another, because "women are treated more politely than men, and they do their hair nicer." Another, whose literary touch is somewhat firmer than her logic, says that she prefers to be a woman because "women are more noble than men. Portia was noble, and Cordelia; but Lear and Bassano had faults." Here are some more reasons: "Women can go about to many places and see things; a man has to stay in a hot office." "Woman has patience when she is cross, but men use bad language." "I would rather be a woman any day; men get drunk and steal, and they can't work or make children's clothes or do anything useful." Which seems to be a little sweeping.

Quite as interesting are the replies of the 15 per cent. who are not "true to their sex," add to the difference of choice, however, seems to be based on a disagreement as to fact, thus one says "I would rather be a man because they have an easier time," and another "I wish to be a man because he always gets work quicker and he gets more wages."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that he is the owner of one-half of the stock of said firm, and that he cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Not That Kind of a Ranch.

Fanny Fields has toured through California, and she vouches for the truth of the following: "A German, who was driving through a large Californian cabbage farm, met with an accident to his car. One of the wheels came off, so he walked to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a negro. 'What do you want?' asked the negro. 'I want a cabbage.' 'Naw, gitta long!' exclaimed the negro. 'Dis ain't no monkey ranch; dis yah is a cabbage ranch!'"

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

An Old Spring Saw.

Bifkins—Great Scot! Look at those dirty Skimpkin children, will you? I wonder where on earth Mrs. Skimpkin is.

Bifkins—Why, don't you know? She's presiding over the mother's meeting.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children's Teething. It soothes the gums, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.