

THE COST TO YOU

is the same as other teas. The quality and value is infinitely superior. Then it's pure.



Ceylon Natural Green Tea is as far ahead of Japan as "SALADA" black is ahead of all others black teas.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers.

Vera's Love Affair

"I wouldn't for the world refer to it again," says Mr. Peyton, with a ghastly attempt at pleasantry, and with all the air of one who is virtuously conscious of having parted company with ill-temper for ever and aye. "Indeed, in my opinion, too much has already been said about it by—by," airily, "some of us, but—"

"Say me, when you are about it," I shan't mind," says Griselda with an extraordinary little laugh that she proudly believes would convince any one of the fact that she is as sweet as a humor as was ever woman on this earth.

"Well, I will, if you like. But I assure you, I didn't mean it." "No?" You meant yourself then? And quite right too. You did say a great deal too much.

"A matter of opinion, my dear girl," with a lamentable falling off of the virtuous incline towards good-fellowship of a moment since.

"Do you mean to tell me," says Griselda, blushing in sudden wrath, "that you were not interested awfully in me?" You accused me—of what? To have the most terrible difficulties to overcome of having kept you waiting here for me for two hours. You even hinted you can't deny it—that it was unwilling to come." Her tone is now taunting, and her eyes are as drowned in tears.

"I don't think I said that," he is beginning in a craven tone, and she interrupts him, emboldened, no doubt, by that luckless quaver.

"You did, you know you did. Oh, Tom, to think you could be so unkind. And how do you imagine I am ever to trust you again? Oh, no, that is all over. I may as well tell you, indeed, you will be my unhappy fate—but to believe in you, to—to respect you, is more than I—I—"

"My dearest girl, how can you talk to me like that? See, now, Griselda, it is impossible you can mean it. You are fault with me! I'd like to see the girl who could do that. And when I remember all I endured this morning, I feel I told to Granch, the cruel way in which I flattered my nose against the window-pane trying to get a glimpse of you, that I might signal to you why it was I wasn't coming! Oh, when I recollect all I feel that I ought to hate you."

"The sobbings have gone down before her righteous indignation. "It doesn't matter what you ought to do, so long as you don't do it," says he softly, with lamentable want of principle.

"One should do one's duty," says she sternly. "Oh, don't. Don't do yours in this case," entreats he, with a piteous look.

"You're laughing," says the younger Miss Dysart, casting a severe glance at him. "This glance is her undoing; it roars over, and it is with the utmost difficulty that she succeeds in concealing the little smirk that has crept along the corners of her mouth."

"Laughing! Far be it from me," says Mr. Peyton, who, indeed, is as grave as an owl. "Well, in a tone of resignation, 'as you won't speak to me, I may as well occupy myself in other ways. Any objection to my smoking, Miss Dysart?'"

As he speaks, he draws from the pocket of his scandalous old coat the inevitable cigar case, a dainty affair, with a silver monogram. And he draws from another dainty pocket a match-box. Having lit the cigar he continues to smoke without a spark of a penitence eye, and with a desire to make conversation and break the present constraint, at any price, urges him to proclaim it aloud.

"Meddler!" he says, with lazy astonishment. "Bless my stars, what a name!" If he had thought by taking this neutral subject into discussion, to lull his beloved into oblivion of her wrongs, he is mightily mistaken.

"One would think you never heard it before," says Griselda, in a distinctly unfriendly tone, and without a spark of that bonhomie that, as is popularly agreed, characterizes her.

"Well, after all, perhaps I have," says Mr. Peyton ingenuously. "Something to do with the dark ages—the slaughter-house business, and I really do believe a faint inkling of it is coming to me. There was an unpleasant old woman, wasn't there, and a considerable quantity of blood, and poison, and trap-doors, and—it was rather Drury Larnish, don't you think?"

"I was never at Drury Lane," says she, with an uncompromising air. "No! Really?" wit has charming surprised air. "What a loss you have sustained! Well, but to go back to the 'dark ages,' tapping it lightly. 'Meddler,' for a vendor of matches! How are the mighty fallen! It's a name rather out of place, you must allow," defending his position valorously.

"A very appropriate name, I think," says Griselda, declining to fall into his line of view. "Considering all we have ever heard of that most unpleasant Catherine, I should say she must now be in a position to send up tons of phosphorus, or sulphur, or whatever those matches are made of, for her sorrowing relatives."

"Oh, I say," says Mr. Peyton, and thereon most unwisely gives voice to mirth.

"If you don't take care," cries Griselda, overcome by this last touch of frivolity on his part, in the midst of a tragical performance, "you will shortly be able to send tons of sulphur to your relatives," and with awful emphasis, "they won't be sorrowing."

As if horrified by this thought, she bursts into tears; and Mr. Peyton, horrified, too, but from different causes, promptly takes her in his arms and otherwise consoles her.

"Griselda," says he, "I will acknowledge myself to be the most inhuman, the most blood-stained wretch of my

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

lost in the happy dreams of youth, still happier in the thought that, this being a blessed Sunday evening, no fear of Mr. Dysart's putting in an appearance need be dreaded, that dear old man making a point of spending every seventh noon in his private chamber, the room in which Vera had once discovered him.

The lovers, therefore, secure in the thought of his absence, stroll leisurely along, whispering gay nothings and making wonderfully merry. Their mirth has indeed reached quite a boisterous pitch, their laugh ringing out upon their favorite walk in which stands a mouldering rustic seat, watched over by a dilapidated goddess, whose signal indecency has long since been lost sight of amongst the wreaths of respectable ivy that have insisted on clustring her to a proper frame of mind.

Here, as if by one consent, Mr. Peyton and his betrothed come to a sudden and awful standstill. So motionless, indeed, so rigid do they become in one short moment, that but for the ivy, and the goddess, it might have been one of them in a clothed, they might have been mistaken for companion statues to the goddess above. Their mirth has come to an unlooked-for end, their smiles are frozen on their lips, for there—right before them, staring at them, sits Mr. Dysart on the crumbling seat.

[To be Continued.]

considered, Miss Van den Broeck gave some clever criticisms on the students' work. Afternoon tea was served by the executive committee, and a very pleasant half hour ensued.

Colonel Smith gave a very smart lunch at the beginning of the week at his handsome home, Bellevue, Wexley Road. It was a very happy function (to go with the Colonel as host it could not be otherwise), and guests included Mrs. Stewart, Miss Eleanor Smallman, Miss Pringle (in whose honor the party was given), Miss Dora Labatt, Mr. Kortright, Mr. George Gunn, and Mr. Campbell Becher.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Hogg, York street, was a very bright and charming hostess of a *chambre de la table*, among whom were Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Edge, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. McBurney, Miss McWhinney, Miss Spry, Miss Fuller, Miss Morphy, Miss Biddy.

Miss Edith Scatterd, Richmond street, entertained at seven-hundred on Thursday afternoon.

A few of Mrs. T. H. Smallman's many friends had a very pleasant opportunity of bidding her bon voyage and a safe return when on Saturday last Mrs. Reid entertained in her honor at the tea hour. Mrs. (Dr.) Drake, Miss Aspinall and Miss Besse Moore did the honors of the tea room, which was fragrant with spring blossoms. Mrs. Beddome, Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mrs. Harley Brown, Mrs. W. H. Hyman, Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, Mrs. (Dr.) Niven, Mrs. Frank Leonard and Mrs. Ginge and a few others were there. KATRINKA.

Central at East Buffalo were destroyed by fire some time recently. The building are to be 150 feet long and 236 feet wide. They will cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

The report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for 1903 shows that the gross earnings of all the lines directly operated by the company were \$122,626,419; operating expenses, \$84,773,056.

After deducting rentals paid to roads operated on the basis of net earnings, the net earnings of the company were \$39,471,901. The net income was \$27,666,507. From this amount there were deducted \$12,715,576 for sinking and trust funds and other improvements, leaving a balance of \$14,950,931, which was paid out in 6 per cent dividends.

SOMETHING IN A NAME. "Thirty years and more ago," said "Tody" Hamilton, the king of all the circus press agents, on a recent visit to Washington, "I was, consequently, a paper rain-making capacity with a dinky little circus that was covering the one-night circus out west. It was right after the panic of '73, and circuses weren't doing much."

The outfit fell hopelessly into the hands of a sheriff in an Iowa town. The proprietor of the show held out most of the receipts, claiming that he only had a couple of hundred dollars left. He called the performers together and had them sign a paper in which they agreed to let him have the outfit. They had to stand for the suggestion, of course. The performers, down to those whose names began with H, each received a few dollars. Then the pay-off coin was all gone.

"Among the also rans was a Mulligan, called Zenarkis, the Marvellous Turkish Trapezist." With that name, beginning with a Z, Zenarkis was, of course, out of it in alphabetical distribution. They had to stand for the suggestion, of course. The performers, down to those whose names began with H, each received a few dollars. Then the pay-off coin was all gone.

"A few years later the proprietor got on his feet again and set to work organizing a good-sized show. Among those who presented themselves at the proprietor's office for engagements was 'The Marvellous Trapezist, Zenarkis.' The proprietor greeted him cordially, and said, 'Why, course, he said, 'I'll take you on, Zenarkis.' Zenarkis, however, broke in the famous aerial swinger. 'I've changed my name, and it's 'Ajax!'"—Washington Post.

BRITISH COMMANDERS. If the suggestions of Lord Escher and his colleagues are carried out as intended, Lord Roberts will be the last holder of the office of commander-in-chief, and he will be surprised to learn that he is not the eighth-in-command since the creation of the post in 1671. It has occasionally been left vacant, and some commanders have been appointed twice, as were the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington.

Charles II. gave the office to his son, the Duke of Monmouth, who was headed under James II. The next appointment was that of the Duke of Marlborough by William and Mary. The sovereigns subsequently made the office of Marlborough, Duke of Schomberg and Leinster. Anne gave it to James, Duke of Ormonde, who was appointed in the first year of George I. That King made no new appointment, and the fifth, sixth and seventh commanders-in-chief were the Earl of Stair, Field Marshal Wade and Lord Ligonier, all nominated by George II.

The next King, George III, bestowed the office on the Marquis of Granby, Lord Amherst (twice), Field Marshal Seymour Conway, the Duke of York (twice), and the Duke of Cumberland. Next came the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill, both appointed by George IV. The latter was appointed during the reign of William IV. Queen Victoria, besides reappointing the Duke of Wellington, twice, also appointed Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge (sixteenth commander-in-chief), Viscount Wolseley, and lastly Lord Roberts, who was appointed to the rank of field marshal; the rest all held it, with the exception of Lord Granby, Sir D. Dundas and Lord Hill—Boston Transcript.

DOG TRIED TO SAVE A WOMAN. With her nose against the throat of Fannie Peleal, one paw upon that woman's breast and the other touching her forehead, with hindquarters twisted sideways, as if the fall had come in making one last desperate effort to escape, a pet fox terrier, Nellie, was found in the kitchen of Louis Greenwald's home, 171 East Eighth street, New York.

As plainly as if the terrier had been able to tell the story, the positions of the woman and dog showed that Fannie had fallen overcome by gas, and that Nellie, dabbling with her paws to arouse Fannie from the strange state the dog could not understand, finally had sunk beside her, stupefied as the girl had been. When Mr. Greenwald saw the gas and traced it to the kitchen. What he saw made him cry out in alarm. A doctor was summoned hurriedly, and gas and terrier were revived. Fannie was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. As the ambulance was starting, Nellie dragged herself to the door and barked feebly, as if to say, "I did my best, didn't I?"

Cleanliness is not understood in Tibet. What serves as clothing by day serves as bedding by night; the bathrobe, which constitutes a man's suit of clothes, is simply ungrudged when he lies down to sleep. It is neither changed nor washed until it goes to pieces. The man inside the bathrobe fares no better.

The New Haven Railroad is before the Rhode Island Legislature with a proposition to build a tunnel through the heart of the fashionable residential section of Providence. The object is to enable the trains to run fast trains between the city and Boston.

The New York Central will build the largest sheep pens in America at East Buffalo. The sheep pens of the

immigrants during 1903, an increase amounting to 208,303, or 22 per cent, was due largely to the inducements offered to settlers by the railroads and not to discontent with the country from which the cattle and sheep were coming.

The New Haven Railroad is before the Rhode Island Legislature with a proposition to build a tunnel through the heart of the fashionable residential section of Providence. The object is to enable the trains to run fast trains between the city and Boston.

The New York Central will build the largest sheep pens in America at East Buffalo. The sheep pens of the

immigrants during 1903, an increase amounting to 208,303, or 22 per cent, was due largely to the inducements offered to settlers by the railroads and not to discontent with the country from which the cattle and sheep were coming.

The New Haven Railroad is before the Rhode Island Legislature with a proposition to build a tunnel through the heart of the fashionable residential section of Providence. The object is to enable the trains to run fast trains between the city and Boston.

The New York Central will build the largest sheep pens in America at East Buffalo. The sheep pens of the

immigrants during 1903, an increase amounting to 208,303, or 22 per cent, was due largely to the inducements offered to settlers by the railroads and not to discontent with the country from which the cattle and sheep were coming.

The New Haven Railroad is before the Rhode Island Legislature with a proposition to build a tunnel through the heart of the fashionable residential section of Providence. The object is to enable the trains to run fast trains between the city and Boston.

The New York Central will build the largest sheep pens in America at East Buffalo. The sheep pens of the

immigrants during 1903, an increase amounting to 208,303, or 22 per cent, was due largely to the inducements offered to settlers by the railroads and not to discontent with the country from which the cattle and sheep were coming.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking, but I was not to be beaten. I heard of your marvelous remedy for the