

You're All Right

in tea judgment so long as you pin your faith to



CEYLON TEA. It is positively the finest in the world.

Sold in lead packets. 40, 50, 60c per lb. By all grocers.

LOVE AND A TITLE

From the soup to the dusty apples and pears...

And he looks at Bell sympathetically.

The count with a little smile—which adds another thousand or so wrinkles to his face—shrugs his shoulders.

"Yes," says the count, "but one must put up with some drawbacks in travel—is it not so?"

"Add if you can't get tobacco, one can get English beer—the only drinkable to be obtained."

The count smiles, amused by this bit of British insularity.

"Perhaps," he says, with a little deprecatory gesture of the white hands, "you have not tried the best of the German wines—Johannisberg, now."

"No," says Hal, who had never heard of the king of Rhine wines.

"Suppose," says the count, "we see if our good landlord has a bottle."

"I'll order one," says Hal.

The count serenely declares that he will not allow him; Hal as emphatically claims the honor of drinking it.

"I wonder whether he means 'yes' or 'no,'" thought Hal.

But the man evidently meant yes, for he ushered Hal into the hall, which was of white marble, with fluted columns, and Bell in piping German, makes known the requirements.

The little man waddles off, returning with a bottle of Johannisberg, which, with a profound bow to the count, he uncorks, and, with sundry exclamations, leaves the envelope.

Hal, who is nearest, stoops and picks it up. In handing it to him he sees that it is stamped with an elaborate crest and armorial bearings, and that the address is in the thin, angular characters which ladies—Heaven only knows why—particularly affect.

"Good, Fritz," he says, "you shall bear the answer. Gentlemen, good-evening!"

"Really," says Bell, with bland enjoyment, "a most polished old gentleman. Quite one of the old school. Depend upon it, my dear Hal, that travel is the finest, indeed, the only way in which one can gain experience and a knowledge of the world. I've heard that a Russian gentleman is the most high-bred product of modern civilization."

"Yes," says Hal, cutting in ruthlessly, "he's a fine old fellow. I wonder who he is—army man, I should think. Here's the landlord; ask him, Bell."

"My dear Hal, do you think—well, well," says Hal, being as curious as Hal himself. "We were admiring his excellency."

"Ah, the count!" ejaculates the landlord, shrugging his shoulders to the ears, and blowing a vast cloud from his long nose.

"Being thoroughly tired, Hal does not lie awake that night thinking, neither does he dream of the Princess Verona; the only thing Hal dreams of being great 'tates' of trout; but it is certain that, as he scrubs away at his hair with two brushes, hard and stiff enough to ground a dray-horse, he sees, mentally, the beautiful face, with the large, dark eyes that looked up at him so frankly that afternoon, and once more feels that peculiar

dripping of cold water down the back which he experienced as he cut into the white arm with his penknife.

If anything, it is hotter than ever the next morning; every window in the hotel is open, and the stall-keepers are busy, very busy, leaning against the posts and smoking wooden pipes calculated to hold an ounce at a load.

Marvelously bright and fresh does Hal look, in his light-brown jacket and his knickerbockers; he has had a swim and thrown a fly or two; he has had his breakfast, which was composed of something more substantial than the usual roll and butter which in Germany constitutes that meal, and he has brushed his

close-cut hair until it shines in the morning sunlight as brightly as Jeanne's. The old fruit woman shades her eyes and looks after him admiringly as he goes down the white street; possibly he reminds her of her own boy, who now lies buried at Gravelotte and his Uhlan uniform, with many of his comrades around him!

At the corner of the street there stands a little florist's shop. Hal, with a little, half-ashamed glance to the right and the left, went in and purchased a white azalea, which the little damsel behind the counter was kind enough to arrange in his buttonhole, and then went on his way.

Past the church, down into the vale, up a long avenue of apple and plum trees, and at last he stood on the grounds of the Villa Verona.

It was a long, low-lying pile of masonry, gleaming white in the bright sunlight, and bearing about it the signs of wealth and careful attention.

A huge St. Bernard, that was lying on a terrace under the verandah, rose and bounded toward him, evidently with the intention of devouring him, but Hal put out his hand and patted him, and the dog was so surprised that he stopped growling and wagged his tail, keeping, however, very close to Hal as he ascended the steps and rang the bell.

A tall manservant, dressed in black, opened the broad glass door.

"Is the Princess Verona within?" asked Hal.

The man inclined his head.

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this morning, and ventured to bring a few trout if you will be so good as to accept them."

"Thank you," she says, opening the lid and looking in. "Yes, there they are—how pretty they look! Are you quite sure you can spare them? Papa will be so pleased—he is fond of fish. I don't know why some people don't catch them—perhaps they don't know how."

"It is not very difficult," says Hal. "At this moment an elderly lady, dressed in black, enters, carrying a basket of flowers."

The princess says something in Italian to her, then turns to Hal.

"My friend, Senora Titiella."

Hal at once concludes that it is her companion, and bows; and the lady goes across the room with the flowers.

The princess walks to the window, and draws aside the curtain.

"It is lovely," she says—"almost Italian weather. Have you been to Italy yet?"

"No," says Hal.

She looks at him with rather a sad smile.

"Oh," she says, "you must see Italy. I am an Italian, and yet I am English."

"Your father?" says Hal.

"Is Italian; my mother was English. She—she died in England, and therefore papa does not go to England."

"I understand," says Hal, softly. "The next instant the girl chases the melancholy from her face."

"You are fond of flowers?"

"Yes," she says, looking at the azalea, which makes Hal blush. "Come and see the gardens."

And she steps out on the terrace, catching up a light straw hat as she does so.

As Hal follows into the garden, he notices that the companion has crossed the room and stands at the window, with a book in her hand.

"This is a beautiful garden," he says, "It is a magnificent garden, worthy of the villa. Velvety lawns, set with glittering beds of flowers, whose colors are contrasted with the pure white of marble statues and fountains. It is, in fact, essentially an Italian garden, though Hal doesn't know it."

The princess leads him through a mass of garden paths to a nook, made cool and shady by a grove of ferns, over which falls the spray of a hidden fountain.

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"Dull!" says Hal, looking at her sympathetically out of his honest eyes.

"Yes, very dull," she smiles, and a little sigh. "There is only papa and Titiella—the lady you saw, you know. Papa is always with his books and papers, and Titiella—Titiella is busy about the house. Are you never dull?"

"Often," he says.

"Tell me," she says, in her little inquisitive manner, which seems so frank and confiding to English Hal, "tell me, what do you do then?"

"Oh, says Hal, "I—I—well, I generally go and shoot something, or take my rod, or smoke a pipe."

"She laughs. "There's nothing to shoot here," she says, looking around, "excepting me; but you can smoke your pipe, if you like."

"But I'm not dull now, and I don't want to smoke; shouldn't think of it," says Hal; "and—ah—I'm very sorry you are ever dull!"

"I must learn to shoot and smoke, must I not?"

He laughs at the thought of a pipe staining those soft, coral lips, and the fish-like eyes, and offers to take the fishing-basket from her hand, but she puts it behind her with the gesture of a child.

"No, I will carry this. They are mine now, you know."

"Cold!" exclaimed Hal—"it's very hot." The princess glanced downward, silent for a moment.

"It is very hot in here," she said. "Good-bye, papa." And she stood on tiptoe, and kissed him.

The prince held out his hand to Hal, and he saw that he was seated at the table and his book, almost before they had turned.

The princess looked at Hal with the questioning expression of a child anxious to glean his thoughts, but Hal stared straight before him.

"Papa is always very busy," she said, very softly and slowly. "He does not like this sunlight—it reminds him of Italy."

"Why doesn't he go back there?" asked Hal, in his delightful blunt English fashion.

"He cannot," she said, quietly; "they will not let him. Papa is banished."

"He has offended the people in power," went on the princess, reluctantly—"offended them still. All his friends are banished; all those letters are from your father's friends. You see, I tell you because you are English, and the English never betray."

"And the prince," said Hal, "does he never go out—is he always reading and writing?"

"Almost always," she replied.

Then Hal looked at her, with a great swell of pity gushing up in his heart.

Shut up in this place with an old man who preferred lamplight to sunlight, and never left his writing-table, and a woman who watched her like a cat—this bright, lovely fellow, with the artless grace of a child. To Hal it seemed too dreadful to be thought of.

"Oh, but I am very happy," she said, as if she—as she really did—read his thoughts—"I have my flowers, and Carlo and Florida—"

(To be continued.)

MATERNAL INSTINCT OF FISH.

A Sense That is Apparently Wisely Lacking.

"The female fish has no maternal instincts whatever," according to the superintendent, I. Nevin, of the Wisconsin State Fish Hatcheries. "In fact," he is quoted in the Milwaukee Wisconsinian, "the fish is the most inhuman creature in existence, that is, of the animals which have any degree of intelligence at all."

"Perhaps it is well that it is so, for if the parent fish took care of their young as other creatures do the waters of the earth would be filled with them in a very short time. Under natural conditions an egg in a million ever becomes a fish a year old. As an example, I have seen female brook trout go up into the spawning places and spawn their eggs and then turn around and deliberately eat them."

"For the past few years I have been much interested in experimenting with bass and studying their ways. Here the male parent has some maternal instincts apparently. He builds the 'nest' for the female, some little pool with a gravel bottom protected from the strong current, but with plenty of fresh water, and then hugs or pushes the female into it. The eggs are spawned by the female, who swims away and leaves them to their fate. The male fertilizes the eggs, and then for a few days watches over them, fanning them occasionally to insure a circulation of fresh water and keeping off other fish who would devour the eggs. The male fish have been known to fast for several days, protecting them until they were able to care for themselves."

"I have seen a school of say 1,500 bass fry devoured in five minutes by a few sun bass or perch minnows. One of the care of the fish hatcheries from 50 to 95 per cent of the eggs become fish fry. How many of the fry live to be a year old or so after they are planted in the streams it is very hard to determine. It depends so greatly upon conditions that no reliable estimates can be made."

IF YOU WOULD BE POPULAR.

Be scedable. Be unselfish. Be generous. Be a good listener. Never worry or whine. Study the art of pleasing. Always be ready to lend a hand. Be kind and polite to everybody. Be self-confident, but not conceited. Never monopolize the conversation. Take a genuine interest in other people. Always look on the bright side of things. Take pains to remember names and faces. Never criticize or say unkind things of others. Look for the good in others, not for their faults. Be forgiving and forget injuries, but never forget benefits. Cultivate health, and thus radiate strength and energy. Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own. Always be moderate of the rights and feelings of others. Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into dissipation. Having a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone. Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances. Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them. Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully believe in the brotherhood of man and recognize no class distinctions. Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another. Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories or by continually dilating on your own affairs.—O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine.

TEETHING WITHOUT TEARS.

Mothers who have suffered the misery of restless nights at teething time and who have seen their babies in the unpleased agony of that period, will welcome the safe and certain relief that Baby's Own Tablets bring. Mrs. W. G. Mundle, Yorkton, N. W. T., says: "When my little one was cutting her teeth she suffered a great deal. Her gums were swollen and inflamed, and she was cross and restless. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after starting their use she began to improve at once, and her teeth came through almost painlessly. The Tablets are truly baby's friends." This medicine is guaranteed to contain no poisonous opiate or harmful drug. It cures all the minor ailments of little ones and may safely be given to a new born child. Full directions with every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DEADLY ANAEMIA

eads to Consumption Unless Promptly Cured.

Many a young life might be saved from consumption if simple anaemia were promptly treated. Anaemia is the doctors' name for weak, watery blood. When the blood is in this condition the lungs have no strength. The whole system begins to break down. Then the growing girl slips slowly into decline, until at last the cough starts and her doom is sealed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure all weak, anaemic people without doubt or difficulty. They actually make new, rich, health-giving blood—they cure anaemia and prevent consumption. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Mrs. Edward Cochran, Merriton, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter Matilda, when I felt that her case was almost hopeless. For more than a year she was a sufferer from anaemia. She gradually grew weak, was subject to violent headache, and dark circles appeared under her eyes. She was melancholy, had no appetite and complained of being constantly tired. At different times she was treated by two doctors, but with no improvement. As I have expressed, she was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart and a suffocating shortness of breath. She had a deathly pallor, took food easily, and continued to decline in weight, until I felt that she was in a hopeless decline. At this time my friend, Mr. J. H. Carter, of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began giving them to her. She had not been taking the pills many weeks when her appetite was greatly improved, and this was the first sign that they were helping her. She continued the pills until she had taken eight or nine boxes, when she was cured of the picture of healthy girlhood. Every symptom of her trouble had disappeared, she has increased in weight, and is strong and robust. Her recovery is looked upon as marvellous, for the doctors thought her case hopeless. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured this case. The pale, anaemic need only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new, rich, life-giving blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, neuralgia, nervous troubles and those special ailments that make the lives of so many young girls and women miserable. Be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

DRINK ON MOUNTAIN GAS.

People in Western Texas Need Not Resort to Liquor.

Hinter Mountain, in the Fort Davis region of western Texas, appears to be a most peculiar structure. This gigantic mass emits vapors that intoxicate the adventurers who climb its summit.

When half way up the mountain the climber becomes conscious of a perfume like strong ozone, and this perfume is no less deadly in its effects than the intoxicating constituents of alcoholic drinks. No sooner has the climber reached the top than he staggers and finally falls in a stupor on the rocks.

Men who have climbed the mountain once are said to have returned again and again to enjoy the sensation.

A mountain in Singaung, in upper Burma, is entirely covered with great blocks of iron ore. Dr. Noeling, of the geological survey of India, discovered that the mountain was magnetic, the tremendous attraction rendering his compass and watch useless.

There are undoubtedly a large number of people in the world suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, and to these unfortunate persons it is interesting to know that Dr. Martiner Beguera, of Spain, has discovered a spring, the waters of which will cure cases arising from hopeless tender passions.

This extraordinary spring is situated at Alanje, and the lovesick or had who walks into it is said to become wildly hilarious.

A spring was recently discovered by an American medico in Mexico which will cure those persons who are addicted to drink. The doctor declares that he cured a man who drank nothing but whiskey for twenty years of his craving for alcohol by his outward and inward application of the spring waters.

There appears to be one objection to this rapid cure. The majority of men and women who are of strong drink do not wish to have their passions removed by plitters or douching.

The bark of the upas tree of Java is over an inch thick and full of a strong juice, the merest touch of which upon the skin produces a most painful and irritating rash.

The Java natives use this juice for getting rid of their enemies. To satisfy a private revenge they hide a bowl of it in the room of a sleeper and by the morning the victim has succumbed to its evil effects. The fluid gives off a most poisonous gas, which produces stupor and finally death.

The "home of the hot devils" is an island of fire situated in the centre of a huge lake of boiling mud and slime in Java.

Gases arise from the lower depths and form enormous bubbles in the sticky mud, which grow and increase until they attain a diameter of five or six feet. These bubbles are often carried skyward by the wind, where they finally burst with a loud explosion.

The biggest snow lake ever seen by Sir Martin Conway, who explored the Karakoram range of mountains in 1892. From the summit of Hispar pass, which he traversed for the first time on record, he looked upon a vast level lake of snow, over 300 square miles in area, surrounded by a formidable range of mountains.

The sea of ice near Chamouni, in Savoy, Switzerland, is more like a lake of snow than anything else. The surface of the ice is broken up by solar heat, and this minute fissuring gives it the appearance of snow and it is often mistaken for such by tourists.

The finest milk-white lake in the world was discovered by Herr Thoroddsen in Iceland, who christened it the Langsjor. It stretches from the margin of the mighty glacier which forms the western side of the Vatna-Jokul, and the glacier, the water of which is composed of a pure milky white color.

A similar lake, but on a smaller scale, is situated about thirty miles from Tauranga, in New Zealand.

So far only one stone has been discovered in the world which actually foretells changes in the weather, and it was found in Finland many years ago by an explorer.

This stone, which is known as the semalaur, is mottled with white spots, but just before an approaching rain-storm it turns absolutely black.

The semakaur is composed of clay, rock salt and nitre. When the atmosphere is dry the salt in the stone shows itself in spots on the surface, but when rain is expected the salt, absorbing the moisture, turns black and thus acts as a barometer.

Mr. Skunk. He is nocturnal. He is no end of slow. He never accelerates his step. He is of most cleanly habits. As an epicure he is famous. There is no denying he is a thief. It is said he founded the Don't Hurry Club.

In winter he takes a sleep of six weeks. Owing to the beauty of his fur he is cultivated on skunk farms. His immense tail sets back over his body as jauntily as that of a squirrel. He is a soft, beautiful animal, with a pretty face and head, and delicate teeth. Freshly from his favorite "late dinner."

His means of defense, the awful odor he emits, is used only in the greatest danger, and in it he feels the utmost confidence.

After Mrs. Hen has comfortably gathered her fuzzy tribe under her sheltering wings and gone sound asleep, Mr. Skunk steals up and quietly abstracts chick after chick. The poor hen's mother may find two of her promising family in the morning, while round about she may discover dainty little legs and beaks.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S V E R Y P O O R