

3 Strong Points of

"SALADA"
CEYLON GREEN TEA
Unequaled Purity—Strength—Flavor
Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Won at Last

"I expect some very distinguished com- patriots of yours," resumed M. le Direc- teur; "the Lord Fitzallan and a compan- ion arrive to-morrow, and Sir William Arry—I think he has been lord mayor, a man of high position—he and milled, his wife, they come to-morrow. It is well that the tennis lawn looks bright; you energetic English, you love games to the last."

"Fitzallan," repeated Mr. Craig. "I know—he is my tenant; he has had my house in the Highlands for a consider- able time."

"Indeed!" said both hearers. "And from that moment Uncle Sandy was raised to the rank of a millionaire. The set was now over, and Mona's side had lost, in spite of her good play. The hours for Uncle Sandy's afternoon walk in the adjoining wood was at hand, so he beckoned her to him, not a little de- lighted to exercise overtly a father's rights over an elegant-looking girl, who bore the name of his niece. Uncle Sandy raised the 'upper ten'—a class against which he raved theoretically."

"Ah!" said he, as he toddled (a com- mon expression, but extremely expres- sive of Uncle Sandy's peculiar gait) along, with the help of a stick and an umbrella, beside his niece; "the direc- tor has been telling me there are some grand folk coming to-morrow; then you will see how little time and attention we'll be able to spare for such as you and me!"

"I have been greatly mistaken in Mon- sieur Delorme if their presence makes any difference to him," she argued. "Well, you're a young fellow, like you think every one is an angel that speaks a kind word. When my laddy ma'yores arrives, the roses and posies he has been handing you so politely every morning will all go to her ladyship."

"Well, perhaps not. I don't suppose I have more penetration than my neigh- bors; but I am quite fond of Monsieur le Directeur, so I hope he will not allow any ladyship, however grand, to cut me out. I shall be deeply wounded if he does!"

"You are a foolish bairn! Now, Mona, I don't like any poor, measurable crea- ture—just like ourselves—that's a puff- ed up wi' a handle to her name; I don't like her to show fine, as the saying is, my brother's daughter, so if you want to brow new ground, you get it, my bairn; only tell me the cost betorehand!"

"You are very good and generous, un- cle, but I do not need that. I had some of my last year's dresses, and be- fore we came away, and I actually do not fear comparison, even with so exalted a personage as a lady ma'yores," said Mona, laughing.

"That's at 'right; it's well to have a proper spirit. We are tauld that we must not allow pride to master our hearts; but proper pride is no included; and I have always held myself to be as good as any other man."

"'Who's that?' asked the former, indig- nantly. "He is a sort of cousin of mine, or rather of my poor grandmother. I used to stay at his mother's house. She was very kind to me, and I was very kind to her."

"'Ay, till you began to earn your own living, those are worthy folk. Stop the waiter, will ye? I cannot eat this fish; it has seen a deal of the world since it left the water.'"

The offending fish removed, Uncle Sandy "glowered," as he would have said himself, at the new-comers, till it was replaced by a salmon of pigeons.

"'Just honest and grave,' he observed. Lord Fitzallan sent away his plate un- touched more than once. He spoke lit- tle, but he looked about with consider- able interest, fixing a glass in his eye, which frequently fell out and gave him a good deal of occupation."

Everard paid steady attention to his dinner. Once when about to drink a glass of champagne, he raised the glass with a nod and smile as if he drank it to Mona's health. This seemed to attract his com- panion's notice; he immediately refilled his glass, and directed his glance to her with little intermission during the re- mainder of the repast, evidently asking Everard numerous questions, to which he gave the shortest possible replies.

"At length it was all over. Uncle San- dy, leaning heavily on the table and his walking stick, got on his feet, and taking his niece's arm, moved toward the door, intending to follow his usual habit of re- turning to a particular seat in what was termed the Park, where Mona read to him from the newspaper, which generally reached them in the afternoon. Everard also left his seat and came across to intercept their retreat."

"'Well, fair cousin, is it gout or rheuma- tism, or any other fleshly ill, that brings you to this lively health resort? I suspect you are here on false pre- tensions.'"

He shook hands with her as he spoke. "No, I am not here on my account. I have come with my uncle, Mr. Craig. This is Mr. Everard, uncle of whom I have spoken to you."

"'Had to see you, sir,' said Uncle Sandy, with such an amiable grin that Mona was surprised. She thought he would have been annoyed at having the young aristocrat forced upon him. Everard made a slight bow, and gave him a cool, scrutinizing glance."

a lassie wi' a proper sense of independ- ence."

"'Proper sense of independence!' re- peated Everard; 'I fancy you will think it improper when she runs away from you!'"

"'Eh! but she'll no do that! She can have a good home with me if she chooses, as you know, my lord!'"

"'Who—me?' exclaimed Lord Fitzallan. "My good sir, what do I know about it?"

"'Then you ought, considering you have rented my house for near on two years! Don't ye mind Craigdarroch?'"

"'Craigdarroch! by Jove! are you Craig Craigdarroch? I had not the faintest idea I should meet my landlord in this remote region. And you, Miss Craig, are you not some sort of feudal chief? I am quite ready to swear fealty to you!'"

"'Naw!' exclaimed Uncle Sandy, with the strongest regard. "It's mine, so lang as I have breath; but it's nae a bad name."

"'Bad; it is a lovely, picturesque spot, for a month or two in the shooting sea- son; but of course it is impossible in winter, and appalling dull in spring. Miss Craig could not live there.'"

"'Well, she can live out of it if she likes but not wi' me. I am just wearin' to get back, and I have tauld my agent not to accept any other frae you for further occupancy.'"

"'That is too bad, Mr. Craig. I should like to have a third season there! It is a snug little box, and as I do not like large parties, it just suits me.'"

"'Sm!' repeated the old man indignantly. "There are six large sleeping-rooms, forty-two others, and servants accom- panion, a drawing-room, and a din- ing-room, a library, and my museum, and cellar, etc. etc.'"

"'Oh, yes, a capital house,' said Lord Fitzallan, with an indulgent smile to Mona, as if taking her into his confi- dence, "only not exactly large. Miss Craig will be charmed with the views, etc. What is it, if she does not already know it?"

"'That a funny notion that Craigdar- roch should belong to your uncle, Mona,' said Everard."

Booming Mme. Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt's tour of America, which ended last week, was epoch making in some respects. Four years ago Mme. Bernhardt played to theatres al- most empty, yet the results of the past season are described as highly satisfac- tory to her and to her manager—a fact surprising to the experienced theatrical managers who had predicted disaster for her "farewell" tour.

What whim of the public caused such a change? There are managers along Broadway who will tell you that Mme. Bernhardt's success on this tour was due entirely to the "circeus" methods em- ployed to tell the public that Bernhardt was coming.

Never before perhaps with a dignified star of the first magnitude have adver- tising methods been employed in so strik- ing a way. It is a fact that her tour ex- hausted the ingenuity of eight different press agents, who were employed one af- ter another by her managers, only to re- sign in succession when they found the advertising pace growing too hot or the demands upon their inventive ingenuity growing too great.

Eight of the most hustling press agents in the business treated Mme. Bernhardt exactly as they would have treated the greatest show on earth in the halcyon days of P. T. Barnum. While some other theatrical stars gazed in am- azement at the methods employed, total- ly at variance with the traditions about the dignity of a star, they sadly comprised their own box office receipts with the coffers of the Bernhardt aggregation.

If Bernhardt can play in a tent," said Julia Marlowe in an intimate friend re- cently, "then tents and barns should be good enough for the rest of us. If she can stand for such advertising they can do what they please when advertising me in the future."

That Miss Marlowe is not alone in this view expressing the sentiment of the profes- sion is shown by the fact that she and Mr. Sothern have just engaged for next season as their own press representative the first press agent on Mme. Bern- hardt's recent tour. It should be added that there are those who believe that William F. Connor, Mme. Bernhardt's manager, proved himself on his tour to be the greatest advertiser of them all.

Luck favored the Bernhardt tour from the start. The steamer on which the company came was due on Saturday morning but did not arrive until Sunday. Bernhardt thus missed the train planned for her departure for Chicago, where she was to open Monday night.

Mr. Connor saw the advertising possi- bilities of running a special train to Chi- cago, on an eight-day schedule, or better, and so the Bernhardt special started out to break the record of the Twentieth Century Limited. Press Agent No. 1 was in Chicago. He got the publisher of an afternoon paper to get out Bernhardt special editions all day Monday. Consequently the news- papers of Chicago shouted all day long:

"Eleven o'clock—Bernhardt special train passes Toledo two minutes ahead of the record time."

"Twelve o'clock—Bernhardt has just entered the dining car."

"Thirteen o'clock—Bernhardt drinks a glass of milk!"

This sort of thing kept up until the Bernhardt special arrived in Chicago, aroused tremendous interest. The result was packed houses the opening night. Press Agent No. 1 then struck the jackpot game too arduous, however, and at his own request was transferred to another company. Press Agent No. 2 was in Can- ada when a couple of rotten eggs were thrown by some drunken students at Mme. Bernhardt's carriage in Quebec. The stories which followed about the whole tow's turning out to rotten egg Bernhardt reflected great credit upon his imagination.

sequent developments were furnished with great detail.

The old expedient of having a star's private car wrecked was refurbished and became almost new again, because of the allusion to Bernhardt's taking a bath at the time. This suggested humorous possibilities which were eagerly seized.

The eight press agents of Bernhardt, now that their labors are over, intend to form a society, to be known as the An- onias Association, with an annual din- ner every first day of April.

William F. Connor, who undoubtedly did a great deal in the way of adver- tising his star, was formerly a property man with James O'Neill, and until this year never attained much prominence as a manager. After being O'Neill's prop- erty man for some years, he became his business representative and subse- quently became connected with Lieber & Company. His connection with the- atricals, however, was entirely as a silent partner, until last fall, when he under- took the management of Bernhardt's tour. He has withdrawn from the firm of Lieber & Company and announces that he is now through with theatricals forever.

"I don't expect ever to manage an- other theatrical attraction," he said, just before Bernhardt sailed. "I have played the ace successfully so long that the luck would be sure to turn against me. Light- ning never strikes twice in the same place—especially in the theatrical world."

SAVE THE BABIES.

Mother, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Cold, diarrhoea and cholera, infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional Tablet to the wall- throated child. It will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swift- ly and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that the medicine contains no poi- sonous opiate. Mrs. R. Matlin, Hall- fax, N. S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for the stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Wil- liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

BRITISH CAPTAIN'S PLUCK.

School of Sharks Round a Sinking Ship.

A thrilling story of a British captain's pluck is told by the survivors of the steamer British King, which foundered during a fierce gale in the Atlantic. Twenty-eight lives were lost in the disaster, which was due to wreckage being washed overboard and thrown back against the hull by the furious waves. The continued battering soon caused the vessel to leak badly, and she eventually sank.

It was during the attempt made to re- pair the damage done to the hull of the vessel that Captain O'Hagan sustained injuries which caused his death. On Saturday morning the ship had settled down noticeably, and realizing the necessity for action the captain decided to take to the sea, but while he was working at the spot where the most damage had been done he was struck by a barrel of oil, which fractured his leg in two places.

Notwithstanding the fact that the bone was protruding and that he had sustained internal injuries in his fall, Captain O'Hagan refused to be carried to his cabin, and after having the in- jured limb bound up he resumed the direction of the work of plugging the hole.

The Leyland liner Bostonian and the German steamer Mannheim were close by at the time of the disaster. The former vessel rescued seventeen of the sailors, while the latter steamer suc- ceeded in saving eleven men from a watery grave.

A school of sharks added to the horror of the situation. They pursued and killed the swimming cattle, which formed part of the British King's cargo, but it is not known if any of the sailors were caught.

Each Does the Other a Good Turn Now and Then.

MORE OFFICIAL TESTS.

Fourteen additional official tests have been accepted in the Canadian Holstein-Friesian Record of Merit. These tests were all made under the supervision of Prof. Deane, at the Ontario Agricultural College, and are for a period of seven days. The amounts of milk recorded are as follows: 1. Total amount of butter is estimated from the fat by adding one-sixth."

1. Lizzie Pines De (276), at 7y. 11m. 18d. of age; milk 44 lbs.; butter fat 15.67; equivalent butter 15.28 lbs. Owner, W. H. Simmoms, New Durham, N. H.

2. Car Bor DeKol (267), at 6y. 6m. 12d.; milk 48.5 lbs.; butter fat 16.1 lbs.; equivalent butter 15.2 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lynn.

3. Inka DeKol Pieteze (264), at 4y. 6m. 12d.; milk 52.3 lbs.; butter fat 18.2 lbs.; equivalent butter 15.7 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown.

ALMOST HOPELESS.

The Condition of Thousands of Pale, Anaemic Girls.

"Almost hopeless is the best way to describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannet, of Athol, N. S. "My health had been grad- ually giving way until I reached a con- dition when I feared I was sinking into chronic invalidism. I was as white as a sheet, my blood apparently having turned to water. I had no appetite, suffered from headaches and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a de- cline. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the news- papers, and I decided to give them a trial. It was a fortunate day for me when I came to this decision, as the pills have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy, and I am satisfied that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeble, ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly cured Miss Mannet, simply because they make the new, rich, red blood which enables the system to throw off disease and brings robust health and cheerfulness to pale anaemic sufferers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as surely as food cures hunger, and the new blood which the pills make braces the nerves and tones and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills strike straight at the root of such common diseases as head- aches, dizziness, backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, rheuma- tism, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the nervous ailment from which women and grow- ing girls suffer in millions. It has been proved in thousands of cases that the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after doctors and all other medicines have failed. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper, and the each box. All medicine dealers sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by ad- dressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Anti-anemic excursion to Ogdensburg on Str. America, Thursday noon of X. E. A. Grace Church, Gananoque. Round trip 25 cents.

Mr. John Marsh, who has been jailed of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has handed in his resignation to Sheriff Hope, with the request that he be relieved on July 1.

G. W. CLEMONS, Secretary.