Thousands of men, women and children in Canada, are taking advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer of a free sample box of Oxojeii Cure for Catarrh.

Catarrh is an insidious enemy, and in whatever condition, should not be neglected. A slight cold in the head is frequently the beginning of a serious case of Catarrh, and in many instances leads to Asthma, Bronchitis, Quinsy, and Catarrh. Catarrh is always dangerous, but is curable if taken in time. It is a constant menace to life and health, but science has done much to enable sufferers to resist

and defeat the disease. Dr. Slocum's Oxojell Catarrh Cure is the best offering of advanced medical science for the prompt and permanent cure of Catarrh of the Head, Throat, and Nasal organs. Oxojell is a dainty, soothing jelly for the immediate relief and cure of Catarrh. The irritated and inflamed membranes of your nose and throat are relieved and soothed with the first application of Dr. Slocum's Oxojell Catarrh Cure.

Oxoje!! has valuable properties as an antiseptic, as well as being a powerful healing agent. You breathe it through the nostril, a little bit at a time. No Instrument! No Powder! No Liquid!

box, but in order that every sufferer from this prevalent ailment may have an opportunity to test the remedy. a free sample box will be sent on request to any place in Canada. All you have to do is to drop a postal, giving your name and address plainly, to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 179 King St. West, Toronto, and a free sample will be sent you.

PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

" Before "--

Before I met your father! We were never really engaged. But he loved me, and I thought I cared for him. I wrote him letters—the foolish letters of an impulsive girl. These he kept. I treated him badly. I know that! But I too have suffered. It has been the desire of my life to have those letters. Last night he called here. Before my face he burnt all but one! That he

kept. The price of his returning it to me was my help—last night."
"For what purpose?" Wolfenden asked. "What use did he propose to make of the Admiral's papers if he succeeded in stealing them?

he succeeded in stealing them?"
She shook her head mournfully.
"I cannot tell. He answered me at first that he simply needed some statistics to complete a magazine article, and that Mr. C. himself had sent him here. If what you tell me of their importance is true, I have no doubt that he lied."
"Why could he not go to the Admiral himself?"

Lady Deringham's face was as pale as death, and she spoke with downcast head, her eyes fixed upon clenched hands.
At Cairo," she said, "not long

"why you listened to his pro-

posal."
"Wolfenden, I wanted that letter," she said, her voice dying away in something like a moan. "It is not that I have anything more than folly to reproach myself with but it was written—it was the only one—after my marriage. Just at first I was not very happy with your father. We had had a quarrel. I forget what about, and I sat down and wrote words which I have many a time bitterly repented ever having put on paper. I have never forgotten them—I never shall! I have seen them often in my happiest moments, and they have seemed est moments, and they have seeme

You have it back now? You have

destroyed it?" shook her head wearily. No. I was to have had it when had succeeded; I had not let him five minutes when you disturbed

Tell me the man's name." Why?"

"I will get you the letter."
"He would not give it you. You wild not make him."
Wolfenden's eyes flashed with a

sudden fire. "You are mistaken," he said. "The man who holds for blackmail over a woman's head, a letter written twenty years ago. is a scoundrel! I will get that letter from him. Tell me his name!"

Lady Deringham shuddered. "Wolfenden, it would bring trou-ble! He is dangerous. Don't ask me. At least I have kept my word to him. It was not my fault that we were disturbed. He will not molest

Mother, I will know his name."

"I cannot tell it you."
"Then, I will find it out; it will not be difficult. I will put the whole matter in the hands of the I shall send to Scotland or a detective. There are underneath the window. I picked up a man's glove upon the library floor. A clever fellow will enough to work upon. I will this blackguard for myself, and law shall deal with him as he

deserves."
"Wolfenden, have mercy! May I

"He was once," she said, "my not know best? Are my wishes, my

not know best? Are my wishes, my prayers, nothing to you?"
"A great deal, mother, yet I consider myself also a jucge as to the wisest course to pursue. The plan which I have suggested may clear up many things. I may bring to light the real object of this man. It may eally the myster of that imposter. the real object of this man. It may solve the mystery of that imposter, Wilmot. I am tired of all this uncertainty. We will have some daylight. I shall telegraph to-morrow morning to Scotland Yard."
"Welforder L become you."

"Wolfenden, I beseech you!"
"So also do I beseech you, mother, to tell me that man's name. Great

wolfenden sprang suddenly from his chair with startled face. An idea slow of coming, but absolutely convincing from its first conception, had not been football to be a him. suddenly flashed home to him. How could be have been so blind? He stood could he have been so blind? He stood looking at his mother in fixed suspense. The light of his knowledge was in his face and she saw it. She had been dreading this all the while. "It was Mr. Sabin!—the man who calls himself Sabin!"

A little moan of despair crept out from her lips. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

CHAPTER NYN

CHAPTER XXX The Gathering of the War-Storm.

Mr. Sabin, entering his breakfast after my marriage, we all met. I was indiscreet, and your father was hot-headed and jealous. They quarrelied and fought, your father wounded him; he fired in the air. You understand now that he could not go direct to the admiral."

Hoom as assuming, found, besides the usual pile of newspapers and letters, at elegram which had arrived too late for delivery on the previous evening. He opened it in leisurely fashion whilst he sipped his coffee. It was handed in at the Charling Cross Post-office and was signed simply "K.": office and was signed simply "K.":
"Just returned. When can you call

and conclude arrangements? Am anxious to see you. Read to night's paper.—K."

The telegram slipped from Mr. Sabin's fingers. He tore open the James Gazette, and a little c. exclamation escaped from his lips as he saw the thick, black type which headed the principal columns:

Extraordinary Telegram of the German Emperor to Moenig!

Berman Sympathy With the Rebels! Warships Ordered to Delamere Bay! Great Excitement On the Stock Exchange!"

Mr. Sabin's breakfast remained un-

tasted. He read every word in the four columns, and then turned to the four columns, and then turned to the other newspapers. They were all ablaze with the news. England's most renowned ally had turned suddenly against her. Without the slightest warning the firebrand of war had warning the firebrand of war had been kindled and waved threateningly in our very faces. The occasion was hopelessly insignificant. A handful of English adventurers, engaged in a somewhat rash but plucky expedition in a distant part of the world, had met with a sharp reverse. In itself the affair was nothing; yet it bade fair to become a matter of international history. Ili-advised though bude fair to become a matter of in-ternational history. Ill-advised though they may have been, the Englishmen carried with them a charter granted by the British Government. There was no secret about it—the fact was perfectly understood in every Cabi-llet of Europe. Yet the German Em-peror had himself written a telegram congratulating the State which had

a little breath when he had finished, and turned to his breakfast. "Is Miss Sabin up yet?" he asked the servant, who walted upon him. The man was not certain, but with The man was not certain, but withdrew to inquire. He reappeared almost directly. Miss Sabin had been up for more, than an hour. She had just returned from a walk and had ordered breakfast to be served in her room. "Tell her," Mr. Sabin directed, that I should be exceedingly obliged if she would take her coffee with me. I have so. interesting news."

liged if she would take her coffee with me. I have son interesting news."

The man was absent for several minutes. Before he returned Helene came in. Mr. Sabin greeted her with his usual courtesy, and even more than his usual cordiality.

"You are missing the best part of the morning with your continental habits," she exclaimed brightly. "I have been out on the cliffs since half-past eight. The air is delightful."

She threw off her hat, and, going to the sideboard, helped herself to a cup of coffee. There was a becoming flush upon her cheeks—her hair was a little tossed by the wind. Mr. Sabin watched her curiously.

"You have not, I suppose, seen a morning paper—or rather last night's paper?" he remarked.

She shook her head.

"A newspaper! You know that I never look at an English one," she answered. "You wanted to see me, Reynolds said. Is there any news?"

"There is great news," he answered.

"There is such news that by sunset to-day war will probably be declared between England and Germany!"

The flush died out of her cheeks.

The flush died out of her cheeks. She faced him, pallid to the lips. "It is not possible!" she exclaim-

So the whole world would have declared a week ago! As a matter of fact it is not so sudden as we imag-ine! The storm has been long brewing! It is we who have been blind. A little black spot of irrita-tion has spread and deepened into a war-cloud."

This will affect us?" she asked. "This will affect us?" she asked.
"For us," he answered, "it is a triumph. It is the end of our schemes,
the climax of our desires. When Knigenstein came to me I knew that he
was in earnest, but I never dreamed
that the torch was so nearly kindled. I see now why he was so eager
to make terms with me." to make terms with me."
"And you," she said, "you have their

For a moment he looked thoughten.

"Not yet. I have their promise—
the promise of the Emperor hinself.
But as yet my share of the bargain is
incomplete. There must be no more
delay. It must be finished now—at
once. That telegram would never once. That telegram would never have been sent from Berlin but for their covenant with me. It would have been better, perhaps, had they waited a little time. But one cannot tell opportunity was too good to let

silp."
"How long will it be," she asked "before your work is complete?"
His face clouded over. In the great er triumph he had almost forgotter the minor difficulties of the present. He was a diplomatist and a schemer of European fame. He had planned great things, and had accomplished them. Success had been on his side so long that he might almost have been excused for declining to reckon failur amongst the possibilities. The difficul amongst the possibilities. The difficulty which was before him now was as trifling as the uprooting of a hazel switch after the conquest of a forest of oaks. But none the less for the moment he was perplexed. It was hard, in the face of this need for urgent haste, to decide upon

next step.
"My work," he said slowly, "must be accomplished at once. There is verlittle wanted. Yet that little, must confess, troubles me."
"You have not succeeded, then.

obtaining what you want from Lord Deringham?" "Will he not help you at all?"

"Never."

"How, then, do you mean to get at these papers of his?"

"At present," he replied, "I scarcely know. In an hour or two I may be able to tell you. It is possible that it might take me twenty-four hours; containly no longer than that."

might take me twenty-four hours; certainly no longer than that."

She walked to the window and stood there with her hands clasped behind her back. Mr. Sabin had lit a cigarette smoking it thoughtfully.

Presently she spoke to him.

"You will get them," she said; "yes, I believe that. In the end you will succeed, as you have succeeded in everything."

There was a lack of enthusiasm in

There was a lack of enthusiasm in her tone. He looked up quietly, and flicked the ash from the end of his

"You are right," he said. "I sha! succeed. My only regret is that I have made a slight miscalculation. It will take longer than I imagined. Knigenstein will be in a fever, and I

Knigenstein will be in a fever, and I am afraid that he will worry me. At the same time he is himself to blame. He has been needlessly precipitate." She turned away from the window and stood before him. She had a look in her face which he had seen there but once before, and the memory of which had ever since troubled him. "I want you," she said, "to understand this. I will not have any direct harm worked upon the Deringhams. If you can get what they have and what is necessary to us by craft—well, very good. If not, it must go! I will not have force used. You should remember that Lord Wolfenden saved your life! I will have nothing to do with any scheme which brings harm upon them!"

them!"

He looked at her steadily. A small spot of color was burning high up on his pailid cheeks. The white, slender fingers, toying carelessly with one of the breakfast appointments, were shaking. He was very near being passionately angry.

"Do you mean," he said, speaking slowly and semiciating every word.

slowly and enunciating every word with careful distinctness, "do you slowly and enunciating every word with careful distinctness, "do you mean that you would sacrifice or even endanger the greatest cause which has ever been conceived in the heart of the patriot to the whole skin of a house-hold of English people? I wonder whether you realize the position as it stands at this moment? I am bound in sustice to you to believe peror had himself written a telegram congratulating the State which had repelled the threatened attack. It was scarcely an invasion—it was little more than a demonstration on the part of an ill-treated section of the population! The fact that German interests were in no way concerned—that any outside interference was simply a piece of gratuitous impertinence—only intensified the significance of the incident. A deliberate insult had been offered to England; and the man who sat there with the paper clenched in his hand, whilst his keen eyes devoured the long columns of wonder and indignation, knew that his had been the hand which had hastened the long-pent-up storm. He drew

She faced him quite unmoved. It was more than ever apparent that she was not amongst those who feared

was not amongst those who feared him.

"I am perfectly sane," she said," "and I am very much in earnest, Ours shall be a strategic victory, or we will not triumph at all. I believe that you are planning some desperate means of securing those papers. I repeat that I will not have it!"

He looked at her with curling lips. "Perhaps," he said, "it is I who have gone mad! At least, I can scarcely believe that I am not dreaming. Is it really you, Helene of Bourbon, the descendant of kings, a daughter of the rulers of France, who falters and turns pale at the idea a daughter of the rulers of France, who falters and turns pale at the idea of a little blood, shed for her country's sake? I am very much afraid," he added, with biting sarcasm, "that I have not understood you. You bear the name of a great queen, but you have the heart of a serving-maid! It is Lord Wolfenden for whom you four!"

She was not less firm, but her com-posure was affected. The rich color streamed into her cheeks. She remained silent.

mained silent.

"For a betrothed young lady," he said, slowly, "you will forgive me if I say that your anxiety is scarcely discreet. What you require, I suppose, is a safe conduct for your lover. I wonder how Henri would——"

She flashed a glance and an interjection upon him which checked the words upon his lips. The gesture was almost a royal one. He was silenced. "How dare you, sir?" she exclaimed. "You are taking insufferable liberties. I do not permit you to interfere in my private affairs. Understand that, even if your words were true,

fere in my private affairs. Understand that, even if your words were true, if I choose to have a lover, it is my affair, not yours. As for Henri, what has he to complain of? Read the parers and ask yourself that! They chronicle his doings freely enough! He is singularly discreet, is he not?—singularly faithful!"

(To be Continued.)

WEALTH AND IGNORANCE.

By Mary Wright Sewall, Pres. Int. Council of Women.

With the increasing wealth produced by the laboring classes—that is, by men of property—the increasing habit of luxury is fostered in the leisure class—that is, in the wives of these men. There can be concentrated in an apartment house comforts that cannot be commanded at the same price in the separate, independent house. To my mind, these luxures

same price in the separate, independent house. To my mind, these luxuries, however cheap, are bought at a very high price when for them is sacrificed the dignity and independence of a separate household.

The leisure of American women in the upper middle class has had many beneficial results. This class, it is which has patronized the first, administered charities, inaugurated and supervised social pleasures and preserved and augmented refinement. But all of these could have been done by this class of American women in an indefinitely larger and better way were they themselves more soundly educated.

So far as I know, ours is the only country where the possession of a competency is urged as a reason for n inferior education. In our country is no uncommon thing for a par ent to say, "Oh, my daughter will never have to do anything, therefore she does not need to study." This means that "my daughter will never have to work for money, therefore she does not need a sound and ex-

tended culture. Women may do, to their great advantage, and from my point of view, to the advantage of the world in general, many things outside of domestic life. But whatever art, profession or avocation a woman may have, she will hardly escape and will certainly not desire to escape the domestic vocation. ended culture.

cation I am not pleading that our girls shall be taught to be either drudges a their own homes or to be capable mistresses of drudges. The very phrase, "household science," implies that at the base of domestic labor may be found scientific knowledge. The recognition that household labor is based upon science dignifies such labor and lifts it from drudgery to a profession. This changes the such labor and lifts it from drudgery to a profession. This changes the attitude of the cultivated mind to-ward it. Much will be done for the next generation if the daughters of this generation can be delivered from the folly which makes it possible for a woman to say that either she or her cook has had "bad luck with the bread".

The unoccupied minds of the wo The unoccupied minds of the women who sleep late in the mornings or who take long naps in the afternoon; who have no regular duties and no house to kee: whose mental development is too limited to enable them to find occupation in reading, study or benevolence, menace the peace of the community.

The conditions of the home life of the rich make it improvible for girls

the rich make it impossible for girls to be brought up to industrious habits at home.

Smallpox Remedy.

An Edinburgh gentleman has found among old papers the following remare cly for smallpox: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent and cure the smallpox though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered the cowpox in England the world of sminner bushed. though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered the cowpox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Parls—published this recipe as a panacea for smallpox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever—here it is as I have used it to cure smallpox when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two teaspoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience use this for that the Prince that they would be have "His Royal Highness" make that port his point of embarkation. But the Prince replied that it was necessary to reach the scene of hostilities as soon as possible, and that he would "take ship" at Bos. On crossing Lake Champlain, on the lee, the two sleds containing his outfit, being heavily laden, broke through the fragile roadway into on the lee, the two sleds containing his outfit, being heavily laden, broke through the fragile roadway into outfit, being heavily laden, broke through the fragile roadway into outfit, being heavily laden, broke through the fragile roadway into the waters beneath, and the entire contents proved a total loss. This was the third of seven complete equipments of Prince Edward that were either lost by the wreck of the equipments of Prince Edward that were either lost by the wreck of the service of 'His Majsty the King' walls in the service of 'His Majsty the King' walls in the content of the prince had to an avaliate to a total

WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER WAS IN CANADA.

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SOCIOLOGICALISTICA DE LA CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DE LA CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DE LA CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DE LA CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DEL CONTRACTICA DE LA CONTRACTICA DE LA C It was at the beginning of 1791, of common civility and politeness, and while serving as colonel of the Royal Fusiliers, that Edward, Duke of Kent father of the late Victoria, at his own request, was ordered from Quebec, to the scene of active operations in the French West Indies, and he took the straightest route to

took the straightest route to the sea by journeying overland, by the way of Vermont, to Boston.

The Prince's life at Quebec, since 1791, had been one of mutual satisfaction to the people of the ancient Canadian town, and to the Prince, and, while anxious for active service, His Royal Highness left his numerous friends with sincere regret.

It was at Quebec that Prince Edward made the acquaintance of the especially fortunate Ds Salaberrys, a Quebec family, with whom the Prince corresponded during the remainder of his life, and whose intimacy with the prince of the royal blood was never lost sight of by the members of this favored Quebec house so long as the Duke of Kent continued in the land of the living.

of the living.

It was also at Quebec that the then Frince Edward met the lady who became his morganatic wife, Mm2. de St. Laurent, who remained at the head of the Prince's establishment 25 years, or until the untimely death of his niece, the Princess Charlotte, made it necessary for the Duke of Kent to seek an alliance with a prin-

cess of royal blood.

Mme. de St. Laurent first appears in the life of Prince Edward in June, 1792, when, on the birth of one of the De Salaberry boys, she wrote a member of the family as follows:

"I have this moment sent the news to our dear Prince. It is needless to to our dear Prince. It is needless to wait his reply to show how delighted the will be. I know his sentiments too well to have any fear in expressing them. * * In the meantime, I embrace the entire household, without distinction of sex.'

The Prince himself wrote this polite note to M. de Salaberry:
"Though obliged, as yesterday, to attend to my official duties at the barracks, I could not resist the pleasure of hastening home to write a few lines to assure you how much and

ure of hastening home to write a few lines to assure you how much, and how sincerely, I participate in the happy event.—Edward, Colonel Royal Fusiliers."

Poor Mmc. de St. Laurent suffered, alike with all consorts under similar circumstances, the bitterness of a complete separation, as well as obliteration, and buried her sorrow in a convent when it became apparent, for reasons of state, that the Prince would be obliged to marry a woman of equal royal rank.

In the summer of 1792, at an elec tion riot in Quebec, between the French and the English residents, the prince appeared on the scene and quieted the rioters with a stirring appeal, in French, to the Gallic subjects of His Majesty the

King.
"Let me hear no more," said the prince, "of the odious distinctions of French and English. You are all his Britannia Majesty's beloved Cana-dian subjects."

Once visiting a centenarian on the Isle of Orleans, the prince asked the venerable woman if he could serve her in any way. "Yes! Yes! Certainly, my lord," the woman is said to have her in any way. "Yes! Yes! Certainly, my lord," the woman is said to have replied. "dance a minuet with me that I may be able to say that I have danced with a son of my sovereign." The story runs to the effect that the prince immediately complied, with the best grace possible, and at the close of the dance escorted his aged partner to a seat with a respectful salute, and which she acknowledged "with a profound courtesy."

courtesy." Another story, not so pleasing, although it shows the personal courperate French soldier serving in the prince's regiment, who, having deserted, was arrested by prince himself.

You are fortunate, my lord,"said the Frenchman, "in my not being armed for, by heaven, if I had my pistol, I would have blown out your brains."
The desertion and the threat to
the prince, inclined the court-martial to impose the maximum sentence, 999 lashes, which were duly inflicted in the presence of the

On Sept. 5, 1793, the Quebec Gaz tte announced the opening of a free school, under the patronage of His Royal Highness Prince Edward. As it was further stated that the Princes would have some control of the af-airs of the school, it was evident that the end sought was the education of the people in the use of the English language. One section of the Prospectus read as follows: "Particular care taken to render the acquisition of the English lan-

guage as easy as possible.' At a fire in Sault au Matelot street the Prince was one of the most ac-tive fighters, and the royal fireman received the thanks of the Quebec As-

embly. In December, 1793, came the order for active service in Martinique, and the Halifax authorities sent word to the Prince that they would be pleas ed to have "His Royal Highness"

possibly urged on by an unwarrant-able anxiety to have an interview with Your Royal Highness, in behalf with Your Royal Highness, in behalf of the most respectable gentlemen of this place, we have to request you to appoint an hour (commencing after 6 o'clock p. m., on account of the business of the court), which will be most agreeable to you to receive the respectful attention due your rank; and you may be assured, although in a strange country, that protection is easily at your command with the greatest subject of the United States. We are, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servants, Elnathan Keyes,

Join Bishop,
William Prentice.
The committee received this an

The committee received this answer:

Gentlemen,—I am commanded by His Royal Highness Prince Edward to return you his best thanks for your polite attention, and, at the same time, to say that if half-past six o'clock this evening will be a convenient hour to you, he shall esteem himself much flattered by his having the pleasure of seeing you. I have the honor to remain, with great respect. honor to remain, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

your most obedient servant,
Fred. Augt. Wetherall.
There is an absence of date to
both of these notes. But as the
Prince was in Boston Feb. 6th, the
Burlington reception must have occurred on the 1st or the 2nd of the

month. The Massachusetts Sentinel of Feb. Sth thus noticed the Prince's arrival in Boston: "On Thursday last Prince Edward, son of his Britannic Majesty, arrived at this town from We are told that His High cuebec. We are told that His High-ness has lately been promoted to the rank of brigadler-general and is to have a command in the army in the West Indies." Some days later the Sentinel print-ed this story:

"Prince Edward, travelling from

"Prince Edward, travelling from Canada to this place, alighted at a tavern at Williamstown, Vt., on top of one of the Green Mountains, and talking with the landlady, who is a person of taste and refinement, he puts his hand on a Bible on the desk and asked what book it was. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply.

ply. "The Bible, madame," said the "The Bible, madame, said the prince. "Do you make use of that book in this country?"

"Oh, yes sir," said the hostess, "it is a favorite book with us."

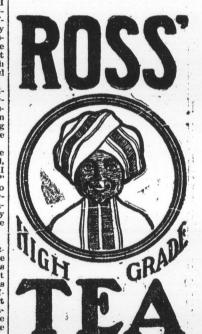
"But," said the prince, "do you read no other books?"

read no other books?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, we do," came the reply. "For when we wish to amuse ourselves we read 'Peter Pinder."

The point of this latter reply can be better appreciated when it is said that "Peter Pinder" was the pseudonym of John Wolcot, an English satirical poet of that time, who had been severely lampooning George III. In soome recent verses. The prince, it is related did not pursue.

III. in soome recent verses. The prince, it is related, did not pursue his literary inquiries of the sharp-witted Vermont woman, but resumwitted Vermont woman, but resum-ed his tollsome journey Bostonward. Prince Edward received a scant refines Edward received a scant welcome in Boston, and he confined his attentions to the royalist fami-lies that since the establishment of pence had found their way back to their former homes from the refuge at Halifax.



Teas without flavor are like flowers without perfume, NO GOOD. ROSS' HIGH-GRADE CEYLON TEA has that exquisite flavor which has made Ceylon famous.

Get the 25 cent package ; you. grocer sells it.

The House He Lived in.

When John Quincy Adams was 80 years of age he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shock his trembling hand and said—"Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?" "Thank you," was the ex-President's answer, "John the cx-President's answer, John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered and it trembles with every wind. The old trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, isir; quite well." With that the vanerable sixth President of the United States moved on with the aid of himself.