

All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

THE SECRET OF THE GRANGE

All night those few pitiful words rang in my ears. This was Tuesday; we were to leave for Hastings on Thursday, and something told me that it was not intended for me to return to the Grange again.

As I lay thinking that night of the bright-haired, brave young soldier who was hastening to the front to claim the young girl who might never be his, my old restlessness came strongly over me—something impelled me to lie awake and listen, something whispered to me that I was on the eve of a strange discovery. Then my thoughts turned to the mystery that seemed to shroud in the house and centered in the western wing.

"I shall never see those rooms," I said to myself, "after all."

It was a fine, bright night. The moon was shining clear and high; an impulse for which I cannot account urged me to see if by the moonlight I could not discern something of them. It was useless trying there awake. I could be doing over a few closed-up rooms. I hardly liked the idea of sinking about the house like a thing in the night, but an irresistible something urged me on. To this day I cannot account for the impulse that seized me, and when I found myself unable to resist.

However, I was not the only one who had chosen in the depth of the night to wander about the Grange. Prudence retired from the kitchen with the basket, and I saw her upon her arm. Yielding to the curiosity of the moment, I followed her through the long corridor past the granary and into the front part of the house. The door was silent passage that led to the western wing. When she stopped, I stopped; I walked so carefully, so lightly, that no sound of my foot-fall reached her ear. She paused for a moment when she came to the door at the end of the gallery that led into the unfrequented rooms. She entered, and it was not without a certain feeling of trepidation that I found myself at last in those mysterious precincts.

I began to smile at my own folly as I followed this old woman rapidly and silently. The rooms were bare and empty. They contained nothing but thick layers of dust; I felt ashamed of my unparliamentary curiosity, for after all, there was nothing to be seen. At length we came to a narrow flight of stairs at the top of which I saw the door of a room; through the cracks I saw a sparkle of freelight. Prudence unlocked the door and entered the room; she did not fasten the door nor even draw it to, but left it standing wide open. I saw her face quite plainly, and after all there was nothing wonderful in it. A small bedstead, a round table, and easy chair, a cupboard, the door of which stood open, showing an indescribable melange of crockery, glass and kitchen utensils—such was what met my eyes.

The old woman emptied the contents of her basket upon the table; there was bread, meat—provisions, in fact, for a week. To my surprise there was also two or three bottles of wine.

I remembered the staircase on the plan, and I knew that the room was but a kind of ante-chamber to the secret and hidden apartments known as "King Charles' rooms," where the "Merrie Monarch" had lain concealed so long.

My heart almost stood still with fear, for I heard Prudence speaking to some one. At first I thought she had recovered her senses, but when I had recovered I found that she was using words of endearment and love, such as one might use to children. Then I stepped into the room, resolved to know who that there—who was hidden in that room, and waited upon by her.

The panel in the wall was drawn aside, and I saw at last the apartment of which I had thought so much. It was inhabited; I was afraid to move lest I should attract the old woman's attention; but she seemed occupied with her charge, and very gently and very cautiously I made my way right into her room, and stood where I could see all that passed.

"King Charles' room" was a small square apartment; I could not tell whether the light of day ever penetrated there or not. A bright fire and a lamp made a cheerful glow of light. The place was beautifully furnished, a thick, soft carpet on the floor, an elegant bedstead, a few pictures, a luxurious easy chair, a pretty little table—all these I could perceive. But I wanted to see who was the occupant. I could hear a plaintive, childlike voice, low and trembling; but I could not distinguish the words. I drew near, trusting that if Prudence turned round I should be quick enough to escape her observation. She was bending over the little bed whereupon there lay a lady, whose brown hair I could see upon the pillow. When Prudence moved again, I caught sight of the stranger's face, and then my heart beat wildly, my brain reeled, my senses seemed to leave me. That face was

quite familiar to me. I had seen those blue eyes with the strongly vacant expression, those red, childish lips, those beautiful but listless features, in the portrait Helena Charlton showed me—the portrait of her dead mother.

The face was older now, and the strange look I had noted deepened. There were still the remains of beauty, but anyone seeing those wandering eyes and weak lips would know they were gazing upon the face of a woman whose reason and intellect were overthrown—a woman who was neither more nor less than an imbecile. Mad would be too strong an expression—she did not look that; there was one of those terrible paroxysms that characterize madness. I could see that she required nursing, feeding, and treating exactly as though she were a child. Who could she be? It was the face of Allan Charlton's wife—the face he would not allow his daughter to see.

The truth broke slowly upon me, but I saw it at last. The woman he called dead was living here—dead in life, hidden in these solitary rooms where no one ever came, treated kindly enough, but a helpless imbecile, while he who called her dead was about to make Blanche Carew his wife.

I had often wondered since how I controlled myself in the shock of that discovery. My brain was giddy—my limbs trembled. Of all solutions to the mystery that hung over Woodleigh, I had never dreamed of this. Of all improbable secrets, one like this had never crossed my mind. It was well for me that Prudence remained in the inner room; with that shock fresh upon me I could not have made my escape.

The nurse was persuading her charge to drink some wine that she had poured out for her, and the poor patient tried feebly to rebel. When Prudence raised her I saw her face and heard more clearly. There could be no shadow of mistake, not the least doubt in the world; with an irrefragable shudder I noted Helena's likeness to her unfortunate mother.

I had seen enough; I felt sick at heart. Cautiously and quietly I left the room, and made my way down the narrow staircase. I retraced my steps through the empty rooms and the cold, silent passages, came at last to the door that led into the

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE

Severely Tried by Ailments Peculiar to the Sex.

Ordinary Medicine Will Not Cure Because it merely touches the Symptoms—How to Get at the Root of the Trouble.

Behind the veil of her womanly modesty and fortitude, nearly every woman suffers indescribably from time to time, and continues to suffer in spite of all her efforts, because ordinary medicine is powerless to do good in such cases. Ordinary medicine may give temporary relief—even a purgative may do that—but the one great medical discovery and preventing the return of the ailment is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are not an ordinary medicine; they are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a regular practicing physician who has used them in his private practice for years before they were given to the public under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the best medicine for man; the only medicine for woman. Mrs. John McKerr, Chickering, N. W. T., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me many dollars in doctors' bills. For some years I was greatly afflicted with ailments of my sex, miserable. I tried many of my sex medicines but found no relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away and life no longer seems a burden. I know of a number of other women who have been similarly benefited, and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worth their weight in gold to those who suffer from female complaints or general prostration."

The happiness of health for both men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act as a nerve tonic and supply new blood to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of anemia, "decline," consumption, pains in the back, neuralgia, depression of spirits, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. But substitutes should be avoided if you value your health; see that the full name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

gallery, from whence I could gain access to any part of the house. A mate feeling of horror seized me when I found it shut. A gust of wind had probably closed it, and the lock could evidently be opened only with a pass-key. I had overlooked that contingency, and I found myself condemned to spend the rest of the night in one of the empty rooms, where I crouched and tensed almost all my life. A thousand dreadful thoughts came into my mind. What if I should be found there—what if, worn out with fatigue and excitement, I fell asleep, and Allan Charlton discovered me!

I went through an agony of fear in those few hours. What if Helena, or any of the servants went to my room, and finding me absent, began to search for me! Cold perspiration stood in large drops upon my forehead, my lips trembled and my hands shook with fear.

My relief was great beyond words when I saw the morning sunbeams begin to gild the dusty, dirty window. I went to rest for an hour. I knew I had an ordeal before me, and I wanted leisure to collect my thoughts and prepare my plans. The whole matter was so incredible that at times I thought I must have dreamed it. That in this prosaic nineteenth century a murderess should venture to hide his burlesque, imbecile wife in his own house; that she should have lived there, for years, in perfect presence unknown and unsuspected; that she should have a secret upon him, he would try to win one of the fairest and purest girls to be his—the thing seemed to me almost impossible. I could almost have laughed at my own yet from the certain evidence of my senses I knew it was true.

As I thought over all that happened, I wondered at my own stupidity in not suspecting this secret before. Why should Allan Charlton have sought to hide from his child his mother's portrait?—he wished her to forget or never to know the face, so that detection should never overtake him from her presence. He hated the Grange and wished to have it for the secret hidden there that weighed him to the earth, and rendered his home detestable in his sight. He had done all this, because I thought I should let her see the face of these rooms, he prevented me, he thought, from seeing the plan; because I had expressed a wish to see the western wing, he had arranged to send me to the inner room, and entered Woodleigh Grange so short a time before, that I was to be the means of this discovery.

And above all other thoughts, above that selfish fear, all the bewilderment and the confusion should next, there was the one idea—Blanche Carew was free—free to welcome the bright-haired soldier who had hastening home to claim her. Never again would I see her seek to woo her. Never again could her father with tears and prayers beseech her to let him go back to Croome. Without the pain of the western wing, I would be glad to gladden the later years of his life. The choice was taken from her; the power of decision no longer rested in her hand. The laws of man and God were overruled, and forbad Allan Charlton to through the mockery of making her his wife. Yet, in my woman's heart, I felt deep pity for the sad, gloomy man whose life-secret was laid before me. How understood the cause of his sorrow and his nerve. I saw how his life was blighted, how he wasted even in its prime. I felt great pity and great anger, too—anger that he should lay so cruel a snare for my bright, beautiful Blanche. If Hugh Weston knew how the girl he loved had been treated, would he no longer near to watch over her. Allan Charlton would have need to cry for mercy, if the brave young soldier ever suspected his secret.

Then a shudder of fear ran through me as I remembered the duty that lay before me. I must go to him, that stern and gloomy man, and tell him I had discovered the secret he had so carefully preserved. And had unveiled his wife when I had first burst of his life? Such things had been, but no coward fear must daunt or stop me. Before the sun set that day Blanche Carew must know that she was free.

At eight o'clock, my usual hour, I descended to the room where Helena and I took our breakfast together.

"What have you been doing?" she cried out when she saw me. "What has made your face so pale? You look ten years older."

When that girl threw her tender arms around my neck, and laid her blooming face on mine, I almost hated myself for thinking of the listless face, so like hers, that made me shudder as I remembered it. I could not seem to love his child as that I had heard a message to the other man do. Every time he looked upon her a thrill of sorrow, shame, and remorse must have shaken him.

I nerved myself at last. I sent Helena to ask Mr. Charlton if I could see him before he went out. She returned with a message to the effect that I must please be as quick as possible, for he was going directly.

"Papa has such a beautiful bouquet of flowers, Miss Wood," said Helena. "They are all white—white heath, white violets, white lilies and roses; and do you know," she added, "I begged him so to give me one, and he would not."

I knew he intended them for Blanche—he carried choice flowers to her every day, and I said to myself, as I went to the library, that Allan Charlton would give her no more flowers; she had received the last she would ever have from his hands.

I cannot describe the feeling of pity that seized me as I saw him standing, awaiting me. He looked happier than usual; he smiled little up his dark face when I entered the room, and I stood still for a moment, knowing that, after he had heard what I had to say, years would elapse before he smiled so

again. I wondered in that one moment, if an executioner, about to carry out sentence of death, felt as I felt then. I had to think of Blanche and Hugh Weston before I could summon up courage to speak.

"You wished to see me, Miss Wood," said Mr. Charlton, impatiently, laying down the flowers as he spoke.

"May I ask you to be as brief as you can? I have a most particular engagement this morning. Is anything wrong with Helena? You look ill yourself. Let me give you a chair."

It was well he did so; I could hardly stand up. "What did you wish to say to me?" he asked, kindly.

"I am come, Mr. Charlton," I said, slowly, "to ask justice, not for the dead, but for the living. I am here to remind you that the laws of God and man forbid you to make Blanche Carew your wife."

"Why?" he asked, coldly.

"Because your own wife—Helena's need he had for raising a large sum of money by mortgaging his mother's—his living still; and you know it," I replied.

"Good heavens!" he cried; "it has come at last!"

The watch he had been looking at falls from his hands—a pallor such as comes on the face of a dying man fell upon his. I could have wept for him as he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"You should thank Heaven that you are saved from a great crime," I said, earnestly. "Have you any excuse for such a shameful deed as deceiving a girl like Blanche Carew still living?"

"How dare you speak to me?" he cried, fiercely. "How dare you seek my secrets, and come here to fling them in my face?"

He rose, and made one step toward me. For a moment I feared Allan Charlton. His face—his face—his face as nothing in the fierce blaze of his wrath; but his outstretched arms sank again, and he turned from me.

"I shall never tell you how I learned it," I said, gently. "I have seen her—seen her face—that poor face, so like and yet so unlike her child's. Your secret may remain your own, Mr. Charlton. I am not here to interfere with your affairs, but to save Blanche Carew from ruin."

"To save Blanche Carew?" he cried; "to ruin her rather. Do you know the wealth I could have lavished on her—the care and love that would have been hers? Do you know that I could have given back to her the home she left a year ago? Do you know that I have poured out that deep love of my heart at her feet?"

"I know it all," I replied. "You could have done all this, but you could not have made her your wife; and I am here to save her."

"She loves me!" he cried.

(To be Continued.)

MATRIMONIAL OLD SAWS.

Relating to the Married State.

In all ages matrimony has been regarded as the chief epoch in the lives of both men and women, and the literature of the past is replete with aphorisms relative to it.

All the April brides may look forward to unalloyed bliss, for—

Marry in April when you can, Joy for maiden and for man— Says the old couplet.

"Happy the bride the sun shines on," runs another maxim, but should rain fall on the wedding day the bride may find assured that all her weeping will be done before marriage.

Orange blossoms signify a prosperous life, hence their use in the wedding toilet.

So many brides go through the ordeal with the pallor of white man that it is curious to recall the adoption of the bridal veil as a shield for the bride's blushes. Before that it was a piece of cloth held over the couple during the ceremony.

Prior to the circulation of money rings were evidence of a man's wealth, hence the bestowal of the ring symbolized the presentation of all the bridegroom's worldly goods.

It was placed upon the third finger because the ancients believed a nerve ran directly from that finger to the heart.

Romance brides were pelted with rice and corn in order to insure their prosperity and good living. The flinging of old shoes after the married pair is symbolic of shaking the dust of the old life from one's feet.

The honeymoon is named for the honey wine in the feast.

Giving gloves to attendants long ago arose from the custom of presenting gloves to one who did a service of so personal a nature that actual payment was out of the question.

Cheap Labor.

In Spain a man who works on a farm receives about twenty-five cents a day. In the vineyards wages range from fourteen cents a day for women and boys to twenty-one cents for unskilled men and to forty-two or fifty-six cents for those upon whose skill the whole responsibility of the raisin crop rests.

Feeding And Managing of Colts.

Many people think that a mare should rest from work for several weeks before foaling. This is not so. If a brood mare has been accustomed to farm work, let her continue at such work until a few days before she is due to foal. Moderate work is not only harmless, but beneficial to mares in foal, provided proper care be taken not to overload them. It is certainly better than keeping them tied up in the stable, or permitting them to run at large in the fields with other horses. In the former case they suffer from want of exercise, and in the latter from racing, playing or fighting with one another. After the foal is dropped the mare should have a few days' rest, not only for her own sake, but for that of the foal as well. When the time of foaling approaches the dam should be turned loose in a large box stall or if the weather be mild in a paddock. When the mare is a valuable one, and the prospective foal of milk in the cow a good deal of interest, it is well to watch her closely, as many valuable animals have been lost, which by a little attention at the right moment might have been saved. About

Investigations have shown that this disease is caused by blood poisoning, the poisonous matter entering through the liver or some other injurious substance touching the wound, and that by carefully disinfecting the navel the disease can be avoided in most cases. A weak solution of carbolic acid is very good for the purpose. Among the other common troubles of young colts are diarrhoea and constipation. The former is usually caused by over-feeding, or should be checked at once by the use of such correctives as parched flour, rice meal gruel and boiled milk. Constipation, on the other hand, may be relieved by the use of castor oil and by injections of warm water to which soap has been added. In all cases of diarrhoea it is well to at once lessen the amount of food of both dam and foal, thus assisting nature to restore the digestive tract to its proper condition.

At two or three months old the foal will begin to nibble grain from the mother's feed box, and by the time it has reached the age of five or six months it should be accustomed to eat all kinds of food. The weaning of the foal should be done gradually, and when it has grown used to eating it should be confined in a loose box where there is nothing in which it can become entangled, and fed on soft feed. The dam should then be put on dry feed and given moderate work. The milk must be removed occasionally, but it is

Better Not to Milk Dry

As the secretion will cease sooner, as soon as the foal is properly weaned, he should have the run of a good pasture, as there is no food better than grass, no medicine as good as exercise, fresh air and sunlight. As the weather grows colder, the foal should be put in the stable at night, and fed a little oats or bran. As soon as the winter sets in he should, if possible, have a loose box and be let out every day for an hour or two for exercise, feeding a little bran mash, a few carrots and clover hay. With such care he will come out in good shape in the spring.

Whenever it is practicable the colt should be broken to halter while yet a suckling, and the process in life this process is commenced the more easily it will be accomplished. He may soon be led by the side of the dam without difficulty, and when once accustomed to being guided by the halter, it will be an easy matter to lead him anywhere. By the time he is weaned, he will lead like an old horse, and when the time comes to break him to harness he will give little trouble; in fact, he is already broken. When a colt is 2½ years old, hitch him alongside of a steady, aged horse, and he will become accustomed to work. Use him to do light work the first winter, and prepare him to take a share of the arduous seeding on the farm. Always be careful not to put him to the hardest work until he is fully developed, and capable of taking his side at anything that is to be done on a farm.

F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

Please tell me how I should introduce a friend to another.

In making an introduction, the man is always taken to the lady to be presented and the formula is, "Miss A, may I present Mr. B?" Where two women or two men are presented the elder is addressed where the difference is marked. A girl presents her friends to her mother, but the mother says, "Allow me to present my daughter, Mrs. Blank." A woman should rise when another woman is presented to her, unless she is much younger than herself. If a man is presented, she retains her seat and bows and smiles cordially. Men always shake hands when introduced to each other. Women do so when desiring to show especial friendliness.

Will you kindly inform me if it is correct at any time to wear a black tie with evening dress?

A. F. A.

According to strict rules, a white tie only should be worn with a full dress suit, unless in case of mourning; but it is a rule which is sometimes broken at an informal dinner or evening entertainment.

Will you please inform me what is the difference between a cotillon and a german?

R. M. R.

There is no difference between a cotillon and a german. It is only a question of different names for the same dance.

If a young lady invites a gentleman to take her to a dance, is it customary for him to send her flowers? If the invitation should be to the theatre, is the gentleman supposed to get a carriage and provide for a supper after the play? If so, how elaborate should the supper be?

A Constant Reader.

It is not necessary for a gentleman to send flowers to a lady who has invited him to go to the theatre with her, nor is he supposed to provide a carriage for her. It is courteous for him to ask her to take a supper afterward, but not in the least obligatory, and he certainly should not feel obliged to provide any elaborate supper, but should order according to what his means will allow. Elaborate suppers have quite gone out of fashion, by the way.

Will you kindly tell me, at a quiet noon wedding, would it be incorrect for the bride to wear a navy blue dress? Would it be improper for the bridegroom to wear a black waistcoat and frock coat? Does the bridegroom furnish the bouquet for the maid of honor?

A. M.

Any white dress is correct for the bride to wear, provided it is trimmed with color. A black frock coat and waistcoat, with light trousers, is quite the correct thing for the bridegroom. Yes, the bridegroom is expected to provide the bouquet for the maid of honor, as well as for the bride.

Seized With Cramps, Acute Indigestion.

More Evidence to Prove that Indigestion of the Worst Kind Can be Cured and Cured Permanently by Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

More people suffer from indigestion and its accompanying ills, such as constipation and deranged kidneys and liver, than from any other class of diseases. The use of digestive aids, such as constipation, indigestion, flatulency, etc., form of indigestion is that which affects the intestines, and is attended with constipation, kidney pains and cramps.

That Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is the most effective treatment for this dreadfully common affliction is now generally known, and we here quote a letter from a Peterborough resident, who gives his experience for the benefit of other sufferers.

Mr. R. Beach, 225 Sherbrooke street, Peterborough, Ont., states: "About two years ago I became subject to cramps, which were caused, I was told, from acute indigestion. I was so bad that I could not sleep weeks at a time. These attacks came on periodically, and were attended with the most serious pains and cramps.

"I then began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and have found them a wonderful medicine. They have entirely prevented a recurrence of my trouble, corrected the derangement of my digestive organs, and made me feel like a different person."

You need not lose time and money in experimenting with new and untried medicines. You know that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are backed by almost a life-long experience of the great physician and druggist who has made them famous. They have proved their superiority in scores of cases in every community. Ask your druggist about them. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.