

FUNCTION.
seriously

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand Blue Ribbon

The Rose and Lily Dagger
A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

"Dear me," he said, regretfully, "and I might have pulled off the stakes! That would have been ten or twelve pounds at least. A good deal can be done with ten or twelve pounds, my dear. It's a great pity."
"So it is," said Elaine, suppressing a smile. "But you weren't sure of winning it, you know."
"No, no, that's true," assented the major, reluctantly. "But I might, I might, my dear. Well—"
"Do pause and look round the room and out at the window again helplessly. 'If you haven't got it I can't have it, can I?'"
"I'm afraid not," she said. "Never mind, dear, try and think you would be sure to have lost it, and that will console you."
The major accepted the suggestion rather doubtfully.
"Yes, oh, yes," he said. Then, after a pause, "I—I think I'll just run down to the club again, Elaine. You don't care to walk down as far with me, do you?"
"Why, busy, always busy," Elaine said. "I'm sorry, but I can't. I'm afraid you'll have to go alone. I'll be waiting for you at the club, Elaine. You don't care to walk down as far with me, do you?"
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WOMEN'S ILLS
Promptly Relieved and Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and strengthen the vital organs to perform their functions regularly. They bring the rosy cheeks and shapely forms that tell of good health and happiness. To the growing girl they are invaluable. To the mother they are a necessity. To the woman of forty-five they mean relief and ease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine that science has devised for women at all periods of life. These pills succeed when all else fails. Thousands of grateful women endorse the truth of these statements. Mrs. John White, Sanhannan, Ont., writes: "I give me pleasure to bear testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for the ailments that afflict so many women. I suffered greatly, and the periods were very irregular, but quite well and free from the pains that made my life almost a burden. I cheerfully give my experience for the benefit of suffering women." Remember that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

She looked at him with a gentle smile. "You will never be old, dear," she said. "Thank you, my love," said the major, and he smoothed his moustache with his perfectly gloved hand. "At any rate, the Marquis is old in wickedness if he's young in years. I wonder what brings him down to Barfield?" he added, musingly. "In the middle of the season, too. Not that he cares much about the sea, but he should be in London, and has come down here out of the way."
"What time could such a man—and a marquis—commit in London?" she said. "Break into a church—or what, papa?"
"The major laughed. "Oh, he's equal to that, and wouldn't hesitate to do it. I should say, if he thought it would amuse him. At any rate, he wouldn't be balked by any fear of the consequences. Enough said, I expect. Shall I bring him back to dinner, Elaine?"
"Not to-night, dear," she said. "The time could such a man—and the tradesman! Give me a kiss, my dear, and I'll be off."
She leaned forward, and he kissed the beautiful flower-like face lovingly. "I thought it was the first thing you women noticed, my dear," he remarked.
"Some women, perhaps," assented Elaine dreamily.
"Well, Saerwin is good looking, anyway," cooed the major, smoothing the hair of his gloves. "He always wore gloves, although he might be only going down the town and back. And by George, he is so confoundingly well off. At least, he has expectations. Uncle a rich cotton spinner, or iron-master, or something of that kind, I believe. Wish my uncle had been in trade, and I'd been his heir," added the major, pathetically.
"Never mind, dear. They are very nice people, and we are very happy, aren't we? If there were no bakers' and butchers' bills we should be quite happy, shouldn't we?" and she sighed.
"Ah, those bakers' and butchers' bills!" said the major. "I declare whenever I see one of my wretched red-covered books my heart sinks in. I don't know why, but I do. Why, confound it, that will do it down here again!" he broke off, leaning across the table, and staring out of the window.
Elaine looked in the same direction. There was no change in the view as she looked, and the only alteration that had taken place in the view was a slight one that might have escaped notice. It was this: While the major had been inveighing against tradesmen's books, a red flag had glided up the flag-post rising from the tallest turret of the house in the hollow, and was now flying lazily in the soft breeze.
"I—I beg your pardon, my dear," he said, apologizing for the strength of his language. "That flag wasn't hoisted when I came in, was it?"
"No," said Elaine. "It has only just this moment gone up."
The major looked at it with undiscussed interest.
"Oh, yes, he's back. There are only two families rightly privileged to fly a flag when they are in residence; and the Nairnes are one. The right was granted by Henry VIII.—the old scoundrel—and this old fellow, Nairne always does it. I wonder how long he is going to stay. A couple of hours, perhaps, certainly not more than a day or two."
They stood looking at the house in silence for quite a minute, then Elaine said:
"Have you ever seen the marquis, papa?"
The major shook his head.
"No, never; and am never likely to see him," he said.
"He never comes into the town?"
The major shook his head again.
"I don't think so; at any rate, no one has ever seen him. They say that he doesn't leave the Castle grounds when he is down here, or if he does that it is only after dark. The rector told me he once met him tramping along Warden's Lane at two o'clock in the morning."
"What was the rector doing out at that ghostly hour?" asked Elaine, with a smile.
"Been to see a sick parishioner, I suppose, and that's the only time he has been seen in the place. I believe, though they tell all sorts of wild stories about his driving tandem through the streets after dark."
"He must be a strange man," said Elaine, thoughtfully. "Is he—mad, papa?"
"No, no," replied the major. "That is, only in a sense. He has led a somewhat very wild life, my dear. Your uncle who knew his father and grandfather, told me that the Nairnes were all tarred with the same brush; but this one appears to be the worst and the maddest of the lot. I suppose he'd been a mere commoner—a plain mister, he would have been laid by the leg long ago."
"Is he so very wicked? What has he done?" asked Elaine, with all the courage of youth and innocence. "The major coughed and rearranged his eye-glasses.
"Oh, all sorts of things, my dear," he said. "You wouldn't understand if I told you. What has he done? What hasn't he done? Would be the better question. It's a wonder the property has stood it; but I believe there's no end to his wealth even now, and though he has been making stacks and drakes of the money ever since he came into it."
CHAPTER II.
"Is he an old man?" asked Elaine with languid curiosity.
"Oh, no," replied the major. "Oh, no; quite young. Thirty, thirty-two, or something like that."
"That seems old," remarked Elaine, with all the superiority of twenty-one.
The major shook his head.
"Old! What must I be then, my dear?"

SAFETY FOR LITTLE ONES. SHE BECAME A SOLDIER.

English Woman Who Served Honorably Through Campaign.
In the history of all nations there are instances of women having marched to the wars with the arms of their country and performed valiant deeds. The experience of Hannah Snell, an English woman, is perhaps the most remarkable of any on record. Hannah was born in 1723, and was a strong, healthy girl of fourteen when she was sent to a boarding school. Her father, who was a merchant, had a son who was a prodigious horse and drove a pretentious horse to the ordinary round of work in the kitchen. When she was 20 she was married to a sailor named Sumner, a good-looking fellow, who squandered her small savings and deserted her within six months. Hannah resolved to find her worthless husband and punish him if possible, so she donned a suit of his old clothes, and set out and walked to Portsmouth. Here her search was unsuccessful and her few shillings being at an end, she enlisted in a regiment of infantry, and was sent to Carlisle, near the Scottish border.
Soldier life proved very attractive from the first. Hannah quickly learned the drill and was much liked by her comrades, and she was going from station to station quite unsuspected. But soon a young man whom she had known at home joined the same company; fearful of being recognized by him, she deserted, walked across England, and re-enlisted under another name in the city of London. Her new regiment being immediately ordered to India, Hannah soon found herself abroad. I should say, here she was not long in becoming a favorite with everyone by reason of her skill in sewing and cooking and for her bravery during several severe storms that nearly wrecked the ship.
England and France were fighting for the possession of India at that time, and Hannah's regiment had not sooner arrived off the southern coast of the country than it was sent on shore to take part in the siege of Pondichery, a town held by the French army. Eleven weeks they lay before the place, suffering hardships that broke down many a strong soldier, but Hannah stuck to her duties and was in the very front at several assaults upon the city. Rain finally forced the British to abandon their position, and in fording a river under fire during the retreat she received two wounds, several of which were both painful and dangerous. By the aid of a Hindu woman in the hospital, she succeeded in remaining undisturbed during the long months needed for her recovery. Quite undaunted by her suffering, she set out for England, working her passage as an ordinary seaman in a home-bound ship in all sorts of weather. Voyages were long and tedious in those days, and it was some months before she arrived at Lisbon, Portugal. Always on the watch for news of her husband, she made inquiry, and at last found a seaman who had made a voyage with Sumner a year previous. According to his story, they had touched at Goa, India, where Sumner, being fond of murder while courting ashore, had been served in a sack and cast into the sea—a common enough practice in those days.
A short time after this Hannah landed in England, and her search being ended, obtained an honorable discharge from the service, with a pension of \$100 a year, besides a small gratuity. In London, she landed in an inn near London, where many people came to see her and listen to her own account of her strange career. She prospered and was quite satisfied to lead an

SKILFUL... HOUSEWIFE.

ABUSED HUSBANDS.

Woman's Extravagance Overtakes Man of To-day.
In a recent lecture Mrs. Robert J. Bartlett said:
"If each club woman would stand for the sacredness of the marriage relation, there would be fewer divorces in the country to-day and fewer sorrows and heartaches. I know you will think it is not necessary for you to interest yourselves in this question, because things are running smoothly and happily in your women, we have got to look out for our children, for the next generation. Do you know, mothers, that more than one-half of all the heartaches in the world are made because these lies are told so lightly? It is our duty to see that they are held more sacred. It has been shown that divorces are increasing three times as fast as the population, then if that increase keeps up, in the next ten years the separation of husband and wife will be greater through divorce than through death. We are a great power throughout the world, and we owe a great deal to the world."
"There is another thing, too, for which we women are responsible. In this day and age men are money mad. Why? Do you know that last year the value of millions of dollars were spent for jewelry? Do men wear jewelry? During the year 62 men were put behind the bars for embezzling large sums. Did the men want the money just for the love of having it? They wanted it to help their wives and their daughters to shine. Fancy the wife and daughter shining in society when the husband and father is behind the bars. We women are responsible for these things. We want too much. A man prospers and he says his wife must have a servant. He prospers still further and his wife must have two servants. He prospers more and she demands another and so it goes. We must learn the art of simple living. When I say that we must live simply, I do not mean that we should take the vows of poverty. There are certain things which we must have to make the home attractive, but we do not need so many things. Now, honestly, isn't your home filled with lots of things that you don't really want and that you wish you could just throw out in the streets. There's that chair that isn't really an ornament. You don't know why you bought it and you would like to get rid of it."
"Simple living means simpler table and fewer gowns. Oh, mothers, teach your daughters that not everything is to be found in beautiful clothes. There are more in life than dress. A noted Frenchman has said that the separation of husband and wife is the danger which threatens the American home. Men and women are no longer companions in our country. The man is out rushing after money, the wife and the children attending to their social duties. They drift further apart and scarcely know each other. Women are responsible for these things. We think that we must have things because our neighbors have them, and we keep the wage earners continually at their work."

PRIDE AND PERSISTENCE.

The ladies of Regina, regardless of creed, social position or political leaning, met a few evenings ago and paid very high compliment to the sorrowing widow of the late lamented Nicholas Flood Davin. An address was read, making touching reference to the neighborly qualities of Mrs. Davin, and a very handsome and costly watch and chain was presented as a memento of her six years' residence in Regina. Mrs. Davin's reply was made in a tone showing that she leaves the vest with feelings of deep regret. The whole thing was a most graceful act.
Boston Transcript.
"Ho! look to the mountains; eternal they rise.
The hills are our footstools, we pillar the skies."
And, laughingly pointing down its gray side,
"That you come in our keeping, forever we'll abide."
"That time will determine," a low voice replied.
With quiet insistence the waves far below
Were sapping and mining with sure ebb and flow,
And low laughed the waters; "O Time will decide."
Lo, cycles and eons leave ages behind;
With bright bands and golden the sea beach is lined.
Rare gems, now so suddenly, flash sparkling and free.
Ride storm clouds where erstwhile the cliff shrouds in gloom.
Old Time has decided who victor shall be.
The calm pulse of Nature beats on as of yore;
Persistence has triumphed, and will evermore.
The wreck of the mountain is spoil of the sea.
Cases of Lunacy.
Baltimore News.
"Yes, I know of one case where excessive use of the piano actually caused lunacy."
"Isn't that awful! And did they lock up the crazy pianist?"
"Of course not; they locked up the people who went crazy."

YOU CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT SLEEP

Unless the Nervous Energy Daily Consumed is Made Good by Rest and Sleep Physical and Mental Bankruptcy is Inevitable—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Sleep is as necessary to life as food or water. A single night of wakefulness unnerves most people, and when sleeplessness becomes chronic it soon leads to mental and physical collapse, prostration, paralysis or insanity.
Sleeplessness is an unmistakable symptom of nervous exhaustion, but have a terrible reaction on the nervous system. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures sleeplessness, just as it cures nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, restlessness and all the other symptoms of nervous exhaustion, by actually increasing the nerve force of the body.
To the nervous and exhausted, who feel that they are losing their grip on life, find it difficult to concentrate their thoughts and to remember what they hear or read; to the despondent and discouraged; Dr. Chase's Nerve Food comes, bringing new hopes and ambitions. By not eating your weight while using it you can prove that new firm flesh and muscle are being added to your body. At the same time you will feel the thrill of new, rich blood in your veins, and new vigor and energy in every nerve fibre.
Mr. W. Hawkins, of No. 3 Roden Place, and who is employed in Haight's Candy Works, Toronto, Ont., states:
"I was troubled for a long time with very severe headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest or sleep well. The regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my appetite. I sleep peacefully and the headaches are entirely gone. As a matter of fact, I feel like a different person, and can recommend this medicine very highly, as I know it has been the means of curing me."
The blood-making, nerve invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food commends it to all who are weak and exhausted. Gradually and naturally it builds up the system, and, being composed of powerful restoratives, its effects are as certain as the laws of nature. Fifty cents a box; six boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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