

You may try a cheaper tea,
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and you will remember its
quality long after the price
is forgotten.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND
WOMAN'S PERFDY

The face was dark but not sufficiency so to make it un-English, and young though it was, there were one or two silver threads in the closely cut hair on the temples. A moustache, cut in military fashion, concealed the upper lip, but left the lower free to convey the impression of a strong will indicated by the rest of the face. The eyes were dark also, and Elaine had found them penetrating but they were capable of expressing a brooding melancholy at that moment, and Elaine, with feminine instinct, knew that they were dressed in a by no means new suit of rough tweed. Captain Sherwin probably took him for a gamekeeper.

His silence lasted only for a moment then he looked up and seemed to dispel the cloud which had fallen upon him.

"I hope you will not avoid the park because I happen to be here," he said, as if no pause had occurred. "It is not likely that I shall remain many days, and while I am here I will promise not to disturb your solitude. I will give orders that, excepting quite early in the morning, no one, I mean none of the woodmen or gardeners, shall come here. It shall be territory sacred to you, Miss Deleine."

Elaine looked up earnestly.

"Oh, no, please do not!" she said. "I-I could not accept that."

"It isn't much, after all," he said, with the rare smile. "The park is large enough to spare a few yards like these. I shall think you quite forgiven me, if you will promise to come here with your book as you have been accustomed to do. As I say, you may rest assured no one shall disturb you. If you like I will have a gate put up at the end of the hedge, and give you the key." He said it quite simply, as if it were nothing which Elaine could accept without scruple or hesitation; but she blushed scarlet as she shook her head.

"Of course I could not do that—have you do that," she said. "But I am very grateful, and I will come sometimes." She meant "when you have gone," and she understood.

He inclined his head slightly.

"May I ask what you are reading?" he said.

Elaine held out the book, and he took it and opened it.

"Poems," he said. "Rosetti? I know, I mean I have heard of him. I don't read much, I haven't time—or patience." He added, almost to himself, "Is it good? Do you like it?" he was running his eye over a page—one of the sweetest in the volume—as he spoke, then he looked at her.

"I suppose they are good," said Elaine. "They are very musical, and—"

"She stopped," he said, and she said, scarcely in the form of a question, "Yes, you are young, and the world seems as good and beautiful as yourself." He seemed to have been unconscious of the slight difference in her words, but they affected Elaine naturally enough, and for a second her eyes fell and her color came.

"Ah, yes, that's right enough," he said. "I hope it will always seem so." It was on the tip of her tongue to say, "Keep this. I will lend it you," but she stopped in time, remembering that it would be as well that her acquaintance with the Marquis de Nairne should not go further.

"There it is," he said, "and I hope you'll bring it, and others, to your favorite spot. You have not promised to do so, I remember. Well, I have no right to exact a promise from you. I have no right—"

He stopped suddenly, and the cloud darkened his face again.

Elaine seized the opportunity, and with a murmured "good-evening," left him.

She walked along the bank to the point at which she began to climb the hill, and felt rather than saw that he was standing where she had left him, and looking after her; and when half way up, she glanced down, she saw that there was still there, leaning against the rail, his hands thrust in his pockets, his head sunk upon his breast.

Elaine reached the cottage, but instead of entering, sank down on a rustic seat half hidden in a tangle of roses and honeysuckle.

Her brain was in a whirl.

"To every woman, says the French poet, must come her first proposal; but, strange as it may seem, Captain Sherwin's proposal did not occupy the principal place in her mind; it was of that other character in the strange trio she could not help thinking—of the marquis.

Her life had been so quiet and uneventful that the incident of this evening may be said to have been the most stirring and dramatic that had ever occurred to her. She had been almost as removed from excitement as a cloistered nun, and now, all at a hop and bound as it were, she had been plunged into one of those crises, which may alter the course of a whole life.

She sat, with her hands locked together, her eyes downcast, recalling the scene, the faces of the town men, their voices, the one calm and serene in its consciousness, one powerful and mastery, the other shrill, passionate, feminine; then she put Captain Sherwin from her thoughts, and dwelt only upon the other man.

She who had never expected to see him, had met the marquis, of whom she had heard so much. Had not only met him, but under circumstances in which he had played the part of a friend and protector. The roses to her face as she recalled how he stood, his strong arms gripping the writhing figure of Sherwin, his eyes turned to her with their grim smile. She had heard that he was a wicked, cruel, and cruel man, but she felt sure her father would be distressed when he knew that she had met the marquis, and how; and yet—yet though she tried to regard the meeting, though she repeated to herself all that she had heard said and hinted about him, she could not feel that contempt and virtuous abhorrence which she supposed she ought to have felt. There had been something in the handsome face, in the expression of the dark searching eyes, which had appealed to her womanly sympathy, and not in vain. If it was true that he was wicked, she felt that it was equally true that he was unhappy. Not once or twice only she had seen the cloud descend upon his face, the shadow upon his eyes, a cloud which had

something almost terrible in its hopelessness and despair.

All women, the best, the handsomest, because they have the gentlest, sweetest hearts, are more prone to pity than to condemn, and here was Elaine, instead of shrinking in her dislike of purity from her recent contact with the Marquis de Nairne, already pitying him! She tried to persuade herself that gratitude had something to do with it, but the look of melancholy loneliness which had dwelt in the dark eyes of the man who had employed his great strength in her service had sunk into her heart and created an impression—a little nest for itself, so to speak, in which it lay warm and glowing.

She rose at last, reminded of the lateness of the hour by the ringing of the Castle dinner bell, and had scarcely changed her dress when the major's voice was heard calling her.

She took her place opposite him in the small dining-room, and watched him dreamily as he cut the cold beef.

She would have to tell him about Captain Sherwin's proposal, but she shrank from it, and put it from her as long as possible.

The major ate his frugal meal, chatting over it, not noticing that she ate scarcely anything, and then took his accustomed seat outside on the veranda overlooking the park, and took up one of his favorite Indian cheroots. Elaine, as usual, sat herself on the window sill at his feet, and looked at the opposite woods wrapper in their evening veil of summer mist. How should she begin?

The major unconsciously helped her.

"Wonder what became of Captain Sherwin?" he said. "I waited for him at the club, but he didn't turn up."

HEAVY LUNGS.

Made Sound and Strong by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Weak lungs mean weak health, continual coughs and colds—touches of grip and bronchitis, then dandy pneumonia or lingering, hopeless consumption. Weak lungs are due to weakness of the blood, and the sure way to strengthen weak lungs is to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose makes rich, red blood, and every drop of rich, red blood, makes strong lungs, and disease-resisting power to weak lungs. Thousands of weak-lunged, narrow-chested men and women have been made sound, healthy and happy by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they will do the same for you. Mrs. J. D. Naismith, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I contracted a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and was treated by the best doctors, but they did me no good. I was told to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did so. I feel like a new man now. My appetite returned, and I am again strong and healthy, much to the surprise of all who saw me while I was ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other medicines failed, and I shall always raise them."

Be in mind that substitutes and ordinary medicines will not cure. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Up. Rather unlike him to break an appointment. Has he been here? Perhaps he'll come over this evening.

Captain Sherwin has been here, papa? said in a tone that would have aroused his attention if he had not been so absorbed—as he generally was—in his own thoughts.

"The deuce he has! Why did you not tell me?" she said, "but—"

she followed me down to the river, and—"

she paused a moment, her face like a flame, then she nestled up against his arm, and he asked me to be his wife."

The major started and flushed.

"By Jove!" he breathed almost—"

"asked you to be—proposed! My dear Elaine!" then he stopped, smitten by a sudden misgiving. Her tone had scarcely been that of a girl made happy by her chosen victor's avowal, she disappeared, and he felt that "I said 'No,'" she replied almost inaudibly.

The major's youthful face screwed up into a frown of disappointment and surprise.

"Er—you said 'No.' Good Lord! My dear girl, I—forgive me—but I think you were rather—eh!—precipitate. What's the matter with Charles Sherwin? He's a deuced good-looking young fellow, and will be very well off; it's—yes, it's an excellent offer, take it any way, it is indeed. I'm sorry you refused him, Elaine. I am indeed! What made you do it?"

Elaine, her face pale enough now, lifted her hand from his arm, and both her arms clasped round her knees, looked across the valley.

"Because I did not care for him, she said.

The major gazed at his moustache with a troubled gesture.

"Yes—ah, yes; but look here, my dear, you're very young, and I think you're young to understand that kind of thing."

"What kind of thing, papa?" she asked in a low voice.

"Why, love, and all that nonsense, he said.

"No, don't understand it," she assented, in a still lower voice. And as she spoke there flashed across her mind why, she did not know—the words the marquis had spoken—"You deem the world as good and beautiful as yourself," and as they smote her, so to speak, a burning blush rose to her face. The major was not looking at her, she felt, in a troubled way at the ground.

"Love and all that sort of thing is all very well under—under some circumstances, if you can afford it; but—look here, my dear, I'm afraid we can't afford it. Captain Sher-

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

You can make baby sleep by giving him laudanum or the "soothing" stuffs which invariably contain opiates. But no sensible mother will do that. The way to make baby sleep happily and in comfort is to take away the cause of his wakefulness. This cause is located in his little inside—nowhere else. Babies seldom have anything the matter with their stomachs, and it is safe to say that the baby who cries unreasonably is complaining of his stomach. There is no ailment of a baby's stomach that Baby's Own Tablets will not cure right away. They make baby cheerful and happy and give him sound natural sleep—not the drugged sleep produced by soothing stuffs. Mrs. Wm. Smith, Litchford, Ont., says: "My baby used to be restless and sleepless, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he is better natured, sleeps better and is better in every way. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and can be given to the very youngest baby. You can get them from any druggist, or they will be sent post-paid at 25 cents per box by writing direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

win's a chance that doesn't come every day, and—do you like being poor, my girl?"

"I do, though, begad! And this marriage would have put an end to our miserable poverty. There's no knowing how much money the young fellow will come in for; it's a large sum, I know, and—by George, my dear girl, I think you've thrown away a remarkably good offer! I'll be bound to write him and tell him that you've refused him!" he shuffled his neatly-clad feet irritably.

"I could not marry him," she said, eld feet irritably.

The major scarcely seemed to hear her.

"Refused Charles Sherwin?" he said, rather to himself than to her, "and it would have made things all straight." He sighed heavily, and the hand that held the cheroot trembled. "For my word, he's a good fellow, and I'm afraid you don't quite understand our position, Elaine."

She did not speak, but the beautiful lips were tightly compressed, and her brows drawn straight across the dark eyes.

"I'm—I'm as poor as Job, and the debts—"

He paused for a moment. "If they were to arm nasty, and I'm sure they would, we should be—"

He stopped significantly.

"And then if anything happens to me, and I'm not a young man, Elaine—it was a tremendous admission for the major to make, and how deeply he was moved—"

"there's only my pension, you know. You'd be left to the world, and that's hard and unfeeling at the best. You don't think of that, do you? You're young—by gad, a mere child! You ought to have thought of me first! Perhaps he'll—eh—he'll come again?"

(To be continued.)

BEE DISEASE NOW UNDER CONTROL.

Foul brood will soon be a thing of the past in Ontario. The Province of Ontario had at one time more foul brood aparies than any other Province or State in the world, and now has less diseased ones than any country, barring none. Ontario has today more sound and very choice aparies for the member kept than any other country in the world, and what has brought about such great results as these is a thing that I will here explain.

In 1880 Mr. Gemmill, one of the best all-round bee-keepers that any country ever produced, saw very plainly that the whole bee industry of our Province was going to be wiped right out by the very rapid spread all over the country, with no law to check it or prohibit the sales of the many diseased colonies that were being shipped into very many localities. Mr. Gemmill, knowing all this to be a fact, took hold and spared neither time nor expense until he got the Foul Brood Act passed, which has proved to be the best thing that has happened for the bee industry of Ontario.

Just as soon as the Act was passed I was appointed Inspector for the Province by the Directors of the Ontario Bee-keepers' Association, on account of it being widely known that I had been curing diseased aparies for years before that, and had been a success at the business, and for this reason was considered a suitable man for the position.

A Heavy Task.

I knew that I had a big job before me at that time, and wanted a few thousand pamphlets published with my method of treatment in to be sent to every bee-keeper in the Province. This was complied with, and 10,000 of these little books were ordered to be printed at once. A little later I wrote asking for 500 of these printed in German. This was also done, and in a short time after the 10,000 foul brood pamphlets were sent direct from the Minister of Agriculture to the bee-keepers. These were a great help to me in getting the many diseased aparies cured. The Directors of the Ontario Bee-keepers' Association took hold at that time and helped me all they could, and sent me lists of the aparies that they wanted inspected and urged the bee-keepers everywhere to go strictly by my treatment, which helped me immensely to get the disease wiped out. The first season that I went out on my rounds through the Province I found the disease in every village, town and city that I went into, and also in every country place where there were kept, and now I am very much pleased to say that I have succeeded in getting the disease almost driven out of our Province, and now have it under perfect control and can very easily attend to the County of Norfolk, that are suspected to have a little of the disease in them. I have a few aparies in the County of Norfolk, and a little work to do in Western Ontario, and some down east, and this is all that I know of, and I know more about the true condition of the aparies of Ontario than any man in it.

Mr. N. E. France, of Plattsville, Wis., is and has been the only Inspector of aparies for Wisconsin. Mr. W. Z. Hutchinson is the only Inspector appointed for Michigan. But here in Ontario we have two inspectors to do the work, myself and Mr. Gemmill, and I have only sent him out but twice in the last two years. Mr. Gemmill and I are not enough to satisfy some three or four men, and these men

Want Local Inspectors

appointed all over the Province. We have 43 counties in Ontario and, counting that we have eight townships in each county, that would make 344 townships. Now, suppose that we appointed an inspector for each township, and that each of these 344 men was to send in his bill at the end of the season for \$20, that would only amount to \$10,880. Where would this little sum come from? Would these men make mistakes? They certainly would and very many of them, and when they would find foul brood, black and brood that had been poisoned through some foolish man spraying fruit trees while in full bloom, they would report many cases to me, but I would not receive more or less reports of

this kind every year since I have been Inspector, and some from bee-keepers that I did think would find it, and when I got to their place was very much surprised to find that they were mistaken, and that it was dead brood of another kind, and not foul brood at all. Any beekeeper that has foul brood in his apary should apply to me to help him and he can depend on it that I will never report on any person but the Minister of Agriculture what I found in his apary.

No beekeeper should be foolish enough to allow any person to examine his colonies that would report that his apary had foul brood if he found it there, because it hurts the sales in all such cases long after the diseased aparies have been cured. Cure your diseased colonies if you can, and if you can not, apply to me, and if you have good reason to believe that the disease is in other aparies in your locality send me a list of the aparies you want inspected, and I will see that they are cured, but do not ask me to tell if I find the disease in any of them because it would cause trouble and do others no good. I have to see that the diseased aparies are cured and that is sufficient.

Wm. McEroy,
Provincial Bee Inspector,
Woodburn, March 5th, 1905.

Wanted it Understood.

She was evidently a farmer's daughter, and he was a broad-backed, red-handed young man of 25, and as they landed at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot the other day even the newshoys gazed them for a bridal couple. Perhaps it was this fact that determined their action, for they walked straight up to the police officer standing in the door, and the bridegroom said:

"Officer, we was married yesterday."

"Glad to hear it," was the reply.

"We are now on what they call the bridal tower. We are going to be in Detroit three or four days."

"That's right."

"We shall walk up and down and go where we darn please. Sarah may have hold of my arm or I may have it around her waist."

"I see."

"If I want to stop and kiss we are going to do it, and we shan't care who is lookin' on."

"That's your play," smiled the officer. "You can also chew gum and walk hand in hand if you please. Anything you wanted to ask about?"

"Only just this," sturdily replied the groom. "There will be fellows who will chuckle and grin and there will be fellows who will call out, 'Ah, there! to us!'"

"It may be so, and you just say to the newspapers, and let them say to everybody else, that the undersigned stands ready to chuck all the chucklers, and that the 'Ah there!' and 'There!' and the other thers in town won't be able to separate the pieces. Officer, look at that!"

The officer gazed at the big fellow and remarked that it was all there, and the groom nodded his head, drew his bride closer to him and continued:

"Lord help the man who winks at Sarah or chuckles at me!"—Detroit Free Press.

Bob's Lively Face.

It was in a country village that the swarth and mossed for the hand of the village beauty and had been successful and carried off the palm. He had bought the engagement ring and was hurrying as fast as his two feet would carry him to the house of his betrothed. A friend tried to stop him to make inquiry concerning his haste.

"Hello, there Bob! Is there a fire?"

"Yes," replied Bob, with white breath he had left, "my heart's on fire and I'm going to ring the village bells!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Accumulation.

Kansas City Journal.

"I am a poor young man, sir, struggling to make a name for myself."

"What is your name?"

"Rudolph Albert Augustus Colfax Spinnington."

"What! and you want another? Gee whizz! You must be working up a name trust!"

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a post card, and we will send you one doz. large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds postpaid. Sell them at 10c, each, return us \$1.20 and we will immediately send you the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen. Doll is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and rosy cheeks.

Write to: Price Seed Co., Dept. 750 Toronto

A Trying Time On Feeble Persons

All Who Are in Low Vitality Have Reason to Dread the Coming Weeks—Fortify Your System by Using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

If you watch the newspapers for the next few weeks you will find that the death record is a large one, and made up largely of persons in advanced years and of weak constitutions.

Vitality seems to be at low ebb at this time of year, and the sudden changes of temperature and humid atmosphere are more than a weakened system can withstand. A little over-exertion, a little unusual exposure, a little neglect of physical health is undetermined, physical break down inevitable.

If you could but realize the reconstructive and upbuilding influence of Chase's Nerve Food it would be easy to convince you of the wisdom of using this preparation at this season of the year. When the blood is thin, weak and watery, Dr. Chase's

Nerve Food enriches it by increasing the number of red corpuscles. When the nerves are exhausted, energy gone and strength declining, this great food cure builds up the system, restores and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells and rekindles the spark of life.

No physician can give you a better restorative than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it is prepared in accordance with the most modern and most scientific principles, and contains in condensed form the most potent restoratives known to medical science. By noting the increase of weight while using Chase's Nerve Food, you can prove for a certainty that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body. Fifty cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.