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# Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

particularly for those families who like the best and most delicious tea at a reasonable price.

Black, Mixed, Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.

**FORTY CENTS SHOULD BE FIFTY**

## The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

She made a movement at last, and her arm went out to him with a letter in her hand.

"It is the letter he gave you," he said, hoarsely.

She made a motion of assent.

She smiled bitterly.

"Elaine," he said, "do you think I would take it from you, deprive you of it? How little you know me, your yours by right, the best of all right. Keep it. I will not take it—touch it!"

She crushed it in her hand as if she only half comprehended him, and was scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

"Come," he said, almost inaudibly, with a deep sigh. "You must not stay here any longer, Elaine. You are worn out—ill; you must get some rest. To-morrow, I will see you, and I will give you back this letter, and I will give you my arm, for the last time, Elaine."

He bent over her and put his arm round her to raise her.

"For a moment, she seemed to yield to him, to his caress—for it was a caress as well as a support; then she broke from him, and panting and trembling, rose and looked at him. Looked at him with an expression in her eyes of such agony, of such reproach and wounded love, that for the moment he was dazed and dumfounded.

"Elaine! The cry broke from him doubtfully, imploringly, for it seemed to him as if her dark eyes were saying, "I love you still"; but as if his voice had recalled her to herself, and with a shudder she put out her hand as if to keep him off.

He took it and held it firmly.

"Do not be afraid," he said, "I will remember that we are parted; that you are no longer mine. I will not say a word of the love I still bear you, not one word, but I will help you up; you are weak and ill."

She drew her hand from his and turned away from him, as if refusing, repulsing his offer of assistance, and moved toward the door.

As she did so, she came into the faint light of the lamp, and he saw a dark red spot—two, three—upon the sleeve of her dress.

He saw it as one sees small, trivial things at such moments of extreme excitement and more imperative, it had been seen, and the memory of it would revive.

He did not repeat his offer of help, but opened the door for her when she passed, and with faltering steps, went and followed her to the foot of the stairs. As she caught the balustrade with her trembling hand, she turned and looked at him.

"Good-by," he whispered, hoarsely. "God bless you, Elaine."

Her lips moved, but no sound came, and she went slowly up the stairs and out of his sight.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

Elaine, with that last look of anguished farewell, went to her room, and, locking the door, fell upon the bed as if the strength which she had fought so hard for had suddenly expired. It was all over. She had seen the last moment, she had cherished a faint hope that the letter might be a forgery, that he would explain its fatal import away, but he had not even attempted to do so, and there that Charles Sherwin had said of him was true in all the world there was no man more wicked, more cruel, than this man who had won her love.

**BABY'S VITALITY.**

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other time.

This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep.

Dr. P. Ferguson, No. 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and they promptly cured him. Before that I had been rather despondent, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born up to a year old. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff.

Sold by medicine dealers or mailed direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

rough voice fell to a hoarse whisper. The marquis did not move or utter a word, but looked the man in the face as if he were hard at work on some mental problem which the keeper's words had set him.

"A dead man, my lord," repeated Davie, hurriedly. "I was took all back for a moment, my lord, and—"

"—I'm ashamed to say I was afraid to touch him! It was so sudden, you see, my lord. I was so white for George, and waited till Saunders came up."

"Saunders!" repeated the marquis mechanically, as if this was a new piece in the intricate problem he was trying to arrange.

"Yes, my lord, the new inspector. It seems as if he was out on the patrol along the bank, and heard my whistle. Between us we drew the gentleman out of the stream up to the bank."

"The gentleman?" said the marquis. "Who?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Davie in a whisper. "It's Captain Sherwin, my lord."

The marquis' hand fell on the back of a chair standing near him, and grasped it tightly. "Captain Sherwin?" he said. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, my lord, quite sure. I knew the captain well, saw him most every day. Yes, it's him right enough, your grace."

The marquis stood motionless as a statue, his lips compressed tightly, his brows contracted.

Davie waited in respectful silence for a moment or two, then he stammered apologetically:

"I'm afraid I've brought it on you too sudden, my lord; but I tried to break it easily. I'm—I'm rather upset myself, my lord you see."

The marquis raised his hand to his forehead. "You find—him?" he asked, slowly.

"In the stream, my lord, just below the bridge. He was lying half on his side, his arms outstretched; like this, my lord, and he struck me with an attitude of hideous imitation."

The marquis turned his head away.

"What—what have you done with him?" he inquired, almost inaudibly.

"We carried him to my cottage, my lord."

"Does anyone know—?" began the marquis, then stopped.

"No, my lord; no one but Mr. Saunders and me, and you now, my lord."

The marquis left the room, and came back with the soft cap on his head.

"I will go with you," he said.

Davie looked at him hesitatingly. "It is necessary, my lord, and nothing can be done to-night. Mr. Saunders says, and it's raining in torrents, my lord."

The marquis turned up the collar of his velvet coat, and signed to him to go on.

"It isn't at all necessary, my lord, I'm sure," said the keeper.

The marquis closed the window after them quietly. There was something terrible and unnatural in the intense stillness of the huge house. It seemed as if every soul should be awake and shouting "Murder!" instead of lying wrapped in slumber.

It was raining hard, and pitch black, as if the world were going to be utterly destroyed.

"If you'll wait a moment, my lord," said Davie, and he struck a match behind his cap and lit his dark lantern.

The marquis seized his arm.

"Shade it," he said slowly. "We might be seen by those in the house, and alarm them. I can find my way."

"If you'll put your hand on my shoulder—begin your pardon, my lord," said Davie, and he laid his hand on the marquis's shoulder. He remembered and stated afterward that his strong, firm hand was as steady as a rock.

They made their way along the terrace, on to the library window opening, and down the steps to the shrubbery, through which Elaine had gone to meet Bridget— as she thought; through which Luigi Zanti had heard her rattle soon after the cry had fallen on his ears.

Davie's cottage lay back in a small glade to the left of the shrubbery.

No light was burning in the window, and the keeper muttered surprise. They stopped at the door, and a voice, low, but clear and cool, inquired:

"Who is that?"

"It's me, and his lordship the marquis," replied Davie. "Where's the light?"

"Come in," said the voice. "The light has gone out." The marquis slipped back the slide of his lantern and lighted the doorway, and the marquis entered.

The inspector, in his summer uniform of dark serge and military cap, stood beside an old sofa, upon which the marquis had been seated. He was shrouded by a sheet. The light fell upon it for a moment, then shot away as Davie moved the lantern to and fro.

Inspector Saunders drew himself up, and saluted. As he did so Davie naturally turned the light on his face, and the marquis looked at him; looked at him steadily, searchingly, almost as if he were taking the man's mental measure. The inspector was a small, wiry man of middle age, with small, sharp eyes, and thin, determined lips.

The marquis did not seem him before, for the inspector had only been recently appointed. He had distinguished himself in London, and had been sent down to the country for the benefit of his health. He had been rather badly used by a couple of burglars whom he had tracked down and arrested.

He took the lantern from the keeper's hand, and turning the light on the marquis, looked him over, respectfully enough, but with the critical self-possession of a London policeman.

"Sorry to disturb you, my lord," he said, in the subdued tone which comes so naturally in the presence of death. "A bad business, my lord."

The marquis glanced at the couch; he had not spoken as yet.

The inspector drew back the sheet and flooded the form with light.

The marquis bent down and looked at the white, still face. It was calm and placid with the peace of a man who has found a morsel of some weed had become entangled in the close cut hair, and still hung there.

"Yes!" the marquis said under his breath, "it is he!"

### FRUIT TRADE WITH THE WEST IN A CRITICAL CONDITION

Department of Agriculture, Commissioners' Branch, Ottawa, July 9, 1903.

The fruit division, Ottawa, gives out the following statement: Numerous requests have been received from Manitoba and the Northwest Territories for Ontario fruit of the best quality, put up in neat and attractive packages of the sort that western dealers prefer to handle. There are immense possibilities in this western trade for the Ontario fruit-growers, but up-to-date methods of packing and shipping will have to be adopted at once, or the whole of this great and growing business will be captured by the Americans.

Fruit Inspector P. P. of Winnipeg, writes that matters have come to a critical stage, and that unless Ontario now makes a determined bid for the trade, the market will be occupied almost exclusively by fruit from California, Oregon, and British Columbia. In the case of apples, even Kansas and Missouri are likely to be strong competitors. According to Mr. Philip, the packages wanted in the Winnipeg market are the following: Early apples, the bushel box; pears, the half-box, holding twenty pounds of wrapped fruit; peaches and plums, the crate holding four boxes, similar to those used by California shippers, and which are well known in all Canadian markets.

It is very important that Ontario shippers should realize the critical stage at which this trade has arrived, and that they should make a united effort to capture the Western market, not only by perfecting the details of their own end of the business, but by taking up the matter of transportation with the express and railway companies in order to secure if possible a better and quicker service to Winnipeg. At present fruit is frequently forwarded by express from Toronto to Winnipeg via Smith's Falls, and even via Montreal, to connect with the through trains. The result is that the fruit is on the road from 18 to 24 hours longer than it would be if sent via North Bay, and consequently, it does not arrive in Winnipeg in the best condition. If the carrying companies can be convinced that Ontario growers are prepared to maintain a steady shipment of fruit in modern packages, and not merely to send the fruit that the east does not want, put up in all sorts of antiquated shapes, there is little doubt that adequate service will be provided, at a rate which will compare favorably with that now enjoyed by Oregon and California shippers. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

### Now is the Time to Spread Potatoes

Notwithstanding the fact that year after year the potato crop in Canada is very much lessened by blight and rot, and that this blight can be prevented to a large extent by spraying, comparatively few farmers spray their potatoes to prevent this disease. It has been known for about eighteen years that Bordeaux mixture can prevent the blight, and it has been frequently demonstrated by experimenters and by other growers of potatoes that the crop is much increased by spraying. In order, however, to get potato growers to spray, it is necessary to keep constantly demonstrating the value of it. The results of the tests made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in 1902 and 1903 should be sufficient to induce every grower who lives in a disease infected district to spray.

In 1901 eight varieties were tested. The average increase in yield per acre of the eight varieties, where sprayed, was 94 bushels. In one variety, however, there was an increase of 171 bushels, and in another 155 bushels per acre.

In 1902, eleven varieties were tested. The average increase in yield of marketable potatoes, where sprayed, was 120 bushels per acre, the yield per acre of marketable potatoes from the sprayed being 310 bushels 12 lbs. per acre, and from the unsprayed 189 bushels 54 lbs. The cost of the bluestone, which is the principal expense, was \$7.98 per acre, or 114 lbs., at 7 cents per lb. there when the spores are there the would be less. At 40 cents a bushel, an increase of 120 bushels would mean \$48, or after deducting about \$10. The object of spraying is to destroy the spores of the disease on the foliage. If the mixture is not there when the spores are there the

### DO GIRLS MAKE TOO MUCH OF ATTENTIONS?

Half the miseries of life spring from the fact that women do not understand men. Of course men do not understand women, but then, they know they can never hope to go so, and don't attempt the impossible. Most men are "taken" with dozens of girls, dark girls, fair girls, red-haired girls, chestnut-haired girls, dark-haired girls, fat girls, thin girls, willow girls, chubby girls, etc.; this fluttering of fancy is during the effervescent period from eighteen to twenty-seven. These are the years in which a man goes round, not with a view to selecting a wife, but with a desire to see what nature had to offer, should he at any subsequent period wish to forswear bachelorhood.

Now, as far as I can see there is no reason why a man should be blamed for this. The pity of it is that the girls don't realize that, like nine-tenths of the good ladies who attend bazaars, he has no intentions.

He meets Miss Goldenhair at a ball, dances three times with her, writes her name and address on his cuff, comes over for a week-end and calls upon her chums with her big eyes round, not quite, but nearly flowers, and occasionally takes her on a friend to a cafe for tea.

Miss Goldenhair is flattered by these attentions; she exalts them into the signs of love. Worst of all he doesn't want it given for nothing, and he certainly doesn't want hearts by the dozen.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," says Solomon. Now, the trouble with nine out of ten girls who are taken, is that they are so blind, a heart is a tiresome appendage—it takes an end of looking after, it adds all the issues of life; it is decidedly pleasanter to get rid of it, to make someone else's present of it, and so shelve responsibility. That's one reason why girls are so ready to give it away to the first comer. Nevertheless the oriental king is right, hearts are not made to give away. It's a duty every woman owes to herself to keep hers—always! If she can—in any case as long as possible. Half a dozen compliments, three and a half pounds of chocolates, a rose, a little interchange of ideas, a pair of gloves, some Christmas cards, even a look of hair—these are the properties meant to make a setting

for comedy, the comedy of life's springtime. If girls could only see that nature meant to lay the burden of tragedy upon young and inexperienced players, how much more merrily the world would wag.

I am serious, very serious, in this tirade of mine. The woman of to-day thinks she has gone so far along the road of progress that it seems a pity she should not go further; we men want to worship you; we long to lie in the dust at your feet, so that you can pick us up and set us on thrones. We burn to do great things—to show you how strong we are, to compel your admiration; to lay siege to your heart. But to take possession—ah, no, that is beyond our utmost deserts, and we know it. That's why it makes a man angry instead of grateful when he finds girls giving him their hearts. "Can I do anything worth what I fancied—can anything worth having be had for nothing?" he asks.

Serious intentions when he's only attentions mixed up. Don't think small presents necessarily pave the way to a proposal. Don't love a man unless he gives you good cause for doing so.

### Weak, Languid, Sickly Children

Who Grow Up Frail of Body and Exhausted in Nerve Force Are Wonderfully Benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is a puzzle to many parents to know just what to do for children who they get pale, weak and languid, lose their appetite and ambition, and seem to gradually fail in health and strength.

Because of its mild and gentle action Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is especially suitable to the needs of children, and endorsed by a great many grateful parents.

Mrs. George F. Brishin, Lake street, Peterboro, Ont., states: "One of my children, a boy of about fifteen years, did not have good health for a year or more. He seemed to have no energy, was weak and languid and suffered from nervousness. The doctors said that he was growing too fast, but he became alarmed about him, and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It was not long until he noticed a great change in his condition. His appetite improved, he had a better color and soon became stronger and healthier. He is still using the Nerve Food, and we are perfectly confident that he is improving right along under this treatment."

Mrs. D. Ardies, Brandon, Man., writes: "My son, aged fourteen, and little girl of three years, were both stricken with St. Vitus' Dance. The doctor told us what the ailment was, but could not keep them from getting worse and worse, so when I received the book about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. The boy had lost eighteen pounds in two months, and could scarcely take hold of anything. The little girl lost the power of her tongue, and could scarcely speak. I now take pleasure in stating that they are both quite well, and you would never know there had been anything the matter. The boy has gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I am very thankful there is such a medicine on the market, and that I happened to get the little book just when I did. It just came in time as though it had been sent on purpose."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edinboro, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. W. Chase, the famous receipt book inside or, are on every box.