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The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

He took it, and examined it through a magnifying glass which stood on the bench. "Is there an expert in handwriting in court?" he said. "But, indeed, I do not think we shall need him."

The twelve men bent their heads over it, and murmured among themselves, and meanwhile the marquis and Gerald were talking earnestly. Gerald nodded at last as if convinced or persuaded, and, addressing the judge, said:

"My lord, my client desires to avail himself of the recent alteration in the criminal law; he will make a statement."

The judge looked down at the marquis's face, now working with an agitation that was doubly impressive after his long-continued calm.

"I have my own opinion of the wisdom of that alteration," he said; "but the jury will, of course, receive any statement the prisoner may make."

The marquis looked at Elaine as if he wished her to listen to every word; then, addressing the judge, said:

"My lord, I desire to say that the evidence given by all the witnesses excepting Fanny Inchley, is so far as I am concerned, perfectly true. I was in the grounds, I was near the bridge on the night of Captain Sherwin's death. And I saw and heard him with Miss Delaine. I saw him give her a letter. You have heard that letter read; but at that time, and until now, I had no suspicion that the letter I saw him give to Miss Delaine was a letter stolen from my desk."

"Yes," he continued, more calmly, and speaking slowly, "that every word might be heard by the intent and breathless crowd, 'that letter was mine! It was written to me by my wife—'"

Elaine started, and covered her eyes with her hands. And he paused a moment, his eyes dwelling upon her bent head with sad tenderness.

"It was the last letter she wrote to me. And it was not written in 1888, but in 1885, a few weeks before her death."

Elaine's hands fell from before her face, and she turned it, white and amazed, toward him.

"Yes," he repeated slowly, and in a low voice. "My wife, the writer of that letter, died at the place at which it was written, three weeks afterward. That is my statement, my lord, whether it be true or false can be proved by the registrar of Thorncliffe, where my wife was staying at the time of her death. There is one person in court who can corroborate my statement: a young man who sat on the benches behind the jury box. 'Lord Clerwell, who is present to-day, was present at my wife's funeral; and where the young fellow, one of the party from London, upon whom the marquis's eyes were fixed, inclined his head gravely. The crowd just glanced at him, then stared again at the marquis."

"It will be asked why the marriage was kept secret," he went on in a lower voice. "It was an unhappy one. My wife—"

"Do," he said, and let his hand fall slowly on the rail of the dock. "When a time of misery has

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It is such sincere, honest words as these that has made Baby's Own Tablets the most popular medicine with mothers all over the land. The Tablets can be given to all children from the tiniest, weakest baby to the well-grown child, and where they are used you find only healthy, happy children in the home. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

passed and been buried, one does not desire to dig it from the grave. I had wronged Miss Delaine by keeping my marriage secret from her. Here, and now, I ask her forgiveness for my selfishness and want of trust in her love and long suffering. I had resolved to tell her that night. The night when, as I thought—like a fool!—that she was false to me."

Elaine started, and the blood surged over her white, wan face. "False!" broke from her lips.

"Yes!" said the marquis, as if answering her. "With shame I own it, I thought her false! And so, my lord, I show how utterly unworthy I was to win so sweet, so true a woman." His voice broke; a murmur that was like a sob rose from the women in the crowd.

"I thought," went on the marquis, "as if resolved to make full confession, and inflict upon myself in all its bitterness and completeness the punishment he deserved. 'I thought she had met Captain Sherwin, that she loved him still, and that the letter was one of a compromising nature which she desired to regain from him. When we met in the drawing-room afterward—Miss Delaine and I—she was with that cruel and mad delusion that I spoke and listened to her. I see now, by the light of that letter, how she must have misunderstood me. My lord, each thought the other guilty. She thought I had a wife at present living. I, that she still loved the man who had asked her to be his wife!"

The crowded court drew a long breath. The judge sat motionless, his long, thin face absolutely impassive.

"I ask, I pray her to forgive me!" went on the marquis, his eyes resting on the beautiful face. "I wronged her cruelly! That she should deem me guilty was but reasonable. How should she suspect that any human being could be vile enough to alter the date of that letter? How should she guess that the wife who wrote it was dead, and that I was free?"

He paused, and sighed.

"That is all, my lord. I will not insult these gentlemen. I waved his hand toward the jury, "by asking them to give no credence to the statement of the woman, Fanny Inchley. There are some lies which recoil, even as they are uttered, upon the lips which spawn them. Miss Delaine has told you all she knows; it is all! You may have your doubts as to my innocence; you cannot have the shadow of a doubt of hers."

There was a murmur of applause. The judge held up his hand.

"Have you finished?" he asked, solemnly.

The marquis made a motion of assent. The sergeant sat looking hard at Gerald. The crowd grew restless in the moment or two of suspense; then it was known that some one was approaching the witness box, and as Luigi was recognized a thrill of excitement vibrated through the people.

The sergeant rose but the judge, motioned to him to remain seated. "Do you wish to give evidence?" he asked.

Luigi turned his sightless eyes toward the bench.

"I do,"

The judge signed to the clerk to administer the oath; and Luigi, in a low, clear voice, and to the amazement of the marquis, gave an exact account of all of which he was cognizant on that awful night, his tone perfectly steady until he described the scene between him and the marquis, in which the latter expressed his determination to sacrifice himself, if need be, to save Elaine from even the suspicion of having committed the crime. Then Luigi's voice faltered, and an anxious, sob rose from Elaine's parched throat, and was echoed by every woman in court.

"And you say," said the judge, "that you heard a woman pass you in the shrubbery, even after you had heard the cry?"

"Yes, my lord, and," he went on slowly, "I thought it was Miss Delaine."

"You thought it was Miss Delaine?" said the judge, gravely. "Why?"

"Because, my lord, as the woman passed I noticed the scent of new-mown hay—"

her cheek on her hand, blushed, and looked up. "It was a scent Miss Delaine used; but she had not used it that night, or for some days before."

"Be careful!" said the judge. "Are you speaking from hearsay?"

"No, my lord," responded Luigi, in clear tones that seemed to vibrate through the court. "Lady Scott and her maid will prove that Miss Delaine lost a bottle of perfume from her room on the Thursday previous."

"It may have been some other scent," said the judge.

Luigi smiled sadly. "My lord, I am blind," he said significantly. "By Heaven's law of compensation, the blind man's senses of hearing and of touch and smell are more acute than those of his fellows who enjoy God's great boon—sight! It was the scent I have named. I have never smelt it before. Miss Elaine's visit, and twice only since."

"When?" asked the judge, amid an intense silence.

"Two days ago, my lord, when Fanny Inchley stood talking to Mr. Locke, Mr. Saunders and myself in the shrubbery?"

Gerald Locke started; the crowd stirred excitedly.

In rapid tones Luigi described the scene.

"Nay, when the perfume was wafted toward me it came like a revelation. The woman whose handkerchief was perfumed with the new-scented perfume, the woman who had rushed past, and twice only since, dropped the dagger which the marquis picked up! It was the woman who had killed Charles Sherwin!"

Intense silence for a moment, then the judge said, slowly, solemnly:

"Do you forget that there were two other persons standing beside her when you noticed the scent?"

"No, my lord," he responded. Luigi promptly. "One was the detective who has charge of this case against my dear, dear friend. He shall say whether he used the new-scented perfume, or not."

"No," said the marquis, "I saw him, and in his midst stood the marquis, calm and composed again, his eyes fixed on Elaine, as if he saw her and her only."

Silence was at last restored, then the sergeant rose. In a masterly speech he used every word that had been said as so much evidence against the man.

In the whole course of my experience," he said, gravely, "I have never known a more intricate and complex case; but it is my duty to ask a verdict from the jury. I attach no mark we have the motive for the crime. Who can doubt that the prisoner, maddened by the loss of the woman he loved, slew the man who had separated them from him? For the evidence of the witness, Fanny Inchley, I care nothing. What she said she has said to screen herself and actuated by spite."

Luigi, leaning forward, and catching the eye of the jury, whether it was Miss Delaine or Fanny Inchley who passed him in the shrubbery is of little consequence. The person who dealt that fatal blow must have been the prisoner in the dock; for it was he alone who could have desired the death of the man he confesses he regarded as his rival and the destroyer of his happiness; the man who had revealed the secret of the former marriage."

Point by point he went over the evidence against the marquis, and as he proceeded the silence grew more intense, and the crowd, as a sound like a moan rose from the crowd.

Gerald Locke was white with repressed emotion when he got up.

"I call no witness, my lord," he said, and he sat down. "The witnesses have spoken for me. I do not call Lady Scott to prove that the bottle of scent was missing—stolen; that Miss Delaine had not used it for days previous to the fatal one. I have not to defend her innocence; no one doubts it, and as he raised his voice a murmur of applause broke from the crowd. 'It is for my client, the prisoner, alone in the dock, that I speak ever for a moment doubted his innocence of the crime with which he is charged, the evidence would have dispelled that doubt from my breast, and I leave his fate in your hands, in full and serene confidence of an acquittal.'"

He sank back, and the judge began to arrange his notes.

"The summing up will do it," muttered one lawyer to another.

It took an hour; it was exhaustive, and the only once did the grave, solemn voice grow quicker with the heat of righteous indignation, and that was when he spoke of Lady Blanche's share in the tragedy.

"No words of condemnation that I can utter can, I imagine, add to the sense of shame which must be crushing that miserable lady," he said. "Conduct to base, so unwomanly in its calculating cruelty and selfishness, has seldom been revealed. But that she herself confessed it, convicting herself from her own lips, a shout of applause burst from the hearts of the men who were present to see her in a meanness so revolting and incredible. Whoever was guilty of the deed of blood, it may be said that, but for the action of Lady Blanche, the murder of the unfortunate man would not have been committed. Let that reflection be her punishment, a punishment so availing that I will not, dare not, add to it."

A shriek rose as the last words dropped from his stern lips, and Lady Blanche was carried out of the court.

The summing up was over. The jury left the dock; the judge rose slowly and wearily, and passed through the door at the back of the bench; the hum and buzz of the crowd followed the silence in the shrubbery, even after you had heard the cry."

"Yes, my lord, and," he went on slowly, "I thought it was Miss Delaine."

"You thought it was Miss Delaine?" said the judge, gravely. "Why?"

"Because, my lord, as the woman passed I noticed the scent of new-mown hay—"

RHEUMATISM CURED.

A Right Way and a Wrong Way to Treat the Trouble.

Linctants and Outward Applications Cannot Cure—The Disease Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is one of the most common ailments with which humanity is afflicted, and there are few troubles which cause more acute suffering. There is a prevalent notion also, that if a person once contracts rheumatism it is bound to return in cold or damp weather. This is a mistake. Rheumatism can be thoroughly driven out of the system, but it must be treated through the blood, as it is a blood disease. Rubbing the affected joints and limbs with liniments and lotions will never cure rheumatism, though perhaps it may give temporary relief. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more cases of rheumatism than perhaps any other disease except anaemia. These pills drive the rheumatism out of the system by their action on the blood, and the trouble rarely returns if the treatment is persisted in until the blood is in a thoroughly healthy condition.

As a illustration of how even the most aggravated form of this trouble yielded to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the case of Mr. J. J. Richards, of Fort Colborne, Ont., may be cited. Mr. Richards had used three boxes, when ago I suffered from a most severe attack of rheumatism. I could neither lie down nor sit up with any degree of ease, and I am quite sure only those who have been similarly afflicted can understand what agony I endured. I put myself under the care of an excellent doctor, but got no benefit. Then I tried another and still another, but with no better results. By this time I had become so reduced in flesh that friends hardly knew me; I could not move hand or foot, and had to be turned in bed in sheets. The pain I endured was something awful. Then I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes there was an appreciable change for the better; the pains began to leave me, and my joints began to limber. I kept on taking the pills, and I had used a dozen boxes, by which time every trace of the trouble had disappeared. It firmly believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been a rheumatic cripple for life."

The pills cure not only rheumatism, but all other blood and nerve diseases, such as anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, etc. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail, post paid, by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ed out her arms to him, and he stopped, and seemed as if about to stretch out his hand to her, but she drew her hand down beside her, and, sobbing, strove to comfort and soothe her.

Gerald went round to the poor old man, but was with that nothing, but lay a sympathetic hand upon the old man's shaking shoulder.

Lady Dorman, Mrs. Bradley, and others came round Elaine and begged her to get them taken away, but she could only shake her head, and say, "No, no, no!"

The suspense was terrible, almost unendurable. Weeks, months, seemed to have passed since the jury had left the box. Would they never come back?

The sergeant, taking self incessantly, started quickly before him, and a disk of the scowling glances shot at him by the buzzing crowd.

Saunders, standing beside him, took out his watch now and again and looked anxiously towards the door. "That's the way the jury come in," at last said the sergeant, grimly.

Saunders swore under his breath. The perspiration was standing in big drops on his forehead. "He uttered hoarsely. 'I'm waiting for—'" He stopped.

The sergeant smiled grimly. "It seems to me you have been waiting for something a while through the case," he said, sarcastically.

Saunders glanced up at him. "That's true enough," he retorted. "But don't you be hard, Mr. Leslie. You've never had such a case as this before."

"Nor ever want to have again," snapped the famous lawyer. "Hush, here they come. Silence the jury filed into the box; the judge was summoned and entered, his cadaverous face perfectly impassive and expressionless in its intense calm; and a moment later the marquis stood once more in the dock.

The clerk rose and put the awful question in due form: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty or not guilty! The words fell on Elaine's tortured ears, rang on her aching heart.

The foreman rose. "Not guilty, my lord."

A cheer that seemed to shake the worm-eaten timbers of the old court house rose from the parched throats, a cheer which drowned the words in which the judge calmly told the marquis that he was prisoner no longer, but a free man; which drowned the faint cry which leaped from Elaine's white lips, as she rose with outstretched hands.

The marquis stood for a moment as if bewildered; then he sprang over the dock and seemed about to rush to Elaine; then he stopped, as if some bitter memory had arrested him, and the next moment he was surrounded by the crowd making wild dashes for his hand, and, falling that, excited attempts to touch him, as if words were powerless to convey their delicious joy and satisfaction.

(To be Continued.)

Dr. George Wylie, in his "Notes of My Life," gives a charming sketch of Prof. Blackie, of whom he writes that mentally his popularity was due to his affability, loving and perfectly truthful nature, his free and outspoken, but never bitter, speech, and his habit of frequently breaking into song, a custom somewhat alarming on occasions.

VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS

Care in Growing and Selection of Seeds.

TESTS OF SOME COMMON SEEDS

It should be unnecessary to urge upon the growers of garden crops the importance of using thoroughly reliable seed, or to defend the practice of testing seeds before sowing them.

For many years all the seeds used in this country were European grown, although as early as 1785 some attention was given to their growth in the United States. In that country the trade grew steadily until about 1860, when, owing to the interruption in trade due to the civil war, people began to look for a home supply and home production was greatly stimulated as a result. The increased demand encouraged growers to produce reliable seeds and kinds suited to all conditions of growth. A fair trial of home-grown seeds convinced people that they were as satisfactory as imported stocks, and in some cases gave better results. In 1879 there was estimated to be 7,000 acres devoted to the production of garden seeds, but at that time the California seed trade was but beginning, and since then it has grown to enormous proportions.

Much of the work in connection with the growing has to be done by hand, so that labor is an important consideration. The system of "rogueing" practised by all reliable growers is necessary in order to maintain the type, and consists of removing by hand all plants that deviate from the required standard. Cultivating, harvesting, threshing and cleaning are largely hand operations.

The labor involved is a serious objection to the home-growing of seeds, which is practised by some gardeners. Very frequently, too, the quality of seed produced is inferior to that grown by professionals, unless proper precautions are taken. The greatest dangers encountered are the crossing of varieties and deterioration of stock. To obviate the first difficulty small growers will find it necessary to grow only one variety of any one species; to over-see the second, constant care in selection will be required. Only those plants which are vigorous and approach the ideal conformation for that variety should be allowed to ripen their seed. Vigor of growth and productiveness in individual plants are qualities that are transmitted from one generation of plants to the next, so that it is unwise to allow any but the most desirable plants to mature. Turnips and radishes that are not suitable for table use are much less suitable for seed production. Not all the seed of even the best plants should be sown, as there are invariably present small and shrivelled seeds, and only the large, plump seeds should be used. By following this system of selection a gardener may not only maintain but constantly improve a variety, but if he is not willing to exercise such care he would do much better to purchase his seed from a reliable seedman.

What is it true that to secure genuine garden seeds is a more important consideration than to have seeds that show a high vitality, it is evident that a person sowing seeds should know approximately what per cent. were likely to grow. In order to obtain some definite information in regard to the quality of our vegetable and flower seeds, the seed division of the Department of Agriculture collected upwards of five hundred samples and tested them for vitality.

The samples are secured at about twenty different points in the Dominion, and were considered representative of the seeds on sale. About one hundred of the packages bought were of seeds held over from last year. The most approved seeds were used in making the tests, two hundred seeds being used for each single test and each being conducted in duplicate. Where the number of seeds in the packages would not permit of this, all the seeds were used.

The following table gives a summary of tests of a few of the common seeds:

Table with 4 columns: Seed, No. of Tests, Min. Max. Ave. Percent. Carrot: 24, 26, 98, 66. Cauliflower: 9, 2.5, 37, 61.5. Radish: 17, 12.5, 98, 71.6. Tomato: 12, 27, 97.5, 77. Cabbage: 14, 40.5, 98.9, 72. Parsnip: 15, 11.3, 63, 40. Morning: 5, 29, 61.5, 50.8. Sweet Peas: 5, 69, 91.3, 85.4. Parsley: 5, 2.5, 75, 54.2.

The most noteworthy point in the results is the great variation in the results of different samples of the one kind of seed. For while the average is in most cases fairly reasonable, a considerable number of samples germinate so poorly that a poor stand would be inevitable. The samples of extremely low vitality doubtless were principally old seed held over from year to year. Some kinds of seed depreciate in value very rapidly and in a few years are valueless, so that the practice of some seedmen of leaving seed packages in the hands of retailers year after year cannot be commended.

It is important that a buyer of seeds should know at least approximately what per cent. is vital, but owing to the limited amount of seed, it is impossible for him to make a test. The case is different with the wholesale dealer, who has seed in bulk, and should know within at least five per cent. the vitality of the seeds he handles. To stamp the vitality on each package would entail some little trouble to seedmen, but not necessarily any risk, as no objection could be raised to a reasonable margin. Such a practice would be of inestimable benefit to the users of the seed.

Yours very truly, W. A. Gleason, Publication Clerk.

OLD FASHIONED GARDENS

"What has become of the old-fashioned garden?" said a suburbanite to his companion the other day as both were coming home from business on one of the suburban railway lines. "I mean the gardens we used to see—such as our grandmothers took pride in—and the old-fashioned flowers, which, with their own hands, they trained and reared—hands less adapted to hoe and rake and dig than those of the modern athletic woman."

Yes, it is a fact, and a much to be lamented fact, that the old-fashioned garden, with its sweet william and its corn flowers, its dark red poppies and lavender bellflowers, its black-eyed Susans and delicate morning glories, whose purple petals are shyly closed when old Sol begins to stare too rudely; its rows upon rows of haughty hollyhocks, which, when once planted, grow like weeds and threaten the more modest heartsease and bachelor buttons; its sweet scented mignonette and its never failing daisies—is a thing of the past.

The modern woman does not look after her garden as her mother and grandmother used to do. To-day there is a gardener who attends to all that. He mows the lawns, he plants the shapes and arrangement of the flower beds. And what does he plant? In the spring, haughty tulips and awkward hyacinths, and later on nothing but stiff geraniums—blossoms in which there is neither grace nor perfume, possessing only one attribute of the truly beautiful flower—color.

It would seem that the modern woman ought to take more interest in gardening. She is stronger, of more athletic build than her ancestors, and, therefore, better fitted to weed a garden and care for the plants than the women of the last generation, who spent much of their spare time in doing such enervating work as crocheting and knitting. Then, too, it is remarkable that plant life has not more attractions for children, now that nature study is being introduced into the Public school curriculum. And yet, how very few suburban and country homes does one find that the children have charge of little garden plots which they may call their very own?

And with the home garden the home-made bouquet, the parting gift of every hostess to the friend who had visited her in her country home, has also passed away. Cut flowers from the greenhouse for beautifying the dinner table were, in olden times, out of the question, but a bountiful supply from the garden was always on hand, so that a costly and very nice fresh bouquet could be made. Every breeze that blew wafted the scent of honeysuckle and mignonette through the house, and from early spring until late in the fall the air was redolent with sweet perfume.

Of course, a well-trimmed lawn and neatly designed geranium beds have their advantages, but need the garden be sacrificed to the lawn? Why not compromise, and have a little of each?—Buffalo Exchange.

Any Sore That Will Not Heal

Any Ulceration, Eruption or Irritation of the Skin Is Curable by Means of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

There is no guesswork about the results obtainable from Dr. Chase's Ointment.

With all medicines taken internally there is more or less uncertainty, as to the effect, because the condition may not be exactly as indicated by the symptoms, but if you have a sore or wound and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and heal it you can see with your own eyes the definite result.

It is because of the certain results accompanying the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment that this great preparation has come to be standard the world over. If a dealer offers you any other ointment, does he do so on its merits, or does he not rather try to make a sale by saying: "This is just as good as Dr. Chase's?"

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment is now so universally used that few dealers think of offering anything else when a cure is sought for eczema, salt rheum, old sores or piles. There is scarcely a town, village or side line in this whole land but can point to some case in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has made a remarkable cure.

While this ointment is best known on account of its extraordinary success in curing the most torturing skin diseases and the most distressing forms of piles, it is also useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of scalds, burns, wounds, old sores, chafing, skin irritation, sore feet, pimples, rough skin, and everything for which an antiseptic, soothing treatment is needed.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.