

CORES
FAILURE.

Crusade of
New York.

Made a Single
His Faith.

His Carnegie
and Quit.

He Would Do
the Garden with

of the Garden
anes of those

Manhattan
of the people,
back to Zion.

Has Not Done,
and nights to

body or con-

man, woman

attached by

like a quar-

without tak-

gas bills.

In New York

his efforts

can be learn-

to his Zion

and tank, and

that he had

desired bag-

gs have ac-

quainted with

house to

beats no re-

cord women

of about

through

lossing

in the

the park



Children and Blue Ribbon Tea

Any tea that contains an excess of tannin and other injurious ingredients will hurt the stomach, vitiate the blood and stunt the growth of children. In

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

the tannin has been extracted and only the nourishing and appetizing qualities retained. The Red Label Brand is a magnificent tea—beautiful bouquet and delicious taste.

Black, Mixed or Ceylon Green **Forty Cents** Ask for the **Red Label** **Should be Fifty**

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

He found himself borne toward the door, and out into the open air; a free man.

The court cleared as if by magic, and three men alone remained—the sergeant, Saunders and Gerald.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Locke," said the sergeant, holding out his hand. "I wish I could say the same to our friend here, as he has needed at Saunders grimly; 'not because I desired a conviction—that I knew wouldn't come; but because he has allowed the guilty to escape!'"

Saunders looked before him with tightly-closed lips for a moment, then he said:

"We shall see! Guilty, yes! But not even you could prove her so! There was not," he banged his hand on the table—not a jot or tittle of evidence against her till Luigi Zanti brought out about the scent; and a not even you, sir, could convict her on that. When could you arrest the marquis and wait? But I've got to wait still!" and he walked out.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The marquis, still surrounded by the excited crowd, found himself outside the court. It was dark, and the light from the lamps at the entrance of the building fell garishly upon his haggard face. He had passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and he bore traces of the dread journey. There was no Castle carriage waiting for him—who could have expected that anything but the sloop can would be required—but Sir Edmund placed his arm at Mr. Ingram's disposal.

"Get him home as soon as you can, Ingram," he said, "get him away from the crowd," and Ingram, almost over the marquis and Luigi from the enervating mob, put them in the carriage and jumped upon the seat beside the coachman.

As they drove away, the marquis saw Elaine and the major pass them by Mr. Bradley's brougham, and with a long breath he fell back.

Not a word passed between the two men during the homeward drive, but now and again the blind man touched the marquis' arm timidly, as if to assure himself that his beloved friend and protector was really there, safe and sound.

The marquis passed through the line of pale and sympathetic servants, and went straight to the library Luigi leaning upon his arm, when he had the little, old, fat man, as if he would not take the sally needed rest. He paced up and down with feverish haste.

"How cruelly I wronged her!" fell from his parched lips. "Oh, fool! fool! Unworthy of her! Yes! To deem her capable of treachery and falsehood! Luigi, I could almost wish that they had made an end of me! To suspect her—my pure angel—of such baseness! No, I am not fit to live!"

"Be calm, Nairne!" murmured Luigi, imploringly. "Rest—sit down, if only for a few minutes; you must have food, sir." He got up and felt his way to the sideboard and took out a decanter of wine. "Drink some wine, Nairne! Remember, you need all your strength still!"

"I cannot!" he groaned. "I feel as if I could eat or drink would choke me! Oh, fool, fool! To think that

"In my opinion," writes Mrs. Philip Collins, of Martindale, Que., "there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets. Before I began the use of the Tablets my baby cried all the time with wind colic and got little or no sleep, and I was nearly worn out myself. Soon after giving baby the Tablets the trouble disappeared, and sound natural sleep returned. I have also proved the Tablets a cure for hives, and a great relief when baby is teething. I would not feel that my children were safe if I did not have a box of the Tablets in the house."

All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets speak just as highly of them as does Mrs. Collins. The Tablets cure all the little ills from which infants and young children suffer, and the mother has a solemn assurance that this medicine contains neither opiate nor any harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WIND COLIC.

"The girl who was dogging our footsteps, hatching, eavesdropping. She heard the secret of the dagger!"

"Yes!" said Luigi, solemnly. "No need now to ask who is guilty of the murder!"

The marquis sighed.

"But of what avail is the knowledge? Can it lessen my dear one's suffering? Can it bridge over the gulf between us? No! Nothing can do that! She knows that I misjudged her, that she was innocent, that she is capable of treachery, of falsehood! She can never forgive, never!"

Luigi uttered no contradiction. He deemed it best to let the bitter tide of self-reproach have its way and exhaust itself.

"Her father—the poor old man!—must be cursing me even at this moment," he groaned. "And she! What can there be in her heart but contempt and loathing for the man who so cruelly wronged her! My Elaine, my angel of purity and goodness, she sees, and her grief stretches between you and me as divide the blast from the lost!"

"Hush, hush, Nairne!" murmured Luigi. "Sit down. If you could but rest!"

"Rest!" A laugh of self-scorn and loathing broke from the dry lips.

"Rest! Do you think I should see her pale face any less distinctly if I closed my eyes! No, it is burnt into my heart."

The door opened and Lady Scott came in, trembling and fearful.

He took her outstretched hand in both his.

"Don't speak!" he said hoarsely. "Leave me—leave me alone for a little while. Stay! How, how—"

She understood him.

"I have just left her at the vicarage with May. She is in a better, stronger, than could have been either hoped or expected."

His head drooped, and he drew a long breath.

"And to God I could send her a message! It should be only a word. Forgive! Forgive! But I dare not!"

"And you think that she has forgotten that you risked your life to save even her from the shadow of suspicion?" murmured Lady Scott, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

He waved his hand impatiently.

"And do you think that she will wipe out the wrong I did her?" he retorted, bitterly.

"Yes," she exclaimed. "What can a man do more than give his life for the woman he loves?"

"After insulting her by doubting her honor and truth!" he said, scornfully. "Ah, but you do not understand her. It is only I who love her. It is only I who help me!"

"Leave her, Luigi," whispered Luigi, and Luigi left them.

The marquis felt at pacing up and down again.

"How noble she looked," he murmured, as if communing with himself. "There is none like her, none! And I, in my British folly, lung that jewel aside, trampled it in the mire! I am not worthy of her. My angel! And I am rightly punished; but she has suffered!"

And he hid his face and sank into a low chair.

Some one knocked at the door, the marquis did not appear to have heard it. He waited a moment, then the door, intending to seek whomsoever it might be away. He started at Saunders' voice fell on his ear.

"His lordship—is he here?" demanded Luigi, firmly. "He cannot be disturbed."

"I must see him!" exclaimed Saunders, and he almost forced his way into the room.

The marquis rose and looked at him, not sternly, not resentfully, but with cold displeasure.

"I beg pardon for this intrusion, my lord," said Luigi, bowing and struggling hard for breath and composure. "But—something has happened, and—for God's sake come at once!"

"Something has happened?" the marquis said, starting. "Elaine! Miss Delaine!"

"No, no, my lord," responded Saunders quickly. "But we have found her. The marquis frowned.

"Well, what is that to me?" he demanded sternly.

Saunders seemed staggered and repulsed, but only for a moment. "My lord, it is of the greatest importance to you—to to every one!" he dared not say Miss Delaine. "We—my man, Brown, has been looking for her everywhere, and has only just found her. For heaven's sake, come at once! The whole mystery can be cleared up! But she will not speak until you come, and then—"

The marquis turned away with a cold, haughty indifference, but Luigi caught his arm.

"Nairne! Remember Elaine! Do you mean that that woman said—that she accused Elaine—"

The marquis took up his hat and signed to Saunders to lead the way.

"I'm deeply grieved at having to force my presence on you, my lord," stammered Saunders, as he hurried through the hall. "I know your lordship acquits me of anything worse than an endeavor to do my duty."

Luigi touched him warningly.

"Be silent," he whispered, "and take us where you wish us to go quickly. Where—where—is she?"

"Where we ought to have looked for her at first," said Saunders in a tone of self-reproach, and he opened his lantern and flashed it along the path through the shrubbery.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Saunders led the way to the bridge, as they neared it Luigi heard voices speaking in suppressed tones, and his grasp of the marquis' arm tightened nervously.

Saunders flashed his light upon the bridge, and the marquis saw two men kneeling beside something; one was Brown, the detective; the other, Dr. Simmons.

They were kneeling beside Fanny Inghelby, she lay her head resting upon the doctor's knee, her white face drawn and distorted as if with agony, her eyes closed.

"Is she—" asked Saunders in a husky whisper.

The doctor shook his head.

"No! My lord, I am glad you have come. Here is the last chapter of this awful mystery!" And he inclined his head to the still figure.

The marquis stood and looked down at her in silence, his lips compressed, his brows drawn.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Story of the Recovery of Miss Falford, of St. Elie.

She Says "I Am Confident That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved My Life"—Hope for All Weak, Sickly Girls.

To be well, to be strong, to possess a clear complexion, bright eyes and an elastic step, the blood must be pure and filled with life-giving energy. When you see pale, sallow, sickly girls, easily tired, subject to headaches, backaches and violent palpitation of the heart, it is the blood that is at fault, and unless the trouble is speedily corrected the patient passes into that condition known as "decline," and death follows. The one sure, positive way to obtain rich, red, health-giving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine has saved thousands of young girls from premature grave. Strong proof of this is offered in the cure of Miss Zezaida Falford, of St. Elie, Quebec. Miss Falford tells the story of her sickness and recovery as follows: "Like many other Canadian girls, I went to the United States and found employment in a doctor's work. The close, indoor work proved too much for me and I was taken with headaches, would tire very easily, had no appetite and no energy. I tried to continue the work, but grew weaker and worse, and finally was compelled to return to my home. It was so much changed and so emaciated that my friends hardly knew me. Two weeks after my return home I was forced to take my bed, I had a bad cough, was distressed by terrible dreams, and sometimes passed whole nights without sleep. Two doctors treated me, but without effect, as I was steadily growing weaker; in fact, I could not hold my hand above my head for more than three or four seconds, and I expected I would get no better. I thought myself I was about to die. At this time my brother came from Montreal to see me, and strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was assured that the pills would be procured, and I began taking them. It is enough to say that before three boxes were used I began to feel better, and from that on grew stronger every day. By the time I had taken nine or ten boxes I was once more enjoying the blessing of perfect health. No symptoms of the old trouble remain, and I am confident Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

THE NORTHWEST BUTTER

How the Creameries Help the Pioneer Farmer.

THE COLLECTING OF EGGS

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch, Ottawa, Oct. 22, 1903.

Owing to the necessity of breaking the new land, the lack of capital and the distance from markets, many settlers in the Northwest naturally find the first few years rather trying, in order to assist the pioneer farmers to keep a few dairy cows which yield a modest cash income monthly, the Dairy Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, several years ago established a number of creameries under Government control. At the present time there are eighteen creameries of this sort in operation in the Territories, situated at Calgary, Inverell, Edmonton, Tindastoff, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Black Hills and Lacombe, in the Territory of Alberta, at Churchbridge, Moose Jaw, Whitecourt, Kerrobert, Mooseman, Slocan, South Qu'Appelle and Grenville, in the Territory of Assiniboia, and at Prince Albert in the Territory of Saskatchewan. Three creameries of the creamery type formerly managed were closed by the Department in 1902, owing to the lack of sufficient patronage. The failure of the farmers in this district to support the creameries does not appear to arise from any lack of confidence in the dairy business, but simply because they are now in a position to go into the stock raising and grain growing, and because they prefer the latter means of livelihood. The changes of the past few years have altered the aspect of farming operations in many parts of the Northwest. Last year five car loads of butter from the Government creameries were exported to Great Britain, one carload was sold for export to Queensland, Australia, and shipments were also made to China, Japan and the Yukon. The remainder was disposed of in local and British Columbia markets.

Up to Oct. 1st of this year, the output of butter from the Government creameries exceeded that of last year by 20,000 cases. The increase has been mainly in Alberta. This year all the butter has been taken by the markets of Western Canada, or has been exported to the Orient, none have yet been shipped to Great Britain. The exhibit of Canadian dairy products at the great Japanese Exhibition at Osaka was an excellent advertisement, and has already borne fruit; three new customers for butter have already been secured by the department in that country as a direct result of that exhibition. The trade in butter for the Orient is for the European residents there, and not for the natives. Mr. J. A. Rudwick, Chief of the Dairy Division, hopes also to develop an extensive trade with the warships touching at Nagasaki for coal. It is a good thing that the trade with the Orient has been worked up by the government creameries, as it requires some financing, and could scarcely be handled so well by private enterprise. It is necessary to have every facility for studying the markets and also to be in a position to ship at once on receipt of cablegram. In the case of the trade with the warships for instance, they sometimes stay several weeks at this coaling station and in that time it would be possible to get a supply of fresh butter to them from Canada. Part of the butter shipped this season, especially in the summer months, went forward in tins, but a considerable quantity has also been sent in boxes of assorted sizes. It stands the journey very well in the latter, and has been reported in very good condition on arrival. The Yukon trade is increasing, and shipments have been made to that district in boxes also. COLLECTING EGGS.—In connection with the system of creameries, the department has adopted the plan of collecting eggs from the farmers of the Territories and holding them in storage. It works well the first season, and has improved ever since, but greater improvement is noticeable in the eggs, this year than ever before. The plan adopted is as follows: Each creamery patron has a number, and he is required to mark this number in pencil on all the eggs he supplies. No driver will accept the eggs without the number being on the eggs are held at the creamery for a short time, and then sent in refrigerator cars with the butter to the storage at

HECTOR'S VINDICATION.

What Punishment Should be Given to Men Who Deformed Him?

New York News: Sir Hector Macdonald was one of England's best and bravest soldiers, the idol of men in the ranks and the envy of all the snobs and incompetents wearing the King's uniform. He fought his way to the top and won by force of character, a eury and a dashing ability, honor and fame beyond the reach of those who hold commissions by purchase or favor of caste. England's imbeciles in uniform hated Hector Macdonald, and they murdered him with their evil tongues. Accusations of unspicable crime were made against his work, and he was serving his country in the East, and when he came home to face his cowardly accusers he found that their monstrous charges were believed. He was promptly removed from his position and he had faced death a thousand times, and he feared it less than anything else in the world. Death to him was but a deliverance from the day's work, and the least of all evils which could befall a soldier. So he turned his back in contempt upon the whole pestilent pack placed his hand in death, and said: "Come, old comrade, let us go."

And all the world said that Hector Macdonald's suicide was confession of guilt—all the world being a still fool and given to thinking evil as sparks fly upward. The charges against Hector Macdonald have been investigated by a government commission in Ceylon, and the six members unanimously declare on oath that "there is not the slightest particle of truth or foundation in any of the accusations; that the slanders were prompted by feelings of spite and envy, and that Sir Hector Macdonald was assassinated by vile and slanderous tongues." The pity of it all is that the hero's moral courage was not equal to his physical bravery, or that he did not care enough for his reputation to live and fight for it. The victory that he could and would have won over the foul crew of slanders would have been a greater, more glorious triumph than any feat of arms ever performed on earth.

But the commission, which acquits the dead soldier, and deprecates the sad circumstances of the case, will fall miserably short of its duty if it falls to bring to justice the murderers of Sir Hector Macdonald. Not even the most potent influence in the British Empire should be permitted to save the assassins from being laid around the world with the scorpion whips of all honest men's execration.

Misusing the English Language.

When ushered to your place in a Broadway theatre, New York, you will be escorted to the "third" seat in the "thirty-third" row. In New York, except in the best educated circles, they "fool" a flag, not furl it; while "whool" bird is "boyd," skirt is "skoit," if it is on the east side, and skuit" on Fifth avenue. The "r" is a dead letter. Now, what could be the reason of this? Try these pronunciations, and you will find that the tongue remains in the lower part of the mouth as if you were tongue tied. It never touches the roof of the mouth as all is ought to be. The matter with New York is that the masses of the people there refuse to use the tongue to pronounce "r." They are voluntarily tongue tied. Why they are so is a question that philologists or psychologists or some kind of scientists must answer.

Health and Vigor For Sickly Women

By Supplying an Abundance of Rich, Red, Life-Sustaining and System-Building Blood,

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Thoroughly Cures the Ills Peculiar to Women

The feminine organism is an intricate mass of delicate and sensitive nerves, which require an enormous amount of pure, rich blood to nourish them and supply them with the vital force necessary to properly perform their functions.

When the blood is lacking in quantity or quality the nerve cells waste and shrivel up and by means of pain and irregularities make known their starved and depleted condition.

Unless the nervous system is put in proper condition all the medicine in the world will never cure the weakness and irregularities peculiar to women. Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food contains the elements of nature which go to form nerve, rich blood and create new nerve force, it is the most certain cure obtainable for such ailments.

When the nervous system becomes exhausted the whole body is more or less affected, and the various organs fail to perform the duties devolving upon them. Digestion is impaired; there are feelings of discomfort in the stomach after meals, nervous sick headaches, irritability, sleeplessness, spells of weakness and dizziness come over you, you feel disheartened and despondent, and fear, prostration, paralysis or insanity.

But there is new hope for you in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Not the false hope which is aroused by medicines composed of alcohol and other stimulants, but the hope which finds foundation in added flesh and tissue, in better appetite, more buoyant feelings and gradual disappearance of annoying symptoms.

As a blood-builder and nerve restorative Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is bound to benefit you as a whole system. By noting your progress in weight, while using it you can prove this beyond a doubt.

Fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Do not send you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box.