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The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

How dare you say such a thing of my Elaine?" broke in May with mock severity.

"Well," he laughed, "if she is still thinking of him, why does she keep him at arm's length? You and I know, everybody knows, that the marquis simply worships the piece of ground upon which she may happen to be standing; that no man has ever loved a woman more dearly—of course I except myself, Mrs. Locke!—then the marquis has loved, and still loves, Elaine."

"And so he should! Isn't she the loveliest creature breathing, and the sweetest and the noblest?"

"She is," said Gerald, seriously. "I always said so, and how it happens that you are not jealous I can't conceive."

May gave him a little push. "But to return to the argument," he continued, having repaid the push with a kiss. "If she has forgiven him, will you bring him from the other side of the world?"

"And that word is just what Elaine would rather die than utter," said May, "and I love her all the better for it."

"I see," said Gerald. "That is, of course I see, but I don't understand. You think that a girl ought to sacrifice her life's happiness and the happiness of the man she loves to a mistake of her own?"

"Fiddle! Oh, you stupid! You dear, wooden-headed boy! Really, though, for a lawyer, you are stupid when women are concerned."

"She added, plainly, 'Fiddle! Do call my dear proud! Why, she's the sweetest, blumblum-headed—' It isn't pride! It's—"

"Just so, give it a name, will you? I'm bumpily waiting for instruction."

"It's—there, you'd never understand! Don't you see that what she can't forgive him is—"

"He's doubting her, his belief that she was capable of clandestinely meeting and bargaining with that poor fellow, Sherwin?"

"No, no, no!"

"Well, what on earth, then?"

"Why, you foolish boy, his having been married before and keeping it from her! Don't you see? That's the sort of thing a woman, even the best and sweetest like Elaine, finds it so very, very hard to forgive."

"I see! It wasn't the crime of marrying so much as the concealing it from her?"

"Of course."

"And yet that man was ready, and did risk his life—"

"Pshaw!" broke in May, with a charming burst of impatience. "That's nothing! And you're that!"

"Don't you be too sure of that, myself, for instance."

"She took his face in her hands and squeezed it up—it is to be presumed for the greater convenience in kissing—and laughed into his half-closed eyes."

"My dear, dear, boy, you couldn't do anything so romantic and foolish if you tried! You'd say you'd have hurted about the whole business, and insisted upon its being cleared up."

"Quite right, I should! And I wish to Heaven the marquis had done so! But about Elaine. It worries and hurts me to see that look in her eyes. Just while she is—"

THE SENSIBLE MOTHER.

When little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer does them with unwholesome, griping, purgatives, but puts them to sleep with the so-called "soothing" preparations which always contain harmful opiates. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by the thousands of mothers, who cheerfully testify that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the trouble that makes baby irritable and wakeful. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarafield, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or fretful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right."

These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones. They are good for all children, from birth onward. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ther this—her rosy, plump cheek. "Directly the cold wind comes to Lorraine the major and Elaine are going to make a bolt for our little rabbit hutch of a house, aren't you, dear?" He looked so much as if he were asking you. The major has promised me and the major would rather die than break a promise to me."

"Which reminds me that I promised to meet him on the quay a quarter to five," said Gerald. "Will you two come?"

"You go," said Elaine to May. "I have some letters to write."

"Really?" said May, looking at her searchingly. "You are not going to sit up in your room and brood?"

"She stopped, half frightened by the sudden pallor in Elaine's face. But in a moment, and the faint color had returned as she hurried on; "Very well, dear. We won't be late for dinner. I shan't let those two wander into the billiard room at the National, but keep a sharp eye upon them both."

Elaine watched the young couple half running down the slope. Their happiness and light-heartedness were so palpably sweet to her, and when they had left her, as they had just done, she liked to sit and think of them. Perhaps their mutual joy in each other seemed all the more poignant to her because of her own loneliness—a loneliness and solitude she told herself as she looked across at solemn and now darkly-blue Pillatus, which would never be broken. The only happiness she could find in life for the moment was that she had fled from the happiness of others. She had loved and had lost, and "there an end!"

The two married lovers reached the corner of the cathedral, and the wooden figures on the carving at the cathedral doors, and the marquis came full upon them, raising his eyes and seeing them.

"Now, what is it?" he demanded. "Look here, look!" she whispered, half frightfully.

He looked, and at first saw nothing very wonderful or fearful; only a gentleman coming slowly up the cathedral steps, then he, too, stopped short and whistled.

"By George, it's the marquis," he said, under his breath.

The two stood as stock still as the wooden figures on the carving at the cathedral doors, and the marquis came full upon them, raising his eyes and seeing them.

"Miss M., he said, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Locke," and he held out his hand. "Well, Gerald, this is a surprise."

"You—you didn't know we were here?" said May, pressing Gerald's arm warningly.

"No," responded the marquis, and now May noticed that his voice, which had been so full of gladness in the first moment of greeting, was sad and heavy. "No, I didn't know it. How should I? I mean to tell you that I am here myself, and I—were at Andalusia—well, as it seems, and the flies, and sundry other things, and suddenly discovered that he wanted to see the original inside here," and he nodded toward the cathedral.

"And so you came," said May, still standing in front of him, and with her hand on his arm.

"So we came," assented the marquis. "I, too, found I wanted to hear the organ. It is worth hearing, you know. At any rate, it is something to be glad of, and for a moment look of weariness crossed his face."

"And have you been travelling ever since—?" she hurried on, flushing.

"Yes," he said, gravely. "We have been moving about from place to place."

"And how is Luigi? How I long to see him," said May.

"Quite well," he said, he was delighted to see you. I left him at the hotel to rest while I came up to catch the organist and arrange for a recital."

"I see," said May, absently, her color coming and going. "Gerald shall go down to the National and surprise Luigi."

"He will be delighted," said the marquis. "And where are you stopping?"

"You'd better come up there, marquis," he said.

"The marquis shook his head slightly.

"I'm afraid we shall be off to-morrow," he said.

"To-morrow? You? Well, you mustn't go without seeing our pet view. You'll have to go up that slope to where an old wooden seat—"

"Yes, I know it," said May. (To be continued.)

The Vermiform Must Go.

At the meeting of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania at York a few days ago papers dealing with appendicitis, were read by Dr. John B. Deaver, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Richard Henry Gibbons, of Scranton, both prominent surgeons. Dr. Deaver said that he had during the past year operated in 560 cases of appendicitis, which indicates that the disease is as fashionable as ever. The strange part of the doctor's statement, however, was that only 5 per cent. of these 560 cases had terminated fatally, and they, he declared, would not have resulted thus if they had not been neglected.

The thing to do, according to Dr. Deaver, is to have the vermiform appendix snipped out the minute it becomes troublesome. "I advocate instant operation," he explained, "and I never cut so that a stitch is necessary."

Dr. Gibbons is even more relentless than Dr. Deaver in his opposition to the appendix. He was always known, he said, as a physician who was "always cutting out the appendix," and he always advocated the removal of all appendices, whether they were supposed to be diseased or not. Removing a healthy vermiform appendix, he declared, was no more dangerous than having one's hair cut, and with the "infernal member," as he called it, gone, there would be a serious danger out of the way forever. He admitted that he cut out as usually happens to this class of house. But you will see it yourself soon, I hope, Elaine, and give us your opinion—when it's too late."

"Of course she will," said May, lifting Elaine's white hand—still ra-

UNFIT FOR WORK.

The Result of Severe Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

After Years of Much Distress Mr. W. F. Kennedy Has Been Restored to a Life of Activity.

There is probably no man in the township of Pelham, Westland County, better known than Mr. Wilbur F. Kennedy. He is a prosperous farmer and the owner of a large cooorage and is held in the highest esteem by all who have his acquaintance. Mr. Kennedy is now seventy-two years of age, and is as active and rugged as many a man years younger. For years, however, he was a great sufferer from kidney trouble and he cheerfully gives credit for his present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Kennedy says: "Two years ago, as the result of exposure to cold, I was stricken with kidney and bladder trouble in a severe form. The complaint at times caused me most intense suffering and great personal discomfort as I would often have to arise a dozen times in the night. I tried many kinds of treatment and some of the best physicians, but their skilled efforts were unavailing, and as a result I lost in flesh, grew very weak, and was troubled also with insomnia. I grew despondent and felt that I was doomed to a life of suffering. If not an early death. At this stage I was prevailed upon to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After using four boxes I could see a distinct improvement in my condition, and I gladly continued the use of the pills until all the symptoms of the trouble had passed away, and I was again strong and healthy. It is an exaggeration to say that I had lost my life. I was only released me of the misery I suffered, but have added years to my life."

Anemia, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Heart Ailments, Partial Paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, and the many ailments peculiar to women are speedily cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, simply because these pills make new, rich red blood, and thus reach the very root of the trouble. There are pink colored imitations of this great medicine, but the buyer can protect himself against these impostors by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Orange, N. J. 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

QUALITY IN FRUIT

How to Grow First-Class Fruit—Use Boxes for Apples.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

In an address at the recent annual meeting of the American Pomological Society, held at Boston, Mr. G. Harbott Powell gave some excellent advice in regard to growing fruit of first class quality. Mr. Powell recommended as summer apples for the United States, Red Astrachan, Sweet Bough, and Williams; for autumn apples, Gravenstein and Alexander; for winter, the Greening, the Newton Pippin, which he stated had sometimes sold as high as \$20 a barrel, the King, the Spitzenberg, Baldwin, Spy and Macintosh.

Mr. Powell recommended top grafting the King on a two year old Spys, stating that in this way a vigorous tree bearing good crops, would be obtained.

Regarding the Ben Davis, Mr. Powell made a very cutting criticism. He stated it had only one quality to recommend it, namely, its color.

The Champion Grape received a similar castigation. Its only virtue is its earliness, and this, Mr. Powell thinks, has made it one of the worst enemies of the grape grower, inasmuch as the price of the Champions

at first, very high, drops almost to nothing.

Mr. Powell speaks rather more kindly of the Alberta peach, but is of the opinion that it also is not as amized blessing to the fruit growers. It is a splendid shipper, but has no quality.

Striking testimony to the value of such advice is furnished by some reports of fruit sales just received by the fruit division from London, England. On Oct. 7th, there were sold a large number of half cases of California and other American pears, including about a dozen varieties. The Seckel sold for 12c; the Glout Moreau for 13c 6d; the Calabash for 11c; the Comice for 11c to 12c. If we contrast these prices with those for fruit of inferior quality, we must concede that the Englishman wants only the best fruit, and that he is prepared to pay for it. Large quantities of Canadian apples sold out the same day brought all the way from 10 to 25c per barrel (the latter figure being for Hipstones), with the great majority at 15 to 16c.

BONES FOR APPLES.—In view of the scarcity and high price of apple barrels this season, and of the fact that in some districts farmers find it impossible to procure barrels at any price, the fruit division recommends the general use of boxes. These can be had, knocked down, at almost any saw mill, for about eight cents each, and they should not cost more than ten cents each, made up. As three boxes hold about a many apples as one barrel, they will be found much cheaper than barrels at fifty cents and upwards. The boxes should be well and strongly nailed, and should hold about forty pounds of apples. The dimensions of the boxes used by the Grimby shippers are 9 x 12 x 18 inches, while the British Columbia standard box is 10 x 11 x 18 inches, these being inside measurements in both cases. The boxes should be made of strong material, not less than five-eighths of an inch thick for the ends, and not less than three-eighths of an inch for the sides; the tops should have strips across the ends to prevent the weight of other packages, piled on top, from bearing directly on the fruit. It is also usual to leave open corners at the top and bottom for ventilation. Little or no packing material should be used as purchasers like to find the package full of fruit. A sheet of card-board on the top and bottom will materially reduce the amount of injury from bruises.

W. A. Clemens, Publication Clerk.

IN THE NECK

It was a sober day for them both. There was the pledge and the fruitlessness thereof. Besides, the town, since the last quadrennial happening, had been subject to an alcoholic drought. Even intoxicating music was there barred.

All pretence of conversation had been given up between them. They crossed the last meadow and entered the wood back of the house. She took off her hat and carried it. Probably because he did not offer to carry it for her. The breeze fumbled her hair. And he dared not trust himself to look upon its bewitching disorder that day.

Suddenly, and without any warning, she spoke, "It may be wrong, but I must say it anyway."

She put out her hand quickly.

"No! You must not!" And her voice was so ringing in its liquid depths as to wring the water from his brain into a necklace of beads upon his many brow.

"Yes, but I must," he replied. And his breath came faster.

"It is he as it is," she said softly as a waiter on velvet carpet.

"But it cannot remain so." And he flung his arms toward her. And she did not blame him, for well she knew it was a basical player, knew that every man must have his fling, and that she could not let it, he cried again and yet again.

"You must!" All the half tones of her pain, tinging a nestle, were amalgamated in the two small words.

"Oh, I cannot! I must, I must," he groaned.

"You must wait!" And she turned her eyes away and away.

"That I will not do," he cried. "I

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This company, composed of business, professional and medical men of ability, paid \$100,000 for the right to make Liquozone. That is the highest price ever paid for the rights in one country on any scientific discovery. It was paid by us, after years of experiment with it, because Liquozone alone can kill inside germs without killing the tissues, too. Nothing else can destroy the cause of any germ disease.

Liquozone is simply liquid oxygen—no drugs, no alcohol in it. It is the discovery of Pauli, the great German chemist, who spent 20 years on it. His object was to get such an excess of oxygen in staple form into the blood that no germ could live in any membrane or tissue.

Liquozone does that. We spend 14 days in making each bottle of it, but the result is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

Liquid Oxygen.

Liquozone is simply liquid oxygen—no drugs, no alcohol in it. It is the discovery of Pauli, the great German chemist, who spent 20 years on it. His object was to get such an excess of oxygen in staple form into the blood that no germ could live in any membrane or tissue.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and most results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone kills the germs, wherever they are, and the results are inevitable. By destroying the cause of the trouble, it invariably ends the disease, and forever.

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Any drug that kills germs is a poison to you and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine never destroys inside germs. Liquozone kills them with oxygen—a tonic to you—the very source of vitality. It kills them because germs are vegetable.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on your local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay your druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; it shows you why Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquozone Co., 221-223 Kinzie St., Chicago.

My disease is _____

I have never tried Liquozone or anything like it. I would like to have a 50c. bottle free if I will take it.

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