Blue Ribbon Tea is "hill grown" Ceylon tea.

The best tea because it grows slowly in the cool mountain air and obtains all the fragrance and deliciousness the plant can extract from a soil rich in these properties.

A nerve-nourishing tea—a sense-pleasing tea—invaluable for brain-workers—solacing and comforting.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

405

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green **40c.** Should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

"Oh, but you've never seen Pilatus in better form than he is to-night," she went on eagerly. "You must go just to please me. You don't know how proud I am of that particular bit of scenery."

"Of course I will go," he said, smiling up at her pretty, eager face unsuspectingly.

"Yes. And while you are gone Gerald will hunt up the organist, won't you, Gerald?"

"Ye-es," assented Gerald, who was turning hot and cold with nervous apprehension. "Oh, yes."

"Very well," said the marquis. "I'll just climb up to the seat and come back to you. I shall not be gone—well, ten minutes."

"Ten minutes. I'll give him an hour—two!" gasped May, clinging to Gerald's arm.

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald!"

The marquis went slowly up the slope. When he came in sight of the seat he saw that some one—a lady—was sitting there, and he stopped and hesitated. Then suddenly his heart gave a great bound, and the color entirely deserted his face—for he had recognized her. For a moment or two he stood still, hesitating, vacillating. Should he go on, or go back? He felt that if he went back it would be forever. He could not. He went slowly forward.

Elaine was leaning back, her hands loosely clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed dreamily on the great mountain.

He came near enough to see her face distinctly, and at the sight all his heart went out to her with a great longing. Go back. Give her up without one effort. Ah, it was impossible!

She heard his footsteps behind her, and thought that it was Gerald returned with some message from May.

"Well?" she said, without turning her head. "Has May forgotten something?"

"Elaine," he said in a low voice.

She rose, pale and trembling, and stood before him, her eyes dilating, her lips quivering.

"Elaine!" he repeated, his voice vibrating with passionate love and entreaty; and he held out his arms.

Still she stood motionless for a second, as if she dared not trust her ears and eyes; then with a cry she was on his breast, and his arms were round her.

* * * * *

They heard the strains of the glorious old organ floating up the hill to them, and, with her hand fast linked in his, they went down the slope and past the quaint burial ground, and into the dim cathedral; and softly he led her to where Gerald and May, with the major and Luigi, were standing.

It was the blind man who first heard them, though the music was pealing out a marriage hymn. He turned quickly, his face lighting up with an unspeakable joy, and as he took her hand he murmured brokenly:

"At last! At last! Nairne, we are in God's house; let us thank Him! Oh, let us thank Him!"

* * * * *

Lady Blanche is still unmarried. The world forgets as quickly as it travels nowadays, but the words uttered by Judge Rawlings are still remembered, and her ladyship feels this whenever she finds courage to enter society. She is still beautiful; she is still an earl's daughter; but the terrible censure passed upon her in open court hangs over her head, and, acting like a beacon light that warns the mariner from a dangerous coast, keeps men at a shy distance from her. That the world will forget in time is certain, but it will be some years before Lady Blanche can enter a ballroom without feeling that malicious tongues are whispering some such words as these:

"Do you remember the Nairne case? That is the Lady Blanche who caused all the trouble, and whom the judge was so severe with. And her own cousin, too; that sweet Lady Nairne, you know! If I were Lady Blanche, I should die of shame every time I met her!"

But Lady Blanche and Elaine, Marchioness of Nairne, do not often meet. The marchioness is not often seen in London society, notwithstanding that, if she chose, she could take her place as one of its leaders. It is at Glengowrie, the great house in the Highlands, with her husband and their dearest friend the blind musician, that Lady Nairne is happiest; and May, who, with Gerald, spends every vacation there, declares that Elaine grows younger instead of older as the years roll on.

As for the major, for whom "a seat by the chimney corner," as he puts it, has been found, even his grandson, aged five, cannot make him look old. The two are inseparable, and it is a pleasant sight to see the erect, soldierly old major along with the child by his side, and to hear the old man speak of him as "My grandson, Lord Glengowrie, future Marquis of Nairne, sir. Fine child? Yes, sir; just what I was at his age. We're going to make a soldier of him, sir. Yes! Clever, too! Took up a billiard cue yesterday, and made a bridge for it as if—as if he'd been playing for years, by gad! Spoil him? Certainly not, sir. His mother would, and the signor, if I'd let 'em but I won't. I don't spoil you, do I Glen? Boy's fond of me, sir," the old man will run on, gazing fondly down on the golden head and upraised face. "Never happy if I'm out of his sight. Good boy, too. Like his mother, sir. Best daughter a father ever had. God bless her!" And winking away the tears from his brave old eyes, the major makes his military salute and toddles off with the young Glen's hand fast held in his.

Not only my Lord Glen, but everybody else is proud of the old major; and it is worth travelling through the snow to see him at Christmas time, when the big house is filled with guests—Lady Dorman, the Bannisters, the Lulwoods, the Bradleys, the griffin, in a more wonderful turban each year, and, of course, May and Gerald. It is then that the major "comes out strong," as Gerald says; and not one of them can tell a story, make a salad, brew a bowl of punch, or play pool one-half as well as the major, who, though his hair is as white as the snow on the hills, still keeps a heart as young and gay as a child's.

As for Elaine—well, Lady Dorman puts the case very neatly.

"My dear," said the old woridling on her latest visit to Glengowrie, "your happiness would be annoying if it were not so exquisitely absurd. Here have you been married nearly seven years, and still in love with your husband!"

"And he in love with me!" put in Elaine, piteously.

"Just so. Well, I say, it is unique. You ought not to shut yourselves up in this out-of-the-way place; you owe a duty to society"—"sassiety," she pronounced it. "You ought to go about and show yourselves as examples; you ought indeed. I never met with such a couple. Why, the man is quite foolish about you still; he is indeed. I saw him look after you when you left the dining-room last night as if you were sweethearts."

"So we are," murmured Elaine.

Lady Dorman grinned and nodded.

"'Pon my word, I believe it! Sweethearts, and seven years married! Unique—it's worse; as I say, it's absurd!"

The End.

Vice Presidents.

Of the Vice-Presidents of the United States who have succeeded to the office of thief magistrate on the death of the President not one has been able to secure a nomination for the presidency from his party at the expiration of his term.

Tyler, who succeeded Harrison, did not receive a vote in the Whig convention of 1844 He was not even complimented in the resolutions which were adopted.

Fillmore, who succeeded Taylor, had a formidable support in the Whig convention of 1852, but he was defeated by Scott on the fifty-third ballot.

Johnson, the successor of Lincoln, received 65 votes on the first ballot in the Republican convention of 1868 and on the twenty-first ballot, the last before the nomination of Gen. Grant, he had five votes.

In 1884 Arthur, who served out Garfield's term had a considerable support from the south which adhered to him until the fourth ballolt, when Blaine was nominated.

If Mr. Roosevelt shall be nominated by his party for the presidency next year without opposition it will be, as has been pertinently said, in violation of an unwritten law which has proved quite as binding as that which forbids a third consecutive term for a President.

There are five or six men in the Republican party who can prevent Mr. Roosevelt's nomination. No one need be surprised if they shall presently conclude to do it.—Chicago Chronicle.

A WOMAN'S FACE

Plainly Indicates the Condition of Her Health.

How to Obtain Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks and the Elastic Step of Perfect Health.

"A woman's face," said a well-known physician, "is a mirror which reflects unfailingly the condition of her health. One can tell at a glance if she is well or not, and usually one can tell what the trouble is. It so often happens that instead of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, sallow, or a greenish complexion, and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease, and perhaps an early death if the right treatment is not resorted to. The whole trouble lies with the blood, and until it is enriched and invigorated there will be no release from suffering and disease. Unquestionably the greatest of all blood renewers is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Good blood means health, vigor, life and beauty, and the one sure way to make your blood good is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Out of many cases which illustrate the truth of this may be cited that of Miss Amanda Damphousse, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., who says: "For more than six months I suffered greatly from weakness, bordering almost on nervous prostration. I suffered from headaches, palpitation of the heart, and pains in all my limbs. I had no energy, no appetite, no color, and my nights were frequently sleepless. At different times I consulted three doctors, but none of them seemed able to cure me. A friend strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I finally followed her advice. With the use of the first box my health began to improve, and five boxes completely restored me. I now have a good appetite, headaches and pains have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. If I am ever sick again you may be sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only doctor."

If you have any disease like anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, neuralgia, rheumatism, or any of the other host of troubles caused by bad blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely cure you. Be careful to get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Plug Hat Said to be Doomed.

Springfield, Mass., Republican.

Can it be that the top hat, against which so many seemingly fruitless wars have been waged, is at last to be deposed from its position of proud supremacy? The depression in the silk hat industry in London is said to be increasing, and of the 8,000 men engaged only a few years ago more than half are now out of employment. The reason assigned is that the "topper" is no longer the one badge of respectability in London business life.

WHEN BABY CRIES.

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that there is something the matter with its stomach or bowels, and the mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which sweeten the sour little stomach, promote digestion and gently relax the bowels. Mrs. Fred. McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., who has had experience, writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry, and kept it up almost continually day and night for several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to ease him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but the poor little fellow was suffering so much that I sent for a box. He obtained ease almost from the first dose, and in a few days was quite well. Since then he has grown splendidly, and is a bright, laughing, good-natured baby. I hold the Tablets in the highest regard, and cheerfully recommend them to all mothers.

This is the verdict of all mothers who have used the Tablets. They are good for children of all ages and always cure all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POULTRY STATIONS.

Different Kinds of Stations and Their Location in Canada.

Department of Agriculture,
Commissioner's Branch,

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has in operation in Canada three poultry breeding stations, three chicken rearing stations, and ten chicken fattening stations—sixteen in all.

The poultry breeding stations are located in Holmesville and Bowmanville, Ont., and Bondville, Que. At each of these stations a modern poltry house is erected, and about 125 utility-type Barred Plymouth Rock pullets are kept. At Holmesville and Bowmanville double poultry houses are built. These houses are 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, and contain ten breeding pens of Barred Plymouth Rocks. The roosting quarters are separated from the exercising pens, and are planned to withstand the cold; the fowls are kept warm at night. The single poultry house is erected at Bondville, Que., and is 100 feet long and 12 feet wide. During cold nights the roosting quarters are closed by a cheap burlap-covered frame. The fowls are kept warm at night. On account of the cold winter weather throughout Canada a warm roosting pen should be built in every single poultry house.

It is the intention of the Department of Agriculture to develop the utility-type strain of Barred Plymouth Rocks and to distribute them to the farmers at a nominal price. Last year about 800 Barred Plymouth Rocks were sold to the farmers. The demand for Plymouth Rocks has greatly increased this year.

The poultry breeding stations are equipped with incubators, brooders, and movable houses. One incubator will generally hatch as many chickens as 20 sitting hens. The most satisfactory method of rearing 200 or more chickens a year is with these movable houses and indoor breeders. The house and brooder are cheap in construction and can be built at home. It is profitable for almost every farmer near a large city to raise and fatten from 200 to 500 chickens a year.

The chicken rearing stations are operated at Chicoutimi, Que., Andover, N. B., and Vernon River Bridge, P. E. I. They carry on the same work as the poultry breeding stations, except that the eggs for hatching are bought from farmers who possess good flocks of Barred Plymouth Rocks. There are no specially selected Plymouth Rock pullets at these stations.

The chicken fattening stations are located at Sandwich, Ont., Stanford, Que., Rogersville, N. B., East Amherst and Northeast Margaree, N.S., Alberton, Glenfinnan, Montague Bridge, Mount Stewart and Eldon, P. E. I. These illustration stations purchase chickens from the farmers for fattening. The stations have an equipment of fattening crates, shaping boards, etc. The chickens are fatted for 24 days in the crates, and at the completion of that time are starved 36 hours, killed by dislocation of the neck, pressed into a square shape and packed into boxes.

This year it is the intention of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, to sell fatted farmers' chickens on all the principal Canadian markets and to show the consumers the improved quality of crate-fed chickens. Up to the present time no chickens have been exported by the Department of Great Britain. The price received, per pound, is from 10 to 13 cents, plucked weight. This course will be pursued so that farmers in any part of Canada fattening their chickens can sell them to dealers who recognize the value of fatted chickens and pay an increased price per pound for them.

ABOUT THE HOG.

Condiments or Correctives—Various Kinds.

Department of Agriculture,
Commissioner's Branch,

Hogs that are closely confined and highly fed require a corrective of some kind to maintain the digestive system in a normal condition of health, and the fatter the pig the greater the necessity, says Live Stock Commissioner, F. W. Hodson. When the digestive organs become clogged with fat their ability to digest and assimilate is weakened. When a hog is running at large, he does not root up the pasture from pure love of exercise, nor does he do it because of innate cussedness. He roots to obtain something for which his system craves. It is this craving that causes a confined pig to gnaw and tear at the trough and sides of the pen; and hogs have been known to tear apart brick walls in order to get at the mortar. The cause of this unnatural craving is not well understood. It may be due in part to a lack of ash in the food, for, as has already been stated, a hog may be getting all the grain he can eat and yet be partially starved, because certain requirements of the system are insufficiently supplied. It has been attributed by some to the presence of intestinal worms, and by others to some form of indigestion. Whatever may be the part played in the animal economy by these substances, one thing is clear, that, when they are supplied, hogs are healthier, eat better, thrive better, and, consequently pay better.

Charcoal is probably one of the best correctives; and, when it can be readily obtained, it will pay to keep a supply in some place where the hogs can get at it whenever they like. The following preparation is that used by Mr. Theodore Louis, one of the most successful hog feeders in the United States, and should be an excellent tonic;

"Take six bushels of corncob charcoal, or three bushels of common charcoal; eight pounds of salt; two quarts of air-slaked lime; one bushel of wood ashes. Break the charcoal well down, with shovel or other implement, and thoroughly mix. Then take one and a quarter pounds of copperas and dissolve in hot water, and with an ordinary watering pot sprinkle over the whole mass and then again mix thoroughly. Put this mixture into the self-feeding boxes, and place where hogs of all ages can eat of their contents at pleasure."

The charcoal furnishes the required mineral matter which may have been lacking in the food, and is also an excellent corrective for digestive troubles, while the copperas is a valuable tonic and stomachic. If the charcoal is at all hard to get, its place is taken almost as well by sods or earth rich in humus. It is questionable, indeed, if there is anything better than sods or vegetable mold taken from the woodlot. If a small quantity be thrown into each pen daily, it is astonishing to see how much of it the hogs will consume; and the improved health and thrift of the animals will be a revelation to the feeder that has never before tried it.

Ground bone, wood ashes, soft coal, old mortar, rotten wood, etc., are also among the substances used, and recommended for this purpose. Prof. Henry reports some interesting experiments to test the value of bone meal and hard wood ashes, when given as a supplement to an exclusive corn ration. None of the pigs showed an entirely satisfactory growth, but the difference in favor of those getting bone meal or ashes was very marked. The pigs fed exclusively on corn were most plainly dwarfed. When slaughtered the several lots showed no difference in the proportion of fat or lean, nor was there any difference in the size or character of the various internal organs. The bones, however, were a most interesting study. The table given below shows clearly the more economical gains, and the greater strength of bones in the case of the animals furnished with ashes or bone meal. It is quite evident that corn meal, salt and water do not supply all the elements essential to building a normal frame work of bone and muscle.

Result with pigs living on corn meal with or without bone meal and hardwood ashes in addition. Wisconsin Station.

	When bone meal was fed	When ashes were fed	When neither was fed
Corn meal required to produce 100 lbs. of gain, lbs.	487	491	629
Average breaking strength of thigh bones, lbs.	680	581	301
Average ash in thigh bone, grams	166	150	107

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

Scenes in Johannesburg

Take my arm and come with me. Swiftly through the streets of Johannesburg, past the shops ablaze with light, past the loitering crowd that saunters idly, past the thronged theatres where bursts of melody and spasmodic cadences of applause reach the ear through opening doors.

Keep out of the light—the cold, white, steadfast lights that line the mile-long streets; let us creep away into the sideways where are the tumbledown tin shanty of Ramsammy and the dirt-begrimed windows of Petrifski—Isaac, the son of Joseph—behind which this very man is threading a needle by the light of a flickering candle. You will see him still at work when you return, this same Petrifski; well into the night he will work, plying his needle and dreaming alone of—who knows what? Then he will draw a filthy blanket over his greasy form and sleep till the morning sun awakens him, and then again the needle and the day-long dream and the candle's successor. But our business is not with him; only we must pass the road in which he dwells before we get to the east. He sits in his filth and his toil, and the memory of Poland is a boundary post between east and west, between Orient and Occident.

Beyond, the houses grow bewilderingly various. Shops, leisurely started with some dim idea of being beautiful, have finished by becoming patchily tin. The builder has never finished. Unsentimental necessity grasped him by the throat, thrusting him aside to make room for a hundred aliens.

They did not object to unfinished work. The window sashes were never painted, and some of the panes were never put in, and to-day, behind red-painted sashes and glassless windows the proscribed of Poland live happily enough. We are out of range of the white, merciless arc light—that disciple of Truth that emphasizes our wrinkles and traces the patches on our threadbare coats. Here the light is more mellow, more pleasing. It is a yellow light and none too bright, and here the houses are tin. They are bright enough. There is music here. Vice, gilded thinly, has its votaries, its high priest, and its temples—little tin temples scented with Florida water.

The tin town continues beyond this, but the lower end is silent. So silent that you might think you had by accident happened upon a colony living up to the standard set by the moral Mr. Franklin. Early to bed they apparently are. No sound breaks the silence of the quiet night, no light gleams in any window, no smoke rises from the crazy courtyards. Early to rise, you know, they are, for daybreak sees this little colony alive, with bamboo rod and laden baskets, chattering, running, loading and trading. For this is the Chinese quarter.

Knock softly on one of the iron gates. There is no answer. Here is a door, "The Hoki Laundry." Knock here, and if anybody comes, invent some laundry urgently required by a fictitious client. But nobody will come.

But I have not brought you here for the pleasure of knocking at an unresponsive door. I knew all along that it would not be opened to you. But in a few minutes the gates of Chinatown will be opened to us, and Chinatown, obsequious and smiling, will greet us with injured surprise and lamblike innocence. For the police are very close at hand; all the while we have been walking this way they have been shadowing us on either hand. You may not have seen them, but they have been close enough. And now, watch. They appear like magic from side streets and unsuspected alleys. In ones, in twoes, in threes. And they are coming towards us. Did I tell you we have one of the chiefs of police with us?

There is no noise, no melodramatic whistle. A whispered word of command, and two men have sealed the iron gateway, and have dropped into darkness on the other side. A second more, and the gate grates open on rusty hinges, and we are inside. It is rather disappointing at first. There is nothing suggestive of the Flowery Land—no pagodas or tea houses or joss houses, only three sides of a garbage-strewn square, ranged around which are the sordid tea shanties of John. But it strikes you immediately that nobody is asleep. In fact, everybody is wide awake. A dozen Chinamen of all sizes and ages are sitting around a red-hot brazier, on which some joss is stewing, and all the little houses that have no lights have smouldering wicks—which is signifcant.

Somebody flashes an electric torch over the deserted hovel. The hastily-extinguished candle still glows, and its smell fills all space. There is a closed door in one corner of the apartment. The sergeant puts his shoulder to it, and the sergeant being a man of many pounds, it gives. There is a passage, and there are some steps leading downward, and there is another door outlined in light. This yields to a push.

We—that is, you, the police, and I—do not apologize, even though we have obviously broken up what promised to be a successful evening. The curiously-colored board supported on a trestle table, and the weird, pawn-like pieces scattered at our unceremonious intrusion, are implements employed in the game of Fan-tan. It is an institution that Ho Ki, the Chow, carries away from his fatherland, it is the outward and visible demonstration of that patriotism. John Ho Ki, Wunhi, Ho Ku and Cho wKe, in no wise perturbed, sit around the wall of the dug-out in which this classical game is played. There are four vacant places at the board, and there is a trapdoor near the roof to which a ladder ascends. The banker has departed. Gambling is a crime, even in Johannesburg, and the players fall in, outside, from whence they will march to the police station with great docility.

There is another door leading from the gambling den. It is locked, evidently from the other side, but the sergeant's shoulder is better than a skeleton key. Crash! The room is bare except for a frame bed and a table. On this is a candle spluttering in its socket. On the bed lies a man who does not move, his eyes are half closed, his hand grasps a pipe, and the sickening stench of opium fills the room.

"Wake up, Johnny, where's your pass, eh?"

Leave them to arouse him, and follow the police captain to the joss house. The priest opens the door of a tin shanty, in no wise differing from the dozen about, except that the interior resembles for all the world a large-sized tea-chest turned inside out. Here gold, on black, certain moral precepts of Confucius crawl up the walls like so many auriferous spiders. On the altar is a small image of a black-bearded god. Before the altar, joss sticks, wooden swords, spears, and tinselled baubles. Not so very inspiring, and certainly nothing to justify the unpleasant scowl of the priestly custodian.

Now back again to the opium room. There is a group of policemen round the bed of the dreamer.

"Can't you rouse him?" I ask.

Then I look and see how unnecessary was my question. The Chinese have a pretty little cemetery of their own near Braamfontein.—Edgar Wallace, in London Mail.

Precept and Practice.

"James, where are you going to-night?"

"Why, my dear, I am to lecture before the Advanced Women's Club."

"Well, you be sure to get home before midnight, and be careful of your conduct, too. What's your lecture about?"

"How to Have a Happy Home."

SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE

Bring Hosts of Coughs and Colds---Serious Results Are Prevented by the Use of

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Coughs and colds usually arise from sudden changes of temperature. It may be change of weather, passing from a warmer to a colder room or exposure to a draught.

It is not always possible to prevent exposure in these ways, but it is possible to prevent serious results by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

This great medicine has saved thousands of lives by preventing pneumonia, consumption and other forms and lung trouble.

It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and the coughs and colds to which children are subject. Being pleasant to the taste, the little ones delight to take it.

It is prized by the old people because of the prompt and thorough relief it brings for asthma and other chronic ailments of the bronchial tubes.

The very fact that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of any similar remedy, and was never so large as it is to-day, is sufficient proof of its merit. In the great majority of homes it is kept on hand for cases of emergency.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., states; "Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every article.

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