Real Hot Water for Blue Ribbon Tea

Not merely simmering — must be fresh and must boil vigorously.

Then it will absorb the deliciousness and fragrance from Blue Ribbon—take all the good out of it.

Let it steep at least six minutes—eight if possible—in an earthenware teapot, and you'll have the best cup of tea in your life.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea 408

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

Violet's Lover

Darcy Lonsdale had contrived to send his son to Oxford, and at Oxford he had distinguished himself as a scholar of no mean abilities; after that he had passed some time in London, and now he was with his father, sharing his labors and toils, and working hard, hoping one day to secure a partnership, and then to marry Violet. He had once thought of leaving Lilford; he had felt the place was but small., the circle of interests limited. Then he put aside the thought as a temptation; he must not desert his father or leave his business to the hands of strangers. There was something almost heroic in the way in which he looked round upon the great, bright, glittering world, with its magnificent battlefields of skill and inteffect, its great arenas where mind and brain fought mind and brain, and then said to himself: "No, my duty lies at home, and I will work there."

He was singularly gifted, this young Englishman, who was brave enough to make duty his guide. People often looked at him in wonder, asking themselves whence had come his clear-cut face—a face of the purest type with dark clustering hair that waved back from a low, broad brow—his beautiful mouth, that could be rigid and firm, yet often wore a smile as sweet as a woman's, the dark eyes that were as true and eloquent as the soul they revealed. It was a poetical face, yet combining with the intellectual and the ideal something of the practical keenness of the clever man.

Darcy Lonsdale formed great hopes for his son; he had rightly estimated his abilities, and he had said to himsen that it is time the best business of the county was brought to him. He himself was industrious, honest, and in some degree a good lawyer, but his son was a genius, and the father told himself with a sigh that in these days a touch of genius was needed before one could make a mark in the world.

As a youth, boy and man, Felix had loved Violet Haye—to win her, to make her his wife, had been the one dream of his life. He had had no other, and it was equally certain that up to the present time his love had brought him far more pain than pleasure, far more torment than rest, far more strife than peace.

He could never tell whether beautiful Violet cared for him or not. All the country side knew that he loved her. It seemed to him that the very birds in the trees and the flowers in the hedges knew that. It had never been a secret; but he could not guess whether she cared for him. If ever he felt hopeful and argued much from a kinder word or a sweeter smile than usual, the next time she saw him, Violet would be cold. She was so proud that he could hardly extort a word from her; and yet he had a dim idea, a faint conviction, that she preferred him to any other.

Now was his opportunity. He was already making a fair income by writing reviews and essays. If his father took him into partnership, his share, though perhaps small at first, would be certain, and would increase. Now was his opportunity; he would delay no longer, but would at once ask Violet Haye to be his wife.

"It seems almost too good to be true," he thought to himself, "that I should win the girl I love for my wife; that I should be happy and blessed. What have I done to deserve it?" He looked up to the sunlit skies. "Done," he repeated—"II have done nothing. It is the goodness of Heaven that has given it to me. Heaven grants all to industry," he thought, "and while I work I need not fear."

In that hour no thought came to him of the storm-slouds that darken men's lives—of the terrible tempests that rend heart and brain—of the despair that looks for death as relief. He saw only the blue sky and the golden sunshine.

He saw nothing but the beauty of the fair earth and the laughing sky when he went to woo Violet Haye and ask her to be his wife. He had been waiting only until he saw a prospect clear and bright before him. Francis Haye might have objected to a man with an uncertain future; Francis Haye would not object to the junior partner of the old established house of Lonsdale. He was only twenty-four, and, after selecting a very choice flower for his coat, was to be forgiven if he looked once at his clear-cut face and dark moustache. As he quitted his father's house on that lovely summer afternoon there was perhaps not a handsomer, truer, more noble or gallant young lover in all England then Felix Lonsdale.

"Wish me good fortune, madre," he said, bending down to kiss Kate Lonsdale's kindly face—"I am going to The Limes."

Kate looked up with a smile. She made no answer. She kissed him as his own mother would have done, and watched him as he walked down the street.

"There is no need to wish him good fortune," she said to herself; "the girl does not live who would say 'No' to him."

As she went through her round of duties, Mrs. Lonsdale thought often and anxiously that she would like to know how Felix was speeding in his wooing.

CHAPTER III.

It was a glorious afternoon. The country about Lilford was beautiful in the extreme, with lovely, undulating meadows, great chains of green hills that stretched into the far distance, dark, shady woods with some of the finest trees in England, lovely green lanes where wild flowers raised their bright heads. The town itself was quaint and picturesque; the pretty old-fashioned houses were almost buried in foliage. The one long main street of the town—Castle street—might have been a Parisian boulevard, it was so regularly planted with trees.

This afternoon seemed to Felix Lonsdale one of the fairest that he ever remembered. He walked through the clover meadows, his heart singing for joy, snatches of snong rising to his lips. The hedges were all pink and white hawthorn, long sprays of woodbine twined round the rugged trunks of the tall trees, the clover was thick and odorous. He crossed the path at the end of Oakwoods, where he saw most glorious vistas of light and shade, entered a long, green lane, and then he reached the fair green fields that led to The Limes, the home of his love.

Presently he saw Violet Haye. He gazed at her in mute wonder that earth should hold anything so fair. She carried a little basket filled with flowers, and on her golden head she wore a simple garden hat. Her dress seemed to him a wonderful combination of white and blue. A feeling of humility came over him—who was he that he should hope to win this brilliant young beauty and make her his own? Then his pride reasserted itself, his love ennobled him, he could hope to win her because he loved her so dearly. Violet did not see him. She was walking in the other direction, and he hastened after her.

It was no wonder that he loved her; the smiles with which she greeted him would have turned many a wiser brain than his.

"Felix," she cried, "I did not dream of seeing you."

"And seeing you, Violet, is like a dream," he replied, "and after I have left you I think of a hundred things that I wanted to say to you, meant to say, and yet forgot."

"That proves that you have a bad memory, Felix," laughed Violet; "but what has brought you to The Limes on this warm afternoon?"

"I have come to see you, Violet."

"I ought to be much obliged to you," she replied; "but the afternoon is a very busy time with me. I attend to all these flowers myself."

"I will help you with the flowers, and I hope that I shall be no obstacle to your pleasant thoughts, Violet," he said.

They walked together until they reached an opening in the lawn; there was a bank gay with wild flowers, a hedge full of wild roses, and hawthorns crowned it. Felix took the basket from her hand and placed her on the bank.

"I have come to talk to you, Violet," he said. "You must forget your flowers for a few minutes and listen to me. Such a day as this, Violet, was made for a love story. I have an idea that everything in nature is interested in mine."

"Your ideas are not of the ordinary kind," she remarked.

"No, they are not, I own. Still, they please me, Violet. I have a sweet fancy. Shakespeare says all sweet fancies come to lovers."

"But we are not lovers, Felix," she said, gravely.

"Then I hope we soon shall be. I have a fancy, Violet, that every bird singing in the trees knows why I am here, that the flowers and sunshine know it."

"Then," observed Violet, "they are wiser than I."

"No, not wiser or sweeter or brighter than you; but it was an was an idle, pretty fancy, Violet. As I walked under the great shady trees every leaf seemed to stir—as I passed, the roses in the hedges nodded; they said, 'The sun shines and the earth is fair; now is the time for youth and love.'"

Violet looked up at him with a resigned little sigh.

"Not being either a bird or a flower, I am not in their confidence, Felix, and perhaps when you have finished with them you will tell me what you have to say."

"I will tell you now. I have such good news, Violet. Mr. Hardman, one of my father's clients, has left him six thousand pounds."

Violet's eyes opened wide in wonder.

"Six thousand pounds! That is a great deal of money, is it not, Felix?"

"Yes, a very great deal. You know my father has an excellent business, but he did certainly want a little more money. This legacy has made him happier than I can tell you."

"I should not think that money would make anyone happy," said Violet, thoughtfully.

"No, it would not. Never hold with that idea, Violet. But this is the important thing—my father will now give me a partnership. My darling, do you understand—a partnership?"

"Yes, Felix—what then?"

"I have one hundred a year that my dear mother left me; I make quite another by reviews and articles for legal papers—that makes two hundred; then from the business I am sure to obtain at least three hundred more—that will give me five hundred a year, Violet; and, my darling, there is a beautiful little cottage orne near Oakwoods, and—oh, Violet, Violet! will you be my wife? My darling, you know how long and how faithfully I have loved you! I have come to-day to ask you to be my wife."

Her white hands dropped listlessly; she turned her face to his; no warm flush covered it no love-light shone in the violet eyes.

"How cruel of you," she said, in soft, lingering tones; "how very cruel on this sunny day to ask me such a question!"

There was no anger in her face, no annoyance—nor was there pleasure or happiness; she looked rather like a child who had been disturbed at play. He was neither anxious nor dismayed, for he well undersdtood the expression on her face.

"Why is it cruel, Violet?" he asked.

"It is cruel. You know I do not want to be married, Felix. I do not like to be teased about love."

"But, my darling, no one can look at you and not love you."

"That is not my fault. And, Felix, you should not call me 'darling'; do you not know that it is hardly proper?"

"If I knew a word that conveyed more and sounded more sweetly, I should use it," he said, looking with passionate admiration at the pure, perfect face. "Oh, Violet, do accept me No one else in the wide world loves you half so much. I would make you so happy that you would never regret it."

"I am very happy now," she murmured, plaintively.

"That little cottage orne is so pretty, Violet. There is a charming drawing-room that opens on to a flower garden—imagine that all furnished in white and gold; then there is a little room upstairs I should furnish as a boudoir for you—a room that would be a fitting shrine for my pearl of pearls. My darling, you should have everything that your heart desires."

She touched his face gently with her dainty hands.

"You would buy the moon for me if I wanted it, and you could obtain it," she said, laughingly. "But, Felix, I do not want the moon, and I do not want to be married. Do talk of something more pleasant."

"Violet, my heart is so full of this; it seemed to me as I came along that I walked on air. I have loved you so long, I have no life apart from you; and I have been waiting so impatiently until I could see a chance of making a beautiful home for you. Now I see it—do not be cruel to me, Violet, I implore you."

"It is you who are cruel to shadow this fair day by talking of love and marriage, Felix."

The words sounded hard and cold, but there was no coldness on her fair face.

"You know that I have loved you, Violet, ever since we were children."

"Yes, I know it. I should know it—you tell me so every day."

"And you—you have had admirers of every kind, I believe, dark and fair, tall and short; but, Violet, you love me best, do you not?"

The lovely face drooped over a bunch of wild thyme. She did not answer; but he persisted in his questioning.

"You love me best, do you not? Oh, my darling, be a little kind to me!"

There was such passionate love in his handsome face, such passionate pain in the face, that she was touched.

"Yes, I do love you, Felix," she said, gently; and then she looked up in alarm.

He had clasped her hands in his and covered them with kisses. His dark eyes were dim with tears.

"Oh, my love!" he cried, "you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! If you had said you did not love me, the words would have killed me as surely as ever a man was slain. My darling, do you not see that if you love me you must of necessity be my wife? You must of necessity be my wife," repeated Felix, "or what is the use of love?"

"It is pleasant," she replied; "still, marriage—well, Felix, you will laugh if I tell you that it seems to me like calling a child into a gloomy house from the sunshine and from play."

"That is not a pleasant comparison, Violet, my darling," he remarked, smiling. "You will be very happy. Now you spend your life among all kinds of bright, pretty things. You shall do the same then. No shadow or fear shall come near you. You shall know no trouble. You shall be one of the most worshipped as you will be one of the most beautiful of wives."

"But Felix," she said, slowly, with an air of perplexity on her beautiful face, "it seems to me that marriage is the end of everything. Once married, there is nothing for one to look forward to, nothing, as it were, to hope for; it is the beginning of a dull, grey, monotonous stretch of life."

"You will not always say so, Violet," Felix laughed. "You must marry—you love me. Promise to marry me."

She was looking away behind the green trees, as though she were trying to peer into some far-off future.

"I do love you," she returned, thoughtfully—"I am sure that I love you, but there seems to be something more wanting; I cannot think this is all that life holds for me; yet I cannot tell what it is I want."

"You love me," said Felix. "I am quite content. The rest is nothing but the natural fear than a young girl has for a new life. Tell me again—my heart hungers for the words—that you love me, Violet."

Slowly she turned her eyes from the distant hills; slowly she raised them to her lover's face. Love him? Certainly she did. His ardent young face had some of the proud stern beauty that immortalized the Greek heroes. There was none like him in Lilford. Certainly she loved him very much. Why hesitate to say so? She spoke slowly, in a sweet clear voice.

"Most surely, Felix, I love you"—and the words seemed to fill him with delight.

He took the soft, white hands in his, and held them while he made her repeat again and again that she loved him.

(To be Continued.)

HEALTH FOR BABY IN WINTER.

Winter is coming on when baby will of necessity be confined to the house a great deal. Unless his constitution is rugged the close confinement will soon tell on his health. An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will act as a safeguard during the winter months. If begun before the winter arrives mothers can be reasonably certain that their little ones will retain good health during the months of indoor confinement. Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, sweeten the stomach, break up colds, prevent croup, regulate the bowels and keep baby healthy and happy. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. G. G. Sawyer, Clarenceville, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and find that they are the very best medicine that I can give her."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box by all medicine dealers or may be had direct by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember they are guaranteed to contain no poisonous drugs—they cannot possibly do harm and always do good.

WOMAN'S BURDENS.

The Health of Many Women in a Precarious Condition.

Headaches, Pains Easily Accounted for and Functional Derangements Make Life Miserable.

Throughout the length and breadth of Canada there are thousands and thousands of grateful people who admit that they owe health and strength to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—and who speak always as they should do—in terms of warmest praise of this medicine. Among the many friends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made there is perhaps none more enthusiastic in speaking of the pills than Mrs. Edward Atcheson of Orangeville, Ont., who for two years suffered intensely, but at last found a cure through the use of this remedy. To a reporter of the Orangeville Sun, Mrs. Atcheson said;

"Three years ago I became very much run down. My appetite almost vanished, I grew pale, was subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart and a ringing noise in the ears. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and I was consequently much depressed and feared I was doomed to go through life a chronic invalid. One day I read the cure of a woman whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box, and by the time it was finished I was sufficiently encouraged to send for another, and so on until I had taken six boxes, when I was in every sense of the word a different person. Every symptom of my late illness had vanished, and I was once more enabled to look after my household duties with old-time health and vigor. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to other weak and suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real blessing to all weak, weary women. They build up the blood and cure all the functional from which so many women suffer in silence. These pills may be had from any druggist or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes cannot cure, and see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box.

Signalling Under Water.

The cause of three-fourths of the shipwrecks and loss of life at sea seems about to be removed. It is not a wire, or even the air, but the water this time that is used to transmit sound vibrations. For some weeks there has been installed on the steamers of the Metropolitan Company of Boston, an apparatus which may yet make it possible for the vessel beating about the coast in a storm to know where the rocks and shoals are when the fog will not permit the light to be seen, and the noise of the wind drowns the sound of the bell-buoy or the siren; for a battleship to know of the aproach of a submarine and a fishing-smack of the approach of a liner off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The apparatus is extremely simple. It amounts to nothing more or less than ringing a bell under water, which the pilot or captain can hear telephonically. Screwed on both sides of the vessel's hull are two receivers, which are connected by wires with the wheel house. These receive the vibrations from the bell hanging in the water on the side of the lightship. The navigator has only to put the ear-piece to his ear and ascertain on which side the vibrations are the louder, in order to know the direction of the lighthouse and his own position in the fog, with comparative accuracy.

For fishing vessels a bell receiver has been provided, and this is used also to get more delicate intonations aboard a steel vessel. The value of the apparatus was put to a good test recently, when the steamer James S. Whitney was approaching the Boston lightship on her return from New York. The lighthouse was obscured by rain and fog. Thanks to the signal apparatus, the captain immediately heard the bell and got his direction. It was not until five minutes after that he heard the lightship's whistle for the first time.—Collier's Weekly.

Hints for Sportsmen.

Remember—

That when all the woods are wet you can get dry wood from any standing dead tree.

That the inner bark, next to the wood, on a standing dead cottonwood tree is thin and dry like tissue paper, and will start a fire nicely when every stick in the woods is soaked.

That a pile of driftwood heaped up by high water beside a stream is always a good store of firewood, and that some of it is always dry.

That dried roots make an intensely hot fire and no smoke. Get them out of your driftwood pile. They are sure to be there and on top somewhere, because they are almost as light as cork and porous as a sponge. They make the best camp cooking wood in the world.

That any gun will shoot about four times as far as you think it will. Therefore, be careful that nothing is in range beyond your target.

That high ground is dry ground, and the best to camp on, even if you have to carry wood and water some distance.

That the woods are full of good things, and God gave you brains so that you might find them. Therefore, use your eyes, ears, nose and hands.

That the only thing to do when you get lost is to sit down and figure out your back trail—find out how you got to where you are. Above all, don't get panic-stricken and go it blindly. Keep cool and use your wits.

That you should have a change of dry woolen clothes always in camp so that you can keep comfortable. A wet man in the wilderness represents the extreme end of human misery, unless he knows just where he can dry out quickly.

That you should take even better care of yourself in the woods than at home, because you are not used to irregularities, and are more apt to get sick unless you watch yourself.

That everyone should do his share of camp work willingly, and that a lazy or helpless person in camp means bad tempers, cuss-words and general mutiny. Do your share and don't grumble. Be cheerful, no matter what happens, and if you can't be cheerful, then take the back trail, for you have no business in camp.—Field and Stream.

The Birth of a Satellite.

The planets Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have their satellites, and it would not be unnatural to classify our own moon as simply one more in a series of objects with precisely similar histories. Of course the earth is similar in that it is a planet attended by a satellite, but text-books of astronomy scarcely give sufficient emphasis to the fact that the earth and moon really do differ widely from other planets and satellites. The earth is, in fact, only 80 times as heavy as the moon, whereas Saturn is 4,600 times as heavy as its satellite Titan, itself by far the largest satellite in the solar system. It seems, then, that there may be reason to suspect that the mode of genesis of a satellite relatively as large as the moon may have differed materially from that of all other satellites. Such a suspicion is confirmed by the investigation of the part which tidal friction has probably played in the evolution of our planet. The present article would be expanded to undue proportion if I were to attempt to touch further on this point, but the argument would have seemed weaker than it is if it had been entirely passed over. —George L. Darwin, LL. D., in Harper's Magazine for December.

SEED INVESTIGATION RESULTS FOR 1903.

Department of Agriculture,
Commissioner's Branch,
Ottawa, Nov. 19, 1903.

The continued investigation into the conditions under which agricultural seeds are sold in Canada has been given a rather extensive scope during 1903. The report of the work done by the seed division during 1902 was published in bulletin No. 8. In the spring of the current year one thousand one hundred and twelve samples of grass, clover, flax, cereals, root crop and garden vegetable seeds were secured from merchants in all parts of Canada and tested in the seed laboratory, Ottawa. In addition to these, one hundred and twenty-five samples of grass and clover seeds were analysed for farmers and merchants. We find that in Ontario fist grade timothy sold for $5.89 per hundred; second grade for $6.24, and lower grade for $5.52. In Quebec first grade red clover averaged $15.50; second grade $12.88, and lower grades $15.15.

In these calculations the nature of the impurities contained in the sampless was, of course, not taken into consideration. Samples containing 90 per cent. or over of good seed were rated as first-class; samples containing between 80 and 90 per cent as second grade; and samples containing less than 80 per as a low grade.

Two hundred and six samples of timothy seed were analyzed and of these 84 contained 90 per cent. or over of pure and germinable seeds.

Out of 136 samples of alsike that were analyzed only six contained 90 per cent or over of pure and germinable seed.

Two hundred and six samples of red clover were obtained from small dealers, and of these 80 samples contained 90 per cent. or over of pure and germinable seed.

It is well to note that a large proportion of these samples obtained for investigation were purchased from irresponsible dealers in villages and small towns.

British Seed.

Seven samples of Alsike and fourteen of Red Clover seeds were obtained from retail seedsmen in Great Britain. Of these, three of Alsike and five of Red Clover were said to be Canadian grown. The analyses of the Canadian Alsike showed an average of 95.6 per cent. of pure and germinable seeds. The average of the three samples of Alsike, which were said to be English grown, was 94.27 per cent., and the one German grown sample included in the lot contained 84.72 per cent. of pure and germinable seeds. The latter sample contained thirteen species of foreign seeds.

The average purity of the fourteen samples of Red Clover seeds obtained in Great Britain, was 98.6, and the average germination 92.3 per cent.

The Canadian grown samples were slightly lower in per cent. of purity than those which were said to have been grown in England and Chile.

Comparing the quality of the Canadian grown seed obtained from retail dealers in Great Britain, with that of the samples purchased from retail dealers in Canada, it would seem that much of our best recleaned Alsike and Red Clover exported.

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

Clipped.

It's a wise hen that gets in the smart set.

Lots of men only get religion when they get sick.

A man seldom lets himself loose until he gets tight.

Any work is easy enough after you once get down to it.

The spilled milk of human kindness is worth crying over.

There is just as much worry over money as over the lack of it.

It is sometimes better to stay where you are than to jump at conclusions.

The consumption specialist fills his coffers at the expense of his coughers.

The bunco man seldom attempts to tackle the farmer who takes in summer boarders.

When a fellow puts up a bluff with a girl she may be justified in throwing him over.

Blobbs — Miss Oldgirl says you kissed her. Slobbs—Merely in self-defence, my boy.

Wigwag—And does the story end happily? Henpeckke—No; they get married in the last chapter.

Kidneys and Liver Affected by Colds

Backache and Pains in the Legs the Common Symptoms—Cure Comes with the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Exposure to damp, cold weather is a frequent cause of kidney disease. Sitting in a draught so as to chill the feet and legs is frequently enough to bring on congestion of the liver.

Colds settle on the liver and kidneys as well as the lungs. The results are diseases of the most dreadfully painful and fatal sort.

As yet there has never been discovered a preparation equal to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a prompt and thorough cue for derangements of those great filtering organs.

Pains in the back, headache, urinary disorders, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation soon disappear when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used.

Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton County, N. B., writes; "My wife was a great sufferer from kidney disease for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, was gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains, and her ankles would swell up so that we were afraid of dropsy. We had a book of Dr Chase's in the house, and, reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief soon came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured, and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signatue of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box.

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