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Enquiry.

We wish the many thousands
who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea
a happy Xmas and a prosperous
New Year.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

Violet's Lover

He went in compliance with her wish. What request of hers could he have refused? And Violet had stood alone in the home that her lover sought to make hers. She stood there, dainty and bewitching; she looked round. The rooms were very pretty; she tried to imagine herself mistress there; she tried to picture herself living there, going in and out, waiting for Felix, giving orders. She tried to realize what life would be like when she was married and lived there. There would be no future to look forward to, no sweet, bright possibilities. "I should know all my life then," she thought; "it would hold nothing brighter than this" and the dainty little foot tapped the floor. "Here it would all begin and end; there would be no more dreaming"—and she had dreamed wildly of a different life from this. Still she loved Felix.

"I wonder," said the dainty young beauty to herself, "in what way I differ from other girls. I know not one but many, who would gladly change their fate for mine, who would marry Felix Lonsdale and be happy in his love, who would think this pretty house a palace and would find contentment and true happiness of a life-time within its walls; why cannot I do the same? What is it that I am always looking for, hoping for, expecting? What more do I want? I cannot understand myself and I am sure no one else can understand me."

The violet eyes glanced wistfully round the pretty rooms; why she was not content?

"I love Felix," she told herself; "and it seems to me that if I made an effort I could be happy and contented here. What is the effort that I have to make? I love Felix; nothing on earth can make me alter that fact."

Yet she did not feel quite at ease. There was a vague, shadowy feeling of something wanting that she had not yet found.

Felix amused her with his raptures when he returned. It was so novel, so delightful to see her here; and the day was never forgotten by him because she had been gracious to him upon it.

CHAPTER V.

The inhabitants of Lifford were pleased at Darcy Lonsdale's good fortune. He deserved it, they said; the honest, hardworking, industrious life had been spent among them; they had known him as boy and man; they had been interested in his marriages, in his children, in his business; he was one of themselves; they had been interested in his joys and sorrows and in his welfare, and now they were pleased at his good fortune.

With this sudden and unexpected gleam of prosperity came other gleams; his business increased—and Darcy Lonsdale owned to himself that he was a most fortunate man. He removed with his household to Vale House; and Felix began to think that he might induce Violet to marry him before the end of the year. He did not even speak to her of their marriage, for it was a difficult task; she would evade the question in a hundred different ways; she would laugh, yet look charming—do anything in fact but reply to his inquiry as to when they should be united.

He went to The Limes one lovely summer evening quite resolved upon not coming away without a definite answer. Violet was looking even more charming than usual; she wore a white dress with blush roses and her hair, girlish face was like a sweet flower. He persuaded her to come out with him, beguiling her to the lawn under the pretext of showing her the gorgeous western sky.

"I do not care for sunsets, Felix," she said; "I care for raptures over them. I see the sun set in some fashion or other every evening."

But he was so determined that she thought it less trouble to accede to his wish. The sight of the glorious sky made her thoughtful; then, when she was in a frame of mind proper for listening, he turned to her. How

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

When little ones are ill the sensible mother no longer does them with nauseous, griping purgatives, nor puts them to sleep with the so-called "soothing" preparations, which always contain harmful opiates. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by 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 made baby irritable and waked. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarsfield, 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 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.

interested in it all. He said to himself that it was strange what perfect rest he found with her—a something which he could not describe, a sense of deep tranquility and repose.

"I think, Evelyn," he said, as he stood at the hall door of Outlands, "that no man was ever so blessed, I wish the truest and fairest of loves, and the truest and warmest of friends."

The moon was shining brightly, and Eve stood in silence for a few minutes watching him.

"You will need a friend," she thought—"and when you do, you shall not fail to find one."

CHAPTER VI.

"That young man ought to be satisfied with his lot in life," said Jane Lester, as her niece told her of Felix Lonsdale's success.

"He is quite satisfied, auntie," Evelyn returned, gently.

"The worst thing that any man can do is to marry a girl with a pretty face," said the aunt. "Pretty girls are a mistake—they think themselves too good for anything. Felix Lonsdale would do foolishly—Violet Haye will never make him a good wife."

"She is young, and she loves him very dearly," remarked Evelyn.

"Youth and love—would any wise man take his house—none foundations!" said her aunt. "I tell you, Evelyn, it is a mistake, and Lonsdale will find it so. I read a character quickly, and I have read Violet Haye's."

"She is young, and she loves him very dearly," repeated Evelyn, who could imagine nothing more unanswerable.

"Love—we know what a lasting sentiment that is," sneered Miss Lester. "If he married a sensible woman with a good character, I should have some hope; but the very curl of that girl's hair shows what she is."

Evelyn laughed as she thought of the glorious golden hair that had always been Violet's glory.

"There is no other hair in Lifford like it, auntie," she replied.

"It is a very good thing," was the retort, "I am no friend of nonsense."

No unfriendly criticisms reached Felix's ears. He had now the great prize of his life; he was happy beyond all power of word to tell. It pleased him, too, that all his friends and neighbors took such kindly interest in him; it was pleasant to meet with congratulations and good wishes—to see life lying so fair and clear before him—to feel his youth and his strength every vein. He felt that he had nothing left in life to wish for; heaven had been good to him and had granted him his wife's desire. He had a little of the happier, perhaps, had Violet less coy. But that very coyness had a charm of its own; it suited her; he could not imagine her otherwise; and, as for doubt or fear, or mistrust, such shadows never darkened his mind. The heaven of his love was clear and cloudless. Violet would wince coy in time; it was better for her to be shy, reserved as she was than to have herself out for admiration, as some did.

He had settled in his own mind that he would persuade her to be his wife before the chill October winds blew the leaves from the trees. So he thought and hoped and dreamed, while a cloud was rising in the distance no larger than a man's hand.

One day Darcy Lonsdale returned with a perplexed look on his face to his new house. His wife, wondering at it, asked him:

"What is the matter, Darcy?"

"After thinking for a few minutes, he answered her, "Nothing; my brain seems to be full of foolish fancies."

The next time he returned home it was evening, and the pleasant tea-party, the happy circle of bright faces, his wife's gladness at his man's heart; but Darcy Lonsdale looked dull. Again his wife asked what was wrong, and he laughed unaccountably.

"The very oddest thing with fancies," he answered. "I saw three of my best friends this morning standing in a group in Castle street, when I joined them. I knew by the expression on their faces that they had been talking about me."

"What could they have to say about you?" asked Kate. "It was all fancy, Darcy."

"No; I am sure they were speaking of me. I went to the bank this morning, and as I was entering the door I distinctly heard the manager say, 'Darcy Lonsdale has just been here, and he has paid for his bill.' I heard the words as plain as if they were spoken now. He was talking to one of the partners, and they were both cool, I thought, in their manner."

He threw her arms round his neck and kissed her face.

"Why should any one talk about you or be cool to you, dear? You have done no wrong."

"No; but there is something—I am sure there is something, Kate—in the minds of people about me. I cannot imagine what it is."

Kate tried to cheer him; she laughed at the notion. What could there be? She knew that there was no one like him. No one could accuse him of a mean action; his life had always been fair, open, loyal, and transparent. It was absurd. He must be out of health; he should go away and rest himself for a time. People cool to him indeed! She would like to see any one treat him with less respect and honor than he deserved. The kind, tender face flushed, the eyes filled with tears. She would have done his battle for him with the whole world. There was nothing in what he said, she felt sure, but falling health.

Yet she waited anxiously for him the next day. She was somewhat surprised, for there had been a perfect deluge of tradesman's bills as an occurrence that had never happened before. The baker had sent him his bill, and the butcher wanted rest that came over him. She was not beautiful, but the sweet face was very fair and very tender, her voice musical and full of sympathy; she spoke of kindly of beautiful Violet, she praised her so generously and warmly, she spoke with such real enthusiasm of her loveliness, of the admiration she excited, of her brilliancy, that his heart warmed to her. He listened with such sweet sympathy to all that he had to say of his history of the village, and of the pretty furniture and pictures he hoped to place therein. She was

"But it is certain," said Kate, a little anxiously.

"As certain as fate," he replied; and then they talked a little more cheerfully about what they would do when the money was at their command.

That same evening Felix came home looking slightly preoccupied. He had seen one of his oldest clients go into George Malcolm's office, and the village of the parish, the Rev. Daniel Hunt had passed him with the coldest of bows. He also had an impression that there was something wrong. He could tell neither what it was nor why it was.

Felix thought that there would be time to walk over to the Limes. He had a very beautiful book that he had bought for Violet, and he wanted to give it to her.

It struck him, when he entered the drawing-room at The Limes, that the three assembled there, the speaking of him, their greeting was so awkward, so constrained, so unlike the genial, kindly reception that had always been given to him hitherto. Mrs. Haye said out loud to her husband, but her eyes fell, and her husband's half-murmured words were inaudible; Violet looked embarrassed; and for the first time under that hospitable roof the young lovers sat with ease.

When he laid the volume on the table, Mr. Haye took it up.

"This must have cost something," he said, "for it is very handsome. It would be a fine gift to your wife. I do not know how you got it, but when the evil day comes."

"I do not fear evil days," remarked Felix, with all the sanguine hope of a young man.

"The worst among us may expect them," said Mr. Haye, briefly.

Then the conversation languished, and Felix grew so uncomfortable that he decided upon returning home.

He was going to the door, but he had called at an auspicious moment—he had perhaps interrupted some domestic conference. He cared only to see Violet. If she would go to the gate with him, so that he could have time for a few words, all would be well.

But when he had said good-night to the two seniors, and asked Violet if she would wait for him at the gate with him, so that he could have time for a few words, all would be well.

And the tone was so decided, so stern, that Felix could not oppose Mrs. Haye. He held Violet's hand one minute in his; he tried to look into the depths of her beautiful eyes, but they dropped from his, and he could not see them. He left her with a few whispered words, feeling more unhappy than he had ever felt before.

(To be Continued.)

year the association made its first trial in the co-operative work by forwarding to Manchester, England, two cars of Duchesne apples, which arrived in good condition. In addition to these three cars of winter apples were packed and sold. This year the association had prospered beyond all expectations. There are now about fifty-five members, with an average of four acres of apples each. Fifteen cars of apples have this year been shipped on the co-operative plan. Not only have the prices been better, but more fruit has been sold than would have been possible under the old system. Even the early varieties of apples were put upon the market in good condition, just as soon as the Duchesne, for instance, were ripe, all co-operators were notified to begin picking at the same time. In this way a car would be started with the fruit within two days of the time the apples were taken from the trees.

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

THE CHURCH DEBT MORE THAN PAID.

A mortgage of \$3,000 upon the First Baptist Church, says a despatch from Macon, Mo., was publicly burned at a jubilee service last week. The lion's share of the glory for paying off this debt goes to the women of the church.

When they undertook the work they started to collect, not cash, but ideas. They reasoned that if they provided ideas, the money would come of itself. So premiums were offered for ideas. Every idea that seemed promising had a fair trial.

The idea that seemed most successful was an elaboration of a plan originated at Quincy, Ill. In that town the church issued a book of quotations. Every person who contributed ten cents could have his name printed prominently over his favorite quotation from the classics.

The Macon idea embraced a wider field. There were those who didn't care to borrow their literature. It was, therefore, provided that every real, or fancied poet or prose writer, or even a student of book of quotations. Every person who contributed ten cents could have his name printed prominently over his favorite quotation from the classics.

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One poetic artist put up 40 cents to get this tender sentiment in:

This world that we're living in
Is mighty hard to bear;
A thorn comes with every rose;
But ain't the roses sweet?

The most unpopular man in town paid ten cents to get his name along this quotation from Holy Writ:

Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.—Luke, vi, 26.

Among the quotations from the poets the following lines distanced all others as a favorite:

Honor and shame from no countenance rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.—Pope

The book was a dazzling success. Everybody in town took a copy, and some of the amateur authors bought several copies to send to their friends in other towns.

One Girl's Opinion.

Someone spoke of a chapman as the boarders were seated around the mahogany.

"Chapman?" exclaimed the young man from Missouri, "What's a chapman?"

"A chapman," exclaimed the girl who presides over a necktie counter between meals, "is a female of more or less uncertain years who is afraid to go out alone, so she attaches herself to a party of young folks for the purpose of getting herself cared for."

See "Chicago News."

FRUIT GROWING.

The Benefits of Co-operation Among Fruit Growers.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

The principle of co-operation among fruit growers, which has been strongly advocated during the last two years by W. A. MacKinnon, of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, received enthusiastic endorsement at the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association at Leamington. The address of the President, the report of the secretary, and all the most interesting and instructive papers dealt with the question of co-operation.

A typical example of the practical working out of the co-operative plan was described by Mr. W. H. Owen, Catawba Island, Ohio, who is one of the recognized leaders in the movement across the line. The growers all live within seven and a half miles of the central packing depot, where the grading is done under the managers' supervision. The growers do their own picking, and bring in from three to five thousand bushels of peaches daily. The fruit begins to arrive at the central depot by two o'clock p. m., and packing operations frequently continue all night. Each grower is duly credited with the amount of fruit of each grade which he contributes to the total amount, and he is paid in accordance, as soon as sales are made. Under the business-like system adopted it is possible to make most of the sales direct from the warehouse. Free use of the telegraph, telephone and mail service is made in collecting and disseminating information as to the quantity of each variety and grade available. In this way the fruit is disposed of practically as soon as produced. There is no refrigerator service at the packing house, but refrigerator cars are supplied by the railways, and the fruit is put into them as soon as possible. The cost of carrying on the business is about seventeen to nineteen cents per bushel of peaches, including cost of packages and transportation, as well as administrative expenses of the association.

Among the advantages of the plan which have become apparent during the twelve years that the association has been in existence are: 1. It ensures better prices for the fruit. 2. It leaves the grower free to devote his undivided attention to the improvement of production. 3. It enables buyers to purchase directly at a central point large quantities of a uniform grade. Thus they can select precisely the sort of fruit to suit various markets. 4. It gives the members a much stronger position in dealing with commission men, merchants and carrying companies than they could possibly have as individual shippers. 5. It provides for the proper distribution of fruit, so that one market may not be glutted at the same time that another is left bare of supplies.

This latter point was emphasized by Mr. W. H. Dawson, the Toronto commission merchant, by a reference to the co-operative system of handling the Texas tomato crop. This is handled by one man stationed at St. Louis, and the system is so thorough that market demoralization is absolutely avoided. The grading is so perfect that a man can order a car of Texas tomatoes by grade and feel perfectly sure of getting just what he ordered.

Something has already been done along these lines in Ontario, and it is still far behind California, Ohio, Michigan and other States. One of the most progressive co-operative associations has its headquarters at Walkerton, in the celebrated-Huron and districts. Mr. A. E. Slorrington, the manager, reported that last

Another Ghastly Six-Day Grind.
New York Tribune.

A six-day bicycle tournament is added to the afflictions of this vexed metropolis. Why must New Yorkers suffer from such a besetment? The old, unhappy, far-off things which Wordsworth wept over were bad enough, but in this era of enlightenment Gotham ought not to be distressed and tormented with a renewal of the outworn nuisance of the wan and haggard tramps in the ranks of the professional wheelmen.

SHOPLIFTING IN LONDON

Though there is every appearance in all the great London shops that the public is to be trusted implicitly, an elaborate and carefully organized system of espionage prevails to circumvent the designs of the peripatetic thief and the marauding kleptomaniac. The invisible detective, whose office is some unsuspected gallery in the ceiling, whence from artfully designed peep holes in the moulding he can survey the whole establishment, is the most successful foil to the shoplifter. But there are only a few shops so structurally designed that surveillance of this kind is possible. Some of the jewellers' treasure palaces are guarded in this manner, and to make assurance doubly sure, no attendant is without his satellite, who keeps a wary eye on the cases of gems exposed to the customers' inspection, standing at the salesman's elbow while he is showing them. At all periods a careful watch is kept on those dress establishments that are patronized by women, but more especially at sale times, when it is then that covetousness overwhelms morality most easily, and the crowded state of the shops favors the picker-up of unconsidered trifles. A manager of one of the largest establishments in the metropolis says it is in those departments that are most spacious that pilfering is particularly on, and that in these detective supervision is always most acute.

Every shop walker and counter attendant is in effect a detective, but there are some professionals who assume the guise to hide their real position. It is the duty of each attendant when he is suspicious of a customer to call the attention of the detective to her, not blatantly, but by prearranged sign. The detective then keeps the suspect under surveillance until he has had time to get away. In the large emporiums where women chiefly congregated the most efficient, because least conspicuous, detectives are women, either employed as shop walkers or as customers.

When an attendant misses or thinks he misses something, or notices disturbing signs of thievery, he speaks to the detective, who, as an elegantly-garbed customer, seats herself in a position commanding a good view of the suspects and makes her purchases like any other woman, all the while gathering data upon which to proceed. The disguise assumed by the shop detective differs day by day.

If there be one result less desired by the shop proprietor than another it is to convict a kleptomaniac. Prosecutions do not forward business. The proprietor's policy is to prevent pilfering by every conceivable means. Hence a blind eye is turned to what is a theft in embryo, and the wretched shoplifter caught in the act of purloining a blouse under cover of her waterproof is asked whether the article may not be sent home for her. To the haggling umbrella or the gaping hand-bag the detective allude with an apology, fearing that madam has inadvertently incomedded herself with something that fell from the counter.

First offenders are often cured by narrow escapes such as this from falling into the abyss that leads to the dock, and gladly pay for the experience in coin of the realm, as if they had all the while meant to purchase instead of purloin the goods. Should leniency of such a kind fail to lead the trespasser back into the paths of rectitude, the manager's office is made the scene of more serious negotiations, on which it is well to draw the veil. But as a rule, it is population of London and the ease with which beautiful objects can apparently be taken in the great shops, the detectives and their talents called but seldom into play, probably because their system of surveillance is so capably organized and carried out.—London Mail.

The Taste for Horseflesh.

A taste for horseflesh is steadily on the increase in Paris. A veterinary and sanitary report just issued states that in 1896 at the public abattoirs 21,430 horses, asses and mules were slaughtered for the different dealers in horseflesh in the French capital. In 1897 the number was 22,029, in 1898 22,512, in 1899 23,203, in 1900 22,484, in 1901 26,658, in 1902 32,324. Of the number in this last year there were 31,790 horses, 458 asses and 49 mules. Much of the food is sold in the shape of sausages.

Brain Controls Every Muscle

Injury to Brain or Nerves, Deficiency of Nerve Force Means Paralysis and Helplessness

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Every muscle of the body controlled by the will is connected with the brain, and every muscular action is originated by nervous force, generated in the brain and transmitted along the nerves to the muscles.

When the nerves are injured or diseased, when there is a deficiency in the supply of nervous energy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or some form of helplessness results because the brain no longer has control of the muscles.

It may be weak heart action, inability to digest food, failure of the lungs to purify the blood or impaired action of any of the vital organs, but the cause of trouble is with the nerves.

The restorative action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is soon felt throughout the entire system, because it restores the vigor and vitality of the nerves—fills them with new nerve force, the vital power of the body; weakness, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness and low spirits disappear and new energy and strength take their place.

(Mrs. C. Corkey, 32 Maine street, St. John, N. B., states; "I had been in very poor health; and, in fact, when I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had just got up from a bed of sickness, my nerves were in a bad state. I was weak and could not sleep. Now I am getting up in years, and, of course, could not look for immediate results, but must say that I have been delighted with the use of this preparation, as it has done me a great deal of good. I am now able to sleep very much better, my nerves are steadier and my strength is gradually increasing.")

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.