

Blue Ribbon Tea has the largest sale in the Dominion. Why? Simply because the consumer has found it to be the most reliable tea he can buy.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

There was a large yard in the rear of the house, and patients were sometimes allowed to walk for a few minutes at a time in it and to visit the handsome conservatory which was one of the doctor's fads.

self that she was not being observed, lifted to latch of the conservatory door and passed out, carefully closing it after her.

There came a day when Monica was permitted this privilege - one that she had long and most earnestly desired, and she was so happy and grateful to Dr. Flint, that he finally followed her to go out nearly every day, and to remain longer than the other patients.

With the speed of a fawn she crossed the alley, and glancing back, broke a sigh of relief to find that she could scarcely distinguish the door through which she had just escaped.

From the first she made friends with the gardener, for she dearly loved flowers, and thus easily won the man to talk about his work to her; while, sometimes she would ask to be allowed to help him in cutting and arranging flowers that were to be sent out.

Oh! it was glorious to be liberty! Once more! It seemed as if a leaden weight had been suddenly lifted from both heart and brain, and she could have shouted aloud for joy had she dared.

One Thursday—"rubbish day," as Monica called it—she arose with the determination to make a desperate effort for freedom.

She kept steadily on, and soon turned another corner, and then the next, although she had not the slightest idea where she was.

Reaching the conservatory, they were joined by the gardener, who began to inquire about the re-potting of some plants.

Presently she passed a couple, although she did not see it until she was almost up with it. It was standing before a house, and the driver was engaged in fixing the bride of one of his horses, and just glanced up at her as she passed.

She did not hear Tucker's response, but she saw him turn, to assure himself that the key was in its place, and her quick wit told her his object, and what she had never known before—that the key to the rear door of each house was kept upon a convenient peg at the entrance.

At the sound of that voice Monica's heart sprang into her throat, for by it she instantly recognized Dr. Flint.

Monica was just passing into the greenhouse as Dr. Flint and her keen eyes caught what he said.

She had almost reached the coupe when she heard a door violently thrown open on the opposite side of the street.

Monica waited until he disappeared around a corner of the greenhouse, where the fog swallowed him from sight, then, with a quick glance behind her to assure her-

"Ye gods, what have we here?" he observed, disconsolably. Monica was disconsolable.

The stranger had leaned toward her, intently studying her face while she was speaking, and he realized at once, both from her language and appearance, that she was a lady.

"My child," he said, with grave kindness, "pray rise and be comfortably seated—then tell me all your story, and I will do my very best that I shall not let you get out until I can find a place of safety for you."

As he spoke he lifted her by the most beautiful and delicate hands, and the act of kindness, together with his gentle tones, were too much for Monica's long-tried nerves, and she broke into almost hysterical weeping, while she trembled in every limb from excitement.

"I have heard something about this Dr. Flint before," he remarked, when at length she paused, "but I never paid much attention to it, because it is my business to see that his character and methods are investigated, just as soon as I can find time to attend to it. I am a lawyer—Archibald Sidney, my name is."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Sidney, thoughtfully: "I will talk about it, though I confess, I have a prejudice against a name like 'Now, will you tell me a little more about this cousin, and how he happened to get such unlimited control of your affairs?'"

"The gentleman smiled. He was strangely drawn toward this much-unknown child.

"I am rather inclined to think that we should find you a very pleasant responsibility," he said, kindly; "but if you are going to experience any discomfort, or any obligation you shall if I am successful in winning back your fortune for you—pay me my fee, the same as any client."

"I was asking myself that same question, the gentleman replied. 'William has appeared to be honest and faithful thus far, but he has not been in my employ very long, so I think it may be wise to use caution and be on my safe side. We are now very near my office. The carriage stops I will lean out of the window and attract his attention for a moment or two, while you quietly slip out of the opposite door, cross the street to bookstore, where you can do as you please, and where, as soon as I have sent William home, I will join you.'

When that gentleman was assured that she was out of sight, he leisurely alighted, paused to give one more order which he appeared to have forgotten, then entered the building in which his office was located, while William drove away on an important errand (3) which would require a couple of hours to execute, thus giving Mr. Sidney and his fair protegee an opportunity to reach his residence without fear of encountering him.

As soon as the coupe was out of sight the lawyer hastened to rejoin Monica, whom he found serenely looking over a popular magazine which she had just purchased.

He led her to the nearest cabstand, assisted her into a carriage, and a moment later they were being rapidly whirled toward Upper Grosvenor.

"(To be continued.)"

THE DAIRY COW. A Critical Period—Protection From Incentive Weather.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch. At this season of the year, when farmers are extremely busy preparing for winter, the dairy cows are apt to be neglected.

One slight or even a cold rain, cold, comfort and contentment are the prime factors in a successful dairy cow, and it is not too much to say that comfort is the prime factor. To feed well and disregard the bodily comfort of cows is to insure a full measure of milk if it is wet or shir-

W. A. CLEMONS, Publication Clerk.

A FARMER WITNESS' HAPPY RETORT. Judge H. Polk Munroe, of Buffalo, says the Louisville Herald, recently told this story of a witness getting even with a farmer who was in court complaining that a certain fellow had stolen some of his ducks.

SOLATINA CURED. ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. Mr. Estell, of Walkerton, suffered for months and did not believe that he began the use of these pills.

Of the many employees of R. Truax & Co., Walkerton, Ont., none stands higher in the confidence of his employers than does Mr. Thomas J. Estell. He is an excellent mechanic, and has been in the employ of this firm for upwards of ten years.

During these years, Mr. Estell, as may readily be imagined, was continually on the lookout for some remedy that would rid him of the disease, but for a long time without success. Doctors were consulted and although he took the treatment prescribed, it did not help him.

TO FORM HIGHLAND KILTS. Invitation to the British War Office to do Away with the "Felibegs."

The London Daily Mail of August 22nd contains the following on a proposal by a Highlander to do away with the kilt suits worn by the Highland corps.

W. A. CLEMONS, Publication Clerk.

A WISE PRECAUTION. No matter whether the baby is sick or well, Baby's Own Tablets should always be in the house.

MUST BE CONSTANT. The head of a large department which sells a proprietary article says he used to have the idea that when he had thoroughly advertised his product so that it should be known everywhere he could greatly reduce if not actually stop his advertising.

Farmer—That's true, sir; the crops are all right, but they've taken a terrible lot out of the land.

COWS THAT DO NOT PAY. Mr. J. C. Chappis, Assistant Dairy Commissioner, who is particularly well acquainted with agricultural conditions in Quebec, said in an address: From my experience, one can lead to believe that the reason why the Babcock test is not more generally adopted as a basis for payment for milk is lack of knowledge on the part of the farmers.

How the King Lays Aside all His Cares. "Good Old Teddy" was the cry raised by thousands of his loyal subjects, says the cable description of the departure of King Edward VII. on Tuesday from a London railway station for Newmarket.

GOOD OLD TEDDY. How the King Lays Aside all His Cares. "Good Old Teddy" was the cry raised by thousands of his loyal subjects, says the cable description of the departure of King Edward VII. on Tuesday from a London railway station for Newmarket.

While at Newmarket King Edward neither "shuns sights" nor "lives laborious days," but he takes himself as far as he possibly can from the King and comes as near as he possibly can to the country gentleman and patron of the turf.

His day at Newmarket is the day of the simple life. The Jockey Club house is plain and unassuming enough, but his suite of rooms forms the plain and simple, unassuming portion of the building.

So thoroughly is the idea of the simple life carried out that there is no mobbing or crowding of the King when he is at Newmarket. The men with the long strings of racehorses exercising on the heath know the King's desire for peace and quiet, and they respect it.

To such charming lengths does His Majesty sometimes carry his temporary aloofness from the trammels of court life that on no occasion Newmarket has witnessed the spectacle of a polished gentleman from Scotland Yard going about full of suppressed anxiety, trying to find out whether the King had gone!

The afternoon, of course, is spent at the races. Sometimes using a pair of powerful field glasses, at other times gazing down the course with his keen eyes, the King stands up in the royal box during each race, and follows the fortunes of the various horses with the zest of an experienced racegoer.

On outward and visible sign of the absence of ceremony at Newmarket is the dress of the King, and as a consequence a pleasing shade of medium brown, a Roman or Chesterfield coat, a cloth cap overall, and a lounge suit are the usual attire for Newmarket.