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OF A HOT CUP OF STEAMING

Blue Ribbon

TEA is the comfort of all the women who have tried it. TIRED NERVES are soothed and tired muscles INVIGORATED. THE FLAVOR IS MOST DELICIOUS.

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LOVE AND A TITLE

"Another queen!" says Jeanne, musingly, her eyes fixed upon the fairy-like lovers. "I didn't know there was more than one queen in England."

"Queen Jeanne!" he says, tenderly. "Queen Jeanne!" Then she sinks back and turns pale. "Is—is that—?" She is too overpowered, too bewildered and amazed to conclude the question.

"That is Ferdale Castle," he says, lightly, and adds more tenderly: "Your future home, if you should take to it, Jeanne—if not—well, we will try some other."

"Our future home—yes," says Jeanne. "But it seems all so unreal."

"It has stood for a good many centuries, too," says Vane, trying to laugh her awe away.

The next moment Jeanne sees a huge pair of gates fly open, the mellow notes of a horn arise upon the summer evening, and Vane says cheerily:

"We have just passed the lodge gates." Then, in a brilliant panorama, passes velvety lawns, with glittering beds of flowers set, jewel-like, in their midst; the ground rises, with terraces of white marble and stately tiers of tier; then, with a sweep, the road winds around to the front of Ferdale Castle itself.

Instantly, as if their approach had been anxiously watched and awaited, handsome liveries appear, as if by magic, the carriage is surrounded by attentive and eager yet not bustling, servants, the great hall doors clang open, and Vane, drawing Jeanne's hand within his arm, walks up a long double line of servants into what looks to Jeanne like a church, by reason of its vastness—its old, gleaming oak, battle flags and stained windows—but it is only the hall. Here and there are more servants, in full and most elaborate liveries, looking particularly splendid in the light which passes, many-colored, through the painted windows. It is a scene so grand, so rich, and withal so noble, that Jeanne would think it nothing but the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, but for the pressure of the strong arm that for her here, and Vane's deep voice, as he says:

"Welcome home, darling."

Suddenly, noiselessly, the glittering crowd of liveries seem to melt. Jeanne finds herself, still leaning on her husband's arm, ascending the great staircase, up which, as far as width is concerned, they are going to the carriage, conveyed by the travelling carriage.

"Look over, Jeanne," he says, when they reach a wide, sheltering gallery. "See, down there on that marble floor, once a struggle has been fought out. Once the Rousses laid siege to the place, and—confound them—took it. The men fought to the last, even to the very last, and it lay strewn with—but never mind. We'll put these cheerful stories off until your dinner; which, by the way, when will you have?"

Jeanne stares and blushes, but says, with a pretty little air of independence:

"Oh, very soon, please, I am so hungry."

"So am I," says Vane, and he turns to the grave-looking individual who comes to meet them. "Send them to let us have some dinner in half an hour, in the small room."

The man went off with noiseless alacrity, and Jeanne, looking up the huge, thick-carved oak balustrades, saw a black form disappearing in the distance of the church-like hall.

"It is magnificent," she says, looking up shyly. "I shall awake directly, and find I have been asleep. Vernon, I am afraid to speak above my breath here."

"I will be soothing me at the top of its voice in a week's time, little wife," he says.

Jeanne blushes and bends her head lower, but suddenly looks around and sees an old lady approaching, dressed in plain, black silk, and looking more spruce and tidy than ever did Aunt Jane.

"Can this be a relation?"

But the old lady comes straight up to them, beckoned by Vane's hand, and, dropping a respectful, not to say awed, courtesy, says, in her sweetest of soft voices:

"I hope I see your ladyship well!"

Poor Jeanne looks around to see where her ladyship may be, then suddenly, recollecting herself, smiles shyly.

"This is Mrs. Fleming, the housekeeper," explains Vane, in his careless fashion. "Hope you're well, Mrs. Fleming? That's right. Will you send her ladyship's maid?"

"Will her ladyship permit me to conduct her?" says the old lady, gently. "I thought—she was going to say her ladyship would bring her own maid."

Jeanne stopped in time and looked gently at Jeanne.

"Ah, yes, of course," says Vane. "Jeanne, do not be long, or nothing will be left of me but my skeleton!" and with a laugh he touches her arm lovingly and goes on to his own rooms.

Jeanne looks after him for a moment, then follows the old lady down a corridor, which has its old oak relieved by dull exquisite paintings on panels of gold. Gradually the decorations grow of lighter character, and presently the old lady opens a door and ushers Jeanne into a room, furnished in exquisite taste—a little nest in the old tree of a castle. Jeanne looks around with a hubbub of breath, then, with an exclamation of childish delight, she runs across the room and stands before a picture which is hung over the antique mantelpiece.

It is a picture of gray cliffs and a boat

in designing and perfecting it, so as to make it suit both my lord the marquis and his bride.

Jeanne—hungry Jeanne—whose experience of dinners is limited to those arranged by Aunt Jane, and the heavy-handed solidity of the pastry-cook, thinks it simply delicious, and would say so if she did not fear the butter would expire on the spot. But Vane does not seem to entertain any dread, and is just as bluff and cheery and simple as of old; once he acquiesces far forgets himself, as to let him and fill Jeanne's glass, laying his hand, as he does so, on her white, warm shoulder with a loving caress. If the butter is shocked he manages to conceal his emotion admirably, and waits, like an exquisitely-fashioned machine, very eyes and ears for their lordship and ladyship's wants, and none for their manners. At last the staid old gentleman brings in, with great solemnity, a tiny bottle, all crusted and cobwebbed, and handing it with the tenderest care, unorks it, and places it at Vane's elbow. Then, with a bow which would have become a bishop, noiselessly disappears.

Vane takes up the little wicker cradle in which the bottle lies.

"The old port," he says, with a laugh. "Tully is an admirable humor to-night. I don't get this every day in the week, Jeanne. It strikes me rather forcibly that this is intended as a compliment to you. You'll have to help me to finish it; Tully would die of grief and disgust if we left any of it. Come, for his sake, if not for mine," and again he leans over, kissing her this time as he fills her glass.

Jeanne's laughing protest is of no avail, and the wine—well worthy of Tully's adoration—is finished. Then Vane draws aside a curtain, and Jeanne sees ferns, amid which is a Cupid pouring a spray of silvery water from a shell—a dainty little drawing room in which Mr. Lambton would have felt anything but at home, for lack of a rug, and a chair, which in this exquisite little room there was absolutely none.

"So this is a fairy palace! And will you turn out a wicked magician or an ogre, Vernon?" says Jeanne, archly. "There are nothing but surprises at every turn when you are about, and I have seen your dear little conservatory, and those ferns—those ferns!"

"Mind the water!" he says, laughing, as some of Cupid's spray falls lightly on her hair. "I used to smoke here," he says, when he was a happy bachelor. "When a man's single he lives at his ease. Ah, well, I suppose I shall have to turn out in the smoking-room—a huge apartment, in which I feel like a fly in Hyde Park—or go into my own den, perhaps?"

"No," says Jeanne; "you shall smoke here, sir, or nowhere."

"Can't, mum," he says, laughing; "what would Mrs. Fleming and Tully say? Jeanne, I am glad you have come to be the mistress, for when I do anything wrong I shall sink off and leave you to battle with the real master and mistress."

"Why?" says Jeanne, opening her eyes wide. "I believe they would burn the place down, and throw themselves on the ashes, if you wished it. No, you shall smoke here."

"Or here," he says, going to an open window and stepping onto the terrace. Jeanne follows, and there is another surprise in the grand view, which lies stretched out beyond the apparently terminal garden, and backed up by the rolling Surrey hills.

"Oh—beautiful—beautiful!" she exclaims.

"Yes," he says; "they say it is the finest view of its kind in England. When I was a child, I used to sit on the terrace, and watch the butler, whose shadow is thrown from one of the windows, 'send Willis'—(Willis was Vane's valet)—'up for my cigarette-case; there are some cigars, too, in my coat; tell him to empty the pocket and bring the contents.'" Jeanne moves about the room, discovering fresh delights at every turn, and presently comes upon a pianette standing in a recess.

"Oh, Vernon!" she says, "will you come and play?"

"I am sure of that, my lady; too light."

"If I wanted a white elephant, I suppose I should get it!" thinks Jeanne. "Yes, it is a great thing to be rich and powerful, for all Vernon says to the contrary."

With deft hands Mrs. Fleming arranges the lace dress, fixes a flower in the silken curls, hands Jeanne a pair of blue pink gloves, fastens them, and pronounces the toilet finished.

"You must show me the way down," says Jeanne, "or I shall lose myself in the castle keep, perhaps."

"It will be the first time in the history of the castle that a lady has found herself here," says Mrs. Fleming, with her gentle smile.

Jeanne follows her down the stairs and across the broad hall, but there her further services are ended unnecessary by the appearance of Vane, who, in evening dress, awaits her.

Mrs. Fleming musingly watches them—the slight, girlish figure against the staid broad-shouldered one—for a moment, with something like a tear in her eyes.

"God bless her sweet heart!" murmurs the old lady. "She is a flower, indeed! No wonder he loves her—the heart of a stone she'd coax."

"Oh, mesdames, if you only knew how easy it is to win the affections of those beneath you! If any one had been required to die for my lady Jeanne, Mrs. Fleming would have been quite ready to go cheerfully to the stake or the block in her stead."

In ten minutes the select servants had been informed that "my lady" was the most beautiful creature that ever shone on—and an angel!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "I wonder how long they have been married! Just like my lord to keep everything so secret!"

"Poor Vernon!" says Jeanne, carelessly, as they enter the room in which dinner has been laid, and she looks around at the exquisite decorations of a subdued grey, lit here and there by a choice picture or a touch of gold. "How you must have suffered in those rooms at the Park! I can understand now!"

He smiles, and whispers in her ear: "I was happier there than anywhere else—when a certain young lady by the name of Jeanne was in them!"

There are several footmen hovering about, and at a signal from Vane, the butler, a staid old gentleman, dismisses them, and himself waits, which, if Jeanne only knew it, is a great and marvellous piece of consideration.

"It is not an elaborate dinner—which Vane detests—but its simplicity is rendered elegant and artistic by the French chef, who has spent a good many hours

CURRENT COMMENT

It looks as if somebody stood to lose a good round sum in that Winnipeg wheat corner. And it is to be hoped that the right crowd will get it.

The town of Escanaba, Michigan, has had to borrow \$60,000 to keep its lighting plant running and pay off a \$10,000 deficit. A private company would not have had the taxes to fall back on.

Russia is gradually getting down. She doesn't shy at talk of an indemnity now. A few days ago she wouldn't recognize the word.

New York has 6,937 acres of parks, valued at \$297,880,000, or \$77.50 per capita of the population. It is a large investment, but far from being large enough.

It turns out that there is no truth in the story that the survey of the international line gives Canada some villages supposed to be in Vermont. The eagle may doze away.

Borax in Canadian butter is the complaint now made by British critics. The Canadian who drags butter for export does a great injury to our trade. He should be brought up short and made to suffer for his offence.

The crop scare fellows are at work. Don't be fooled by them. Present indications are for more than an average crop in most of the wheat-growing countries. Those stories of rust and blight are intended for the wheat pit.

If it be true that the International Boundary survey puts Richmond, East Richmond and Stevens Mills villages on the Canadian side that howl we may look for from the screamers south of the line!

The Suez Canal shares are now paying a dividend of 28 per cent, and the proportion of British shipping passing through the canal has risen from 60.2 per cent. in 1900, to 65.9 per cent. in 1904. And the rates have been greatly reduced.

Now begin to watch for meteors when you are out late with Mary Helen. The earth is now passing through the zone of the Perseids, and from now till the middle of August the meteoric visitants will probably be numerous. The maximum display will be about August 10, the meteors radiating from the constellation of Perseus.

Russia appears to be making up her mind that having had her little dance she must pay the piper. And the bill will not be small. If Japan is modest she may ask \$1,500,000,000. And if she insists upon it Russia must pay it. It is a lot of money. In Canadian silver coins it would weigh about 107,150,000 Troy pounds. A good counter working ten hours daily and counting sixty dollars a minute could, if he took no periods of rest, count it in a little less than 133 years. It is a big sum to think of; a crushing penalty to have to pay.

English physicians have rung the doom of the strawberry. It is said to cause gout of a most execrating kind. A London physician says strawberries are positively poison to some constitutions. The ankle and knee become tender and show slight swelling. Before the swelling the patient invariably experiences sharp shooting pains in the knee and ankle joints. Other victims are affected in the small of the back. Non-drinkers do not escape the complaint, and many temperance people who have consulted their local doctors have been bluntly told to knock off drink for a week or two. Of course a qualified apology follows when the disease has been afterwards diagnosed as strawberry gout. Now must we give up the strawberry?

It seems that all of the Hubbard's side with Mr. Dillon Wallace in the difficulty between him and the widow of the Labrador explorer, Daisy Hubbard Williams, a sister of the dead man, writes to the New York Sun to say that "the estrangement between Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Wallace is not shared by other members of Mr. Hubbard's family. She continues:

His father, mother, brother and sister, who would be the first to take up arms were Mr. Hubbard's life to be avenged, unite in giving Mr. Wallace their heartfelt thanks, not only for putting forth all possible effort to save Mr. Hubbard, even at the risk of his own life, but for bringing his body back from an unmarked grave in an unknown country. Mr. Wallace might have gone to the trappers' lodge with Elson but he chose to remain by his friend, making a long and painful journey to a cache where lay the few precious bits of flour which he hoped to save his friend's life. During the trip back to camp where Hubbard lay Wallace was lost and his feet frozen. He suffered not only mental agony but physical as well, for friendship's sake; while, had he gone with Elson he would have been warm and well. Mr. Hubbard's family has no blame, whatever to lay on Mr. Wallace.

There is a disappointing stiffness in the radium market that bodes ill for its free uses in medicine, where much was expected of it. When Dr. Roswell Park, the eminent Buffalo surgeon, delivered his interesting lecture to the Medical Association in this city, the price was something under \$1,000,000 an ounce, and none of the members present appeared to run much danger from carrying large quantities of the commodity in their clothes or emergency cases. Dr. Park thought he saw a chance for increasing the available supply from certain ores found in the United States, and which were then being exploited. The radium market, however, remains as tight as ever, indicating that there has been no great increase in the supply. The other day Sir William Ramsay told a representative of the London Telegraph that as much as \$100 a milligramme was being demanded for radium owing to the difficulty of obtaining further supply. An authority on the question says that as much radium as could be got for £2 last winter would now cost £100, and the price is steadily advancing. He adds that strong radium is being manufactured by only one man that he knows of, a German named Giesel, and the quantity available is exceedingly small. He does not believe that there has been more than half an ounce of radium manufactured since Mme. Curie discovered the new element. It is known that two mines in Cornwall were believed to have radioactive pitch-blende, and a British company was formed to exploit them, but the venture was abandoned.

Now, here is an opening for the prospector and chemist. With radium at \$100 a milligramme, or over \$3,118,000 a Troy ounce, and a brick demand, the stake is a large one. The man who finds a mine of radioactive mineral in his back yard will be able to afford porthouse steak and this year's spring lamb chops, to laugh at the exactions of the sugar combine, and to receive a plumber's bill for repairs without that shaky feeling about the knees that no man of experience needs to have minutely described.

CHANGE NEEDED.

Sanitarium Life Not One for Permanent Benefit.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

The consumptive, brown and robust, had just returned to town from a month in a sanitarium on a mountain top. He had lived altogether out of doors, walking and reading in the wind and sunshine. He had eaten three hearty meals a day along with two quarts of rich milk and a half-dozen raw eggs by way of extra.

Now, twenty pounds heavier, his eyes clear, his walk springy, his face sun-browned like a sailor's, he looked a healthier man than his physician. Yet his physician, as he watched him depart, sighed.

"He looks cured, doesn't he?" he said. "Well, he is cured, but the cure is not permanent."

"Take anybody, sick or well, and put them in that mountain sanitarium, feed them fresh air, sunshine, raw eggs, rich milk, rare beef, and so on, and they will gain in weight and vigor, just as this consumptive has done. You'd gain, I'd gain."

"But when we return to town and resume our ordinary life, what we had gained we'd lose. We'd fall back to normal, to our normal, again. And that consumptive is going to fall back to his normal."

"You see, he won't have the stimulus of a new air and of a new scene here, and without that stimulus his big appetite will leave him. He'll try to stuff still on eggs and milk, but he won't be able to do it. His stomach will go back on him. The rich, fat-making food will make him sick."

"I know. I've seen hundreds of such cases. The thirty pounds gained in a month will be lost again in three weeks."

"Why doesn't he stay at the sanitarium? Well, even supposing he could stay there, do you know what would happen? The strangeness, the novelty, would pass off there, too; the abnormal appetite would fall, and up on the wind-swept mountains, the same as here in the starchy city, the man's stomach would go back on him—the rich milk and the raw eggs would begin to sicken him—he would return to his normal, to his normal, to his normal."

Then She Knew.

A Kansas City girl, according to the Times of that city, has the usual curiosity of her sex, especially about men whom she has just met. She ascertains the facts about them, too, by a simple method, without subtleties. If she wishes to know a man's business, whether he has mentioned it or not, she'll ask:

"Where did you say you live?"

But she found a man recently upon whom her method would not work. His reply has had her curious ever since. It was at a small dance on the South side. Some of the girls were wondering what the business of a "new" young man was. The girl with the method heard them talking and volunteered to find out. When the young man drew near she asked:

"What did you say your business is, Mr. So-and-so?"

He had not mentioned his business and he knew it. With a perfect solemn face he replied:

"I am a gig catcher for a geesebopper. I was down in Walnut street, Miss Blank."

Small Wish.

"And do you think, dearest," queried the young man in the case, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"

"Sure thing," replied the fair maid. "My slightest wish is law with him."