

You Don't Know Good Tea UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED **Blue Ribbon**

It's FRESH, NATURAL FRAGRANCE pleases the most critical and will be a REVELATION to you.
ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.
Try the Red Label.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"God knows," he says, with suppressed bitterness, "if this day's work could be erased, my hand should be the first to wipe it out. I try it calmly; yet you as the injured you have done; you will add a sharper sting to it by publicity. You are no child, Jeanne; you have proved yourself too much a woman; think before you set every tongue wagging, every finger pointing at the man whose love you won by deceit and concealment! Besides," and his lips twist into a painful smile, "why should you cast aside all you have played for? You are the Marchioness of Ferndale, this is your house, your settlement; it decides as your husband's hands already signed. Yesterday I revered your simple, generous, childlike nature too deeply to speak of such matters; to-night, knowing what I know, I can speak out. I have made as ample, and more ample, provision for you, than if you had a score of lawyers at your back. All this is yours, you cannot leave it—you have robbed me of my heart, do not take away my good name by leaving your home."

She is at the door, but she hesitates—something in the word, or the tone of the last word, touches her to the heart and wrings it. With a low cry, she sinks into a couch and hides her face. "Jane turns whiter than before, his mad passion, already half spent, falls suddenly into an exhausted faint. With a groan he strikes across the room and, kneeling beside her, lays his burning hand on her bare arm. "Jeanne," he breathes fiercely, "say that you love me—"

At his touch, at the almost savage energy of his words, she shudders and springs to her feet. It is her turn now. "Do not touch me," she breathes, all the passionate indignation of a woman scorned blazing in her eyes. "Do not come near me. You have driven me half mad, but I have sense to remember what you have accused me of. You—you think I married you for all this," and she waves her hand with a scornful gesture. "You think me false, and treacherous, and deceitful. You hate and despise me! But you will not let me go back, though I want to go—yes, want to go! But it is not true that I deceived you—you do not understand why; you cannot, you are too unjust! I did deceive you, and I will bear the punishment. Because I did it I will stay; I will not to any man's utterance, I have done you so much. This great, passionate door, and, pausing a moment, is scared and horrified by the sound.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaims, trembling. "What has happened? Crying like that, already! Poor child—poor child!"

And so ends Jeanne's wedding day.

While the world lasts, women will have one great, vast advantage over their lords and masters—they can weep. Man, poor man, meets the sharp, sudden stroke of misfortune, the dull, persistent blow of adversity, with a wrung heart, a shifting sense of misery, and finds no outlet for the bubbling, seething pain which threatens to stifle him; but women! no anguish is so intense, no sooner or later, it finds its expression, its outlet, and—its relief.

When Jeanne stood confronting the passionate storm of Vane's bitter disappointment and unreasoning jealousy, she would as soon have dreamed of laughing as of crying. But once alone, in the solitude of her room, away from the reproachful anger of that voice, and the bitter scathing of those eyes, she can weep, and the overstrained misery relaxes, the feverish excitement is allayed. Tears, who calls them life! Not a woman, surely, for every woman knows the worth of them.

Jeanne does not cry for long, the very violence of her grief forbids that, and almost as suddenly as she threw herself on her knees, calling on "Hal," she is upright again and facing her position. With a little tremor of shyness and alarm, she looks at the strange richness of her surroundings, upon the decorations of the dainty little room, the rare hangings and exquisite furniture, the costly appointments—where is she? As she goes to the table, her hands fall on a magnificent dressing case, and her gaze rests on the coronet and initials embossed upon each of the brushes.

And here Jeanne remembers that she is the Marchioness of Ferndale, it is not all a strange and fevered dream. The man from whom she has fled, whose hard, cruel words ring in her burning ears, is her lover, is the great marquis—and she, his wife.

Jeanne hides her face in her hands, and thinks—thinks as she never thought before, staring at the sweet, pale face which stares back at her in the glass.

Every word of that bitter accusation she calls up, savoring herself not one. She has deceived him—yes; no matter with what motive. It is true that she has deceived him. How could she tell him of the doubts and fears which kept her silent on all concerning that beautiful visit of the Lady Lucile. She had deceived him, and lost his love—if ever hers to lose. If ever it was hers to lose! That is the thought which makes her lips quiver and her heart ache! It is true, all that the fair-haired, fashionable beauty told her; Vane's love for her was a fancy, and it has gone—dispelled by the discovery that his whim was balked and his identity known!

It is a bitter thought, but it is the only thing that saves Jeanne—Jeanne, alone in the great castle—saves her from utter despair, for it rouses her pride.

"He does not love me," she says to the dainty Venetian mirror; "and he fears I shall bring scandal and ill repute upon the great name he has given me. He need not fear! I, too, can be proud and cold; I, who am not plain Jeanne Bertrande now, but the Marchioness of Ferndale! He thinks that I shall make a noise before his people, and let the servants see the trouble between us! He shall see. Oh, Jeanne—Jeanne, if you have any courage, now is the time to see! Be brave!"

Then she falls to pacing to and fro on the thick Persian carpet, her little hands clasped before her, her dark brows drawn into the straight line across her eyes, as they used to be when the Nancy Bell was nearing the bar and danger loomed ahead, her red lips set tightly and closely, and her heart beating quickly.

For the future, to-night, they are to live apart, widely sundered, though living in the same house, breathing the same air. He has said it, so shall it be. There shall be no moan, no wail, no complaint made by her. As he reminded her, she is the marchioness, and not plain Mrs. Vane, for whose incomings and outgoings the world cares nothing; she is the marchioness, whose every word and look will be noted. "Well!" she exclaims, and she sits down to her dressing. How can she play the part which he has set her?

And as this resolve is made, Jeanne is a girl no longer, but a woman—proud, contented, and in triumph.

She could see her now, her white little forehead puckered in her endeavor to solve the problem of her future course, but while she thinks of it there and then. But against the dull anguish that beats at her heart, he is moodily, remorsefully wasting the precious moments of reconciliation in the night air; and thus wastefully they vanish, to return, who shall say when?

CHAPTER XXI.

"Oh, yes, 'tis now September, the harvest has begun.

The golden-bearded barley is ripening in the sun."

So hums a gentleman, who, leaning on his gun, stops to wipe the perspiration from his face. Tramping by his side is a companion sportsman. Both of them we know, for the man who is singing is that Lord Charles Nugent, who, nine months ago, said in a letter to a certain Vernon Vane on the platform of Marly Station.

There is the same careless, lumpy-goofy expression on his face, and as he whistles and hums the old English air, and quails words, he looks more like a schoolboy than a man whose name is famous in every court in Europe as one of fashion's most ardent votaries. His companion is no other than our old friend Clarence, Viscount Lane. Now, Lady Lane's husband, as Clarence is called, is a man who has had prided himself pretty considerably, but which as Lord Lane he felt ought to be abandoned. He had cast off the self-affected, and, as no one can travel and move about in the world without acquiring a little information and increment of knowledge, he was rather more sensible than of yore.

As a finishing touch I should like to be able to add that his morals had improved, but—well, the less said on that point the better.

A man's manner may be improved by his becoming a viscount, but his morals, as a rule, remain what they were, or grow more luxurious with increased opportunity.

But certainly Clarence was improved, was less conceited, less lazy, and if not selfish, had learned the art of concealing his selfishness, and passing for a real good fellow.

Upon the hill up which the two men were climbing stood a gray old pile, Nugent Abbey, Charles's ugly but substantial country seat.

"Jolly hot," says Nugent; "morn' like July than September; no wonder the birds seemed half-asleep."

"And we've been pelting along so," remarks Clarence, wiping the perspiration from his face and shifting his game-bag to the other shoulder.

"Can't help it," rejoins Charles. "I'm afraid Fernale and his wife will be 'um now before I get home and be anxious to see him when he arrives—not that I need stand on ceremony with him; but there's his wife, whom I haven't seen yet. You don't know her, do you?"

"No," replies Clarence, with a certain show of his double row of excellent teeth, "nor him either. We have never met, although I've heard of his going to the same house as myself; but something kept either him or me away, and we never met. Awful big pot, isn't it?"

"What, old Vane?" laughs Charles. "There isn't a jollier fellow going—when you know him. A little stiff at first, perhaps, a little what-do-you-call it?—eccentric; but as easy going as a windmill. Awfully glad he's coming! We haven't seen each other for nine months. The funniest start he went on that ever you heard of!"

"Sh-sh!" breaks in Clarence, suddenly. "Here comes a brace!" and, raising his gun, he brings them down.

"And his wife—what's she like?" asks Clarence, trudging back with his newly-slaughtered victims in his hand. "Usual kind of them, I suppose—tall and serene, in black satin—it's black velvet if it's a duchess, satin for a marchioness, and I suppose all the rest of 'em have to go in silk."

Nugent laughs.

"Getting quite a craze in your old age, Lane. No, the marchioness isn't any thing of the kind. Why, man, didn't you hear them talking about her at dinner last night?"

"There was a great deal of cackle about some one, but I didn't pay much attention," says Clarence, with a little sigh.

Charles laughs and claps him on the back.

"Thinking of past times, and lost loves, eh, old man? Oh, I've heard you were awfully hard on his last year—somewhere down in the country, wasn't it?"

Clarence nods and sighs, as he lights a well-worn briarwood pipe.

THE LABOR WORLD

Russia may have to call her peace commissioners home to negotiate an international peace.

The Russian Government cannot afford to scorn peace terms. It may soon have to struggle for its life against an aroused Russian people.

Those thirty fanatical Doukhobors are improving. They have this time selected August for their nude pilgrimage "in search of Christ."

Seventeen thousand men will be needed this year to harvest the wheat of the great Northwest. Many of them will go from Ontario, a great number of whom will not return.

Mr. Wannamaker, the Philadelphia department store owner, is the latest United States millionaire to secure one of England's "ancestral homes"—Temple House, at Marlow. The millionaire colony is growing in Britain.

There are no fewer than six hundred and nine labor unions in Great Britain, with a total membership of 1,905,116, of which number 122,644 are women. The aggregate income is about \$8,000,000, and the expenses \$7,000,000, so that \$1,000,000 can be laid aside every year to swell the sinking fund.

A Toronto cigar store has a branch of the Anti-Swearing League, where it costs a fine of one cent to use a "cuss" word. The other morning \$3 which had been collected in one-cent fines was handed over to the Hospital for Sick Children. That represented three hundred swears. Better raise the fine.

Sir William Macdonald, Montreal's great tobacco manufacturer, is 72 years of age, and is said to be as spry as a young fellow. The somewhat remarkable statement is made that, although he is a tobacco manufacturer, he has never smoked and never drank spirituous liquors.

The Norwegian people have voted on the question of separation from Sweden, and of the 320,000 ballots cast it is estimated that only about one in three thousand was against the proposition. We hope it will be a case of "Go in peace" and Norway expresses a willingness to abolish the border forts if Sweden regards them as a menace, which is a hopeful sign.

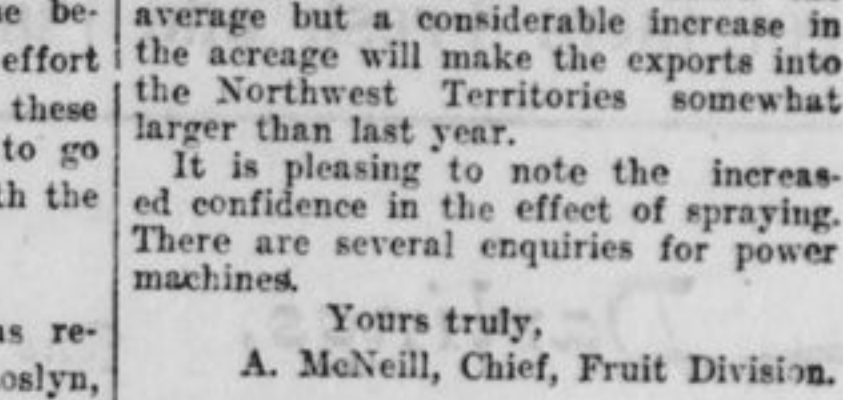
Mr. Armes, of Montreal, is anxious to see the exodus of young men from the Maritime Provinces to the United States put a stop to. He says there are too many bright young men from there and from Quebec going south, and he believes that by a little judicious effort on the part of the Government these young fellows could be tempted to go to the Northwest and grow up with the country.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who was recently elected a school trustee at Roslyn, Col., made a neat little speech at the first meeting of the Board which she attended. She proposes to advocate that the girls be taught to sew and do such useful things, and that the boys be taught to use their hands so that when they turn to trade later they will be able to use them. She also believes in teaching live, not dead, languages. She proposes also to look after the comfort of the scholars in a general way.

The French-Canadian press of Montreal, says the Witness, is expressing its unbounded delight at the visit of the French fleet in British waters. The Canada, the Presse and the Patrie unite in declaring that the visit makes the peace of the world assured. The Presse says: "Sentiment goes far with us, and the more contentment we feel in our work the stronger will be our ties of loyalty to Great Britain." So that King Edward's friendship for France bids French Canada still closer to Britain. Truly Canada is the Peace Maker.

Germany's war in Southwest Africa against the Hereros began in January, 1904, of that year the Kaiser had 6,000 troops engaged in trying to suppress the revolt. Up to the present time he has sent out total nearly 14,000 men. The Berlin correspondent of the London Times reports that fifty-nine officers have been killed in action or have died of disease, while the casualties in the ranks are given as 1,194, including non-commissioned officers. In addition to these, 238 men have been sent home permanently invalided. The pecuniary loss to Germany up to the present time has been about \$60,000,000. And the end is not yet. The Germans will now be better able to appreciate the difficulties that beset the British in the Boer war.

According to a Japanese contributor to The Independent, the Mikado of Japan is in no immediate danger of having to pawn his crown and jewelry to keep the pot boiling. His yearly allowance, which is made to do duty for the 60 members of the Imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides he has the yearly incomes of \$500,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amounts to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,573 acres and valued at \$512,457,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000. The Mikado is 54 years old, six feet tall, stout, and weighs about 200 pounds. Empress Haruko is two years his senior. The couple is said to be a very loving one, although Crown Prince Haruomiya is not the Empress's son.



An analysis of the reports of correspondents to date shows a continued falling off from the good indications of previous reports. Fungous diseases are beginning to show seriously though insects are not so prevalent as usual.

Apples will be a light crop, probably about 50 per cent of last year's crop. It must not be forgotten, however, that the general scarcity will prevent any waste such as has been common for the last two years. Sales are being made at \$1.00 to \$1.25 for No. 1's and 2's on the trees. Barrels are lower in price than last year, running from 25c in Nova Scotia to 30c and 35c in Ontario, but where proper arrangements have not been made early in the season prices are likely to go higher than this.

Peas will be a very light crop, scarcely enough for the local market. Blight has worked sad havoc in many orchards this year.

Plums—The drop and plum rot has lessened the prospect for plums to such an extent that the prospects can be rated for a light to medium crop. The Lombard, herring rot, appears to be the only plum that stands out prominently with a fairly good yield.

Peaches show a light crop in the Essex and Kent districts; a medium crop on bearing trees in the Niagara district. The market will not be overloaded.

Sweet cherries have rotted badly; sour cherries have been a medium crop, but badly infested in many cases with fruit worm. Small fruits have been a medium crop, realizing good prices.

The reports from Great Britain and the continent would indicate a light to medium crop. Reports from twenty of the largest apple growing American States show seventeen States having a light or poor apple crop, some a failure; three, Wisconsin, Kansas and Oklahoma, report the crop promising or good.

Careful estimates by correspondents place the exports from the Annapolis Valley at 200,000 barrels. The apple crop in British Columbia is below the average but a considerable increase in the acreage will make the exports into the Northwest Territories somewhat larger than last year.

It is pleasing to note the increased confidence in the effect of spraying. There are several enquiries for power machines.

Yours truly,
A. McNeill, Chief, Fruit Division.

BULLETINS ISSUED BY THE POULTRY DIVISION, OTTAWA.

Three bulletins containing useful information for the poultryman are being issued by the Poultry Division of the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa.

Bulletin No. 7 is a re-written and revised edition of Profitable Poultry Raising (No. 6), and contains chapters on (1) Incubation, (2) Brooding, (3) The Chicken Trade, (4) Selection of Suitable Breed, (5) Crate-fattening Chickens, (6) Preparing Chickens for Market, (7) Marketing, (8) Some Station Work, (9) The Egg Trade, (10) The Flock, (11) Feeds for Poultry, (12) Trap Nests.

Bulletin No. 8, Farmer's Poultry House, a pamphlet of 15 pages, treats of the needs, location and assembling of a poultry house for the farm, and gives plans of seven good poultry houses used in Canada. Statistics of the value of poultry in Canada, divided into Provinces, with quantities exported etc., are included.

Bulletin No. 9, Diseases and Parasites of Poultry, also a pamphlet of 15 pages, describes the various diseases affecting poultry, with the treatment adopted by successful poultry men.

Any or all of these bulletins may be had on application to F. C. Elford, Chief of Poultry Division, Ottawa, Ont.

THE COW FOR CHEESE FACTORY.

Prof. E. E. Elliot, Washington Experiment Station at Pullman, says: "We are considerably interested in the Holstein breed and are doing what we can to extend its influence throughout the dairy sections of the State. With the recent extension of the cream-line milk industry in this State as well as the production of cheese, we find that the Holstein is growing more and more in favor. We have also a show calf which we are feeding which is the product of a short-horn bull out of a purebred Holstein cow. This calf weighs 550 pounds at the age of eight or nine months, and the judge who recently passed on him remarked that the individual was a splendid illustration of the possibilities of good feeding of cattle from such a cross."

Grounds for Suspicion.
(Pittsburg Post.)
Junior Partner—I guess it's time to fix the cashbar.
Senior Partner—Caught him gambling, have you?
Junior Partner—No; but he's been teaching a Bible class.