

# Blue Ribbon

## Are You Aware of the Fact

That you get more SOLID VALUE per dollar when you invest it in BLUE RIBBON TEA than any other kind on the market?

Only one Best Tea—Blue Ribbon's it.

# LOVE AND A TITLE

"Come in," said Vane's voice, and the next moment the two friends were hand in hand.

"Well, old man," exclaimed Charlie, cheerily, "awfully glad to see you—awfully! How are you? Let's have a look at you." And with a laugh he took Vane by the elbows and turned him around to the light.

Vane laughed, but with an undertone of business that the other noticed instantly.

"Hem!" said Charlie, dropping his hold and flinging himself into a chair, "I've seen you looking chirpy, old man."

"I'm well enough," said Vane, catching up the hairbrushes and brushing away like mad; "in fact, I'm quite well."

"And the marchioness?" asked Charlie.

"I ought to have asked after her first. Always forgetting my manners. Awfully good of her to come to see me soon. And now, old man, I'll congratulate you. Jove! I was a prophet when I prophesied mischief would come of the hermit business at Newton Regis."

"Mischief!" said Vane, with a slight smile.

Charlie laughed.

"According to all accounts, you're the luckiest of lucky men, Vane. We've had no end of reports of her beauty and popularity. You always were fortunate, old fellow!"

"Yes," says Vane, and he turned to tell Willis, the valet, who had entered, that he might go again; "yes," he said, "so they say she is very beautiful, do they?"

"By George, they do! Wentworth—he's here—was melted almost to tears last night. He's been staying at Ferdale, hasn't he?"

Vane nodded.

"Who else have you got here, Charlie?"

"Oh, a houseful," replied Lord Nugent, laughing. "The mother thought the marchioness wouldn't like it if we didn't have a crowd to do honor to the marchioness. I let her have her way. There's Wentworth, and Dillington, and Lady Caroline, and I say, Vane, I ought to tell you—Lady Lucelle is here—"

Vane changed color for a moment, then he said, quietly enough:

"Yes, I'm awfully sorry, but it wasn't my fault; the mother had asked her with the rest, and I couldn't do anything without making a fuss—"

"Why should you?" said Vane; "I shall be very glad to see her."

"Oh, all right," said Charlie, with a little sigh of relief; "didn't know, you know; she isn't over fond of her mother, but she keeps a house going, you know, and there can't be much mischief about her at present, for just now she is setting her cap for Willis."

Vane started, and irretrievably spoiled the white necktie he was putting on.

"Lame—Clarence, you mean; is he here?"

Charlie nodded.

"Yes, and not a bad fellow, either. They tell me he is much improved upon what he was before his brother went over to the majority; maybe he has; I didn't know him when he was only Fitz-James. But he is a decent fellow now, and a good shot. There's rather a joke against him just now. Seems he was rather hard hit last year, somewhere in the country, don't know where or the lady's name; he's awfully quiet on these points, but Lady Lucelle will take him in hand, I expect, and if he resists her, he'll be the only man who ever did."

Vane seemed scarcely to be listening; two white neckties had joined the first, and were lying all crumpled and ruined.

"I shall have to call Willis, after all," he said, quietly; "I can never tire these confounded things."

"All right," said Charlie, "I'll send him. I must go and get cleaned myself. This, old fellow. Sparks knows you're here, and will let us have some of the yellow seal for dinner. Confound the fellow, I believe he's saving the rest of the bin for you!" and with a light laugh he sauntered out, shouting for Willis as he went.

But when Willis came in the necktie was tied, and his services were not required. Indeed, it seemed as if Vane had given up all thought of confounding his toilet, for he dropped into a chair, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, fell into a brown study; and certainly in his old chum had seen him at that moment, he would have declared that he looked anything but "chippy." At last, with a sigh, he reached for his waistcoat and fixed his watchguard, as he did so his fingers played with the locket attached, and half-absently he opened it, and discovered the portrait of an sweet a face as man would wish to look upon. It was remarkably like Jeanne. After looking at it long and wistfully my lord marquis raised it to his lips and kissed it. Not with the demure, placid affection of a husband, but with the passionate wistfulness of a lover. Then he sighed, put on his coat, and going into the corridor, knocked at the door.

It was opened by Mrs. Fleming.

"Her ladyship says if you are ready, will your lordship please go down?"

Vane nodded, and went on without a word. Most husbands would have gone in—we are afraid—grumbled at the delay, while they admired their wife's dress; but Vane receives her ladyship's command and obeys.

Mrs. Fleming closes the door and goes back to where Jeanne stands, clasping a diamond bracelet on her round white arm. A diamond tiara sparkles in her tresses, wavy hair, diamonds on her taper fingers, diamonds clasp her white, slender throat.

Charlie only spoke the truth when he said that the house was full—only Charlie's mother, the countess, could have told how eagerly invitations had been sought for.

People were always anxious to meet the great marquis, the musician, artist, and traveler, about whom so many stories were told to any house which he visited. Added to this, the fame of his bride's beauty had been spread, and many people curious to see the woman who had at last conquered and tamed the eagle. That she did not belong to the exclusive world only added a piquancy to the curiosity.

"She was a dairy maid, wasn't she, dear?"

"No, a fisherman's daughter, I believe, and Lord Ferdale used to help her mend the nets. So eccentric and romantic, isn't it?"

"This is the sort of thing that had gone on."

There was one who could have revealed the truth, Lady Lucelle; but she professed as profound an ignorance of the marquis' bride as any one.

Jeanne swept down the stairs in her diamonds and calm and composed, just as Jeanne of old, with the additional confidence that three months of admiring homage and popularity will give any one.

Swept down the stairs to find a tall, stalwart figure standing like a sentinel in the hall. It was Vane.

Jeanne raised her eyes for a moment, and a slight, just a slight touch of color swept over her face as she came forward, "I thought you would like me to wait for you," he said, and Jeanne noticed a certain significance in his tone.

"Thanks," she said simply, and laid her finger tips on his arm.

He glanced at her, taking in the beautiful whole with a thrill of admiration; "face critically that she detects a certain something that is strange, that the old light hearted girl lacked. In it sadness, pride, regret? What is it that gives the dark eyes, and the red, mobile lips, an undefinable expression of wistfulness?"

It is not always there. It is not there now that Mrs. Fleming comes back, and fastens the armlet, but it was there when Vane's step was heard at the door.

It is three months since Vane, Marquis of Ferdale, brought his bride to his ancestral home; three months since, mad with passion and disappointment, he charged her with being false and dishonorable, and declared that they should be apart, and they are apart still.

To the outward world, to those immediately about them, they are a pattern couple. No servant, no one of the many guests, has even heard a harsh or unkind word spoken between them.

A Spanish hidalgo could not be more courteously polished than is Vane when he addresses his wife, no lady of Castle more superbly bred than Jeanne while receiving those courtesies. That it is a love-match pure and simple, the many who have hung about her with adoring admiration, are all positively convinced. It is only too palpable that his wife is her law, and that she has only to express a desire, and he knows no rest until he has satisfied it.

Have not the whole side of the Ferdale grounds been replanted, because cause Jeanne once remarked that she did not care for landscape gardening?

Were not fifty men working night and day in gangs, cutting a glade through the home wood, that she might get a glimpse of the river from her room. Was not my lord himself in the saddle for three days looking for a match pair for her pony carriage? And did he not, the night when her ladyship cut her little finger in the conservatory, go through the pelting rain for the doctor, because no one could ride Kaiser—the swiftest horse in the stable—but himself?

The servants' hall and the smoking-room are full of these and similar stories of the lord's passionate devotion to the beautiful young marchioness.

But no one has ever heard one word of love, one touch of tenderness, exchanged between them.

And no such word has been spoken.

The last word, the last touch of love, was given before Vane opened the fatal letter.

She is the Marchioness of Ferdale, the most popular and sought after woman in the county; but for the rest, she might as well be sailing the Nancy Bell or snowballing Hal, and Vane might still be climbing the Pyramids or lounging about the Paris clubs.

Jeanne had kept her vow, and played her part well. To the world she is the loving wife of Vane, Marquis of Ferdale. To him she is the proud, insulted woman, who keeps him at arm's length, behind a barrier of injured pride which he is powerless to break down and is to remove the hill upon which his castle stands.

"I am quite ready, am I not?" says Jeanne.

"Quite, my lady," says Mrs. Fleming, eyeing her with affectionate admiration. "Monsieur Worth knows what suits your ladyship," she adds, giving these last, lingering touches to the exquisite dress.

Jeanne laughs, it is the old, sweet laugh, with just a little trace of melancholy.

"Are you going to say, as usual, that it suits me better than anything else?" she said. "You're a stupid old thing, after all, for you haven't learned to flatter properly."

"I don't flatter, my lady," said Mrs. Fleming. "I'm not the only one who thinks you beautiful, my lady," and she looks up with a certain timid wistfulness.

"That's worse still," says Jeanne, smiling. "Are you going to repeat all the nonsense you heard that foolish old duke simpering the other night?"

"No, my lady. I wasn't thinking of the duke—though Tully overheard him say that you were the loveliest woman he'd ever seen. I was thinking of my lord, the marquis."

A soft flush stole over Jeanne's face, and she bent to arrange a flower at her bosom.

"If you were a young girl I should tell you not to repeat anything like that," she says, quietly; "but you are past mending, I am afraid. Where's my fan?"

"Here, my lady; but won't you take the bouquet my lord sent up for you? He went straight to the conservatory and cut most of the flowers himself."

Jeanne glanced at the exquisite spray of lily-of-the-valley, which had been lying on the dressing-table, and if old Mrs. Fleming's eyes had been sharper, she might have seen a wistful look cross the sweet face, but Jeanne shook her head.

"No," she said; "give me my fan, please," and passed out.

## A MODERN MEDICINE

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Disease Through the Blood.

Medicines of the old fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they never cure. Ordinary medicines treat the symptoms, such as indigestion, constipation, biliousness and headache; purgatives leave the patient feverish and weakened. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, on the other hand, do direct work on the body, blood and nerves. They fill the veins with new, rich, red blood; they brace the nerves; they drive out disease by going right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm.

Mrs. Geo. Henley, Roxbury, Ont., says: "It is with thankfulness that I tell you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me after my doctor had said I could not be cured. I suffered from an almost constant fluttering of the heart, and sometimes severe pains. The least exertion would leave me breathless and tired out. My appetite was poor and my head ached nearly all the time. I had lost all ambition to do any work, and felt very hopeless. I had taken a great deal of medicine without any benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have made a remarkable change in my condition, and I am feeling better than I have done for years. I gladly give my experience in the hope that it will benefit others."

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up strength as they did in Mrs. Henley's case in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels, they don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why those pills cure anemia, headache, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have a genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## FATHOMING EARTH'S DEPTHS.

Scientists' Curious Suggestion for Investigating Sphere's Interior.

A suggestion was recently advanced by Charles A. Parsons at the recent British Association meeting, that deep borings should be made into the earth's crust for the purpose of investigation of the earth's interior, and that a shaft such as this might be sunk to a depth of 12 miles, has already been noted in these columns.

Another scientist has pointed out that the pressure of the rock at such a depth represents some 40 tons per square inch, and would render the task impossible, owing to the inward viscos flow of the rock material. In reply the Hon. C. A. Parsons suggests an experiment to solve the problem. He points out that a crushing stress required to make a hardened steel flow lies between 120 and 600 tons to the square inch, while for tough brass or cartridge metal the flow is at about 80 tons per square inch pressure. His experiment would be, says the Scientist, to take a column of granite or quartz rock and carefully fit it into a steel mold. A small hole would then be bored through its centre and a pressure of 100 tons per square inch then applied, to observe what shrinkage would result. Such a pressure as this would correspond to that encountered at a depth of 33 miles.

## Scientific Brevities.

The Austrian Government has decided to exclude all kinds of frozen Colonial produce from the Empire.

Professor Wieding, a well-known German physicist, has perfected an incandescent lamp in which Zirconium filament is used in place of the ordinary carbon filament. The new lamp consumes less power than the old and has a life of from 700 to 1,000 hours.

Sulphur fumigation has been found by the New York experimental station to seriously injure apples, by producing discolored spots upon them.

The jury which is to examine and report on the competitive designs for the Peace Palace at The Hague is to consist of seven members, one of whom is to be a lay member, representing the commission, while the other six are to be architects representing Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Holland, and the United States.

## Results of Agricultural College Experiments With Autumn Sown Crops.

The wheat harvest has been completed at the Ontario Agricultural College. The weather conditions of the past year have been favorable throughout Ontario for the successful growth of most of the autumn sown crops. The brief report here presented gives some of the principal results of experiments conducted at the Agricultural College and throughout the Province of Ontario.

Sixty-one varieties of winter wheat were grown in the experimental department during the past year. The five highest yielding kinds were of the Dawson's Golden Chaff class, having beardless heads, red or white glumes, and golden yellow in bushels of grain per acre in these varieties were as follows: Abundance, 62.7; No. 6, white, 61; Superlative, 60.1; Dawson's Golden Chaff, 59.5 and American Wonder, 58.7. In weight of grain per measured bushel, all the five varieties averaged over the standard of 60 lbs., the Dawson's Golden Chaff and the Abundance reaching 61 1/2 lbs. These varieties are all softer in the grain, but yield more bushels per acre than such sorts as Tasmania Red, No. 20, Red, Turkey Red, Crimean Red and Buda Red. These varieties of grain in white give the highest yields of grain in the past year were as follows: Imperial Amber, 58.2 bus.; Auburn, 57.5 bus.; Genesee Reliable, 57.1 bus.; Early Ontario, 56.8 bus. and Prosperity, 55.9 bus. per acre. The average yield of grain per acre in 1905 was 55.7 bushels for the eighteen varieties of red wheat. Generally speaking, the white wheats yield more grain per acre, possess stronger straw, weigh a little less per bushel and are slightly softer in the grain than the red varieties.

Within the past few years efforts have been made to improve both the quality and the yield of grain of some of the best varieties of winter wheat by means of systematic selection and by cross fertilization. There were forty-one new strains of winter wheat grown at the college this year as a direct result of the work done in plant selection. Some of these are very promising. Of twelve new strains of Dawson's Golden Chaff, eleven yielded better than the ordinary variety reported in the previous paragraph and two yielded at the rate of fully 68 bushels of grain per acre.

Some of the most interesting crops of winter wheat grown at the College in 1905 were those obtained from crosses made between different varieties in previous years. Several thousand hybrid plants were grown separately and are now being carefully examined and classified and the seeds selected for autumn sowing. These hybrids were secured by crossing such varieties as Dawson's Golden Chaff, Bulgarian, Turkey Red, etc. The object in this work is to secure new varieties which possess the good qualities and eliminate the poor qualities of the parent varieties. The results so far are very encouraging. The plants of twelve separate tests made at the College show an average increase in yield of grain per acre of 6.8 bushels, from large as compared with small seed; of 7.8 bushels from plump as compared with shrunken seed; and with broken as they did before. It was allowed to become very ripe before it was cut produced a greater yield of both grain and straw and a heavier weight of grain per measured bushel than that produced from wheat which was cut at any one of four earlier stages of maturity. In 1907 and again in 1902 a large amount of the winter wheat in Ontario became sprouted before it was harvested owing to the wet climate. Carefully conducted tests showed that an average of only 76 per cent of the slightly sprouted seed, as compared with the normal seed, would grow and produce plants. Surely he is the wise farmer who will sow none but plump, sound, ripe seed.

In each of six years experiments have been conducted in treating winter wheat in different ways to kill the smutting smut and the results have been very satisfactory. Untreated seed produced an average of 2.6 per cent of smut in the crop of last year and 9.3 per cent of smut in the crop of this year. Seed which was immersed for twenty minutes in a solution made by adding one pint of formaldehyde (formalin) to forty-two gallons of water produced an average yield of grain per acre of 50.4 bushels in 1904 and of 59.8 bushels in 1905, and that which was untreated produced only 46.6 bushels and 43 bushels per acre for the corresponding two years, thus making an average saving of nearly 6 bushels per acre. The treatment here mentioned was easily performed, comparatively cheap, and instrumental in furnishing the largest average yield of wheat per acre of all the treatments used.

In an experiment conducted at the College on four different occasions winter wheat grown on land on which a crop of green peas was plowed under produced an average yield of wheat per acre which was 22.1 per cent (6.5 bushels) greater than that produced on land on which a crop of green buckwheat was plowed under, and 14.9 per cent (4.2 bushels) greater than that which was worked as a bare fallow, having been plowed three times during the summer. The results of an experiment conducted in the year 1900 show that for that one year at least the winter wheat was sown on red clover sod yielded 20.7 per cent greater than that which was sown on timothy sod. Two years' results with commercial fertilizers show that 100 lbs. per acre of nitrate of soda increased the yield of winter wheat 7.2 bushels at a cost of about eighty cents per bushel. As a result of hundreds of inquiries we learn that in Ontario about 39 per cent of the winter wheat is sown on pea ground, 25 on clover sod, 11 on barley ground, 10 on timothy sod, 9 on summer fallow and 12 on land following potatoes, beans, oats, corn and roots.

Many tests conducted at Guelph indicate the importance of sowing about ninety pounds of winter wheat per acre on an average soil. This amount might be increased for poor land and decreased for rich soil. If the land is in a good state of cultivation it matters but little whether the seed is sown broadcast or with a tube drill, but if the land is dry or lumpy, that which

is sown with the drill is likely to give the best results. The highest yields per acre have been obtained from sowing between the 20th of August and the 9th of September.

The average results for six years show a yield of grain per acre of 60.4 bushels for the Mammoth variety and 57.5 bushels for the common variety of winter wheat. The returns from winter barley in Ontario are uncertain, as sometimes the yields are very high and sometimes they are very low. The two varieties which were sown in 1905 gave only 7.2 and 8.7 bushels per acre. Winter oats are a repeated failure at 10.2 tons of green crop per acre in the experiment for four years and of 7.6 bushels of seed per acre in the tests for five years.

In the co-operative experiments conducted throughout Ontario in 1905 under the direction of the Experimental Union, the varieties of winter wheat gave the following average yields in bushels of grain per acre: Dawson's Golden Chaff, 23.2; Imperial Amber, 22.2; Michigan Amber, 21.7; Buda Pest, 21.1; Turkey Red, 20.1; and Banatka, 19.4. Winter rye gave an average yield of 24 bushels per acre. The winter barley was badly winter killed throughout the Province. Hairy Vetches and winter rye gave as fodder crops, 2.3 varieties of winter wheat; 4, autumn and spring applications of Nitrate of Soda and common salt on winter wheat; and 5, two varieties of winter rye. The size of each plot is to be the same as in the following table. Material one rod wide by two rods long. Material for numbers 3 and 4 will be sent by express and that for the others by mail.

C. A. ZAVITZ,  
O.A.C., Guelph, Aug. 17, 1905.

## CANADA OUR HOPE AND PRIDE.

(Recited by the Secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in response to the toast "Canada during the recent festivities in Great Britain.")

We may be proud of Canada. Who isn't of his home? We're glad to sing the praises of the land from which we came. But we had very high hopes, amid this festive cheer. That we had left our native land, and dreamed our home was here. But now you've set us thinking, a haze comes over the view, and we strain our eyes with longing look at the rising sun. And see again that little place that no commercial value, for to us it is the dearest spot on earth. There, from our home, a landscape is spreading far and wide—Sunrise upon its western peaks and in the east moonlight—Inviting brush of painter, commanding poet's pen. To paint and picture beauties of mountain or of glen, Ravine and rushing torrent, calm lake and verdant wood. The hum and roar of city, or rural solitude. Vineyard or orchard, fruitful farm or mineral mountain. The hearths of homes or chimneys tall of factory and of forge; And plains where hopeful millions of home-seekers may still find welcome, and of fertile fields broad acre yet to till. Great speeding iron horses that faint not with the weight of carrying a thousand leagues the burden of their freight; And in the offing laden barge and massive argosy. That search the world for markets for our "enslaving industries." We would be proud of Canada, though she had known no past, And though Dame Fate so horoscope upon her forehead had written "No future." Though we were simple farmer folk, without acknowledged place, And artisans and tradesmen of some ignoble name, We still would feel a glory in the record standing forth—The annals of that youthful land of truth-men of the North. But we were born of British stock—are kith and kin to those Who by whose brain and nerve and muscle the British Empire rose, and we are proud to be their sons. Then need we for incentive to inspire us to attain Title-deeds to ancient honor—legacies of lasting fame? Holding rank that riches boundless, in themselves, cannot possess. We may boast of something better than material success. There was Jewish blood in Nazareth—(view not history askance) London is not all of England—Paris is not all of France. And when Britain realizes that the blood of the body is as pure as that which surges through the heart—When her statesmen scorn traditions that as stumbling blocks have stood, And will frame their legislation for a world-wide Empire's good, She will meet her best subjects—nobles, loyal, true, and tried, And will know our fair Dominion—Canada—her hope and pride.

—Frank Lawson.

Champion Sneezer.

An odd competition recently held in a Lancashire town was a sneezing contest, in which half a dozen old women took part.

The prize offered was \$5 and a silk handkerchief, and the competitors were permitted to make use of any desired means to bring on the sneezing fit, a pound of the best snuff being provided by the committee.

At a signal each woman dipped liberally into the snuffbox and immediately the sneezing began. A large crowd, attracted by the unique idea, roared at the facial contortions indulged in by the women as they gave vent to sneeze after sneeze.

The first to fall by the wayside was a rather youngish woman, who was led from the room with streaming eyes and reddened nose some five minutes from the start. There was no other break for ten minutes after that, but at the end of the 27th minute the fifth staggered into the fresh air to check the convulsive attacks, and the match was won.

The winner, however, urged on by the laughing audience, persisted until the full half hour had passed, and then dropped to the floor completely exhausted, one hand clutching her nose, the other the almost empty snuffbox.