

A Monument to Quality

Ceylon Tea is, beyond all question, a better, fresher and purer tea than any other.

Sold in lead packets only at 40c, 50c or 60c per pound. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

LEAD AND A TITLE

She is beautifully dressed, notwithstanding the rapidly with which her toilet has been accomplished, and Hal scans her with frank and proud admiration.

"You haven't lost any of your good looks, Jen," he says.

"Saved them all for you, you bad boy," she says, pressing his arm, "and now tell me all you have been doing—everything, mind!"

"And she puts up her white hand to smooth his hair from his forehead."

Hal avoids her eyes.

"Ask Bell," he says. "He has kept a diary, and will be only too delighted to sport it, and divulge all my misdoings. Haven't you better tell me what you've been up to since we parted?"

Jeanne laughs softly, but it is her turn to droop her eyes.

"I haven't kept a diary, and can't remember," she says, with an assumed levity. "Besides, it would take days to tell you of all the pieces we've been to and all we've seen."

"You've been enjoying yourself, anyway," inquires Hal.

"Yes, oh, yes," says Jeanne, smiling, but very faintly, and smothering a sigh; "as happy as the day is long; isn't that the phrase?"

"Ah," says Hal, concealing, "being down the grand marchioness, at 'our place,' surprising the county, and all that, eh, Jen? George! some of them must have been surprised at such a bit of a girl being the Marchioness of Ferndale. How do you like your new place, Jen, take it altogether?"

Jeanne laughs.

"Take it altogether," she replies, "it is not a bad one."

"I should think not," he says, emphatically. "I wonder some of the women folk haven't poisoned you out of envy. And Vane? How is the old boy?"

"He is evidently a keen observer; what is your opinion of the fair—or of her—over her, Mr. Bertrand?"

"Hal, already the color of a damask rose, grew still redder under this direct gaze."

"Don't know," he says. "I'm not a lady's man, Lady Lucille."

"She smiles, and nods at him encouragingly."

"Strange," she says; "I never heard of your sex, but I had to discover that one of your sex declare his indifference he was an incorrigible flirt. I'm half afraid that you have left a long trail of broken hearts right through the country."

"It's Mr. Bell's fault if we have," says Hal, with affected innocence; "I left him to pay the hotel bills."

"Hal," says Jeanne, when the laugh has somewhat subsided, "where did you learn the art of repartee? You have got quite brilliant! I am quite proud of you, you clever, wicked boy. Poor Mr. Bell! what a life he must lead with you!"

"Poor Mr. Bell," says Hal, "leads a tolerable life, he likes odd dishes, and we keep out of each other's way as much as we can. Besides—don't tell everybody, for it's a secret!—he's keeping a diary, which he means to publish under the title of 'A Bear-Lead in Germany.' I'm the bear, you know. Of course I'm obliged to be very civil, you know, because he keeps the purse; besides, I haven't the faint notion of their money."

"Poor Mr. Bell," says Jeanne, glancing at that gentleman, who is deeply engaged in a discussion on the political prospects of Pontania with a member of Parliament, but who looks across at her, as if he divined she was looking toward him, and smiles timidly.

"The party promises to be a pleasant gathering, notwithstanding its size, for there are at least a hundred of us, with interludes of laughter. One person seems rather silent—not that his taciturnity is noticeable, for he talks sometimes; but he alone appears thoughtful and preoccupied."

He is seated a little distance from Jeanne, not so far down the table that he cannot see her face, and it might be observed, if anyone cared to notice it, that his eyes are scarcely ever removed from her.

He does not stare at her, but he keeps a constant, and yet covert, watch on her every look and word. If she speaks to him, which she does sometimes, he has no occasion to turn his head or ask her to repeat her observations, for he has quite obviously been attending to her, and watching for the chance of her addressing him. At such times his face seems to alter, and his eyes to brighten—not in a hostile way, but with the change of a woman's dress on the stairs, and a soft, languid smile says:

"Are you there, Lord Ferndale? Here are Lord Lane and I, dying to see some of this enchanted castle! Your major-domo—what a delightful man!—was right. The upper part of this romantic place surpasses even the other grand rooms. I was never so completely housed, and I give you warning that if you have treated all of us as we have treated me, we shall never leave you, as Mr. Micawber says."

"That's all right," says Hal, cheerfully. "And now tell me all about aunt and uncle," says Jeanne. "I heard from aunt the day before we started."

"Oh! I can't tell you any news," says Hal. "The old Bell hears every week, and sends home a weekly report in which my ill deeds are plainly and unmercifully set forth. When did you see the Lambtons last?"

"When we were at Ferndale," says Jeanne. "Maud and Georgina sent their kindest love to you. You've got it wrapped up in one of your boxes, I suppose," says Hal; "you can keep it there. By the way, Jen," he adds, suddenly, "who is that tall, fair woman with the golden hair whom you have brought with you?"

Jeanne thinks a moment, quite unnecessarily.

"You must mean Lady Lucille," she says carelessly.

BLOOD DISEASES

Can All be Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

More than half the disease in the world is caused by bad blood—weak blood, blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of all the headaches and backaches, the lumbago and rheumatism, the neuralgia and sciatica, the debility and biliousness and indigestion, the paleness and pimples and all the disgusting skin disease like eczema, that show how impure the blood actually is. It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure disease you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new, rich blood. Common medicines only touch the symptoms of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills root out the cause. That is why these pills cure when doctors and common medicines fail. Here is positive proof: "I suffered agony from indigestion," says Mr. Fred. Mills, of Grand Desert, N. B. "I had no appetite for any meals and no energy for my work; my stomach caused me constant distress, and everything I ate lay like a burden on my chest. At times I felt my life a burden. I was always doctored, but it did me no good. Then a little book came into my hands, and I read Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure indigestion. I got them and began taking them, and I soon found they were doing me good. My appetite began to improve, and my food to digest better. I used the pills for a couple of months and I was well. Now I am always ready for my meals, and I can eat anything, and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I keep the pills in the house all the time, and I occasionally take a few as a precaution. I can honestly advise dyspeptics to use this medicine, as I am sure it will cure them as it did me."

Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will cure you, simply because they make that rich, strong blood that disease cannot resist. See that you get the genuine pills, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. You can get them from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box and six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Stranger at San Marcial.

San Marcial was at its best. From the sparsely settled surrounding country cowboys and ranchmen were flocking to the town. The streets were thronged with people. Now at noon the street was alive with a throng of people. The San Marcial saloons in evenly numbered groups were about thirty ranchmen and cowboys, Mexican and Indian. Nearly as many horses were tethered to the scrub oaks at the side of the road.

The stranger in San Marcial walked thoughtfully up the street and stopped a moment before the saloon that looked most promising. He saw a sign on the door, he walked in. The place was crowded with people, drinking at the bar, others were playing cards at the back of the room, the red and white checkered table of the barrel-shaped table.

When moving floor for thickening add a pinch of salt to the flour before mixing with water, and it makes much more smoothly without lumps.

SMILING BABIES.

The well baby is never a cross baby. When baby cries or is fretful, it is taking the only way it can to let mother know that there is something wrong. That something is probably some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or perhaps the pain of teething. These troubles are speedily removed and cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and baby smiles. In fact, there is a smile in every one. Mrs. Mary E. Adams, Lake George, N.B., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets so good for the ills of little ones that I would not like to be without them." That is the experience of all mothers who have tried the tablets; and they know this medicine is safe, for it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Equally good for the child just born or well advanced in years. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TAKING IT EASY.

It happened during the rush hours of the morning. The scene was on the street car tracks, where incidents of the kind are frequent, but in a less aggravated form. A wagon jockeying along slowly got in the way of a street car. The driver of the street car was not a driver in charge of it was intended long before him, and save that he was smoking a pipe, seemed to have been in a reverie. The motorman vigorously asserted his right of way. The obstruction yielded not and appeared to have slackened rather than increased its speed. Nearer and louder than before the ringing again resounded. Then a vociferous shout was heard, but not by the driver. Were he alone dead he could not look more unconcerned as his wagon jogged along. Gong! gong! and another ebullition, but of no avail.

Some of the passengers who were attracted by the repeated ringing and the furor in front were considerably amused. Others, being in more hurry, sympathized with the motorman. Was the driver's destination the Battery? It was suggested that a missile of some kind be obtained to rouse him from his slumbers. The motorman was in a quandary. There were even a couple of pairs in his eyes as he turned round to glare on the impatient passengers. The obstruction continued to block his way for half a mile or more. Just as the motorman was waving his hand in the direction of a policeman, all other voices and mechanical resources failing him, the wagon suddenly swung to the left. The driver as he vanished out of sight, still smoking his pipe, was apparently in blissful ignorance of the threatening storm that had been gathered behind him. New York Herald.

Broadway the Longest.

Since the Boulevard was added to Broadway, as it properly should be, Broadway is now the longest street contained in city limits and actually populated. Halsted street in Chicago, theoretically longer than our four-mile Broadway, but the street both begins and ends in the farming-district within the Chicago city limits, while there are houses on Broadway up to the city line. No street abroad compares in length with Broadway. The London streets, although the metropolitan district covers much more territory, and does not retain their name for any length, some of them being known by as many as three or four titles.

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l Career and ages.

Interview and her six days after. Pittsburgh as Dr. Wolfe, in an Allegheny. In a German paper answered, the ugliest days after we went to face and got married. On my way to a nice practice left, as I paid the bill, Radillo, and in the "Wife Dealer" to my "ad" and to Mrs. Moore, a maidman. I got from Mrs. Moore from wife No. 3, and for a firm, I forgot in Cleveland a tablecloth which in Brooklyn one after I left Cleveland came to the house. There I met my wife. There I met my wife. There I met my wife.

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