

MEN,

TRY A PACKET OF

Ceylon Natural Green Tea, and you will be convinced that it has the same delicious quality that has made "Salada" Black Tea famous.

LOVE AND A TITLE

I wrote you that my doctor's operation of it could not be your, telling you my all your advice and am en-

Old Man's Stocking. (From Star.) My old fellow's stockings, I don't forget, were rather heavy, but on a Christmas yet.

man's stocking. I don't forget, I had-headed darling anything yet.

NEE Using a very easy way of adding up your cash profits.

INCUBATOR No. 1-30 Eggs No. 2-120 Eggs No. 3-240 Eggs

There is no money in my hand, but I have tried to make money by using cutting lines as hatch-

No Cash Until After 906 Harvest. Hand-drawn illustration booklet to Make Money Out of Chickens.

THAM, CANADA

Hal's face grows as white as her own, and he holds her so tightly that she hard, strong arm hurts her, but she neither cries out nor says a word.

"Take away! When? How do you know?" he ejaculates, brokenly. "I overheard the count and Senora Fiala."

"Confound her!" "Talking. It was on the terrace; they did not know that I was near. And they are going to take me—and papa—to Russia."

"Russia!" almost shouts Hal. "and—" she breathes, shuddering again, "the day after to-morrow." Hal is speechless, overwhelmed, dumfounded.

"Russia! the day after to-morrow! This, then, is the meaning of the count's smiling amiably. This is the Russian style of revenge! He sees it all now, understands why the count cunningly refrained from making any disturbance when he found his affianced wife in a young man's arms; understands the signs of preparation which George saw and could not comprehend!

"It is a terrible blow, and for the moment stuns him; he sinks on the ground, his arms length, while he scans her face passionately, but with a world of passionate love: 'You love you, you know it, and you love me. Will you curse me?'"

"Trust you!" she says, and her lips curve into a smile of absolute faith and devotion. "My darling!" he murmurs, brokenly, "this is no time for hesitation, no time to dally with the danger. We must play the game with the count, and fight him with his own weapons. Verona, will you marry me?"

"Yes, George," the man who brought my message. She blushes and hangs her head. "And brought me your flowers. God bless him! He's the man to help us, for the last time to-night. Verona, I remember it, he hinted at it—something of the kind."

her!" and, with a flush of stern determination, he walks into the stable yard. As he does so the man whom he had seen in the villa park comes out with a can in his hand; as he touches his cap, Hal pulls up and looks at him carelessly, although he feels as though he would like to pitch him over the stable wall.

"Well, Ned," he says, "going to have your supper?" "Yes, sir," says the man, touching his cap again.

"Where are all the rest? I want some one to go down to the village, and get me some of that German tobacco. Here, you can go; there's the money, and a shilling for yourself."

"Thank you, sir," and Hal walks out, but only to wait until he sees Mr. Spy walking toward the village; then he comes around the stable and enters the yard again. No sooner does he enter than George stands before him, as if he had sprung out of the ground.

"Hullo!" says Hal, delightedly. "Where did you spring from?" "Behind the door, Master Hal; I was waiting until you felt as nervous as I do before I put in an appearance. I'm not much of a prophet, Master Hal, but if that fellow, Ned, and I don't come to blows pretty soon, I'm a Dutchman. I can't move hand or foot without he following me, and that don't suit me. It occurs to me, sir, that we'll have a broken head to take back to Old England, if he don't take particular care."

"Never mind him," says Hal, leisurely, "but come into the stable and shut the door; I've got something to say to you. Now, George, don't worry about that fellow; I've packed him off to the village—now, George, there's some work cut out for you."

"George starts and looks at his young master, keenly, then smiles with a flash of the eyes. "Serious work, George, that won't be blundering." "What is it, sir?" says George, bringing his hand with gentle force on the horse's back. "There ain't no work too clever for me; I like it."

"George, I shall want the bays to-morrow." "The bays? Yes, sir," and George's eyes sparkle. "What time, Master Hal?" "Three or four o'clock," says Hal, musing, but with his face all aglow. "I'm not going alone, George—well, I'll tell you. I'm not going alone."

"Bless you, Master Hal, I knew," interrupts George, with a mad delight breaking on his face. "Don't mention names, Master Hal; walls have ears, you know. This is just what I said, sir. I knew it—I knew it!" and if he were going to run away with a princess himself, George couldn't have looked more overjoyed.

"Hal smiles and begins to walk up and down. "You're a good fellow, George," he says, "but keep your head cool. We shall want to-morrow. This is no child's play. Let's look at the bays." With pardonable pride, George whips the cloths off the two noble animals and passes his hand over their sleek coats.

no, she may think it her duty to stop me." "No, I can't tell even Jeanne," he says, decisively. "No matter, George, it's worth a couple of women, and my darling does not fear, bless her."

Then he drags out his portmanteau and crams a few things into a bag, including a flask of brandy and a revolver, replaces the portmanteau, and after hiding the bag away under the bed, goes down the stairs trying to look supremely sullen, miserable and disappointed, but to the very dining-room door itself, he light keeps flashing in his eyes, and he can scarcely keep from breaking out into "Bonnie Dundee."

The first voice that strikes upon his ear as he opens the door is the count's, and there is no need for Hal to try and look grim. The count is seated between Maude and Georgia, and all three are talking away to their heart's content. The count looks up as Hal enters, and smiles as if the youth's presence was the only thing wanted to complete his excellency's happiness.

Near the count is Lady Lucelle, exquisitely dressed and with her most gracious and softest smile; next her sits Clarence, listening to her silvery voice, but as usual looking covertly at Jeanne, who is chatting with Mrs. Lambert. Bell looks up, as Hal enters, and smiles at him, and then Hal notices that the marquis has not taken his seat yet.

"Where's Vane," he asks in surprise, for Vane is the most punctual of men; but before the question of the table where the footman stands back and Vane enters. "An uncomfortable, but momentary silence falls on the entire party as he does so. He is very pale, there are dark marks under his eyes and there is a look upon his face which can only be the portrait of one of the dead and gone marquises, who, for the frequency of his 'black fits' was called Black Ferndale."

With few words of apology he takes his seat, Bell says grace and the dinner proceeds. Hal leans toward Bell inquiringly: "What's the matter, Bell—is Vane ill?" Bell shakes his head, he is very pale, and stares at his plate.

Then Hal stares at Jeanne in his out-right fashion, to see if he can glean anything from her face, but though Jeanne looks toward the end of the table where the lord and master sits with a vague look of anxiety, there is nothing to be got from her countenance.

"Vane sticks in that study too much," says Hal, in a low voice to Bell. "I can't think what is coming to him. Why does he want to work his head off? What's the meaning of it all, Bell?" "I—I don't know, Hal. Hush, they will hear you."

(To be continued.)

The Refreshing Fragrance of a cup of steaming

Blue Ribbon

Tea is the comfort of all women who have tried it. Tired nerves are soothed and tired muscles invigorated. The flavor is most delicious.

Samples of Choice Grain for the Improvement of Seed.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured mainly from the excellent crops recently had at the branch Experimental Farms at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and at Brandon, Man. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn (for ensilage) and potatoes. The quality of the quantity of each of the following varieties has been secured for this distribution:

Oats—Banner, Wide-Awake, Abundance, Thousand Dollar, Improved Ligano, Goldfinger and Waverley. Wheat—Preston, Red Fife, Percy, Stanley, Huron, Laurel and White Fife. Barley—Six-rowed—Mensury, Odessa, Mansfield, Claude and Royal. Two-rowed—Standwell, Invincible, Canadian Thorpe and Sidney. Indian Corn (for ensilage)—Early sorts Angel of Midnight, Compton's Early and Longfellow; later varieties, Selected Learning, Early Mastodon and White Cap Yellow Dent.

Potatoes—Carman No. 1, Early White Prize, Rochester Rose, Uncle Sam, American Wonder, Bovee, Early Andes and Late Puritan. Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes. Lists of names for more than one sample for one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge by the mail. Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the 1st of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort or variety they would prefer, with a second sort of an alternative, and should the available stock of both these varieties be exhausted, those applying for Indian corn or potatoes will please bear in mind that the corn is not available for distribution until March or April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed from here until danger from frost in transit is over. No postage is required on mail matter addressed to the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

WM. SAUNDERS, Director Experimental Farms.

GUESSING AT DEAD WEIGHTS.

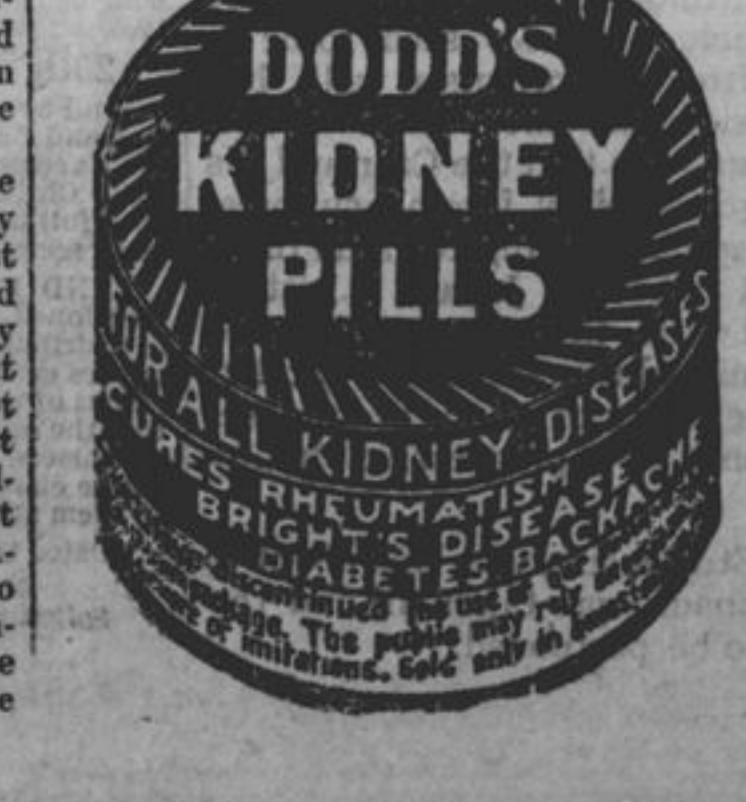
Skill Shown by Farmers at English Fairs and Markets. Among farmers and agriculturists generally in the north of England what is known as "dead weight guessing" is a very popular form of competition, and at the various fairs and markets marvellous examples of accuracy are forthcoming. Perhaps in the county of Cumberland they enjoy a greater amount of popularity than anywhere else, and beyond question nowhere is more striking judgment displayed. Only the other day a really remarkable instance of this was reported from Skipton.

In common with other visitors T. Atherton was invited at the show there to guess the dead weight of a fat beast on exhibition. After scrutinizing the animal Mr. Atherton expressed his opinion that the weight would be found to be 43 stone 13 pounds.

Modern Greek Fire. "Marine torches" are the direct descendants of the Greek fire of the ancients, though the modern torch is used for defence rather than offence, and prevents the surprise of a fleet through the silent approach of an enemy. It consists of an aluminum cylinder used as a projectile. On being fired from a gun it produces no result until it falls into the sea. In its interior it contains stores of calcium phosphide and calcium carbide. The former produces phosphuretted hydrogen on contact with water, which ignites spontaneously and also ignites the acetylene gas liberated by the carbide through the action of the water. Enough of the chemicals is contained to last for ten hours, and a few of these torches thrown to the points of the compass from which attack might be expected would leave the defenders in obscurity, while not permitting the enemy to approach.

MILK Clydesdale Stock Food

The interior of a cow's udder contains a marvellous collection of blood vessels, milk tubes, etc. As far as known the milk secretion is largely dependent on the amount of blood passing through the udder. If the blood circulation, the digestion and assimilation of food are good she will show a higher milk secretion than otherwise; as in fact it is. Clydesdale Stock Food is a boiler, the better the condition it is in the more steam can be generated. It will stimulate the organs of circulation and digestion, because it makes the food "tasty," increasing the digestive juices that dissolve the food, and this means more milk and at a profit. For cows at "Calving," there is nothing better as it tones and regulates the system, helping her to "clean" better, and lessening the usual danger. Can stop feeding it without harmful effects as there is nothing injurious in it. Human beings can take it with benefit. We take it every day. Your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer if not satisfied. Try Hercules Poultry Food Try Carbolite Antiseptic for clean stables. CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO. Limited, Toronto



ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO