

"MY LIFE"

at a prominent said of Scott's a short time rule we don't to testimonials of the public, we remark and expressions are in connection with Scott's Emulsion are worthy of note. From old age Scott's offers a reliable remedying im-weak develop-weak and repairing action of ision is no cret than the of the Emul-What it does hough nourish- cannot be ob- rdinary food. s too weak or d retain Scott's d gather good

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and St. all druggists.

ACKAGE.

FROM THE MOLSONS
ADERS' BANK.

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Three Hundred and
Blas Missing.

The officials of the
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A STUMP.

INESE LEPER TO
LIBERTY.

Umbrella Roof in a
Westminster, and
to the Lazaretto.

22.—Fencing the life
Island Lazaretto.
Chinese leper has
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on the north end
New Westminster

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UMPTION.

OF EDUCATION
FROM SCHOOL.

22.—The first
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Cooley to notify
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ne each such child.

THE EVENING MEAL
IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT

CEYLON TEA
the Most Delicious and Healthful of all Teas.

Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed or Green, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

LOVE AND A TITLE

Not a hawk which Hal is to bring could pounce upon it more keenly than does Lady Lucelle. In an instant she has read it—tearing the meaning from her hastily written lines—with her keen eyes, and has hidden it in her bosom, and the next she goes into the drawing-room, with a smile more languid and placid than usual. Scarcely has she entered than Mrs. Fleming comes toward her.

"No, my lady; her ladyship will not permit me to remain in the room. She seems to desire perfect quiet."

CHAPTER XL.

Three-quarters of an hour later. In one corner of the room sat the count, the two Misses Lambton and Nugent, playing the rubber. Mamma and Papa are comfortably asleep in two corners by the side of the fireplace. Leaning back in an easy-chair reclines Lady Lucelle, her fan fluttering slowly, her eyes upturned attentively to Bell, who, frigid about, thing of Hal, yet feeling himself chained to the side of this fascinating woman, who, by a word now and then, keeps him close to her as easily as if she had him bound hand and foot. Strangely empty the great drawing-room looks with these only to make an attempt at filling it; Jeanne is absent, Vane is in his studio, and Clarence—where is he?

"Three by honors," says the count. "We have such luck, Miss Mand, all the luck. Shall we have another rubber?"

"Oh, yes, please yes!" says Maud, clasping her hands. "It is not at all late, is it, Lady Lucelle?"

"Not at all! And have you won? Oh, yes, play another, and let me watch you."

But they have played their last for that night, for as the count, with dexterous hand, shuffles the cards, a servant enters and hands him a letter.

He takes it with his usual smile, but suddenly springs to his feet, white and agitated.

"Oh, what is the matter?" murmurs Mand, affrightedly.

"The—the matter? Oh, nothing!" says the count, with a ghastly smile. "But I am afraid I must take my leave for an important business communication, my dear ladies, nothing of very great consequence, demands, however, my instant attention. Er—er—good night!"

"Good night; so sorry!" murmurs Lady Lucelle, holding his hand that fidgets to be free. "Must you really go, count?"

"I must," he says. Then as he goes, polite to the last, he says: "Make my adieux, madame, if you please. And— and—" he adds, turning and looking over his shoulder, with a smile that makes his face like a piece of ivory "has my dear young friend returned yet?"

"Hal? Oh, yes," says Lady Lucelle, with a smile. "So very kind of you to think of him! He is up in his room, quite tired out. Won't you stop and see him?"

But, with a startled, bewildered stare, that is real, for once, the wily count hurries out.

Lady Lucelle looks around the room with a smile that is almost hysterical. Truly, the situation grows comical but for the tragedy which lies hidden, like the asp in the fruit—lies hidden to all but her.

Nugent smothers a yawn behind his handkerchief. "Let's have a hand at nap," he says. "Where is Vane?"

"I am going upstairs to enquire after Lady Ferndale," says Lady Lucelle, "and will send him down to you. Where are you going, Mr. Bell?"

"Didn't you say Hal was in?" says Bell, anxiously. "I must go and see where the boy has been."

Lady Lucelle puts her hand on his arm with a winning smile.

"Do wait a minute, to please me! Mrs. Lambton will think it so rude, all of us leaving her!"

What can Bell do? He bows, goes back to his chair, and sits and stares at the somnolent pair in a restless fidget about Hal.

Outside the door, in the hall, Lady Lucelle pauses a moment, and draws a long breath.

Lady Lucelle is not only beautiful and cunning—she is brave; but her cheek pales a little, and her heart throbs so swiftly and unevenly as she approaches the studio door, and prepare for her last card. There is a Venetian glass in a oak panel setting in the corridor; she goes up to it, and steadily consults her reflection of her face.

Without egotism or weak vanity, she feels, she knows, that it is beautiful; and it is beautiful just now with a new and dangerous loveliness, for there is the light of passion in the eyes, and the breath of passion on the half-parted lips. Once, stern-like, she smiles at the face—a smile which nine men out of ten could not resist; then she knocks at the door.

"Come in," says Vane's voice, and with a quick pressure of the white hand to her cheek, Lucelle enters.

A scene of wild confusion meets her

With a low cry he covers his face with his hands and stands motionless for a minute; then he takes his traveling cloak from the chair where Willis has put it, and turns to leave the room. As he does so his eye rests on the light leather case containing the rapiers, and with a sudden baleful light flashing for a moment in his eyes, he takes the case and puts it under his cloak.

CHAPTER XLII.

Verona is seated at the table without a cloud of suspicion or anxiety on her face, and Hal's heart throbs with renewed tenderness as she looks up with a trustful smile. If she could only know the result of his interview with the good father. Certainly that interview was enough to spoil the appetite of any runaway lover, but Hal is young, and he is, moreover, Hal; he has ridden far, emotion is exhausting, and the table, with its white cloth, is spread so temptingly that he draws a long breath as if to throw off his doubts and fears, and makes the best of the situation.

"Now, look here," he says, with much solemnity, "you must make a good dinner."

"But, if I don't feel hungry," says Verona, with a little laugh.

"But you must, after such a ride, not to feel hungry would be wicked. I am ravenous, and what a capital dinner it is." And, chattering cheerfully, he insists upon her taking a portion of this, and a little of that, and just a morsel of the other. And it was good to see this high-born young lady—this princess—enjoying her dinner in a wayside inn, good to see the confiding love and admiration which shoot from under her eyelids at the stalwart Hal, who attacks the well-cooked dishes with a relish that is almost comical. And presently, very soon, indeed, she lay down her knife and fork and gives herself up to watching him, making, as she leans her perfectly shaped head upon her white hand, a picture which would fill Millais, or any other of our great artists with delight.

Then, with his strong, protecting arm, around her, he goes to the window. The evening star has already appeared, and others are following in patches; the scent of the autumn, and flowers is wafted toward them, and all is still. A profound peace falls upon Verona, and, as she looks up at the handsome face and dark eyes bent upon her, her own face fills with tears of happiness.

"Why do you not smoke," she says, "Do."

"No," says Hal, stoutly.

"But, yes," she insists, "I wish you to. Do, please, smoke a pipe—love—to see you smoking that little pipe? It reminds me of you as you came down the valley, staring at the stream, and little thinking that I was so near your feet. It was the scent of the tobacco that made me look up; yes, you shall smoke this pipe for me."

Hal gets his pipe and lights it, and it is well that he does so, for he needs the great composure to keep him calm under her next words.

"Hal," she murmurs, and draws a little closer to him, "when—when shall we say this place?"

"Unhappy!" he says, "Are you happy?"

"I—no, Heaven knows!" he says bitterly.

"And yet you ask me, Vane! Do you think that I have no heart?"

"I hope you have not," he says, "or how sure you will suffer some day—"

"Am I not suffering now, do you think? Oh, Vane—Vane! if you knew—if you could read my heart and see how it has beaten for you and with yours all these long weeks, would you learn to think of me a little as you used to? Look at me, Vane! Am I flesh and blood, or stone? Do you think I have forgotten, or that I can stand by and smile while your heart is breaking?"

Vane looks at her; her eyes are limpid her lips half-apart, her face pale with passion. He looks at her, and turns away. None-the-less she is at his side, with her warm hand on his arm.

"Vane, don't turn from me. I could have hidden it from you, and let you go and think that I had forgotten, if you had been happy. I could—did, but not now. Why should I? While you were happy you belonged to another; but now, to whom do you belong but to the woman whose heart beats in unison with yours—whose life is here at your feet?"

And she sinks slowly beside him, her white hands wound around his arm.

Trembling in every limb, Vane looks down at her.

"For Heaven's sake, arise, Lucelle," he breathes, hoarsely. "Don't—don't think—remember. My poor girl, what is this? Remember."

"I do, too, well," she breathes. "It is for you now to remember; then will it be my task to teach you to forget all, saving the past which we will hold together. For—Vane, be strong—I who cannot see you unhappy without suffering with you—I have to wound and torture you—"

He starts and stares at her.

"—is it—Jeanne?"

"Hush," she says. "Do not breathe her name; it is not fit to pass your lips again."

With a low, inarticulate cry, he withdraws his arm from her grasp.

Silent she looks up at him.

Maddened by that silence he springs past her, but she catches him.

"Loose me," he cries, between his teeth. "Where is Jeanne, arise, get out of my sight, you—serpent. Tell me where she is, or—"

And he grasps her arm with a hand of steel.

White and writhing—serpent-like—she stands erect.

"Where is she," she pants, with working lip. "With her lover—fool! Would you follow them?"

White and stunned, his hand drops from her arm.

"Are you mad," he exclaims, painfully. "No, I was a moment ago. For I loved you; now—I pity you. You wish to know where they are. I will tell you. They are at a low roadside inn, at Durbeak. Now, follow them, find that you are too late."

With a hoarse cry he staggers back against the wall, eying her as if she were indeed some loathsome reptile. Then in an instant he recovers himself. Upright as a dart, he opens the door and points to it sternly.

"Vane," she cries, extending her hands. "Have pity! I—I love you."

A shudder convulses him for a moment, then he raises his hand, and points to the door again.

"Go," he says, hoarsely, "and Heaven grant I may never see you again."

That he may not do so he turns his head aside; when he looks again she is gone.

QUALITY COUNTS

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That's what has made BLUE RIBBON the STANDARD to-day.

This is why you should BUY BLUE RIBBON.

Only one BEST. BLUE RIBBON TEA.

Docking Horses

Agitation is promised to urge the passage of laws against docking horses, and owners of horses in New York are being petitioned to join in the crusade. Dealers never dock to offer a horse for sale with a bob tail to create the impression that it is "second hand," one that has seen service before in the city, instead of being fresh from green pastures. Yet none of the dealers will sign the petition, declaring that the operation of docking is not excessively painful and is atoned for by the easy life it leads to. To have the tail shortened the initiation the rough horse pays to gain the comfort an eight days of a private stable.

Pain is not the only reason to actuate the buyers in having their horses docked, but it is the principal one. A few say that the shorter the tail the more comfortable a horse is to ride, and another set maintains that it is really a comfort for a horse to remove the heavy and useless mass of hair. City horses do not graze in pasture, so the argument that the switching of the long tail keeps away mosquitoes and flies has no value in this argument; but a decided objection may be voiced against the nuisance switching tails would be to a horse or pair in heavy harness. All style and grace in front action, in a horse hanging tails would look as untidy otherwise as a woman in bedragged skirts. So said one of New York's coaching amateurs, and he had plenty to add to the plea for docking.

"Essentially docking is not a painful operation," continues the driving man. "Shears are no longer used, and if the horse is a fretful, nervous one, it is first chloroformed. But I have never seen this done, nor has it been necessary. In the spring I have had a vet. dock a half dozen in half an hour in my stable when converting road trotters into road coach teams. This is how we do it:

"We do not feed the horse on the morning of the operation, and when it is brought into the operating stall the horse at once begins to munch eagerly on the oats in the manger. A canvas hammock is flung under his belly and the horse hoisted to its tiptoes by pulleys, when a gate is stuck across the stall close to its heels and the tail pulled over the flat top rail making an operating table. A stout twine is tied tight about the tail at the point to be severed. The hair is turned back and bound, exposing the bare skin, and the assistant takes hold of the lower end of the tail and holds it firmly for the docking. A few short jabs with a surgeon's knife and the tail is severed. Meanwhile, a white-hot iron has to be brought to a white heat in a charcoal fire, such as plumbers carry, and the next act is to sear the cut with the iron. The assistant holds the severed part so that the hairs will cover the cut, and with the application of the iron there is an odor of burning hair and flesh. The horse is then allowed to crunch, kick or break away but for being strung up in the hammock. But it does not take the tail to start a second to see up the wound. As soon as the iron is taken off the horse will resume its munching of oats, and it feeds as if nothing had happened. The cauterizing iron is applied throughout the entire operation.

"Trotting horse breeders and drivers all along have been breeding against docking," concluded the whip, "and I was glad to see that the Horse Show judges did not share the view of the dockers. It is to be noted that they awarded all the highest honors. Guy Fortune, had a docked tail and was the best driver in heavy harness as a high stepper. The flapping tail is a nuisance to road drivers, and the only way a sulky driver can get on the road is by brush. The long, heavy tail is to my mind a waste of energy. The horse should put his strength into his legs—every ounce of it. It is a pity that the dockers are so common before they are weaned and while the cartilage is soft. To sport a docked tail seems to me the only thing that a horse breeder should do the docking at the farms."

No one knows what the horses think about this kind of docking, but it may be granted, but the gains to it are small, to counterbalance the hurts. The pain is momentary, the benefits long and substantial ones. The movement in favor of the anti-docking bills is supported mainly by non-horse owners, say the whips who drive Richmores and like 'em docked—New York Sun.

GOOD HEALTH

Requires That the Blood be Kept Rich and Pure.

The secret of health—the secret of life itself—is good blood. Therefore a medicine that keeps the blood rich and pure is the necessary material for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues, reaching the root of most of the serious diseases. For this purpose there is no medicine can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

They actually make new, rich, red blood, and through this new blood cure such diseases as anaemia, neuralgia, rheumatism, the special ailments of women, indigestion, heart trouble, St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis. You can find evidence of the value of these pills in every part of the country, among others Mr. D. W. Daley, Crystal City, Man. says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful success. My blood was very poor; I was weak and nervous, suffered much from heart trouble, and was scarcely fit to work. I used nine boxes of the pills, and the result is an again enjoying the best of health. I do not think there is any medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the system is run down."

But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed on the wrapper around each box. Ask your druggist for these pills or get them by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

NOTES OF THE SCIENCES.

The Japanese Imperial library at Tokyo has on its shelves something like 2,000 written and printed mathematical works, extending as far back as the year 1365.

China's mineral resources are to be developed. The Chinese Government has ordered the immediate establishment of a department of mines in each of the seventeen provinces.

Kawasaki, dockyard, Japan, constantly employs 6,800 hands. Four gunboats for the Chinese Government are five torpedo boat destroyers, four torpedo boats and one despatch boat for the Japanese Admiralty are now being built there. The yard also has orders for eleven merchant steamers. A tidy little business.

Pekin is to have an industrial and commercial museum for the permanent exhibition of Chinese and foreign goods. The Japanese are taking an active part in its organization. The buildings are in Japanese style and Japanese merchants and manufacturers will exhibit freely.

Hongkong's new dock will have three patent slipways, worked by electric power, no. will be 400 feet long, taking vessels of 2,700 tons weight and the two others will be 290 feet long, taking vessels of 2,000 tons weight.

The Dutch East Indies buy their coal, hardware, matches and paper from Japan. That is why the Japanese steamship company, the Nippon Yusen Katsba, is figuring to establish direct steamship communication with Batavia.

American locomotives are not a success in Japan, according to the report of the Japanese Railway Bureau. It is claimed that the boilers are heavy and the rivets imperfectly fastened. In many instances the parts were damaged through bad packing.

The use of perfumes is as old as civilization. Both ancient Assyrians and Persians were familiar with them.

Damascus, the largest city in Syria, is probably the most ancient city in the world.

How to Tend Furnaces

When the average resident of the average detached house has laid in his ten tons of hard coal, his wagonload of hardwood, and bought a new ash sifter, he considers that he is prepared for a hard winter, no matter how high or low the mercury column may choose to stand. As a matter of fact, this same householder, in the aggregate, will send tens of thousands of dollars' worth of fuel out of house chimneys this winter, in spite of all the raspings, dust and manipulations of his ash sifter.

An improper shaking of the grates often is responsible for a fire's going out. The grates are shaken too hard, and hot coal is mixed with the ashes, and the whole formation of the fire is so broken up as to destroy its combustible arrangement. One of the essentials in burning hard coal is that the fire shall not be disturbed and the fire strata broken up. When to shake a grate is a good deal; how to shake it is more. To shake invariably as possible, however, is the invariable rule for clearing a grate, and thus the subject may be dismissed.

In mild, dry weather the disposition of the fire may be to burn too strong for the heat required in the house. If so, a proper accumulation of ashes in the firebox is necessary. Don't disturb the grates under such circumstances.

On the other hand, when heavy weather, with its chill and damp, makes heat imperative, through the house, shake the grates, gently but thoroughly. Also in any pinch of clear, cold weather, when the furnace is to be taxed for a time in warming the house, clear the grates of ashes and keep them clear. The dampers then may be depended upon for any check upon the draught until the rapidly forming ash again will serve.

The one point to be observed, always by the furnace tender is that when the house is too hot at any time the waste of fuel is as certain as if that amount of coal were dropping through the grates and going into the ash pile outside. And always when the house is too hot it may be that the heat also is wasting at the chimney top.

A furnace fire is something to be anticipated. The heat delivered at the registers—or at the radiators—is a result to be anticipated some time after combustion in the firebox has reached a high degree of heat. Also when this degree of heat in the firebox is reached it may be anticipated that, without any more fuel in the firebox, heat will continue to be delivered for some time thereafter.

Further than this, it must be remembered that a shoeful of hard coal pushed to rapid combustion at the moment it is most needed may save a half bushel of fuel fed into the firebox and burned too slowly at the beginning and too fast in the end. This is due to the fact that the house, once warmed, easily may be maintained at an agreeable temperature; thereafter, to the fact that when a large heap of hard coal is once thoroughly ignited it will continue to burn in spite of all the check dampers that can be brought into use, resulting in an overheated house, attendant discomfort, and the waste of fuel.

In mid winter more coal is wasted by the careless fireman early in the morning than at any other time of the day. It comes from the disposition of the fireman to shovel in coal simply because the house is cold.

Properly handled, the furnace fire at bedtime should have burned to a heap of live coals. The necessity for heat in the coals comes from the fact that the coals for banking the night fire acts to an extent as an extinguisher. The coal is cold, and with its weight and thickness added it will put out a fire that is not hot enough to start combustion immediately. Just enough of this coal to hold the fire over night should be used—just enough that in the morning the surface of the banked coal shows black above the shallow crevices glowing red.

Under this condition, don't think of adding more coal to warm the house. Turn on your draught when you get up. When the air rushes in this half-charred coal awakens immediately into life, and in five minutes the firebox may be red hot. Ten minutes later the registers are giving out heat, and the whole house is warmed with the least possible expenditure of coal. After breakfast the fire, which by this time is ready for more coal, may be banked for the day, if the weather be mild; if severe weather is experienced, put on only so much coal as will be quick to deliver its heat.

Remember it is the heat which escapes from the superheated surface of the coal which economically gets into the register pipes. Every time that more coal than is necessary is put into the firebox fuel is wasted when you try to force available heat up through the coal mass. Forcing this heat up through too much coal gives that inevitable result—too much heat.

BABY'S HEALTH.

"When a child is well, give it no medicine," is a wholesome adage. But at the first sign of trouble the careful mother will give Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, and teething troubles. They contain no particle of opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff, yet they give refreshing sleep because they remove the cause of sleeplessness, and the child awakens bright and well. Mrs. F. McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., says, "Baby's Own Tablets wrought a wonderful change in my little one. When he was two months old he began to fail and cried almost night and day. But after giving him the tablets he grew well and is now a bright laughing baby, who scarce ever gives any trouble. The Tablets are surely a blessing to both mother and child." All druggists sell these Tablets or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.