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OUT MOROCCO.

AND GERMAN REPRESENTATIVES GET TOGETHER.

Jan. 29. Count von Tarnowski and Herr von Reppert, the German representative, met with the committee of the whole of the secretaries are excluded, the conference itself. The thing of this quiet coast already want to get away. Yet though a month more will be finished the work in hand.

As near as the two diplomats can question.

There now has four sorts of the Regent's command: the committee dealing with financial matters, the committee of the whole of the secretaries are excluded, the conference itself. The thing of this quiet coast already want to get away. Yet though a month more will be finished the work in hand.

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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Hal," says Jeanne, interrupting him with the first touch of severity he has ever seen in her face, "you have done wrong—very wrong! You have done more harm than you just now can realize. She must go back!"

"Never!" says Hal.

Then he tells her how the count has planned to carry her off to Russia.

"Fahaw!" says Jeanne; "that sort of thing goes on in novels, but—"

"It is true, every word of it," says Hal. "Think, Jeanne! Put yourself in her place—wouldn't you run away if you knew where to be made a prisoner of, and carried to the end of the world against your will? Oh, Jeanne, I thought you would have felt for her, if not for me!"

Jeanne is touched, and the tears start to her eyes as she looks from one to the other.

"But what can I do?" she asks, very seriously. "And—and you don't know at what a cost I have obeyed your summons, Hal. We start for England tomorrow."

"What!" says Hal, jumping up almost to the ceiling—he has been sitting on the table. "What! you start for England! Hurrah! Don't you see, Jeanne? How dull you are! Of course Verona goes with us. Nothing better could have happened. Look up, Verona! and he goes down on his knees to her; "look up! We all go to England tomorrow!"

Verona looks up. Very pale is she, and still frightened; and at sight of the smiling face so fearful and agitated, all her worldly wisdom departs.

With a word of endearment, she goes over to her, and puts her arm around her as only a woman can; and in a few minutes Verona is herself again.

"But you, Jeanne? You must not. What will the marquis say?"

Jeanne smiles rather constrainedly. "What, indeed, will the marquis say? Hal, who had been kicking his legs from his perch on the table, is struck by another idea.

"Look here!" he says, rather ruefully; "I tell you what I'd better do. I'd better ride back to the castle, and explain affairs to Vane."

"Why not let George go?" suggests Jeanne; but Hal has some conscience.

"Impossible, he has been too hard at it all day. No, I'll go, and be back as soon as I can; that will leave you with an easy conscience, Jeanne, eh?"

It is the wisest suggestion that can be made, and Hal, with a sigh, proceeds to put its adoption into operation.

"Mind," he says, kissing his pipe and looking wistfully at Verona, "you are best to go to bed, and make your mind easy; Vane and I will arrange everything, and no one need be any the wiser. Look here—I've got it all out and dried, Jeanne! You and Vane can go to the boat in the ordinary way, and Mrs. Fleming can come along and go with Verona! Nothing could be easier or more safe, if we keep quiet!"

"Yes," says Verona in a low voice; "if—if they do not find me before we start!"

Hal winces, but only for a moment. "We've got the key, he says, quietly, and we start at daybreak tomorrow—I shall be back before then. And now I'll go."

"I will go and see about our rooms," she murmurs, and so leaves the two alone together for a minute or two.

There are two rooms, a door communicating between them, and the landlady promises to make ready the second one—the first is already prepared—for Jeanne.

"Will I be permitted to offer her a selection from my wardrobe?" she asks respectfully.

But Jeanne declines. "In her own mind she has resolved to ride back to the castle at the break of day and will not take off her habit."

When she goes down again Verona is standing at the window peering out at the night and the clatter of a horse's hoofs denotes that Hal has already started.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door and George appears.

"Master Hal desired me to say, my lady, that I should be in the stable if you wanted me," he says, respectfully.

Jeanne smiles with a look of satisfaction.

"Very well," she says. "So we are not left all alone, dear," she adds, putting her arm around Verona.

"You are not angry with me, my dear?"

"Angry! not!" says Jeanne tenderly. "Who could be angry with you, I wonder?"

"I am glad of that," says Verona, simply. "I feared that you would think perhaps that I had done wrong! But what could I do? And, oh, Jeanne, I love him so! He is so brave and strong, and yet so gentle with me! I could not—could not let them take him away from me when he has been so good to me. I must go; if he were to tell me that I must go to the end of the world, I must go. I love him so, Jeanne."

She says this, and more, with her dark eyes upturned to Jeanne's, and with the simple straightforwardness of a child.

Jeanne bends and kisses her.

"Hal ought to be very happy!" she says, with something like a wistful sigh, "very happy at winning such love, Verona; and I—I am very happy, too. And have you thought of the future, dear? Do you know—of course, he has told me that he is very poor, and not noble like yourself?"

"He is poor, yes," says Verona, quietly. "But not noble!" and her face

ed breath, the sound develops into the third—third of a horse.

Jeanne's color comes.

"It is Hal. No. Too soon, unless he has turned back."

Instinctively she thinks of the count, and glances toward the inner room. If it should be he, what should she do? While she is vainly trying to decide on some line of action, the sound suddenly ceases, and, with a sigh of relief, she closes the window.

"A few hours longer," she thinks, and the dawn will have broken. Hal and Vane will be here, and—here her anticipations cease, she is too tired to indulge in conjecture.

Suddenly there comes through the flutter of the leaves a repetition of the third sound—and, at this time more distinct. With a start Jeanne holds her breath, and listens. But Jeanne cannot rest inside the room, it seems like a veritable prison, hot, stifling and peopled with creatures of her over-strained imagination. At one moment rises before her the voice of the count, angry, accusing, demanding that her hands the runaway Verona; at another, the next Vane, haggard and stern, appears to overwhelm her with passionate reproach and blame.

With a hot, uncertain hand she opens the window again, and bends over the balcony. But not a sound reaches her ear, save the sigh of the wind among the leaves and the rustle of the vine at her feet.

There then falls upon Jeanne that vague, indefinable dread which all of us have felt at some time or other—a horror of the silence, a longing for some sharp and sudden sound, though it be the sound we are dreading to hear—anything to break the horrible tension of the overstrained nerves.

Restless, battling against this nameless terror Jeanne argues with herself. "She is here, in the next room, not a dozen paces distant lies Verona; the people of the house are close at hand; and above all, within call lies George, whose devotion can be relied on. And after all, what has she to fear?"

With a quivering laugh, she goes back into her room, opposite the window is a large mirror, set into her room. Opposite the window is a large mirror, set into an old, carved frame—one of those pieces of antique which would fetch hundreds of guineas.

As Jeanne crosses the room, she catches sight of her figure in this mirror, and starts at the pale face which looks down at her.

"Afraid of my own shadow," she says, half aloud. "There has all my old courage gone!"

And, with an effort she goes up to the glass and arranges her hair, trying to call up a smile on her pale lips.

"Three such nights as this," she laughs, "and all the beauty which poor old Fleming is never tired of talking about would be fled. Ah, and who would care?"

She sighs, and is about to turn away, when suddenly her heart seems to turn to stone; for there in the glass is reflected, not only herself, but someone else, and that with a man's face and figure.

For a moment she thinks her senses have deserted her, the next she turns and springs to the window.

As she does so, a man drops on one knee at her feet, and speaks her name.

"Jeanne!"

Why should we cry, Jeanne shrinks back, still instinctively trying to close the window.

"Jeanne," says the voice again, "for Heaven's sake do not look so terrified! Do you not know me? It is I—Clarence."

"Clarence—Lord Lane?" she gasps, and staggers against the window-frame.

"What—what are you doing here?" His handsome face is pale and agitated with suppressed excitement; his riding-coat covered with dust, and his hand, which rests in anguish on her arm, is torn by the brambles and undergrowth through which he has ridden.

Jeanne looks down at him, panting in her effort to recover composure, and with wild, half-fearful questioning in her face.

"Why are you here?" she repeats; "has—has anything happened at the castle?"

"It is to be questioned whether Clarence hears her disjunctive interrogations; his soul is in a whirl, his eyes drink in hastily the pale beauty of her face; one of his senses, he is alone with her—alone with the woman he has loved so long, and now loves with a passion that overwhelms and masters him.

"Jeanne," he says, and his voice sounds dry and harsh, when he would have it soft and tender. "Jeanne, are you angry with me for coming? Did you not expect me?"

"Expect you?" says Jeanne; "no, I did not expect you. How did you discover that I was here—who sent you? Why have you come?"

"Can you ask me?" he says, answering her last question with gentle reproach. "Could I stay away when I knew you were alone and unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" says Jeanne, vaguely.

"Yes," he repeats, fervently, his lips trembling, his eyes fixed on her face. "Do you think I have not known, have not seen how unhappy your life has been? Has there been an hour of the day since we have been together, do you think, that I have not hung upon your words, and watched your face? And do you think that one sigh, one sad glance of yours has passed unnoticed, unfelt by me?"

"I—I do not understand!" she says, troubled and perplexed. "Why do you kneel there? I am not frightened now, Arise, Lord Lane."

Obedient, he arises and wipes the perspiration from his forehead with an uncertain hand, his eyes never leaving her face for a moment.

Jeanne looks at him uneasily, apprehensively. His words, his manner, are all languid, which is entirely beyond her solution as yet. Jeanne is no flirt, has no suspicion of the truth, and yet there is something in that haggard, anxious face and passionate glance which unnerves and alarms her vaguely.

"You have not told me yet," she says. "Why have you come—have they discovered us?"

"No," he says eagerly, "not yet; but there is no time to lose. I came the moment I heard where you were, came without the loss of a moment."

"It was your horse I heard, then?" says Jeanne.

"Yes," he replies, eagerly. "I have ridden him hard, poor fellow, and left him more dead than alive in the woods there. And you are hot and tired," says Jeanne. "If you will go down to the front of the house and ring them up, and they shall get you some refreshments. Then you can advise me what is best to be done."

BETTER BE WISE

In matters of doubt buy

Blue Ribbon

TEA. Doubt then changes to certainty, certainty of quality.

Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon Tea.

He shakes his head, and comes closer to her.

"No!" he says. "Why arouse them? I want nothing while you are near me. Jeanne, let me have these few minutes—these precious minutes I have for months waited for—foretaste of the long, blissful time that lies before us! Oh, Jeanne, you shall know what happiness is if I am spared to teach you! The rest of my life shall be spent in the endeavor to make you happy—and I shall succeed—I will succeed, Jeanne; such love as mine must conquer, must carry everything before it! Look at me, Jeanne, give me one word—the one word I have been waiting, longing for so patiently! Jeanne!"

Jeanne's face has been quickly growing from white to crimson, and from crimson to white again. With wild, incredulous eyes, she looks at him.

"Are you—or am I—mad?" she breathes at last, but inaudibly, and he goes on:

"I frightened you to-night, Jeanne! You must forgive me! I frighten myself sometimes! I think no one has loved as I love you—don't shrink from me, Jeanne; cannot bear that! Listen—let me pour out my heart! Let me tell you how I have loved you ever since that old time at Newton Regis, when you were a happy, light-hearted girl! I loved you then, but I did not know how dearly, how entirely, until I saw you no longer a happy, gay-hearted girl, but a woman, unsatisfied, unhappy, then, Jeanne, my love grew into an absorbing passion, which has grasped me, body and soul, and made me tempest-tossed and weak before you. Ah, Jeanne, it is not often men love as I do!"

Speechless, smitten dumb with surprise, Jeanne listens to the words that speak until he unfolds the truth, and he goes on—sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with a lingering, imploring tenderness:

(To be continued.)

SICK KIDNEYS.

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains That Make Life Almost Unendurable.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain in the kidney region. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause headache, backache, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right, and make the aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., says: "My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him to be a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that relieved him of the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe form."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anaemia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, cramps, skin diseases, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FORM ARMY OF EDUCATION.

Men Numbering 120,000 and 330,000 Women Employed as Teachers.

The army of education in the United States is made up of 450,000 teachers, of whom 120,000 are men, and 330,000 women. The overwhelming majority of the teachers are natives of the United States, less than 30,000 having been born abroad—one in fifteen.

Most of the men teachers are between the years of 25 and 35. The majority of the women teachers are between 15 and 25.

There are 2,300 men teachers over 65. There are less than 1,500 women teachers over 65. Three times as many women as men teachers are put down as "age unknown."

There are 21,000 colored teachers in the United States, thus divided between the two sexes: 7,700 men and 13,300 women. There are 500 Indian teachers in the Indian schools of the United States—240 men and 260 women.

The average age of teachers in the United States is higher than in England and lower than in Germany. The proportion of very youthful teachers is much greater in the country than in the city districts.

The largest proportion of men teachers is to be found in West Virginia, where they number 50 per cent. of the total. The largest proportion of women is to be found in Vermont, where they form 90 per cent. of the whole number. The standard of education is much higher in Vermont than it is in West Virginia. The number of teachers in the United

For the Housewife

Excellent Recipes and Household Suggestions

Flushing the pipes and drains once a week with copper as a solution will remove all odors and sediment.

To make the leaves of the rubber plant glossy and bright sponge them with milk.

For removing threads and hairs from all sorts or brushes there comes a small steel rake with long tines.

Black ants dislike the odor of saffron and red ants will disappear if sulphur is sprinkled in the places they frequent.

Bon-bon and fruit dishes in Watteau decoration and varied shapes represent some recent artistic productions in table ware.

It is claimed that if silverware and especially knives, forks and spoons, are packed in dry flour they will remain dry and untarnished.

A mental stepladder, much more durable and stronger than the regulation wooden ladder, is a recent addition to the collection of household conveniences.

A labor saving device though not especially new, is the dustpan with long perpendicular handle. Its use saves many a crick in the muscles of the back.

Wet tea leaves, hot or cold, are recommended as a cheap and convenient remedy for burns. They should be covered with a strip of cotton or linen and kept on for one or two hours.

Mahogany, has the preference among woods for drawing, reception, music and bed-room furniture. It divides honors with handsome quartered oak for libraries, and it is liked for dining-rooms when it can be obtained.

Cheese may be kept from getting moldy by wrapping it in a cloth that has been dipped in vinegar and wrung nearly dry. The cloth should have an outer covering of paper and the cheese kept in a cool place.

Grease spots on matting may be removed if the grease is covered with French chalk and then sprinkled with benzine. After the benzine has evaporated, brush off the chalk and the spot will have disappeared.

A good chocolate filling is made as follows: Boil together half a cup of chocolate, half a cup of milk and a scant cup of sugar until very thick, and spread quickly between soft layers of cake.

Danbury eggs are prepared as follows: To every well beaten egg add three tablespoonsful of milk and a teaspoonful of sifted flour. Mix carefully and saute them in a hot pan, stirring them occasionally as you would scrambled eggs.

To take out iron rust dip the spot into a strong solution of tartaric acid and expose to the sun. When dry wet the article with warm soap; rub the stain with ripe tomato juice, expose to the sun again, and when the stain is nearly dry wash in more soda. This is a good method.

To prepare waterproofing for boots and shoes mix together in a saucepan over the fire two parts of tallow and one part of resin; warm the boots and apply the hot mixture with a painter's brush till they will not absorb any more. If well polished before applying the waterproofing they will take the polish afterward.

For the famous Banbury tarts of old England, have on hand a good piece of puff paste. Cut it in small pieces six inches square and in the centre of each put a spoonful of raspberry, currant, strawberry or gooseberry jam. Place the corners together, fold in half and press the edges, sealing them tightly. Fry them in a kettle of deep fat.

Sweet potato croquettes are delicious when made as follows: Mash some boiled sweet potatoes, season them highly with salt and pepper and add to every pint of the vegetable one egg yolk and a very small piece of butter. Form into croquettes, roll each in egg and bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat. Sometimes a little sherry is put in the mixture, but it adds little to the flavor.

One of the women who know recommends glycerine for removing those stains that are such enemies to fine table linen. But it must be rubbed in before boiling has set its seal on the stain, or it may not be efficacious. After the glycerine has been applied wash it all out in tepid water, and the discoloration will come out with it, so this authority says.

An authority on fine laundering says that hot water should not be used in washing fine table linen or embroidered doilies. Cold water, white soap, and borax, if not borax soap, should be used instead. One wonders if all stains could be removed with cold water, but the suggestion is worth passing on. Certainly, every housekeeper has at times had difficulty in laundering table linen satisfactorily.

Paste Jewels.

Many a fire of love is kindled with bank notes.

Duty is happiness grown humdrum.

There are still many vacant lots in Don't Worry street.

How poor is he who hath only wealth! Stained-glass sermons don't make whole-souled saints.

The only way for a man to get over the illusions about his first love is to marry her.

Much devotion and respect may be accounted for by the attractiveness of a widow's weeds.

When experience comes in the door youth flies out the window.—New Orleans Picayune.

Self-Help.

Ethel's mistress had spent a week in London, and, having returned, she was making some necessary inquiries.

"Did you look after the canaries, the parrot and the cat while I was away?" she said.

"Oh, yes, mum," said Ethel. And then she went on: "But one day—the scabbard."

"I forgot to give the cat her dinner."

"Well, well," said her mistress, "don't cry. I don't suppose that cat says 'mum'."

"No—; but she went and 'elped' 'erse' mum," Ethel explained. "She ate the parrot and the canaries."

Resumed His Search.

Diogenes was reposing in his tub. "Get out of that," said the maid, appearing with a bar of laundry soap.

The philosopher arose grumbling. "Dara it," he muttered, "I forgot this was washday."

Then he took a lantern and began his famous quest.—Philadelphia Ledger.