



**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People**

For all those painful ailments. It will entirely cure Female Complaints and Uterine Disorders, and is peculiarly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Headache, Pain, and Stomach Troubles.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Neuralgia, Sciatica, and Rheumatism.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**General Debility, and Loss of Appetite.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Indigestion, and Constipation.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Weakness, and Nervousness.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Palpitation, and Shortness of Breath.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**Headache, and Dizziness.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

**General Debility, and Loss of Appetite.**

It will cure all these ailments, and is particularly adapted to the relief of the following ailments:

# WON AT LAST

stands highest in public favor. Its annual sale of 14,000,000 packets proves this.

Sold only in Sealed Lead Packets  
Black, Mixed or Green. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.  
HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

## Won at Last

She knew, as though she had heard the words, that Waring—having noticed the understanding between her and the man who was all but her avowed lover, had asked him if they were engaged—if it would be interfering with his (Lisle's) rights were he to offer himself to her in this crisis of her fortune. Lisle had, no doubt, disclaimed all wish to make her his wife, and coolly given his approval to Waring's pretensions. More, he had not hesitated to recommend his rival! What a reverse to the picture her fancy had hitherto presented, of Lisle vainly struggling against his love for her—hesitating lest her relatives or herself should not think him a sufficiently good match for her—of his ecstasy when the time came, and she permitted him to see how dear he had grown. Now behold! the time of trial came, and he was eager to hand her over to another. How could she have been so blind—so deluded? Her rage was more against herself than against him. Her long slender fingers clutched the arms of the seat with feverish force, in her agony and self-contempt. How could she have been so weak, so conceited, as to suppose that she had become all in all to such a man as St. John Lisle? Yet, yet he did admire and seek her! A hundred instances crowded on her memory which might well have misled her; important trifles which could not have occurred had he not loved her at the time. If he had, why did he change so suddenly? What had she done to forfeit the tenderness of which she was so sure? Not she was not all self-described. He was false, fickle, cruel—she might be less hard upon herself. She questioned the prudence of her own action on hearing his astounding proposal. Was it well to have played the part she did, in affecting to entertain it? Would it have been wiser and more dignified to have rebuked him for his interference, and refused to listen to his pleading? For the present, every small hope was merged in her passionate wish to love her wounds, and make Lisle believe she was as strong, as worldly, and as indifferent as himself—that his conduct did not cost her a pang. What a lesson he had taught her of her own insignificance, of the delusion she had trusted. As to poor Waring, she bestowed small consideration on his present affection for her. Of all the house party at Horrowby Chase, she had taken least notice of him. Their previous intercourse had consisted of a few meetings at evening parties, where he had perseveringly asked her to dance, and she had as perseveringly endeavored to evade him. Of that she was unaware, as her manners were so softly gracious, and she hated to give pain.

Now this ungrateful, shy, inarticulate young man was thrust upon her by Lisle, who had so often turned him into ridicule. Anything was good enough for a girl who was penniless and almost unprotected! It would go hard with her, she thought, while her cheeks glowed, and her heart beat fast—very hard, before she would consent to marry him. It was almost impossible he should be distinguished, self-reliant, strong, always seemed so ill at ease in her presence. She wished him a better fate! Then the vision of Lisle rose before her, distinguished, self-reliant, strong, always ready to say the right thing—a man with whom the highest doted not take a liberty, and his voice vibrated again on the chords of memory, his eyes looked into hers. Not she had not deceived herself—there had been moments when St. John Lisle had gone for ever. Grannie might regain her little fortune, wealth might pour in upon them, but nothing could ever be to her what it had been. Between the present and the past a great gulf yawned—which nothing could fill up. And poor grannie! Mona's heart reproached her for having utterly forgotten grannie, who had been stung by the terrible loss which had befallen her. How her proud, worldly, yet sound nature would wince under the disgrace of poverty. Grannie who loved her so well, even while she tyrannized over her—she had often been rebellious, selfish, now she would try and comfort the poor old woman. She had built such hopes too on Mona's success, now everything was crumbled to the dust. The blank dreariness of the future appalled her. How could she live on—and if grannie succumbed to this attack, what was to become of her? A sense of her isolation of all the years she had received, her aged, disappointed, her grief and agitation found vent in a flood of tears, which lasted for many miles, yet brought relief and the calmness of exhaustion.

The Hon. Mrs. Newburgh, sister of the late and aunt of the present Viscount Sunderline, had had many disappointments in her long life. Beginning with all the advantages of rank and beauty she refused numerous excellent offers—to accept, at the mature age of thirty-five, the good-looking horsey son of a Yorkshire squire. He loved her, but he also feared her—which condition of mind led to much concealment of her faculties, and their consequent complication. Mrs. Newburgh was a woman of strong will, with some business capacity, and she always held on firmly to her own small fortune. Her only son went into the army, and was killed at Inkerman. Her only daughter, who resembled her father in character, formed a strong attachment for an obscure young Scotsman, whom she met accidentally in the Highlands, under somewhat romantic circumstances. Mrs. Newburgh set her face against so disgraceful a union; she dragged her pretty daughter from one continental court to another, and finally tried to force her to marry an Englishman of high position and large fortune. This was too much, and the weak, simple, frightened girl fled to her Scotch lover. Her mother renounced her, and never saw her face again.

From this time Mrs. Newburgh devoted herself to increasing her fortune, both by saving and speculating. She returned to London, and once more took her place in society. The announcement of her daughter's death made little or no change in her way of life; she made no attempt to communicate with the bereaved husband, and seemed to forget she ever had a daughter. About five years later she was startled by a letter from the minister of a church in the neighborhood of Glasgow, describing the last moments of Kenneth Craig, who had been a broken man ever since the death of his wife, and in losing a brief feller to Mrs. Newburgh from the deceased. In it he simply said that the pay of a bank clerk had been too small to permit him to lay anything by for his little girl, that his own people were poor, that he trusted her mother's mother would so far forgive as not to punish the innocent, and begged her to give the child sufficient education to earn her bread hereafter. She was moved, he said, Mona Josecelyn, after her mother and her uncle.

Mrs. Newburgh answered this appeal by sending for the little bright-eyed six-year-old, and placing her at a school specially arranged for children whose parents were either dead or absent. It was in the country, and kept by a quiet, motherly old maid. For some time her grandmother never saw Mona, but one spring, when the child had nearly attained her tenth year, scarlet fever broke out in the school, and little Mona was sent off without a word of warning to Mrs. Newburgh, who had been spending a few months in town, and was packed up and ready to start for the continent. Though dreadfully annoyed by the untimely departure, Mrs. Newburgh was struck and pleased with the improvement and promise of her granddaughter, especially as she was very like her late uncle, her reddish hair being a legacy from the plebeian Craigs. Finally she took her abroad, and placed her first at a convent school in Paris, and after in an educational establishment of a very superior description in Dresden. Here Mrs. Newburgh occasionally visited her, and she remained till she was seventeen, when she went to reside with her grandmother in London; she continued to study music under the best masters, and was always present when Mrs. Newburgh received. The spring before the opening of this story she had been presented, her grandmother was well satisfied with her social success, and hoped for a brilliant marriage, when the blow fell which ruined all.

It was quite dark when Mona reached St. Pancras; she was utterly weary, and profoundly still. As a porter threw open the carriage door, a respectable foreign-looking man, somewhat tan-colored in complexion, and pear-shaped in figure, growing small to the feet and spreading out roundly above, put him aside. Raising his hat, he said in German: "Welcome, my fraulein. I hope you are not fatigued."

"Yes, a little, Welner. How is my grandmother?"

"Better, my fraulein, but weak, ah, very weak! She is looking anxiously for you. If you get into the cab, I will find your baggage."

CHAPTER II.

Mona employed the interval passed in the darkness and solitude of the cab which conveyed her home in a resolute effort to regain her self-possession. She dreaded to meet grannie's keen, observant eyes; she dreaded, too, the mood which her severe losses would most probably have induced. Mrs. Newburgh, though generally keeping herself well in hand, had her tempers, and Mona became a favorite chiefly because she was not frightened by them. She was far from realizing as yet the total loss which had befallen her.

The door was opened by Mrs. Newburgh's maid, a very important person, with whom Mona had not infrequent differences of opinion. Her face was expressive of ill-temper and disgust.

"Mrs. Newburgh has been waiting herself and everyone else because she fancies you are late, miss," was her salutation.

"I do not think I am, Hooper."

"I dare say not, only you see she is all wrong about time—a minute or an hour, it's all one to her. I never thought you'd see her alive. After she read about that cruel, deceitful, swindling company in the paper, she sent off Mr. Welner for Mr. Macquibbin. After they had talked a bit, the bell rang sharp; I was called, and there was Mrs. Newburgh in a dead faint. I thought she would never come to. We called the doctor and put her to bed, but she had looked out for a situation, and so he saved himself."

While these changes were going on, Mona was profoundly anxious about her grandmother. At times she was keen, eager, fully alive to what was going on; then a cloud would gather over her poor brain, and things seemed to slip from her. She could not bear Mona to see her, and was reluctant to let any other relatives approach her. When urged by Oakley to acquaint her nephew, Lord Sunderline, with the state of her affairs, she asked sharply what good that would do.

"He has little enough for himself, and never forgave me for adopting Mona."

"But, my dear madam, some steps must be taken to provide for the future."

"I wish nature would provide for me," returned Mrs. Newburgh with a deep sigh; "I am a helpless incurable now."

"I am sure no one else thinks so," said the solicitor, soothingly. "Is there not some balance at your banker's that you might place in—say Sir Robert Everard's hand, just to secure some ready money?"

"I will see I will look up my accounts, but for the present I am too tired to discuss anything further."

Mrs. Newburgh could not, however, complain of any want of interest in the part of her numerous friends and acquaintances; she was overwhelmed with letters of condolence, of inquiry, of the most impossible suggestions. They were generally read aloud by her granddaughter, or as much of them as she would listen to. Sometimes she would sit for hours deedly silent.

(To be continued.)

**GROWING BOYS**

Need an Occasional Tonic to Maintain Strength and Keep the Skin Clear

On every side one sees young men and growing boys with pale, pasty complexions, their faces covered with pimples and their hair shagging and listless. Such a condition is extremely dangerous—the blood is out of order—a complete breakdown may result. To put matters right; to give that spring to the step; that clearness to the skin and that glow of active health to the face, a tonic is needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are needed. As proof of this, Mr. Charles Dieffenbach, 12 St. Ursule street, Quebec, says: "Formerly my studies necessitated my remaining up until a late hour. The result was that my system gradually weakened, and in December, 1903, I seemed to collapse. I was completely run down and went under the care of a doctor, but instead of gaining strength, I came to grow weaker. I could not take solid food, did not sleep well, and waking night sweats gave me further cause for alarm. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice and I began their use. Almost from the outset they seemed to help me, but it was some weeks before there was a material change for the better. From that time, however, recovery was rapid, and in a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been, and able to resume my studies."

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new, rich, red blood; every drop of pure blood gives strength and whips the system, and this strength brings health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as anaemia, all stomach and kidney troubles, St. Vitus' dance, heart palpitation, the afflictions known only to growing girls and women, and a host of other ailments from which both young and old suffer through bad blood. Sold by dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**COME CHICAGO DONT'S.**

As the city police do not provide sufficient protection, residents of Chicago have been compelled to establish private police forces, each of which guards a small neighborhood. As an outgrowth of this need of self-protection the Chicago resident has enforced upon him a list of don'ts of which the following is a sample:

Don't let mail accumulate in vestibule mail boxes. Have the janitor remove it when you are away or it will serve as a notice to flat workers that you are out and the coast is clear.

Don't leave directions to your grocer on the back door. This is another tip to the burglar that you are out.

Don't open the door to any one after dark without knowing who it is. Call through the tube or ask behind the locked door.

Don't trust a stranger because he is well dressed. The immaculate thief is dangerous; the ragged one is generally harmless.

Don't trust the lock. Most apartment locks are toys; a burglar can jimmy them in half a minute without noise. Get special bolts.

Don't leave the house without making sure that all windows are fastened. Leave all curtains up, with possible exception of bedroom. This often fools a burglar.

Don't be impolite to a burglar if you find one in the house. Invite him to take it all, and the first chance you get run to a neighbor and call the police.

Don't scream in the presence of a burglar or a hold-up man. If he is an amateur he may lose his presence of mind and hurt you.

Don't walk close to a building after dark; give an ally a good margin.

These are all very well as far as they go, but we can suggest just one which would make all the others unnecessary. It is this:

Don't live in Chicago.

**ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES.**

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of baby's health and happiness is constant vigilance on the mother's part. The little ills of babyhood come suddenly, and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. In promptly relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood, no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets, and they are guaranteed absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Hebron, N. B., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for curing the ills of young children. I always keep the Tablets in the house, and do not know how I could get along without them." Sold by all dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# Quality Counts

That's what has made

## Blue Ribbon

the Standard to-day. This is why you should buy Blue Ribbon Tea. Only one BEST—Blue Ribbon Tea.

## ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

The College was established in 1874. Its objects were twofold: First, to train young men in the science and art of improved husbandry; and second, to conduct experiments and publish the results. In 1875, the President said in his first report: "It is evident to the most cursory observer that Canada depends, and will be obliged for many years to depend, largely, if not exclusively, on her raw produce for her national wealth. And amongst the various forms of raw material, none are so valuable as those included under the head of Agricultural Produce."

Farmers visit the college in June and December to the number of nearly 40,000, and we had last year in attendance at the various College classes 1,004 students.

In the beginning students were paid to attend the institution, and there was practically no revenue from the College or farm. In 1905, we turned to the Provincial treasury as revenue from the College and farm \$61,568.20. The work of the different departments is as follows:

1. Field Agriculture. Teaching of students and experimenting with field crops is the work of this department. In Mr. Zavitz' report of last year the following paragraph appears under the head of "Barley": "The results show that the Mandseur gave decidedly the greatest yield per acre of the four varieties for the whole period of fifteen years, and also for the last five years. The Mandseur gave an average of 9.3 bushels per acre per annum over the common six-rowed barleys in the average results for fifteen years. The average area devoted to barley in Ontario from 1882 to 1904 is given as 633,299 acres per annum. An increase of nine bushels of barley per acre throughout the Province would, therefore, amount to an increase of over five million bushels of barley in Ontario annually. This increase at fifty cents per bushel would amount to about two and a half million dollars. Two and a half million dollars annually would pay the running expenses of about thirty Agricultural Colleges like the one located at Guelph. The Mandseur barley was imported from the records of the Bureau of Industries, in the spring of 1889. Not only has it made a very excellent record at the College, but it has given high results in the co-operative experiments throughout Ontario, and has been grown in general cultivation very successfully during the past few years. In looking up the records of the Bureau of Industries, we find that the average yield of barley throughout the Province for the period of ten years from 1895 to 1904, inclusive, is 29.3 bushels per acre; while that for the period of ten years from 1885 to 1894, inclusive, was 24.85 bushels per acre. This shows an annual average increase of about 4.2 bushels per acre, for the latter, as compared with the former period of ten years.

2. Animal Husbandry. Here students are taught the comparative values of the different breeds of domestic animals and as it is said that 80 per cent. of all the crops grown on the farms of Ontario is fed to live stock, it will be seen at a glance how important it is to be able to tell a good feeder when one sees it.

3. Dairying. The making of better butter and better cheese and the breeding and feeding of better dairy animals. The average cow in Ontario gives less than 3,000 pounds of milk per year. The College, by careful selection and proper feeding, has built up a grade herd, which, in 1904, contained sixteen cows which gave more than 6,000 pounds each.

4. Horticulture. Here we are somewhat handicapped by severe climatic conditions. Being 900 feet above Lake Ontario, we cannot grow the more delicate fruits. Students are given instruction in the growing of all kinds of fruit, vegetables and flowers, and experiments are conducted with the small fruits and with clover crops for the orchard.

5. Bacteriology. Nitrogen is one of the principal needs of a plant. It is worth commercially, about 20 cents a pound. The air is 80 per cent. nitrogen, and yet plants cannot use it in the form in which it appears in the atmosphere. Certain bacteria, if introduced into the soil, will work on the roots of clover and other leguminous plants, take the nitrogen from the atmosphere and convert it into plant food. Our bacteriologist propagates in his laboratory and supplies in small bottles millions of these nitrogen forming bacteria, which may be spread upon the seed before it is sown, and thus introduce into the soil these nitrate-forming bacteria. A crop of clover will leave in the soil in the roots alone about fifty pounds of nitrogen per acre. Thus the plant food supplied to the soil by a crop of clover is \$10 per acre in one year, and the farmer has the clover crop, tops and leaves to the good. This, if practised on every farm, would mean millions each year to this Province.

6. Chemistry. It was said a few years ago that sugar beets could not be grown profitably in this Province. Our Department of Chemistry conducted experiments in the different parts of Ontario and analyzed the beets at different stages of growth. It is now known that we can grow as good beets as in any part of the world, and men are putting their money into the building of sugar beet factories. Over 22,000,000 lbs. of good beet sugar were made in Western Ontario last year. Chemistry did it.

Our Chemistry Department last year

## OIL ALWAYS SCENTED.

Kind Used to Lubricate the Dentist's Tools is Perfumed.

(New York Sun.)

"No, we don't perfume axle grease, nor do we scent the oil used on the journals of freight cars," said the dealer, "but there is one lubricating oil that we do scent, and that is the fine oil used on dentists' drills.

"Such drills, tiny little drills of beautiful workmanship, are made nowadays for use in every possible position. There are drills that project from the shaft at a right angle, this being made possible by the latest little level bearing you ever saw within the drill head. Others are set at an obtuse angle and others, again, are set at an acute angle.

**Macintosh of Macintosh.**

The Macintosh of Macintosh, who succeeds the late Lochie as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, is the head of the Clan Chattan, one of the most famous Scottish clans, which has existed for about five hundred years. Moy Hall, the beautiful Inverness-shire home of the Macintosh, is a fine place, with a splendid shooting, which the Prince of Wales greatly enjoyed this autumn when he was the guest of this famous Scottish chieftain. The Macintosh keeps up the customs of his country; he always wears a kilt when in the north, and every morning at Moy Hall the piper marches round the house playing Scottish airs, whilst in the evening after dinner the piper stands the table at which Prince Charles died the night before the battle of Culloden.

**About Monuments.**

(Chicago Chronicle.)

Major McDowell, clerk of the house in Washington, was chatting with some Pennsylvania on the proposal to erect a statue to Senator Quay in Harrisburg. "I am opposed," said the major, "to the business of building unsightly things called monuments to the memory of other mortals. The greatest mistake that can be made is to do to place a heavy slab over him, ornamented with a hand, over an inscription, 'Gone home.' Let the fingers be well turned in every direction, and then let every man make his own inference as to the direction taken by the departed."

Many an elopement is really planned by the girl's parents.