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LOVE AND A TITLE

"I do, though," says Hal. "Why, she was a perfect picture in herself—and did you notice the way in which she spoke to that unfortunate conchman? An empress couldn't have come it stronger."

"Yes—yes," says Jeanne, impatiently. "I noticed it, and—I think I would rather break stones if I were a man than be a conchman."

"Halloo!" says Hal, with a whistle. "Jealous, Jen?"

"Jealous!" exclaims Jeanne, turning scarlet. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, only that, Jen; don't be angry with a fellow on the last day."

Whereupon Jeanne rubs his curly head and kisses him, makes her piece, and retreats to her room.

Then, first glancing with a start at the wedding presents lying on the bed, Jeanne walks straight to the glass.

"Beautiful, Hal called her," she says, scanning her own lovely, but troubled face. "Even a boy is attracted by it, and notices her loveliness, and he loved her! Who can wonder at it? And what is there in me, a poor simple girl, to make him forget her beauty and her grace, and the nameless charm which clings about her like the scent she uses, oh, if she had not come, if she had gone past and taken his secret with her, how—how happy I should be now, and Jeanne allows two diamond tears to roll down her cheeks."

"But he has left her," she says, suddenly, and with a quick expression of defiance. "He has left her and he says he loves me; and he shall!" she exclaims between her shut teeth. "He shall! she shall not separate us."

Moved by some impulse, which no doubt every woman will understand without any elaborate explanation—she springs to the wardrobe and commences dragging out dress after dress.

Notwithstanding her engagement Jeanne's wardrobe is by no means a varied and extensive one, but she possesses a few additions to the simple black frock which for a long time served her as her best, and now she takes these later additions and spreads them out and examines them with a severely critical eye. But she comes back to the soft, black frock after all.

"I wore this," she murmurs, "when—the night he told me that he loved me."

And it is the black which she selects now. But she chooses some delicate lace which Aunt Jane has unearthed for her from some relic of Aunt Jane's own youth, and she takes from its case the handsome necklace of pearls and rubies (together than Jeanne has any idea of which her Vernon has given her, and proceeds to dress.

So it happens that when she comes down to dinner, dressed in simple, soft black, with her antique lace and necklace, and above all her exquisite face aglow with an eager desire to charm, Aunt Jane, approvingly, and puts her white, round arm lovingly, and Uncle John looks over his spectacles and stares admiringly, as he groans:

"Jeanne, my child, what shall we do without you to-morrow, and the morrow after that?"

"There, John," says Aunt Jane, as Jeanne goes around and kisses him with a sudden moisture in her eyes, "don't make her low-spirited; any one would think she was going to Australia, instead of a trip to the continent."

But Aunt Jane's eyes are suspiciously moist, too.

A bride-cleat is not, I think, expected eat much on the day before her wedding, or on the wedding-morrow itself, and Jeanne may therefore be excused if she did not display much appetite this evening. She talked and laughed, and at dessert allowed Uncle John to pour out a glass of port for her, and signed it, reading by his side, but all the time her eyes stole covert glances from under her long lashes at the clock.

Presently Aunt Jane got up.

"You must see the tea to-night, Jeanne. I've got a quantity of things to see to for you, and a threat that great trunk of yours Mary and I have got to pack."

Jeanne colored and quivered at the thought.

"Perhaps that great trunk will not be wanted. Perhaps that grand wedding dress will always be as limp and hollow, with nobody inside it."

"I will come with you, aunt," says she. But Aunt Jane will not hear of it.

"No, child," she says, "you shan't do anything to-night but sit still and play to your uncle; besides, I'm glad there's something to do, for I feel restless and fidgety. I shall be glad when you've come, you troublesome girl!" and she kisses her.

Arm in arm, Jeanne and the old gentleman go into the drawing-room, and she gives him his cup of tea, and then plays to him softly, and it is not until she sees his eyes close that she rises and creeps into the open air, for which she has been pining so long.

The new moon is just rising above the trees, and the clear, summer sky is studded with heaven's jewels.

It is a night for love and peace, but there is love and passionate trouble in Jeanne's young heart; there are lights moving about the rooms upstairs—they are packing her boxes and making the last preparations, preparations which may be useless if—ah, heaven! if the word be spoken which will separate them.

The striking of the church clock arouses her—nine. In ten minutes he will be here! For the first time Jeanne shrinks from meeting him; shrinks from

the loving regard of those dark eyes, from the tender caress of the strong white hand, and her heart seems to stand still when she hears the small gate open, and his firm, quick step upon the walk. Instinctively she goes further away from the light, and when a tall figure is seen standing at the open window, and his deep voice calls: "Jeanne—Jeanne, where are you?" she cannot speak.

But he has caught sight of the light shawl which she has thrown around her, and come toward her with outstretched arms.

"What, hiding, darling?" he says, and, taking her in his arms, his voice low and gentle, as it always is, and only is, when he speaks to her.

Vernon has come straight up from the station, and looks tired and dusty; but there is the glad light of love in his eyes, and his voice rings brightly. Jeanne, looking up shyly, remains with keener notice how noble and patrician a face it is, and how distinguished is his bearing and manner; and, not for the first time, she is struck by the indefinable air of command which belongs to him.

"Yes," she thinks, "it is true."

"What, not a word?" he says, looking down at her with a smile. "Not a word to welcome the traveler returned, Jeanne?"

Jeanne finds her voice.

"You have come back, then?" she says, not overbly.

He draws a long breath, and wipes his forehead, as he drops on to the garden seat, and draws her gently down beside him.

"Yes, my Jeanne, and heartily glad to get back. London in June, for all that fashion may say, is a hateful place; but never did it seem so unbearable as to-night."

"And yet you had so much to do," says Jeanne, glancing at him.

"Yes," he assents, musingly; "there was a great deal to do; and I think I used up three cab horses; but I cannot say to-night for wearing a man and utterly exhausting him."

"Lawyers," says Jeanne. "Have you been to lawyers?"

He laughs softly.

"Yes, darling, those foes to whom we always fly immediately we are in trouble."

"Are you in trouble now?" asks Jeanne, in a low voice.

"Trouble?" he echoes. "Why—why, what a child it is to apply general epigrams to particular cases. Trouble? No, I have never been so happy in my life."

"Are you sure?" asks Jeanne, trembling.

He looks at her with a sudden question in his eyes.

"I wish I was as sure as that those stars above us," he says, "why, what a doubling Jeanne it is to think of what should make you think of trouble to-night?"

Jeanne stifles a sigh but he hears it.

"From to-night, darling, there shall be no trouble for you that I can guard you from. But I don't think there has been much shadow in your life, little one."

"No," says Jeanne; "perhaps it is all to come."

He looks at her almost gravely.

"Let us look at you," he says, taking her face in his hands, lovingly. "Is that a tear or only a star reflected in these stars of mine? Are you tired, my darling, or what troubles you to-night?"

Now is the time—the golden opportunity—speak, Jeanne, speak and break down the barrier which Lady Lucille's white hands have built up! Jeanne does look up, her lips apart, but as she meets the dark eyes looking lovingly into hers, her heart fails her, and instead of the question that trembles on her lips, she lays her head upon his breast.

"Nothing," she murmurs, "if—"

"If—that's a portentous little word! If what, birdie? I don't know. If you love me?" she breathes almost inaudibly.

He stoops and kisses her.

"Can you doubt that, Jeanne?" he asks.

"No—no—no!" she cries, her face upturned to his, almost imploringly. "No! I do not doubt, indeed I do not. And you will always love me, will you not, whatever happens? Whatever any one may say?"

"What can happen?" he asks, after a moment's pause, during which Jeanne's eyes watch his as if her life depended upon his smile or frown. "What can come between us after to-morrow?"

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow," says Jeanne, and she nestles closer against his breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I declare I've been crying all night!" says Georgina. "It's very foolish, I know, but I can't help it. I am so sensitive. It's ridiculous, as mamma says, but one can't help being sensitive, can one?" and she appeals to Aunt Jane, who, with Maud and Mrs. Lambton, is busy superintending the mystery of the bride's toilet.

"I'm sure I cried all night, too," says Maud, with a sigh, "and my eyes must have been crying for as long as I have been looking up at his knees at the feet of the graceful, delicate-looking figure, that looks unnaturally tall in its white garments."

Jeanne looks down—her nose is not red, neither is any other part of the face

white, excepting her lips, which are rather pale.

"No," she says, with a faint smile. "I have not been crying."

"And be sure you don't, my dear," says Mrs. Lambton; "nothing annoys a man so much as to have his bride wiping her eyes and sobbing so that one can't speak when the clergyman asks her. I'm sure when Lambton and me were married I could have cried my heart out; but I dared not, for he would never have let me hear the last of it. Oh, it is a trying time!" and the good lady sighs.

"I'm rather glad," says Aunt Jane, looking up with her mouth full of pins, "that I've escaped such a terrible calamity, if it's so bad as that. If you're frightened, Jeanne, it isn't too late, you know."

"I don't think I feel very frightened," she says.

"Jeanne has so much confidence," murmurs Maud, with her head on one side. "I'm sure I should be ready to sink into my boots, if I stood in her place."

Jeanne smiles.

"Vernon isn't so very terrible, either," says Aunt Jane, gravely.

"Oh, no, I don't mean that. But fancy standing up in the middle of the church—and, oh, I'm sure I couldn't do it."

"Wait until you try," says Aunt Jane. "I've always heard that it is the man who is the most nervous."

"Oh, they have a little brandy and water," says practical Mrs. Lambton.

Jeanne smiles. By no stretch of imagination can she fancy Vernon Vane being nervous or keeping up his courage with brandy and water.

"I remember," says Georgina, "reading in a novel of a bridegroom who actually fainted and knocked the clergyman down!"

Jeanne laughs in spite of herself.

"I don't think Mr. Bell need be much afraid," she says; "and haven't you quite done? I feel like a wax image being dressed for exhibition at Madame Tussaud."

"You look like an angel!" exclaims Maud.

"And we are going to chain her to the earth," says Aunt Jane. "Now, Jeanne, if you've heard enough compliments, you had better come down and take your glass of brandy and water. Ah, I hear the carriage, and this I do know, although I haven't been married, that a bridegroom doesn't like to be kept waiting."

It had been arranged that Vernon Vane, appearing to have no relations, Hal shall be the best man and bridegroom's attendant, accordingly he has gone down to Vernon Vane's lodgings, and is this moment reciting himself out loud, and waiting for his principal, who is dressing.

At the church the Rev. Peter Bell is also waiting, and if he has not been crying like Mesdames Maud and Georgina, he certainly looks anything but cheerful, and his amiable little face wears a resigned and patient smile which is more affecting than a Niagara of tears.

Outside the church door and in the church itself, a small party of villagers and neighbors are congregated and the grizzled head and weather-beaten face of old Griffin is seen shining from above a complete new suit, and looking almost as well as the curate himself.

Maud and Georgina have spent some hours of yesterday in the decoration of the altar with lilies and flowers, and there is a sweet perfume of roses and lilies about the quaint little edifice. Eleven o'clock strikes, and the sexton assists Mr. Bell into his surplice, and begins arranging the books.

Five minutes afterwards and the tall figure of the bridegroom enters, followed by Hal in the most fashionable and costly apparel which it has ever been his fortune to possess. Northward-looking his hat, and a new coat, the youth looks rather pleased with himself, and the pew opener, after a stare of admiring awe at the noble looking bridegroom, casts a smile of keen, affectionate admiration at the boy.

Vernon Vane enters the vestry, and shakes hands with Mr. Bell then turns to Hal.

"Wait outside a moment for me, Hal, will you?" he says, and, as the boy complies, he closes the door.

"Have you the license—the special license, isn't it, Vane?" asks Mr. Bell, who is a firm friend and admirer of his successful rival.

"A special license," said Vernon Vane, and he takes a paper and hands it to him.

"Er—er—let me see," he says. "Is there any other Christian name? I like to know beforehand in case I don't catch it at the altar. Oh, I shall see on the license, shan't I?" and he opens that document again.

"Don't trouble," says Vernon Vane. "I can hear the carriages. I'll tell you the names—there are an absurd number: Vernon Francis Eldsworth Fortescue Vane."

Mr. Bell stares.

"Eldsworth," he says, confusedly. "That's one of the Ferndale family names, isn't it?"

Vernon Vane nods.

"Never mind," he says. "Here they are. I will speak distinctly at the altar."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Bell was certainly far too nervous to examine the special license, and, indeed, there was no time to do so. Vane spoke, they could hear the rattle of the bride's carriage, and the clerk knocked at the vestry door.

Vane followed the curate to the altar, with Hal by his side, and presently there was the rustle of silk and satin, and, just giving the finishing touch to the pretty interior of the old church, came the small procession of the bride and her maid.

Now, there are brides and brides; for instance, there is the tearful bride, whose face assumes for the occasion a swollen and distressed appearance, owing to the quantity of brine which she has expended, and whose frame is shaken by intermittent sobs. Of such would be Maud and Georgina. Then there is the nervous bride, who trembles as if she were being led to execution, and who leans timidly upon the arm of the individual who is to give her away, and who, I do not doubt, delighted to do so. Then there is the matter-of-fact, strong-minded bride, who advances to the hymeneal altar with firm step and composed countenance, and who delivers the responses at the proper time, and in a calm, clear voice, which makes even the bridegroom's tones seem faltering. Now Jeanne was like unto none of these. She had not been crying, for as long as she had been looking up at his knees at the feet of the graceful, delicate-looking figure, that looks unnaturally tall in its white garments.

Jeanne looks down—her nose is not red, neither is any other part of the face

ed a slight quiver of the sweet-ripe lips, and the faint touch of color which ever and again flitted across her face as she moved toward the stalwart figure awaiting her.

Once, and only once, did she raise the long sweeping lashes, and then it was to glance at the handsome face which was turned toward her with half-suppressed smile of pride and impatience.

There was cause for much pride on his part, for Jeanne, as she stood in the subdued light of the stained window, with the tattered battle flags over her head, with her beautiful still face in its frame, work of soft, antique lace, looked a fitting bride for a prince.

Poor Mr. Bell sighed as he turned over the leaves of his prayerbook, and his eyes were dimly lit as he saw that she had to forge the chain which should bind her to another, and his not at any time strong voice sounded woefully weak as he commenced the service which was to make Vane and Jeanne man and wife for better or for worse.

Of course the opening words were the signal for Georgina and Maud to commence crying, which they did in an open, covert way, to the utter ruin of their beauty, and the still further swelling of their already crimson eyelids.

Bell read on, scarcely lifting his eyes from his book; Vane stood straight and stalwart, half turned toward Jeanne; Jeanne herself stood with downcast eyes, the faint flutter of color coming, and going upon her face. Vane's responses came promptly in his deep, musical voice. Jeanne's promptly, yet audibly, and presently his grave voice was heard:

"I, Vernon Francis Eldsworth Fortescue Vane, take thee, Jeanne Bertram, to be my wedded wife."

(To be continued.)

ANXIOUS MOTHERS.

The summer months are a bad time for little ones and an anxious time for mothers. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather, and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. In every home at this season there should be kept a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and at the first symptom of illness they should be given. They promptly cure cholera infantum, diarrhoea and stomach troubles, and are just the thing a mother needs at the time to keep her children well.

Mrs. Frank Moore, Brookfield, N. S., says: "I always keep Baby's Own Tablets on hand in case of emergency. I do not know any other medicine that can equal them in cases of stomach or bowel troubles. And this medicine is absolutely safe—it is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario."

WHY "DAGO" IS OFFENSIVE.

Derived From Diego, a Very Common Spanish Name.

A correspondent contends that the word "dago" ought not to be deemed offensive, as it has what he calls "a very worthy derivation." His explanation is that when the English-speaking Americans reached California, they found so many of the Spanish-speakers answering to the name "Diego" that they hit upon "dago" as a general descriptive term, without meaning to be offensive in its use.

"Dago" is undoubtedly derived from "Diego." The dictionaries say it spread over the United States from Louisiana, here is as first used to describe men of Spanish extraction, and afterward as applied to the Spaniards who came to the United States through New Orleans. But "dago," as a contemptuous or abusive word, is much older than the American acquisition of either California or Louisiana.

Diego was at one time, and probably is yet, the commonest of Spanish Christian names. Several notable and apparently victorious victories in the centuries of war with the Moors, and the Spanish chroniclers in the Spanish chronicles to the aid of San Diego, or Santiago, or St. James the Elder, who was seen charging the enemy clad in brilliant armor and mounted on a white horse.

Thus Diego became the Spanish name of patron saint, and the ancient Spanish war cry was "St. James, and Forward, Spain!"

When English merchant ships began to frequent Spanish ports with regularity their crews and so many of the Spaniards with whom they had to work called "Diego" that this proper name was speedily corrupted into a common noun descriptive of all working class Spaniards. And they British seamen passed Diego to the all-wise workmen, whose language sounded like Spanish as "dagos," just as they later came to call all North Europeans "Dutchmen," whose mother tongue was not English or French.

However, the masses mankind of any nation are prone to consider all who do not understand their mother tongue as inferior to themselves. The illiterate Frendman is always surprised that the English nation should understand French, and vice versa. When the ancient Greeks called those who did not understand Greek, "barbarians," they seem to have meant "those who do not speak intelligibly," or "those who are not human. And so any one who does not understand us is certain to have contemptuous implication.

Of course, the word "dago" is not always used offensively. The other day a Chicago tradesman was heard to speak of the Italian fruit vendor before his shop, to whom he would, on occasion, intrust his care, as "the dago." But in the overwhelming majority of cases "dago" is used offensively. Our fellow-citizen of Italian extraction properly resent it, just as black Americans properly resent being called "niggers."

In spite of its derivation and long use "dago" is a term to be avoided, and it will be avoided by all persons whose self-respect moves them to respect the feelings of others.

Keeping Tab on Mrs. Honeymoon.

(The Sketch.)
Mrs. Honeymoon (to husband in railway carriage) "You love me, don't you?"

Old Party (confidentially, from the other end of the carriage) "I love you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I leave the score with the gentleman by the window."

Nell—She refused him, twice, but married him after all. But what are marriages always equal to an affair of the heart.

The Peace Envoys.

Antecedents of Muravieff and Rosen, Russian, and Komura and Takahira, Japanese Commissioners.

N. V. Muravieff was born in 1830, and is a member of one of the oldest families of Russia, which has been prominent in the empire ever since the year 1488, when the Muravieffs obtained the landed estates in the Government of Novgorod, which they have held ever since. Early in life he gained a great reputation in Russia as an authority on law, and in 1892 he was appointed President of the Criminal Section of the Senate, which is the highest court in the empire. In January, 1894, on the death of M. Manas-

first Administration, and he still retains his membership in the Metropolitan Club at Washington.

In 1893 the Baron was appointed Minister to Tokyo, and remained there until the outbreak of the war with Japan. Baron Rosen was appointed Ambassador to the United States in succession to Count Cassini in May last.

Baron Jutaro Komura, the Foreign Minister of Japan, was educated in the United States, and was formerly Japanese Minister at Washington, where he was succeeded by M. Takahira, the present Minister. On leaving the United States Komura went to St. Petersburg as Minister of Japan. When the war was sent to Peking as Minister to China. Later, in September, 1901, he was made Foreign Minister and in February, 1902, was made a Baron.

As Foreign Minister Komura engaged in the long negotiations with Baron Rosen which culminated in the great struggle, which has resulted so disastrously for Russia.

Komura was one of the first Japanese to come to the United States for his education, and is said to be the first Japanese who received a degree at Harvard. He is a great admirer of the United States and has many friends in this country.

Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Minister to the United States, was born in 1854, in the Province of Iwate, Northern Japan. He was educated at the Imperial College at Tokyo, where he devoted much attention to the study of English and French, both of which languages he speaks fluently. Immediately after being graduated he entered the service of the Government, and after occupying an obscure position in the Foreign Office



AMBASSADOR MURAVIEFF,
Russian Envoy to Italy and formerly
Minister of Justice.

seign, he was appointed Minister of Justice, and under his direction the judicial reform of the Government of Astrakhan and Archangel and the various provinces of Siberia was carried through.

In August, 1903, the Czar appointed M. Muravieff arbitrator at the Hague of the dispute between Venezuela and the allied European powers, and in October of the same year he was made President of the Venezuelan Tribunal. At the Hague of M. Muravieff increased his reputation as an international lawyer and displayed great gifts of eloquence and acumen.

M. Muravieff is a brother of the late Count Muravieff, the famous Foreign Minister, who died suddenly in 1900—a suicide, according to report.

Baron Roman Romanovitch Rosen is not only an earnest advocate of peace and an opponent of Russia's "forward" policy in the far east, but is also better liked and more greatly trusted by the Japanese than perhaps any other subject of the Czar. He comes of very old Swedish stock. His ancestors followed the banners of Gustavus Adolphus in the invasion of Russia in the seventeenth century, and settled in Lithuania, where the family estates are situated. The Rosens have given Russia many distinguished



BARON KOMURA,
Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

for about three years he was appointed, in 1879, an attaché of the legation at Washington. Later he was advanced to the Secretary of Legation, and served some months as Charge d'Affaires.

He was recalled in 1883 and appointed to a Secretaryship in the Foreign Office, where he remained until 1885. His next diplomatic position was that of Charge at Seoul, Korea, where he remained until 1887, when he was transferred to Shanghai, where he acted as Consul General until 1890. Again he returned to the Foreign Office and was made Chief of the Political Bureau, and a year later became Consul General at New York. In 1892 he was made Minister at the Hague, then he was appointed Minister to Italy, and later he was sent to Vienna.

While he was Minister to Italy the China-Japanese war broke out, and he rendered valuable service to his country in the negotiations connected with that war. While at Vienna he negotiated treaties for his Government with Austria-Hungary and Switzerland. He was again recalled to Tokyo and made Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs, which office he held until he was sent to the United States as Minister.

FRESH AIR AND THE BURGLAR.

The principles of living as much as possible in the fresh air should, of course, extend to the bedroom, although there is a common but erroneous impression that night air is unsuitable, if not dangerous, for respiration during sleep. As a matter of fact, night air is generally purer than the air by day, since it is freer from suspended particles of dust—bacteriological entities which arise from the disturbance of the day's traffic. Night air is, moreover, comparatively free from the pollutions of the chimney, but it is naturally cooler than in the daytime and often deposits moisture, especially on an unclouded night when the radiation of the earth proceeds rapidly. Such moisture is, however, deposited on rapidly cooling surfaces and is not likely to be formed in the bedroom. The sleeper is, as a rule, adequately protected against changes of temperature by the powerful non-conducting property of the bed-clothes, and, of course, it is desirable that no part of the body should be directly exposed to a cold draught. There can be no doubt that the inspiration of fresh, pure air during sleep considerably promotes the well-being of the individual and gives him a much stronger sense of recuperation than when a supply of fresh air is excluded. Oxidation and the destruction of toxic germs are encouraged in the former case, while in the latter the inspired air, by means of respiration may be breathed again and again. Many persons who are professed followers of the doctrine of fresh air are precluded from carrying their convictions on this point into practice at night because they fear that leaving windows open will give an easy opportunity to the burglar. And in many houses, especially in the suburbs and country, such is undoubtedly the case. It is a pity that such fears tend to prevent the healthy policy of sleeping in the fresh air from being carried out, but there should be no difficulty in overcoming them. The fact that the majority of persons sleep during a third part of their lives in bedrooms, the desirability of respiration of the importance of the admission of fresh air into bedrooms,



AMBASSADOR TAKAHIRA,
Japanese Envoy to America.

generals, writers and diplomats. Baron Rosen's brother is one of the greatest Russian authorities on Arabia, and the Baron is a man of the highest cultivation, speaking English, French, German, Italian and Japanese, and being a deep student of history and international law.