The Refreshing Fragrance

Blue Rebbo

TEA is the comfort of all the women who have tried it. TIRED NERVES are soothed and tired muscles INVIGORATED. THE FLAVOR IS MOST DELICIOUS.

Only One Best Tea. Blue Ribbon's It.

"Another queen!" says Jeanne, musingly, her eyes fixed upon the fairy-like towers. "I didn't know there was more than one queen in England."

"Queen Jeanne!" he says, tenderly.

"Queen Jea—" Then she sinks back and turns pale. "Is—is that—" She is too overpowered, too bewildered and amazed to conclude the question.

sailing in over the bar. It is the Nancy Bell. Jeanne knows whose hand painted it, and her eyes fill with happy—too happy—tears. The old lady watches her from a respectful distance.

"When—do you know how this came here?" she asks.

"My lord sent it a week age, and gave directions where it was to be hung, my lady."

land."

"Queen Jeanne!" he says, tenderly.

"Queen Jea—" Then she sinks back and turns pale. "Is—is that—" She is too overpowered, too bewildered and amazed to conclude the question.

"That is Ferndale Castle," he says, lightly, and adds more etnderly: "Your future home, if you should take to it, Jeanne—if not—well, we will try some

"Our future home—yes," says Jeanne.
"But it seems all so unreal."
"It has stood for a good many centuries, too," says Vane, trying to laugh

ther awe away.

The next moment Jeanne sees a huge pair of gates fly open, the mellow notes

of a horn arise upon the summer evening, and Vane says, cheerily: "We have just passed the lodge gates." Then, in a brilliant panorama, passes velvety lawns, with glittering beds of flowers set, jewel-like, in their midst; the ground rises, with terraces of white marble and statuary, tier on tier; then, with a sweep, the road winds around to the front of Ferndale Castle itself.

Instantly, as if their approach had been anxiously watched and awaited, handsome liveries appear at all the doors; the carriage is surrounded by attentive and several tentions and several tentions. doors; the carriage is surrounded by attentive and eager, yet not bustling, servants, the great hall doors clang open, and Vanc, drawing Jeanne's hand within his arm, walks up a long double line of servants into what looks to Jeanne like old, glistening oak, battle flags and stained windows—but it is only the hall. Here and there are more servants, in full Here and there are more servants, in that and most claborate liveries, looking particularly splendid in the light which passes, many-colored, through the painted windows. It is a scene so grand, so rich, and withal so noble, that Jeanne would think it nothing but the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, but for the presence of the strong arm that holds

would think it nothing but the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, but for the pressure of the strong arm that holds hers, and Vane's dep voice, as he says: "Welcome home, darling!"
Suddenly, noiselessly, the glittering crowd of liveries seem to melt. Jeanne finds herself, still leaning on her husband's arm, ascending the great staircase, up which, as far as width is concerned, they might very well have been conveyed by the travelling carriage.

"Look over, Jeanne," he says, when they reach a wide, sheltering gallery. "See, down there on that marble floor, many a struggle has been fought out, Once the Roundheads laid siege to the place, and—confound them—took it. The men fought to the last, even to the very on fought to the last, even to the very last, and it lay strewed with—but never mind. We'll put these cheerful stories off until your dinner; which, by the way,

when will you have?"

Jeanen stares and blushes, but says, "Oh, very soon, please, I am so

gry."
"So am I," says Vane, and he turns to the grave-looking individual who come to met them. "Southall, tell them to le us have some dinner in half an hour, in

he small room."

The man went of with noiseless alac rity, and Jeanne, loogink over the huge thickly carved oak balustrades, saw his

thickly-carved oak bandstrades, saw insblack form disappearing in the distance of the church-like hall.

"It is magnificent," she says, looking up shyly. "I shall awake directly, and find I have been asleep. Vernon, I am afraid to speak above my breath here."
He laughs

Twill be scolding me at the top of its voice in a week's time, little wife,"

he says.

Jeanne blushes and bends her head lower, but suddenly looks around and sees an old lady approaching, dressed in plain, black silk, and looking more spruce and tidy than ever did Aunt Jane.

Can this be a relation? But the old lady comes straight up to hem, beckened by Vane's hand, and them, beckened by Vane's hand, and, dropping a respectful, not to say awed, courtesy, says, in her lowest of soft

Poor Jeanne looks around to see when

her ladyship may be, then suddenly, recollecting herself, smiles shyly.

"This is Mrs. Fleming ,the housekeep er," explains Vane, in his careless fash ion. "Hope you're well, Mrs. Fleming That's right. Will you send her lady

ship's maid?"
"Will her ladyship permit me to conduct her?" says the old lady, gently. thought"—she was going to say he ladyship would bring her own maid" but stopped in time and looked gently at

be left of me but my skeleton!" and with a laugh he touches her arm lovingly and

goes on to his own rooms.

Jeanne looks after him for a moment then follows the old lady down a corri-dor, which has its old oak relieved by exquisite paintnigs on panels of du gold. Gradually the decorations grow

lighter character, and presently the old lady opens a door and ushers Jeanne, with a little courtesy, into a Jeanne, with a little courtesy, into a delicious little room, furnished in exquisof childish delight, she runs across

ece.
It is a picture of gray cliffs and oring sky, with billowy sea, and a boat shef, who has spent a good many hours mon said. Did we not decide, we two, swered. Probably it was my father."

THE RESERVE THE RE

"It—it is a picture of my boat, and "It—it is a picture of my boat, and

"It—It is a picture of my obat, and
Newton Regis, where I come from !"
says Jeanne, explaining.
"Yes, my lady." says Mrs. Fleming.
"This is your ladyship's own room. This
is the dressing room," she adds, opening
another door, "and the next is your another door, "and the next is your ladyship's bed-chamber. That door leads to my lord's rooms. They have been decorated and refurnished en suite, my lady. Is there any alterations your jadyship would like made—"" "They are simply perfect," says Jeanne "and what a lovely view!"

"The best from the castle, though they are all beautiful," says Mrs. Fleming. "Will your ladyship aflow me to remove your hat?"

Jeanne blushes, then with her old can

Jeanne blushes, then with her old, can-Jeanne blushes, then with her old, candid laugh, shakes her haad.

"I have never had a maid in my life," she says. "I—I think I'll manage, butdon't go, please," she says, as the old lady, dropping a courtesy, moves away. "You shall stay in case I want help. Oh, where are my boxes?"

"In the dressing-room, my lady,' 'says

Mrs. Fleming. "I made haste to get them up while your ladyship was down-stairs and I will get what your ladyship requires.
It is all magic, Jeanne thinks.

"Oh, yea, thank you. Well, then, there is a thin black lace dress there—"

Mrs. Fleming goes to a wardrobe instantly, and Jeanne with a sensation o

never requiring her hands any more, resigns herself into her care.
"Your ladyship must be very tired,"
says the old lady, setting about her task in the gentlest manner, and wondering where my lord found this exquisite flower with the child-woman's smile and soft, silky hair.

"I am, and I am not," says Jeanne, leaning back with a luxurious sense of rest, as Mrs. Fleming loosens the mass of silken hair and brushes it gently—alnost lovingly; "and you are the house

"Yes, my lady."
Jeanne sighs rather wistfully.
"I wish——"

Mrs. Fleming suspends her task.
"Yes, your ladyship."
"I wish you were my maid,"

Jeanne, frankly.

The old lady's face lightens up.

The old lady's face lightens up.

"Your ladyship is very good to say
so," she says; "you have only to say so;
there is no difficulty—my duties are
very light."

"They will be very light so far as I
am concerned," says Jeanne, laughing.

"I am sure of that, my lady; too
light"

It is all settled. "If I wanted a white elephant, I sup-nose I should get it!" thinks Jeannne. 'Yes, it is a great thing to be rich and powerful, for all Vernon says to the

ontrary."
With deft hands Mrs. Fleming ar ranges the lace dress, fixes a flower in blush pink gloves, fastens them, and pronounces the toilet finished.

"You must show me the way down," says Jeanne, "or I shall lose myself in the castle keep, perhaps."

"It wiln ot be the first time in the his

tory of the castle that a lady has found herself there," says Mrs. Fleming, with her gentle smile.

Jeanne follows her down the stairs and across the broad hall, but there he further services are endeed unnecssary

by the appearance of Vane, who, in even-ing dress, awaits her.

Mrs. Fleming musing, watches them— the slight, girlish figure against the stai wart broad-shouldered one—for a mo-ment, with something like a tear in her

"God bless her sweet heart !" murmurs the old lady. "She be a flower, indeed! No wonder he loves her—the heart of a tone she'd coax."

Oh, mesdames, if you only knew ho beneath you. If any one had been required to die for my Lady Jeanne, Mrs. Fleming would have been quite ready to go cheerfully to the stake or the block in her stead. In ten minutes the select servants had

een informed that "my lady" was th st beautiful creature that ever the sun shone on—and an angel!" exclaimed Mrs. Fleming. "I wonder how long they have been married! Just like my lord

o keep everything so secret!"
"Poor Vernon!" says Jeanne, caress
ngly, as they enter the room in which
linner has been laid, and sae look round at the exquisite decorations of abdued grey, lit here and there by a on must have suffered in those rooms the Park! I can understand now!

There are averal footmen hovering to and fro, but at a signal from Vane, the butler, a staid old gentleman, dismisses them, and himself waits, which, if Jeanne them, and himself waits, which, if Jeanne are no crossings, no erasures, every word only knew it, is a great and marvellous is distinctly written, and—Heaven! how

Jeanne-hungry Jeannejeanne—anngry seanne—whose exper-ience of dinners is limited to those ar-ranged by sunt Jane, and the heavy-handed solidity of the pastry-cook, thinks it simply delicious, and would say so if she did not fear the butter would exso it she did not rear the butter would experie on the spot. But Vane does not seem to entertain any dread, and is just as bluff and cheery and simple as of old; once he actually so far forgets himself as to get up and fill Jeanne's glass, laying his hand, as he does so, on her white, warm shoulder with a laying cares. If warm shoulder with a loving caress. If the butter is shocked he manages to con-ceal his emotion admirably, and waits, like an exquisitely-fashioned machine, all eyes and ears for their lordship and ladyshin's wants and none for their eyes and ears for their locasing ladyship's wants, and none for their manners. At last the staid old gentlement solemnity, a man brings in, with great solemnity, a tiny bottle, all crusted and cobwebbed, and, handling it with the tenderest care, uncorks it and places it at Vane's elbow. Then, with a bow which would have be-

come a bishop, noiselessly disappears.
Vane takes up the little wicker cradle in which the bottle lies.
"The old port," he says, with a laugh. "Tully is in an admirable humor to-night.
I don't get this every day in the week,
Jeanne. It strikes me rather forcibly that this is intended as a compliment you. You'll have to help me to finish it; Tully would die of grief and disgust it we left any of it. Come, for his sake, if not for mine," and again he leans over, Jeanne's laughing protest is of no avail, and the wine—well worthy of Tul. y's adoration—is finished. Then Vane iraws aside a curtain, and Jeanne sees beside it a small conservatory of choice ferns, amid which is a Cupid pouring spray of silvery water from a shell—a dainty little drawing room in which Mr. Lambton would have felt anything but at home, for lack of crimson and gold,

of which in this exquisite little room there was absolutely none.

"So this is a fairy palace? And will you turn out a wicked magician or an ogre, Vernon?" says Jeanne, archly, "There are nothing but surprise at every turn—who would have dreamed of this dear little conservatory, and those ferns

which in this exquisite little room

those ferns?"
"Mind the water!" he says, laughing, as some of Cupid's spray falls fightly on her hair. "I used to smoke here," he adds, "when I was a happy bachelor. When a man's single he lives at his ease. Ah, well, I suppose I shall have to turn out in the smoking-room—a huge apartment, in which I feel like a fly in Hyde Park!-or go into my own den, per haps?"

'No," says Jeanne; "you shall smoke "Can't, mum," he says, laughingly;
"what would Mrs. Fleming and Tully
say? Jeanne, I am glad you have come
to be the mistress, for when I do anything wrong I shall slink of and leave
you to battle with the real master and
mistress..."

"Why? says Jeanne, opening her eyes wide. "I believe they would burn the place down, and throw themselves on the

sabes, if you wished it. No, you shall smoke here."
"Or here," he says, going to an open window and stepping onto the terrace.

Jeanne follows, and there is another surprise in the grand view, which lies stretched out beyond the apparently in-terminable gardens, and backed up by

the glorious Surrey hills.
"Oh-beautiful-beautiful!" she ex-"Yes," he says: "they say it is the finest view of its kind in Eigland. Where is my cigarette-case? Here, Tully," he calls out to the butler, whose shadow is thrown from one of the windows, "send

Willis"—(Wils was Vane's valet)—"up for my cigarette-case; there are some cigars, too, in my coat; tell him to empty the pocket and bring the contents." Jeanne moves about the room, discov

ering fresh delights at every turn, and presently comes upon a pianette standing in a recess. "Oh, Vernon!" she says, "will you come and play?"

He goes in at once and sits down,

lrawing her close beside him, and play softly, then suddenly sings the song he sang on that first evening at the Gate

Willis, the valet, waits outside, re spectfully, then knocks once, twice, be-fore he is heard, for Jeanne is kneeling with her face hidden upon her lover's breast. springs to her feet at the sound

"The swift, low "ah" is occasioned by

the sight of an unopened letter lying among the cigar-case, match-box, and what-nots on Willis' salver. He takes it, slips it into his pocket and

goes out onto the terrace.

"Play for me now, Jeanne," he says, lighting a cigarette, and Jeanne plays.

Leaning against the terrace he looks into the sweet summer night softly sleeping under the shadow of the hills, and thinks—well, a man who is grasping his thinks—well, a man who is grasping his overbrimming cup of happiness does not

Jeanne, innocent as a child, happy as child, and in years as one, sings softly, almost to herself, and—the letter still remains unopened. emains unopened.
Suddenly, as he feels for his matchbox

his hand touches it, and he takes it from is pocket—takes it and eyes it sus-iciously, half-fearfully, and with the epignance of a man looking at a beau-

tiful but deadly reptile.

For a moment he turns it over, and then is about to replace it in his pocket, when, as with an effort, he forces himself to open it. Even then he might have escaped, and

have quaffed that cup of happiness to his heart's content, for there is not enough light falling from the room on the terrace to read the letter by; but his terrace to read the letter by; but his evil genius—that evil genius which, so the superstitious legend declares, haunts a Ferndale at his happiest moments—im-pels him to go to the window of the din-ing-room, and there, with an impatient gesture, of distasteful reluctance, he un-folds the letter. As he does so it gives folds the letter. As he does so it give out a delicate perfume, which almost de cides him to return the letter to his poc-ket, for he knows the persume and hates

he calls the warnings of his letter gen ius, he goes to the window and reads there is an elaborately emblazoned crest on the head of the paper; the writing

it bites.

It is not an elaborate dinner—which are detests—but its simplicity is renared elevent and extistic by the French

The distinctly written, and—Heaven! how it bites.

My Dear Vane—Do you think—you who know me—that I could let your marriage gass by without a word? No.

in designing and perfecting it, so as to make it suit both my lord the marquis and his bride.

Jeanne—hungry Jeanne—whose experthat though parting and parted, we would entertain no vulgar animosities, but though we could not be lovers, would still be friends? Well, dear Vane, let still be friends? Well, dear Vane, let me wish you joy. Let me in spirit min gle my slipper and handful of rice with those of your friends who witnessed your departure from the home of your bride. There, I know them in fancy, and with all my heart—yes, with all my heart—for Vane, I do wish you happiness, and all the more heartily because you know how of old I used to prophesy that you would never know it yourself, Ah, Vane, do you remember how I used to tease you on the score of those strange fancies, those sad doubts of yours? Do you remember how I used

yours? Do you remember how I used to laughingly protest that you would never be satisfied until you had worked out that absurd whim of yours—that idea of casting aside for a time the coronet and the castle, and seeking some simple girl who would love you—you, the man, not the marquis—for yourself al one? I used to laugh at it, but they tell me that you have actually put that absurd idea into form and practice, and

absurd idea into form and practice, and that you tried to play the peasant, and like a king in disguise, wooed and won some charming, innocent, and unsophisticated beggar-girl. Well, I laughed, and of course you will laugh with me, now that your plan dropped through and your disguise was penetrated.

Ah, Vane, I think you must have loved her indeed, not half-heartedly as you loved—well, one who shall be nameless; you must have loved her, or you would have left her when you found that she knew with whom she was falling in love, and was not blind to the advantages of a coronet and a marquisate. Tell me, and was not blind to the advantages of a coronet and a marquisate. Tell me, Vane, weren't you rather jealous, too—(not rather, but very, or I do not know you!)—when you found that you had not been the first, and that Clarence Fitzjames had tried to pick and wear in his button-hole the flower which you his button-hole the flower which you thought you alone had discovered?

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

The best medicine in the world to war The best medicine in the world to ward off summer complaints is Baby's Own Tablets, and it is the best medicine to cure them if they attack little ones unexpectedly. At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the child Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. These Tablets cure all stomach troubles, diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if occasionally given to the well child will prevent them. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont.. says: "I used Baby's Own Gregor, Ont., says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl, who suffered from colic and bowel troubles, and I Tablets for my little girl, who suffered from colic and bowel troubles, and I found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." This is the experience of all mothers who have used this medicate in the same distribution of the same distribu cine. Keep the Tablets in the home dur-ing the hot weather months and you can feel that your children are safe. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medi-cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROFITS OF THE SUEZ CANAL

Rates to be Lowered Again to Keep Divi-

dends Below 25 Per Cent. "'Tis forty years since," and what difference between then and now! At that time men were saying the Suez Canal never would or could pay operating expenses. At the present time its profits are so enormous that the company is compelled again and again to reduce the tolls in order to keep the dividends with-in legal bounds. Of a truth, Mr. Greenwood was prescient, when, 30 years ago, he persuaded the British Government to he persuaded the British Government to buy the Khedive's shares. Lord Derby, the Foreign Minister, did not like the scheme. Sir Stafford Northcote, Chan-cellor of the Exchequer, distinctly dis-approved it. Disraeli himself, Prime Minister, was doubtful.

It did not seem a tempting thing to

It did not seem a tempting thing to pay \$20,000,000 for shares, the interest on which had been mortgaged for nine teen years. But Mr. Greenwood was persistent. He pointed out that most of the shares, apart from the Khedive's, were held in France, while 86 per cent of the French pockets. reduced, France answered that if England did not like the canal she might send her commerce by the old route around the Cape. In the end Mr. Greenwood's plans prevailed, and the British Govern

nent paid \$20,000,000 for shares that are now worth \$140,000,000. A curious error was made in a despatch other day, which said this year's dividend was only 14.1 per cent. Not for a long time has it been so low. The patch should have said it was 141 france a share, a far different thing. As the shares are of 500 france each, the dividend at the rate of 28.8 per cent., or just twice what was at first stated Just twice what was at 11rst stated, Last year's dividend was 130 francs a share, or 26 per cent. Now the London agreement binds the company not to ap-propriate profits of more than 25 per cent, but to reduce the tolls as much and as often as may be necessary to keep them down to that figure. That is why

It did reduce tolls two years ago from 1 to 81½ francs a ton, but still the profits kept on increasing and pushing the dividend above the 25 per cent. limit There are those who reckon that if the tolls were now reduced to 6 france the company would still be able to declare a yearly dividend of 25 per cent., and that i few years hence a still further reduction can be made without impairment of the legal divident.—New York Tri-

A Tilted Man's Triumph, Mrs. Williams Freeman, the novelist, odded toward an angular woman of

orbidding aspect at a tea.
"You would hardly believe," she said. "that she was once a very beautiful girl.
And she was as van and selfish as she
was beautiful. She jilted three desirable

young men in two years.

"She had, I suppose, a good time while her beauty lasted. Now her beauty is beauty lasted. Now her beauty is ne and she is alone in the world—a ard, cruel old woman, with a bitter

now, if they are vindictive and cruel enough, may triumph over her. One of the men she jilted was suffi-ciently cruel and vindictive for such a ciently cruel and vindictive for such a triumph. She met him a few years ago

ther who proposed to me when I was a girl?" "I don't know, madam,' the man an-

CURRENT COMMENT

wheat corner. And it is to be hoped that sociation in this city, the price was some the right crowd will get hit. The town of Escanaba, Michigan, has had to borow \$60,000 to keep its lighting plant running and pay off a \$10,000 defi-

had the taxes to fall back on. Russia is gradually getting down. Sho doesn't shy at talk of an indemnity now. A few days ago she wouldn't recognize

the word

it. A private company would not have

New York has 6,997 acres of parks, valued at \$297,680,000, or \$77.56 per capita of the population. It is a large in vestment, but far from being large

It turns out that there is no truth in the story that the survey of the international line gives Canada some villages supposed to be in Vermont. The eagle may doze away.

Borax in Canadian butter is the complaint now made by British critics. The Canadian who drugs butter for export does a great injury to our trade. He should be brought up short and made to suffer for his offence.

The crop scare fellows are at work. Don't be fooled by them. Present indications are for more than an average crop in most of the wheat-growing countries. Those stories of rust and blight are intended for the wheat pit.

If it be true that the Internationa Boundary survey puts Richford, East Richford and Stevens Mills villages on the Canadian side what a howl we may look for from the screamers south of the The Suez Canal shares are now paying

dividend of 28 per cent., and the proportion of British shipping passing through the canal has risen from 60.2 per cent. in 1900, to 65.9 per cent. in 1904. And the rates have been greatly Now begin to watch for meteors when

ou are out late with Mary Helen. The earth is now passing through the zone of the Perseids, and from now till the middle of August the meteoric visitants will probably be numerous. The maximum display will be about August 10, the meteors radiating from the constellation of

Russia appears to be making up her nind that having had her little dance she must pay the piper. And the bill will not be small. If Japan is modest she may ask \$1,500,000,000. And if she insists upon it Russia must pay it. It is a lot of money. In Canadian silver coins it would weigh about 107,150,000 Troy oounds. A good counter working ten hours daily and counting sixty dollars a minute could, if he took no periods of rest, count it in a little less than 133 years. It is a big sum to think of; a crushing penalty to have to pay.

English physicians have rung the doom traffic through the canal was British. So British commerce must pay tolls into f the strawberry. It is said to cause French pockets. The tolls were high and when England asked that they be London physicians says strawberries are gout of a most excruciating kind. A London physicians says strawberries are positively poison to some constitutions. The ankle and knee become tender and show slight swelling. Before the swelling the patient invariably experiences sharp shooting pains in the knee and ankle joints. Other victims are affected in the small of the back. Non-drinkers do not escape the complaint, and many temperance people who have consulted their local doctors have been pluntly told to knock off drink for a week or two. Of course a qualified apology follows when the disease has been afterwards diagnosed as strawberry gout. Now must we give up the straw-

It seems that all of the Hubbard's side with Mr. Dillon Wallace in the difficulty between him and the widow of the Labrador explorer. Daisy Hubbard Williams, a sister of the dead man, vrites to the New York Sun to say that the estrangement between Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Wallace is not shared by other members of Mr. Hubbard's family. She continues:

His father, mother, brother and sister, who would be the first to take up arms were Mr. Hubbard's life to be avenged unite in giving Mr. Wallace their heartunite in giving Mr. Wallace their heart-felt thanks, not only for putting forth all possible effort to save Mr. Hubbard, even at the risk of his own life, but for bringing his body back from an unmarked grave in an unknown country to a quiet resting place in Haverstraw.

Mr. Wallace might have gone to the Mr. Wallace might have gone to the trappers' lodge with Elson but he chose to remain by his friend, making a long and painful journey to a cache where lay the few precious bits of flour with which he hoped to save his friend's life. During the trip back to compare the property of the compared to the c During the trip back to camp where Hubbard lay Wallace was lost and his feet frozen. He suffered not only mental agony but physical as well, for friend-ship's sake; while, had he gone with Elship's sake; while, had been warm and well.

Mr. Hubbard's family has no blame,
whatever to lay on Mr. Wallace.

There is a disappointing stiffness in the radium market that bodes ill for its free úses in mediciné, where much was expected of it. When Dr. Roswell Park, "My slightest wish is law with him."

It looks as if somebody stood to lose the eminent Buffalo surgeon, delivered good round sum in that Winnipeg his interesting lecture to the Medical Asthing under \$1,000,000 an ounce, and none of the members present appeared to run much danger from carrying large quantities of the commmodity in their clothes or emergency cases. Dr. Park thought he saw a chance for increasing the available supply from certain ores found in the United States, and which were then being exploited. The radium market, however, remains as tight as ever, indicating that there has been no great increase in the supply. The other day Sir William Ramsay told a representative of the London Telegraph that as much as \$100 a miligramme was being demanded for radium owing to the difficulty of obtaining further supply. An authority on the question says that as much radium as could be got for £2 last winter would now cost £100, and the price is steadily advancing. He adds that strong radium is being manufactured by only one man that he knows of, a German named Giesel, and the quantity available is exceedingly small. He does not believe that there has been more than half an ounce of radium manufactured since Mme. Curie discovered the new element. It is known that two mines in Cornwall were believed to have radioactive pitch-blende, and a British company was formed to exploit them, but

the venture was abandoned. Now, here is an opening for the pros pector and chemist. With radium at \$100 a miligramme, or over \$3,118,000 a Troy ounce, and a brisk demand, the stake is a large one. The man who finds mine of radio-active mineral in his back yard will be able to afford porterhouse steak and this years' spring lamb chops, to laugh at the exactions of the ugar combine, and to receive a plumber's bill for repairs without that shaky feeling about the knees that no man of experience needs to have minutely de-

CHANGE NEEDED.

Sanitarium Life Not One for Permanent Benefie,

(Chicago Chronicle.) The consumptive, brown and robust, ad just returned to town from a month in a sanatorium on a mountain top.

He had lived altogether out of doors, walking and reading in the wind and sunshine. He had eaten three hearty meals a day along with two quarts of rich milk and a half-dozen raw eggs by way of extra.

Now, twenty pounds heavier, his eyes clear, his walk springy, his face sun-

clear, his walk springy, his face sun-browned like a sailor's, he looked a healthier man than his physician, Yet

"He looks cured, doesn't he?" he said.
"Well, he is cured, but the cure is not
permanent.
"Take anybody, sick or well, and put them fresh air, sunshine, raw eggs, rich milk, rare beef, and so on, and they will gain in weight and vigor, just as this sumptive has done. You'd gain.

"But when we return to town and resume our ordinary life, what we gained we'd lose. We'd fall back to mal, to our normal, again. And that consumptive is going to fall back to his nor-

of a new air and of a new scene here, and without that stimulus his big appe-tite will leave him. He'll try to stuff still on eggs and milk, but he won't be able to do it. His stomach will go back on him. The rich, fat-making food will

nake him sick." "I know. I've seen hundreds of such eases. The thirty pounds gained in a month will be lost again in three weeks. "Why doesn't he stay at the sanator-m? Well, even supposing he could stay here, do you know what would happen? there, do you know what would nappen?
The strangeness, the novelty, would pass
off there, too; the abnormal appetite
would fail, and up on the wind-swept
mountains, the same as here in the stuffy there, do you know city, the man's stomach would go back on him—the rich milk and the raw eggs would begin to sicken him—he would re-turn, as we must all return, to normal, to the hopeless normal of the phthisical."

A Kansas City girl, according to the Times of that city, has the usual curisity of her sex, especially about men whom she has just met. She ascertains the facts about them, too, by a simple method, without subleties. If she wishes to know a man's business, whether he has mentioned It or not, she'll ask:

"Where did you say you live?"

But she found a man recently upon whom her method would not work. His reply has had her curious ever since. It was at a small dance on the South Side. Some of the girls were wondering what the business of young man was. The girl with the method heard them talking and volunteered to find out. When the young man

drew near she asked: "What did you say your business is, r. So-and-So?" Mr. So and So?"

He had not mentioned his business and he knew it. With a perfect solemn face he replied: "I am a gig catcher for a geewobble

pede down in Walnut street, Miss Blank." Small Wish,

"And do you think, dearest," queried the young man in the case, "that your father will consent to our marriage?"