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LOVE AND A TITLE

"Yes, sir; I've got my guernsey on. Cold can't get through that. It's better than a great-coat, though aunt says I look like the London costermonger, or one of the fishermen here at the Cliff." Vernon Vance reached his hand on the boy's shoulder with a smile, and Hal rattles on from one subject to another; Jeanne walks in silence by their side, occasionally glancing from the handsome face of the man to the frank face of the boy.

As they near the village one or two persons pass them, greet Jeanne, and touch their hats to the artist. Mr. Vernon Vance has been a fortnight in Newton Regis, and is still an unsolved enigma. He has made one friend only, and that is the boy by his side; all attempts at making his acquaintance have been met by a grave courtesy much more effective than the most bizarre rudeness.

He is to be seen, almost at all hours of the day, either upon the cliff or in the woods, sometimes sitting on a felled tree or boulder, sketching, or striding along with his pipe in his mouth, and apparently lost in thought.

Hal is the only one who has been able to approach him, and within the boy's heart has sprung up that worshipping kind of love which only a boy's heart is capable of.

Newton Regis has, of course, occupied itself with conjectures and surmises, but they have all resolved themselves into this: That the stranger who has come among them is an artist, and means to live to himself.

That he is poor is also evident. His lives, as Mrs. Brown says, with uplifted hands, "like a monk"; and many a ploughman has seen him bringing a crust of bread for his pipe in his mouth, and walking up and down before the small sketching-stand to keep himself warm.

The children knew most of him, for he rarely passed a group of them in his walks; but he would stop and exchange a word with them, always striding on however, if any grown-up person came in sight.

As he walks by his side, pondering over all that has happened for many an hour during the last fortnight, until, though as he said, they have met so few times, she seems already to have known him for some time.

Presently they turn into the village street, and Hal, catching Vernon Vance's arm, exclaims:

"You won't come in to-night, sir, won't you, Jeanne? I'm sure, if you'll look across at her—Jeanne!—try and persuade Mr. Vance to come in to tea with us. He always refuses me—now you try."

Jeanne looks up. "Will you come in with us?" she says, earnestly.

He hesitates. "Don't" pleads Hal. Jeanne's face flushes slightly. "You should not worry Mr. Vance too much, Hal; perhaps he dislikes being asked."

"I dislike refusing," he says. "I will come, and thank you very much. Hal exists a glances of delight at Jeanne, but Jeanne does not respond. Just as Hal opens the gate, a mail phaeton comes rattling down the street.

Jeanne looks around in time to see the Honorable Fitzjames driving, and he seeing her, whips off his hat; and evidently tries to pull up the spirited bays; but before he can do so Jeanne has followed and closed the gate.

An ordinary London boy for a week, came around and threw himself at Vance's feet; the servant brought in candles, and thereby changed Jeanne's hair to a brighter gold. Quietly she arose and went to the piano, as was evidently her custom to do; Uncle John settled back in his chair, and looked calmly at the fire; and Aunt Jane opened her work-table.

Jeanne played some soft little sonnets, and all listened. Vance, the world-worn man, covered his face with his hands, and drank in the peace and repose.

Jeanne was no musician—she hated practicing, and would rather have found cause for pride in being able to sail the Nancy Bell than in playing Mendelssohn's Song without Words like a master, but she played with expression and with the grace that belonged to her as a her bright, but she had never heard real music as yet.

Vance listened with his hand before his eyes, but with his gaze upon the beautiful face, so calm and serene at this moment, and yet so capable of betraying passion and emotion.

"Thanks, Jeanne, my angel," said the old man, as she finished. "She played to me every evening, Vance," he explained; and until chemistry took hold of me—

"Mr. Vance, do you play?" "Yes, started—he had been far away."

"Yes," he answered, absently, before he knew what he was saying.

"Jeanne, Mr. Vance plays!" says Hal, with flushed awe.

Jeanne came to the fire. "Will you play for us?" she said.

He hesitated a moment, then he arose and went to the piano, Hal following with his eyes lit up with that sympathy with the beautiful which is the artist's chief possession.

With light, graceful steps she came across the room, knelt before the fire, and began to toast some slices of bread, which Aunt Jane had already cut.

"Let me help you," said Vernon Vance, bending down.

Jeanne smiled and shook her head. "I am afraid you are not skilled in the art of making toast," said Vance; Jeanne looked at her uncle since she was old enough to hold the toasting-fork. Of course, it could be made in the kitchen, but my brother would think the toast unattractive unless Jeanne made it."

"I like to see her do one useful thing a day," chuckled Uncle John, wherewith they all laughed heartily.

"That's your job for you, Jeanne," said Hal, already through a slice of bread and butter.

Jeanne looked up with a smile. "There goes my character for industry. Shall I make you some toast?"

"If you will let me make you some in return," Jeanne shook her head and sprang upright.

"Don't they say that bakers never eat a bun? I can't eat toast."

SUMMARY OF INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THE COMPOSITION OF ONTARIO FEEDING STUFFS.

Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agriculture College. (By W. P. Gamble.) The animal body is made up mainly of four classes of substances—water, ash or mineral matter, nitrogenous matter, and fat, the proportions in which these four classes of substances occur depending mainly upon the kind of animal, its treatment, and the purpose for which it is kept. Food of a certain kind is necessary to keep up the supply of these substances and to furnish the animal body with heat and energy. It will, therefore, be seen that to supply food in the right proportions to meet the requirements of the animal, without a waste of food nutrients, constitutes scientific feeding; hence the advantage of a knowledge of the composition of the common feeding stuffs.

The percentage of protein, or nitrogenous matter, in a food is invariably considered of prime importance because our grown crops are more likely to be deficient in that than in any other component. In selecting a food, therefore, we should aim at obtaining the greatest amount of protein for our money.

Pea meal, linseed meal, maize gluten, gluten feeds, middlings, and wheat bran are products which contain a large amount of protein. For fattening pigs, good results have been obtained from a mixture of skim milk and low grade flour. Shorts is an excellent food for young pigs. Oat dust and other feeds of like composition, if pure, furnish nutritive material at economical prices. The purchaser must, however, be satisfied for sale on our markets which are heavily adulterated with foreign matter of little value. Only to-day's sample of what was supposed to be wheat bran was sent to our laboratory, which, upon examination, was found to be adulterated with large quantities of finely ground barley bran. From the results of our investigations, however, we are convinced that goods obtained from the local manufacturers are usually of good quality.

In some instances we have found the nutritive materials, especially protein, present in smaller quantities than we might have expected, but in most cases this deficiency was due, not to adulteration, but to the poor quality of the grain from which the by-product was obtained.

There are serious objections, however, to some of our food stuffs which contain a very large quantity of protein. Cotton seed meal, for instance, feeders do not consider it a safe food to place in the hands of hired men. Many cases of milk fever and other diseases in dairy herds have been attributed to indiscriminate use of the poor quality meal. The food may, of course, be fed to advantage if care is observed as to the amount fed per day, the age of the animal, etc. The addition of cotton seed meal to a ration for calves or pigs, results in serious derangement of the digestive organs of these animals.

Regarding mill feed, oat hulls, and such low grade materials little need be said. The tables of composition show them to be entirely unfit to feed as substitutes for pea meal, linseed cake, and such nitrogenous materials. There are cases in which these stuffs might be used to advantage, but the feeder is likely to be misled in their purchase, because the price is generally judged from the cost of standard foods, would indicate value which they do not possess. In some cases finely ground materials are sold under fancy names and feeders of live stock should not be deceived by false claims or a good origin. At present the prices asked for cattle foods bear very little relation to their feeding value.

That is, feed is retained at so much per ton whether it is rich in protein, and well suited to supplement our ordinary foods or whether it is a starchy food, and therefore, of much less value in making up a ration. Such being the case care in the purchase of feeds and some knowledge of their composition will be found of paramount importance in the economical feeding of farm animals.

even notice it, and one soon comes to take it as a matter of course. It is no uncommon thing to see a boy of three or four years smoking cigarettes. Large quantities of cigars are consumed here, but the cigarette is the national smoke. Mexicans are not given much to pipe smoking. The priests are reputed to be habitual snuff takers, and are not infrequently seen in the streets smoking cigarettes. In short, the smoking habit is not here considered disreputable in any degree.

It is customary for men to lift their hats in the funeral procession passes through the street, and the custom is generally observed among all classes. Many men, chiefly of the poor class, raise their hats when they pass a church or meet a priest.

Mexican women never go to church or to the grave without being buried. The dead man was a person of substance, and the coffin was made of wood. The bodies of the poor are conveyed to the cemetery on the shoulders of four peons, the coffin following on foot. The coffins, which are usually cheap affairs, painted in gaudy colors, are as general thing only rented for the occasion. After the dead is taken from them and deposited in the grave the coffin is returned to the dealer—Guadalupe, Mex., cor. N. Y. Tribune.

LIONS ARE PLENTIFUL. Thrilling Adventure of South African Farmer. News is to hand from two independent sources, says South Africa, of an extraordinary adventure that recently befell Mr. Dickert, a farmer living some miles from Malindi siding, on the Wankles line. Mr. Dickert went to bed last night at 10 o'clock, and was just going to sleep when he heard what he thought was a pig grunting and sniffing outside the door. He got up and stepped outside to call his dogs, when he was seized by a lion. He, Dickert, ran out with a rifle, with which he hit the animal on the head, causing it to loose its hold.

Mr. Dickert immediately snatched the rifle and fired, point blank, fortunately killing the lion at the first shot. The whole affair was over in a few seconds and occurred close to the bedroom door, where the hungry animal had evidently been waiting. Mr. Dickert was badly scratched and had his arm lacerated where the lion seized him. Though sufficiently serious at the time, he now looks upon the adventure as one of the most novel in his experiences.

The people of Malindi siding have been annoyed by a lion that developed the habit of coming right up to the station and was heard in the neighborhood of the railway men's houses. A short time ago the conductor of the Falls train and several of the passengers saw two young lions playing between the rails near the Gwala.

Further up the line, in the direction of the Zambesi, the lions appear to be much more numerous. Not long since the native commissioner at Matetsi is reported to have had fifteen head of live stock killed in broad daylight by nine lions which were hunting together.

Quite lately two or three lions have been seen close to the Victoria Falls on the south side of the river, but on the re-assurance of visitors, it may be mentioned that they only appeared at night and were exceedingly shy of any human being.

At Detf, which is on the same line of railway, a few weeks ago the remains were found of a white man who could not be identified, and who appeared to have been killed and partly eaten by lions.

Another European when accosted for travelling without a ticket hastily left the train in the same district, made off in the darkness and has not been seen since. All of which shows that there is plenty of work awaiting the sportsman, even in southern Rhodesia.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH Is Rich, Red Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make New Blood

Good blood—rich, red blood—is the only cure for such complaints as anemia, decline, heart palpitation, skin eruptions, rheumatism, kidney troubles and blood makes you less liable to disease of every kind, because it strengthens and stimulates every organ in the body to throw off any ailment that may attack it.

Good blood is the secret of life, and the secret of good health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These little blood-building pills have saved lives that doctors and nurses have despaired of. They have cured thousands of others—they will cure you too.

For a moment her lips quivered, as if with sudden remorse, then she went back to the piano and played a Neapolitan fisher-song.

"It's a song—a song!" said Hal, excitedly. "sing it!"

It was one of those songs one hears at Naples in the early morning, when the lake is gleaming like an opal in the sun, and the girls are clustering around the fountains to watch the men come in with their spoils.

The happy ring of the music, and the bit of the words, set Hal beating time on the fender. Vance stopped and looked at the blood had come back into Jeanne's face, and the light to her eyes—they were sparkling, and her lips were apart with delight.

He turned to the piano with a sigh, and as he let his hands wander over the keys, muttered:

"A child with tears and smiles so near. Responsive to the touch as Miriam's. A child—yes! but she will be a woman, and like the rest—like the rest!"

CHAPTER VII. "With a heave-ho, and a heave-ho and away she goes!" sings a gruff, lusty, husky voice. "Give-ho!" comes in a round, full, boyish one, and with a steady shove from old Griffin, the fisherman, and a tremendous push from Hal, the Nancy Bell glides into the sea.

The morning after Vernon Vance's visit to the Cliff House, it is apparently again a day in spring. All the cliffs are bright in the early sun; the Nancy Bell dances on a sea of opal and green; the sands glisten like sugar in a grocer's window; Christmas time, the very dogs pretend that the winter has passed, and as they sit on their haunches amidst the group of fisherfolk who stand watching the Nancy Bell, and old Griffin always real or imaginary perspiration from his bronzed and weather-beaten brow.

At the helm of the boat, now riding at her anchor, sits Jeanne—Jeanne, clad in a rough blue jacket that is suspiciously like a jersey and fits her graceful bust like a glove. Her hair is braided into her well-worn and business-like hat, her face shines out with a fresh and dazzling beauty which elicits many a murmur of admiration from the fisher-wives, who stand hand on hips watching her. All unconscious of her beauty and their admiration, she leans forward, with one knee on the seat, and both hands grasping the helm, her clear, brown eyes fixed on the place where that all-potent oar embarks and get away, is jumping from rock to rock and whistling vigorously.

Old Griffin stands in the water, sketching at his short pipe, and eyeing the flapping sails with a profound gravity.

It is an unusual thing for the Nancy Bell to remain chained to the land; once her keel is wet, it is generally a rush and away, with the sail-water-clipping from her bows.

WHEN IN MEXICO. What to Do, When and How to Do it, Properly Told in Detail.

If one is contemplating a visit to Mexico, here are some points which it might be well to remember:

When beckoning to a person the Mexican extends his hand, palm down, and gives it a downward and inward sweep, instead of upward and toward the person. Americans employ the American motion in beckoning to dogs.

To indicate the height of an animal Mexicans extend the hand with the palm downward, the height of the animal being indicated by holding out the palm vertically, and the height of a person by holding out the hand with the index finger pointing upward.

To beckon to a person as one would to a dog is to indicate a person's height as one would that of an animal or thing might give offense.

When Mexicans, and particularly the women, wish to greet one another from such a distance that speech is impracticable, as across the street, they hold the right hand even with the eyes and wiggle the fingers.

The handshake in Mexico is a great invitation. When one stops to chat or talk a little business with a person on the street, no matter how many other people may be about the same day, they shake hands at the meeting and likewise at the parting.

It is customary for men to raise their hats upon meeting each other in the street, the carrying of canes is very general here. When acquaintances of opposite sex meet, the men usually bow and the women bow first. This, as many are expected to know, is not a sign of respect, but of respect, as one may see by the way in which the men bow and the women bow.

The Mexicans are inveterate smokers, but they never chew tobacco. That practice is monopolized by the superior Americans, who, when they smoke, seldom offensive nearly everywhere—in hotel or other dining room, in street cars, in places of amusement, etc. Clerks in dry goods stores may frequently be seen taking a few whiffs at a cigarette, and policemen on their beats.

When a man is asked for a cigarette, he will light his cigarette—in rare instances a cigar—take a few deliberate puffs, and then, if he does not smoke much, he will sometimes in the most amazing manner, it is calculated to jar the sensibilities of the average American smoker, who seems to be so much more sensitive to the fumes of the fair, fat and forty type, in the street cars or on the streets, in the street cars or in the street cars.

Even those people do not create much of a nuisance. The universal smoking habit reveals itself to the American in a very different manner in the most amazing manner, it is calculated to jar the sensibilities of the average American smoker, who seems to be so much more sensitive to the fumes of the fair, fat and forty type, in the street cars or on the streets, in the street cars or in the street cars.

Some thousands of tons of rock, falling from a height of 100 feet, caused the hillside to move gradually down.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S V E R Y P O O R I N C O N D I T I O N