

# Red Rose Tea

## "Is Good Tea"

All its flavor and strength is retained in the sealed package.

### MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLEY.

"Oh, yes, every one does in Jamaica. I think! Valia makes mistakes sometimes, but only now and then. Papa said she was sharp for a native."

"You should have seen Alice Deeping stare at her, mother," I interposed. "She was at the rectory gate, and ran out like the madcap she is to speak to Nat. Her eyes looked like a couple of caucers. She said she would like to see your face when you first beheld her."

"Alice is a saucy girl," said Madame, more indulgently than she might have spoken of any one but such a prime favorite. And so you saw her, Natalie? Did you like her?"

"Oh, yes! She has such lovely blue eyes," cried Natalie, with enthusiasm.

"Why," I said, smiling, "that's much what she said of you, Nat—only it was that you had lovely black ones."

"The force of contrast," Madame said, with a smile, as she swept out of the room.

"I knew that she was pleased with me and with everything. That things should have gone thus far without a hitch was more than I expected, though, to be sure, Madame, fastidious as she was, could hardly fail to be pleased. I thought, looking at the little dark face opposite to me, lighted up by those wonderful eyes."

"Well, you didn't find my mother very formidable, after all, did you, Nat?" I said.

"Oh, no," she cried, eagerly. "She is very kind. It was much easier than I had expected. But then everything is, and nice, too!"

"That's all right," I returned. "And what do you think of Chavasse?"

"It is lovely—so large and quaint and old! There are no places like it in all Jamaica. There, if a place is old, it is all rickety and ramshackle and tumble-down. I more than like it."

"I thought you would," I said, pleased, but not surprised; for, if there is a person he does not know, and meaning that he does not know like Mount Chavasse, I should like to have a look at him. "You'll like everything in time, I hope—Chavasse, the village, and the people in it."

"I like the people that I have seen already," she asserted, nodding her curly head at me as she clasped her two slim hands at the back of her neck—that is, some of them, you know. Let me see—who are they? You first, so far, I like you best of all."

"Compliments thankfully acknowledged," I said, laughing. "Whom do you like next, Nat?"

"Oh, Madame, of course! And then let me see again—that sunburned man with the blue eyes and his hat at the back of his head. Who did you say he was?"

"Roger Yorke."

"Of course—I should have remembered. It is a nice name. And then Alice Deeping, with her tongue once fairly loosened, Miss Nat could chatter fast enough. I found. She rained upon me a shower of eager questions and answered mine with equal vivacity."

"What—the man on horseback?" she cried, opening her eyes. "Ugh! I don't like him at all, although I'm sure."

"He hasn't done his job yet, he is the new owner of Holmeade, the place you can just catch a glimpse of from here."

"The mention of Holmeade was as good a diversion as I could have made. Her first shyness gave and her tongue once fairly loosened, Miss Nat could chatter fast enough. I found. She rained upon me a shower of eager questions and answered mine with equal vivacity."

"We had been chatting for an hour or more when Madame at last came back and I felt as though I had been used to Natalie Orme all my life. She went off to her room accompanied by Mrs. Batterbin, who was closely followed by Valia."

Madame lingered a moment to speak to me.

"What an odd-looking person that is. Ned, my dear!"

## Suffered 15 Years Cured in One Month

GIN PILLS ARE WONDERFUL.

If every woman, who has Kidney or Bladder Trouble, could go to Davisville, Ont., and talk with Mrs. Simpson, they would do just as she did—take Gin Pills and cure themselves.

Mrs. Simpson grows enthusiastic over Gin Pills. Quite naturally, for she would be dragging out a miserable existence, instead of being the picture of health, had she not taken these pills.

"For 14 or 15 years I had Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and I was suffering at times intense pain. I doctored continually and received sometimes temporary relief until I was persuaded to try Gin Pills."

Within a couple of days I received great relief, and after taking one box I was completely cured and would not be without them. I can highly recommend them to all who suffer from any form of Kidney Trouble."

MRS. A. SIMPSON.

We let you try Gin Pills before you buy. Write National Drug and Chemical Co. (Dept. G), Toronto, and a free sample of Gin Pills will be sent you by return mail. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers.

"Valia? Rather!" I responded. "Very! She has caused a sensation downstairs."

"And all through the village, too; I can vouch for that. I rather wonder that we didn't have some of the population at our heels. Never mind; we will stand by her for her mistress's sake."

"Then you like her?" said my mother, with some eagerness.

"Certainly, Don't you?"

"Certainly, but she is very foreign-looking. I wish she had been fair."

"Can't say I do," I returned, rising and stretching my arms above my head as I turned to the door for the first dinner-bell clanged out just then.

"Why, mother, those great golden-black eyes of her will bewitch Whittlesford—see if they don't!"

It seemed that I was right, too, for it came to pass that half the inhabitants of Whittlesford fell in love with Natalie. No one could resist her pretty ways, her dark, bewitching little face, and above all, her glorious eyes. Madame grew so carelessly fond of her in the course of a month or so that I should probably have been jealous if I had not been fond of her myself. Indeed, before the next month was over I knew that I should have found the Mount uncommonly dull without Natalie Orme. So half September passed away, the trees began to lose their leaves, and in the park at Chavasse golden-brown and rich red showers fell upon us as we walked or rode in the paths, and of her Chace guns were popping and partridges and hares were dropping all day long.

CHAPTER VII.

"My dear Natalie, I really think it necessary," Madame said, gravely. "Nat shrugged her pretty shoulders. She sat curled up in a queer little childish way on one of the wide window-seats of the drawing-room, the blaze of the setting sun shining full upon her. She wore a thin black dress dotted with little gold stars, and had a pale yellow rose at her throat. Very quaint and pretty she looked, very small and childish, and a little rebellious, too, just then."

"But, Madame," she began deprecatingly, and then stopped.

"But what, my dear?"

"Does it seem absurd?"

"Does it? In what way?"

"I'm too old to have a governess. Why—tossing her curly head—"I'm grown up!"

"You are not particularly formidable," said Madame, smiling, as she looked up from the lace-work with which her fine hands were busy, and across at the little brown face.

"But, but I am old. Why, it was my birthday last week! I'm older than Ned."

"Twenty-one isn't such an awful age, Nat," I interposed. "And you don't look more than seventeen, you know."

"Neither would you if it wasn't for that baby-mustache of yours," she retorted, leaning forward to pull a flower from outside the open window, and tossing it toward me, and laughing.

Nat was very fond of bantering me about my mustache, not treating that accident with any means the respect which it merited, but I was too used to it and too warm and comfortable now to do more than laugh lazily at Madame's remark.

"My dear, the fact of your age renders what I say necessary. If you were a few years younger, I should not trouble you with the matter yet. You must know that I do not want my little daughter to be a dunce."

Wonderfully gentle and kind, was my stately mother's manner, yet firm and caressing. She had always been affectionate to me, but not in such a tender and fawning fashion as she was to our little nut-brown maid—I had got into the habit of calling her that—it suited her so well. Nat gave her shoulders another pettish little shrug, and her bright face clouded slightly.

"I suppose I am a dunce," she said, rather dubiously; "but somehow, never felt so before. I don't think the girls in Jamaica ever did know much—none that I know of. No one seemed to expect them to."

"They stare not at the stars from out their attic," I said, laughing. "Whom do you like next, Nat?"

"Oh, Madame, of course! And then let me see again—that sunburned man with the blue eyes and his hat at the back of his head. Who did you say he was?"

"Roger Yorke."

"Of course—I should have remembered. It is a nice name. And then Alice Deeping, with her tongue once fairly loosened, Miss Nat could chatter fast enough. I found. She rained upon me a shower of eager questions and answered mine with equal vivacity."

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## ONTARIO FIELD CROPS FOR PRESENT YEAR

The Official Figures of Area and Yield of Chief Products in This Province.

Ontario Department of Agriculture, Nov. 15.—The following statements give the area and yields of the principal field crops of Ontario for 1909. The areas have been compiled from individual returns of farmers and the yields by a special staff in each township in addition to our regular correspondents.

Fall Wheat—663,375 acres yielded 15,367,653 bushels, or 24.1 per acre, as compared with 16,430,476 and 24.2 in 1908. The annual average per acre for 28 years was 20.8.

Spring Wheat—135,161 acres yielded 2,223,567 bushels, or 16.5 per acre, as compared with 2,197,716 and 16.5 in 1908. Annual average 15.8.

Barley—695,262 acres yielded 18,776,777 bushels, or 27.0 per acre, as compared with 20,888,569 and 28.5 in 1908. Annual average 27.7.

Oats—2,695,585 acres yielded 90,235,579 bushels, or 33.5 per acre, as compared with 96,826,419 and 34.8 in 1908. Annual average 33.5.

Rye—94,681 acres yielded 1,573,921 bushels, or 16.6 per acre, as compared with 1,453,616 and 15.5 in 1908. Annual average 16.4.

Buckwheat—176,630 acres yielded 4,280,790 bushels, or 24.2 per acre, as compared with 3,323,668 and 23.6 in 1908. Annual average 20.0.

Peas—351,509 acres yielded 7,612,656 bushels, or 21.7 per acre, as compared with 7,401,336 and 18.7 in 1908. Annual average 19.4.

Beans—15,029 acres yielded 826,344 bushels, or 54.9 per acre, as compared with 783,757 and 16.9 in 1908. Annual average 17.2.

Potatoes—169,695 acres yielded 24,643,283 bushels, or 145 per acre, as compared with 24,515,109 and 111 in 1908. Annual average 111.

Mangels—70,485 acres yielded 28,928,347 bushels, or 410 per acre, as compared with 28,970,968 and 440 in 1908. Annual average 458.

Carrots—3,506 acres yielded 1,001,633 bushels, or 286 per acre, as compared with 1,120,145 and 275 in 1908. Annual average 346.

Sugar Beets—19,812 acres yielded 7,001,565 bushels, or 353 per acre, as compared with 7,004,748 and 401 in 1908.

Turnips—113,400 acres yielded 50,735,949 bushels, or 447 per acre, as compared with 41,210,189 and 341 in 1908. Annual average 429.

Grains—474,530 acres yielded 16,199,434 bushels, or 34.1 per acre, as compared with 15,354,350 and 33.7 in 1908.

Corn for Husking—322,789 acres yielded 22,619,690 bushels (in the ear), or 70.1 per acre, as compared with 23,601,122 and 78.8 in 1908. Annual average 71.0.

Corn for Silo—288,346 acres yielded 3,874,655 tons (green), or 11.70 tons per acre, as compared with 3,260,122 and 11.68 in 1908. Annual average 11.45.

Hay and Clover—3,228,445 acres yielded 3,855,145 tons (green), or 1.20 tons per acre, as compared with 4,635,287 and 1.42 in 1908. Annual average 1.45.

There are 3,180,780 acres of cleared lands devoted to pasture, 231,767 in summer fallow, 300,364 in orchards, 24,614 in small fruit, 11,420 in vineyards, 57,123 in farm gardens, 37,548 in rape, 11,253 in flax and 4,101 in tobacco (of which 3,068 are in Essex yielding 4,388,544 pounds).

WALL STREET RUMORS  
OF A COPPER TRUST

Talk of a Merger Sent Prices to a New High Record.

New York, Nov. 15.—More detailed reports regarding the impending merger or agreement among the great copper producers sent copper stocks to new high records for the year today.

There were denials of rumors that the merger negotiations had gone beyond the tentative stage, but it was generally admitted that certain interests are trying to bring about an agreement among the producers to regulate the output, and thereby prevent overproduction and the consequent depreciation in price from which the trade has been suffering for the past two or three years.

A report from Boston to the effect that a corporation with a definite billion-dollar capitalization was to be formed with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. in charge of the financing, was said by a member of the Morgan firm to be untrue. Similar guarded denials from the office of several of the independent copper concerns indicated that the negotiations are still merely tentative.

On the other hand, Wall street's confidence in the ultimate state of merger plans was indicated by the trend of the day's prices.

Amalgamated Copper advanced to 94 1/2, a high level since the spring of 1907. The annual reached 53, a new record for the year.

When the market closed, 160,000 shares of Amalgamated, 60,000 shares of Anaconda, 57,000 shares of American Smelting and Refining, with net gains for the day of from 1 7/8 to 3 points for each.

ONE DOSE WILL RELIEVE INDIGESTION  
STOMACH GAS, HEARTBURN OR HEADACHE

Take a Little Diapiesin Now and Your Stomach Will Feel Fine in Five Minutes.

Every family here ought to keep some Diapiesin in the house, as any one of you may have an attack of indigestion or stomach trouble at any time, day or night.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a distressed, out-of-order stomach five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you eat seems to fill you, or if you have a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to cure almost any chronic case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion or any other Stomach trouble.

JOE MURPHY WEDS  
Actor of Seventy Marries an Actress of Twenty-Five.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15.—Friends of Joseph Murphy, the veteran actor, famed for his work in "Kerry Gow," and reputed to be worth \$2,000,000, were surprised today to learn that he had been married in San Antonio to Miss May Frymier, an actress, whose home is in this city. Murphy is seventy years old and his bride is twenty-five.

Miss Frymier is known on the stage as May Frymier. At the time of the marriage she was on a tour with Grace George in "A Woman's Way." This was her second season, with Grace George. Before that she was leading woman in the company headed by James J. Corbett.

Murphy started in life as a waiter, working in a restaurant in Sacramento, Cal. The restaurant was burned to, and Murphy went to work as a fisherman. At night he spent his time practicing with beef bones until he became proficient in the minstrel's art. He went into the minstrelsy business and proved successful. Then he went into the "legitimate" playing in "Held" and "Maun Cre."

His real baptism names were William Lawrence, but after he went into the theatrical business these were replaced by Joseph. A theatrical agent in making up a programme had forgotten Murphy's first name and, being in a hurry, gave him the name of "Joe" and "Joe" he remained throughout the rest of his stage career.

Trenton, N.J., has fallen on times of prosperity. There is no man who is idle, and in the carpenters, masons, bricklayers, iron workers and potters' unions all workmen are employed.

Constipation is the root of many forms of sickness and of an endless amount of human misery.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, thoroughly tested by over fifty years of use, have been proved a safe and certain cure for constipation and all kindred troubles. Try them. 25c. a box.

RUPTURE CURED  
In One Treatment. No Knife. No Pain.

It is without doubt the greatest and most successful treatment ever discovered for this unfortunate affliction. I do not ask you to take my word for my success; I refer you, by their consent, to reliable business men whom I have cured.

L. W. HUNT, M.D.

I CURE MEN OF  
Varicose Veins, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Rectal, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, and All Diseases of Men.

FREE CONSULTATION.  
Call or Write for Information.  
Address or call on Dr. L. W. HUNT, Sixty-one (61) West Fort Street, Detroit, Mich.

Since 1847  
Since 1847 the mark of the world's best silver plate has been.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."  
This name on knives, forks, etc., is a guide in buying and an assurance of worth.

Best tea sets, dishes, walters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. GOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

BLACK KNIGHT  
STOVE POLISH

Look how much "Black Knight" Stove Polish you get for 10c.

None of your stinky little tins of fine powder (that must be mixed with water) or a hard cake (that must be scraped)—but a big generous tin of coal black paste, that is easily applied, and bursts into a brilliant, lasting shine after a few rubs.

You certainly do get 10c. worth of the best stove polish, in the big 10c. cans of "Black Knight."

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THE F. F. BAILEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.  
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Every dollar invested in Pen-Angle garments buys the largest amount of underwear satisfaction obtainable.

Pen-Angle underwear is made of high-class materials exclusively. Under the fine, soft, pleasant "feel" of the garments is concealed a remarkable strength—a long-wearing quality that astonishes first-time wearers.

Pen-Angle trade-mark guarantees the safety of your investment. Money refunded for any Pen-Angle garment defective in material or making.

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THE F. F. BAILEY CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.  
Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

# Watson's UNDERWEAR

When a child cries or frets, you instantly assume that it is ill. The majority of that fretting and crying is not caused by illness, but rather from misfitting, irritating underwear.

A child's skin is exceedingly tender, you know. For that very reason it is absolutely essential that its Underwear be made only of the softest and finest yarns.

"Rubens" (pat.) Vests for Infants are made of the highest grade materials, skillfully and carefully knitted.

The soft, smooth texture, the perfect, snug, comfortable fit, the warmth and the everlasting wearing qualities make "Rubens" (pat.) Vests the ideal infant's underwear. Made in cotton, part wool, all wool and silk. There are no buttons to irritate. The illustration covers the description.

Tell your dealer to show you "Rubens" (pat.) Vests for infants. If you prefer any other style, we make them.

THE WATSON MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., PARIS, ONT.

# Baby's Own Soap and Others

## The Difference between Baby's Own Soap and Others

1. Is made from clean refined vegetable oils—that are naturally fragrant.

2. Does not contain a particle of coloring matter or any other impurity.

3. Gives a rich creamy lather which preserves the soft smooth texture of the skin and leaves it cool and soft.

1. Are made from uncleanly animals fats—the refuse of the abattoirs.

2. Are strongly scented and highly colored to disguise their coarse quality and impure nature.

3. Give a lather which irritates the skin, leaving it dry, rough, red and coarse.

## Are You Particular?

If so refuse substitutes and use

# Baby's Own Soap

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., Mfrs., MONTREAL

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