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# Blue Ribbon TEA

## LOVE AND A TITLE

Her ladyship's lips twitch, but she smiles so sweetly that surely if Vane were here he would go on his knees, if necessary, to be allowed to put it on canvas.

"I guessed it," she murmurs, looking at the Nancy Bell riding over the bar, with Jeanne at the helm and Vernon lying at her feet with his chin on his hands and his handsome face upturned to hers. "I guessed it; where is Mr. Vane now—does he live here?"

"Yes," says Jeanne. "He also finds Newton Regis supportable." "It is her first bit of sarcasm under so much provocation."

"He is not at home today." "I am so sorry," says Lady Lucille. "You think me rude and impertinent, I know; oh, don't deny it, dear—but one is naturally anxious to see some of the famous people of the day. Well, I may come over and see you and him—next week, may I?"

"I am afraid," says Jeanne, "that we both—that is, that I—am—sorry—"

She tries hard to be cool, to keep the color down, but the blue eyes are so keenly fixed on her face that the attempt fails.

Lady Lucille smiles—it is a queer, uneasy, apprehensive smile. "Tell me—you are going to be married—isn't that so?"

Lady Lucille smiles harder than ever. "When, dear? Am I not curious and unparliamentarily intrusive? When, dear?"

"To-morrow," says Jeanne. "Lady Lucille's lips twitch, as if again some one had struck her across the face, which turns white; but she smiles—oh, she smiles as sweetly as ever."

"To-morrow," she says, lightly, but with a harder ring in her voice, "and I have come on the eve of the marriage. Let me look at his face again; it is a romance. Why, and she pauses, "do you know, I think I know your lover, Jeanne?"

Jeanne opens her eyes to their widest. "You?" she says.

"Yes, I; oh, it is not so strange," said Lady Lucille. "I told you I was used to artists; I went in for that sort of thing myself for a time, until the smell of the turpentine made me feel faint, and the paint spoiled all my dresses. But Mr. Vane—how long has he been here?"

"I should like to know if it is your Vane."

"Six months," says Jeanne, smiling, as she thinks how well she remembers their first meeting.

"Six months," muses her ladyship. "Yes!—and what he has done—oh, what grim somnits, and does he play and sing like a musician, and—there there is the scar of a saber-cut just above the temple—ah! for Jeanne's face has suddenly grown pale with surprise and mute wonder."

How should any other woman know of that scar, which cannot be seen until the thick, half-curling hair is lifted as Jeanne has smoothed it aside often and often?

"Ah," says her ladyship, as she leans forward with her delicate hands clasped tightly on the table, and her eyes fixed on Jeanne's "Six months! It is not long—it is commendably short, even for a woman," and she laughs, not sweetly now.

"What do you mean?" says Jeanne, pale and questioning.

"My dear," says Lady Lucille, "do you mean to tell me that you—you are going to be married? To the man, do not know who and what he is?"

"No," says Jeanne boldly, and with a touch of the besetting pride and temper in her eyes. "I have not said so, Lady Stanford."

Her ladyship holds up her white hand plaintively.

"Don't call me that, or I shall have to call you Miss Bertram, and I can't take that to any one who is my foe—I mean my friend, and so, Jeanne, you take part in the little comedy of mystery! and what is the plot, and why is all this concealment?"

"Plot—concealment!" echoes Jeanne, her eyebrows knitted perplexedly. "I don't think I know what you mean."

As she speaks, Lady Lucille, who has been watching her as a cat does a mouse, flushes, and looks eagerly at her.

"You don't! Suppose I only say suppose—that I knew this sweetheart of yours, this wonderful painter and musician with the soft, dark eyes and broad shoulders? Suppose I were to tell you something?"

"Don't tell me anything," says Jeanne, resolutely. "I don't want to hear anything."

"My dear child," says her ladyship, "your simple faith in and devotion to a man whom you have only known six months is sublime, or ridiculous, whichever you like. Do you think that a man who has deceived you once will not do so again, and that when you have less or no power to resent it?"

"Deceived me—how dare you say that?" says Jeanne, an angry red on each cheek, and a flash in her eyes that look ominously dark under the straight eyebrows.

"My dear Jeanne!" murmurs Lady Lucille, softly, "your own confession! This Vernon Vane, he's poor!"

Jeanne does not answer.

"Unknown, save through his art? Plain Mr. Vernon Vane?"

"Yes," says Jeanne, desperately.

"Then he has deceived you," says Lady Lucille.

All Jeanne's native fire has uprising and is blazing.

"How do you know that?" she says, indignantly. "You say so, but I can't see you this morning, and—"

"I may be indulging in fiction! True," says her ladyship.

Then, with a peculiar smile that is not so sweet as malicious, she takes from under her cape a small chain and locket, opens the latter, with her eyes still on Jeanne, and extends it in the hollow of her white palm.

"These are my credentials," she says. "Do you think it a good likeness?"

Jeanne is about to refuse to look at anything belonging to this Lady Lucille, who has so traduced her lover; but the locket. It is some witchery, some trick of black art, or can this be Vernon Vane's face that looks up at her from the trinket? It is his face, and that is all.

Jeanne turns pale, and her lips tighten, as the first jealous pang she has ever felt seizes her like the clutch of an iron hand.

"Are—are you his sister?" she says at last.

Lady Lucille smiles a sweetly-bitter smile.

"It is he, then?" she says. "I thought so! His sister! No, I was to have been his wife!"

"His wife?" Jeanne's lips form the words, but no sound comes.

"Yes—and only six months ago," says Lady Lucille, with fine irony. "If he told you—as no doubt he did—that you are the first woman he ever loved, I loved him too, and that I loved him half a dozen before, and—"

she pauses, with a cold light in her eyes—"he will love another half a dozen before he dies!"

Jeanne catches her breath, and then could stand herself for showing the pain of the blow.

"It is false!" she says.

"Take care how you cast names, dear Jeanne," says her ladyship, warningly; "you were wrong before, you know. My dear, I am sorry for you—I pity you almost as much as I pity myself. But, cui bono, what is the good of taking these things to heart? We were made to be playthings of such men—or—Vernon Vane. My dear Jeanne, I deemed him a hero, a king, a demigod—in a word, I loved him too much, and that weakened him. It is the sure way to sicken him of his whim, for he is all whim. I see it all quite plainly—oh, quite. Having tired of me, he—"

she pauses, possibly, I had no sympathy for art and did not care to follow him meekly through the rabble, when my place was by birth and breeding among the high—because I did not sit at his feet, content to inhale turpentine, and listen to nothing but art—art, he wears of me, and flies for refuge to nature. Oh, I know the slang and the cant phrases of those gentry! He finds nature in the shape of a pretty—no, you are a lovely girl, who because she does not know the world, is content to think him hero, king, and demigod—loves turpentine, and will listen while her demigod has a tongue to wag."

She pauses for breath, and Jeanne, white with passion, and—alas—fear and jealousy, tries to speak, but Lady Lucille holds up her hand.

"Wait! This creature of fancy and whim, having an eye to romance, thinks it must be a charming idea to start in the world, in a new name and new character—to pose, in fact, as a struggling artist, open to any amount of sympathy and admiration. And he has succeeded. My dear Jeanne, he is as rich as Croesus! He has estates in four counties in England, a palace on the Arno, a house in Paris, servants and horsemen without number. Vernon Vane, the struggling artist! and she laughs. "Did you ever hear of the Marquis of Ferndale?"

Jeanne shakes her head, staring straight before her.

"No! Impossible! My dear, you are the only person in the world that hasn't. The Marquis of Ferndale is famous—for his wealth, for his genius, for his changeability, for his eccentricity, for everything that can distinguish a young man born next to the royal blood."

"And what—what is he to me?" says Jeanne.

"Child," says her ladyship, "your so-called artist—Vernon Vane, is the Marquis of Ferndale."

Jeanne stares open-eyed, and pale of countenance. Then she laughs a strange laugh.

"Well," she says, "what if he is?"

It is not what Lady Lucille quite expected.

"I see," she says, with a smile, "you still doubt. Well, then, put him to the test. Ask him to-night if he knows Lady Lucille Stanford; ask him if he is the Marquis of Ferndale; and—"

"I shall ask him nothing," says Jeanne, stamping her foot, her face aflame, her eyes passionately gleaming with mingled love and fear.

"What is it to me if he be an artist or a marquis—what is it to me if—what is his past to me? I love him as I love Vane! Yes, Lady Stanford, I love him!" repeats Jeanne, with a child's courage, added to a woman's passion.

"No word of mine, prompted by you who lost your reason!" says Lady Lucille, rising majestically, but crimson.

"Who lost her?" repeats Jeanne, setting her teeth, "shall separate us. That is what you do," she goes on, rapidly, hurriedly, like a mountain stream impetuous to gain its end and there have done. "I am not of your world—I do not know it; but I know that you would separate us if you could, and that you know such ruses would do it. No! he has good reasons for keeping these

things from me, if they are true—and I will not ask him."

Lady Lucille smiles sweetly as ever. "As you please. I don't blame you for refusing to risk a coronet; not at all, you are wiser than I thought you."

Never knew a woman yet—in your class—so simple as to be blind to her own interest."

Jeanne looks as she is, half mad with rage. "No, I was wrong, I see. But forgive me! I did it for the best; I would have thanked the woman—or the man who had warned me against one who had systematically concealed his past, his position, his very name. But you—she shrugs, her shoulders and drew her wrap about her—"my poor child, I think you are wiser."

Jeanne pants. This is a thrust that strikes home, because it is true.

"At any rate, give me the credit of trying to be your friend, will you not? We shall meet some day—unless the marquis chooses to carry on the masquerade—and you will see that I am right. He will love you for an hour, and cease to do so the minute you balk some whim or fancy. Just now it is his wish to wear a simple maid, who shall love him for himself alone. How long do you think such love will last?"

Jeanne does not answer—the cruel words so sweetly spoken cut into her like knives.

"I can hear the carriage," says Lady Lucille. "Good-by—will you not kiss me?"

No; Jeanne will not even hold out her hand, and with a little sigh and a shrug, the fashionable beauty, without leaving a delicate perfume behind, to keep Jeanne mad with with remembrance.

### CHAPTER XIV.

Marquis of Ferndale! Could it be true? Jeanne standing, as Lady Lucille had left her, in the center of the room, about which still clung the delicate perfume shaken from her ladyship's delicate robes—Jeanne, utterly bewildered and storm-tossed, asked herself if it could possibly be true?

Then there arose before her the remembrance of small, and at the time unnoticed, incidents which had occurred lately. She remembered how, on one occasion, Vernon had drawn a rough sketch on a piece of paper which had been taken from his pocket, and on which were stamped an elaborate crest and armorial bearings; she had asked him at the time whose they were, and he had answered so carelessly and indifferently that she could not now recall the reply.

How was it, too, that he never spoke of the past but in a strangely guarded way, never alluded to his relations, even in his loving converse with her?

Was there not, also, something mysterious in his visiting so unknown and secluded a spot as Newton Regis? Could it be true?

Jeanne, pacing up and down, felt that however much her ladyship had exaggerated in other matters, she was true in stating that Vernon Vane, the painter, was the Marquis of Ferndale. If so, why had he concealed his identity from her, from Jeanne, who loved him so entirely, so passionately? This question distressed her more than the past had done—why had he not trusted her? Could it be for the reason which Lady Lucille had assigned? Could it be because he was so distrustful of the disinterested love of woman that he wished to place it beyond all doubt?

Jeanne's face flushed with sorrowful indignation at the idea.

"I should have loved him, let him be what he might," she murmured. "Why did he not trust me?"

Then came with painful intensity that pang of jealousy which Lady Lucille's assertion of Vernon's love for her had aroused in Jeanne's breast. Had he really and truly loved her, and grown tired of her?

Jeanne's face grew pale, and her soft lips quivered. It was a bitter blow to her pure, sweet maiden love, the thought that another woman had listened to his low, musical words of love—that other lips had received the kisses which Jeanne had deemed so entirely her own.

Jeanne was not a woman of the world; she was only a girl under the influence of her first pure, passionate love, and knew nothing of the sophistries with which women console themselves when they find that their lovers have knelt at other and earlier shrines. She was a little woman of the world, that she did not think for a moment of the worldly advantages which would accrue to her as the wife of a marquis.

What she wanted was her lover, not a coronet; and the knowledge that he had loved another woman before he had won Jeanne's love was wormwood and gall to her.

The dusk came creeping silently down, and found her still pondering and chafing over the secrets which had been revealed to her, and still undecided what to do.

He—artist or marquis, whichever he was—would be here in a few hours. How could she meet him with the old light-hearted gaiety—how could she let him take her in his arms and kiss her with the same freedom as of old when his shadow would assuredly creep in between them?

Supposing she told him of this strange meeting with the fair-haired, lovely woman of fashion—supposing she told him all that Lady Lucille had told her? What would happen?

This woman, who professed to have known him longer and better than Jeanne did, had said that he was a creature of whim and fancy, and that he would cease to love the woman who balked or thwarted his slightest whim. If this were true, then—then—he might turn from her, and the marriage might be broken off.

Jeanne's face blanched and her heart stood still at the thought.

Should she chance it? or should she maintain silence and keep this secret, which was hers still, seeing that he had not disclosed it to her, but that this woman had done so, maliciously, and without the right to do so?

There were a hundred such thoughts assailed her, until Jeanne's spirit was storm-tossed, and rode uncertainly upon a sea of doubt, hesitation and trouble, like the Nancy Bell struggling in a hurricane.

At last she arrived at her decision, but resolved to be guided by circumstances. He would be here soon, she would see him, hang upon his heart, and then—then, looking up into his eyes, would know what was best to do.

Of one thing alone she was sure; she would not give him up, could not, lose him. For Jeanne to love passionately, and wholly, forever.

A step outside aroused her. She cast

one hasty glance in the glass, smoothed her hair, with trembling hands, and struggled for composure.

"Come!" he said, in an air of belief, and proceeded to attack the biscuit.

"I say, Jeanne, that was a grand specimen of the fine lady. Did you ever see such a magnificent creature in your life? Who is she? The Queen of Sheba, or the Empress of Circassia? Why, the place smells like Rimmell's shop. Who was she, Jeanne? How long did she stay? What did she say to you?"

"One question at a time, Hal," says Jeanne, trying to laugh easily, "or at least none at all, for I haven't time to answer them. Aunt is out somewhere, and, oh, Hal—"

and Jeanne, overwrought, puts her arms around the boy's neck, and bursts into tears.

"Why, Jen, he exclaims with his mouth full of biscuit, 'what are you upset about? She hasn't bolted with the silver spoons, has she? Steady, Jeanne! Tell me what it is.'"

"Nothing—nothing!" says Jeanne, hastily drying her eyes. "I am rather tired and upset, I think, Hal."

"It's all this beastly fuss and preparation," says Hal, taking another biscuit and munching it ravenously.

"I wonder why people can't get married without all this hullabaloo and kick-up, upsetting themselves and everybody else? When I am married, I'll walk off quietly to the nearest church, and come back to dinner like a sensible human being."

Jeanne laughs. "Stick to that, Hal, and you'll earn the gratitude and admiration of all your sex."

"But I don't say I shouldn't have a feed," says Hal, meditatively; "that's the only good thing about the whole affair. But, Jeanne, I wish Vernon had been here to see this awful swell! She'd make a nice picture. My! She was beautiful, if you like."

"I don't admire that kind of beauty," says Jeanne, coldly.

(To be continued.)

## WASTING ANAEMIA.

A Trouble That Afflicts Thousands of Young Girls—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing, but they do it well. They fill the veins with new, rich, red health-giving blood, which drives away all traces of anaemia, headache, backache, palpitation, nervousness, dizziness and despondency. The new blood they make brightens dull lustreless eyes, and brings the rosy glow of health to pale cheeks.

In curing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the foundation of consumption as well. The new blood they actually make gives new strength and vigor to every organ in the body, and enables it to fight whatever disease attacks it. This is why they are the best medicine in the world for girls in their teens—or women in middle life—and to all those whose blood is weak, watery or impure.

Miss Mary E. Pratt, Blyth, Ont., gives strong testimony to the value of these pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for over a year with anaemia. I was completely run down, had frequent headaches, spells of dizziness and palpitation of the heart. I doctored all summer and was no better than when I began. I had practically given up hope of finding cure when my brother advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got four boxes and when I had taken them I felt so much better that I got six more, and before I had taken all these I was completely cured. I am now as healthy as a horse, and the pills have done for me, as but for them I would not be enjoying good health to-day. I strongly urge all weak girls to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Pratt's experience proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak and ailing person. These pills can be had from any medicine dealer, or by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

## KEEPING WARM IN WINTER

Protection of the Back and Spine is the Essential Need.

British medical men and scientists have declared war against chest protectors, padded vests and other inventions designed for the express purpose of aiding us to keep ourselves warm during winter.

They have begun by calling attention to the fact that when we decide to "wrap" we do so by increasing the number of layers of clothing from front over the chest and back. This has just been pointed out, is a great mistake. The main telephone exchange has immediate, complete and instantaneous connection with the skin of the whole of the back of the trunk, and is much more sensitive than that of the skin in front. This can be proved by the application of a cold sponge alternately to the back of the neck, front and behind, and noting the effect.

The writer was once a martyr to "bad breaths" while he wore coverings in the form of neck wraps, and was rewarded by repeated attacks of laryngitis or painful sore throat and many attacks of bronchitis. Since discarding the neck wrap, he has not been troubled continuously robust health for twelve years. It is significant that singers habitually keep the neck free and avoid overwrapping.

We have all felt the "cold, chilly, shiver" run down the back on first going out on a winter's day with the usual thin waistcoat and a heavy garment next to the skin. Let the man with the delicate chest have an extra thickness in his waistcoat and overcoat and even in his coat, behind, and he will notice the increase in health during winter at once.

In the matter of undergarments many persons are "driven mad" with the irritation of the larynx or painful sore throat and many attacks of bronchitis. Since discarding the neck wrap, he has not been troubled continuously robust health for twelve years. It is significant that singers habitually keep the neck free and avoid overwrapping.

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## GERALD LEIGHTON'S MISTAKE AND ITS HAPPY SEQUEL.

When Gerald Leighton was in Rome, overlooking art, he received a shock. He was only 27, so he took it easily—in fact, he took most matters easily except pictures and Greek marbles; but to hear that Mr. Justice Leighton, whose only child he was, had suddenly taken it into his mind to marry again was sufficient to startle him for all that. When the letter reached him he observed by the date that the ceremony must have already taken place.

"Hard luck," he soliloquized, "but I guess I'd better run over to England and congratulate the old boy, anyhow, and give my new mamma my blessing!"

It was a drizzling January afternoon when he reached the Twickenham house and hastened up the steps.

When the servant opened the door Gerald hastened without inquiry into the drawing-room. A woman was standing before the window, looking out on the wet lawn. His father was not present.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Gerald, surprised that the lady did not turn to greet him; "I—er—thought my father was here."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, and moved forward with extended hand.

It was most astonishing. She could scarcely have been 20, and she was as pretty as she was young. The man who had come to "gratulate his mamma's" startled astonishment.

"I—I am delighted to meet you," he stammered in confusion. He had been prepared with a filial salute, but withheld it. "My father is well, I hope."

She rang for lights, and in the rays of the lamps Gerald found her even prettier than he had imagined—a face with a laughing mouth and eyes that danced with mischief. Gerald was fond of his father, but he could not help remembering that he was one of His Majesty's Judges, and had the gout.

"I must confess you have taken me by surprise," said the young man, after a moment. "I haven't the least idea what I am to call you. It would be almost too funny to say 'mother,' wouldn't it?"

The young lady looked at him in honest astonishment. Then a smile darted across her lips, and the mischief in her eyes grew deeper. "Yes," she said, "people might quiz us! Better call me Kate, I suppose," and she laughed merrily. "I hope you will call me 'nice,' too," she went on. "Your father was in an awful funk that you might consider me too young. Do you?"

"I—I am sure you are most delightful," gasped Gerald, more and more at a loss.

"You think me a 'duck' in other words," cried the girl, laughing again. "Oh, my dear Gerald, what a delightful stepson you are!"

"Where is my father?" inquired the young man, pulling at his moustache.

"Oh! didn't I tell you? He won't be home for a fortnight. He had to go away on some business or other. But I hope you will be comfortable during his absence. For indeed, my dear boy, I feel my responsibility toward you very keenly, and am more than anxious to do everything for you that I ought. Now, go and dress for dinner," she continued, "and be curious to see you in evening clothes."

"You are curious?" he repeated.

"So much depends on a young man's appearance in evening clothes," she said, gently, "I really cannot judge you until I have seen you at dinner."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Gerald, as, alone in the privacy of his bedroom, he pulled out his father's letter from his pocket. The parental epistle was brief and to the point:

"My dear Gerald—I want you to come home for a few days and assist at my wedding. Yes, I am going to marry again. I have not chosen a lady of my own age, so she'll be agile enough to dodge the sofa pillows