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## The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

What shall she say? He is waiting for her answer. What shall she say? She found no difficulty in answering when the other man, Captain Sherwin, told her of his love; words came quickly enough then, but they will not come now. Her heart beats too fast to allow of speech; her brain whirrs, making wild confusion of his words and the meaning of them. And yet, what is the meaning of the warm thrill of joy which possesses her whole being if it is not "Yes."

He looks down at her expectantly, with an intense anxiety and suspense deepening the lines in his face; then he says:

"I understand you have been too hasty, too violent. I am almost a stranger to you. How should you be able to answer me, unless with a 'No'?" But don't do that if you can help it. See now, dearest—and don't be angry that I call you so; you are dearest to me, dearer than life itself—you shall not give me your answer to-night, here amongst this crowd. I will wait—let me wait and hope still—I will wait till you have seen more of me—alas! you have heard too much, and all on the wrong side! Heaven knows if there be a right! I will wait until you have quite decided. Whatever your verdict may be, I will accept it without complaint, as indeed I should. Yes, I will wait."

As he speaks the tears rise to Elaine's eyes. This man, so every one says, is utterly and irrevocably bad, and yet could the best of good men be gentler and more considerate with her?

She does not speak, but she holds out her trembling hand to him.

He knows that it does not mean "Yes"; that she has not signified her acceptance of him; and he takes it reverently and kisses it toward his lips. But he restrains himself; he will not snatch a lover's privilege until she has granted to him—if she will—should do so.

He holds it in his strong grasp, and lays his other hand upon it, with chivalrous love and protection.

"You are quite free, remember," he says in a low voice, his eye fixed on her face. "Free to give me life and hope and happiness, free to send me into the outer darkness again. Tell me no, dearest, till—I will wait until you have quite drawn the shawl round her. There are tears in her eyes, on her cheeks, and he sees that she puts up her hand to wipe them away.

"If God is good and merciful to me, I may do that for you some day," he whispers.

But, low as his voice is, it is heard by someone else beside Elaine. It is heard, as has been every word, by Lady Blanche, standing behind the curtain, her eyes fixed, with an expression not good to see on a face, on the two forms silhouetted against the sky.

A high ambition had stolen into Lady Blanche's heart the moment the marquis entered the room. He was the highest in rank, the wealthiest, in every way the best part present; and she was, in her own opinion, the most beautiful woman there. Why should she not be the Marchioness of Nairne? All the evening she had been laying her plans. She would get the banners to call on him, to ask him to the Grange. All the stereotyped plans by which a woman of the world lays a snare to a desirable match had passed through her mind and quivering with rage and mortification, Elaine—this neglected, despised cousin of hers, the daughter of the half-pay major, who was regarded by the family as a kind of pariah and outcast—would be the Marchioness of Nairne, and take precedence of Lady Blanche herself!

She turned to the marquis and the shawl round Elaine, intending to get out of their way, but suddenly found herself confronted by Fanny Inchley.

Lady Blanche drew back, and the two women looked at each other; Lady Blanche with haughty sur-

prise, Fanny with a significant meaning in her sharp green eyes, and a half-smile on her pale face that had a sudden effect upon Lady Blanche. She saw that she had not been the only eavesdropper, but that this red-haired woman had been playing the same contemptible part.

She looked down, and coloring, took up the train of her dress.

"You have torn it, my lady," said Fanny.

Lady Blanche caught at the pretext for speaking.

"Yes," she said.

"Let me pin it up for your ladyship," said Fanny; then she suddenly touched Lady Blanche's arm, and—indeed, almost drew her behind the curtain, as the major bustled past them.

"Elaine! Elaine!" he said. "Oh, here you are."

"Yes, here she is," said the marquis, standing so that she could have time to recover herself. "Are you going, major?"

"Yes, yes, marquis," said the major. "I don't like to let my little girl wear herself out; and we generally leave rather early, so that the other people, you know—er! gives them more room and freedom. Gets quite a romp, I'm told, after their betters have left."

Elaine still on the marquis's arm, passed the two waiters; then, as they disappeared in the crowd, Fanny gazed up out of the corners of her eyes at Lady Blanche.

"What a pity, my lady," she said, insinuatingly. "It's very badly torn, and it's such a beautiful dress. If I had it for an hour or two I could mend it so that no one could see it had been rent."

Lady Blanche looked down at her half suspiciously.

"You are—are you a dressmaker?"

"No, my lady," said Fanny, casting down her eyes with meek humility for a moment; a moment only, however, the next raising them to Lady Blanche's face with watchful scrutiny. "I am not a dressmaker. I live at the Castle, with my aunt."

Lady Blanche colored.

"At the Castle—at the Marquis of Nairne's?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," answered Fanny, demurely. "The marquis who has just gone with Miss Deleine."

"She is a friend of yours?" said Lady Blanche, feeling her way, for she saw that this little red-haired woman had some purpose in view.

Fanny shook her head.

"No, no, my lady; why should she be? I have no friendly feeling toward her—quite the reverse. About this dress, my lady, if you would send it to me—"

"I will see," said Lady Blanche with an effort. "If—if you care to come up to the Grange to-morrow? You are living at the castle, you said?"

"Yes, my lady; and I will come to the Grange to-morrow," said Fanny, and with a half bow and half courtesy she left her.

The marquis, with Elaine on his arm and the major trotting behind them, made his way downstairs.

"Dear me," said the major: "I'm afraid we've waited till the crush. Goodness knows when we shall get our fly-carriage."

"Let us walk, papa," said Elaine.

"Very well, my dear," assented the major readily. "Here is your carriage, marquis," he added, as the castle carriage drew up.

The marquis hesitated a moment.

"If you are going to walk, perhaps you will let me come with you," he said.

"Delighted!" said the major cheerily. And he was.

"One moment," said the marquis. He went to the carriage and took out a light fur cloak. "There's a great difference between the temperature outside here and in there," he said, and he put the cloak round Elaine.

She put up her hands to prevent him, then let them fall, and accented without a word.

As they left the town the major

### stopped and fumbled in his pocket.

"I'm dying for a cigar," he said. "Elaine, you won't mind—the open air, eh?"

The marquis drew her arm within his while the major got out his cigar case, and the major did not offer to take her back when she operation of lighting his cigar was finished. He was in no brighter an mood, and chattered volubly all the way.

"Capital! Great success! Always is. I ought not to say it, seeing that I am one of the stewards; but, by gad! the affair was as well managed as it could possibly be."

The marquis put in a word now and again, but Elaine remained silent, wrapped in his cloak, her hand upon his arm. He walked with them to the garden gate, but declined the major's genial invitation to enter, and he held Elaine's hand in his, his eyes fixed on her face with a tender reverence, that was at the same time passionate and gentle. Then he went down the hill to the castle.

Letting himself in by the private door in the tower, he passed through the hall into a small room which was half library half "den."

Luigi Zanti was sitting in a low chair, apparently asleep, but he seemed to hear the marquis's step and looked up.

"Well, Nairne," he said; "have you enjoyed yourself?"

The marquis let his hand fall upon the blind man's head, and said: "Amazingly!" he said. "Yes, that's the word, Luigi. Why didn't you go to bed? Do you know what time it is?" and he took out his watch. "No? Neither did I. The hours have flown like minutes!"

"Nairne," and Luigi turned his sightless eyes to him.

"Well?" said the marquis with a smile. "You think I am strangely hilarious! Don't ask me why, or what has happened. Perhaps—er! only perhaps—brighter days are in store for us, Luigi. God grant they may be! I can tell you no more to-night—er! this morning, God forbid. Give me your arm as usual."

The Italian rose and put out his hand, that the marquis might guide him into the hall; but the marquis paused.

### THE WAY TO BE WELL.

The Blood Must be Kept Rich and Pure and the Nerves Strong.

Good health is the most precious treasure any man or woman can have. But good health can only be had by keeping the blood rich and pure and the nerves strong. If the blood is allowed to become weak and watery, the whole system is weakened and falls an easy prey to disease. There is no medicine so equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in keeping the blood rich and pure, and the nerves vigorous and strong. Every dose helps to create new blood, and by a fair use of the pills, pale, sickly people are made bright, active and strong. Here is proof. Mr. Robt. Lee, New Westminster, B. C., says: "Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result I suffered from very itchy, broke out all over my body. My appetite was sickle, and I was easily tired. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a dozen boxes. By the time I had used them I was completely restored to health, my skin was smooth and clear, and my appetite good."

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tion of the note the marquis had written to Lady Scott.

In replacing the blotting pad she noticed some of the cigar ash resting on the edge of the drawer, and opening it she came upon the miniature and the letter.

She looked at the first with a burning curiosity, which grew to fever heat as she read.

It might have been a gold mine the sheep you have person had discovered, judging by the glitter of her eyes as she read the faded—and now scorched—letter; and after a moment's hesitation she replaced the miniature only, and put the letter in her pocket.

### CHAPTER XII.

"Tell me, the marquis had said. The injunction was not necessary. There are certain crises in one's life when the heart will admit of no confidant. Elaine could not have told her father if she had tried to do so. There seemed to her something almost sacred in the confession, the avowal the marquis had made. He had not only told her that he loved her, but he had in a manner, confessed that his future moral and spiritual welfare depended upon her. He had spoken of his past with the sorrow and bitterness of one who had made a fatal error, and ever from realizing what that past had been. She was almost as innocent and unspotted of the world as a cloistered nun, and though his words told her she was not, she recalled them as she recalled them, they conveyed no tangible idea to her.

"I love you! I love you!" she found herself repeating the magic words to a child in another room, and the music they made within her heart should have told her that they found an echo there.

The faint light of dawn was breaking softly in the heavens, she undressed and went to bed, but even then she could not sleep. She could only lie with closed eyes and think of the words which she had heard, and which was half joy, half pain, in its intensity, filling her heart.

And could she have known it, there was another heart too full to sleep that night. The marquis, lying awake, thinking of her and all that her love would make possible for him, and the first rays of the sun that stole into his room found him, as he lay pondering over the crisis which love had wrought.

## ANCIENT TIME MAKING DEVICES.

(Boston Daily Globe.)

In the United States the oldest timepiece is the famous Endicott sundial, made in London in 1690, and it was brought to this country the same year by Governor Endicott at the time he brought the fleet of ships laden with immigrants to settle in and around Salem.

The dial stood for a great number of years in front of the Endicott mansion in Salem and was in the hands of the family until sixty or seventy years ago, when it was placed in the care of the East India Marine Society of Salem. The Society held it in trust until 1869, when it came into the possession of Charles G. Drake, where it now rests in a glass case in the museum.

Being unable to reclaim the original members of the family have on different occasions had replicas made in bronze and placed near their residences.

The sundial of King Ahaz, who lived 742 years before Christ, is the first dial on record in the world. The dial was a graduated instrument having degree marks of some kind which showed the daily course of the sun. The Old Testament tells us that it was known in Jerusalem as early as seven centuries before Christ and the manner of its mention indicates that it was a novelty in that city at that time.

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Imperfect sundials were common in Rome about a century and a half before the Christian era, so common indeed, that, as new inventions nowadays afford material for the paragrapher, they were targets for the funny men of the period.

The Romans later perfected a sundial suitable to their latitude, which was much more accurate. The dial was later adopted and improved by European nations, and some very accurate ones were made by clock makers throughout Europe.

A dial, or rather a series of dials of every conceivable description forming a structure, was erected in Whitehall, London, in 1699, by order of King Charles II. It was the invention of Francis Hall, a Jesuit and professor of mathematics at Liege. Vertical dials, including dials and dials for showing time, were computed by various nations at different periods, were all included and ranged on platforms.

Of these bowls or brackets appear to have been the most attractive. One on the first platform to show the hour by fire, consisting of a little glass bowl filled with clear water. This bowl was about three inches in diameter, and was placed in the middle of another sphere, about six inches in diameter, consisting of several rings or circles, representing the hour circles in the heavens.

The hour was known by applying the hand to these circles when the sun shone, and that circle where the hand felt burned by the sunbeams passing through the bowl filled with water showed the true hour.

King Alfred measured time by burning candles, marked with circular lines to indicate the hours. Ingenious devices were adopted to prevent draughts from striking the flame, and thus, as it were, make "time speed on its flight" by melting the candle before it was burned, but this was a very imperfect method of timekeeping.

The gnomon, the predecessor of the sun dial, was probably one of the earliest devices for the reckoning of time, and it may reasonably be concluded that the Egyptian pyramids with their great altitude formed part of a design for timekeeping by shadows thrown on the desert sands. The obelisk, too, in all probability, served the purpose, for, as a matter of history an obelisk at Rome was actually used for a sun dial in the time of Emperor Augustus.

The rising and setting of the sun and the changes of the moon were undoubtedly the first records of time kept by man, the shepherd of the early ages reckoning time by full moons.

The lengthening of a tree's shadow gave warning that night was approaching, when another day or period of time would be at an end. If we could step on board of a Malay prae we should see floating in a bucket of water a coconut shell having a small hole in the bottom through which the water by slow degrees finds its way into the interior. The hole in the shell is so proportioned that the shell will fill and sink in an hour, when the man on watch calls the time and sets it afloat again.

The Chinese have a water clock in use at the present time which invention they ascribe to Hwangti, who lived, according to their chronology, more than 25 centuries before Christ.

A water-clock, or time-recording machine, very similar to the Chinese instrument, and named the clepsydra, was used by the ancient Greeks in determining the amount of time which speakers in court should take to make their arguments. This machine was in the form of a spherical vessel with a minute opening at the bottom and a bucket of water suspended into which the water was poured.

The running out of the water could be stopped by closing the neck. The familiar association of this device with the course of that time is shown in many ways. In important cases of great moment to the State each party was allowed ten amphorae, in about fifty gallons of water, and the time in which to make their arguments.

Demosthenes showed the value he placed on the time allotted him to speak, for during an interruption in one of his speeches he turned to a court officer with a preceptor, "You there! Stop that water!"

The time system of early Rome was of the rudest character. The day and night each were divided into four watches, the periods of which were roughly determined by observations of the courses of the sun and stars.

The Accensus watched for the moment when, from the Senate House, he first caught sight of the sun between the rostra and the Græco-stasis, when he proclaimed publicly the hour of the day. From the same point he watched the declining sun and proclaimed its disappearance.

On the mantel in the trustees' room of the Boston Public Library stands a clock which was bought in Paris and sent to this country in 1890 at a cost, it is said, of \$1,000, to be set up in the present building of the library, which was at that time incomplete.

It is a reproduction in bronze by M. Planchon of a celebrated design of Jean Gossart, an artist of the early part of the sixteenth century, now in the museum at Brussels.

The whole structure of the clock has been chiseled by hand and no duplicate has ever been made from it. The bronze is richly gilded and the wings on either side of the face, which are in reality doors to protect the face of the clock, are colored.

It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and the designer considered one of the finest works of art of its kind exhibited.

The Death of News. The papers are proxy to-day. With nothing at all to say. Except of a stabbing affray. And scandals a few, A financial review, A murder or two, A party in whose hold, A threat of a war, You can't tell what for, The wreck of a car, The success of a star, One I hurry to whom, An ordinance sold, The plans for a fair, A car for the air, A trust that is new, Some railroad to sue, A strike that's begun, With three others done, A roseate scheme, To get rich—in a dream, A yacht built to beat, One I hurry to whom, The cruise of a fleet, Epidemics to fear, Inventions to cheer, A peacemaker killed, A prize fight just "billed," And a few other things, Of society's flings, Or political rings. That's all that the papers display, They have really nothing to say, That's worthy of our today. —Brooklyn Eagle.

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