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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Yes, my lady," answered Marie, with alacrity. "I will. What business has that George to carry messages and interfere? He is clever—oh, oh, very clever, but he shall not hoodwink me."

Lady Lucette laughed again. "So," she murmured, "Mister Hal has his little love affair, and the devoted sister is plotting with him. It will amuse me, at least to look them."

"Yes, Marie," she added, aloud, "you must find out this mysterious affair and let me know."

Quite unconscious of the condensing interest which Lady Lucette was taking in this affair, Hal waited the approach of six o'clock with that bitter impatience which distinguishes love in its predicament.

He wandered about the grounds, puffing at his pipe, and carefully avoiding any human being; then he betook himself to the interior of the castle, and sauntered from room to room, settling accounts and to nothing. If he could have found Jeanne to unburden his mind to, it would have been some comfort, but Jeanne had gone out with the Lamonts and Clarence.

Then he ran against Vane on his way to the studio, and if he had been a very little less in love than he was, he would have noticed the haggard look on his eyes, and the nervousness of his hands, but he passed unnoticed, and to Vane's good-natured inquiry if he would come and smoke a cigar with him, Hal muttered some excuse, and hastened on.

Vane looked after him with a curious, and almost sinister, expression, and he turned into his quiet, secluded room.

"Something wrong with the boy," he murmured, "has he been getting into debt?" At the thought, he stepped out again into the corridor and called after Hal.

Hal turned back, and Vane put his hand on his shoulder. "Come and smoke a cigar with me, Hal," he said, in his old, affectionate manner, and they went in together.

"Let me see, you like those Cubans—here you are. Now tell me what the matter is."

Hal looked up and colored. "Nothing," he said, of course. "You mean nothing? I can help you in," said Vane, and he put his white hands on Hal's broad shoulders and looked at him wistfully. "Don't say that unless you are quite sure, Hal. Is it money—any little or big?"

"No—no," said Hal. "Are you sure?" said Vane, with kindly scrutiny; "don't hesitate with me, Hal—don't let a question of money trouble you. Honestly, dear boy, there is more than I know what to do with—a great deal more. Out with it, Hal—or stay," he said, seating himself at his writing-table, "suppose I write a cheque for a thousand—a couple of thousand—without asking any questions. Vane had jumped up and put his hand on Vane's arm, and his eyes grew suddenly moist.

"What a dear, generous old man you are, Vane!" he said, impulsively. "I'm not in debt—I don't want money—I wish I was, just for the pleasure of taking it from you, though heaven knows you are liberal enough; sometimes I'm ashamed at the cheques when I cash them."

"Why should you be?" said Vane, quietly. "All I have to do is follow as you are, Vane. You describe a name—and yours, I would give all the world, if I had it, to make you two happy!"

"Don't I know—don't Jeanne know it?" said Hal, gratefully. "There never was such a kind-hearted fellow as you are, Vane. You describe a name—and yours, I would give all the world, if I had it, to make you two happy!"

"There is nothing, my dear Hal," said Vane, smiling, at very, very wistfully; "there is nothing you can do. If I'm not happy, it is my own fault; remember that, and that I had jumped up."

"That's the 5 o'clock bell going, isn't it?" he said. "Must go."

And with a confused excuse, he hurried out. Vane looked after him, and raised his hand to his forehead, with a troubled expression on his face.

"What ails the boy?" he said; "what is it that seems to hang about him all like some dark cloud? Then he went to the window and leaned out for air. "Something seems to press down upon the place like a nightmare. I am not superstitious, or I should think something was going to happen."

With a shake of his broad shoulders and a smile, he threw off the feeling and went to work. On the easel was an unfinished historical picture of the time of Charles the First; the lay figure was draped with a cavalier costume, and a rapier and sword were laid in a heap on a chair.

Vane took up the brush, but only to fling it down again, and absentmindedly over the faded velvet tunic, lace hats, rapiers and swords were laid in a heap on a chair. But nothing would interest him, and at last he went up to his room to dress, his hands thrust into his pockets, and his head drooping moodily. Just as he put his fingers on the handle of the door he heard a voice that always ran through him; it was Jeanne; she was coming slowly up the stairs, talking to someone in a low voice. The someone replied in a still lower voice, and Vane bit his lip.

Mechanically, unthinkingly, he looked down the stairs. There stood Jeanne—

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ternoon before him—for walking fast, he had done his mile in a very few minutes, and, as he throws himself down upon the grass, for he does not know whether the companion may not be watching the grounds with a field-glass, he takes off his hat and wipes his brow, and tries to possess his soul in patience. Five, ten minutes—ten years, seemingly, pass, and he is about to groan aloud, when suddenly he hears the rustle of dress, and springing to his feet, sees Verona close beside him.

For a moment he is speechless; she has come, for all his expectancy, so like a vision, in her wonderful beauty, that he can do nothing else than stare, with his honest, boyish love beaming from his dark eyes. As he does so, he notices unconsciously, and with a pang, that she is changed somehow; by the stream there where he had nearly seen her, it was a child's face, a child's frank smile that had been upturned to him; now—was it because she was paler and her eyes seemed darker and deeper that she seemed older?

Hal is no analyst, no philosopher, only a love-stricken boy, and didn't know that, with his passionate kisses—the first that had ever fallen on her lips from man—he had slain the child in Verona, and had created the woman, loving, passionate, and shy.

She was shy—sweetly shy, and when she held out her hand, Hal could not have plucked up courage to kiss it to save his life. But he holds it tightly, though it trembles faintly for freedom, and so he stands looking at her. At last she lifts her eyes—with one swift flash from the depths that goes straight into Hal's heart—and says:

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Berttram?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Did he wish to see her? Had he ever wished for anything as much since his life began? "Verona," he says, "his voice all a quiver," as Shakespeare says, "Verona, are you angry with me because of—because of last night?"

"Angry?" she says, "and she lifts her long lashes and looks at him.

"You have been ill, are still ill?" he goes on to say. "Jeanne called to-day."

"I know," says Verona, softly, turning away her head and revealing a profile like those of those cameos one finds in antique jewels.

"And they told her you were ill?" Verona looks at his flushed, eager face with a gentle sadness. "I was not ill," she says.

"I knew it!" he rejoins, drawing a long breath of relief, combined with indignation. "I knew it was a—was not true. Princess—Verona—who told them to tell Jeanne that, and put her off?"

Verona looks down silent. Hal groans almost audibly, and dropping her hand, leans against the tree to control himself.

"Now you are angry with me!" she sighs.

Hal turns to her eagerly, and takes up his hand again. "How can you say that?" he says. "Don't you know that I am almost out of my mind?"—and, indeed, he looks like it—"how would you feel if you loved me as I love you, if I were slung up away from you, and not allowed to see you, and that, in a beastly foreign place, where one doesn't know the language—and the people, instead of standing up like me to fight it out, smile and look on as if nothing was the matter?"

Verona fixes her dark eyes with a frightened, pleading look upon his handsome, flushed face.

"Verona, may I—I may call you Verona, mayn't I? Tell me all, do tell me everything! I feel like a man tied hard and fast, helpless. Are they really sending you a prisoner in—in this beastly place?"

"I don't know," she says, hesitatingly, and with a little quick shudder. "Indeed, I do not know—but I am afraid they do not like me to go out, or to see any one."

"And am I the cause?" says outspoken Hal. "Who is it, the prince, your father?"

Verona shakes her head. "The count, then?"

"Ah!" and Hal draws a long breath; "so I thought! And what does he do that for, and are you going to submit to it? Think, Verona, a prisoner!"

Verona fixes her dark eyes, and says, "I know; but what can I do? I am only a girl—a helpless woman, and—"

"And the count has some right!" says Hal, fiercely, "and if he treats you like this before, what would he do after, when he has you entirely in his power?"

"I love you," she whispers, her head closing softly on his arm—"I love you!" "Wonderful!" murmurs Hal, rapturously. "How can you, who are so beautiful, so—so far above any other woman in the world—love such a fellow as I am?"

Verona lays the tips of her fingers timidly on his lips. "Hush!" she says. "You must not say this to me, and of yourself. It is not true; it is you who are so much better than I—a poor, miserable girl. Ah!"—and as if she had suddenly remembered, she adds—"and we must part!"

"Part?" says Hal, between his teeth, and turning white. What can he say to prevent such a calamity? "Part?" he echoes, wildly.

"Yes," she sighs, and her lips twitch. "We must part; they will not let me see you again—never again!" says Hal, trembling. "Don't say that! There must be some way—there must—of preventing that!"

She looks up, large tears forming slowly in her dark eyes, and she says, "No," she says, "I am unfortunate, I had not belong to myself. I wish, and she sighs—"I wish that we had never met."

Driven almost wild by the sight of tears in her eyes—to which tears, should have been such after strangers, Hal still manages to control himself, and with a true Englishman's coolness faces the situation.

"My darling," he says, "for Heaven's sake don't cry! Every tear of yours goes to my heart like a knife—feel!" and he presses her hand to his side.

"Come, I'm only a boy; but I love you like a man; let me act like one! Listen to me, darling! You were about to marry the count?"

"Were!" murmurs Verona, sadly, demurely.

"Yes, were," says Hal, hotly. "You are not going to now! I'll kill him first, I'd rather kill you!"

"Ah!"—and she clings to him passionately—"if you would! I could die here now," and she lays her head on his breast.

Hal gasps, breathless for a moment, overwhelmed by such love, and when he speaks again, his voice is stirred and broken.

"Listen, my sweet, angel; you were to marry the count. How long have you known him?"

Verona is silent for a moment. "Ever since I—remember."

"What made you—what brought it about?" she asks, and she looks at him with a surprised, almost angry expression.

"I don't know. He is a great friend of papa's."

"Ah, I see," says Hal. "Your father is indebted to him, perhaps?"

Verona looks up proudly. "No!"

"Knows his secrets," says Hal. "Perhaps?"

"But that's another matter," says Hal. "He can't inquire the price here in Germany! Does the prince want you to marry the count?"

"I do not know; he has never said so," says Verona.

"Can he see that the count is old enough to be your grandfather? If he doesn't want it, why doesn't he stop it?"

Verona sighs sadly. "Papa does not think of me—of anything but Italy," she whispers.

"Italy?" she exclaims, and she looks at him with a surprised, almost angry expression. "And because the count is an old friend, and had a hand in some of these conspiracies, the prince quietly hands him the greatest treasure the world possesses?"

"Papa does not think. And—and in Italy girls marry when their fathers wish them, and—I have been promised to the count ever since I could talk."

Breed as a Factor In Feeding Animals.

BY PROF. G. E. DAY.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.)

Nearly every farmer who feeds stock has his favorite breeds, and is firmly convinced that certain breeds are more profitable to feed than others. While there is little doubt that some breeds of stock are better adapted to certain conditions of climate, systems of management, and environment than others, it is a significant fact that when different breeds of flesh-producing animals have been fed side by side, under the same conditions, no constant difference in favor of any one breed has been discovered, so far as ability to make economical gains is concerned.

It is only when it comes to marketing the cattle that the difference between the different classes becomes apparent, the best breeds producing much superior beef, and consequently selling for a much higher price per pound.

Comparisons of the breeds of sheep have not been very fully worked out, but so far as they have gone, the indications are that the same rule practically holds true.

In swine the most extensive experiment with breeds have been conducted by the Ontario Agricultural College. Six breeds of swine were compared as to the coat of producing 100 pounds gain.

Drassey arranged in order of economy of production.

First Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Chester White; 6, York-shire.

Second Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Poland China; 4, Chester White; 5, Yorkshire; 6, Duroc Jersey.

Third Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Berkshire; 3, Duroc Jersey; 4, Tamworth; 5, Chester White; 6, Poland China.

Fourth Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Yorkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Fifth Experiment—1, Berkshire; 2, Yorkshire; 3, Duroc Jersey; 4, Chester White; 5, Tamworth; 6, Poland China.

Breed is not a factor in influencing

the economy of production. Further, there is only one way of accounting for the variations which occurred in each experiment, and that is on the ground of the individuality of the animals.

There is little doubt, therefore, that animals possessing good constitution and quality will make economical use of their food, no matter what breed they may belong to.

The carcasses from swine used in the Ontario experiment were sent to the slaughter house and critically compared by experts and the following tables show the breeds arranged in order of their suitability for the manufacture of bacon for the English market.

Breeds arranged in order of suitability for the manufacture of Wiltshire sides.

First Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White.

Second Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

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Fourth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Chester White; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Fifth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Berkshire; 3, Chester White; 4, Tamworth; 5, Duroc Jersey; 6, Poland China.

Sixth Experiment—1, Yorkshire; 2, Tamworth; 3, Berkshire; 4, Duroc Jersey; 5, Poland China; 6, Chester White.

It is much to be regretted that there is much constancy about these tables that about the preceding ones. The York-shires and Tamworths hold their place at the top of the list in each of these tables, except one, where the Tamworths were placed as low as fourth place. The Chester Whites, Duroc Jerseys, and Poland Chinas appear at the bottom of the list in nearly every case, being essentially fat-producing breeds and suitable for the production of the type of hog popular in the United States, but entirely unsuitable for supplying the markets to which Canadian packers cater.

The farmer can not afford to shut his eyes to the requirements of the market, and the facts set out in these investigations are certainly worthy of his consideration.

and that the flame is very hot and very difficult to extinguish.

Great caution should be exercised in regard to the drapery used for scenic purposes, which should consist so far as possible, if not entirely, of non-inflammable or of easily-ignited material. There is again a similar danger connected with celluloid ornaments and toys. The celluloid ball does not ignite something else and lead to an alarming conflagration it may itself inflict severe burns and injury.

This warning is all the more needed, in view of the fact that many toys are now made of this highly-combustible material.

The festive season is associated with many things bright and pretty in which danger may easily lurk. The painted doll may be pigmented with poison, the colored candles on the Christmas tree have been known to be a source of arsenical poisoning at Christmas parties, while the fireworks may not be above suspicion. We cheerfully admit, however, that there never was a time when coloring materials were as a rule so innocent chemicals as at the present, thanks, maybe, to the publicity given in our own country to the practice at one time in evidence of using poisonous materials for this purpose. If it were forewarned is to be forewarned in this kind is timely, and we issue it not with the slightest desire to cast a wet blanket over a promised joyous time, but in the sincere hope that this Christmas may not be marred by those sad and needless accidents which have occasionally marked previous festivals, and which could have been avoided by taking care and by the application of ordinary intelligence as to the possibilities of danger.

Cost of Ammunition.

The cost of ammunition in a modern battle is much greater than is commonly imagined. With the increase in the range of modern ordnance the expense has naturally gone up steadily.

The first rifled cannon of our country (63 inches) was built in 1792 and carried 35,000 yards was attained. In 1875 by using steel guns, 12,000 yards was reached, and by increasing the calibre, 15,000 yards was attained. Since this time, by using new powders and by lengthening of the guns, the range has steadily grown. In 1888, the occasion of the jubilee of Queen Victoria, the English artillery at Shoeburyness fired a celebrated round of shot which attained a range of about 20,000 yards.

The Germans imitated the English and reached about 23 yards further under the same conditions. The French artillery is not behindhand. It has now a cannon of 134 inches, which, firing with an initial velocity of 900 yards a second, can send a projectile a distance of 13 miles. A longer cannon, which is not yet in service, could, it is thought, send its shell 11 1/2 miles with an initial speed of 1,200 yards. When this initial speed shall have been attained with the 31 calibre the range will reach 30 kilometres—just the distance from Dover to Calais.

The expenses of making a cannon and of firing each shot have enormously increased of late. There are in Germany a cannon of one hundred and ten tons that the Krupp factory has turned out when cost every time they are fired, exactly \$1,700. The projectile is worth \$650, and the powder not less than \$190. But this is not all; there must be added the proper fraction of the value of the gun, which can be fired only ninety-five times before it is completely out of order.

Now a hundred and ten ton gun costs

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS AND THEIR DANGERS.

Far be it from us to detract in the smallest degree from the joys and amusements which are so commonly indulged in at Christmas time for the sake chiefly of the little people. But previous experience has taught us unapologetically that Christmas time is prone to bring a sad chapter of accidents, much sadder than usual because of their occurrence at a peculiarly joyous time, which with a little forethought might have been avoided.

Perhaps it is in connection with domestic theatricals that the worst accidents have arisen. Children and adults alike have been pressed up, for example, and almost buried in a profusion of cotton-wool intended to represent snow, without the least regard having been paid to the ready inflammability of the material and without any precautions to keep it from coming into contact with a naked flame. Some most heart-rending scenes have resulted from this want of care, and a very sad sequel to happy moments has been the consequence. It cannot be too well known that cotton-wool burns with the fierceness of spirit.

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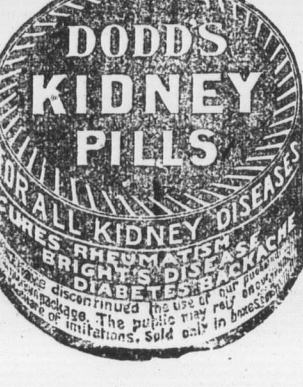
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Now a hundred and ten ton gun costs

\$100.00 GIVEN AWAY FREE For Correct Answers to this Puzzle. The letters to the left of this advertisement when properly arranged spell four words. Can you spell one of them? If so the grand prize of \$100.00 is yours. We are giving away \$100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay, send in your answer at once. We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business. THE GERMAN PINK PILL CO., Dept. 5678, TORONTO, ONT.



Songs and Their Writers.

How the popular songs disseminated all resurrection is emphasized by the notice of the death in Providence of Samuel N. Mitchell, who was the author of some of the most widely known in their day. We suppose that not one thousand of the young people who greet with avidity the new songs of this day ever heard of Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise, and yet it is in this country of more than four million copies, to say nothing of its immense popularity in England. That must have been thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Mitchell wrote Sadie Ray, for a popular minstrel performance, and it was sung and whistled and tramped on pianos in every nook and corner of this country. Most of the cooped long since went into the ash barrels and the rest are in the attic. Look at the titles of some of Mr. Mitchell's most popular songs: Dear Sunny Days of the Past; Dance Me Papa, on Your Knees; Amber Tresses Tied in Blue; The Lark That Led to School; My Love Sleeps Under the Daisies; Speak to Me Kindly; Little Bright Eyes at the Window; Maggie With the Soft Brown Hair; Our Comrades Neath the Sod; The Sundry Smiles of My Darling; Sleeping in Death's Cramping Ground; We Doek Their Grays Alike to Day; When My Love Comes Home to Me; Put My Little Shoes Away. There are persons who recall them, but for the most part their singing days are over, and rag-time is more to the taste of the younger generation. Mr. Mitchell's verses were largely of the saccharine type that was affected by the tenor soloists of the negro minstrel company, the choruses lending themselves effectively to the pianissimo repetition by the entire troupe, and they thrilled many and many a susceptible heart. As poetry they were not of course, pretentious. Their author never dreamed that they were. They did give innocent pleasure to thousands of persons, and when they had served their purpose they were pushed aside by the incoming of a new school—New Bedford Standard.

Entertaining Sister's Deal.

While the swain was waiting in the parlor of a Lexington avenue home for his inamorata that lady's younger sister ventured into the room to entertain the caller.

"Sister! be down soon, Mr. Swilling," she said. "Say, can you tell me when a door is shut a door?"

"The young man looked surprised at the ancient conundrum.

"That's a chestnut," he said. "A door is not a door when it is a jar of jam."

"That's right," said the young sister gleefully. "Now, here's another: What makes more noise than a pig under?"

"Little girl," interrupted the young man somewhat testily, "why are you asking me to guess those old rags?"