

# Luxury for Every jody

**CEYLON TEA** 

Stimulating. Refreshing. Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Delicious. By all grocers.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"It is for an appetite, Lady Lucelle!" calls out Nugent, composedly. 'We'll put them out if you'll come and play."

But she shakes her head—she wants to find out if Hal has returned—and with a light laugh goes on her way. Stopping at a window, she looks out, and sees a solitary figure pacing up and down with hurried, restless strides, his hands behind him, his head bent—it is Clarence. Again Lady Lucelle smiles.

"Where is Jeanne, I wonder?" she says. "Evidently somewhere he can't get near her, or he wouldn't be there."

don't want to quarrel with you, and if I am to answer your question I should do so. We understand each other. What good can your staying do yourself—or others?"

Clarence turns pale and hangs his head, biting his lips irresolutely. Suddenly he looks up:

"Nugent, you are right," he says, do no good, and nothing but harm to myself. You are right! I will go."

Nugent holds out his hand.

"Spoken like a man!" he says.

"Where is Jeanne, I wonder?" she says. "Evidently somewhere he can't get near her, or he wouldn't be there. Why is it men make such fools of themselves when they are in love? Women don't!" And with this obtrusive problem she moves on to the upper corridor again, but stops suddenly with a quick flush. A horseman has just ridden into the courtyard, and, throwing the bridle to a groom, dismounts, and enters the castle—it is Vane. Very pale and haggard, he looks like a man that has some matter of life and death upon has some matter of life and death upon

his mind. Lady Lucelle pauses.

"Shall I stop and speak to him?" she asks herself, wistfully. "No, he has avoided me of late—better not. Let him goes on.
Vane strides across the hall, glances

into the drawing room, just as Lady Lu-celle halts above, and goes into the bil-

Nugent looks up, and, obeying a look rather than a gesture of Vane's, rises, pitches his cheroot aside, and follows him up to his studio.

"What is it, old man?" he asks, as he closes the door after him.

Vane paces up and down for a moment silence; at last he stops, and looks silence; at last he stops, and looks Nugent with a face so marked by anxiety and care that Charlie start.

"Charlie," he says, in a low voice, "I must go back; I can't stand this any longer. I fancied I could remain until our time was up; I believed, I wanted our time was up; I believed, I wanted to believe, in your assurance, your emphatic assertion, of my—of Jeanne's purity and innocence, even in thought; I can believe it no longer—stop!" for Charlie had started forward, pale as himself. "Do not misunderstand me; I believe she is pure in act and deed, but I cannot trust her to herself any longer. Don't ask me what I have seen—wes I Don't ask me what I have seen—yes, I will tell you. I saw Clarence kiss her hand; I heard his voice, low, passion ate, troubled, as mine—Heaven help me—used to be! I will wait no longer. Charlie, I must-I must take her back

to England with me to-morroy."
"Right! Quite right!" says Nugent.
"But still, nothing shall persuade me
that such cause as you believe exists. Mind that! But you are quite right to go. And what can I do—shall I explain to the people that remain—shall I send them away? I'll tell them important business has called you home, that Lady Jeanne must go with you; and I'll take 'em to the abbey, the whole biling of them, if you like."

Vane holds out his hand.

"I knew I could rely on you, Char-lie, best and dearest friend. Do as you think best; make the best excuse you can, and let them remain here as your guests, if they, and you, like. Candidly, this evening I am almost bereft of my senses. If I was indifferent, if I did not care for her, I could take her away, send her away, put a bullet through him, do anything easily. But, Charlie, I love her! I love her as madly as in the old days before our marriage, as in the old days before we parted-

"Yes," parted," repeated Vane. "We have been parted since our wedding day. Don't ask me any questions; I cannot tell you any mort; parted, yes, parted, us. Think of that! Remember that I as you know, draws me on to love her more dearly every day. And parted. There, Charlie, I am scarcely myself

laying his hand upon Vane.

and presentiments. Fancy me being so superstitious. For the last two days I have had a dread of something intangible going to happen. To-night it hange upon me like a cloud. I hate the place, her with us.

"Right, you are quite right, Vane. Shall I say anything to-night?"

"Spoken like a man!" he Clarence makes a great effort. "To-night."

"To-night."

"Without a my fuss?"

"Without a word to a soul," he replies.

"Shake hands," says Nugent; "you are not quite lost, Clarence. Then no more words; as you say, we understand each other; good night."

"Good night," says Clarence, and he passes on, pale and agitated.

This little momentous conference had taken place outside the door of the

taken place outside the door of the

Charence looks up.

"Well?"

"Aren't you tired of hanging and dawdling about? Why the devil don't yor go to Norway—Sweden—or wherever you said you were going?"

Clarence starts and reddens angrily.

"What do you mean, Lord Nugent? Why should I?"

They are disposed of," he says, bitterly, thinking of one only. "Say nothing—there is no need. Nugent will be host in our absence."

"Very well." says Jeanne, again reclining her head and she received. attently. "Don't be a fool, Clarence. I clining her head, and she goes out.

Half-an-hour afterward the diner-bell elangs out over the castle; and Bell, who is never late on any occasion, comes out of his room, and knocks at Hal's door; that young gentleman being many miles away, doees not hear him, and, at last, after playing a mild tune on the defence-after playing a mild tune of the defence-afte after playing a mild tune on the defence-less oak, Bell opens the door gently.

"Hal, my dear boy, there's the din-ner bell. Are you dressed yet? Make haste, they are al going in. Can I help you, can I——"

berself than to him. "No! Go to the stable and get the light dogcart ready—"

By this time he found that he had been adressing space.
Hal is not there. Bel goes into the rooms and looks around. It is extremely tidy, not a thing is thrown about—a clear proof to Bell's mind that Hal has not been in the room since the servant arranged it in the early morning.

"Now where has he gone "asked poor Bell; "it's unlike him to miss his dinner,"
"Right, my lady; it will be too late!" says George, "My lady, can't you trust me to take care of you—all these years?" and honest George's voice trembles.

"Go, then," says George, "My lady, can't you trust me to take care of you—all these years?" and honest George's voice trembles.

"Go, then," says Jeanne. "I do not know what to do! and I am to ask no one! Oh! what can it be? Yes, go— will come."

"Right, my lady; it will be too obtain more profit from each individual cow in his herd, but at present there is lack of co-operation amongst farmers to accomplish this object.

In Denmark, the home of agricultural co-operation, there have been testing associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associations since 1895, and there are not in the co-operation associ

not been in the room since the servant arranged it in the early morning. "Now where has he gone?" asked poor Bell: "it's unlike him to miss his dinner, and he is fond of his pipe, too. Dear me."
And, vainly speculating, Bell goes down.
"Perhaps he hasn't had time to dress,
and—but he wouldn't have the courage
to dine with them in a shooting-jacket."

his room since the morning. I——" and Per. He stops short, for the count has sudlenly arisen to his feet, with a strange

"Is it Hal you are inquiring for ?" says "Is it Hal you are inquiring for ?" says Lady Lucelle, who, engrossed in conversation with Clarence, does not appear to have heard the previous inquiries. "Oh, I know where he is! He was kind enough to go off this morning to shoot a hawk for my hat, and I supose he does not like to come back without it."

And she smiles.

The count sinks into his seat again.

And sne smiles.

The count sinks into his seat again, looking, for the first time inhis life, rather confused.

"I was afraid some accident had hap-

pened to my dear young friend," he says to Maud, with a charming smile. "How kind and thoughtful of you,"

"Right, you are quite right, vane. Shall I say anything to-night?"

"When you like—no, better wait till the morning: my being busy will be an excuse for your explaining instead of me."

Nugent goes out without another word, his heart wrung for his friend; not five yards has he gone when he med's Clarence coming languidly up the stairs.

For a moment Nugent feels inclined to seize him and fling him out of the window, but he controls himself, and, instead, lays his hand upon Clarence's shoulder.

"Lane," he says sharply.

"I object—refuse?" she echoes, in a low voice. "Why should I?"

"You may be acquainted with the reason if there is any," he says, haughtily, staining the face.

It falls and crimsons.

"He knows all about Hal and Verona, and the strikes a light.

"Begging your pardon, my lady, but the continue to be lost."

"He knows all about Hal and Verona, and is rickes a light.

"Begging your pardon, my lady, but the continue to be lost."

"What does this mean?" she asks.

"Why should he write this? Why does mands, in a suppressed voice.

"No," she says, with a pause, "there are some reasons, then?" he demands, in a suppressed voice.

"No," she says, with a pause, "there are none weighty enough to lead me to disobey you. I shall be ready at any hour you name."

"Il object—refuse?" should I?

"George whips out his matchox, and to strikes a light.

"Begging your pardon, my lady, but the continue to be lost."

"What does this mean?" she asks.

"Why should he write this? Why does not himself, and, in a suppressed voice.

"No," she says, with a pause, "there can't, my lady," replies George acquily. "And you'll come, my lady?"

"Il oc, certainly not!" says Jeanne, but very faintly.

George actually staggers.

"No! my lady!"

"Il No, certainly not!" says Jeanne, but very faintly.

George actually staggers.

"No! my lady!"

"Il No, certainly not!" says Jeanne, but very faintly.

"No; how dare you, sir—oh, is he in the look of the wind is any."

"Il object—refuse?"

mutters George.

Jeanne clenches her hands, undecided.
"I cannot go alone," she says, more to herself than to him. "No! Go to the

and—but he wouldn't have the courage to dine with them in a shooting-jacket."

If Hal hasn't, the count has, for Bell finds his excellency seated at a table in his frock coat, and Maud, in a delighted whisper, tells Bell how it happens:

"Jeanne asked him at the last moment and begged him not to take the trouble of going home to dress; and he stayed. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"Yes." says Bell, "very kind. But where is Hal?" says Jeanne, looking around. "Yes, where is he?"

There is a dead silence. The servants wait for the signal to uncover. Vane, lost in thought, looks up,

"Is he not here?"

"No,' says Bell. "He hasn't been in his room since the morning. I—"

He stops short, for the count has sudHe stops short, for the count has sud-

# Scientific Warfare Against the Clouds

-------In Europe it has become almost a com This in the pale and agitated.

"It was afraid some accident hed happened to my dear young friend," he says a partment that goes the thousand the haldes' room—a kind of bouldoir comment of the ladies who may want a place of refuge on a wet day. It is seldon the haldes' room—a kind of bouldoir comment of the ladies who may want a place of refuge on a wet day. It is seldon the state of the ladies who may want a place of the ladies who nonplace occurrence to shoot at the clouds

the way to an one of the part of the part

To Make a Canary Sing.

o "I! No, certainly not!" says Jeanne, but very faintly.
George actually staggers.
t "No! my lady!"
"No; how dare you, sir—oh, is he in danger?"
George does not hesitate a moment.
"Yes," he says.
Jeanne catches the letter with a sudden shudder of apprehension. "In danger!" she says. "Yes—yes, he must be, or he wouldn't write like this!"
"You'll come, my lady?"

Generally any kind of soit, sibilant noise will tempt a bird to sing. A canary hung in a kitchen will usually start his song if he hears, say, the frizzling of the frying pan. We utilize special devices to tempt the shy singer, who is perhaps rendered the more bashful by finding himself in novel surroundings.
For this purpose we employ whistles and song organs, which artificially reproduce the "tours" of the roller. This latter method is found to be irrestible to the noise will tempt a bird to sing. A canary hung in a kitchen will usually start his song if he hears, say, the frizzling of the frying pan. We utilize special devices to tempt the shy singer, who is perhaps rendered the more bashful by finding himself in novel surroundings.
For this purpose we employ whistles and song organs, which artificially reproduce the "tours" of the roller. This latter method is found to be irrestible to the plant have failed. The limit for the strength of the firzling of the friend in a kitchen will usually start his song if he hears, say, the frizzling of the frying pan. We utilize special devices to tempt the shy singer, who is perhaps rendered the more bashful by finding himself in novel surroundings.

For this purpose we employ whistles and song organs, which artificially reproduce the "tours" of the roller. This latter method is found to be irrestible to the produce the "tours" of the roller. This latter method is found to be irrestible to the produce the "tours" of the roller. Generally any kind of soft, sibilant when all other plans have failed. The bird feets apparently that he is being challenged and forthwith responds to the "You'll come, my lady?" bird feets apparently that he is being "Oh, what shall I do? And to tell no challenged and forthwith responds to the one! What shall I do? I cannot—I challenge by pouring forth the best of cannot go—and yet?—Yes, I must go!" his song.—From the London Post.

# **Cow Testing** Associations

Probably every farmer in Canada

one! Oh! what can it be?. Yes, go—
I will come,"
"Right, my lady," says George with a ring in his voice. "Master Hal was right. He said you'd come. How long will you be, my lady? I can be ready in ten minutes."
"Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour," says Jeanne. "Bring the horses to the end of the moat," and the next moment she is gone like a shadow. Like a shadow also stands Lady Lucelle behind the terrace, looking down upon the two, and hearing a word here and a word there, and yet no shadow, not the blackest that ever was cast, held so evil a heart or so subtle a brain.

quickly and seriously.

As an instance of what substantial As an instance of what substantial progress is possible when individual cows are tested, a farmer near Cowansville, Que, furnishes a striking illustration. In 1896 fifteen cows were kept, giving an average of only 131 pounds of butter. In 1900 tests were commenced of each cow separately, the milk being weighed regularly. In 1904 twenty cows were kept (on the same land which when purchased in 1888 would not decently keep nine cows), ad the average production per cow was 254 pounds of butter. This increase of 123 pounds per cow can be attained on many other farms.

In some illustration testing under-taken in 1904 and 1905 by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, it was shown that very poor returns are re-ceived from many cows, therefore the urgent need of cow testing associations is apparent. Valuable practical buile-tins on the subject are available and will be sent free to any applicant.

Where any twenty patrons of a fac-tory will agree to weigh the milk from each cow on three days during the month the milking period, and furnish themselves with scales and sample bottles, costing about two to three dollars complete, the Minister of Agriculture announces that the testing will be done free of cost to the patrons. As the Department is anxious to assist farmers in organizing, J. A. Ruddick, Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, will be glad to hear from any progressive farmer or factory owner in any community relative to this most important matter, and will arrange for meetings to discuss the question

BRICKS FROM SAND, Plan to Utilize Great Sand Dunes

Britain. Great sand dunes extend for miles along the north coast of Bristol Channel, included in Glamorganshire, Eng-

## **HEALTH AND BEAUTY**

paleness, clear the complexion, pring rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. They give plenty of strong blood for all the delicate functions of womanhood. Miss Mary Jackson, Normandale, Ont., says: "For upwards of three years I suffered from the companie I orew so weak I could scarce and incompanie both of which are largely and incompanie both of which are largely anaemia. I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house, I had no color
im my face, my lips and gums were
bloodless, I suffered from headaches and
dizziness, and fell away in weight until
I weighed only 94 pounds. No treatment gave me the least benefit until I
began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Inside of a few weeks after beginning
the present prevalence of diseases with that of Inside of a few weeks after beginning the past there are several factors for the pills I began to grow better, and which due allowance is often not made, they soon restored my health, and while One of these is that our forefathers died, they soon restored my health, and while using them I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and feeble girls."

One of these is that our foreignness dieu, as a rule, at a considerably younger age than their descendants; if they did not perish by the sword they were moved down from time to time by the

feeble girls."

There are thousands of pale anaemic girls and women throughout Canada who should follow the example of Miss Jackson and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect health would soon follow. When you buy the pills see that the full name, the williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peoton Wost of the weakings died in childhood. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo-ple," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2,50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Evidence of Sound Mind. Secretary (lunatic asylum)—Mrs. Sharp-tongue was here to-day and want-ed her hlsband sent home and placed

THE SOUVENIR CRAZE. "A man walked into my office the other day," said James A. Sample, of the Redemption Division of the Treasury Department, "and dumped out of his pockets a handful of coins. There several half dollars, four or five quarters, and a number of dimes and nickels in the lot. They had all been flattened out, so that in some instances there was no trace left of the original

mpression.
"I would like to have these coins re-deemed at their face value," said the

man.

"'Certainly,' I replied, and while I was weighing them the man told me how it happened that they were all mashed in the same fashion.

"These coins were frattened out by the McKinley funeral train. As the train bearing the remains of the dead President pulled out of the Sixth street depot in this city, bound for Canton, I placed a number of coins on the rails. Other persons were doing the same thing, and for a distance of sevenal hundred yards the rails were covered with dred yards the rails were covered with nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollers. "Twe kept these long emough, and would like to have them redeemed."

"The craze for getting souvenirs, and gruesome ones at that," continued Mr. Sample, "has had a firm hold on Ameri-Sample, "has had a firm hold on Americans for some time. I remember as a boy how wild the people were to meet mementoes of Abraham Lincoln when he was shot. After having the method of the street from the opposite side of the street from Ford's Theatre, where the tragedy occurred. Blood dripping from the wound made a line from ne theatre to the house. I saw several persons tearing papers into small stripe and dipping the ends of them into the red blotches on the payement, proudly carrying them off as pavement, proudly carrying them off as souvenirs."—Washington Special to the Brooklyn Eagle.

### CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION.

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Noth-ing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tablets will cover the whole ground. Here is strong proof. Mrs. G. G. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby boy was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing helped him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets. him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets, but these promptly cured him, and he is now as healthy a little lad as you would care to see. I always keep the Tablets in the house and they quickly cure all the troubles of childhood." Every mother should keep these Tablets on hand. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and their prompts descripted in when and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life, They are guaranteed to contain no opiate of harmful drug. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

along the norm coast of Bristo Channel, included in Glamorganshire, England. These, in addition to being utterly worthless for all purposes, are also a memace to the narrow strip of low-lands between them and the hills. A company of business men, with head quarters at Port Talbot, have determined to put the sand to some use, and if their works prove profitable an industry will be built up on the dunes. The plan is to manufacture bricks from sand. The experiment has proved a success on the Continent where the bricks are produced in several colors and take a glaze satisfactorily. The Port Talbot plant will have a minimum capacity of 10,000 bricks a day. Some experts claim that these bricks made of sand and lime will be the building brick of the future in Wales and the United Kingdom.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

We may say often as we please, and the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saert it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saer it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saer it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister may as confidently saer it in his turn, that the congregation has ne claim upon the minister's wife. She is not at the bear are relative to call upon her for service not exacted from, nor expected of any other woman who belongs to the church. She receives no salary, and the church when the church woman who belongs to the church woman who belonged to call upon her for service not exacted from, nor expected of any other woman who necessarily conspicuous position, she is a great help to her husband. That this sort of help is a gratuity on her part, that it can not be demanded, and that she is within her rights in declining to give it, adds only to its worth when freely given.

A winning personality in the pastor's rife is like sunlight on the congregation, Come from the Rich, Red Blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Beauty is more than skin deep—it is blood deep. There is no real beauty, no good health without rich, red blood. Every graceful curve, every sparkle of the eye, every rosy blush, comes from rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and beauty maker in the world. Every dose actually makes new, pure, rich blood. By making new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sharpen the appetite, soothe the worfed nerves, regulate the health. They banish paleness, clear the complexion, bring rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. They give

Are Diseases Increasing?

Most of the weaklings died in childh The triumph of modern hygiene is that it has preserved a large proportion of these lives .- Practitione

Statue of Oueen Alexandra

The first statue of Queen Alexandra on English soil will be creeted in the grounds of the London Hospital, to commemorate the completion of the rebuild-ing operations, which have cost £45,000. The sculptor will be George Wade, and the statue, which will be of bronze, will inder her care.

Superintendent—Did you let him go?

"No. He said he would rather stay

"No. He said he would rather stay

"To and a few personal friends."