

To Live and Die

without ever drinking

Blue Ribbon

TEA is to die without knowing the full JOY OF LIVING. Why miss the satisfaction of sipping a hot cup of this FRAGRANT, REFRESHING drink? TRY THE RED LABEL.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Do! and you shall teach us to cut candles and the figure eight," whispers Georgia.

Hal's face grows longer and more dead-stricken.

"Thank you—I mean I shall be very glad," he says, in the voice of a first-class undertaker.

"How kind!" murmurs Maud, smiling down at him as if he were an interesting baby in long clothes.

"Who's that?" asked Hal, aroused to interest, "the man who has taken Brown's diggings?"

Both nod with well-feigned playfulness.

"Yes; isn't it mysterious?" "Not a bit," says Hal, who has all his sister's directness.

beggar since I've known you, and that is a good many years now, eh, Vane?"

"Yes, a long time now, Charlie," he said, puffing at his pipe.

"Just so; and the length of our friendship gives me, you'll admit, some right to remonstrate with you. I feel that I am privileged to tell you that a more infernally contrary bit of nonsense than this even you couldn't invent."

"All right," responds the other, nodding; "go on. You've said all this before, but say it over again, if you like, Charlie."

"Well, if it's of no use, it eases my mind to abuse you," is the candid admission. "Joking apart, it's the queerest start ever made, old fellow, and take my word for it, mischief of some sort or other will come of it."

"Don't see it," said Vane coolly, "and if I did, it wouldn't shake me. I'm a little touched. Don't apologize. I can't help it if you do. At least, there's some method in my madness—you'll admit that?"

"Unfounded little that I see!" mutters the other, discontentedly. "If you want rest—"

bitter as Dead Sea apples. Man delights me not, nor woman neither.

"I hope my train won't be late," "Forgive me, Charlie, and bear with me. I do not mean to wound you."

"To you alone I can speak without concealment. To you alone I have confided the secret of my hiding-place, my living tomb; I can trust you and know—I have trusted you."

"Confound it, you!" broke in his companion. "And you impose on my stupid, sneaking fondness for you. Seriously, old fellow, I'm awfully—awfully sorry for you. I had no idea you were so hard bit."

"How should I have known?" "How, indeed, seeing you, a man of life I lead," responded the other. "No, I went on, 'you were right to doubt, knowing what you knew, whether there was any heart left in me. But through it all I believed in the purity of women; it was the only faith I had, and I centred it in her.'"

"Confound her," muttered his companion. "Why? Why expect her to be above her kind?" "As false as the blind, trusting faith of a devotee; I tested her—thanks to you, Charlie—and found that my idol was like the rest, hollow as a fool's bauble and footed with clay—like the rest—like the rest of women; I have learned in this school in which fools alone will learn—experience—and that is—"

"And that is?" repeated his friend, as the train drew up to the platform.

"That woman is as false as the blind, trusting faith of a devotee; I tested her—thanks to you, Charlie—and found that my idol was like the rest, hollow as a fool's bauble and footed with clay—like the rest—like the rest of women; I have learned in this school in which fools alone will learn—experience—and that is—"

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"Bravo!" says Hal. "Be quick—here he comes!"

With a bound Jeanne gains the side gate, opens it, and stands ready to spring out and deliver her harmless but uncomfortable message.

As she stands, upright and erect, with arm upraised and body like a bow ready to deliver its arrow, the footsteps sound more clearly on the walk.

Presently they reach the gate behind which she stands, and she is there, in a moment she is outside, and the snowball, thrown with all the force of her strong arm, whizzes through the air, and alights on the neck of the passerby.

She awaits an instant, just long enough to see her victim seize and put his hand to his collar, down which the cold snow is falling onto his back; then she turns and pushes the door.

But, alas! in her excitement she has pulled it behind her, and before she can turn, and is upon her! With a gasp, half of dismay, half of laughter, Jeanne struggles with the handle and looks around.

Looks around, not to see the smooth, pale face and weak eyes of Mr. Bell, the curate, beaming reproachfully at her through his spectacles, but the handsome face of a stranger, and a pair of dark eyes gravely regarding her in all their naked earnestness.

Jeanne gasps for breath, and in her amazement and discomfort, leans defiantly against the obstinately closed door.

For a moment they regard each other in silence, the meeting of the stern, half-sarcastic gaze of the dark eyes; he taking in comprehensively the graceful figure, like a stag at bay, the bronze-gold hair, from which the blue shawl has long since fallen, and the amazed, wide-open eyes.

WEAK, TIRED PEOPLE

Need New Blood in Spring to Bring Health and Strength.

Spring blood is bad blood. It is clogged with impurities that make themselves felt in many ways, such as pimples and eruptions, poor digestion, occasional headaches, twinges of rheumatism, a lazy feeling in being, and a strong desire to avoid exertion. Sometimes the nerves are unstrung, you feel dull and depressed, and your strength is slipping away.

Every now and then some fellow lawyer passed him and gave him "good-night" and the grave, musical voice returned the greeting courteously.

For a man who had, as he said, drained the strength of life, he was rather stout and carried his youth more in the stalwart, little figure than in the face, for that was slightly serious and haggard.

Every step he took was eloquent of the grace which belongs to youth, and the class whose birthright it is to command. As for his outward man, it was clad in a stout, serviceable shooting jacket of a thick material, he wore a soft felt hat, and his necktie was suitably terminated by a pair of leather garters, and thick, useful boots.

He was the sort of man you do not pass without mental comment, and as he strode along the road there was something about the gait and bearing which made you unconsciously listen for the clink and ring of armor, his step was so firm and commanding, and his face so clearly and cleanly cut.

As he entered the village, the sun was sinking behind the hill, and turning a pale pink the snow on the foreground of the Gate House.

Notes of Strawberries.

W. F. Macoun, Horticulturist, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

During the past sixteen years more than 400 named varieties of strawberries have been tested at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, under as nearly uniform conditions as possible.

The most productive twelve varieties in order of merit are the following, with brief descriptions of each:

1. Mele, Perf.—This is a wonderfully productive berry, but being rather soft is not highly recommended. Fruit above medium size, roundish, moderately firm, deep, glossy red, quality medium.

2. Sample, Imp.—The Sample is undoubtedly one of the best commercial strawberries now on the market. It is very productive, handsome and uniform in shape. Fruit large, bright to rather deep, glossy red, quality medium.

3. Buster, Imp.—Although not generally known, the Buster is another fine variety. It is very productive and the fruit, which is large, maintains its size well to the end of the season. The color of the fruit is pale, glossy red, much like Clyde in appearance. Moderately firm. Quality above medium. Season medium to late. Foliage very good.

4. Bael, Imp.—This variety has been lost sight of to a large extent owing to so many new and much advertised varieties being given such prominence, but it is one of the most productive and handsome berries tested at Ottawa. The fact that it stands so fourth, in a four-year test of many varieties shows that it is equal and superior to many others. Fruit large, roundish, bright red, moderately firm. Quality above medium. Season medium to late.

5. Afton, Imp.—Can see no difference between this variety and Warfield.

6. Steven's Early, Imp.—Appears identical with Warfield.

7. Glen Mary, perf.—The Glen Mary has for years been one of the most popular varieties at the Central Experimental Farm. It combines great productivity with very large size of fruit, the fruit remaining large until the end of the season. Fruit very large, rather irregular in shape, bright red, moderately firm, quality medium, season medium. The irregularity of the fruit is somewhat against this variety.

8. Daisy, Imp.—The Daisy is a variety which was sent to the Experimental Farm for test sixteen years ago and has always proved exceedingly productive. Fruit above medium size, uniform in shape, round conical, rather soft, bright glossy red. Quality medium, season medium. A very attractive berry but a little soft.

9. Greenville, Imp.—This variety has always proven very productive here and on account of its good quality is very desirable for home use as well as market. Fruit large to very large, roundish or wedge-shaped, moderately firm to rather soft. Quality good, season medium. More suitable for near than for distant markets.

10. Daniel Boone, Imp.—This variety appears identical with Warfield.

11. Howard's No. 41, Imp.—A firm, productive, medium to late variety, with medium-sized deep red fruit.

12. Enhance, Imp.—This is another variety which has not received the attention it deserves. Fruit above medium to large, roundish, deep red, firm. Quality above medium to good. Season medium. Should be an excellent variety for shipping long distances.

Warfield, Imp.—While the Warfield comes thirteen places in the above list, it may deserve fifth place in the Afton, with which it seems identical, is the same variety. The Warfield is one of the very best of the older varieties, being very productive and of an attractive, deep glossy red color. It is one of the best varieties for canning. The foliage is inclined to rust sometimes, which is somewhat against it. Quality medium. Season early to medium.

Others which closely follow the above are Alan and Beder Wood, the latter being one of the best all-round early perfect varieties. For home use we should suggest Bubach, Greenville, Lovett, and Beder Wood as among the best. Williams, which is probably grown more than any other variety for long distance shipment, came 29th in the four year average. It is one of the best for its purpose, but we should like to see Enhance given a further trial.

Strawberries succeed best on rich, well drained soil, which will not bake easily. Thorough preparation and heavy manuring will give best results. Seldom, if ever, are strawberries too heavily manured. There are many systems of growing plants, but for those who are not strawberry specialists, and even in most cases for those who are, the matted row is the best. Plant early in spring when the soil is ready, setting the plants from 18 to 24 inches apart in rows 3 1/2 to 4 feet apart. Give thorough cultivation during the growing season. The looser the surface soil is kept the better the results will be. Place the runners, if possible, so that they will be evenly distributed in the row. If the plants are kept at least six inches apart the results will usually be better than if closer. Much lighter just before winter sets in, and after the ground is frozen, with coarse straw or marsh hay. Frequently this will save plants from thawing and freezing weather without snow on the ground, which they would be killed. Remove mulch in spring before plants begin to grow, and place between the rows. It may smother the plants if left too long.

NOTES OF SPRING TILLAGE.

By Prof. S. D. Reynolds.

1. Now is the time to observe the need of draining. The existence of pools and wet and dry patches and the general direction of the watercourses should be observed in order to learn whether drainage is necessary and in what places and directions drains should be laid. The draining of farm lands should be regarded as an investment. The improvement resulting from drainage, where drainage is necessary, will return large annual dividends and will speedily discharge the capital outlay by reason of the improved texture, moisture content, and temperature of the soil, and the resulting increase in the quantity and quality of the crops.

2. Also, now is the time to observe the benefits of fall plowing. The difference should be noted between land, especially sloping land, that has been left smooth and firm over the winter, and land that has been ploughed in the fall and left rough and loose. The former has by the action of the rain and snow become packed and possibly puddled, or, on steep or sloping land, has been gulched and washed out, and the result is much of its valuable material. This land, if left to itself, will soon become hard and difficult to till. The fall-ploughed land, however, will be in a far more mellow and friable condition, and will make an earlier and a superior seed bed.

3. Shallow tillage should begin on land as early as possible to prevent hardening and to conserve the moisture in the subsoil. After the seeding is done, land for roots and corn or other later crops should be cultivated at once to prevent the escape of moisture and to insure a good seed bed.

4. It is a good plan sometimes in preparing land for seeding to harrow before ploughing. This will mellow the soil and will form a better seed bed than if the cultivator is first used. If ploughing is to be done, it should be done as early as possible, and as shallow as is consistent with its purpose. Too deep ploughing will dry out the surface soil to a greater depth than is advisable, and by breaking connection with the subsoil will probably deprive the young crops of needed moisture.

5. The roller should be used with care and judgment; otherwise the labor will be wasted, or worse still, harm will be done. If the seed bed is lumpy the lumps may be broken by rolling soon after a shower when they have been softened by the moisture. If the seed bed is dry, the roller may be used to advantage. It compacts the surface soil and thereby enables the moisture from below to rise to the surface and thus hastens germination of seed. In both these instances the roller should be followed with the harrow, if possible, in order to loosen the surface and prevent loss of moisture. It should be borne in mind that

WHEN BABY SMILES.

When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, ailing, and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every dose.

These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N. W. T., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Joking That Should Be Barred.

(Oswego Times.)

A Pennsylvania Methodist minister is to be tried by his conference on a charge of trying to induce a young girl to elope with him. He declares that she misconstrued a joke. Maybe. But ministerial capacity of that sort should be set aside, and the pastor should be set aside rather than making pastoral calls. And by the way, it was good advice that Bishop Berry gave to the members of the Newark conference last week when he said: "The social privileges of the ministry are immense. Do not fail to appreciate them, but remember—a man who abuses his social privileges is a scandal. We sometimes have to say to a brother: 'Be sparing in your social life. It is a scandalous part of the man—the woman will not take the first step. If a man is high above the thought of sin, a silly woman will not tempt him. And if you do have an experience, God's sake don't tell anybody about it.'"

IN DRYEST MAINE.

How Pocket Peddlers Do Business in Original Prohibition State.

For over a week now Maine has been as dry as the proverbial bone, all on account of the stringency which passed the legislature of Thursday, March 16th, and which provided for the strict enforcement of the prohibitory law. This bill authorized the governor to appoint three commissioners in each county, who should be sworn in, and so it was not absolutely necessary for the sheriffs to be any more strenuous than they have been theretofore, but most of them (either from political or other reasons, decided to carry out the law to the letter. Consequently dealers and peddlers had only a short time to get their goods out of the State. Of course this dryness has given rise to many funny happenings and has made Maine the butt of many a joke.

One Sheriff Nessel began his active campaign in Portland, and all the saloons and kitchen bar-rooms were closed. The peddlers began to swarm out of the city. These petty tradesmen in "boots" carry pint and half-pint bottles of whiskey concealed in their clothes, and sell to errand customers either by the bottle or by the glass. They sell at from one cent to \$2 a pint, or 25 to 30 cents a drink. They had specially constructed pockets in their underclothes, his vest, trousers, jacket and waist, and even carried a half-pint in his hat. He was, however, an exceptionally greedy one. Many of them manufacture their so-called whiskey out of alcohol, brown sugar and water, and one or two drinks of the concoction is enough to give the oldest topor a horrible case of delirium tremens.

The way that they obtain customers, and especially the manner in which they sell, is amusing. The most successful pocket peddlers are those who are associated with some nicely dressed chap of good address, who walks along the street until he sees some likely victim. If he is a stranger, and the shrewd fellows rarely are, he takes one of the "capper" walks up to him and politely inquires the stranger whether he would care to buy a drink. The peddler directs him, but as they walk along they generally enter into conversation, which the "capper," if he thinks well, cleverly directs to the liquor question. They laugh and joke at the absurd prohibition law, and then the "capper" generally unbosoms himself something like this: "I was looking for such and such a street, because I heard of a pocket peddler who got a nice little drink out of that street. I'm sure it's quite near here, and if you'll let me, we'll go and get a drink together."

Of course, the "capper" leads his victim into an alleyway where the peddler and he are well along in the shadow of the buildings, a smooth-looking chap accosts them and says: "Perhaps I know what your troubles are. You're looking for." Of course, they all smile, and the peddler says: "I'll give you a drink, and I'll wait in the hall and brush him down. Will you?"

"All right," says Jeanne, abruptly making for the gate at which the tradespeople enter, and which Mr. Bell, the curate, and Hal's tutor, must pass, "I'll do it."