的自身。由于的特殊的



Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is "par excellence" the quality tea

Made from the most delicate leaves of the tea plant-cured

by strictly scientific processes. The taste is always the same-rich and almost thick-the bouquet odorous and aromatic-a tea for the most exclusive func-

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green

-then came the fatal blow! The man fell; she rushed away. She passed you; you smelt the scent she

uses; you heard her. She dropped the dagger! You see!" A moan forced itself from Lulgi's

"Assume that her innocence will-

must—be proved. There is still the shame, the agony of the accusation, the degradation of arrest, imprison-

ment, trial! Can you who love her —can I, who love her better than

life-permit her to undergo all these?"

"No! It must not be, I—I will tell all I know—" And his voice rose.
The marquis touched him warn-

ngly. "Hush. Be quiet. Why man, you said

you loved her! Put yourself in my place! Do you think I love her less than you do? Put yourself in my place and tell me—the truth! Man to

CHAPTER XXVII.

There was silence. The marquis stood looking down upon the blind

man illumed by the light of self-sac "If I could take your place!" he

"It—it may mean—death!"
"It may! My God! Nairne—who

The marquis shook his head.
"I cannot guess even. The world will say that I did."
"She did not, you did not!" breath-

The marquis was silent a moment.

I cannot say. Again, I cannot even guess. She was exhausted, physically, mentally. And, remember when I saw her I did not know

this-of what had happened. If I had I could not have spoken of it."
"The murderer, whoever it is, i "The murderer, whoever it is, is lurking near here with red hands—"

blind man turned his sightless

speechiess agony,

"Who, then? Does-does

breathed at last.
The marquis shook his head.

did it ?'

possible, to save her !" grimly as before. Luigi started to his feet.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

"What is all this to me! I know of the scene which I did not see. "What is all this to me! I know you are innocent! I know it as surely as that there is a Heaven above us! All the evidence, the facts piled high as Ararat could not convince me. You commit a cowardly murder! Stab a man in the dark!" he laughed scornfully. "You must take me for a fool, Nairne!"

The marging waited a more stable as the stable in the marging waited a more reason. clever—a stupid counsel would fill it up thus; the poor fellow—this dead man—would repent having given it to her. I told you I saw him as if pleading to her to return it to him. He might have tried force, tried to take it from her, and then

The marquis waited a moment, then an innocent. Be it so. Then who is guilty?"
"Who -who -?" faltered Luigh,

"Who —who —?" faltered Langi, brokenly.
"Yes! Who? Who was the other person out in the grounds at the time? Who was on the bridge in the murdered man's company? Who was last seen in possession of the dagger? Who rushed past you as you sat waiting for me—"

The blind man uttered a low cry of horror and shrank from him. The unspeakably terrible answer was al-

horror and shrank from him. The unspeakably terrible answer was already formed in his mind.
"My God!" he gasped at last. "All this—applies to—Elaine! Flaine!—she whom from the very first I had learned to love with the enduring affection of a devoted heart! You do not seem to imply that it was she who

mean to imply that it was she who
—" He could not go on, but sank
trembling and shaking into the chair.
"The circumstances point to her,"
said the marquis, in a hard voice. Acquit me, proclaim me innocent, and you accuse her! You have already informed me that you saw the dagger in her hand. Do you compre-hend how that fact will be con-

"Flaine! Elaine commit-Nairne you know that she is innocent. The marquis was silent for a moment, and his silence seemed to drive the blind man to the verge of madplace and tell me—the truth! Man to man—what would you do?"
Luigi dropped into the chair and remained motionless while one could count twonly, then he raised his head and turned his face to the marquis, the light of an unspeakable heroism, an indescribable lave, the light which burns with a holy fire on the martyr's face, shone upon it.
"Save her!" he repeated.

ness.
"Good Heaven, why do you not speak!" he panted. "Do you doubt speak!" he panted. her? You!" marquis found his voice at last.

whisper. "No!"
Luigi drew a deep breath.

'Then—then—"
'Then—what? I do not suspect her You do not. But what about the rest of the world. You see! Men-ay, and women-have been hung—" he shuddered, and could not go on for a moment-"on evidence less strong this! Put yourself in the place of th magistrate, the judge trying the case. See how this crime connects itself with her link by link! Think, man,

Luigi's face sank into his hands,

and he groaned.

The marquis took two or three steps across the room, then came

"Follow the circumstances, as they appear, to the end—the logical end. She had got the letter. I know that. She offered it to me-

"The letter!"
"Yes, the letter she had persuaded him to give her. Imagine the rest

BARV'S SECOND SUMMER

Why It is dangerous Time for the

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of overy infant, because of the disturb-ance to the digestive functions caus-

weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies, as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to come mether therefore is a

many; Brookville, Ont.

"It is too great a sacrifice!" he moaned at last.

The marquis smiled down at him. "Not for one who loved her, not for you! You wrong yourself and me by the doubt. Why, man, if it came to a question of giving your life for hers, would you hesitate? I know you better than to doubt you!"

know you better than to doubt you!"
With a warm handshake they parted, and the marquis passed on to his own apartments, where he strode the floor restlessly, his mind in the deepest torture.

Presently the dawn broke, and after a while a thin, cold light stole between the curtains and fell-upon his haggard face. And in that light he looked ten years older than the man who had held Elaine in his arms only a few hours ago, and plighted his troth to her.

The dawn found Elaine awake, too; and as the light grew stronger, and she roused from the stupor of exhaustion, and a full sense of

too; and as the light grew stronger, and she roused from the stupor of exhaustion, and a full sense of her misery broke upon her, all her thoughts assumed a devouring desire to leave the place, to put as great a distance as possible between her and the man who had deceived and wronged her.

She rose and, faint and weak, put on her dressing-gown, and went slowly, with a feeble, uncertain step, to the adjoining room in which the major slept.

He was up, and opened the door to her, starting back at the sight of her white, drawn face.

"Good God, Elaine, what is the matter?" he demanded, almost dropping the hair brush which he had been using when she knocked. She went in, and sarik upon a chair, motioning to him to close the door. He was shocked, uttely bewildered, when in disconnected sentences, interspersed with sobs, she told him that they must leave the Castle at once—that she never wished to set eyes upon the marquis again.

eyes upon the marquis again. He thought that it was only be-He thought that it was only because of a lover's quarrel, and begged an explanation; but she declined to give any satisfactory explanation.

The sight of her pale, agonized face alarmed the major, and he sab!

"Well, if we must go," he said, "and you have upon returning to the cottage—"

"Then you will gratify me?" she asked, looking at him with her heavy. asked, looking at him with her heavy, swollen cyes.

"Yes, yes," he responded, and half led, half supported her to her own room. Then he flung a coat oa, and went stealthily to the marquis' room and knocked softly.

The marquis opened the door, and the major started back at the sight of his face; but obeyed the motion of his hand and entered the room.

"Good God, Nairne, what does this "Good God, Nairne, what does this mean?" he ejaculated. "I have just seen Elaine—she came to my room—and she tells me—she seems half dead, half dazed—that—that something has happened." He stopped, breathless, and looked round the room; at the writing table littered papers, at the portmanteau half packed.
"What has she told you?" asked

life—permit her to undergo all these?"
Luigi raised his face, white and haggard as the marquis' own.
"But—you—"
The marquis smiled.
"I can bear all that and more for her sake!" he said, quietly.
"Nairne! Oh, my God, that you—you! should suffer all this!"
The marquis smiled.
"I would suffer more, if that were possible, to save her." he said, as "What has she told you?" asked the marquis, calmly, but in a voice so hard and strained, so broken and sad, that the major started, as he had started at the sight of

the haggard face.
"She tells me—that is, she won't "She tells me—that is, she won't, tell me anything. But she insists that we—we must leave at once, and intimates that you and she have quarrelled."

The marquis looked at the poor old man with infinite pity for a moment, then hardened his face into a forced impassiveness.

"Whatever Miss Delaine—"

"Miss Delaine!" The major echoed the formal words aghast.

the formal words aghast. "Whatever she tells you is correct," said the marquis, in a constrained voice.

"You-you mean to say-" stammered the major.
"That your daughter's engage-"That your daughter's engage-ment to me is at an end. Yes."
The major turned an ashen gray, and looked round him as if he were

convinced that he must be dream-"But, Nairne! Good Lord! you "But, Nairne! Good Lord! you two don't mean to say that you two have quarrelled, and that if you have, you mean to allow a

eyes to and fro, and shuddered. "He for.

eyes to and fro, and shuddered. "He for.

"She is right; it is all you can

"She is right; it is all you can

do. In time—" he paused a moment—

"csting till he is found——"

"and in a short time—you will know "Beware!" said the marquis, almost inaudibly. "Think of her and her peril, Luigi! Once raise a doubt ner peril, Luigi: once raise a doubt as to my guilt, and they will begin to look around for something, some one else to suspect. They may learn that she was out to-night—that she had quarreled

"But—Fut," stammered the old man—and he looked an old, a very old man at the moment—"isn't—isn't there something due to me—some ex-planation?" The marquis looked at him with

to-night—that she had quarrelet with him—"

The first to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of willed Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her trongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slopt well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing fid her any good until I gave her the Tablets. Now har food digasts properly, her breath is gweet, her tongue clean, and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the Tablets to other mothers, as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams McEleine Compared to the contract of the policy of the production of the policy o

Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Great Peril and Should Not Exper-Iment With Other Medicines.

(From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.)
The kidneys are the most important organ. They must fliter every grop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys arrest clogged with poisonous impurities. Then come the backaches that mean fatal kidney disease. Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by enriching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that inakes the blood rich, red and health giving.

reining the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that imakes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont., has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland. "Sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a gure for kidney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestage of the trouble since had a single symptom of the disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor."

As a curative medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never yet been equalled. They build up the blood and nerves, give new strength and enable the body to resist disease. Among the complaints cured by these pills are rheumatism, nervous disorder, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, anaemia, lung troubles, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

-only the genuine pills can cure

and wait. I will write to you. But and wait. I will write to you. But of this he assured. Elaine—" his voice hroke—"will never be my wife." He led the old man to the door, but there detained him a moment to add: "Tell her this," he said in a low, impressive voice, "that I am silent! Whatever happens, I am silent as the grave! She will understand. Good-by. Don't think too hardly of me, Delaine. Don't think of me at all, but of her—of her!"

The major got back to his room, how he scarcely knew, and finished dressing in a bewildered, half-con-

dressing in a bewildered, half-con-ectous condition.

Almost before he had done so a knock came to the door, and the mar-quis' valet said in his quiet, welltrained voice:

"The brougham is ready, major "The brougham is ready, major."
He went outside, and found Elaine standing beside her door. She went to him and leaned upon his arm, and the valet conducted them to the hall. A brougham stood at the door, and the major put Elaine in.

"The—the luggage?" he managed to stammer. But the valet had evidently received full instructions.

"It will follow in a few minutes, sir," h said, and the brougham drove off, with Elaine crouched in a corner

with Elaine crouched in a corner off, with Flaine crouded in a corner like one bereft of sense or motion.

The party came down to breakfast with the cheerful countenances of guests sure of a good meal, and some amusement to follow; Sir Edmund with his hands full of letters; Lady have quarrelled, and that if you have, you mean to allow a lovers tiff to part you! Why, Nairne, you don't know how dearly my poor child loves you!"

The major winced, and his eyes fell.

"Has—has she told you nothing?"

"Nothing!" responded the major, piteously. "I can't make anything out of it. She is dreadfully cut up and ill."

The marquis moved a little, so that the old man could not see his face.

"I—I never saw her look so had, or hard courself than usual if any

and ill."

The marguis moved a little, so that the old man could not see his face.

"I—I never saw her look so bad. For God's sake, Nairne, don't let this go oñ, whatever it is! I'm sure it can be explained."

The marguis shook his head.

"No explanation is possible," he said, slowly, impressively. "Mdjor, Elaine and I have parted forever."

The major feil bick, and stared at him incredulously.

"I cannot, nor can she, tell you, explain to you. For God's sake, accept the bare statement! Take her away. Take her away as soon as possible."

"Good Lord, that is what she says, and all she says!" gasped the mado. In time—"he paused a moment—"and in a short time—you will know and understand. For the present accept the fact. All is over between us."

"But—but," stammered the old man—and he looked an old, a very old man at the moment—"isn't—isn't there something due to me—some explanation?"

The marguis looked at him with the cold marn at the moment—"isn't—isn't there something due to me—some explanation?"

The marguis looked at him with gain nity.

"I—I'm afraid I am late," she said, "m'm afraid I am late," she said, "more artificial than usual if any one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

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"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noted it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noted it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noted it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noted it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said, "one had noted it.

"I'm afraid I am late," she said.

"In-deed. Er-ahem-does he return to-day?"
"I-I'm afraid not," said poor Lady Scott, who had not been able to see the marquis, and who had not suc-ceeded in obtaining even the scanti-

est information from the valet.
Sir Edmund coughed.
"I am afraid we must leave for home this morning, Lady Scott," he

(To be Continued.)

Trying Not to Grieve Papa. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There, Georgie, you not only broke mamma's pretty dish, but you told her a story about it, which is much more naughty. Papa will be so grieved when I tell him." "By Heaven. I don't understand. "Will he feel awful bad 'cause I Between you, I'm half distracted?" did it, mamma?"

"Yes."
"I'm so sorry. I know what I'll do, developed "The marquis sighed.
"Take her away, far away, and— mamma, I'll tell him you did it."

Co-Operative Packing of Apples.

Ottawa, August, 1903. The English merchant does not like to handle small lots and experimental packages, says Mr. W. A. Mackinnon, chief of the fruit divison, Ottawa. He wants thousands of barrels, all uniform in quality, variety, packing and package. This uniformity, however, cannot be secured where packing is done in small quantities in orchards. The time has arrived in the history of the apple trade in Canada when large packing houses must be the order of the day. Whether these large packing houses are controlled by co-operative association or by capitalists who have a knowledge of the apple business is a matter of comparative indifference. It does, however, seem quite possible for intelligent growers to unite in co-operative associations and secure all the advantages that accrue to the capitalist, as well as those that come by packing in large quantities. These storehou es are not necessarily expensive builtings. They should be frost proof, and large enough to accommodate the full crap of the patrons. It is not fit all difficult to get plans that have worked well in other parts of the country. The nim should be to secure as large a quan-The English merchant does not get plans that have worked well in other parts of the country. The nim should be to secure as large a quantity of good stock as possible, to grade it uniformly, mark it honestly according to the requirements of the fruit marks act, and sell through any medium that may offer the greatest advantages. There is not the slightest doubt that if such an association were formed in any of the fruit districts and such a packing house established, it would attract buyers from every market, and the apples could be sold for spot cash. It is sincerely to be hoped that the good business men among the apassociation were to meet any of the fruit districts and such a packing house established, it would attract buyers from every market, and the apples could be sold for spot cash. It is sincerely to be hoped that the good business men among the apple growers will take this into their serious consideration. It is not merely a question whether their own apples will be sold at the proper figure or not. They should be, even for their own sakes, deeply interested in the sale of their neighbors' apples. A careful analysis of the conditions of the trade will show that prices in fruit especially are often sadly depressed for the want of selling ability on the part of the small grower. It therefore behooves the more intelligent and larger grower more intelligent and larger grower.

separated districts, complaining of the ravages of the apple blight, have been received by the Fruit Division. Ottawa Mr. Peter Anderson, Hepworth, Ont., thus describes the situation in his locality: "Apples, both early and winter, are sufering from a new disease here. A blight struck the blossome when in fall bloom and withered them as if they, had been scorched by fire. It is now withering the small twigs and limbs in the same way. The tops of the tree's look as if fire had been applied to about one-half of the smaller branches, until the leaves were all crisp and brown, and even the wood, as far as this extends, is evidently dead." Mr. Arch. MacColl, Aldboro, Ont., writes that many orchard in his locality are almost completely ruined by blight, and that many trees will have to be cut out.

It is difficult to explain the origin of this trouble, but it is evidently of a bacterial nature. It appears to live over the winter just in the margin of the affected part, near the healthy wood, and not in other parts of the tree or in the soil. Mr. W. T. Macoun, of the Experimental Farm, agrees with Mr. MacKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, that the only remedy is co cut out the blighted branches well below the affected part, say one loot below any appearance of blight. The knife used for this purpose should be thoroughly, cleaned or sterilized before being again used on healthy, wood. It is fortunate that the disease sometimes cless out of its own accord, especially, in the case of the body blight. It is said to be conveyed from tree to tree

dies out of its own accord, especially in the case of the body blight. It is

grower. It therefore behooves the for the orchardist to cultivate and more intelligent and larger grower manuro so as to produce a medium to interest himself in the fruit of his growth of strong, healthy wood. less fortunate neighbor.

W. A. Clemons,
Publication Cleck.

WHY PEOPLE DREAD DEATH.

less fortunate neighbor.
A number of reports from widely

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep leap through a certain hole in a fence—because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditionary and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditionary and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is because of the course of its classifier to another. Whether it comes in the course of nature, or by accident or design, it is seklom painful; never, probably, so painful as a bout of the toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty (at best) to one of freedom and security. But often it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect; or, if we hold the materialistic view, to everlasting unconsciousness. The spiritual state is emancipation from the inertin of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore, thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both thing and person, will fee, inevitably, such as are most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will into be grieved and hampered by the machinations of evil. The whole chapter of accidents, which here loom so large, will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the

Yet we fear it so much and so universally that our entire social fabric is built largely upon that fear. Our law makes death the supreme penalty. Our funerals are occasions of mourning, and the medical profession—one of the most numerous extant—spends its existence in contrading death. We seek enterly. con hating death. We seek eagerly, all nestrums or cixirs that promise as continuance of life. We ascribe supreme merit to the soldier who risks his life for his country, or to the individual who sacrifices which affects to despise death, but which bases the virtue of that despising upon the acknowledged terror of the event. Our humanitarians spend sympathy and money in at-tempting to prolong the miserable condition of the poor and diseased. We shudder to hear of a vast calam-lty, like that of Martinique, or of avoidable accidents, such as are furavoidable actionic, such as a set that all the while it is the survivors who suffer, if anyone does (though they. too, are soon comforted by time or the insurance companies; the dead man—the man who has entered upon the new and spiritual life—whom we

the new and spiritual life—whom we absurdly pity, is free, and his troubles over.

Suicides, it is true, are said to increase with civilization; but few philosophical suicides occur; the majority are induced by dread of life overcoming dread of death; it may be doubled if suicide he ever the act of a man at once perfectly brave and thoroughly same. The value of this life—and it is a real value act of a man at once perfectly bra and thoroughly same. The value this life—and it is a real value ter of accidents, which here loom so large, will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour, and now dread its too speedy coming, will be no more; but we shall measure life by its intensity and by its opportunities; in other words, we shall be the makers of our own times and seasons. Death takes us from a world of effects to one of causes; the soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of material conditions that prevents us from immediately accomplishing our desires and beholding the realization of our thoughts. Again, death is inevitable to all, and to anyone who chooses is at any moment attainable. By what logic can our fear of sultrary. — Julian Hawthorne, in chooses is at any moment attain- that cannot but be recorded control of the contr

Itching, Burning Eczema

And all the Torturing and Disfiguring Itching Skin Diseases Are Compelled to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic, Soothing, Healing Influence of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

distressing as eczema, or salt rheum, as it is sometimes called. A little poison from a sock or other garment is sufficient to give this discass a beginning and its fires burn and frage with such fury as to all recommend it because I know there and rage with such fury as to aland rage with such fury as most drive one crazy. Only persons who have experienced the frightful trching, burning, stinging sensations itching burning, stinging sensations offices to convince the most skeptical and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Ointains are positive and thorough cure itching, burning, stinging sensatures and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Oint-of eczema can realize the miseries and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Oint-which it brings and the disappointment is a positive and thorough cure which it brings and the disappoint for eczema. When the disease bement which comes with trying in for eczema.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Olotment is worth its weight in gold. For about 30 years I was troubled with eczema and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed into cozema, the most developed into cozema. ema, the most developed into oczema, t dreadful of skin diseases.

With the single exception of itch- "I was so bad that I would get ing piles there is no form of itching up at night and scratch myself until skin disease so extremely painful and the flesh was raw and flaming. The

recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin." vain to find a cure. (comes chronic and set it is some-Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in times necessary to use ten or a dozen Edmanson, Pates & Co., Toronto.