



Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is "par excellence" the quality tea of Canada. Made from the most delicate leaves of the tea plant—cured by strictly scientific processes.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. Should be Fiftly Ask for the Red Label

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

"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 marquise waited a moment, then laid his hand on Luigi's shoulder. "Good!" he said, in a whisper. "I am innocent. Be it so. Then who is guilty?"

"Who—who?" faltered Luigi, 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 already formed in Luigi's mind.

"My God!" he gasped at last. "All this applies to—Elaine! Elaine!—she whom from the very first I had loved with a devoted heart! You do not mean to imply that it was she who—?"

"He could not go on, but sank trembling and sinking into the chair. The circumstances point to her," said the marquise 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 remember how that fact will be construed?"

"Elaine! Elaine commit—Nairne, you know that she is innocent."

The marquise was silent for a moment, and his silence seemed to drive the blind man to the verge of madness.

"Good Heaven, why do you not speak!" he panted. "Do you doubt her? You?"

The marquise found his voice at last. "Doubt her?" he said in a hoarse 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—for a moment, and could not go on for a moment—on evidence less strong than this! Put yourself in the place of the magistrate, the judge trying the case. See how thick the clouds connect itself with her link by link! Think, man, think!"

Luigi's face sank into his hands, and he groaned.

The marquise took two or three steps across the room, then came back.

"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!"

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER

Why it is dangerous Time for the Little Ones.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant, because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot 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 every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. Davis Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue 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 slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her the Tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, 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 dealers in medicine, or will be sent postpaid at twenty-five cents a box by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

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

Sufferers from this Disease are in Great Peril and Should Not Experiment With Other Medicines.

(From the Sun, Searforth, Ont.)

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood that circulates 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 are left 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 curing the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the only medicine that makes the blood rich, red and health-giving.

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Searforth, Ont., writes 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 at times I would have to stop for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure 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 vestige of the trouble had disappeared. I have since had a number of 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 sure cure for kidney trouble, 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., Brookville, Ont. Don't take a substitute at any price—only the genuine pills can cure.

and wait. I will write to you. But of this be assured, Elaine—his voice broke—"I will never be my wife."

He led the old man to the door, but the old man had 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. I shall not tell her anything. Don't think too hard of me, Elaine. Don't think of me at all, but of her—of her!"

The major got back to his room, how he searched, knew, and flushed, and almost before he had done so a knock came to the door, and the marquise's voice said in his quiet, well-timed voice:

"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 formal words conducted them to the hall. A brougham stood at the door, and the major put Elaine in.

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

"I will follow in a few minutes, sir," he said, and the brougham drove off, with Elaine crouching in a corner like one bereft of senses 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's name had not been mentioned. Lady Brougham had got the last number of the society paper she favored, and May and Gerald appeared together by a coincidence which would have delighted anyone who had been watching the fact that they had been wandering in the grounds since 8 o'clock.

Lady Brougham was the last to enter the breakfast room. She was late, and her smile would not have seemed more artificial than usual if any one had noticed it.

"I'm afraid I'm late," she said, going up to Lady Scott and kissing her. "Was that a brougham I heard drive away a little while ago?"

Lady Scott looked up. She seemed grave and preoccupied. She had received a note from the marquise, directing her to quietly get rid of his valet.

"Yes," she said. "The major and Elaine have been obliged to leave suddenly."

"Really, Oh, I am so sorry," said Lady Brougham, and the rest gave appropriate murmurs of regret and looked thoughtful.

"Yes, and—" the old lady paused. "I am sorry to say that Lord Nairne has been summoned to London by an important business. I do not know if he has gone yet; but if he has not already gone, he will go in a few minutes. I have seen his valet."

Sir Edmund stared. He was not used to being treated in this fashion, even by such great men as the Marquis of Nairne.

"In-deed, Er—ahem—does he return to-day?"

"I'm afraid not," said poor Lady Scott, who had not been able to see the marquise, and who had not succeeded in obtaining even the scantiest information from the valet.

"I am afraid we must leave for home this morning, Lady Scott," he said.

(To be Continued.)

Trying Not to Grieve Papa.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There, George, 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."

"Will he feel awful bad 'cause I did it, mamma?"

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry. I know what I'll do, mamma, I'll tell him you did it."

Co-Operative Packing of Apples.

Ottawa, August, 1908.

The English merchant does not like to handle small lots and experimental packings says Mr. J. MacKinnon, chief of the fruit division, Ottawa. He wants thousands of barrels, all uniform in quality, variety, packing and package. This quality, however, cannot be secured unless the 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 make 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 indifference. It does, however, seem quite possible for intelligent growers to unite in co-operative associations and secure the advantages that accrue to the capitalist, as well as those that come by packing in large quantities.

These stores are not necessarily expensive buildings. They should be frost proof, and large enough to accommodate the full crop of the patron. It is not at all difficult to get plans that have worked well in other parts of the country. The aim 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 market, 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 erected, the want of selling ability on the part of the small grower. It therefore behooves the more intelligent and larger grower to interest himself in the fruit of his less fortunate neighbor.

A number of reports from widely separated districts, complaining of the ravages of the apple blight, have been received by the Fruit Division, Ottawa. Mr. Peter Anderson, Hopworth, Ont., thus describes the situation in his locality: Apples, both early and winter, are suffering from a new disease here. A blight struck the blossoms when in full 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 trees look as if they had been applied to about one-half the main 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 orchards 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 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. MacColl, of the Experimental Farm, agrees with Mr. MacKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, that the only remedy is to cut out the blighted branches well below the affected part, say one foot 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 dies out of its own accord, especially in the case of the body blight. It is said to be conveyed from tree to tree by bees and insects, which would account for the great increase in blossoming time. The blight appears to develop very rapidly, and the maximum amount of damage is done almost as soon as the attack becomes noticeable. It will probably be found that the fall is the best time to cut out the affected wood, as the damage will not be much, any greater than at present, and in the fall one may make sure of getting all the blighted portions.

As anything which stimulates an upward growth of succulent wood is conducive to blight, it would be well for the orchardist to cultivate and manure so as to produce a medium growth of strong, healthy wood.

W. A. Clemens, Publication Clerk.

WHY PEOPLE DREAD DEATH.

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

Death is a change, occupying a moment, from one form of life to another. Whether it comes in the course of nature, or by accident or disease, it is seldom painful; never, probably, so painful as a bout of toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty (at best) to one of freedom and security. But even if it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect; or, if we hold the materialistic view, spiritual state is emancipation from the inertia of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore, thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both things and people most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will not be grieved and hampered by the evil. The whole chapter of accidents, which here loom so large, will therefore be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour, and which we dread as a 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 destinies. Death takes us from a world of evil, and sets us free from a world of evil. The value of the soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of these 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 it be defended?

Brandus Magazine.

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.

With the single exception of itching piles there is no form of itching skin disease so extremely painful and 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 disease a beginning, and its fires burn and rage with such fury as to almost drive one crazy. Only persons who have experienced the frightful itching, burning, stinging sensations of eczema can realize the miseries which it brings and the disappointment which comes with trying in vain to find a cure.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in Ford's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment 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 bigod poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

There is enough evidence in these offices to convince the most skeptical and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive and thorough cure for eczema. When the disease becomes chronic and set it is sometimes necessary to use tea or a dozen boxes, but cure is certain if the treatment is regular and persistent. There is no experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has been tested and proven in thousands of cases of the most severe form. You can depend upon it absolutely. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.