

There is only one way to make a good cup of tea—add fresh boiling water to

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

and allow to steep seven minutes. The tea that one British Colony grows for another

Black. Mixed. Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label. FORTY CENTS—SHOULD BE FIFTY

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

CHAPTER XX.

Elaine moved forward, but as she got a step beyond him she paused. She would not run, would not show the slightest sign of fear before this man, for whom she had nothing but profound dislike and contempt. But he understood her half pause, and caught at it.

"That moves you, does it?" he said, tauntingly. "You don't wish to see him injured?"

Elaine flushed round upon him, and, drawn to her full height, pointed to the sky.

"Those stars might fall, but you— it is not in your power—to injure him. Nairne?" she said, with biting scorn.

He bit his lip and glared at her. "Are you sure of that?" he retorted. "Go and marry him, and you will learn whether I can or cannot."

Then his mood and manner changed suddenly, and he stretched out his hand toward her.

"Elaine! for God's sake, stop and listen to me. I will show you something, I will prove to you that I have not been lying, or boasting without cause. I have the marquis in my power—yes! I have him! Do I look as if I were lying? By heaven, I speak the truth!"

Elaine looked at him, half fascinated by the evident earnestness of his voice and manner, and yet angry with herself for stopping.

"I do not believe—," she began. "I do not expect you to," he broke in sullenly. "You have called me a liar and a coward often enough for me to know that. But if I can prove it to you, if I show you something that will, that must convince you?"

She laughed. "Show it to the marquis," she said, with infinite scorn.

"Very well," he responded, with a calmness which astonished her. "I will show it him—you shall show it to him if you choose, but I do not think you will. There would be a scene, a scandal. If I prove to you that you should not, cannot, marry him, you will keep the secret for your own sake, for the marquis's, you'd consider him."

He put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat and brought out a sheet of paper, but he loth to part with.

Elaine half turned from him, looked at him attentively. She had no wish to go now. The moment she had the least cause for believing that this man had the power—as he certainly had the will—to injure the marquis, all her thoughts were for her lover, and her spirit rose with the keen instinct of love in his defence.

She watched him closely. "Will you promise me," he said huskily, "that if you believe me when you have seen this letter I hold in my hand, you will keep it a secret and break with the marquis?"

"I will give you no promise," Captain Sherwin said calmly. "I do not care whether you show me this letter or not. I do not care what it contains. I do not believe."

"Then take it," he said, with a sudden burst of passion. "I have tried to break it to you. I have tried to prevent you from seeing it. Take it," and he thrust it forward.

Elaine took the letter. It was scorched and singed at the edges, but every word, excepting the signature and the formal termination, was intact.

"Can you see?" he asked. Elaine held the letter in her hand and looked up at the sky. A light cloud was passing. She shook her head.

"Wait," he said in a tremulous whisper. He struck a wax match and held it over the letter. "Now," he said hoarsely. "Quick!"

In the flickering light Elaine read the note; read it twice, then she uttered a cry and shrank back from him—from the letter itself.

But the next instant, as if ashamed of her weakness, she looked up defiantly.

"It is a lie," she gasped. "A foolish, wicked lie!" Her hand went up to her eyes as if to clear away a mist that had fallen before them, and she pushed the hair from her

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and was almost constantly in despair. But since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. S. Craig, 323 Bathurst street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colic, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house—they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

her small, daintily shod foot on the fender.

"All gone to bed?" he said. "All excepting two; and one of them is asleep, and the other wishes she were!" said Lady Blanche.

His face fell. He had hoped to have seen, so he had had a word—one little word—with Elaine before she went upstairs.

"And Elaine, too?" he said, with a smile that only thinly veiled his disappointment.

"Oh, Elaine! no, she has not gone to bed," said Lady Blanche, regarding the sharp point of her Turkish slipper critically; "she has gone into the grounds."

"Into the grounds?" he repeated, glancing at the clock on the mantelshelf. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," she replied, lightly. "It was a lovely night, and I suppose she felt dull."

"How long has Elaine been gone?" she looked at the clock. "She should think half an hour."

"Half an hour," he said; "and alone!"

"Quite alone," she retorted, with a languid smile. "You are not alarmed?"

"Alarmed? No," and he smiled, but as one smiles whose thoughts belie one's words. "But I think she may catch cold. She is on the terrace, did you say?"

"I said nothing of the kind," she replied laughingly. "I think she has gone to the bridge."

"To the bridge?" he said, with surprise in his voice, and his eyes. "Are you sure? That is some distance from the house."

"I know," she said, stifling a yawn with her lace-edged handkerchief. "I begged her not to go, but she seemed resolved to do so, and she shrugged her white shoulders—'I dare say you know Elaine by this time, Lord Nairne. Opposition only makes her more determined, it seems.'"

"But why should she go to the bridge?" he said.

Lady Blanche shrugged her shoulders again, and surveyed her small foot languidly.

"I really cannot tell you. One would have thought from her insistence that she had some reason—yes, really, some reason—for going. But don't be alarmed, marquis. She will return; she will return."

He smiled rather grimly. "I have no doubt she will," he said. "I have no doubt she will."

He walked to the window and drew the curtain aside, and let the moonlight flow into the room, which was now only dimly lit.

"It is a lovely night, is it not?" she said.

"Lovely," he replied absently. "Yes, lovely."

Lady Blanche yawned delicately. "I half promised to wait up for Elaine," she said; "but I am so woefully sleepy. Do you think she would be very angry if I went to bed?"

"I am sure she would not," he replied. "I don't think she would be angry. She will return; she will return."

"Let us go to bed, dear Lady Blanche," said Lady Blanche. "I have no doubt she will return; she will return."

"Have all the others gone? Dear me, I must have fallen into a dose," said the old lady. "Yes, we will go now. Is that you, Nairne? Where is Elaine?"

"In bed long ago, I hope," said Lady Blanche.

The marquis had not heard the question nor the answer. He was still looking out at the moonlight. The two women left the room, and he stood, with the curtain in his hand, irresolute, undecided, until they had got half way up the stairs, then he dropped the curtain and strode quietly from the room. Elaine, his darling, was out there in the moonlight, beside the bridge on which he had first seen her. Perhaps she was waiting for him. He might snatch a few moments with her. He took a soft cap from the stand, and, going by the smaller hall to the entrance, opened that which was his private key and emerged into the moonlight.

As he did so he saw someone standing against the wall. It was Luigi Zanti.

He laid his hand on Luigi's shoulder. "Luigi! How did you come here?"

The Italian turned his sightless eyes toward him.

"Is that you, Nairne? They told me it was a beautiful night, and I groped my way down here. Somehow I fancy I can feel the moonlight. But what are you doing out here?"

"Elaine is here—out here," replied the marquis, simply.

Luigi started.

"Elaine! You beg your pardon, Nairne! Miss Delaine! Impossible!"

"But she is," said the marquis. "The beauty of the night tempted her. She has gone to the bridge. Do you remember, Luigi, that it was on the bridge I first saw her? I don't think I told you. It was a romantic meeting. I nearly choked a man—a Captain Sherwin, an awful cad—into the river. No wonder, I don't bear him any ill will, and I hope he can say the same of me. Put your arm in mine. We may as well walk toward the bridge; we shall meet her."

"Captain Sherwin!" said Luigi. "I don't know him."

"You are fortunate. As I said, he is a dreadful cad, and I have always hated him. No wonder, I don't bear him any ill will, and I hope he can say the same of me. Put your arm in mine. We may as well walk toward the bridge; we shall meet her."

"I heard voices," he said. "Voices! the marquis laughed. 'Voices out here, at this time of night. Those acute ears of yours deceive you, Luigi!'"

The blind man shook his head. "Not often," he said gently. "I tell you I heard voices, and one of them is Elaine's."

The marquis frowned. "Nonsense," he said, sharply. "To whom could she be speaking? All the rest of the women are in bed."

"I don't know; I cannot tell," said Luigi in a tremulous voice. "But it was she who spoke. There, he exclaimed suddenly, and stopped short. The marquis stopped perforce, and at that moment Elaine's voice was heard. No words, no single word could be heard, but it was her voice, as both men knew.

The marquis stood as motionless as a statue.

COULD NOT SLEEP

On Account of Headaches and Pains in the Sides

The Sad Condition of a Bright Little Girl Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue.

Many young girls, seemingly in the best of health, suddenly grow listless and lose strength. The color leaves their cheeks; they become thin, and lose their appetite, and suffer from headaches and other bodily pain. Such was the case of Bessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says:

"Up to the age of eleven, Bessie had always enjoyed the best of health and took great pleasure in out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy; her appetite failed her; she grew thin and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing headaches in the morning. We thought that rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To give her the pills for several weeks, and she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost past endurance. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks the color came back to her face, and she was decidedly brighter. Bessie became more cheerful, her step quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my daughter would not have recovered her health and strength, and I shall always have a good word to say for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles may be classed anaemia, headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, depression, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that render miserable the lives of so many women. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by direct mail to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

gripped the blind man's closely. "Whose voice was that?" he said. "The marquis's! No!"

The blind man shook his head. "Neither," he said. "What is the matter, Nairne? Are you frightened by a voice?" and he smiled.

"The marquis laughed," he said. "Not by two voices," he said. "But whose is it? I tell you, Luigi, that she is out here alone."

Luigi listened intently. "Not alone," he said, quietly. "There is some one with her."

"You think that?" said the marquis. "Your ears are keener than mine. You hear two voices; a strange one."

"Yes," said Luigi; "but that is easily explained. My dear Nairne," and he smiled, "what possesses you? Mr. Bannister, Mr. Luilwood, any one may be with her. I may be mistaken, but I am sure I recognize the voice."

The marquis laughed lightly. "Great Heaven, Luigi!" he said. "You don't think I am jealous? What does it matter to me who is with my darling? I will join them. Will you come? Yes, come! She is always glad to see you."

Luigi Zanti drew back. "No," he said, "I will not go. I am not the mood for Mr. Bannister's perfidy. I will wait here. There is a seat near, isn't there?"

"Yes," said the marquis, and he drew him to a bench and sat down. "Wait here," he said; "I shall not be long. It is time she was in. The air is chilly, and she might catch cold."

He strode down the path, and the blind man sat and waited.

Suddenly, a few minutes after the marquis had left him, there smote on his ear a strange, weird cry—the cry of a human being in mortal agony. He rose, pale and trembling, and stood clutching the arm of the rustic seat. As he stood there he heard the rustle of a woman's dress close behind him, and he saw black, the blackness of a blind man's perpetual night. A subtle kind of horror settled upon him, and he strove to call out. As he struggled for articulation he saw a figure, a pale, thin figure, it was the scent of new mown hay, which Elaine used. It had been a present from her father in one of his flush times.

He called to her twice, "Elaine! Elaine!" but no answer came, and he sank back on the seat again, the echo of that sharp, awful cry ringing in his ears.

A minute, an hour might have passed in his condition of mind he could not have told—then the voice of the marquis broke the silence.

"Luigi, are you here?" he asked. "I am here, Nairne. Well?" he replied.

The marquis was silent for a moment, then he said hoarsely, in a voice broken and strained, "Have you seen, have you—heard anything?"

(To be Continued.)

An Earnest Drinker.

St. Paul Globe. "Talking about moderate drinking," said Father Lawler of the Cathedral parish, after he had addressed the delegates at the meeting of the Total Abstinence Union.

"I don't know; I cannot tell," said Luigi in a tremulous voice. "But it was she who spoke. There, he exclaimed suddenly, and stopped short. The marquis stopped perforce, and at that moment Elaine's voice was heard. No words, no single word could be heard, but it was her voice, as both men knew.

The marquis stood as motionless as a statue.

"She has taken one of the ladies with her—Luigi, I should say."

"Yes," assented Luigi, but at that moment the tones of a man's voice reached their ears.

The marquis started, and his arm

Some Notes on Canadian Fruit.

The Fruit Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issues the following warning to fruit growers: It is to be feared that the wet weather at present prevailing will lead a good many orchardists to neglect spraying.

Last year the summer and autumn were wet and many growers of fruit failed to give their orchards more than two or three sprayings.

As Mr. Mackinnon points out, the cool, moist weather is peculiarly favorable to the development of fungous growths, and it is only by seizing every opportunity and spraying whenever a day or two of dry weather comes along that sound, clean fruit can be secured.

Wet weather should be an incentive to greater diligence in spraying, rather than an excuse for not spraying. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in fruit growing, and it behooves every one who desires a full crop of first-class fruit to spray early and often.

Orchard Cultivation. There is a danger on account of the wet weather, orchards will not receive their usual cultivation, which is urgently needed to destroy weeds, aerate the soil, and conserve the soil moisture for future use.

If the ground is not stirred it bakes, cracks open and evaporation goes on rapidly. By stirring the soil through frequent cultivation, thus keeping a loose mulch on the surface, capillarity is broken up and moisture retained. As soon as it is possible, therefore, to get on the ground after a rain, the cultivator should be started in the orchard, and kept going as steadily as time and weather will permit.

Pear Leaf Blister Mite. The Fruit Division, Ottawa, sends the following information with reference to this pest, to Mr. R. Bray, Walkerton, Ont.: The pear leaves shown at the Farmers' Institute meeting at Peasebush are infected with the Pear Leaf Blister Mite (Phytoptus pyri). This insect is sometimes quite prevalent, and although it spreads slowly from tree to tree, it is likely to do much harm. Dr. Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist, treats of this insect in his report for 1895, page 160. He recommends as the most practical remedy the use of the kero-

some emulsion just as the leaf buds are opening.

Dr. Fletcher gives the following description: Blistery spots appear on the leaves, somewhat irregular in shape, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and frequently confluent. These appear on the young peach leaves early in spring, and as the summer progresses they turn to corky, blister-like galls, with a hole in the centre, through which large numbers of minute, elongated mites issue and attack the fresh parts of the leaf.

This insect attacks only pear leaves, and is reported as having been discovered in nearly all pear growing districts.

The "King" Apple. The "King" is one of the favorite varieties of apples in the market, but unfortunately it is so shy a bearer on its own roots that it is not at all profitable. It has, however, frequently been noted that by top-grafting it on any vigorous stock it becomes much more prolific.

The Fruit Division, Ottawa, invited correspondence upon this subject, and has received some valuable information. Mr. C. L. Stephens, of Orillia, has the "King" top-grafted on "Duchess," and finds that its bearing qualities are quite satisfactory. Mr. Wm. Head, of Jarratt's Corners, has twelve "King" trees grafted on "Duchess," and reports equally good results. Mr. Judson Harris, of Ingersoll, has an orchard of two and a half acres, the crop from which for the past eight years has never brought him less than \$500. Many of the trees are Kings, grafted on Russets. Mr. Robt. Murray, of Avening, has a number of King trees on their own roots, and notes that the top grafted trees are the only ones that give him paying crops.

The experience of these growers and many others goes to show that it would be a very profitable piece of business to topgraft at least some of the early apples, to be found all over Ontario, with Kings. The King is an apple that exactly fills the bill as a fancy market variety, as it is of excellent quality, color and size, and well known in the English market. If its only defect, want of productiveness, can be cured by the simple method of topgrafting, it should prove a boon to many people who have vigorous trees of undesirable varieties.

Its success in this case are suggestive of important possibilities, and demonstrate that cutting operations in these cases are not essential and can be avoided.

The previous failures followed extensive exposures of the heart either by rib resection or incision through the diaphragm, as recommended by Maclaire, in two cases. This of itself introduces a serious complication, and Lane's success was probably mainly due to his avoidance of this.

The case, as the Lancet remarks, "justifies us in saying that, if during laparotomy the patient's heart stops, the case should never be abandoned as hopeless until manual compression of the heart through the diaphragm has been performed."

Philadelphia North American.

The Little Tot's Recitation. The Lewiston, Me., Journal puts on record a "true story," that comes from Waterville, in that State. It occurred at a meeting of the Sunday school in one of the Waterville churches. Just before the classes were to be excused the superintendent asked if there was any one present who would like to make any remarks or ask any questions. All was still for a moment, and then a little tot of 5 years said: "I'd like to speak a piece."

"Very well, my little miss, you shall speak a piece," The little girl walked slowly down the aisle, and, taking a position directly in front of the altar, made a neat bow and

There was a jolly wobbler who kept her head a-bobbin'.

As he bobbed up a big fat worm; And he said, 'I've eat forty-two and others are half a dozen others.

And golly, how it tickles when they squirm!

The little girl bowed, and amid laughter and applause, returned to a seat beside her mother.

There are much more eloquent indications of the ragged edge of despair than the fringe around the bottom of a man's trousers.

There was no complication in the case, and the old man made what the doctors call a good recovery. Consenting on the success of the experiment in this case, the Journal of the American Medical Association says:

"This rough-and-ready method and

Emaciated By Kidney Disease

Suffered Greatly From Backache, Sleeplessness and Headaches—Now Enthusiastic in Praising Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

One feature of kidney disease is the gradual loss of flesh and wasting away of the tissues of the body. Slowly and surely the victim feels strength and vigor ebbing away and realizes his awful condition.

The following letter suggests a remedy which has brought back health and happiness to thousands of sufferers from kidney disease.

Mr. William E. Halditch, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was for several years a great sufferer from kidney trouble from which I had been made free."

I had all the usual symptoms in an aggravated degree and at times was completely incapacitated with pains in my back, biliousness and headache. I had little or no appetite, insomnia resulted and my condition was really wretched. I became emaciated and grew despondent and hopeless of relief as I had taken treatment from doctors to no avail.

"Finally, on the advice of a friend,

I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, and, after using a few boxes I was again enjoying health and vigor, as the worst symptoms had entirely passed away. When I think of my present good health in comparison with my miserable condition of three years ago, I would not go back to my former state for any amount of money. I may be considered enthusiastic over Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, considering the benefit derived from them, I have every reason to be."

Acting, as they do, directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills insure purity of the blood, good circulation and perfect condition of the digestive organs. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all drug stores or Elmer Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

"Does your husband take four glasses of wine regularly?"

"Oh, yes, doctor. He is very strict about it. Indeed, he is four weeks ahead, so earnest is he over it."