

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand Blue Ribbon

The Unknown Bridegroom.

After a while he wandered out upon a balcony that overlooked the extensive grounds that belonged to the palace, and where he soon became absorbed in gloomy reflections. Where was Monica? he asked himself. He did not believe it possible that she was there in Rome, in spite of what Inez had said about having met and talked with her. Presently he was aroused by the sound of voices, just below him, in the shadowy balcony, conversing in subdued tones. Whoever was there had evidently come very stealthily, and now a word or two that their listener caught caused a thrill of apprehension to agitate him and made him bend nearer to learn more. Being just beneath him, he could not see them, nor they him, but he could make out enough of their conversation to assure him that a great wrong was about to be perpetrated unless it could be balked. Yes, at last he comprehended the plot; the lily queen was to be decoyed out into the grounds, upon some pretext or other, and to a certain gate, where she would be kidnapped and borne away from the place—the carriage being already in waiting. What could it mean? Who was at the bottom of this fog conspiracy? Then, like a flash of light, August recalled those words of Inez: "I'll seek an interview with her later."

der the shadow of a tree to remain near her during his absence, and so was as if he had never existed. He made very light, however, of the fact that he had mastered, unaided, two desperate characters. Mr. Seaver asserted that the wretches must have been attracted by the jewels that Florence wore, and their object was to rob her of them. August felt sure that there was more than robbery behind the assault, but he did not say so, and, after giving Mr. Seaver his name and address, he excused himself. "Uncle Robert, I want to leave Rome at once—I shall never know another moment of peace until I get away from this dreadful place." Thus spoke Florence Richardson, as she sat, pale and heavy-eyed, at the breakfast table in the private dining-room of the Seavers at the Quirinal, on the morning following her exciting experience at the masked ball. "Well, well, you shall do just as you like, my dear," her guardian returned, indulgently. "When would you like to start?" "To-day, if possible—the sooner the better," said Florence, with a shiver. Mr. Seaver flew around all day, making ready for their sudden departure, settled all bills, and made some hurried purchases of paint, brushes, and a few other articles, which he had his eyes upon for some time, and finally engaged a couple of sections for the following afternoon, in a sleeper or going direct to Paris, whence he intended to proceed to Rome. On the morning of the day of their departure, Mr. Seaver met Sir Walter Leighton on the Corso, and informed him of the unexpected change in their plans. The two had become very friendly of late, and on one occasion, when the young man opened his heart to the lawyer, and pleaded his love for his ward, the latter had promised to use his influence with Florence to persuade her to become Lady Leighton. The baronet looked dismayed upon learning that they were to leave Rome so soon, and the cause of their sudden departure. After questioning him, to gain the details, he inquired: "Where do you go from here?" "To Paris," Mr. Seaver replied. "How long will you remain there?" "A couple of months, I think; of course, we shall run about a good deal, but Paris is the fact, and my quarters. We shall have to get back to England about the first of June, as I must be homebound by the middle or last of July." Sir Walter then stated that the party would visit him at Worthing Towers, and remain his guests for some time. That afternoon the Seavers and their ward left for Paris, in a stifled mood, that could not be heard to see them off, and took a tender leave of Florence, murmuring some words in her ear at the last moment which told her that he still entertained the hope that he should yet win her as his wife. Let us now go back to the day when Monica and Inez met in the shop on the Via Babuino. We know how the former eluded her cousin and was rolling rapidly toward the Piazza del Popolo, in Mrs. Sidney's carriage, when her handmaid reached the street in hot pursuit of her. She was so agitated when she sank upon the seat beside the maid that the woman regarded her with astonishment. "What is the matter, miss?" she inquired. "Nothing serious, only I have had quite a fright," Monica responded, and twisted about her as if to hide her face from the maid. But, upon reaching home, Monica, confided in Mrs. Sidney, and expressed the fear that Inez and her father, having left her presence in Rome, would leave no stone unturned to recapture her, and perhaps doom her to even a worse fate than confinement in a sanatorium. "Then, we will go away once, my dear," said her friend, "but I do wish you could hear from that young man to whom you wrote."

Florence slept soundly and sweetly the whole night through. She awoke long before the sun was up, and, lifting the curtain of the window of her section, lay for a long time watching the lovely scenery along the shore of that deep, deep blue sea. "We must be getting near to Genoa," she said to herself, when nearly an hour had passed thus. "I believe I will get up and dress before auntie awakes, and then she can have the toilet room to herself." Suiting her action to her words, she gathered together her toilet articles, and slipping quietly out of her berth, made her way to the dressing room. She found it locked—some one had secured it before her. She stepped back to a window, and while she waited, stood watching the sea, which seemed like a sheet of azure velvet spread out before her, and tipped here and there with a silvery sheen where the sunlight glistened on it. She stood thus, for perhaps ten minutes, feeling very peaceful and happy, and softly humming an Italian air which she had recently learned. Then she heard the key turn in the lock, and the door of the toilet-room opened, and she was around to be ready to pass in as soon as the present occupant should come out. Her look of blank astonishment suddenly expressed her surprise, and, for a moment, she was stricken dumb with wonder. "Why?" she breathed, in a scarcely audible tone. "Why?" she echoed, with no less amazement, by the lovely girl who confronted her. "KEEP THE BLOOD PURE. Nearly All the Common Ills of Life are Caused by Weak, Watery and Impure Blood. Bad blood means bad health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mean so much to the people. They actually make rich blood. Bad blood poisons the whole system. The nerves break down, the liver goes wrong, the kidneys get clogged and inflamed, the heart flutters and jumps at the least excitement, the stomach loses its power to digest food, the bowels become constipated, and the body gets out of order. Then you have headaches and backaches, can't sleep and can't eat and feel utterly miserable. And all comes from bad blood and can be cured by the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sends coursing to every part of the body. Daniel McKinnon, of North Pelham, Ont., suffered from bad blood, but has been made well and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After all other treatment had failed, Mr. McKinnon says: "Until last spring I had been afflicted with a weak stomach, headache, nervousness, and aches in the back and kidneys. I was unable to do any work, and my health was completely prostrated, and my sufferings were of a most severe nature. At different times I was treated by no less than seven doctors, but from none of them did I get more than temporary relief. As time went on, however, my health grew weaker and weaker. Last spring a friend drew my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try this medicine. I found a decided improvement in my condition, and I continued using the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when I was a cured man and the sufferings I had formerly endured were but a disagreeable memory. I admit being an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I think I have just cause for my enthusiasm and will recommend them to my ailing friends." Just as surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. McKinnon they can cure anemia, indigestion, headache, backaches, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. All these ailments come from bad blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure them by filling the veins with new, rich, red blood. But you must be sure to have the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE VALUE OF SPECIAL BREEDING. One of the most striking illustrations of the value of specially bred cows is given by the Prairie Farmer. It is a picture of two cows. One is a Holstein. The other is evidently a Shorthorn dual purpose animal. These animals were in the herd of H. E. Gurler, of Illinois. The Holstein made a net profit from butter of \$48.94. The Shorthorn made a net profit of \$17. The picture shows that while she is a beefy animal she is defective in some points as a beef animal. Now, the greatest argument of the advocates of a dual purpose cow is that she is suited to the great number of farmers who are not specially dairymen nor beef breeders, and who want an animal which will give some milk and at the same time raise salable veal calves of beef animals. Now, as every farmer has an interest in butter to some extent, can he afford to keep an animal that makes but \$17 profit from butter simply because she will raise a calf that the butchers want? In other words, would it not take an extraordinary price to make up the difference between the Holstein and the Shorthorn of \$31.94 a year? Then, too, it is, of course, to be remembered that the Holstein would supply a calf of good size, and if it was a heifer calf from such a dairy, would it not command from a butcher a larger price than the beef calf of the dual purpose animal? In short, does it pay any farmer to keep an animal that loses him \$31.94 in dairy product merely because she will bring him a veal of greater value as a veal than the larger calf she seems to us to be simply a business proposition, and it does not matter that the farmer is not altogether a dairyman. If he is a farmer he certainly has some interest in what a cow will do in butter. Practical Farmer. Holstein Milk for Public Institutions. The general use of Holsteins in public institutions, such as hospitals, schools, etc., may be noted as a testimonial not only to the productiveness of the breed but also to the well-known and peculiar health-giving properties of their milk. The State of Minnesota is now founding seven herds of pure Holsteins, at Fergus Falls State Hospital, Anoka State Asylum, School for Feeble Minded, Hastings State Asylum, Rochester State Hospital, and State Training School at Red Wing. According to the Farmers' Guide dairymen will make no mistake in putting in some Holstein cows; in fact, they are far ahead of Jerseys as all-round dairy animals. They will give more milk, make more butter, raise more calves for either veal or stock, are a harder breed, and cannot help giving better returns for the same care. Holsteins have been bred for thousands of years for dairy purposes, and that is one reason why they are making such great records to-day. One can readily see that they would be better for a milk dairy than the Jerseys because they give such a large quantity of milk. I see no reason why patrons should not be just as well pleased with the milk, although it is not quite so rich in butter fat as that of the Jersey. The elements in it are better proportioned as food for both young calves and children than is the Jersey milk. Yours truly, G. W. Clemons, Secretary Holstein-Friesian Association, St. George, Ont. THE "TIPPING" FAD. The Suffering Public Has the Remedy for the Nuisance in its Own Hands. One grows very weary at times of these complaints over what is called "the tipping nuisance." At what seems to be regular intervals, the newspapers break out in criticism and denunciation of the rapacity of hotel and restaurant waiters, attendants on shipboard, sleeping and dining car minions, and all the rest of it. Indignant victims write to the editor, the staff thunderbolts are unleashed and set upon the pirates. But, as we say, it is dull business, and for our part we regard it with very little sympathy. Surely the public has the remedy in its own hands. The patron of these resorts and vehicles who disgorges more than he wishes to part with or can afford must be a poor creature enough, it seems to us. We have never been able to see anything particularly formidable in the average patron. He is often rude, inattentive, unpleasant, and again he is polite, considerate, and prompt. In neither instance, however, do we recognize the obligation of tipping. Undoubtedly one feels moved to acknowledge in some substantial way the courtesies one receives, and here we confess to an sympathy with the practice. But our observation leads us to conclude that the insolent and haughty minion gets the biggest money, and this fact—for such it is, we solemnly believe—paralyses us that the whole structure rests upon the cowardice of the tipsters themselves. They bow down before the waiter, and they bow low in the exact ratio of his insolence. Enter any of the gaudy and pretentious restaurants of our great cities, where flash furniture and ostentatious showy linen, glass and cutlery are in evidence, and note the behavior of the average patron, his nervousness, his ingratiating overtures, his patient anxiety to be on pleasant terms with the head waiter. There are thousands of easy spenders who actually regard it as a privilege to have social relations with the freebooters who wait upon them. Why do they do it, heaven only knows; but they do, and the spectacle of dollar bills scattered about among garçons who serve third-rate food with almost infuriated and certainly unceasing contempt for their victims is as frequent as it is pitiful. Why do self-respecting persons submit to these deceptions? We might go further and ask why they actually invite them. To the argument that one will not get waited on at all unless he propitiates the myrmidon, we reply that the fact that there is more leisure after the fruit has been gathered than in the rush of our early spring when so many odds and ends must be attended to, there are many urgent and convincing reasons why our orchards should be very carefully cleaned of rubbish and litter during late fall and early winter. People often wonder how it happens that certain insects appear in such alarming numbers during the summer. A few careful observations during the fall and winter will show how these insects pass the cold period of the year. The eggs masses of ten caterpillars will be found encircling the smaller branches. If these brackets of eggs be removed whenever seen, much serious damage will be averted the following spring. The canker worms pass the winter in the egg state, and these eggs are often to be seen on the branches. The codling worm passes the winter in a cocoon, under bits of bark, boards, and in crevices and a general clearing will get rid of many of these troublesome pests. The grape vine flea-beetle and the plum curculio pass the winter in the full grown beetle condition in sheltered spots, often near the base of the plant. Squash-bugs also winter over full grown in sheltered spots, under boards, and in corners of outbuildings. There is also a necessity for a thorough cleaning up of the orchard for the purpose of destroying many of the fungi which remains on the ground in decayed leaves and fruit. It is a well-known fact that many injurious fungi produce winter spores, and which, although the leaves decay, the spores do not. In early spring these will produce a blight which will soon spread to the early leaves. The diseased fruit, plant, and leaves should be burned, not thrown on the manure pile, for then the spores will be able to survive the winter and reproduce the disease the following season. Moreover, many fungi persist in the leaves as delicate threads, which develop rapidly in leaves, where they germinate and produce disease. It may safely be said that if all leaves, decaying fruit and diseased twigs be burned at the approach of winter, the danger from fungous diseases would be lessened very materially.

der the shadow of a tree to remain near her during his absence, and so was as if he had never existed. He made very light, however, of the fact that he had mastered, unaided, two desperate characters. Mr. Seaver asserted that the wretches must have been attracted by the jewels that Florence wore, and their object was to rob her of them. August felt sure that there was more than robbery behind the assault, but he did not say so, and, after giving Mr. Seaver his name and address, he excused himself. "Uncle Robert, I want to leave Rome at once—I shall never know another moment of peace until I get away from this dreadful place." Thus spoke Florence Richardson, as she sat, pale and heavy-eyed, at the breakfast table in the private dining-room of the Seavers at the Quirinal, on the morning following her exciting experience at the masked ball. "Well, well, you shall do just as you like, my dear," her guardian returned, indulgently. "When would you like to start?" "To-day, if possible—the sooner the better," said Florence, with a shiver. Mr. Seaver flew around all day, making ready for their sudden departure, settled all bills, and made some hurried purchases of paint, brushes, and a few other articles, which he had his eyes upon for some time, and finally engaged a couple of sections for the following afternoon, in a sleeper or going direct to Paris, whence he intended to proceed to Rome. On the morning of the day of their departure, Mr. Seaver met Sir Walter Leighton on the Corso, and informed him of the unexpected change in their plans. The two had become very friendly of late, and on one occasion, when the young man opened his heart to the lawyer, and pleaded his love for his ward, the latter had promised to use his influence with Florence to persuade her to become Lady Leighton. The baronet looked dismayed upon learning that they were to leave Rome so soon, and the cause of their sudden departure. After questioning him, to gain the details, he inquired: "Where do you go from here?" "To Paris," Mr. Seaver replied. "How long will you remain there?" "A couple of months, I think; of course, we shall run about a good deal, but Paris is the fact, and my quarters. We shall have to get back to England about the first of June, as I must be homebound by the middle or last of July." Sir Walter then stated that the party would visit him at Worthing Towers, and remain his guests for some time. That afternoon the Seavers and their ward left for Paris, in a stifled mood, that could not be heard to see them off, and took a tender leave of Florence, murmuring some words in her ear at the last moment which told her that he still entertained the hope that he should yet win her as his wife. Let us now go back to the day when Monica and Inez met in the shop on the Via Babuino. We know how the former eluded her cousin and was rolling rapidly toward the Piazza del Popolo, in Mrs. Sidney's carriage, when her handmaid reached the street in hot pursuit of her. She was so agitated when she sank upon the seat beside the maid that the woman regarded her with astonishment. "What is the matter, miss?" she inquired. "Nothing serious, only I have had quite a fright," Monica responded, and twisted about her as if to hide her face from the maid. But, upon reaching home, Monica, confided in Mrs. Sidney, and expressed the fear that Inez and her father, having left her presence in Rome, would leave no stone unturned to recapture her, and perhaps doom her to even a worse fate than confinement in a sanatorium. "Then, we will go away once, my dear," said her friend, "but I do wish you could hear from that young man to whom you wrote."

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N I T A L V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N

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Every mother is naturally anxious that her little child shall be bright, good natured and healthy. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure indigestion and stomach troubles, prevent diarrhoea, cure constipation, annoy simple fevers, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. And the Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. R. E. Long, Peachland, B. C., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets unsurpassed for teething troubles, breaking up colds and reducing fever, and they make a child sleep naturally. They have done my little one so much good I would not like to be without them." Druggists everywhere sell these Tablets, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by sending the enclosed money to Dr. J. C. Co., Brockville, Ont.