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LOVE AND A TITLE

"But Bell," says Jeanne. "He likes it—he is never happy when out of the reach of tobacco smoke. He smokes, himself, in secret—don't you, Bell?" "What did you say, Hal?" asks Bell, leaning over the hood, and smiling happily. "Fine view!" shouts Hal. "Now, Jeanne, you can take the ribbons. Keep that near side mare to her work. And is inclined, woman-like, to shirk it. And now for a sign. Steady! hold them in, or they will get the upper hand! They are not a pair of children's ponies, you know."

"I was coming to pay my respects this afternoon," she says. "Senora Titella and I." Jeanne smiles graciously at the pale-faced companion. "Will you come?" she says to Veronita. "I shall be at home." "Then I will come," says the princess, simply. "Is there anything I can do for you at Baden?" says Hal, going around to the companion. "Any books, music, ribbons? I'm good at matching ribbons," he adds, forgetting that she is not likely to carry her wardrobe to work in the pony carriage. The companion smiles coldly. "I do not speak English," she says. "That is a lie, I'll be sworn!" thinks Hal, but, of course, he only bows and smiles, and backs around to the other side again, where Jeanne is saying adieu. "You will come? Be sure!" she adds, in a lower voice. "May I say what I feel?" she asks. "I shall be friends."

concert, and the whole place is lit up with these lamps, and—hullo, what's the row?" he breaks off to inquire, for as they walk down one of the grand paths, lined with fountains, they hear voices raised in dispute. A group of persons is seated around a table at a little distance, and a confused waiter is hovering to and fro, laboring to explain something which some of the party will not allow of explanation. "English," says Hal, sententiously, "I pity the poor waiter," and he turns upon his heel. But good-natured Bell hesitates. "Perhaps we can help them; let us go and see," he says, and they walk on slowly. But suddenly Hal utters an exclamation. "By George!" he says, "it's old Lambton, and Maud and Georgina!" Hal is right. It is Mr. Lambton and his daughters; he is on his feet, presenting a fine specimen of the angry, irascible English squire, in a tourist's suit of broad and startling checks. Maud and Georgina, dressed in elaborate travelling costumes, are seated before a bottle of wine and a tray of biscuits. "What's the row?" asks Hal. "This impudent rascal pretends that he doesn't understand English, and won't bring us some pale ale—and how's the marquis, my lady?" and we've asked him a dozen, a hundred times—and where are you staying, Lady Fernole?" "All right," says Hal. "I think I know enough of German to ask for the bottle of Bass. Here, waiter, bring some pale ale. That's what they call pale ale, Mr. Lambton?" "The waiter, with a grin of intelligence, dashes away, and brings the ale, and it is a fact, they do call it 'pale ale'! Meanwhile Jeanne has been talking to the two girls. "I don't know your own castle!" says Maud. "Papa, Jeanne—I mean the Marchioness—has a castle in Germany! Isn't that delightful?" "And where is Mrs. Lambton?" asks Jeanne. "Oh, mamma is at the hotel. She has a headache; she doesn't care to go about much. She says the language makes her ill, and generally stops in bed. Who would have thought of seeing you here! How kind of Mr. Bertram to trouble about the ale! And isn't Germany delightful! We are enjoying ourselves so much! But papa gets so angry with everybody because they can't understand English; and our German we learned of the governess seems quite different to what they speak here?" "And you've got a castle here?" said Georgina. "How delightful! I don't believe it. You must come and stay with us," says Jeanne. "You must come at once. Vane will be so glad that we have met you; it is a fortunate chance."

Pleasant Dreams Come to those who drink only Pure Tea like



Avoid ordinary teas if you care for Sound, Sweet Sleep, and ask for the specially manufactured, carefully packed Blue Ribbon Tea. Try the Red Label. Only One Best Tea. Blue Ribbon's It.

"Yes, my lady; I saw him go into the billiard-room a little while ago." "Tell him," says Jeanne, "to keep out of the way; you understand?" Mrs. Fleming curtseys. "I understand, my lady," and Jeanne goes down. As she enters, the count and the princess arise, and, with a polite greeting to the count, Jeanne shakes hands with the count. Anyone observing her would think that she had instantaneously taken a fancy to the nobleman, and that she had fallen to be prepossessed by the princess, so friendly is Jeanne with the count, so calmly courteous to his companion. "But in every woman is a latent store of artifice, and Jeanne is practicing hers now. "That woman," she thinks, "has gone home, and told the count of our meeting, and he has come here to watch this sweet child instead of his accomplice. He will expect me to be in him coldly; he shall be disappointed."

the fastest "ocean greyhound" in a speed contest. If there is a fish that can travel faster than all others, it is the tarpon, which can probably "hit her up" to the tune of eighty miles an hour, if pressed for time. Generally speaking, it may be said that finny creatures which live near the surface of the sea are swift swimmers, as compared with those that dwell in the depths. Thus the cod, which is a deep-water species, is sluggish and would stand no show at all in a race with the mackerel or herring. These latter, which are distinctly pelagic, depend for their living upon their activity in pursuing their prey, and they must be quick in their movements in order to escape their own enemies. If the mackerel was as big as a good-sized shark it would probably be the speed champion of the ocean. No fish is better shaped for rapid going. Some years ago a yacht builder in New York constructed a sloop with a hull patterned exactly after the under body of a Spanish mackerel. She was called the Undine, and, if tradition does not lie, she never was beaten. Like the fish after which she was modelled, she had her greatest breadth of beam forward of amidships—a decidedly novel idea in boat-building. One may say, indeed, that all modern water craft are more or less fishlike in their make-up.—Saturday Evening Post.

NELSON AND TOGO. (From New York Sun, Oct. 25.)

Sir,—I was very much interested in your leader on Togo and Nelson, but in the comparison of the relative merits of these two great admirals I think the crowning glory rests with Nelson. His brilliant career did not consist of the destruction of a fleet, or of a war of a few months. It covered many battles and years of service. England has always been generous to his memory, but she can never repay the debt he owes to his great genius. Nelson has made the deck of the old Victory holy ground to men of all nations who admire gallantry and pluck. When all Europe was trembling with fear of the great Napoleon, England in her isolation was safe from invasion, and while Nelson lived as though Napoleon was not in existence. When a comparison is made of the personality of the men that the two admirals contended against, the comparative magnitude of their achievements can be best understood. Without making more than a reference to the glorious victory of Trafalgar, I think that to have won the battle of Copenhagen was a far greater honor than it was to be the destroyer of the Russian fleet. The Danish sailors were the equal of those of England. The engagement was so desperate that the two fleets fought to a standstill. The English admiral in charge ordered the signal "Cease firing" hoisted, and when the attention of Nelson, who was second in command, was called to it he placed his hand over his good eye and then turned his sightless eye, the eye which he had lost in service, toward to signal, and said he could not see it, and proceeded with the battle and gained the victory. Who would rather have won that battle, under such circumstances, and against such sailors as the Danes, than to have the honor of having destroyed a Russian fleet manned by saintly sailors? JOHN F. BAXTER. New York, Oct. 25.

TORTURING NEURALGIA.

Suffered for Ten Years, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia is the king of tortures. A tingling or tender skin, a sharp sudden stab from some nerve, then piercing procyms of pain—that's neuralgia. The cause of the trouble is disordered nerves due to thin watery blood. The cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Both the girls color up, and thus soothe and strengthen the disordered nerves and cure neuralgia. Among the thousands who have proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia is Mrs. R. C. Johnson, of Simpson's Corner, N. S. Mrs. Johnson says: "For upwards of ten years I was a sufferer from the awful pains of neuralgia. Over-exertion or the least exposure to a cold wave would set me nearly wild with torture. I consulted with two physicians but they did not cure me. I then tried several advertised medicines, but found no benefit. The trouble continued at intervals that made life miserable, until six or eight months ago when a relation of mine brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave me a trial. I used this box and then got a half-dozen more, and by the time I had used them all trace of the trouble had disappeared, and as I have not since had a return, I feel sure that the cure is permanent. My son is one of the best known ladies in the section in which she resides, and is a prominent worker in the Congregational Church. Naturally her family and friends are coming over her cure, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made many warm friends in that section as a result of their good work. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure, warm blood that they have such great power to cure disease. They positively cure rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, and the ailments from which most people suffer. The purchaser must be careful to get the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, six for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

SPEED OF FISHES.

Sharks Travel Fastest, With Tarpon Second and Mackerel Third. Study of the speed of fishes is embarrassed by unavoidable difficulties. It is not possible, as with birds, to set up tall poles at intervals, of a quarter of a mile, and, with the help of stop watches, time them as they go by. Nevertheless, recent investigation of the subject goes to show that the mackerel, of the fish the fastest swimmer, is the champion racer of the briny deep, comes pretty near to carrying off the honors. Unquestionably it travels some times as fast as an express train at high speed—say, at the rate of sixty or possibly seventy miles an hour. Other things being equal, the larger the fish the faster it swims, just as the larger steamship is able to travel at a speed much greater than the little harbor tug. Undoubtedly the energy employed by a fish of great size, such as a thirty-foot shark, when traveling at its best, is something tremendous. An ordinary tug represents a maximum of energy in a minimum of bulk, utilizing about 200 horse power. Of course, it is only a guess, but it would not seem to be over the mark to suppose that a sardine, of which the largest is about 600 horse power when it propels its huge bulk through the water at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A whale—which is a mammal, and not a fish—might be compared to a freight train if a shark is a cannon-ball express, but it can beat

Feeding the Multitude.

On the daily bill of fare of a first-class restaurant in a large city the hungry diner ordinarily finds from 200 to 300 different ways of satisfying his appetite—to say nothing of the various ways of satisfying his thirst. To consume this array of edibles the proprietor expects daily from two thousand persons up to more than three that number, according to his location and the size of his patronage. Some days there is an unexpected increase in the number of diners, and other days an equally unexpected falling off; the kind of food demanded varies with the weather. On a warm day, for example, meats and soups are likely to become a drug on the market and the multitude, especially at the noon hour, clamors for salads, cold meats and frozen desserts. A cold snap in the late autumn completely upsets the summer dishes. There is, in fact, almost no fixed demand, and yet there must always be a sufficiency of whatever happens to be the need of the hour—a combination of circumstances that makes the life of the restaurant keeper anything but an existence of dull monotony. Restaurants which feed thousands of people in a day are of recent origin and many of the problems of their managers were unknown to the keepers of eating-houses of twenty-five years ago. On the other hand, the man at the head of the present-day establishment has facilities for doing business of which the old-timers had little conception. To be sure, the rapid transit enables the restaurant keeper of today to draw on the gardens of the South, the woods of the North, and the mountains of the West for his supplies. Electric lights and electric fans help to make the restaurant attractive and to keep it cool. The menu includes the latest architectural wrinkles, the air breathed by the diners is pure and guaranteed to be as pure as the spring water served on the tables. And the restaurant keeper has the telephone. "What we would do nowadays without the telephone," said a restaurant keeper the other day, "is hard to imagine. It's the one thing in this day of big business and long bills of fare that enables us to keep things moving without having either to overstock the larder in advance or to persuade our patrons to take something else just as good when there's an unusually hard sell on some special article. And we can't tell when there's going to be such a run. Lookers-on, for example, sometimes don't sell a boiled lobster for half a day, and then again we may get caught in an hour to make us see the finish of the stock that we procured in the morning. That's where the telephone comes in, for if a good thing is sent out to the market, and whenever we see anything running out, it's a mere matter of pressing the button, so to speak, and the provision dealer does the rest within fifteen or twenty minutes." Although the method of preparing this enormous daily table for its thousands of guests varies with different restaurants, the main plan of campaign is very similar. The restaurant man lays out his bill of fare for a week in advance, very much as an orderly housekeeper might do for a small family—with the marked difference that he considers every reasonable edible and must lay it in the accordance with market prices and a general knowledge of what humanity at large will consider tempting. Beef, of course, is a standby, one well-known restaurant consuming five tons of beef weekly, in summer and more in winter. Flour, for bread, cakes, pies, and various other purposes, is, of course, another commodity that is readily and periodically provided for. But after these and a few other staple articles are settled, the restaurant manager is plunged into a maze of possibilities and probabilities—the whole question of vegetables, fruits, and specialties being more or less dependent upon the weather of a day that has not yet developed. The bill of fare has been so arranged that it part of it will be most seasonably available, and the profits are very largely based on the securing of the most profitable items will be eaten within a fixed period.—New York Evening Post.

BABY'S AWAKENING.

It ought to be a pleasure to look forward to a baby's awakening. He should awaken bright, smiling and full of life, refreshed by sleep and ready for a good time. How many parents dread their child's voice, because they know when he awakes he will cry and fret and keep everyone on the nerves until he falls asleep again from sheer exhaustion. These crying fits make the life of the inexperienced mother a torment. And yet baby is not crying for the fun of the thing—there is something wrong, though the mother may not know anything else. Try Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind, and you venture to say baby will wake up happy and smiling—an altogether different child. Here is proof from Mrs. John S. Sutherland, Blissfield, N. S., who says: "My baby was terribly cross, and often kept me awake half the night before I got Baby's Own Tablets for her. Since I began giving her the Tablets, she is perfectly well, sleeps soundly all night, and wakes up bright and fresh in the morning." Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medicine for children of all ages. They cannot do anything but good. You can get them from your druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

New Use for the Bible.

The latest dictum in genealogical affairs is that in order to have any consideration at all as a descendant one must be able to produce an old pocket Bible pierced half way through by a bullet, of which one may remark with exultation: "Yes, that Bible saved the life of our great-great-grandfather at the battle of Princeton. He was in the front rank leading the attack, when a volley was fired by the British from ambush, etc., etc., and had this Bible not been in his pocket—er—no, I mean his breast pocket—etc., etc., it is confidently whispered, indeed, that these Bibles are now so much in demand that they are being made to order by an astute manufacturer of heirlooms, who can imitate the bullet-pierced volume to perfection, and is doing a thriving trade in it. They are somewhat expensive, because the Bible must be an old one and one purchases not only it and the bullet hole, but the silence of the manufacturer.—Philadelphia Record.

Worse Than No Excuse.

Drunkness as a defense for murder can be reduced to the plain statement that a drunken man bent on commission of crime is more dangerous to the individual against whom he is bent on committing the crime than a sober man. The courts are to be commended for their refusal to accept an argument for acquittal of the word of a man charged with the crime. It is responsible because it was committed while he was drunk. The possibilities are dangerous. What is to prevent every deliberate murderer from hiding behind this defense, as so many of them have hidden behind the ruffing of a court that there is emotion in his eyes? It is not possible, if one man is acquitted of crime or his sentence is made nothing more than a few years' confinement because the crime was an act done while he was under the influence of liquor, that it will serve to increase the number of felonious characters.

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