

We wish the many thousands who enjoy Blue Ribbon Tea a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year. Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

Violet's Lover

He went in compliance with her wish. What request of hers would he have refused? And Violet Haye stood alone in the home that her lover sought to make hers. She stood there, dainty and bewitching; she looked round. The rooms were very pretty; she tried to imagine herself mistress there; she tried to picture herself living there, going in and out, waiting for Felix, giving orders. She tried to realize what life would be like when she was married and lived there. There would be no future to look forward to, no sweet, bright possibilities. "I should know all my life then," she thought; "it would hold nothing brighter than this; and the dainty little foot tapped the floor. 'Here it would all begin and end; there would be no more dreaming'—and she had dreamed wildly of a different life from this. Still she loved Felix. 'I wonder,' said the dainty young beauty to herself, 'in what I differ from other girls. I know not one, but many, who would gladly change their fate for mine, who would marry Felix Lonsdale and be happy in his love, who would think this pretty house a palace and would find the contentment that true happiness is a life-time within its walls; why cannot I do the same? What is it that I am always looking for, hoping for, expecting? What more do I want? I cannot understand myself and I am sure no one else can understand me.' The violet eyes glanced wistfully round the pretty rooms; why was she not content? 'I love Felix,' she told herself; 'and it seems to me that if I made an effort I could be happy and contented. What is the effort that I have to make? I love Felix; nothing on earth can make me alter that fact.' Yet she did not feel quite at ease. There was a vague, shadowy feeling of something wanting that she had not yet found. Felix amused her with his raptures when he returned. It was so novel, so different from his behavior on the day she was never forgotten by him because she had been gracious to him upon it.

CHAPTER V.

The inhabitants of Lifford were pleased at Darcy Lonsdale's good fortune. He deserved it, they said; his honest, honorable, industrious life had been spent among them; they had known him as boy and man; they had been interested in his marriages, in his children, in his business; he was one of themselves; they had been interested in his joys and sorrows and in his welfare, and now they were pleased at his good fortune. With this sudden and unexpected gleam of prosperity came other gleams; his business increased, and Darcy Lonsdale owned to himself that he was a most fortunate man. He removed from his household to Vale House; and Felix began to think that he might induce Violet to marry him before the end of the year. He did not even speak to her of their marriage, for it was a difficult task; she would evade the question in a hundred different ways; she would laugh, yet look charming—do anything, in fact, but reply to his inquiry as to when they should be united. He went to The Limes one lovely summer evening quite resolved upon not coming away with a definite answer. Violet was looking even more charming than usual; she wore a white dress with blush roses and her fair, girlish face was like a sweet flower. He persuaded her to come out with him, beguiling her on to the lawn under the pretext of showing her the gorgeous western sky. "I do not care for sunsets, Felix," she said; "I cannot go into raptures over them. I see the sun set in some fashion or other every evening." But he was so determined that she thought it less trouble to accede to his wish. The sight of the gorgeous sky made her thoughtful; then, when she was in a frame of mind proper for listening, he turned to her. How

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

When little ones are ill the sensible mother is loth to give them when they are sleeping the so-called "soothing" preparations, which always contain opium. Baby's Own Tablets have been used by thousands of mothers who cheerfully testify that they are gentle in their action, absolutely safe, and make little ones sleep soundly and naturally. They use them to remove the trouble that makes baby irritable and wakeful. On this point Mrs. T. Watson, Sarsfield, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a very valuable medicine for young children. When baby is cross or fretful I give her a Tablet, and it soon puts her right." These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones. They are good for children from birth onward. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

interested in it all. He said to himself that it was a strange, perfect rest he found with her—a something which he could not describe, a sense of deep tranquillity and repose.

"I think, Evelyn," he said, as he stood at the hall door of Outlander, "that no man was ever so blessed. I have the trust and fairest of loves, and the truest and warmest of friends."

The moon was shining brightly, and Eve stood in silence for a few minutes watching him.

"You will need a friend," she thought; "and you will find one, you shall not fail to find one."

CHAPTER VI. "That young man ought to be satisfied with his lot in life," said Jane Lester, as her niece told her of Felix Lonsdale's success.

"He is quite satisfied, auntie," Evelyn returned, gently.

"The worst thing that any man can do is to marry a girl with a pretty face," said the aunt. "Pretty girls are a mistake; they think themselves too good for anything. Felix Lonsdale has acted foolishly. Violet Haye will never make him a good wife."

"She is young, and she loves him very dearly," remarked Evelyn.

"Youth and love—would any wise man build his house on such foundations?" said her aunt. "I tell you, Evelyn, it is a mistake, and Lonsdale will find it so. I read a character quickly, and I have read Violet's."

"She loves him," repeated Evelyn, who could imagine nothing more unanswerable.

"Love—know what a lasting sentiment that is," sneered Miss Lester. "If he married a sensible woman with a nice little fortune, I should have some hope; but the very curl of that girl's hair shows what she is."

Evelyn laughed as she thought of the glorious golden hair that had always been Violet's glory.

"There is no one looking in Lifford like it, auntie," she replied.

"It is a very good thing," was the retort. "I am no friend of nonsense."

Non-friendly criticisms reached Felix Lonsdale's ears—none could have hurt him. He had won the one great prize of his life; he was happy beyond all power of word to tell. It pleased him, too, that all his friends and neighbors took such kindly interest in him; it was pleasant to meet with congratulations and good wishes—to see life lying so fair and clear before him—to feel his youth and his strength and his hope and his shining every vein. He felt that he had nothing left in life to wish for; heaven had been good to him and had granted him his heart's desire. He would have felt a little happier, perhaps, had Violet been less coy. But that very coyness had a charm of its own; it suited her; he could not imagine her other than coy; and, for good or for ill, he never darkened his mind. The heaven of his love was clear and cloudless. Violet would no wiser coy in time; it was better for her to be shy and reserved than to be ever darkened his mind. The heaven of his love was clear and cloudless. Violet would no wiser coy in time; it was better for her to be shy and reserved than to be ever darkened his mind.

He had settled in his own mind that he would persuade her to become his wife. He had no intention of killing the flowers and stripping the trees. So he thought and hoped and dreamed, while a cloud was rising in the distance no larger than a man's hand, and he was standing in a group in Castle street, and when I joined them I knew by the embarrassed expression on each face that they had been talking about me."

"What could they have to say about you?" asked Kate. "It was all fancy, Darcy."

"No; I am sure they were speaking of me. I went to the bank this morning, and I was entering the door I distinctly heard the manager say, 'Mistaken in Lonsdale. I heard the words as plainly as you hear them now. He was talking to one of his partners, and they were both cool, I thought, in their manner.'"

Kate threw her arms round his neck and kissed his cheek. "Why should any one talk about you or be cool to you, dear? You have done no wrong."

"No; but there is something—I am quite sure there is something, Kate—in the minds of those who talk about me. I cannot imagine what it is."

Kate tried to cheer him; she would do her best. She knew that there was no one like him. No one could accuse him of a mean action; his life had always been fair, open, loyal, and transparent. It was absurd. He must be out of his head; he should go away and rest himself for a time. She would like to see any one treat him with less respect and honor than he deserved. The kind, tender face flushed, the kind eyes filled with tears. She would have done battle for him with the whole world. There was nothing in what he said, she felt sure, but falling back.

Yet she waited anxiously for him the next day. She was somewhat surprised, for there had been a perfect deluge of tradesman's bills, an occurrence that had never happened before. The butcher wanted ready money; the upholsterer who had furnished Vale House pressed for a settlement in consequence of a bill for losses; the tax collector asked the bills to be met.

"What does it mean?" she asked, wondering.

"It means, my dear, that there is some subtle agency at work against us—I can not tell what it means, but the tradespeople's bills are paid at once. Indeed, Kate, we would have been wise had we waited till the agency was paid to us before we came here."

"But it is certain," said Kate, a little anxiously.

"As certain as fate," he replied; and then they talked a little more cheerfully about what they would do when the money was at their command.

That same evening Felix came home looking slightly preoccupied. He had seen one of his oldest clients go into George Malcolm's office, and the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Daniel E. Brown, had been with the coldest of bows. He also had an impression that there was something wrong. He could tell neither what it was nor why it was.

Felix thought that there would be time to walk over to The Limes. He had a very beautiful book that he had bought for Violet, and he wanted to give it to her.

When Mrs. Brown entered the drawing-room at The Limes, the three assembled there had been speaking of him, their greetings were so awkward, so constrained, so unkind, the kindly remarks which were always given to him hitherto, Mrs. Brown had put her hand to her forehead, and her eyes fell, and her husband's half-murmured words were in her ears.

Felix looked embarrassed; and for the first time under that hospitable roof the young lover felt ill at ease. When he laid the volume on the table, Mr. Brown took it up.

"This must have cost something," he said, "for it is very handsome. It would be better to save money than to spend it—we none of us know when the evil day may come."

"I do not care for the remark," Felix, with all his sanguine hopes of a young man.

"The wisest among us may expect that," said Mr. Brown, briefly.

The conversation languished, and Felix grew so uncomfortable that he decided upon returning home. He had no merriment, he thought, and he had perhaps interrupted some domestic conference. He cared only to see Violet. If she would go to the gate with him, so that he would have one for a few words, all would be well.

But when he had said good-night to the two seniors, and asked Violet if she would walk to the gate with him, she had refused.

"It is too cold," she said. "Violet has been complaining of headache all day; she must not go out."

And the tone was so decided, so stern, that Felix could not oppose Mrs. Brown. He held Violet's hand one minute in his; he tried to look into the depths of her beautiful eyes, but they dropped from his, and he could not let her with a few whispered words, feeling more unhappy than he had ever felt before. (To be Continued.)

FRUIT GROWING.

The Benefits of Co-operation Among Fruit Growers.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

The principle of co-operation among fruit growers, which has been strongly advocated during the last two years by W. A. Mackinnon, of the Fruit Division, Ottawa, received enthusiastic endorsement at the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association at Leamington.

The report of the President, the report of the Secretary, and all the most interesting and instructive papers dealt with the question of co-operation.

A typical example of the practical working out of the co-operative plan was described by Mr. W. H. Owen, Catawba Island, Ohio, who is one of the recognized leaders in the movement.

The next time he was in the market was evening, and the pleasant table, the happy circle of bright faces, might have gladdened any man's heart; but Darcy Lonsdale looked dull. Agony had been what was wrong, and he laughed un- easily, she thought.

"The very air seems thick with fancies," he answered. "I saw three of my best friends this morning standing in a group in Castle street, and when I joined them I knew by the embarrassed expression on each face that they had been talking about me."

"What could they have to say about you?" asked Kate. "It was all fancy, Darcy."

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year the association made its first trial in the co-operative work by forwarding to Manchester, Eng., two cars of Duchess apples, which arrived in good condition. In addition to these three cars of winter apples were packed and sold. This year the association had prospered beyond all expectations. There are now about fifty-five members, with an average of four acres of apples each. Fifteen cars of apples have this year been shipped on the co-operative plan. Not only have the prices been better, but more fruit has been sold than would have been possible under the old system. Even the early varieties of apples were put upon the market in good condition. Just as soon as the Duchess, for instance, were ripe, all co-operators were notified to begin picking at the same time. In this way a car would be started with the fruit within two days of the time the apples were taken from the trees.

Your very truly, W. A. Mackinnon, Publication Clerk.

THE CHURCH DEBT MORE THAN PAID.

A mortgage of \$3,000 upon the First Baptist Church, says a despatch from Macon, Mo., was publicly burned at a jubilee service last week. The lion's share of the glory for paying off this debt goes to the women of the church.

When they undertook the work they started to collect not cash but ideas. They reasoned that if they provided ideas, the money would come of itself. So premiums were offered for ideas. Every idea that seemed promising had a fair trial.

The idea that seemed most successful was an elaboration of a plan originated at Quincy, Ill. In that town the church issued a book of quotations. Every person who contributed ten cents could have his name printed prominently over his favorite quotation from the classics.

The Mackinnon idea embraced a wider field. There were those who didn't care to borrow their literature. It was, therefore, provided that every real, or fancied poet or prose writer should have his production handsomely printed, just as written, at ten cents a line. Besides offering a chance for fame, the plan furnished good experience for young writers, because it taught them to economize space.

One poetic artist put up 40 cents to get this tender sentiment in: "This world that we're living in is mighty hard to beat, A thorn comes with every rose; But ain't the roses sweet?"

The most unpopular man in town paid ten cents to get his name along this quotation from Holy Writ: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you—Luke, vi. 26."

Among the following lines distanced all others as a favorite: "Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part—there all the honor lies."—Pope

The book was a dazzling success. Everybody in town took a copy, and some of the amateur authors bought several copies to send to their friends in other towns.

One Girl's Opinion. Someone spoke of a chapman as the boarders were seated around the mahogany. "Chapman!" exclaimed the young man from Missouri. "What's a chapman?"

"A chapman," exclaimed the girl who presides over a necktie counter between meals, "is a female of more or less uncertain years who is afraid to go out alone, so she attaches herself to a party of young folks for the purpose of getting herself cared for."—Chicago News.

Another Ghastly Six-Day Grind. New York Tribune. A six-day bicycle tournament is added to the afflictions of this vexed metropolis. Why must New Yorkers suffer from such a besetment? The old, unhappy, far-off things which Wordsworth wept over were bad enough, but in this era of enlightenment Gotham ought not to be disgraced by such a besetment. The renewal of the outworn nuisance of the van and haggard tramps in the ranks of the professional wheelmen.

The Taste for Horseflesh. A taste for horseflesh is steadily on the increase in Paris. A veterinary and sanitary report just issued states that in 1896 at the public abattoirs 21,430 horses, asses and mules were slaughtered for the different uses of the realm, as if they had in the French capital. In 1897 the number was 22,029, in 1898 22,512, in 1899 23,203, in 1900 22,484, in 1901 26,683, in 1902 32,324. Of the number in this last year there were with 1,700 horses, asses and 49 mules. Much of the food is sold in the shape of sausages.

Brain Controls Every Muscle

Injury to Brain or Nerves, Deficiency of Nerve Force Means Paralysis and Helplessness DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Every muscle of the body controlled by the will is connected with the brain, and every muscular action is originated by nervous force, generated in the brain and transmitted along the nerves to the muscles. When the nerves are injured or diseased, when there is a deficiency in the supply of nervous energy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or some form of helplessness results because the brain no longer has control of the muscles. It may be weak heart action, inability to digest food, failure of the ability to purify the blood or impaired action of any of the vital organs, but the cause of trouble is with the nerves. The restorative action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is soon felt throughout the entire system, because it restores the vigor and vitality of the nerves—fills them with new nerve force, the vital power of the body; weakness, nervousness, irritability, sleepiness and low spirits

SHOPLIFTING IN LONDON

Though there is every appearance in all the great London shops that the public is to be trusted implicitly, an elaborate and carefully organized system of espionage prevails to circumvent the designs of the peripatetic thief and the marauding kleptomaniac. The invisible detective, whose office is some unsuspected gallery in the ceiling, whence from artfully designed peep holes in the moulding he can survey the whole establishment, is the most successful tool to the shoplifter. But there are only a few shops so structurally designed that surveillance of this kind is possible. Some of the jewellers' treasure palaces are guarded in this manner, and to make assurance doubly sure, no attendant is without his satellite, who keeps a wary eye on the customer, who is pilfering the customers' inspection, standing at the salesman's elbow while he is showing them. At all periods a careful watch is kept on those dress establishments that are pervaded by women, but more especially at sale times, for it is then that covetousness overthrows morality most easily, and the crowded state of the shops favors the picker-up of unconsidered trifles. A manager of one of the largest establishments in the metropolis says it is in those departments that are most spacious that pilfering principally goes on, and that if them detective supervision is always most acute.

Every shop walker and counter attendant is in effect a detective, but there are some professionals who assume the guise to hide their real position. It is the duty of each attendant when he is suspicious of a customer to call the attention of the detective to her, not blatantly, but by prearranged sign. The detective then keeps the suspect under her immediate eye. In the large emporiums where women chiefly congregate the most efficient, because least conspicuous, detectives are women, either employed as shop walkers or as customers. When an attendant misses or thinks he misses something, or notices disturbing signs of thievery, he speaks to the detective, who, as an elegantly-garbed customer, seats herself in a position commanding a good view of the suspects and makes her purchases like any other woman, all the while gathering data upon which to proceed. The disguise assumed by the shop detective differs day by day.

If there be one result less desired by the shop proprietor than another it is to convict a kleptomaniac. Prosecutions do not forward business. The proprietor's policy is to prevent pilfering by every conceivable means. Hence a blind eye is turned to what is a theft in embryo, and the wretched shoplifter caught in the act of purloining a blouse under cover of her waterproof is asked whether the article may not be sent home for her. To the bulging umbrella or the gaping hand-bag the detectives allude with an apology, fearing that madam has inadvertently incriminated herself with something that fell from the counter.

First offenders are often cured by narrow escapes such as this from falling into the abyss that leads to the lock, and gladly pay for the experience in coin of the realm, as if they had all the while meant to purchase instead of purloin the goods. Should leniency of such a kind fail to lead the trespasser back into the paths of rectitude, the manager's office is made the scene of more serious negotiations, on which it will draw the veil. But as a rule, it does not. Considering the immense population of London and the ease with which beautiful objects can apparently be taken in the great shops, the detectives and their talents called but seldom into play, probably because their system of surveillance is so capably organized and carried out.—London Mail.

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