

# A Tamil Coolie had the first to do with Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

That was in picking the delicate shoots and leaves that are selected for Blue Ribbon alone. If you taste the tea you will thank the Coolie for picking the right shoots.

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

On the morning after her arrival he gives her a list of persons whom he wishes her to invite, and she down it with placid serenity.

"If there are any more you would like to have, ask them, by all means," he remarks. "I want to have a pleasant party."

"Oh, no," she says; "these are quite enough, I should think. Blanche Delaine—that is Lord Delaine's daughter, of course, and she will come with the Benisters; and Miss DeLaine, who is the Nairne's."

"Lady Barreche's cousin. She lives with her father, a retired major, on the hill above."

"So near! Will they care to come and stay?"

"We can but ask them," he says, with seeming carelessness. "Oh, yes; I think they will come."

"Your guests are all people in the neighborhood?"

"Well, yes; one cannot expect people to leave London in the height of the season, and I haven't asked them. Besides, I want to have a moment—"

"To make the acquaintance of my neighbors—if it isn't too late."

"No, I do not suppose it is too late," she replies with a faint smile, which means that he is never to take overtures of friendship.

He takes her arm within his, and they cross the hall, and a footman opens the door of the drawing-room. It presents a very different appearance from that which it had worn on Elaine's previous visit. It is cold and repelling no longer, but brilliantly lighted, and warmed into geniality by the presence of men and women in evening dress.

For a moment Elaine is almost dazzled by the brilliance, then she sees a thin, gray-haired old lady approaching her, and hears the marquis introduce her to Lady Scott.

As she walks with her hostess to a seat she sees Sir Edmund and Lady Benister, the Lulwoods, several other of the local magnates with their wives, and then last but not least the graceful form and fair face of Lady Blanche.

She is talking with Mr. Lulwood, and does not move her head as Elaine enters, but the keen blue eyes see her rival distinctly, and take in every detail of the well-worn but graceful gown.

Lady Blanche wears an evening costume of the latest fashion, made of the richest silk and plush, of a delicate rose that is too light to be called a pink; there are pearls at her neck and on her white wrists, but she feels instantly that beside the simple black dress which Elaine wears—as if it had grown to her, as May would say—her costly "worth" looks garish and theatrical.

But there is no sign of this consciousness in her face as she comes across to Elaine and holds out her hand.

"How glad I am to see you here," she says. "Isn't it a charming old place? I'm awfully fortunate to be staying in the neighborhood when the marquis entertains. They tell me the place has been closed for years."

"What a capital ball that was the other night! I shall tell papa that he must ask the major down to act as steward for our next ball at Delaine. You will come, won't you?"

Elaine makes suitable responses to these overtures, and in the midst of the exchange of civilities the footman announces the Rev. Mr. and Miss Bradley.

May looks rather shy and timid as she enters upon her father's arm, but at sight of Elaine her pretty little face flashes into a joyous smile, and she makes her way to her as quickly as possible.

retorts the old lady indignantly. "But if you had asked me I should have replied, Elaine."

"I wish I had asked you," he says. The old lady blinks at him. "She is a good girl," she remarks curtly.

"So I am told," he assents as quietly as before, but with a smile lurking about his mouth.

"Too good a girl for you to appreciate," says the old lady. "Lady Blanche, now—"

"Is wicked enough for my appreciation?" he asks.

She grins, then she looks up at him. "I won't have my little Elaine spilt," she says significantly.

"Very well," he responds, still with the faint smile. "I will try and not spilt her. But how long have you been playing the part of sheep dog, Lady Dornier?"

"Ever since such a wolf as you appeared in the field," she retorts.

Elaine is taken by Mr. Benister, but though their places are at the centre of the table and near May—who, to her infinite joy, is next her lover—Elaine has a good view of the host at the bottom of the table, and she can catch his voice now and again as he speaks to Lady Dornier or Lady Benister on each side of him.

The room looks magnificent in the soft glow of the candles which falls upon the massive plate—not a little of it in gold—but Elaine thinks of little else than the man to whom it all belongs, who, with a certain shadow on his face, plays the part of host with the perfect grace and self-possession of a man of the world.

It is the grandest and biggest dinner party she has ever seen, and she has never before present the appointments of the table are superb; the footmen in rich liveries perform their ministrations with almost noiseless precision, the menu seems a gastronomic triumph, and she finds herself saying, "No, thank you," almost mechanically, as dish after dish is offered her by the silent and soft-footed servants.

Even Mr. Dornier, who deems himself quite world-worn and blasé, is impressed by the splendor and tone of the room and the meal, and for a time cannot even stammer the few commonplace remarks which he has no idea of conversation. But he might as well remain silent for all the attention Elaine is paying him.

She looks round the table in search of Luigi Zanti, but he is not there. Opposite her is Lady Blanche, who has taken stock, so to speak, of the massive plate and costly glass, the masterpieces of art on the walls, the rich and antique furniture, and she knows far better than Elaine can possibly do the value of it all; and as she looks, without appearing to notice, a wave of covetous longing sweeps over her. All this may be hers if—well, if any reliance can be placed on Fanny Inchie's assertion; if the engagement—which, is, however, scarcely an engagement—between this cousin of hers and the marquis can be broken off, and she, Blanche, is left to play a free hand.

## STRONG PRAISE

From One Who Had Proved the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

"We have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in our home for the past eight years for various troubles, and have always found them successful." Thus writes Dr. H. H. Hester, of West Gravelhurst, Ont., and she adds: "At the age of eight years my little boy was attacked with grippe, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus' dance, from which he suffered in a severe form. He was under several doctors at different times, but none of them helped him. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they restored him to perfect health, and there has not since been any return of the trouble. More recently I have used the pills myself for muscular rheumatism, and they were equally successful in effecting a cure. The pills have saved me a dollar in doctors' bills, and I would like every one who is sick to try them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all troubles due to poor or watery blood, or weak nerves, and that is the reason why they are the most popular medicine in the world, and have a much larger sale than any other remedy. They cure such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, heart troubles, and all ailments common to women, simply because they make new, rich red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus drive disease from the body. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent post paid at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box.

them. I see everything through his eyes. Do you wonder that I love him, Miss Delaine? There is no one in all the world like to him, no one. I could tell you of many things which would surprise you. There is no one like him.

Elaine's heart beats quickly, and her eyes grow moist, and she says, "Such a man should be very happy. Should he not?" he goes on, after a moment.

"Yes," Elaine murmurs, almost inaudibly. "And he is, he is not?" Luigi Zanti shakes his head.

(To be Continued.)

## HOW THEY GOT A DRINK.

Hickey Told a Story of His Early Youth.

The late Joseph K. Hickey, after whom the gin rummy was named, is said to have told in St. Louis a story about a frog and a mouse.

"When I was a very young man," he would begin, "I went on a tramp named Bill. The weather was warm and a dreadful thirst came over Bill and me every little while. In gratifying this thirst we were not long in running out of money."

"One warm afternoon we came to the outskirts of a quiet village. Frogs croaked from a pond behind us, and in front a magnificent old tavern loomed—one of those old taverns where it is delightful to sit and smoke and talk to the farmers folk in the old-fashioned bar—one of those taverns where the beer is always cool and pure."

"But we had no money for beer. We were very thirsty. We sat down under a tree and considered together for a long time. Then I went to the pond, and with a piece of red flannel torn from my undershirt I caught a frog. I carried it to the bar, and I entered the bar. The landlord stood behind the bar. I held the dead frog up before him.

## OUR ROOT CROP SEEDS

How and Where They are Grown and Why They Frequently Fail to Produce Satisfactory Crops.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch, Ottawa, May 23, 1903.

Every careful stockman recognizes the fact that lush pasture is the ideal feed for keeping all classes of live stock in a hearty, thriving condition, but in most parts of this country it is necessary to provide large stores of succulent feed for the long winter months when pastures are not available. The various sorts of roots go a long way toward supplying a cheap and satisfactory substitute for grass, and in consequence many million bushels are grown annually. Large quantities of seed of turnips, swedes, mangels and carrots are used each year on Canadian farms, but the crops produced are frequently disappointing. As a rule our farmers have hitherto been entirely in the dark regarding the sources of supply of such seeds, and the methods of growing them. The Seed Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture has been investigating these questions, and is able to offer suggestions that cannot fail to be of value to growers of root crops. According to Chief G. H. Clark, of the Seed Division, a few farmers in Canada make a specialty of growing root crop seed, but practically the whole amount of seed offered in the trade is imported from Europe and is grown in France, Germany and England. A favorable climate and cheap labor have made these countries the seed gardens of the world. A few notes in the way of what seeds are grown, and how they are grown, will help to explain why farmers often fail to get roots showing good type and uniform excellence all over a field.

### How Plants Seed.

Turnips, swedes, mangels and carrots are all biennial plants, that is, they store up nourishment in the root during the whole of the first year, and the second year of food for the production of seed during the second and final year of their life. Most of our domesticated plants have been evolved from wild types through long years of selection, cultivation and cross-fertilization. The original wild types were usually annuals, producing seed the first year, and there is a tendency among all improved plants to revert rapidly to the old, unimproved types, whenever they are deprived of that careful attention to selection and cultivation which has brought them up to their present high standing.

Canadian farmers have not fully recognized that the value of root crop seed is far from depending on their vitality alone. It is even more important that they be taken from carefully grown and selected stocks. We seldom see a field of roots that are uniformly true to type and free from abnormal growth of top, large necks, and ill-shaped, prongy roots. This undesirable state of affairs is largely due to the sowing of seeds

### His Circumlocution.

But it Did Not Win the Bright-Eyed Common Sense Girl.

"I received this afternoon," said the bright-eyed, common sense girl, the white a slight blush of maidenly coyness tinted her peach lured cheeks, "a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Fokelton, the rising young attorney, and—"

"But that perturbed dub" jealously ejaculated the young dry goods dealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive adoration.

"He says," proceeded the maiden, glancing the interruption, and reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comprehensively analyzed my feeling toward you, and the result is substantially as follows: I respect, admire, adore and love you, and here I give, grant and convey to you my heart and all interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my possessions and emoluments, either now, inherited, or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated and expected, with full power, sole use, expend, and complete power to do, or otherwise make use of the same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood, in or by my previous condition, standing, work, or actions, to the contrary notwithstanding; and I furthermore—"

"I—I" fairly shouted the listener, springing to his feet and extending his arms, "Miss Brisk—Maud—I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will," promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of the potentate procrustator with the expressive rejoinder, 'No! I am yours, Clarence.'"—Smart Set.

Not a Clear Title. Philadelphia Ledger.

## DIZZY SPELLS AND BODY WEAKNESS

Tell of a Run-down System and Exhausted Nerves—Strength Comes With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

To many people peculiar spells of dizziness and weakness are a source of almost daily annoyance and distress. Some see flashes of light before them, and become blind and dazed; others experience severe attacks of headache. The cause is exhaustion of the nervous system, and deficiency in the quality and quantity of blood. In all such cases Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most certain as well as the most thorough cure obtainable.

Mrs. Synons, No. 42 St. Clair street, Belleville, Ont., states: "Some weeks ago I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found it a very satisfactory medicine. I was formerly troubled with nervous exhaustion and a weak, fluttering heart. Whenever my heart bothered me I would have spells of weakness and dizziness, which were very distressing. By means of this treatment my nerves have become strong, and the action of my heart seems to be regular. I can recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as an excellent medicine."

## WEARY CHILDREN

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest it properly. Keep the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up. It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out, caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all their ills or ailments. It costs only 25c. to prove the truth of these statements, and you will be thankful afterwards. Mrs. Archibald Sweeney, Carleton Place, Ont., says: "I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am much pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother. That's the way all mothers, who have used the Tablets, talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent to you in a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

## ONE JAP'S LOVE-MAKING.

Strange Case Brought Before the Mikado's Judges.

They do queer things in the Orient. Here comes news from Japan that a native cultivator has brought suit before the local court of Utsuki-machi to compel a Japanese lass to reciprocate his affection for her. He has wooed the lady, he declares, since 1877, and she has recently looked with favor upon him and accepted "baked sweetmeats" at his hands.

From Experience. Chicago News.

"Halton, this paper says it spots appear before your eyes it will give you a headache."

"Yes, they gave me a headache last night."

"What kind of spots were they?"

"Seven spots, and the other man held aces."

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