

Ceylon's Tea Plantations

The very finest of them produce the choice leaves which are so carefully selected, dried, roasted and sealed in LEAD PACKETS to preserve the DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE of

Blue Ribbon

TEA

ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"Yes, I think so," he says. "Why should I stay?"

"Four months—about," he says. "Four months—is it so long?" she says, with innocent wonder; "I did not think it was so long."

"It has not seemed long to me," he says, and he bites his mustache. By this time the rattling Hal has dashed on in front, and is trotting fully a couple of hundred yards ahead.

"And yet it must have been so dull to you who have seen and done so much. Well, it has been a rest for you, has it not?"

"A rest!" he echoes, and there is a touch of self-mockery in the words. "Yes—that is what I came for, but, like most people, I have not found exactly what I sought."

Jeanne glances at him with a strained, puzzled look on her sweet face. "Have you been—unhappy here?" she asks, in a low voice.

"Unhappy—and happy," he says; "but never so unhappy as I am to-night, Jeanne."

He speaks her name—the musical, Norman name—unconsciously, and his voice grows more gentle.

A faint flush lights Jeanne's pale face for a moment. The name has struck her with a strange, sad pleasure that she does not understand, but is still a pleasure.

"I am sorry," she says, simply. "I did not know—"

"You thought all the world was as innocent and happy as yourself," he says with a frown. "It is not so. That world which you are so anxious to enter is not the happy, joyous place you deem it. I do not know it well, tell you so."

"But you know it as he happens to glance at her face and catches the questioning trouble upon it; "I am a raven, and you must not be frightened at my croaking—and listen—there is something better to listen to," and he holds up his hand.

It is the nightingale, which, startled into song by Hal's whistle, sends a flood of melody through the night.

The music softens the man; it sets the girl's delicate lips quivering, and fills her eyes with new-born tears.

In this one village, untainted and unstained by one worldly thought, until there comes a light-hearted fool—a man of the world, steeped to the neck in selfishness of his class, and true to his creed, he pours into her ear a false and unreal account of the delights of the world beyond her. He casts over her a lying glamour which fills her mind with unrest and longing, and, caught by the trap which he has set, he, for the moment, forgets his selfishness and his greed, and offers her the hollow, worthless fancy which he calls his love."

The stern, savage tones sink into Jeanne's heart, and set her trembling. Inensibly she shrinks away from him for a moment, and as insensibly draws near again.

"While this is going on, there is one who stands by and watches, unnoticed and silent. This second man knows more of the world than the other one who prates so glibly of it. This second man has come to the village for rest from that same world and its treachery; has come to be rid of his fellow-men and himself. He sees the girl of his picture, and for all his bitterness and his misanthropy, notwithstanding all his vows, he loves her. But he has no wild joys to offer her, as has the other man; he has but poverty and his love to offer her."

Now then, which will she choose? With pale, startled face, Jeanne walks on, her eyes fixed on the handsome, passionate face of the speaker.

"The one, forgetting for a moment his selfishness and self-interest, will come, and with his name, his noble birth, his place in the world, in hand; the other will lay at her feet his past—dark, unstained and remorseful—his poverty and his love—which will she choose?"

Jeanne's head droops for a moment, then she raises her face; it is white and startled, just as that statue of Galatea's might have been, and was, when the sculptor called it into life by the sheer might of his passionate love.

The veil is dropping from her eyes—she is not quite so yet; childhood and girlhood are loosening their grasp, but still hold her. Love—love! what is it? What does it mean? Love—she has read of it, sung of it, a little, thought of it, dreamed of it never. And yet, as his deep, musical tones have sounded in her ears, what was it that made her heart echo to them? Why is it that her eyes feel drawn to his—why? As she asks herself—Jeanne—child, Jeanne, recalls the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, as he knelt by her side in the Nancy Bell, and now, as then, she feels her soul slipping from her.

"Jeanne," he murmurs, now as he did then; "Jeanne, answer me, for I love you."

It is said at last! The magic words were spoken which breaks the long spell of innocence.

"Jeanne," he says, passionately, bending down to her and holding out his arms toward her, "I love you."

But before his hands can touch her, she shrinks away, and with a cry, covers her face with her hands. It is the cry of the newly-born soul, startled and terrified by the sudden light and knowledge.

"Jeanne—Jeanne!" he says, brokenly and remorsefully; "have I frightened you, my darling?"

"No, no, do not touch me! don't come near me, yet," she continues brokenly, almost inaudibly, and as she directs, he stands immovable, but quivering.

"Is it as I feared? Oh, Jeanne, my lost love!"

I felt, and yet I cannot tell, not even now. But I was restless and unhappy when you were not near, and happy when you were; then something seemed to sing within me; and once—once when you held my hand and called me by name, in the boat—I felt that I must come to you—that I could not move away! Was that love?"

And what does he say? What can he say? Not one word, for the fullness of the joy which strikes and keeps him silent. But, bending his head, he takes her face in his hands, and kisses her twice, thrice on the lips. And Jeanne! Jeanne unshrinkingly places her soul in his hands, and gives him, with purest, sweetest trust, kiss for kiss.

And thus they narrowly escape being found by Master Hal, who comes trotting down the lane, shouting: "Jeanne—Jeanne! Mr. Vane! Are you lost, like the babes in the wood?"

CHAPTER X. Jeanne starts from her lover's side like a frightened fawn at Hal's voice, with her hand upon the arm which had been around her waist a minute ago; but the pressure of that hand, feather-light which it had been when they started, and how close it was pressed to his heart.

Surely Jeanne had never lived till now—has awakened at last, has awakened into a glorious world of love and joy! Hal tramps by their side whistling, quite unconscious of the momentous change which has taken place in the lives of his companions, and so they reach the Gate House.

"All safe!" says Hal, looking up at the old red building. "Never come to me but I expect to see it reduced to ruins by some one of your experiments. You'll come in and try a little of your black bottle of old whiskey, Mr. Vane?"

"Shall I?" whispers Vernon. "Shall I come in and tell them?"

Jeanne hesitates a moment; then she looks up, her eyes beaming with love, and with a soft little flush on her face.

"No," she says softly; "not to-night. I want to have it all to myself—to my very self for one night!"

"Run on and get the door open, Hal," says Vernon; then, as the boy disappears, he takes her in his arms, gleamed night. Will you—can you give me one kiss? and as he bends, Jeanne, innocent Jeanne, puts her arms around his neck and draws his face down to hers, and kisses him, then she breaks from him and flies across the courtyard.

He sees her turn on the threshold and wave one white hand, and then the door closes, and the night seems to have suddenly grown dark. He turns and strides away, but not home; no four walls will contain his happiness as yet, and he goes down to the cliffs and stands gazing out to sea, with Jeanne sweet, innocent face dancing on the waves, Jeanne's voice in the breeze, and such inexpressible joy in his soul as he has thought the world could never give him.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmurs, "and have I found you at last when I had given up in despair; have I found the one thing all my life has been waiting for, a true, pure, loving heart for love's sake, here, all alone? Oh, Jeanne, my child-woman, my own!"

And as he spoke, Vernon Vane, the grim, cynical, reclusive, seemed to change; the hard, stern features softened and grew young; the rare smile lit up his face, and he remained there. If love had awakened Jeanne and called her into life, it had given new life to Vernon Vane.

And Jeanne—well, Jeanne was afraid she might be afraid to face the homely scrutiny of Aunt Jane; she felt that her story was written on her half-parted lips.

"I am so tired, Hal, tell them," she said, and slipped by him up to her own room.

Then the new Jeanne went to the glass and looked at herself—looked till she grew crimson, and covered her face with her hands.

"He loves me—loves me!" she cried, sinking on her knees, and laying her head upon her hand.

left with her secret untold. She finished her breakfast, and, being a healthy girl, although in love, made a hearty one, and then went dutifully to the piano; but scales were not to be thought of this morning, for every one of them went to the time of "No!"—I felt that I must have five minutes had elapsed, she had caught up her hat and was out in the garden. There was room there to think and realize; besides, she could see from the arbor the corner of the road which Vernon Vane was passing.

What would Aunt Jane say to him when he came? Suppose they said "No!" At this terrible idea Jeanne turned pale—for a moment; what would she do if they said "No!" Suddenly there came the clatter of the horse's hoofs upon the road, and Jeanne was wondering who it could be, when they suddenly ceased, and a man's footsteps were heard coming around the garden path. Now he was here, so near, Jeanne grew gray all at once, and drew back within the arbor to gain time; the footsteps grew slower, then ceased, and Jeanne, with a sudden dread lest he should go again, arose and sprang to the opening and almost into the arms of—Clarence Fitzjames!

The surprise and disappointment were so keen that she stood speechless for a moment, then she held out her hand and stammered a good morning.

As she did so, something in his appearance struck her with a sense of strangeness. He was dressed as usual, with the scrupulous care for which his valet was famous, but it was not his faultless attire, but the usual, that was different to her, to be told of her hurriedly. Jeanne saw he was marvellous to behold, flushed and excited, and the hand which grasped hers, and pressed it closely, was hot and feverish. Still stammering, his voice, usually so low, and melodiously indolent, was loud and earnest.

(To be continued.)

RHEUMATIC PAINS Driven Out of the System by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

"My life was absolutely made miserable by rheumatism," says Mr. Geo. F. Hilpert, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. S. "I am employed every spring as a river driver and in consequence am exposed to all sorts of weather and exposure in the cold water. A few years ago, while engaged in this work I was seized with the most acute pains in my back and joints. I became almost a cripple and could scarcely move about. I had then a great deal of trouble, but I did not help me. Then I began taking a remedy alleged to be good for rheumatism, and after ten dollars worth, but derived absolutely no benefit. The constant suffering I was in began to tell on my hitherto strong constitution and I became so badly run down that I despaired of ever being in good health again. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although somewhat skeptical I decided to try them. I had only used a few boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used some more, my rheumatism had almost entirely disappeared. Every twinge of the trouble had left me, and although I have been subject to much exposure since, I have not had a twinge of the old pain. I can honestly say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other expensive and useless remedies had failed."

Rheumatism was rooted in Mr. Hilpert's blood. The cold, and the wet, and the exposure only started the pain going. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured because they drove out the uric acid out of the blood and filled the veins with that rich blood. Uric acid no disease can resist. These pills actually make new blood, and that is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, anæmia, indigestion, nervousness, and nervous troubles such as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and paralysis. And it is this same way that they cure the irregularities and secret troubles of women and growing girls. No other medicine can do this, and all good health, and money, and possibly good health, may be saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. But you must get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail for \$2.50 cents a box or six boxes for \$12.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Standard Apple Box

Fruit growers and box makers should bear in mind the amendment to the Act regulating the size of fruit packages recently passed, legalizing a minimum standard box. This box has a minimum amount of 10 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches in measurement. There is no specification as to the thickness of the material other than that it should be strong and seasoned wood. It is recommended, however, that the ends should be at least 1 1/2 inches of an inch thick, and the sides at least three-eighths of an inch thick, and there should be no objectionable odor to the wood.

There are no specifications as to what grade of fruit shall be packed in boxes. The market reports, however, would discourage the shipment in boxes of anything but apples of the very highest grade; the rest of the fruit can be more economically shipped in barrels.

Nature Helps Inventors.

Walking on the outskirts of a city one autumn evening a young man became interested in watching the seeds falling from a sycamore tree. He observed that they acquired a rotary motion before reaching the ground, and, inquiring into the cause, he found that the two wings were slightly turned in opposite directions, which caused the seeds to revolve in falling. The idea of making a screw propeller on this principle at once occurred to him.

Galvani, a natural philosopher of Italy, was dissecting a dead frog one day while a pupil was making experiments in electricity by his side. He observed that the muscles of the frog, being exposed, gave signs of motion whenever the nerves came in contact with the scalpel. Galvani discovered the existence of a new principle in this phenomenon and originated the fertile branch of physics known by the name of galvanism.

Gas to Drive Ocean Liners.

Engine Builders Working Out a New Marine Motor to Displace Steam.

One of the leading questions in mechanical engineering of the present day is the extent to which the steam engine will be supplanted by the internal combustion motor, in which the explosive force of the gases produced by the vaporization or decomposition of the fuel is used instead of the expansive force of the steam produced by the heat of combustion acting on water.

In a motor or power boat and automobile vehicles, where liquid fuel is available, the internal combustion engine has obtained recognized supremacy, while the gas engine burning blast furnace gases or illuminating or fuel gas, or producer gas made in adjacent apparatus, shows under some conditions great economy and in certain favorable instances requires only half the amount of fuel demanded by steam to produce a given amount of power.

Such success has been secured already with gas engines that it is now demonstrated that it is far more economical to use a so-called producer plant to transform coal into gas and then use the gas in a gas motor than to burn the fuel under the boiler of a steam engine. Accordingly, with the experience gained from constructing large gas engines for power plants on land, it was but natural that engineers should consider whether the same efficiency could not be secured in marine gas engines.

If the conditions demanded in this class of machinery could be met the advantages of the gas engine would be even more striking than on land. Thus the absence of smoke would be as valuable for a naval vessel as it would be agreeable to the passengers on a liner, while the fact that a pound of fuel would carry a gas propelled steamer twice as far as one using steam would increase the radius of action of a war vessel and would result in substantial economies for the merchantman.

Furthermore, there would be no need of a force of stokers for the furnaces of the gas propelled ship, as the little handling of fuel could be done largely with machinery. Even more important would be the great saving in weight, since while the gas engine may be slightly heavier than a reciprocating steam engine, the producer weighs less than the boilers and there is a great gain in the weight of water saved.

There is also a saving in space, and this saving as well as that in weight and in fuel acts in two ways; either more space is released for cargo transportation, with a consequent increase in earning capacity, or more fuel, bought at cheaper markets, can be carried.

With the gas engine there is no greater amount of auxiliary machinery required than with steam, and such as there is far less complicated. The pumps are driven by electricity, and the form of energy is utilized for power and for illumination, in the case of the pumps being much more economical than steam.

That such considerations should prove attractive to engineers is apparent at first glance, and accordingly it is not difficult to understand why in England and Germany considerable attention recently has been paid to the designing of marine engines in which a producer plant and gas motor take the place of boilers and reciprocating engines or turbines. In Germany the most important work in this field, perhaps, has been done by E. Capitaine, who has spent many years in the study of the gas engine and has carried on a large number of experiments of great practical value.

He has prepared designs for several vessels of considerable size, and has actually constructed launches and barges in which his engines have been tested. His method is to use a number of single act gas cylinders, as in gas engines a number of small units are more economical than a single cylinder and piston of large size.

The principal advantage asserted for a gas engine built on this principle is that it can be operated at a comparatively high rate of speed, while at the same time the reciprocating parts and the flywheels are of small size. Furthermore, such engines are more susceptible of regulation, and involve a smaller initial outlay. The individual parts of the motor are small, and are accessible for cleaning and repairs.

The gas from the producer consists of carbon monoxide (24 per cent.), carbon dioxide (5 per cent.), hydrogen (17 per cent.), and nitrogen (54 per cent.). It can be made from anthracite coal or coke in the smaller sizes, or from lump coal, and it is interesting to note that certain of the leaner coals that are deficient in steam producing properties can be employed most advantageously in the gas producer.

The action of the producer consists in raising to incandescence by means of an air blast the fuel at the bottom of the producer so that by combustion carbon dioxide results. This passes through the heated coal and becomes carbon monoxide, which is a combustible gas.

Steam from a small boiler may be introduced at the grate, and this on passing through the coal becomes decomposed, its hydrogen going to enrich the carbon monoxide, while its oxygen combines with the carbon and eventually forms carbon monoxide. The gas is washed, cooled and purified, and after being mixed with air forms an explosive compound which is used in the cylinder.

The effect of suction in the cylinder is to draw from the producer an even supply of gas, and the successful use of this has been made of the idea has increased largely the efficiency of the gas engine. The consumption of coal in a gas engine amounts to from one to two or more pounds per horse power per hour, and when it is realized that the same amount of power generated by steam requires from three to five and a half pounds of coal, the superior quality of the gas engine is apparent.

Herr Capitaine has constructed a launch equipped with a 25-horse-power gas engine, which is about 30 feet in length, with 7-foot beam, while a vessel for steam engines of similar power would be at least 58 feet in length and of 14 feet beam. The steamboat consequently would have nearly four times the displacement and much greater resistance.

As the gas engines are at present designed and constructed it is thought that 1,000 horse-power is the limit for the

satisfactory working of a marine gas motor. British engine builders have undertaken the construction of four-cylinder marine engines of 600 horse-power and six-cylinder marine engines of 900 horse-power, so that within a short time a practical demonstration of the efficiency and merits of the gas propelled vessel may be had.

In the meantime Herr Capitaine has branched out along a new line and has prepared plans for a marine engine of from 2,000 to 2,500 horse-power. Instead of using the pressure of the atmosphere for the return stroke of the piston, he employs air compressed to three atmospheres, and this is used also to compress the explosive mixture of gas and air before ignition.

The engine presents a number of complex features which have been worked out systematically, and it is asserted that in a steamer equipped with gas engines of 20,000 horse-power, which is approximately the power of the engines of the St. Paul, the economy over the best turbine or reciprocating engines would be 50 per cent, or an annual saving in the cost of fuel if under steam for 2,500 hours of a year, of \$50,000, not to mention the expenses and delays incidental to more frequent coaling, cost of operation, etc.

In the case of an engine of 10,000 horse-power it was computed that, with the saving in the initial cost, which is not inconsiderable, the saving incidental to the operation of a gas engine would amount in the first year to more than \$100,000, or 10 per cent. of the cost of the vessel.

While the gas engine for marine purposes is still in the experimental stage, yet from theoretical discussions and preliminary trials it seems to promise great results, and it is hardly unreasonable to expect that the development of marine engines of the internal combustion type of large size will be as rapid and satisfactory when once it is begun as the development of the gasoline launch and motor boat.

Fruit Crop Report.

Dominion of Canada, Department of Agriculture, Fruit Division.

The general conditions for fruit of all kinds are excellent. The winter, though cold, has not resulted in exceptional damage to trees and vines. The only serious losses are from tree-girdling by the winter mice and of trees by the heavy snow-fall in the Maritime Provinces. Minor losses by winter-killing in eastern Canada are reported in cases of trees injured but not killed outright by the winter of 1903-4, as well as in cases of trees that were overladen in 1904.

Apples—Reports are almost unanimous that the slow for bloom is excellent. It must not be forgotten that the critical period of "setting" is not yet reported over any large area. The weather has been very unfavorable for pollination for the past two weeks in western Ontario. It is also too early to report on fungus and the most destructive insects.

Pears—Pear blossom is most abundant. The commercial plum sections all report the outlook favorable. The light crop last year, as well as the good weather conditions for growth, have placed the plum trees in excellent condition for a large crop this year if insects, frosts or fungus do not intervene. It is not too early to make preparations for an exceptional crop and prevent a repetition of the disastrous losses of 1903.

Peaches—The main plantings have scarcely balanced the winter-killing of 1899 and 1903, so that even with a favorable outlook for this season on healthy trees the aggregate crop will not be large.

Other Fruits—Cherries and bush fruits are all in good condition. Strawberries are reported in fair condition but with some winter-killing. The spring frosts to date have not seriously hurt the crop promise well, but no crop production.

Spraying—The spraying demonstrations of the Departments of Agriculture, Dominion and Provincial, together with the teachings of the fruit growers' associations, are making an impression which is more general than ever before. Power sprayers operated by private parties for hire are reported in several sections.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE

In every part of Canada you will find mothers who speak in the highest praise of Baby's Own Tablets. Among these is Mrs. James Konkle, Beamsville, Ont., who says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for over three years, and I would not be without them. They have done more for my children than any medicine I have ever used. My little girl now four years old, was always troubled with indigestion and constipation, and although other medicines helped her temporarily, Baby's Own Tablets were the thing needed to cure her. I also gave the tablets to my baby from time to time since she was two days old, and they always worked like a charm. She is now two years old, and a more healthy child would be hard to find. The Tablets are certainly a life-saver. These tablets cure all minor ailments of infants and young children. They contain no poisoning soothing stuff, and there is no danger of giving an overdose as there is with liquid medicine. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Resorting to Desperate Remedy. (Cleveland Leader.) Agent—I came to deliver your book on "How to Play the Piano." Lady—But I didn't order any such book. Agent (consulting his note book)—Have you a next door neighbor named Jones? Lady—Yes, it is for her. Agent—No. She ordered it for you.

not the mightiest that ever wilded brush, for the sweet, innocent purity no one can give on canvas or paper. This child-girl of mine had lived all her life

not know what love was. I know what

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