



The Englishman's idea of breakfast is a healthy one. Toast, jam and tea—a chop mebbe—just enough food for the stomach to assimilate properly—the warmth of the tea to draw the blood to the stomach and assist digestion.

Blue Ribbon Tea is the daintiest and crispiest leaves of the tea plant. It is pure tea—free of tannin—appetizing and nutritious. Try the Red Label Brand for your breakfast.

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When he had passed Lady Blanche made a movement toward the gate, but Fanny held her.

The whole country was in a blaze of excitement which seemed to increase as the days passed, carrying with them the various phases of the great murder case; and not only the country, but it might be said the whole kingdom.

An immense crowd had collected outside the Town Hall to learn the verdict of the coroner's jury, and when it was known that it was one of a Willful Murder against Ernest Edwynd, Marquis of Nairne, a kind of thrill ran through the crowd, and each man turned and looked at his neighbor, as who should say, "This is a very curious case."

The examination before the Magistrate had resulted in the committal of the accused for trial, and in the opinion of many old and experienced men the evidence which Saunders had produced before Sir Edmund and his fellow magistrates was already strong enough to place the rope round the marquis's neck.

In the midst of the excitement, at times almost amounting to a kind of frenzy, two men alone seemed to keep their heads and remain cool. One was Saunders, who went on his way as calmly and coolly as if he were playing a game of chess, rather than putting in motion the machinery which might propel a peer of the realm to a shameful death. The other was a young man, Yerd, had left the case in his hands with every confidence, and he was conducting it with, at any rate, every indication of presence of mind and acumen. He had produced at the examination on just sufficient evidence to render a committal unavoidable, and he had carefully kept back any mention of one Elaine Delaine, revealing nothing of the first meeting and quarrel of the accused and the murdered man.

Sir Edmund had noted the names of a sensible magistrate and a fellow magistrate remarked: "That may come out later, sir," he thought, "I will be sure to be present at the trial, and after a glance at Saunders, who sat with his walking stick pressed against his thin lips.

The other man, who kept his head cool, was a young man, Yerd, until the examination had he any clear idea of the evidence against the marquis, but even when it was set forth with all the terrible distinctness of the rough, honest keeper, and the plain, matter-of-fact Saunders and his fellow constable, Gerald kept his composure.

Once, only had he given a sudden start of surprise, and that was when the rose and lily dagger was spoken of.

"You will not want me to go into the court, to give evidence?" He pressed her, and looked down at the white, fearless little face.

"And what if I should, May? You would do as much to help, perhaps to save, the marquis?" She panted and clung to him, hiding her eyes for a moment, then she looked up bravely.

"Yes, I would! You know I would. But—but, Gerald, you think that—"

"I think that the person who picked up that dagger behind the seat where we dropped it, committed the murder, May. Hush!" for she had uttered a low cry. "It is only to you I would say so much. You will not repeat it, dear?"

She clung to him in silence for a moment, then she said in a whisper: "Gerald, where is Elaine?"

He looked at her as if she had struck upon the line of his own anxious thoughts.

"Elaine?" he said guardedly. "Yes, I cannot help thinking of her every minute in the day. To think that she should have been engaged to him only a few days ago, and that now—now that he is in this fearful trouble—she should have left him! There is some mystery, some strange, awful mystery, about it. It is so unlike Elaine! You don't know her as well, or love her as I do, or, or you would understand how I feel about it. But I must go now. I am sure that you will give her life to that of a friend's, yes, indeed, that I—and he was more than her, I remember! He was her lover, over! And I know she loved me."

He felt that it would be impossible to face loving, tender-hearted May with the terrible details, crushing the life out of her, and driving her away from the road leading to the rectory, and wandering, still thinking and biding his brains, toward the castle.

As he entered by the west gate, he bethought him that he had not yet visited the scene of the murder, and though he could press no possible advantage in going there, he resolved to make his way to the bridge—the bridge round which a crowd of curious people had hung from dawn to night since the announcement of the murder.

The grounds seemed strangely deserted. There were no gardeners at their work, and the kitchen maid, the master's fate up at the inn, a solitary groom moodily exercising a horse—the marquis's favorite—was the only human being in sight; and as he came in, the gates were pulled down. It had all the appearance of a house of death. And only a few feet from the door, he had been so full of life and happiness.

As he passed in front of the marble steps leading to the terrace, Mr. Ingram was standing on the terrace, reading the latest papers of the London Telegraph, came down the steps, thrusting the paper in his pocket, and acceded Gerald with subdued eagerness.

"Anything fresh, sir?" he asked. Gerald shook his head.

"No," he said, gravely. Ingram shook his head, and sighed. "Most dreadful case, Mr. Locke," he said.

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND.

The Excelsior Claimed to be the Largest South African Diamond.

In the circle whose members make a living out of dealing in diamonds, says M. A. P., there is a keen interest just now in the operation about to be performed at Amsterdam on the "Excelsior," which is claimed to be not only the largest diamond found in South Africa, but the largest stone of its kind in the world. So it may be, writes my Indian correspondent, an appropriate moment to recall the romantic history of the Dom Pedro diamond, about which there was so much excitement a few years ago.

When the unfortunate Emperor Dom Pedro was deported from Brazil his great diamond soon came into the private market. At a time when he was in the hands of King—then Prince of Wales—who did not like to have anything to do with the painful business. Then the attention was turned to India, where it was well known in London, Mr. Jacobs of Sima and Calcutta (the original by the way, of Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaac") took the matter in hand.

Eventually Jacobs arranged the sale of the stone to the Nizam of Hyderabad for 46 lakhs, which, if the rupee were at its nominal value, represents a sum of £46,000. The Nizam expected 23 lakhs, such a fortune which had possession of the diamond, the deal having been carried out by means of a glass replica and the expert description given by Mr. Jacobs.

But there's many a slip between a goal and a diamond, and one happened here, the interruption coming from a slip in the boy, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, at that time resident at the ancient court of Hyderabad. It is the business of the British resident in a native state to advise—and tacitly control—the chief of the state; and Sir Dennis went to the Nizam, and asked him if he realized that there would probably, on the general prospects, be a famine in Hyderabad the following season, and if he could imagine what his starving subjects would do to him if they knew he had squandered 46 lakhs on another diamond for his turban. Sir Dennis such a forcible argument being used in official or diplomatic affairs. Shuddering at the thought of calamities at his throat, the Nizam, the Nizam sent off at once to Jacobs to quash the bargain. Quite naturally the latter refused to be cast off thus prematurely, but a few days afterwards he took steamer away from Calcutta. This raised an alarm, on account of the 23 lakhs deposited, and Jacobs was arrested before the vessel got clear in the Hooghly. After a long trial, in which all the bar leaders in India were engaged, the matter was settled by Jacobs returning the 23 lakhs to the Nizam and receiving £5,000 to cover his expenses over the transaction.

"Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the mandering tinker as he entered the office.

"It would seem so," replied the boss. "She just went across the street to consult a dentist."

ABOUT UNDERDRAINING

Its Many Benefits Described for the Farmers' Benefit.

Many reasons may easily be adduced to show that Nature has herself thoroughly drained a considerable proportion of the soil, but it is probable that in course of time, as sand becomes more valuable, it will be found advisable to artificially drain the greater part of our level or moderately sloping lands that are worthy of cultivation. The question whether it will pay to drain a given area depends on the value of the land before drainage, the cost of the operation, and the value of the land when drained. This is a question which every landowner must decide for himself.

As it were, no plant can make use of the resources of the soil to the best advantage. In well drained soils, the roots of most cultivated crops spread themselves widely and to a great depth; from two to four feet is quite usual, and in some plants, such as lucerne, have been known to send their roots as far as thirty feet. No roots, except those of aquatic plants, will grow in stagnant water. Proper drainage lowers the surface of the ground water, so that the roots are able to penetrate to their normal depth, and furnishes conditions favorable to the greatest growth of a largest yield of crops.

The drain, by taking away the free water, that occupies the pores of the soil, allows for a greater depth of soil. The soil may be said to breathe through the drain, for there is a continuous movement of air to and fro, up and down, caused by vibrations in the pressure of the atmosphere. When the soil is comparatively dry there is a great deal of air in its pores. Then, when a rain comes, it is an upper end of these pores, and if there is no outlet for the air below, it is imprisoned and exerts a backward pressure on the water above, prevents it from entering the soil, and so the soil is saturated. It may happen, therefore, that in an undrained soil a heavy summer shower is forced to run off the surface, while the land below the surface is as dry as ever. This is one illustration of the truth of the apparently contradictory statement that underdraining is a safeguard against drought.

Soil sloping and, unless laid down to grass, is liable to get lost by this surface washing during the heavy rains in spring and fall. If the land has not sufficient drainage the rain cannot pass directly downward, as explained above, but runs away upon the surface, carrying with it much of the soil, and washing the fertility out of reach of the plants. But with proper drainage, the rain is at once absorbed, and passes downward, saturating the soil in its descent and carrying the fertilizing elements to the root of the plants, while the surplus moisture runs through the drains.

Again, drainage is absolutely necessary for the proper pulverization of heavy soils. It is manifest that a wet soil can never be pulverized. More water is held by a pulverized and open soil than by a compact and close one. Water is held in the soil between the minute particles of earth, and if these particles be pressed together compactly there is no space left between them for water. This compactness exists more or less in most subsoils, certainly in all those through which water does not readily pass. Hence, all these subsoils are rendered more retentive of moisture by having the particles of which they are composed separated from one another—in a word, by pulverization. This increased capacity to hold water, by moisture by attraction is the greatest security against drought. The plants in a dry time send their rootlets throughout the soil, and flourish in the moisture thus stored up for their time of need.

Soils that are of high water table, large amounts of water evaporate from their surfaces, never become warm. The sun has great power in warm dry soils, or soils which permit a free circulation of air, but it has little effect on a saturated soil. Warmth is essential to the germination of seeds and the proper growth of plants. Farmers who are cultivating what is known as a "cold" soil will be the first to concede the importance of this fact.

Other advantages of underdraining may be mentioned, such as the longer season of crop growth consequent on the earlier setting of drained land; the comparative freedom of fall wheat and clover from freezing or winter killing; the absence of open drains, which are a decided nuisance in the cultivation of the land and the harvesting of the crop; and, last of all, the removal from the soil of those soluble salts formed by the decay of rock and organic matter, which cannot be used by plants and the presence of which in the soil causes the condition known as "alkali land."

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Commissioners' Branch.

DO FISHES HEAR?

The Wise Men Think That Most of Them Only Sound.

Hearing and Allied Senses in Fishes is the title of the latest bulletin issued by the United States Fish Commission, which is the work of Prof. G. H. Parker, professor of zoology in Harvard University. The bulletin is a result of investigations carried out by the doctor at the Government laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass., which proved of such interest that the Fish Commission decided to issue a bulletin on the subject for the benefit of persons interested in ichthyology and pisciculture.

The most striking feature of this paper is that in it Dr. Parker has revised the old question as to whether fish "hear" or "feel" sound, a question that has lain dormant ever since 1895, and only lately revived through the latest investigations made by the learned Harvard ichthyologist.

Dr. Parker first reviews the work of Krelli, who, as he states, carried out a series of experiments with the view of testing the powers of hearing in the gold fish in 1895. This species was chosen because of the ease with which it could be kept in the laboratory, and, further, because it is one of those fishes that have long been reputed to come at the sound of a bell. After an extended series of experiments, Krelli (1895) concluded that normal gold fish never responded to sounds produced either in the air or in the water, though they do react to the shock of a sudden blow given to the cover of the aquarium. Individuals rendered abnormally sensitive by strychnine

gave no response to the sound of a tuning fork or a vibrating rod, even when these were in contact with the water, though the fishes responded at once to such light shocks as tapping the aquarium, etc., or even clapping the hands vigorously in the air. To test whether these responses were dependent upon the auditory nerves, Krelli removed these nerves and the attached ear sacs from a number of individuals, and after poisoning them with strychnine, subjected them to stimulation by sound. In all cases they were found to respond precisely as the poisoned animals with ears did. Krelli therefore concluded that gold fishes do not hear by the so-called ear, but that they react to sound waves by means of an especially developed cutaneous sense, or, to put it in other words, the gold fish feels sound but does not hear it.

Revising his experiments in great detail, Dr. Parker concludes finally that the mackerel, mahaden and a number of other fish are not only possessed of auditory facilities and organs, but they are able to hear and not to feel sounds, although in the majority of fishes he admits that Krelli is right in assuming that they feel rather than hear sounds.—Washington Post.

Many Helpless With Paralysis

Who Could Now be Well Had They but Known of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

We do not claim that every one who is paralyzed can be cured by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for many are beyond the reach of any medical treatment, and must finish their days in helplessness and suffering.

It is rather to those who are only partially paralyzed, and to those who are slowly but surely developing the symptoms which indicate the approach of such ailments that we would suggest the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The great food cure for diseases of the nerves.

When you find yourself lying awake at night, suffering from indigestion and headache, feel drowsy after meals, and losing energy, ambition and courage, it is time to pay attention to the nerves. You may find yourself irritable at times, worried over little things, unable to concentrate the mind, forgetful and absent-minded. Better give some attention to the nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures and prevents paralysis and locomotor ataxia. It does not cause by inducing unconsciousness and unnatural sleep. It does not deplete the nerves as does opiate and narcotic. But, on the other hand, by assisting nature and supplying the elements from which are formed new blood and nerve force, effects thorough and lasting cure and is bound to benefit all who use it.

HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES.

Every mother most earnestly desires to see her little ones hearty, rosy and full of life. The hot weather, however, is a time of danger to all little ones, and at the very first symptoms of weakness or illness, Baby's Own Tablets should be given. It is easier to prevent illness than to cure it, and an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep the stomach healthy and happy. If sickness does come, there is no other medicine will so quickly cure the minor ills of babyhood and childhood—and you have a guarantee that it contains no opiate or poisonous stuff.

Mrs. John Nall, Petersburg, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and find them a superior remedy for troubles of the stomach and bowels. From my own experience, I can highly recommend Tablets to other mothers."

There should always keep these Tablets in the house, ready for emergency. Sold by medicine stores or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I remembered it afterward—the next evening, I think—and went to look for it, for I knew it was valuable, and that we ought to have put it back in the glass case. But it was not there, nor in the case."

"You are sure?" he asked quickly, his eyes suddenly keen.

"Quite sure!" May insisted. "I am certain of it, because I turned over all the things, thinking that you might have put it back. Did you?"

"I did not," he said, slowly, thoughtfully. "I did not forget it completely. Will you remember, keep in your memory, everything that happened that afternoon, and in connection with the dagger?"

"Yes," she said. "But—oh, Gerald, and her breath came quick, "you

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