THE WARRENCE WARRANT TO STATE THE PARTY OF T

A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE:

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red

O in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those

	100 1000 10
First Prize	\$200.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	40.00
4th to 13th Prizes, \$10.00 each	100.00
14th to 25th, \$5.00 each	60.00

\$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of \$5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks \$45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, \$5,5.

CONDITIONS

- Ist. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.
 2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are
- One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are each package-must be enclosed with each batch of adve
- ments sent.

 The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertises reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man. Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont. Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C. 5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also

- take one or more weekly prizes.

 In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements subm competitors in question.
- Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to judge the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to ry the article advertised.

Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

The ten minutes eloquated tem-selves; she could hear faint mur-murs of the two lovers she was befriending and abetting; she saw the man to whom she had engaged her man to whom she had engaged her self for this dance wandering about with the disconsolate air of a man who has lost his partner; then sud-denly she became aware of a buz-a stir of surprise and excitement. that peculiar movement and expres-sion of a crowd which the report-ers describe as "a sensation."

She saw the downgers and other then put their heads together, and heard a man near her, but ignorant of her proximity, exclaim:
"No! It can't be, by Jove! Well, I'm—but it is, though!"

— but it is, though!"
Roused from her reverie, she put
the curtain aside, and so gained a
view of the entrance, and saw a tall
figure standing before the stewards,
who had evidently flocked forward to

receive him. . She had no need to look twice. It was the marquis. The fan suddenly became motionless in her hand, and she knew that the color had left her His presence was so unexpected that it was almost like an appari-tion, and it affected her very much as an apparition would have done. She shrank back behind the curtain

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasion may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives, and grateful mothers everywhere grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McParland, Wylie, Ont., writes; "I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was yery bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same times do sion difficulties. When I got them my very bad with whooping cough, and very bad with whooping cough, and stept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I fraid there was already a change for the botter. She slept well through the day and nearly all night, and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out, losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incressantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful, and began to gain wonderthe In fact, I believe I owe her I had not spoken the word, it seem-neighbors, enjoying themselves, and well, I came: without an invitation, why are you not

ne to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do to think she would have pulted by think she would have pulted by the pulted by t minor ailments of little ones: they are guaranteed to contain no oplate,

tem- | and deaf now to the marmurs of the

lovers, watched him. In his evening dress he seemed almost a stranger to her. She had al ways associated him in her mind with the weil-worn suit of tweed in which she had seen him on both the occa-sions on which they had met. She had she had seen him on both the sions on which they had met. She had thought him distinguished-looking then; she felt now that in the regulation social garb he towered above his fellows, with that air which birth and breeding seize as it were without effort.

effort.
He stood just inside the entrance, responding to the civilities of the stewards with a polite, half-wearied smile: then he made his way slowly toward the upper end of the room. As he went slowly between the dancers and the promenaders, he looked to right and left as if in search of some one, and Elaine no-ticed that even as he bowed over tady Banister's hand his penetrat-ing eyes seemed to wander beyond her ladyship's eye-glasses.

Holding the curtains round her Elaine watched him closely, and presently saw Lady Blanche gliding toward him.

The two stood talking together for

a minute or two, as if they were old friends or acquaintances; then sud-denly she felt May's hand upon her

"Is the ten minutes up, dear?" she said in a rapturous whisper. "How good you have been! Gerald and I will never forget it. and."

will never forget it. and—"
She stopped suddenly, and stared beyond Elaine; and Elaine, turning her head, found the marquis by her side. She tried to greet him with a smile of polite indifference, but the smile would not come, and she could only extend her hand with a silence that seemed almost cold and repelling.

"Are you surprised to see me, Miss Delaine?" he said, his dark

and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25c a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brock-ville, Out. "I see, a conspiracy!" he said.
"What has this young lady been

The marquis nodded at May very much as an elder brother might have done.

"Run away and hide," he said to her in a low voice. Then to Elaine, "Introduce me to the lady, We will save your pretty little friead from a scolding if we can."

The griffin was coming toward them with her talons extended, so to speak, and Elaine second because

speak, and Elaine, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or tremble, waited for her.

"Have you seen May recently, Miss Delaine?" she asked, severely, her plumes nodding in the faint breeze, her eyes searching Flaine's face suspiciously.

"Mrs. Bradley, I believe?" said the marquis, before Elaine could re-ply. "Will you be so good as to in-troduce me, Miss Delaine?" "Lord Nairne, Mrs. Bradley," fal-

tered Elaine.
The griffin gave a start of asconishment, and swept him a grati-"Are you looking for your sister, Mrs. Bradley?" he asked suave-

ter. Mrs. Bradley?" he asked suavely. "Let me help you. I've no doubt
we shall find him very quickly."
The griffin deposited her lean claw
upon his arm, and absolutely crimsoned with pride and satisfaction.
As the marquis led her away from
the lover's hiding place, he looked
back over his shoulder and said in
a low voice:

ow voice:
Will you wait for just a minute?" "Will you wait for just a minute?"
Elaine said neither yes nor no, and
made no sign, and the next moment
May crept up behind her and peered
after them with frightened eyes.

"Elaine, what a good-natured man!
And that's the marquis! I can't believe it!" He's a brick and a jolly good

fellow, whoever and whatever he is," said young Locke, with boyish en-"Run, May!" said Elaine. "Run hile her back is turned; and you, tr. Locke, had better go through the

Mr. Locke, had better go through the next doorway to the supper-room."
The two lovers managed to clasp hands for a moment and look into each other's eyes, then fled, and Elaine was left alone.
Should she wait as he had asked her? Why should she? What right had he to ask her? Was he going to ask her to dance? She had almost resolved to go when he came toward her.

"You have waited," he said.

"It was presumptious of me to ask you; but you see I presumed as a fellow-conspirator. Your friend is a pretty little girl, and the young fellow is a nice-looking boy. Are they very fond of each other?" He had drawn a chair forward as he was speaking, and Elaine sat down as if she had been ordered to

"Very," she said; "or I would not "I see. And why are they alraid

-the aunt, didn't you say?"
"Mr. Locke is very poor," she said,

They want to sell her in a better market!"

met his eyes had a pity her!—the ingly.

"Poor woman, I pity her!—the aunt, I mean. She is only acting according to her lights, and in harmony with the prevailing code." He was silent a moment, then he said, "Am I keeping you? You want to be dancing?"

"No! Then why have you come? you mean to ask," he said. "That would be a difficult question to answer. I found it so when your cousin put it to me just now."

"Lady Blanche?" she said, looking at her ladyship as she glided past at the moment. "You know her yery well?"

Epigrams
Nothing succ A hird in the term of the cage.

"I know her yes," he said. "I went last year for some shooting to Delaine. You speak as if you scarcely knew her."
"I never saw her till to-night," said Elaine.
He looked down at her and then at Lady Blanche, as if he fully understood.

derstood.

"She is very beautiful," said Elaine.
"Yes," he admitted quietly.
Then he was silent again; silent,
but perfectly self-possessed, as if
he were quite satisfied to
stand there beside her without making any effort at conversation. But Elaine's self-possession fell short of this high standard, and she was trying to think of something to say, yet dreading to express some commonplace, when a voice on the other sice of the curtain was heard to say:

other sice of the curtain was heard to say:

"Rum thing his coming here to-night. He has never been here before; never been among us at all, in fact; and he hasn't even had the politeness to answer the invitations we've always sent him. I do wonder what he has come for!"

It was one of the stewards, and, as it dawned upon Flaine, that he It was one of the stewards, and, as it dawned upon Elaine that he was alluding to the marquis, her face grew hot, and she endeavored to speak, to say something, anything, but she seemed incapable of uttering

a word. "Yes, it's strange," replied the man the steward was addressing.
"Perhaps he has come after Lady
Blanche. They say that they were were mentioned.

doing, Miss Elaine? And why are you absting her, may, one ask?"
Elaine took May's hand and waved Gerald Locke back to the balcony.
"This is a very dear friend of mlue, Lord Nairne, and—"
"I understand," said the marquis, with a swift glance at May's downcast blushing face; "and she will get into disgrace with this lady who is coming—"
"It is her aunt, Mrs. Bradley," said Elaine, quickly. "Oh, dear, what shall we do? She will take May home, I'm sarraid."

The marquis nodded at May very teeth her face pale and red by

about him that came down from London?"

Elaine rose, her lip caught in her teeth her face pale and red by turns; but the marquis did not appear at all angry or even embarrassed and leaned against the window quite as much at his ease as before. "Won't you wait and hear the story?" he said, in a low voice. "It is sure to be entertaining, even if not true. Ah, they have gone! That's a pity. But"—he paused and his face suddenly became serious and most stern—"will you be angry! if I ask you a question?"

Elaine tried to smile, and did manage to look at him.

"What is it?" she said. "Mind I do not promise to answer?"

"You shall do as you please," he said. "Do you think that that gentleman's supposition was the right one; that I have come all the way to Barefield. at a moment's notice to see, Lady Blanche?"

Elaine smiled.

"To be Continual)

(To be Continued.)

BEAUTY CHARM

Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks and Bright Eyes Compel Admiration.

No woman needs to be told the charm of a clear complexion. No man can he blind to the beauty of rosy cheeks or the power of sparkling eyes. And every woman, no matter what her leatures may be, can have a perfect complexion. Bright eyes and a perfect complexion come from pure blood—and pure blood comes from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By enriching the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give vigor, strength, health, happiness and heauty. Here is a lift of proof: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia," says Miss Mary Jackson, of Normandale, Ont. "I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless, and I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I doctored a good deal, but got no henefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had taken them more than a couple of weeks I could see a change for the better, and continuing the use of the pills for some time longer my strength returned, the color came hack to my face, and I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can recommend Dr. Wil-No woman needs to be told the

returned, the color-came back to my face, and I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak, ailing girl or woman."

These pills are good for all troubles due to poor blood or weak nerves. Don't take any other medicine—see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around ole" is found on the wrapper around every hox. If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicin Company. Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents per lox or six boxes for \$2.50.

A New Standard of Honor. The worst side of the Prussian spirit of arrogance was brought out in the Hussner-Hartmann case, which is now being tried by courtmartial. The story is this: Two boys, Hussner and Hartmann, were at school towards and more week. at school together, and were, probably, very good friends. Hussner ably, very good friends. Hyssner studied for the navy, passed the necessary examinations, and became that lordliest thing on earth, to paraphrase Kipling, a German offi-cer. Hartmann, under the national bitterness, and Elaine, looking up, met his eyes fixed upon her searchingly. system of universal military service, was drafted into the army. They met asually, both being, of course, in uniform; and Hartmann, delighted to see his old school friend, apparently forgot for the moment what discipling records. discipline required of him, and made a motion to shake hands with Hussner; then, remembering himself, turned a gesture into an imperfect salute. "No," said Flaine; "I have lost The high dignity of Lieutenant Hussner, by the grace of God Prussian ner, by "Will you let me see your card he asked.

She gave it to him.

"You are engaged for nearly every dance, I see," he said.
"There is one line vacant. I can't ask you to dance, it would be too cruel; but if you are not engaged I shall look for you. Perhaps you will like to rest,"

"Are you not going to dance at add," as she feared that he might mistake the question for an invitation; but he seemed to understand.
"No! Then why have you come?" whether his imperial master and great exemplar will acquit him, should the court-martial take an extreme course and sentence him to a few months' imprisonment.—Harper's Weekly.

Epigrams by Miss Daskam. Nothing succeeds like distress. A hird in the hat is worth two in

Things are sometimes what they Birds of a feather occasionally pre fer to flock apart.

You cannot blouse your waist and and have it. too.

The parquet is not paved with good intentions. She laughs best who laughs least. Handsome isn't unless handsome

Virtue is its only reward. If you trust to things happening they will.

Don't whine and look tragic and add to the weight of the world. Old people cannot know how we feel when love first comes to us. I wanted, when I married, to cominto peace.

You and your set-one knows you and yet one doesn't. There he so much you don't tell. As a matter of fact, who cares for the snows of yester-year? When in Rome we should do as the Romans don't.

It is sometimes too late to mend. Good wine sometimes needs a bush. It is possible to have too much of a good thing.

The Modern Way. Boston Evening Transcr Harry-I suppose he asked you for kiss when he proposed. Hettie-I don't think the thing was

Tolstoy Writes on War

was not approved by the Russian censor, and so it was not printed. Recently it has been published in England in the Russian language. As it expresses Tolstoy's mature feeling about war in general, as well as about the particular war in which he was engaged, it is of more than passing interest.

The reading of Ershof's book made a very strong impression on Tolstoy. It caused him to re-experience with the author what they both had lived through thirty-four years before. "We then experienced," he says, "what the author describes—the horror of war—but we also experienced

"what the author describes—the horror of war—but we also experienced
a mental condition the author hardly describes at all."

A lad, fresh from the Cadets' College, finds himself in Sevastopol. A
few months ago he was as merry,
and happy as girls are the day after marriage. It seems but yesterday,
that he first donned the officer's unfrom an expert tailor had skillfully
padded with wadding, arranging the iform an expert tailor had skillfully padded with wadding, arranging the thick cloth and the shoulder-straps so as to mask the boyish and still undeveloped chest and give it a brave appearance. It seems but yesterday that he put on that uniform and drove to the hair-dresser's to have his hair curled and pomaded and his incipient moustaches accurated with fixative, and that, clinking the saber attached to his gilt belt against the steps, with his cap on one side, he walked down the street. * * * * Only yesterday he met a lovely

one side, he waked down the street. * * . . Only yesterday he met a lovely girl; they spoke of trifles, the lips of both were wreathed in smiles, and he knew that she (and not she only, but hundreds of other girls a thousand times better even than she) might, and must, love him. It all seems to have happened but yesterday. It may have been trivial and absurd and conceited, but it was all innocent, and therefore pleasing.

"Go and Let Yourself be killed."

And now he is in Sevestonel and

And now he is in Sevastopol, and he suddenly sees that something is not right; something is happening that is not at all as it should be.His commander calmy tells him that he he whose mother so loves him, and from whom not she alone but all have expected so much that is good that he, with all his special and incomparable bodily and mental excellencies, is to go where men are heing killed and crippled. The compander does not deny that he is heing killed and crippled. The commander does not deny that he is the same youth whom all love and must love, and whose life is to him more important than anything else in the world. The commander does not deny this, but simply says: "Go and let yourself he killed." His heart contracts with a double fear; the fear of death and the fear of shame; but, pretending that it is all the same to nim whether he goes to death or remains here, he gets ready with a show of interest in same to nim whether he goes to death or remains here, he gets ready with a show of interest in what he is going for, and even in his belongings and bed. He goes to the place where men are killed, and hopes it is only said that men are killed there, but that really that is not the case, and things will turn out otherwise. But half an hour at the bastion is ample to show that out otherwise. But half an hour at the hastion is ample to show that the reality is more terrible and un-hearable than he expected. He sees a man radiant with joy and blooming with health. Suddenly something splashes and the man tumbles over into a neighboring heap of excre-ments—a terrible example of suffering and remorse and an exposure of all that is being done there. It is awful—it will not do to look at it or to think about it. But it is im-

possible not to think. His thinking runs after this fashion:
"That time it happened to him, soon
it will happen to me. How is it? Why
is it? Why should they do it to me to me who was so good, so nice, so dear, not only to my nurse, not only to my nurse, not only to so many people—almost to everybody?"

hody?"
And a moment later he reflects:
"Whether I shall to-day be what
he now is no one cares; on the contrary it seems almost as if they
wished it. Yes, I—even I—am not
wanted by anyone. But if I am not
wanted, why am I here?"

One War Summed Up. No one answers these questions. They all fear to speak out as much as the lad does. It will not bear being spoken of. And after seven months the lad is not crippled, is

In the Independent of April 16th is an article on the horror of war, by Count Leo Tolstoy, now printed in America for the first time. It was written in 1889 as a preface to a volume of "Recollections of Sevastopol," by A. G. Ershof, a Russian officer, who served with Lieutenant Tolstoy in the Crimean war, but it was not approved by the Russian censor, and so it was not printed.

Recently it has been published in as food for cannons, and long remained in a place where many men were shot in the head, the breast and in all parts of their bodies. All that, however, is a personal aspect of the matter, besides which I had a share (if but an unimportant one) in a nommon cause. A common cause 2 But what was it? Destroying scores—thousands—of men. And what else? Sevastopol—that Sevastopol which we defended—was abandoned, and the fleet sunk, and the keys of and the fleet sunk, and the keys and the fleet sunk, and the keys of the church at Jerusalem remained in the hands of those who had them before, and Russia is diminished. And what conclusion must one draw? Can it be that it all comes to this: That it was owing to foolishness and youthfulness that I got into the terrible and inextricable position in which I remained for seven months, and from which I was incompetent to liberate myself? Can that be all?

LIMBI DIAST

Why, asks Tolstoy, did the author act as he did? There is only one an-

swer:

It was because I was enlisted while still young, or before the war began, or because owing to inexperience I chanced to slip into a position from which I could not extricate myself without great effort, I was entrapped into that position, and when they obliged me to do the most unnatural actions in the world, to kill my brother men who had done me no harm, I preferred to do this rather than to suffer punishment and disgrace.

Tolstoy's conclusion, after reading Ershol's book, is this: "We should be told what it is that causes soldiers to suffer and die,

should be told what it is that causes soldiers to suffer and die, that we may know, and understand, and destroy these causes.

Suffering and Death Not the Worst
"War! How terrible," people say,
"is war, with its wounds, bloodshed and death. We must organize a red: cross society to alleviate the wounds, suffering and pains of death." It is not the suffering and mutila-tion and death of man's body that

most needs to be diminished—itis the mutilation and death of his
soul. Not the Red Cross is needed, but
the simple cross of Christ to destroy
falsehood and deception. * *
Tolstoy concludes by specific of Tolstoy, concludes by speaking of his advice to a cadet of the military.

college not to drink wine. The lad replied:
"But in military service it is sometimes necessary." I "But in military, service it is some-times necessary," I thought he meant necessary for health and strength, and I intended tri-muphantly overthrow him by proofs from experience and science, but he continued:

"Why, at Geok-Tepe, for instance, when Skobelef had to massacre the

when Skobelef had to massacre the inhabitants, the soldiers did not wish to do it, and he had drink served out, and then—" Here are all the horrors of war—they are in this lad with his fresh young face, his little shoulder straps (under which the ends of his bashlik are so neatly tucked), his well-cleaned boots, his naive eyes, and his conception of life so pervorted.

pervorted.

This is the real horror of war!
What millions of Red Cross workers could heal the wounds that swarm in that remark—the result of a whole education.

A Scottish parish minister was one day making calls, and when about to knock at a cottage door was hailed by a childish voice thus: and, turning round, became aware that a sixyear-old boy was behind him, having run up from where he had been play-ing on the minister's approach. "Oh, ing on the minister's approach. there's nobody in, my little ing on the minister's approach. On, there's nobody in, my little man," said the minister. "No, there's nabody in there," reiterated the boy. Then, after a good look at the minister, came the disconcerting query, and the minister, came the disconcerting query, and the minister of the minister. "Fat is't ye're sellin'? Is't specs?

Fortunate Boys. Chicago News.
Uncle Charles—Boys, how can you associate with that Binks boy? I understand he's the worst scholar in the school.

Willie-Huh! If it wasn't for him

The Broken Health of School Life

Close Confinement, Over Exertion at Study and Worry Over Examinations Too Great a Strain for the Nerves-Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

many, school girls and school Nerve Food, and since she has been

be deprived from its use are certain and lasting, as it goes to form new red corpuscles in the blood, and create new nerve force.

Mrs. T. Dalzell, 21 Charles street, Kingston, Ont., states: "My daughter suffered very much with headaches, caused no doubt from over-study and a run down condition of the nervous system. These, attacks of headaches were very trying on her, and I noticed that she was gradually growing weaker and more nervous. About two months the state of t over-study and a run down condition of the nervous system. These attacks of headures were very trying on her, and I noticed that she was gradually growing weaker and more nervous. About two months ago I got her a box of Dr. Chase's every box of his remedies.

So many school girls and school boys, too, are pale, languid and run down in health, subject to weak spells and nervous headache, and victims of sleeplessness, that we no longer realize the folly of developing the mind at the expense of the body.

It is on the mothers and fathers that falls the responsibility of looking after the health of their children, and to them we suggest the wisdom of having the health of their children, and to them we suggest the wisdom of having the health of their children kept at the high water mark by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great food cure is so gentle and natural in action as to be admirably suited to the requirements, of children the benefits to be deprived from its use are certain and lasting, as it goes to form new red corpuscles in the blood, and create new nerve force.

Mrs. R. Dalrell, 21 Charles street.