

Fragrant as Fresh Violets

Blue Ribbon

TEA comes to the home as FRESH and PURE as when it left the plantation to be manufactured with special care, and closely sealed in LEAD PACKAGES.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON TEA.

LOVE AND A TITLE

"All right," repeats Hal, patting her encouragingly on the back. "We'll talk it over when you come back—before then, for Vane has asked me to go down to Castle Ferndale; and, I say, that's where you're going to spend your honeymoon—no, not that, but that's all right, I'll be waiting to start directly, and she can't go looking like a figure off a Twelfth Day cake, you know.

"What put that madcap freak into your little head? Was it chance? I can't think, as I remember, as I felt the cold snow falling down my back, that I awoke from my dismal dream and turned to see—what? Only a little, slim girl, with silken hair blown and tumbled about, her face and a pair of soft eyes, bright with childish mischief. I remember the very dress you wore that night, remember the half-defiant, half-fearful curve of the red, pouting lips, as you looked upon me, half boldly, half shyly, and panted out your little impertinences."

CURRENT COMMENT

Famine in Russia! Are there any more luxuries of misery coming to the Czar's people? With 125,000 bushels of fine wheat the Northwest should be able to enjoy a large loaf. Denmark refuses to allow Greenland to be made a place for the treatment of consumptives. Is King Christian afraid that his polar bears may catch some germs?

Illinois' new divorce law prohibits divorced parties from marrying again within less than a year after the divorce, and prohibits the party divorced for infidelity from marrying within less than two years after the divorce, except that a divorced couple can remarry at any time. This will prevent people marrying before the ink is dry on their divorce papers, as was often the case.

A contemporary calls attention to the enormous number of men lined up in the Russ-Jap. battles. In no battle of the past, at least not until the outbreak of the present war, have more than 500,000 men been lined up in opposing armies. The following were the totals engaged in some of the great historic battles, from which the colossal scale of the present war can be understood: Plevna, September, 1877, 130,000. Sedan, September, 1870, 244,000. Gravelotte, August, 1870, 300,000. Sudowa, July, 1866, 435,000. Gettysburg, July, 1863, 220,000. Solferino, June, 1859, 284,000. Waterloo, June, 1815, 217,000. Leipzig, October, 1813, 472,000. Borodino, September, 1812, 251,000.

James B. Dill, at the Oberlin College commencement, gave a definition of "graft" in these words: "Graft is an advanced stage of the craze for unearned money. It is not only the desire to get something for nothing, but it is an attempt to get something for the grafter in consideration of his parting with something that does not belong to him." Further, Mr. Dill said, that a large part of the prosperity of the United States "consists of an overproduction of fraud and sham." Many branches of financial business had been in one way or another "taken possession of by the unscrupulous for the purpose of deceiving the unwary." "My pocket" is the creed of many men of the day.

The London Lancet quotes Dr. George's Petis as saying that there is great danger of tuberculosis being spread by bacteria. He says English bakers' laborers are affected with tuberculosis to the proportion of some 70 per cent, it is easy to see what facilities there are for the entrance of the tubercle bacillus into the dough in the process of hand kneading. Moreover, when the bread is baked, it does not attain a temperature of over 100 degrees centigrade in the middle of the loaf, and the slight portion of time which elapses between the baking of the bread and that of the consumption is favorable to the dissemination of the bacillus of tuberculosis. Experiments by Gifford, Mare and himself have shown that his fears are well grounded. The matter is one of great importance to the general public.

estimated at 4,613,493. Fifty years ago the marriage rate was 22.3 per thousand, among Londoners living, in 1902 it had fallen to 17.8. The birth rate in 1902 was 28.5 and the death rate 17.2. London gets annually 30 million telegrams and 750 million letters. It has fifty-three theatres, forty-three music halls, and two hundred and forty-five other places of entertainment. Its charities income is £7,000,000 a year. Its hospitals cost £785,285 yearly and treat 98,950 in-patients and 1,280,838 out-patients. About 140,000 receive help from the rates; 30,000 dwell in lodging houses. There were six and one-half millions of users of the public baths and wash-houses last year. London, too, sends 764,026 children to school, and provides 17,000 teachers to look after them. There are over a million books in the municipal libraries, and the issue last year was about six millions.

In these times when we hear so much about microbes, and when a war against spitting is being actively waged, it is somewhat reassuring to find that there is something to be said for sunlight, air, and even dust, as germicides. Dr. Cassidy, of the Provincial Board of Health, writing in the Sanitary Journal, combats the alarmist views that have prevailed in some quarters. He does not deny the possibility of the spread of tuberculosis by germ-laden dust inhalation, but he thinks the weight of evidence goes to show that the germs are dangerous only in proportion to the extent to which they have been shielded from air and sunlight. He contends that the street dust has really a strong disinfectant power on the spores of scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, influenza, etc., destroying instead of enhancing its virulence. Germs in a closed room will retain their virulence for a considerable time, while they are soon destroyed by fresh air and sunlight. This view finds support from no less an authority than the New York Medical Record. "The anti-spitting campaign is good as a matter of cleanliness; it is vile to spit on the sidewalks and floors; but as a matter of sanitation it is no less bad—it may even be worse—to spit in the grass. Cast into the sunlight of the paved streets there is reason to think the life of the germ of tuberculosis is likely to be short. Sunlight is a great purifier; if we lived more in the sunlight and inhaled more pure air we should have less consumption."

Sons of Norway. (This is an English translation of the old and popular Norwegian song that just now is heard all over Norway, and breathes the spirit of courage and independence that are conspicuous in the present national crisis.) Norsemen, awaken the harp from its slumber; Strike for Norway, the land of the free! High and heroic, in now-stirring numbers, Land of our fathers, we strike it for thee, O! Wake one's actions With the spirit of the land of our birth, Heart beating loudly, and cheeks glowing proudly, Honor old Norway, the dearest on earth. Spirit, look back on her far-flashing glory, Gaze on the splendor that bursts on the glance, Chains and vikings immortal in story, Gaze on the splendor that bursts on the glance, Chains and vikings immortal in story, Pressed to the battle like maidens to the dance. Blood flows before them, Billows clash o'er them, Over the ocean they carry her fame, O! Clamorous enough, though, are left in the country, To battle and bleed for her freedom and name. Pride of the Norsemen, the temple of freedom, Stands like a rock where the stormy wind Tempest howl around it, but little he'll speak (them) Proudly, with a freer and freer, Freely they think, and as freely he speaks, Birds in their motion, Waves of the ocean, Proudly can rival his liberty's voice; Yet he obeys, with a will and devotion, Laws of his making and Kings of his choice. Land of the forest, the ford and the fountain, Blessed with the wealth of the field and the flood, Steady and restful, the sons of the mountain, Pay no glad price of thy rights with their blood. Ocean hath found thee! Proud old Norway, thy flag be unfurled Free as the breeze and breakers around thee, Pride of thy children, the first in the world!

As to the Eagle. He mates for life. He makes extraordinary flights. He has strength, size and grace. He has always been considered king of birds. Eagles' nests are built in lofty fastnesses. For swiftness, his flight is not approached. As an emblem we share the eagle with many nations. The eagles live and retains his vigor to a great age. No bird soars so high nor so rapidly and impetuously. On July 4 no one noticed the slightest elation among the eagles at the Zoo. Eagles are solitary. Though found throughout the world, no two pairs ever occupy the same neighborhood. The Persians borrowed the symbol from the Assyrians. An Old Epitaph. An old churchyard near London is famous for the inscriptions on its tombstones. There is one on the memorial of Susannah Barford, died 1652, at 10 years and 13 weeks. The concluding lines beneath the skull and crossbones on her monument are:

Before she can finish, two footmen, in far outside.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

The very best medicine in the world for summer complaints such as cholera infantum, diarrhoea, and green-stool, is Baby's Own Tablets. During the hot weather months no wise mother should be without a box of Tablets in the house. These troubles come suddenly, and unless promptly checked, too often prove fatal. Baby's Own Tablets act almost like magic in these cases, and speedily remove all cause of danger. Mrs. Alex. Poulin, Caraquet, N. B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have used for the cholera infantum, teething and other troubles, and it is astonishing how quickly they relieve and cure these ailments." An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep the stomach and bowels right and prevent summer complaints. No mother need be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It always does good—it cannot possibly do harm. Be sure that every box bears the full name, 'Baby's Own Tablets' and picture of four-leaf clover on the wrapper around the box. Anything else is a dangerous substitute. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BIG ASSOUAN DAM IS STABLE.

Experts Say Fears That It May Give Way Are Without Foundation. The great success that has attended the operation of the Assouan dam in extending the area of cultivable land in Egypt recently led to the consideration of the question of raising the height of the dam by a height of 18 feet—an addition which would greatly increase the capacity of the reservoir. At the request of the government Sir Benjamin Baker, who is responsible for the design of the Assouan structure, was requested to make an investigation into the risk of water passing under great head and high velocity through the cavities in the bed of the river and the structure of the dam, and to report on the question of the stability of the dam. The structure is built in places upon a rock of somewhat uneven and unworked extent; wraps, books and paraphernalia are arranged in a carriage, and the second stage of the journey is that of commencing when a groom rides to a panting and sweating horse into the station yard, swinging himself from the saddle and dashes on to his platform.

MAN'S INORDINATE VANITY.

Universe May Hide Greater Intelligence Than Ours. Man's greatest vanity is the placing of the human race at the head of creation. Prof. Oliver J. Lodge points out that the universe is large enough to hide vastly superior intelligence, and that our imperial Caesar—or our American billionaire—is but a creeping dust-atom upon one of the dark lumps of the ten thousand billions of the five hundred million great spheres. In a recent issue of the "Scientific American," the distance traveled by light in a year by one mile. On this scale the sun is found to be a microscopic particle 1 inch from the earth, and the nearest star being nearly 412 miles away. Even on this scale a circle thirty miles across would embrace only twenty-seven of the nearest stars, the millions being far outside.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh, Vernon, look, what a pretty station!" exclaimed Jeanne, leaning forward to open the window, through which the innumerable perfumes of a summer evening are wafted as the train pulls into a rural station, as if it were dropped from the clouds, amid the Surrey hills. "They had been travelling all day, and it is nearly eight o'clock when Jeanne gives tongue to her admiration. A long journey is a wearisome thing generally, but there are exceptions, and this is one of them. Jeanne is dusty and slightly—only slightly—bewilderedly happy, and it is a slight reluctance to arriving at their destination. They have halted midway and partaken of luncheon—whose luxuries had been prepared for them at the railway hotel—and where, though unknown to Jeanne, some of the castle servants had come down expressly to wait upon them. With each mile, my lord marquis has grown more thoughtful and attentive, and sometimes delicately loving and tender; sometimes revealed upon to light a fragrant cigarette, and once, actually once, insisted upon Jeanne's lying at full length and resting her silky head upon him for a moment. Yes, notwithstanding the heat, the dust, and the slight stiffness, Jeanne is happy and it is with a certain pang that she hears Van reply, "Pretty, is it? Well, this is Exton, and our station."

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N