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PRESENTENCE DE LA COMPTENCIÓN DE LA COMP

"Not at all," he answers, promptly.

Mrs. Brown looks around the room,
and her eyes rest on the easel. Instantly

"A very nice gentleman is Mr. Dostrell, sir, and so is his sister. Quite the schol-

e smiles, "I see," he says, almost inaudibly.

would be eligible?"

But Mrs. Brown hears him.
"No offence, I hope, sir, but t thought ou might be looking for pupils, sir."

"Just so, sir," assents Mrs. Brown, de-lighted at her own shrewdness. "Mr. Dostrell's just the gentleman to have

the young people learn as much as they can; and there's plenty of others besides them; there's Miss Maud and Georgina, Mr. Lambton's daughters, up at the park; they'd be only too pleased to learn

But Mrs. Brown, warned by the absent

"So vanishes." he mutters, watching

them is as these ashes-vanished. What

love, is powerless henceforth to lead me astray. From this hour I stand impregnable and invulnerable—I have done

that baneful

STREET, STREET Then, with a low bow, he takes off his "That's Mr. Dostrell's," says Mrs. Brown. at, and smiles ironically. "Mr. Dostrell and his sister, Miss Dostrell, live there. Do you know them,

Jeanne stares, speechless and appar-

ently frozen.
'Do you wish to speak to me?" he con-'Do you wish to speak to me?' he continues, "or is this the regular formality with which a stranger is greeted in Newton Regis?"

Still Jeanne is silent.

Still Jeanne is shent.

The stranger puts up his hand, and, ill bare-headed, rakes the snow from

the back of his neck.

The action rouses Jeanne to a sense of the ridiculous in the situation, and slowly the rigid lines of hre mouth relax, and a laugh, low and rippling, oozes from between her rich, red lips.

For a moment the stranger looks gravely at her; then under his mouspot, but so clumsily that Mrs. Brown

tache his own lips bend and he smiles.
"I am glad," he said, smiling, "that I have been able to afford you any amusement. Have you any more snowballs in your pocket?"

"And does no one else live with them?" he asks.
"Only their nephew and riece," replies Mrs. Brown. "That's Miss Jean and Masters."

Jeanne shakes her head slowly.
"No? Then I may turn my back in safety. Thanks! Good afternoon!" And with a bow, he replaces his hat, and spirits, though she is so quiet. Ah! Miss Jeanne's got as much pluck as many a boy, sir. Down by the cliff they keep a boat—the Nancy Bell, she calls it; and they do say that she can sail this boat as if she was fisher born. She's never so happy as when she's sailing out in the bay. A rare daring young puss, she is

And Jeanne stares after him like Lot's

Before the ill-used stranger has had time to get out of sight, almost before Jeanne had opened the side door, anoth-er footstep sounds on the hard path. This time it is a lighter, more hesitating step, and it belongs to a small, slight-looking young man, with a bland, simple face. He is dressed in the regulation longskirted coat which our curates have adopted, and wears spectacles and a huge comforter, which winds its apparently interminable length around his neck. He "I may," he says, slowly, and with the same quiet smile; "and it I should be, you think Master Harry and Miss Jeanne carries a thick umbrella in one hand and a book in the other, and at sight of Jeanne, standing barcheaded and sprinkled with snow, he stops short with astonishment, drops his book, and clutches nervously at his gingham.

"Miss Jeanne, is that you?" he demands in a weak soft voice which strug-

out your hat, and in all this snow?"
"Good-evening, Mr. Bell," says Jeaune, demurely. "Does it snow?" It is snowing fast."

Yes, Miss Jeanne, it does. Youll drawing and painting, I'll be bound; and catch your death——"
"Then I had better go in," says Peanne, promptly, and darts off like an ar-

"Then I had better go in." says Pean-e, promptly, and darts off like an ar-low. Mr. Bell looks after her blushingly for moment, then follows, and, entering any speck of dust from the sideboard, and makes good her exit, fully convinced Mr. Bell looks after her busingly for a moment, then follows, and, entering the little, cozy parlor, finds Master Hal quietly seated at the table, gravely poring over Euclid, as if he had been sit.

Left to himself, the mysterious indicates the fire.

He looks up with an admirable start of surprise, and says, as innocently:

"Is that you, sir?" and, unusually attentive, respectfully adds: "Let me help you with your comforter, sir?"

Lett to himself, the mysterious individual draws his chair nearer to the fire, and relights his pipe, totally neglecting the reeking muffins which Mrs. Brown has provided, and, staring at the glowing coals, smokes for some time moodily.

you with your comforter, sir?" coals, smokes for some time moodily; "Thank you, Harry, thank you!" says the little man, cheerfully, so cheerfully that Hal eyes him and handles the comforter currously.

There is no snow on his beloved tutor's sketch of a woman's head. This he takes forter curiously.

There is no snow on his beloved tutor's There is no snow on his beloved tutor's back; the comforter is quite dry. Despair and disappointment! Jeanne's snow fall must have missed him! And it is with a decided change of voice that he

with a decided change of voice that he replies to Mr. Bell's usual question—face almost perfectly oval, with the bluest of your studies, where the results of the results o Meanwhile the stranger strides down He looks at it long and fixedly then

the street, stops at a small cottage a little distance from the Gate House, and knocks at the door, over which runs the "So vanishes." he mutters, watching "Josiah Brown, Carrier."

Mrs. Brown opens the door, drops a courtesy, and follows him into a little titing from many and follows him into a woman's nobleness who may, my faith in

stting room, made comfortable by a glowing fire and a table ready set for

is there anything you'd like, sir ?"

"Yes, a towel or cloth of some sort," he says, taking off his coat.

"A towel! why, bless me, sir, you're all over now! Some o' those drefful boys have been snowballing."
"Something of the sort, Mrs. Brown," the depths assents, smiling grimly at the vision of the little graceful girl whom he left leaning defiantly against the gate rises before him; "it's of little consequence. If you will be good enough to wipe off my coat, I think I can shake it out of my neck. Thanks!"

"The audacity of them boys is dreadily!" enoughers Mrs. Brown.

ful!" ejaculates Mrs. Brown, as she carefully wipes the coat. "To think as they should have thrown at you, sir, a perfect stranger! They ought to have known better. It's all off, now, sir—I'd better air it, though." It's all off, now, sir—I'd better air it, though." It's this the teat and he eves it crayely.

"Yos. sir." says Mrs. Brown. "I hope you'll find it right: and, if you please, sir. my husband has brought your things sir," nodding at the easel which stands in the corner of the room; "he's taken great care of them."

"I'm quite sure of that," he responds, carclessly.

Mrs. Brown bustles about the table for a moment, and is about to leave the room, when her lodger looks up and says, indifferently enough:

lifferently enough:
There is a large, old-fashioned house hind a wall just by the street. Who

The Gate House, sir, do you mean?" ments. He nods. "Very probably."

smiling through his dizect, presseyes. "Got your skates ready?—freezing, I suppose. Strange arrangement of straps. Pre often wondered why they couldn't invent something simpler; if you'll let me have them after breakfast, I'll see if I can't fix a spring instead—"
But Jeanne, made wary by experience, clings to her skates tenaciously, and laughs a "No, thank you, uncle! I know! you'll file them all away, and dissolve them, as you did the brooch you were

them, as you did the brooch you were going to regild." "Tut tut!" says the old gentleman,

smiling. "You'll never appreciate science. Jeanne."
"Not while it devours everything that comes within its reach. But come along, uncle, don't go back, breakfast is ready. And oh, uncle, I want five shillings for Hal's new skates."

Hal's new skates."

"Oh, certainly, my dear," says the old man, fumbling in his pockets promptly, but he brings out nothing in the shape of money, save a shilling and a halfpenny, reposing among bits of quartz, zinc, and copper, and Jeanne, laughing at his rueful face, drags him into the breakfast-room. fast-room.

"Never mind, uncle. I'll get it out of aunt. Wait; let me pick these pieces of cotton off your coat—that's it; now come on," and the old man, keeping passive in the hands of the young girl, is led to his goat.

led to his seat.

Aunt Dostrell is just as practical as

bay. A rare, daring young puss she is, sir. They've lived at the Gate House ever since they were children. Mr. Bell, the curate, teaches Harry—but he don't teach them drawing, sir."

Mrs. Brown's lodger looks rather perplexed at this piece of information; then

all is real as yet; she has not yet passed beyond the portals of the great temples of love. Love is to Jeanne as an unmeaning symbol of some deep mystery, of the very nature of which she is entirely ignorant. The library at the Jacques Cartier river on the then main Gate House is small, and is absolutely line of the Lake St. John Railway at deficient in works of invertibles. deficient in works of imagination. St. Gabriel as if coming from Quebec, Jeanne knows the few readable books by heart, but, although they have taught many of the good people of Valcartier her something of the history of England, and St. Catherine's claim to have wit-

a woman's life.

Jeanne and love have not, as yet, met, and the heart that beats so healthily and the market within the heart that beats so healthily and the impression of an approaching railway regularly within her bosom is that of a train. They describe this impression a child, strong and fearless, true and not that which would be caused by the head regularly within her bosom is that of a train. They describe this hip the head-ble, but a child's still. The greatest joy light of a locomotive hunning at night that Jeanne has yet experienced is a fair towards the bridge from Quebec, and wind in the sails of the Nancy Bell, the wind in the sails of the Nancy Bell, the

"Hal wil have to stay in this morning, smell of fusing acids, mingling with the odor of the bacon and sausages, and Uncle Dostrell himself emerges from his laboratory with pieces of cotton-wool entangled in his buttons, and a shimmering of steel filings in his gray hair.

Uncle Dostrell's experiments never get any further than experiments, never produce anything more useful than a sulphurous smoke, and, unfortunately, are attended, like most chemical experiments, by atrocious smells.

"Well, Jeanne, my dear," he says, smiling through his dazed, preoccupied eyes. "Got your skates ready?—freezing, I suppose. Strange arrangement of straps. I've often wondered why they couldn't invent something simpler; if you'll let me have them after breakfast, I'll see if I can't fix a spring instead."

come on," and the old man, keeping passive in the hands of the young girl, is led to his seat.

Aunt Dostrell is just as practical as her brother is theoretical, and is already serving out the ham and eggs with the air of a matron at the Foundling Hospital. She looks up sharply as Jeenne enters.

If was just going to send up to you, Jeanne; I didn't expect to see you down. Your boots, Jane tells me, are wet through and your shaws atturated with melted snow. Where did you go last night?—and Hal's boots are just the same.

To be continued.

If was just going to send up to you, Jeanne; I didn't expect to see you down. Your boots, Jane tells me, are wet through and your shaws atturated with melted snow. Where did you go last night?—and Hal's boots are just the same.

To shape the mistake a professive date on the pear. They make debiliting on his face. Jeanne has kept her mistake a professive date on the pear. They must have new, rich blood—new vigorous life. They find has struggled to forget and wipe it from the tablets of her own mind, but her heart beats apprehensive. It is beat of summer. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the greatest spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose makees my life. They do this every time—they last the some yesterday afternoon. And, aunt, Hal wants five shillings for a pair of skates for the Park, you know,"

"You can't buy skates in Newton Reg."

"Hal will have to stay in this morning, if he is going out this afternoon," eapy. Hall looks the picture of despair, but, Jeanne—generous Jeanne, half-boy and related they have not only make and head and he will not have been leaded to distinct the stream should be directed by have not only make a new person weak, weary, anaeming it to healthy, graceful, well-developed women. They do this every time—they last the source of the power of the proportion that the stranger have been mean enough to water it the source of the proportion that the proportion that the stranger have been face the night of the proportion that the proportion that the stranger

its language, and not a little of chemisnessed this strange appearance and are try, they have taught her nothing of the ready to this day to vouch for its truth divine passion, the absorbing element of upon oath that it is impossible to doubt something, at blue sky above her, and the rushing wadows of the cars it was drawing. Various ter beneath the keel. dows of the cars it was drawing. Various theories were propounded to account for this unusual phenomenon. Mirages, peity. That she is beautiful no one has as yet told her, not even Mr. Bell, who worships her, but who would as soon dare to beard his bishop as to breathe a hint of his adoration to the frank, and sometimes nitlessly conditions.

The New Spray Mixture.

Valuable Results From Experime 2000 Pout Trees.

quiet, inoffensive dance on the tips of his toes,

Meals don't occupy much time at the Gate House. There is the remainder of the pig to be manipulated by Aunt Dostrell, and Uncle John is all anxiety to get back to the crucibles. Half an hour afterward Jeanne is stepping briskly down the strets, her lithe figure clad in its scrviceable blue serge, one streak of crimson across the skirt, her brown-gold hair ripping in its tight coils under her close little scalskin hat, her beautiful face bright and frank, her heart beating blithely under the influence of the crisp, frosty air.

Jeanne can walk blithely, and look frankly, for, as yet, she is in "maiden meditation fancy free." With Jeanne all is real as yet; she has not yet passed beyond the portals of the great tempton of the great tempton in those who is to the condition of the mixture is in the same and thus cure all the common allments to the two layers of lime. Some fruit growers who have made K-L thought this dand thus cure all the common allments? Pink part of the percentage of the portal of the protals of the great tempton of disease; they do not bother upon the bowels; they do not bother upon the bound a little frothy lime rises to the tooling the kerosene used to the tooling the kerosene upon the clear water the mixture stands for a time the lime holding the kerosene upon the clear water the mixture stands for a time the lime holding the kerosene upon the clear water the mixture stands be to the tool number and thus cure all the common allments?

After the mixture stands for a time the lime holding the kerosene upon the clear water the mixture stands per to the tool of its and thus cure all the common allments?

After the mixture stands for a time the lime holding the ker

Advantages of the Mixture.

stars, From this hour I stand impregnable and invulnerable—I have done
And with a grain intensity the thrusts
the ashes of the exquisite portrait that
the depths of the consuming free.

CHAPTER IV.

When Jenne wakes next morning,
King Frost rules supreme over Newton
Regist the easement windows are conferred with a delicate filigree of rime, the
moment shis diversed, Jenne drags a
morning tree, because the exquisite portrait and
a wage thankfilmers. For Jenne and the street,
and mithed to a fault built, like most
the sample truth when she hinded at the
entomable lore. Attribute with the depths of a fault built, like most
and marked to a fault built, like most
the cellent woman, a genius at cookery,
and an ambie to a fault built, like most
in ferred and many young halds were
and marked to a fault built, like most
in ferred and morning treet.

The K-L mitures are easily made with
the K-K-L mitures are easily made with
the first many having and tender
to tree, the late of the consuming the morning of the month of the presence of the many through the same of the same with the same of the same o

the matter; weepingly explains in his own language, the Jeanne, who possibly understands him, quickly discovers that he has a thorn in his foot. Now a thorn in his foot. Like Androcles, Jeanne knows no fear. She goes down on he knows no fear. She goes down on he knows no fear. She goes down on his his tense anxiety and interest, and, on his tense anxiety and interest, and, on his tense anxiety and interest, and, on his bark is too premature: the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature: the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature: the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his bark is too premature; the thorn is good in the his his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is good in the his hard is too premature; the thorn is too premature; the his hard premature a

THE MODERN MOTHER.

Children shudder at castor oil, and with good reason. Castor oil is a relic of old-time barbarism. Not only it is repulsive to the taste, but it gripes and torture) delicate children. Modern mothers use Esby's Own Tabletts, a gentle laxative which does not gripe; a com-forting medicine which may be given to a forting medicine which may be given to a new-both babe without fear of harm. These Tableto cure all the minor ills of little ones, and promote natural sleep and repose. Mrs. R. H. James, Fenaghvale, Ont., says: "I find great satisfaction in the use of Baby's Own Tablets, and do not know how I could get along without them. They make children well and keep them well." And you have a guarantee that there is not one particle of opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Sold by medicine dealer or by cine. Sold by medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

ABSOLUTE SIGN OF DEATH.

Reaction of Litmus Paper Will Show

When Life is Extinct. Henry de Varigny reviews in the Paris Temps a book by MM. Brissemoret and Ambard which he thinks interesting in itself and an invaluable contribution to biology. The book devotes itself to the search for an absolutely infallible sign of death, a quest made important by what is feared and believed to be a too prevalent danger of burial alive. This is the safeguard already called the Brisse

moret-Ambard sign.

The instruments for obtaining the sign are simple enough—a hypodermic syringe and a piece of litmus paper. Any doctor may make the test with ease. The sign itself grows out of a well-known fact, which is the change that occurs fact, which is the change that occurs in the liver and spleen from the alkaline state of life to the acid state in deat It may be said without paradox that life is alkaline, death is acid.

Experiments made show that this ter-hour after the last breath. With man about half an hour is needed. But two hours efter death the process has markedly proceeded, and twenty-four hours afterwards the acidification has advanced to extreme intensity. It would seem, therefore, as Brissemoret and Ambard point out, that there is aforded a sure means of ascertaining the presence of death, and even of fixing the time at which it occurred.

Bayonet to the Front. (Rochester Democrat.)

The bayonet is not a nice weapon, either in appearance or in its uses. It represents the ugliest kind of battle fighting, the handto-hand, plain, unmitigated, purposeful killing of a feilow man. Modern thought and
sentiment condemned it as too barbarous in
purpose and action for modern civilized
troops. But the lessons of the Russo-Japaness war, as read by American experts, seem
to teach that the bayonet is still an essential as in the old days when men were not
so anxious to refine away the crude horrors
of the battlefield. Certain conditions in
modern warfare, the deadly work of the
long-distance repeating rifle and the scythelike operations of the machine guns, necessitate night category with silence and cold
steel. So the edd beyonet, which was hung
on the way of the days of chivalry, has to-hand, plain, unmitigated, purposeful kill-