

Blue Ribbon Tea has the largest sale in the Dominion - Why? Simply because the consumer has found it to be the most reliable tea he can buy.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Monica, after leaving Florence, sped down a side stairway and out into the grounds, without meeting any one for a moment, and then hurried to the little summer-house where August was awaiting her. Her heart was beating with quick, impatient throbs, and filled with a wild, sweet hope. August, her old-time friend, her secret lover, as she fondly believed, was here, close at hand. Oh, it would be joy to see him!—to hear his well-remembered voice once more—to touch his hand—to look into his tender eyes. And he had long been searching for her, he had told Florence. Then Carl King and his daughter must have fabricated to account for her disappearance. He had doubtless suspected something of their treachery, and so had taken it upon himself to seek her, with the hope of helping to right her wrong. Faster and faster he flew over the green sward until she came in sight of the pagoda, when she slackened her pace and tried to still her wildly throbbing heart. But Castaldi had caught the sound of her step, light as it was, and muffled by the velvet turf, and he sprang to the door to meet her just as she paused before it. "Sororita, senorita!" he breathed, in his rich tones, which were vibrant with a tenderness which she strove in vain to repress, for, although he had long worshipped the daughter of his late employer, he felt that his late employer, he felt that to betray his affection was presumption, and she the heiress to millions. "August, oh, August!" Monica panted, in reply, and stretching out both hands to him with an eagerness and joy not to be mistaken. He gathered them both into his, and for a moment neither could speak, they were so overcome by the meeting. The act was so full of tenderness and protection, it was more than Monica could bear. Bowing her head upon their clasped hands, she burst into a passion of tears and sobs that shook her slight frame like a reed. August was also deeply moved—her emotion nearly unmanned him. "Alma mia, alma mia!" he murmured, tenderly, and gently drawing her within the pagoda, made her sit down. But the flood-gates once lifted, it was not an easy matter for Monica to recover herself, and the presence of this home friend, whom she both trusted and loved, she almost unconsciously rested her head upon his shoulder while she sobbed out the grief of her long-buried, homesick heart. August was thrilled by his soubred her words, her tears, her abandonment, all told him that he was beloved, even as he loved. In this moment of transport he also forgot everything but the fact of her presence; and, infolding her in his strong arms, he laid his cheek against her golden head and murmured fond, soothing terms of endearment in his musical, Spanish tongue. Gradually, however, the girl began to regain her self-control, and her tears and sobs grew less copious, and frequent intervals of deep sighs heaved her chest at intervals. But still she lay passive in her lover's embrace, tranquil and happy in the consciousness of his presence, and somehow oblivious as if her troubles were all over for all time. August was the first to recover from his emotion and break the silence, a feeling very like guilt oppressing him because he had so far forgotten himself as to confess his affection for his benefactor's wealthy daughter. "Sororita, forgive me," he began, humbly, as he gently released her; "this meeting so sudden, so unexpected, has surprised me into confessions, which, under other circumstances, torture would not have extracted from my lips." Monica but drew a small hand and arrested the words upon those self-same lips. "Hush, August," she whispered; "you have frightened them, and—and I do not wish them, and—and I should feel the great shock of joy that went quivering through him at her words. "Alma mia, alma mia!" he exclaimed, his tones tremulous with happiness. "Can it be possible?—do you hope that you return my great love for you? Ah! I have hardly dared to dream of so much joy."

"Ah," said Monica, smiling, "now I know why her voice moved me so; I thought at the time, it was simply because of its familiar Spanish accent." "And in London, too, I was near you in the same character; only I went out with a basket of small wares instead of bouquets; and I do not dare to approach you, for fear that you would recognize me as the woman whom you have seen in New York, and suspect me. It was enough for me to know that you were well and happy, and it would have seemed presumptuous of me to force myself upon your notice. Still I watched; something told me that your cousins were plotting against you; that you might be hunted by day; that your lodgings in St. James' square, one day I saw Carl King, and his laughter go out alone. That same evening I saw him take a violent-looking man in with him, and an ambulance was driven to the door, and you were brought out and put into it. When it drove away I rode on the steps behind and so learned where you were taken, and afterward I hunted the place in the character of a gypsy peddler. I made friends with one of the servants, and in that way managed to keep posted regarding your condition, while I was all the time secretly plotting to release you as soon as you should be well enough to go out. But no opportunity offered, and one day I was told that you had escaped. Although I was overjoyed to learn that you were free, yet I was almost distracted to hear that you were in London, generally scoured London for you, but without gaining the slightest clue to your whereabouts. Then there came a cable message from my mother, informing me that Carl King was on the point of sailing for Mexico, and wanted me to report with all possible despatch, to the Senorita Inez, in Paris, to act as her secretary, courier, etc. But for the hope of learning something of you, by remaining abroad, I should have refused to comply with this request. But I thought if your cousins had again got you into their power, I might possibly discover it by remaining in their service; while if you also remained abroad, there was always the chance of meeting you. So I joined Miss Inez at the appointed time. I learned, through my mother and my friend of whom I have spoken, that Carl King's special object in returning to Mexico was to purchase a claim adjoining the mine—a claim which he had discovered contained a richer vein of ore in that region. He found it had already been purchased by his daughter, I am now the owner of that claim." "An August," Monica repeated, in surprise, as he paused. "Yes, love, your father told me the secret of it that night he lay dying in the mine." "Dying?" August cried. "I thought he was dead when you found him." "No, dear, he was living, and he told me many things, but I have not dared to speak of them," she somewhat hesitatingly. "He had been known to purchase it, and intended to purchase it; but he told me of the secret, to do so. You and your cousin, Mr. Seaver, had been gone from Mexico a week when it was purchased by my friend, and I was named, but with our united capital; and to-day, darling, we are making rapid strides toward justice. I cannot yet match your millions, my love, but the time is not distant when I can hope to offer you enough to absolve you of all suspicion of being a fortune-hunter." "Hush, August! I would not mind if you did not possess a dollar, so long as I know that you have your love, and that you will take care of me."

PALE WEAK GIRLS

Obtain Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks and Perfect Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Jennie Burrows, Rigault, Que., says: "I write to thank you for the wonderful benefit you Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. I am now 22 years of age, but from the time I was fourteen I did not enjoy good health. A couple of years ago while attending school I grew worse, and the Sisters in charge called in a doctor. After treatment for some time, without any improvement, he told me that I must discontinue my studies. When I got home I was sent to Caledonia Springs. The first month I was there it seemed to help me, but all the medicine I had taken, the help was only temporary, and I relapsed into my former condition. I grew so pale and weak-like that strangers called me the wax figure. My heart beat so violently that I could hear the noise it made. I was so weak I could not walk a block without support, or without resting two or three times. My head would sometimes ache so violently as to almost drive me wild, and I was so dizzy I would grow so dizzy that I could not read a book. I was taking treatment, but all the time was getting worse and worse, and I hardly hoped ever to be better again. At this time I read in a newspaper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I determined to try them. By the time I had used half a dozen boxes I had improved a great deal. From that on, week by week, I gained in health and strength, until by the time I had used eleven boxes I was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am now well, strong and thank God for the blessing of good health your wonderful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conferred upon me. I would strongly advise every weak and ailing girl who reads this to lose no time in taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Miss Burrows because they made the rich red blood necessary to drive disease from the system. The system, then, they brought to the root of the matter in the blood and cure that. That is why they cure all troubles due to bad blood. Anemia, paleness, eruptions of the skin, palpitation, headache, kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuritis, general debility, and all these are all due to bad blood, and are speedily routed from the system by the rich red blood made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a chance on a cheap substitute. Get the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," as printed on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STOCKMEN AND SEED.

The Stocking of Grain—Difference in Strains and Varieties. Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch. In discussing this subject at the Ontario Winter Fair, Mr. G. H. Clark, Chief of the Seed Division, Ottawa, said: "My observations have led me to believe that breeders and feeders regard the importance of good seed more alive to the importance of the seed than farmers who sell the bulk of their hay or grain. The farms of most good stock men are kept in a high state of fertility. In consequence they are able to grow better crops than their neighbors, who sell their grain, but it occurs to me that on most stockmen's farms much more profitable crops would be obtained if the seed used were always the best; the seed, though its cost may seem high, is always the cheapest. It is highly important that the variety be well suited to the conditions of soil on which it is used. But there may be a wide difference between the strains of seed of the same variety. The productive capacity of the seed may be reached before that of the soil. You will find a strain of seed of Banner oats on one of your best fields and get a return of sixty bushels per acre, or you may use another strain of the same variety, on the same field, in the same year, and get only thirty bushels per acre, and get seventy bushels per acre, at practically the same cost. Similarly you may use one sire, the progeny of which may be fed at a loss, or another sire that will get good paying stock. It was in view of these opportunities that Prof. Robertson started the project four years ago that led up to the formation in June last of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, the work of which is conducted on a basis not dissimilar to that adopted by our live stock associations. We have twenty-three farmers in On-

LOVE AND AMBITION.

I like to watch the cars awing around the corner. I like to think of the power that makes them go. Car after car I allowed to pass me because I liked to watch them. I boarded the Wells streets limits car, which is mine. All cars are badly ventilated. I always ride on this grip. The only room that was left was along the side. On the long seat were two men and two girls. I was at the very end. One of the men and one of the girls were sweethearts. The other two were just good friends. The sweethearts talked of their future. They bought a house and furnished it from top to bottom. She made holders in her fancy and he helped stitch them. He paid impossible prices for dream furniture and she helped spend the dream money. After a while they got down to everyday realities. "We will be very economical," said the girl. "I have no use for people who are not." She was wise indeed. She said it prettily, too. Her blue eyes looked at him adoringly. I could see it as we sped past the tunnel lights. Once, I am not sure, in a space of dark I heard a sound that was like a kiss. They were a very loving and silly pair, really. Not aristocratic enough to be ashamed of it, you know, which is somewhat unusual.

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DEATH IN ABUSE OF EYES.

Apoplexy and Heart Disease Due to Strain on the Sight. Dr. Chalmers Prentice told the members of the Illinois Optical Society at the annual meeting which was held yesterday that many cases of apoplexy and heart failure because they abused their eyes. "Men come from the farm to the city and break down because of the strain upon the eyes," said the optician, as he advanced to the speaker's table. The annual session was held in the Masonic Temple. "In the country their eyes are accustomed to long distances. They go on until middle age without confining themselves to an office. Then suddenly they come to a city. After that their eyes must be used in work that is confining. The result is that they break down prematurely. People wonder what caused it. They are right when they attribute it to the sudden change in the mode of life. But it is the unusual test on the eyes that causes the snap. Men who break down and die of heart disease and apoplexy are often the victims of their own shortsightedness. They have not treated their eyes properly. The test is too severe. The eyes respond by undermining the integrity of the brain. A breakdown accompanied by a fatal stroke of apoplexy is the penalty." Dr. Prentice advocated an innovation in the practice of the optician. "Do not be content with the story told by the man who comes to you for relief," he said. "Of course it is necessary that you question him closely about his hours of work, the time and the length of his working day. But that will not suffice. It would be well for you to go to that man's place of business and study his desk, the light that strikes it, and then you will be in a position to prescribe for him intelligently. "Those details make all the difference in the way we study the occupation of your client. Do you prescribe for a farmer as you would for a mining director, even though they suffer from the same ailment? Every case must be treated separately." The advertising optician and the physician who discovers after he has taken much money from a patient who should have been treated by an optician came in for severe denunciation after the morning session. Several papers were read, and an experience meeting followed. "In my town a woman recently came to me and said that she was suffering from stomach trouble," said Dr. Crane. "For two or three years she had been visiting a physician regularly, and he had been prescribing for her. Last he told her that he could do her no good and that I was the man for her. He leaves toward her. Suppose," he said, softly, "suppose that I never rise any higher in the business. Would it, make any difference in your love?" She fumbled in her answer. "N—n—n—n," she said. "No difference, but I should be disappointed—that's all." "Tell you this," spoke the gripman so that only I could hear. "They won't be happy. She's got ambitions." "Ambition is a fine thing," I replied. "If you had been a man of ambition, you might have been president of the road."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

This medicine comes as a message of hope to all worried mothers. It is the best thing in the world for stomach, bowels and teething troubles, which make little ones weak, sickly and peevish. It will make your baby well, and keep it well, and you have a positive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. James Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and would not be without them. Mothers who have sickly, cross and fretful children will find these Tablets a great blessing. These are strong, hopeful words from a mother who has proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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