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FORTY CENTS SHOULD BE FIFTY

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

She made a movement at last, and her arm went out to him with a letter in her hand.

He started, and the blood surged to his face for a moment.

"It is the letter—he gave you," he said, hoarsely.

She made a motion of assent.

He smiled bitterly.

"Elaune," he said, "do you think I would take it from you, deprive you of it? How little you know me. It is yours by right, the best of all rights. Keep it. I will not take it—touch it!"

She crushed it in her hand as if she only half comprehended him, and was scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

"Come," he said, almost inaudibly, with a deep sigh. "You must not stay here any longer, Elaune. You are worn out—ill; you must get some rest. To-morrow I will see your father and tell him that all is over between us. Is it of him that you are afraid? You need not be. I think. Remember that you have promised to let me be your friend. I have some influence with him, I think, and—shall I fully understand that the engagement has been broken by my fault, not yours. Don't cry, for God's sake, don't cry—I will see you again. I can hear to stand here and see you give way like this. Come, now, take my arm, for the last time, Elaune."

He bent over her and put his arm round her to raise her.

For a moment she seemed to yield to him, to his caress—for it was caress as well as love that she felt. She broke from him, and panting and trembling, rose and looked at him. Looked at him with an expression in her eyes of such agony, that for the moment he was dazed and dumfounded.

"Elaune!" The cry broke from him dully, imploringly, for it seemed to him that she had dark eyes said, "I love you still"; but as if his voice had recalled her to herself, and with a shudder she put out her hand as if to keep him off.

He took it and held it firmly.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I will remember that we are parted; that you are no longer mine. I will not say a word of the love I still bear you, not one word. Let me help you upstairs; you are weak and ill."

She drew her hand from his and turned away from him as if refusing, repulsing, his offer of assistance, and moved toward the door.

As she did so she came into the full light of the lamp, and he saw dark red spots on her cheeks—upon the sleeve of her dress.

He saw it as one sees small, trivial things at such moments of extreme excitement and emotion. But though it was forgotten at the moment, it had been seen, and the memory of it would revive.

He did not repeat his offer of help, when she passed him with faltering steps, went and followed her to the foot of the stairs. As she caught the balustrade with her trembling hand, she turned and looked at him.

"Good-by," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Elaune!" Her lips moved, but no sound came, and she went slowly up the stairs and out of his sight.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Elaune, with that last look of anguish farewell, went to her room, and locking the door, fell upon the bed as if the strength which she had fought so hard for had suddenly expired. It was all over. She had seen him for the last time. Almost to the last moment she had cherished a faint hope that the letter might be a forgery, that he would explain its fatal import away, but he had not even attempted to do so, and all that Charles Sherman had said to him was true. In all the world there was no man more wicked, more cruel, than this man who had won her

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because the little ones suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, and sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which are kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. J. Ferguson, No. 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff, sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

heart, who had made himself her hero and her god. For the rest of her life, through all the dreary years that might stretch before her, she must deaden the aching of her heart by repeating this bitter letter to herself. She must tear his image from all one's heart and soul with every fibre of one's being—but to forget. With a moan she covered her face with her writhing hands, and vainly tried to shut out the face that haunted her in the dark, passionate face with its terrible pallor of sorrow and remorse.

The marquis went back to the library with heavy feet. His head sank upon his breast.

He, too, had hoped against hope—had hoped that she might have said a word—one word—that would have explained away her supposed falseness. But in the terrible game of cross purposes they were playing, her words and manner had deceived him as completely as his had deceived her.

He dropped on to the chair at the writing table, and leaned his head on his hands, remaining so half an hour perhaps, then he roused himself. He must leave the castle early in the morning before the rest were down; he would see the major only, and persuade him to consent to Elaune's marriage with the captain. There were certain things he must see to, documents to sign, and so on. He wrote a letter to Ingram, the steward, stating that he was going abroad, and giving him various instructions.

He stopped in the middle of writing this, for his mind was hurried and dull, and his head felt hot, and he took off his dress-coat to exchange it for a velvet smoking-jacket which lay on one of the chairs. As he did so something fell from the pocket of the coat he was taking off, and he saw that it was the rose and lily dagger. He picked it up with a sense that the thing was so to speak, obtruding itself upon him, and he looked at it dully, he saw for the first time, distinctly, that the handle, the blade itself, was stained red. There was blood, too, upon his right wrist, and a spot—two—on the side of his shirt-front next his pocket.

Then there flashed upon his mind with the sharpness and vividness of lightning the remembrance of the red stains upon Elaune's sleeve. And with this came the recollection of the awful cry which Luigi—and he, too—had heard.

Still holding the dagger, he put on the velvet coat, and stood, his brow knitted, his brain trying to find a clue to this fresh tangle in the incidents of the night. And while he stood, troubled and perplexed, there came a couple of hesitating steps to the window.

The sound was so unexpected, that the stillness broke so latent, that he started with a sudden sharp sense of dread, and stood motionless and staring at the window.

The taps came again, this time less hesitating and more imperative, and a voice said guardedly, but distinctly:

"Who is there? Is it you, my lord?"

He recognized the voice as that of Davie, the head keeper, and recognized, too, the tone of anxiety and agitation.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a low voice. "Is that you, Davie?"

As he spoke he crossed the room, unlocked the window and opened it.

The headkeeper stood on the steps. He was bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves.

"Yes, it's me, my lord," he said, in a subdued voice. "I saw the light, and thought it might be your lordship, and so—and so—"

"Is anything the matter?" interrupted the marquis. "Come inside."

Davie stepped inside the room and looked into the hall.

"Something is the matter, my lord. An accident has happened."

"An accident?" echoed the marquis. "What accident? At this time of night?"

"I was coming through the West Spinnery a matter of three-quarters of an hour ago, my lord, when I saw that the grass was beaten down along the bank. I followed it up, my lord, and tracked it to the bridge. And I was leaning over, looking round, when the moon cleared—it was just before the rain—he touched his wet coat-sleeve—and I saw something lying in the stream. Here his voice dropped until it was nearly inaudible. "I thought it was a bunch that had fallen in—or a man's coat or something at first; but I jumped over and—and it was a man, my lord! Dead, my lord!" And his

rough voice fell to a hoarse whisper. The marquis did not move or utter a word, but looked the man in the face as if he were hard at work on some mental problem, which the keeper's words had set him.

"A dead man, my lord!" repeated Davie, hurriedly. "I was took all about for a moment, my lord, and didn't know what to do. I—I'm ashamed to say I was afraid to touch him! It was so sudden, you see, my lord. I blew my whistle for George, and waited till Saunders came up."

"Saunders?" repeated the marquis mechanically, as if this was a new piece in the intricate problem he was trying to arrange.

"Yes, my lord, the new inspector. It seems as if he was out on the patrol along the bank, and heard my whistle. Between us we—"

"The gentleman?" said the marquis. "You knew him, then?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Davie in a whisper. "It's Captain Sherwin, my lord."

The marquis' hand fell on the back of a chair standing near him, and grasped it tightly. "Captain Sherwin?" he said. "Are you—sure?"

"Oh, yes," knew the captain well, saw him most every day. Yes, it's him right enough, poor gentleman."

The marquis stood motionless as a statue, his lips compressed tightly, his brows contracted.

Davie waited in respectful silence for a moment or two, then he stammered apologetically:

"I'm afraid I've not said on you too sudden, my lord; but I tried to break it easily. I'm—I'm rather upset myself, my lord you see."

The marquis raised his head.

"Where did you find him?" he asked, slowly.

"In the stream, my lord, just below the bridge. He was lying half on his side, his arms outstretched; like this, my lord, says, that his strong attitude of hideous imitation."

The marquis turned his head away.

"What—what have you done with him?" he inquired, almost inaudibly. "Was he carried home to my cottage, my lord?"

"Does anyone know—?" began the marquis, then stopped.

"No, my lord; no one but Mr. Saunders, my lord, and you now, my lord."

The marquis left the room, and came back with the soft cap on his head.

"I will go with you," he said.

Davie looked at him hesitatingly.

"—Is it necessary, beggin' your lordship's pardon? It's late, and nothing can be done to-night. My lord, I'm sure, that it's raining in torrents, my lord."

The marquis turned up the collar of the velvet coat, and signed to him to go on.

"It isn't at all necessary, my lord, I'm sure," said the keeper.

The marquis closed the window after them quietly. There was something terrible and unnatural in the intense stillness of the huge house. It seemed as if every soul should be awake and shouting "Murder!" instead of lying wrapped in slumber.

It was raining hard, and pitch dark.

"If you'll wait a moment, my lord," said Davie, and he struck a match behind his cap and lit his dark lantern.

The marquis seized his arm.

"Shade it," he said slowly. "We might be seen by those in the house, and alarm them. I can find my way."

"If you'll put your hand on my shoulder—beggin' your pardon, my lord," suggested Davie, and the marquis laid his hand on the man's shoulder. He remembered the man's hand as firm as a rock. They made their way along the terrace, on to which the library window shrouded, and down the steps to the shrubbery, through which Elaune had gone to meet Bridget—as she thought; through which Luigi Zanti had heard her rustle soon after the cry had fallen on his ears in a small glade to the left of the shrubbery.

No light was burning in the window, and the keeper muttered surprise. They stopped at the door, and a voice, low, but clear and cool, inquired:

"Who is that?"

"It's me, and his lordship the marquis," replied Davie. "Where's the light?"

"Come in," said the voice. "The light has gone out."

Davie slipped back the slide of his lantern and lighted the doorway, and the marquis entered.

The inspector, in his summer uniform of dark blue and buff, stood beside an old sofa, upon which something in the form of a man lay shrouded by a sheet. The light fell upon it for a moment, then shrank away as Davie moved the lantern to and fro.

Inspector Saunders drew himself up and saluted. As he did so Davie naturally turned the light on his face, and the marquis looked at him, looking at him steadily, searchingly, almost as if he were taking the man's mental measure.

The inspector was a small, wiry man of middle age, with small, sharp eyes, and thin, determined lips.

The marquis had not seen him before; for the inspector had only been recently appointed. He had distinguished himself in London, and had been sent down to the country for the benefit of his health. He had been rather badly used by a couple of burglars whom he had tracked down and arrested.

He took the lantern from the keeper's hand, and turning the light on the marquis, looked him over, respectfully enough, but with a certain self-possession of a London policeman.

"Sorry to disturb you, my lord," he said, in the subdued tone which comes so naturally in the presence of death. "A bad business, my lord."

The marquis glanced at the couch; he had not spoken as yet.

The inspector drew back the sheet and flooded the form with light.

The marquis bent down and looked at the white, stiff face. It was calm and placid with the peace of death, save only for a slight contraction of the brows. A morsel of some weed had become entangled in the close cut hair, and still hung there.

"Yes," the marquis said under his breath, "it is he!"

The inspector glanced up at him sharply.

"He? You mean, my lord?" he asked respectfully.

"It is Captain Sherwin," said the marquis.

The inspector nodded.

"You identify him, my lord. It's important you should first see him after death. I don't count. It is Captain Sherwin? I don't know the gentleman."

The marquis inclined his head.

"Yes, it is he," he said. "How—how He paused as if he could not frame the question in its entirety, and Saunders drew down the cloth and pointed.

There was a red stain on the left side and on the dark lounge coat; in the centre of the stain a clear cut.

The inspector with finger and thumb opened the coat, and the lantern, held in his right hand, showed that the cut was through the waistcoat, the shirt and the body itself.

The marquis had seen dead men before, but his nerves were of steel. Ever since Davie had announced the awful tidings, all along the shrubbery, he had been preparing himself for the sight; but as it came, his eyes he drew back and shuddered.

Davie drew a chair for him and put out his rough hand as if to offer him support, but in a moment the marquis seemed to recover himself.

"He has been—," he said in a low voice.

"Murdered, my lord," finished the inspector. "That's the stab" pointing to the wound; "a straight-from-the-shoulder stab. I've seen 'em before—twice. It's murder, plain enough."

CHAPTER XXV.

"You speak positively," said the marquis, slowly, almost mechanically, as if his thoughts were hard at work in another direction. "It may be suicide. You cannot say."

Inspector Saunders shook his head; he ridiculed the suspicion that it was a case of suicide. He declared, also, that the captain could not have been dead long when the body was discovered.

In a short time the constable who had been sent for Dr. Simmons entered the cottage, followed by the physician.

After saluting the marquis, Dr. Simmons, an elderly man, advanced to the body and bent over it.

"Why, I saw Captain Sherwin at the club last night," he said. "It may be suicide. You cannot say."

The keeper lit a lamp, and left the lantern standing on the table. Its three circles of light shined upon Saunders' sharp eyes, reflective and absent at first, suddenly grew fixed, and focussed themselves upon him. He drew nearer and nearer, and his eyes seemed to settle and grow upon him. It almost seemed as if he had forgotten the doctor—the dead man himself.

(To be Continued.)

Notwithstanding the fact that year after year the potato crop in Canada is very much lessened by blight and rot, and that this blight can be prevented to a large extent by spraying comparatively few farmers spray their potatoes to prevent this disease. It has been known for about eighteen years that Bordeaux mixture will prevent the blight, and it has been frequently demonstrated by experimenters and by other growers of potatoes that the crop is much increased by spraying. In order, however, to get potato growers to spray, it is necessary to keep constantly demonstrating the value of it. The result of the tests made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in 1902 and 1903 should be sufficient to induce everybody who lives in a disease infected district to spray.

In 1901 eight varieties were tested. The average increase in yield per acre of the eight varieties, where sprayed, was 94 bushels in one variety. Lower, there was an increase of 171 bushels, and in another 155 bushels per acre.

In 1902, eleven varieties were tested. The average increase in yield of marketable potatoes, where sprayed, was 120 bushels per acre, the yield per acre of marketable potatoes from the sprayed being 310 bushels, and from the unsprayed 190 bushels 54 lbs. The cost of the bluestone, which is the principal expense, was \$7.98 per acre, or 114 lbs. at 7 cents per lb. would be lost. At 40 cents a bushel, an increase of 120 bushels would mean \$48, or after deducting the cost of the bluestone, about \$40.

The object of spraying is to destroy the spores of the disease on the foliage. If the mixture is not there when the spores are there the

DO GIRLS MAKE TOO MUCH OF ATTENTIONS?

Half the miseries of life spring from the attention that men pay to women. Of course, men don't understand women, but then, they know they can never hope to do so, and don't attempt the impossible. Most of the "taken" girls, red-haired girls, dark girls, fair girls, rosy-haired girls, chestnut-haired girls, dyed-haired girls; fat girls, thin girls, willowy girls, chubby girls, etc., etc., during the period from eighteen to twenty-seven. These are the years in which a man looks round, not with a view to selecting one, but with a desire to see what nature had to offer, should he at any subsequent period wish to foreswear bachelorhood.

Now, as far as I can see there is no reason why men should be blamed for this. The pity of it is that the girls don't realize that, like nine-tenths of the good ladies who attend bazaars, he has no intention of marrying them.

He meets Miss Goldenhair at a ball, dances three times with her, writes her name and address on his cuff, comes over for a week-end, and then upon a sudden, without any warning, sends her chocolates, buys her flowers, and occasionally takes her out to a cafe for tea.

Miss Goldenhair is flattered by the attention, and takes it as a sign of love. Worst of all, she presumes upon them, and persuades herself that some day he will ask her to marry him.

Meanwhile, Miss Darkhair has come along and the large-hearted man is repeating the little comedy. I suppose, dear girl readers, you will gnash your teeth and call him names—you'll be angry with me for using the word comedy. You'll vow it's a crime and bitter tragedy, and that Miss Goldenhair's heart is broken. Unfortunately, in a great many instances I shall be obliged to grant that it's certainly cracked. But why won't women be reasonable? This is the eternal question of the mere male throughout the ages. A woman's heart is a priceless treasure; the fact is indisputable. Every man realizes it, and hopes down at the bottom of his consciousness he'll be found worthy to give it. But he doesn't want it given for nothing, and he certainly doesn't want hearts by the dozen.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," says Solomon. Now, the point is, how many of ten girls is that they want to give it away. Bluntly, a heart is a tiresome appendage—it takes no end of looking after, it adds all the uses of life; it is decidedly pleasant to get rid of it, to make someone else a present of it, and so shelve responsibility. That's one reason why girls are so ready to give it away to the first comer. Nevertheless, are not made to give away; it's a duty every woman owes to herself to keep hers—always. If she can't give away as long as possible, she'll have a half pound of chocolates, a rose or two, a few hours' conversation, a little interchange of ideas, some Christmas cards, even gloves, some Christmas cards, even presents made to make a settling

for comedy, the comedy of life's springtime. If girls would only burden of tragedy parts on young and inexperienced players, how much more merrily the world would wag.

I am serious, very serious, in this day of mine. The woman who is doing the road of progress that it seems a pity she should not go further. We men want to worship you; we long to lie in the dust at your feet so that you can pick us up and set us on thrones. We burn to do great things—to show you how strong we are, to compel your admiration; to lay siege to your heart; to take possession of it, to take it beyond our utmost deserts, and we know it. That's why it makes a man angry instead of grateful when he finds girls giving him their hearts. "Can't after all be worth what I fancied—can anything worth having be had for nothing?" he asks.

Dear girls, don't fancy a man has serious intentions when he finds girls giving him their hearts. "Can't after all be worth what I fancied—can anything worth having be had for nothing?" he asks.

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FRUIT TRADE WITH THE WEST IN A CRITICAL CONDITION

Department of Agriculture, Communications Branch, Ottawa, July 9, 1903.

The fruit division, Ottawa, gives out the following statement: Numerous requests have been received from Manitoba and the Northwest Territories for Ontario fruit of the best quality, put up in neat and attractive packages of the sort that western dealers prefer to handle. There are immense possibilities in this western trade for the Ontario fruit-grower, but up-to-date methods of packing and shipping will have to be adopted at once, or the whole of this great and growing business will be captured by the Americans.

Inspector P. P. of Winnipeg writes that matters have come to a critical stage, and that unless Ontario now makes a determined bid for the trade, the market will be occupied almost exclusively by fruit from California, Oregon, and British Columbia. In the case of apples, even Kansas and Missouri are likely to be strong competitors. According to Mr. Philip, the packages wanted in the Winnipeg market are the following: Early apples, the bushel box; pears, the half-box, holding twenty pounds of wrapped fruit; peaches and plums, the crates holding four boxes, similar to those used by California shippers, and which are well known in all Canadian markets.

It is very important that Ontario shippers should realize the critical stage at which this trade has arrived, and that they should make a united effort to capture the Western market, not only by perfecting the details of their own end of the business, but by taking up the matter of transportation with the express and railway companies in order to secure if possible a better and quicker service to Winnipeg. At present fruit is frequently forwarded by express from Toronto to Winnipeg via Smith's Falls, sent even via Montreal, to connect with the through trains. The result is that the fruit is on the road from 18 to 24 hours longer than it would be if sent via North Bay, and consequently it does not arrive in Winnipeg in the best condition. If the carrying companies can be convinced that Ontario growers are prepared to maintain a steady shipment of fruit in modern packages, and not merely to send overboard fruit that the east does not want, put up in all sorts of antiquated shapes, there is little doubt that adequate service will be provided, at a rate which will compare favorably with that now enjoyed by Oregon and California shippers. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

Now is the Time to Spread Potatoes

Notwithstanding the fact that year after year the potato crop in Canada is very much lessened by blight and rot, and that this blight can be prevented to a large extent by spraying comparatively few farmers spray their potatoes to prevent this disease. It has been known for about eighteen years that Bordeaux mixture will prevent the blight, and it has been frequently demonstrated by experimenters and by other growers of potatoes that the crop is much increased by spraying. In order, however, to get potato growers to spray, it is necessary to keep constantly demonstrating the value of it. The result of the tests made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in 1902 and 1903 should be sufficient to induce everybody who lives in a disease infected district to spray.

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Weak, Languid, Sickly Children

Who Grow Up Frail of Body and Exhausted in Nerve Force Are Wonderfully Benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is a puzzle to many parents to know just what to do for children who get pale, weak and languid, lose their appetite and ambition, and seem to gradually fall in health and strength.

Because of its mild and gentle action Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is especially suitable to the needs of children, and endorsed by a great many grateful parents.

Mrs. George F. Brislin, Lake Street, Peterboro, Ont., states:

"One of my children, a boy of about fifteen years, did not have good health for a year or more. He seemed to have no energy, was weak and languid and suffered from nervousness. The doctors said that he was growing too fast, but we began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It was not long until we noticed a great change in his condition. His appetite improved, he had a better color and soon became stronger and healthier. He is still using the Nerve Food, and we are perfectly confident that he is improving right along under this treatment."

Mrs. D. Ardies, Brandon, Man., writes: "My son, aged fourteen, and little girl of three years, were both stricken with St. Vitus' Dance. The doctor told us what the ailment was, but could not keep them from getting worse and worse, so when I received a book about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. The boy had lost eighteen pounds in two months, and could scarcely take hold of anything. The little girl lost ten pounds in her tongue, and could scarcely speak. I now take pleasure in stating that they are both quite well, and you would never know there had been anything the matter. The boy has gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I am very thankful there is such a medicine on the market, and that I happened to get the little book just when I did. It just came in time as though it had been sent on purpose."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.