



Blue Ribbon Tea is "hill grown" Ceylon tea. The best tea because it grows slowly in the cool mountain air and obtains all the fragrance and deliciousness the plant can extract from a soil rich in these properties.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. Should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

The Rose and Lily Dagger

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

"Oh, but you've never seen Pilatus in better form than he is to-night," she went on eagerly. "You must go just to please me. You don't know how proud I am of that particular bit of scenery."

hered to him until the fourth ballot when Blaine was nominated. If Mr. Roosevelt should be nominated by his party for the presidency next year, about opposition will have been pertinently said, in violation of an unwritten law which has proved quite as binding as that which forbids a third consecutive term for a President.

A WOMAN'S FACE

Plainly Indicates the Condition of Her Health.

How to Obtain Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks and the Elastic Step of Perfect Health.

"A woman's face," said a well-known physician, "is a mirror which reflects unerringly the condition of her health. One can tell at a glance if she is well or not, and usually one can tell what the trouble is. It so often happens that instead of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, yellowish-green complexion and a languidness of step that bespeaks disease, and perhaps an early death if the right treatment is not resorted to."

Out of many cases which illustrate the truth of this may be cited that of Miss Amanda Dampousse, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., who says: "For more than six months I suffered greatly from weakness, bordering almost on nervous prostration. I suffered from headaches, palpitation of the heart, and pains in all my limbs. I had no energy, no appetite, no color, and my nights were sleepless. I consulted three doctors, but none of them seemed able to cure me. A friend strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I finally followed her advice. With the use of the first box my health began to improve, and five boxes completely restored me. I now have a good appetite, headache and pains have disappeared, and I never feel better in my life than I do now. If I am ever sick again you may be sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only doctor."

If you have any disease like anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, nervousness, rheumatism, or any of the other host of troubles caused by bad blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely cure you. Be careful to get the genuine, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicinal dealers or sent post paid for \$2.00 by a box or six boxes for \$10.00 by writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Plug Hat Said to be Doomed. Springfield, Mass., Republican.

Can it be that the top hat, against which so many seemingly fruitless wars have been waged, is at last to be deposed from its position of proud supremacy? The depression in the hat market has induced in London a said to be increasing, and of the 6,000 men engaged only a few years ago more than half are now out of employment. The reason assigned for this is that the "topper" is the one badge of respectability in London business life.

WHEN BABY CRIES.

When a baby cries almost continually it is a certain sign that the stomach is suffering from indigestion. The mother should at once give it a dose of Baby's Own Tablets, which sweeten the stomach, relax the bowels, and give relief to the mother. Mrs. Fred McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., who has had experience, writes: "When my little boy was two months old he began to cry, and kept it up several weeks. I gave him medicine, but it did not seem to ease him a bit. I had not at this time used Baby's Own Tablets, but when I saw that he was suffering so much I bought a box. He obtained ease almost from the first dose, and in a few days was quite well. Since then I have given him Baby's Own Tablets, and he is a bright, laughing, good-natured baby. I hold the Tablets in the highest regard, and cheerfully recommend them to all mothers. The Tablets are the only medicine I have used for my children. They are good for children of all ages and always cure all their minor ailments. Sold by medicinal dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

and is 100 feet long and 12 feet wide. During cold nights the roosting quarters are covered by a thick blanket-covered frame. The fowls are kept warm at night. On account of the cold winter weather throughout Canada a warm roosting pen should be built in every single poultry house.

It is the intention of the Department of Agriculture to develop the utility-type strain of Barred Plymouth Rocks and to distribute them to the farmers at a nominal price. Last year about 800 Barred Plymouth Rocks were sold to the farmers. The demand for Plymouth Rocks has greatly increased this year. The poultry breeding stations are equipped with incubators, brooders, and movable houses. One incubator will generally hatch as many chickens as 20 sitting hens. The most satisfactory method of rearing 250 or more chickens a year is with these movable houses and indoor breeders. The house and brooder are cheap in construction and can be built at home. It is profitable for almost every farmer rear a large city to raise and fatten from 200 to 500 chickens a year.

The chicken rearing stations are operated by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Que., and Vernon River Bridge, P. E. I. They carry on the same work as the poultry breeding stations, except that the eggs for hatching are brought from farmers who possess good flocks of Barred Plymouth Rocks. There are no specially selected Plymouth Rock pullets at these stations.

The chicken fattening stations are located at Sandwich, Ont., Stamford, Que., Rogersville, N. B., East Amherst, and Northeast Margaree, N.S., Alberton, Glengowan, Bess, Mount Stewart, and Eldon, P. E. I. These fattening stations purchase chickens from the farmers for fattening. The stations have an equipment of fattening crates, shap- ing boxes, etc. The chickens are fattened for 24 days in the crates, and at the completion of that time are starved 36 hours, killed by dislocation of the neck, pressed into a square shape and packed into boxes. This year it is the intention of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, to sell fattened chickens on all the principal Canadian markets and to show the consumer the improved quality of crate-fattened chickens. Up to the present time no chickens have been exported by the Department of Great Britain. The quantity shipped from the stations is I consulted three doctors, but none of them seemed able to cure me. A friend strongly urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I finally followed her advice. With the use of the first box my health began to improve, and five boxes completely restored me. I now have a good appetite, headache and pains have disappeared, and I never feel better in my life than I do now. If I am ever sick again you may be sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only doctor."

ABOUT THE HOG.

Condiments or Correctives—Various Kinds.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Hogs that are closely confined and highly fed require a corrective of some kind to maintain the digestive system in a normal condition of health, and the fatter the pig the greater the necessity, says Live Stock Commissioner, F. W. Hodson. When the digestive organs become clogged with fat their ability to digest and assimilate is weakened. When a hog is running at large, he does not root up the pasture from pure love of exercise, nor does he do it because of innate cunningness. He roots to obtain something for his stomach, and the craving for food and the tearing at the trough and sides of the pen; and hogs have been known to tear apart brick walls in order to get at the mortar. The cause of this unnatural craving is that the natural food is not available in part to a lack of ash in the food, for, as has already been stated, a hog may be getting all the grain he can eat and yet be partially starved, because of the lack of ash in the system are insufficiently supplied. It has been attributed by some to the presence of intestinal worms, and by others to some form of indigestion. However, it may be the result of the animal economy, by these substances, one thing is clear, that when they are supplied, hogs are healthier, eat better, thrive better, and consequently pay better.

Charcoal is probably one of the best correctives; and, when it can be readily obtained, it will pay to keep a supply in some place where the hogs can get at it whenever they like. The following preparation is that used by Mr. Theodore Louis, one of the most successful hog feeders in the United States, and should be an excellent tonic: "Take six bushels of corncob charcoal; three bushels of common charcoal; eight pounds of salt; two quarts of air-slaked lime; one bushel of good ashes. Break the charcoal well down, with shovel or other implement, and thoroughly mix. Then take one and a quarter pounds of copperas and dissolve in hot water, and with an ordinary watering pot sprinkle over the whole mass and then again mix thoroughly. Put this mixture into the self-feeding boxes, and place where hogs of all ages can get at their coats at pleasure. The charcoal furnishes the required mineral matter which may have been lacking in the food, and is also an excellent corrector of digestive troubles, while the copperas is a valuable tonic and stomachic. If the charcoal is at all hard to get, its place is taken almost as well by sods or earth rich in humus. It is questionable, indeed, if there is anything better than sods or vegetable mold taken from the woodlot. If a small quantity be given into each trough, it is astonishing to see how much of it the hogs will consume, and the improved health and thrift of the animals will be a revelation to the feeder that has never before experienced such results."

POULTRY STATIONS.

Different Kinds of Stations and Their Location in Canada.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch. The Dominion Department of Agriculture has in operation in Canada three utility-type Barred Plymouth Rock poultry stations, and ten chicken fattening stations—sixteen in all. The poultry breeding stations are located in Holmestown and Bowmanville, Ont., and Bondville, Que. At each of these stations a modern poultry house is erected, and about 125 utility-type Barred Plymouth Rock pullets are kept. At Holmestown and Bowmanville double poultry houses are built. These houses are 80 feet long and 16 feet wide, and contain ten breeding pens of Barred Plymouth Rocks. The roosting quarters are separated from the exercising pens, and are planned to withstand the cold. The birds are kept warm at night. The single poultry house is erected at Bondville, Que.

of those getting bonn meal or ashes was very marked. The pigs fed exclusively on corn were most plainly dwarfed. When slaughtered the several lots showed no difference in the proportion of fat or lean, nor was there any difference in the size or character of the various internal organs. The bones, however, were a most interesting study. The table given below shows clearly the more economical gains, and the greater strength of bones in the case of the animals furnished with ashes or bone meal. It is quite evident that corn meal, salt and water do not supply all the elements essential to bone and muscle.

Result with pigs living on corn meal with or without bone meal and hardwood ashes in addition. Wisconsin Station.

	When bone meal ashes neither was fed	When bone meal was fed	When hardwood ashes were fed
Corn meal required to produce 100 lbs. of gain, lbs.	487	491	629
Average breaking strength of thigh bones, lbs.	680	581	301
Average ash in thigh bone, grams	166	150	107

Yours very truly, W. A. Gleason, Publication Clerk.

Scenes in Johannesburg

Take my arm and come with me. Sweaty through the streets of Johannesburg, past the shops ablaze with light, past the loitering crowd that saunters idly, past the throbbing theatres where bursts of melody and spasmodic sentences of applause reach the ear through opening doors. Keep out of the light—the cold, white, steadfast lights that line the mile-long streets; let us creep away into the sideways where are the tumble-down tin shanty of Ramsamy and the dirt-begrimed windows of Petrifick-Jasac, the son of Joseph—behind which this very man is fiddling a cecilia by the light of a flickering candle. You will see him still at work when you return, this same Petrifick; well into the night he will work, plugging his needles and mending alone—who knows what? Then he will draw a filthy blanket over his greasy form and sleep till the morning sun awakes him, and then again he will work till the day-dream and the candle's successor. But our business is not with him; only we must pass the road in which he dwells before we get to the east. He sits in his fifth of Poland in a post between east and west, between Orient and Occident.

Beyond, the houses grow bewilderingly various. Slope, leisurely straggled with some dim idea of being beautiful, have finished by becoming patchily tin. The bulder has never finished. Unsentimental necessity grasped him by the throat, thrusting him aside to make room for a hundred aliens. They did not object to unfinished work. The window sashes were never painted, and some of the panes were never set in. In and to-day, behind red-paned sashes and glassless windows the proscribed of Poland live happily enough. We are out of range of the white, merciless light—that discipline of Truth that emphasizes our wrinkles and traces the patches on our threadbare coats. Here the light is more mellow, more pleasing. It is a yellow light and none too bright, and here the houses are tin. They are artificial enough. There is music here. Vase, gilded thinly, has its votaries, the thin priest, and its temples—little tin temples scented with Florida water.

The tin town continues beyond the tin, but the lower end is silent. So silent that you might think you had by accident happened upon a colony living up to the standard set by the moral Mr. Franklin Early to bed. The silence of the quiet night, no light gleams in any window, no smoke rises from the crasy courtyard. Early to rise, you know, they are, for daybreak sees this little colony alive, with bamboo rod and laden baskets, chattering, running, flooding and trading. For this is the Chinese quarter.

Knock softly on one of the iron gates. There is no answer. Here is a door, "The Hoki Laundry." Knock here, and if anybody comes, in- vent some laundry urgently required by a fictitious client. But nobody will come. But I have not brought you here

SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE

Bring Hosts of Coughs and Colds—Serious Results Are Prevented by the Use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Coughs and colds usually arise from sudden changes of temperature. It may be change of weather, passing from a warmer to a cooler room or exposure to a draught. It is not always possible to prevent exposure in these ways, but it is possible to prevent serious results by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The great medicine has saved thousands of lives by preventing pneumonia, consumption and other forms of lung trouble. It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and the coughs and colds to which children are subject. Being pleasant to the taste, the little ones delight to take it. It is prized by the old people because of the prompt and thorough relief it brings for asthma and other chronic ailments of the bronchial tubes. The very fact that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of any other remedy, and was never

for the pleasure of knocking at an unresponsive door. I knew all along that it would not be opened to you. But in a few minutes the gate of Chinatown will be opened to us, and Chinatown, obsequious and smiling, will greet us with injured surprise and lamblike innocence. For the police are very close at hand, all while we have been walking this way; they have been shadowing us on either hand. You may not have seen them, but they have been close enough. And now, watch. They appear like magi from side streets and unprospected alleys. In ones, in twos, in threes. And they are coming towards us. Did I tell you we have building a normal frame work of bone and muscle.

There is no noise, no melodramatic entrance, and two men have sealed the iron gateway, and have dropped into darkness on the other side. A second more, and the gate grates open on rusty hinges, and we are inside. It is rather disappointing at first. There is nothing suggestive of the Flowery Land—no pagodas or tea houses or joss houses, only three sides of a garbaged-atmosphere, and a few shanties which are the solid tea shanties of John. But it strikes you immediately that nobody is asleep. In fact, everybody is wide awake. A dozen Chinamen of all sizes and ages are sitting around a red-hot brazier, on which some mess is stewing, and all the little houses that have no lights have smouldering wicks—which is significant.

Somebody flashes an electric torch over the deserted hotel. The hastily-extinguished candle still glows, and its small fills all space. There is a closed door in one corner of the apartment. The sergeant puts his shoulder to it, and the sergeant being a man of many pounds, it gives. There is a passage, and there are some steps leading downward, and there is another door outlined in light. This yields to a push.

We—that is, you, the police, and I—we do not apologize, even though we have obviously broken up what promised to be a successful evening. The curiously-colored board supported on a trestle table, and the weird, pawn-like pieces scattered at our unceremonious intrusion, are implements employed in the game of Fan-tan. It is an institution that Ho Ki, the Chow, carries away from his fatherland, and it is the outward and visible demonstration of the patriotism of Ho Ki, Wunhi, Ho Ka and Cho W-ke, in no wise perturbed, sit around the wall of the dug-out in which this classical game is played. There are some men in places at the board, and there is a trap-door near the roof to which a ladder ascends. The banker has departed. Gambling is a crime, even in Johannesburg, and when they fall in, outside, from whence they will march to the police station with great docility.

There is another door leading from the gambling den. It is locked, evidently from the other side, but the sergeant's shoulder is better than a skeleton key. Crash! The room is bare except for a frame bed and a table. On this is a candle spluttering in its socket. On the bed lies a man who does not move, his eyes are half closed, his hand grasps a pipe, and the sickening stench of opium fills the room.

"Wake up, Johnny, where's your pass, eh?" Leave them to arouse him, and follow the police captain to the joss house. The priest opens the door of a tin shanty, in no wise differing from the dozen about, except that the interior resembles for all the world a large-sized tea-chest turned inside out. Here gold, on black, certain moral precepts of Confucius crawl up the walls like so many artificial spiders. On the altar is a small image of a black-bearded god. Before the altar, joss sticks, wooden swords, spears, and tinned baubles. Not so very inspiring, and certainly nothing to justify the pleasant scowl of the priestly custodian.

Now back again to the opium room. There is a group of policemen round the bed of the dreamer. "Can't you rouse him?" I ask. "Then I look and see how unnecessary was my question. The Chinese have a pretty little cemetery of their own near Braamfontein—Wagar Wallace, in London Mall.

Precept and Practice. "James, where are you going to-night?" "Why, my dear, I am to lecture before the Advanced Women's Club." "Well, you be sure to get home before midnight, and be careful of your conduct, too. What's your lecture about?" "How to Have a Happy Home."

THE ADVANCED WOMEN'S CLUB.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., states: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared I would develop into consumption and did not succeed in getting proper treatment. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and I began to improve. Before I had taken half a bottle, one bottle cured my cold which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine." Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, family size, (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the name of Dr. W. Chase, the famous author, is on every article.

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