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She knew, as though she had heard the words, that Waring—having noticed the understanding between her and the man who was all but her avowed lover, had asked him if they were engaged—if it would be interfering with his (Lisle's) rights were he to offer himself to her in this crisis of her fortune. Lisle had, no doubt, disclaimed all wish to make her his wife, and coolly given his approval to Waring's pretensions. More, he had not hesitated to recommend his rival. What a reverse to the picture her fancy had hitherto presented, of Lisle vainly struggling against his love for her—hesitating lest her relatives or herself should not thing him a sufficiently good match for her—of his estasy when the time came, and she permitted him to see how dear he had grown. Now behold! the time of trial came, and he was eager to hand her over to another. How could she have been so blind—so deluded? Her rage was more against herself than against him. Her long slender fingers clutched the arms of the seat with feverish force, in her agony and self-contempt. How could she have been so weak, so conceited, as to suppose that she had become all in all to such a man as St. John Lisle? Yet, yet he did admire and seek her! A hundred instances crowded on her memory which might well have misled her; but she knew that she had not been so deceived. Her heart was not not have occurred had he not loved her at the time. If he had, why did he change so suddenly? What had she done to forfeit the tenderness of which she was so sure? Not she was not all self-deceived. He was not all self-deceived. He might be less hard upon herself than she questioned the prudence of her own action on hearing his astounding proposal. Was it well to have played the part she did, in affecting to care for the man who had been so kind and more dignified to have rebuked him for his interference, and refused to listen to his pleading? For the present, every desire was merged in her passionate wish to hide her wounds, and make Lisle believe she was as strong, as worldly, and as indifferent as himself—that his conduct did not cost her a pang. What a lesson he had taught her of her own insignificance, of the delusion she had trusted. As to poor Waring, she bestowed no consideration on his honest affection for her. Of all the house party at Horrowby Chase, she had taken least notice of him. Their previous intercourse had consisted of a few meetings at evening parties, where he had perseveringly asked her to dance, and she had as perseveringly endeavored to evade him. Of this he was unaware, as her manners were so softly gracious, and she hated to give pain.

Now this ungracious, shy, inarticulate young man was thrust upon her by Lisle, who had so often turned him into ridicule. Anything was good enough for a girl who was penniless and almost unprotected. If she had been a man, she thought, while her cheeks glowed, and her heart beat fast—very hard, before she would consent to marry him. It was almost impossible he should deign to look at her. She had always seemed so ill at ease in her presence. She wished him a better fate! Then the vision of Lisle rose before her, distinguished, self-reliant, strong, always ready to say the right thing—a man with whom to live would be to take a liberty, and his voice vibrated again on the chords of memory, his eyes looked into hers. Not she had not deceived herself—there had been moments when St. John Lisle had loved her passionately, and she had loved him forever. Grannie might regain her little fortune, wealth might pour in upon them, but nothing could ever be to her what it had been. Between the present and the past a great gulf yawned—which nothing could fill. And poor grannie! Mona's heart reproached her for having utterly forgotten grannie, who had been so stung by the terrible loss which had befallen her. How her proud, worldly, yet so much more than worldly, would the disgraces of poverty. Grannie who loved her so well, even while she tyrannized over her—she had often been rebellious, selfish, now she would try and comfort the poor old woman. She had built such hopes upon Mona, and now everything was crumbled to the dust. The blank dreariness of the future appalled her. How could she live on—and if grannie succumbed to this attack, what was to become of her? At the thought of her isolation of all the benefits she had received from her aged protectress, her grief and agitation found vent in a flood of tears, which lasted for many minutes, yet brought relief and the calmness of exhaustion.

The Hon. Mrs. Newburgh, sister of the late and aunt of the present Viscount Sunderline, had had much disappointment in her long life. Beginning with all the advantages of rank and beauty, she had seen numerous excellent offers—to accept, at the mature age of thirty-five, the good-looking horsey son of a Yorkshire squire. He loved her, but he also feared her—which condition of mind led to much concealment of difficulties, and their consequent complications. Mrs. Newburgh was a woman of strong will, with some business capacity, and she always held on firmly to her own small fortune. Her only son went into the army, and she had a daughter, who resembled her father in character, formed a strong attachment for an obscure young Scotsman, whom she met accidentally in the Highlands, under somewhat romantic circumstances. Mrs. Newburgh set her face against such a disgraceful union; she dragged her pretty daughter from one continental court to another, and finally tried to force her to marry an Englishman of high position and large fortune. This was too much, and the weak, simple, frightened girl fled to her Scotch lover. Her mother renounced her, and never saw her face again.

From this time Mrs. Newburgh devoted herself to increasing her fortune, both by saving and by speculation. She returned to London, and once more took her place in society. The announcement of her daughter's death made little or no change in her way of life; she made no attempt to communicate with the bereaved husband, and seemed to forget she ever had a daughter. About five years later she was startled by a letter from the minister of a church in the neighborhood of Glasgow, describing the last moments of Kenneth Craig, who had been a broken man ever since the death of his wife, and enclosing a brief letter to Mrs. Newburgh from the deceased. In it he simply said that the pay of a bank clerk had been too small to permit him to lay any thing by for his little girl, that his own people were poor, that he trusted her mother's mother would do so far forgive as not to punish the innocent, and begged her to give the child sufficient education to earn her bread honestly. She was named, he said, Mona Jocelyn, after her mother and her uncle.

Mrs. Newburgh answered this appeal by sending for the little bright-eyed six-yearling, and placing her at a school specially arranged for children whose parents were either dead or absent. It was in the country, and kept by a quiet, motherly old maid. For some time her grandmother never saw Mona, but one spring when the child had nearly attained her tenth year, scarlet fever broke out in the school, and little Mona was sent off without a word of warning to Mrs. Newburgh, who had been spending a few months in town, and was packed up and ready to start for the continent.

Though dreadfully annoyed by the contumacious Mrs. Newburgh was struck and pleased with the improvement and promise of her granddaughter, especially as she was very like her late uncle, her reddish hair being a legacy from the plebeian Craigs. Finally she took her abroad, and placed her first at a convent school in Paris, and after in an educational establishment of a very superior description in Dresden. Here Mrs. Newburgh occasionally visited her, and she remained till she was seventeen, when she went to reside with her grandmother in London; she continued to study music under the best masters, and was always present when Mrs. Newburgh received. The spring before the opening of the story she had been presented, her grand success, and hoped for a brilliant marriage, when the blow fell which ruined all.

It was quite dark when Mona reached St. Pancras; she was utterly weary, and profoundly still. As a porter threw open the carriage door, a respectable foreign-looking man, somewhat tan-colored in complexion, and pear-shaped in figure, growing small to the feet and spreading out roundly above, put him aside. Raising his hat, he said in German: "Welcome, my fraulein. I hope you are not fatigued." "Yes, a little, Wehner. How is my grandmother?" "Better, my fraulein, but weak, ah, very weak! She is looking anxiously for you. If you get into the cab, I will find your baggage."

CHAPTER II. Mona employed the interval passed in the darkness and solitude of the cab, which conveyed her home in a resolute effort to regain her self-possession. She dreaded to meet grannie's keen, observant eyes; she dreaded, too, the mood which her severe losses would most probably have induced. Mrs. Newburgh, though generally keeping herself well in hand, had her tempers, and Mona became a favorite chiefly because she was not frightened by them. She was far from realizing as yet the total loss which had befallen her.

The door was opened by Mrs. Newburgh's maid, a very important person with whom Mona had not infrequently differed of opinion. Her face was expressive of ill-temper and disgust. "Mrs. Newburgh has been worrying herself and everyone else because she fancies you are late, miss," was her salutation. "I do not think I am, Hooper." "I dare say not, only you see she is all wrong about time—a minute or an hour, it's all one to her. I never thought you would see her alive. After she read about that cruel, deceitful, swindling company in the paper, she sent off Mr. Wehner for Mr. Macquibber. After they had talked a bit, the bell rang sharp; I was called, and there was Mrs. Newburgh in a dead faint. I thought she would never come to. We called the doctor and put her to bed, but she had three more faints before night. Then we telegraphed for you, miss. Nothing would keep her in bed this afternoon—she got up and dressed." "Poor, dear grannie! I will go to her at once!" "You've you have a cup of tea first, miss. You are looking dreadful bad." "No, thank you, Hooper." She went quickly upstairs to her grandmother's room, and, having paused for a second at the door, went in softly. Mrs. Newburgh sat at a writing table covered with letters, papers, accounts and cheque books—some notes and gold at her right hand. She was wrapped in a morning gown of dark red cashmere, and her gray hair was neatly arranged under her lace cap; but Mona was startled by the ghastliness of her face. Mrs. Newburgh had borne the wear and tear of time well, and, having accepted her age without a struggle for youthful appearance, did not look her seventy-six years. Now she might have been a hundred. Her cheeks seemed thin and more sunken wrinkles had come about her mouth, the muscles of which were relaxed into a downward curve; her face was deadly white; her eyes were dim and frightened, the hands which lay on the table were yellow and tremulous. Mona's heart thrilled with pity at the sight of such a wreck. "Oh, grannie!—dear grannie!" was all she could say, coming quickly to her and gathering up the old withered hands into her own, as she kissed her cheek. The old lady clasped her almost convulsively. "I thought you would never come," she whispered, brokenly. "Do you know that everything is gone!—everything. We can not stay here. This is the last money I can call my own"—and she freed one hand to clutch the gold notes. "I don't seem able to understand the figures or anything. You will not leave me, Mona. Hooper is so cross that"—gathering force by a supreme effort, and speaking with something of her natural decision—"I should in any case dismiss her; for me all is over. I am too old to struggle any longer. I have fought a brave fight, but fate is against me. Mona my child, can you forgive me for losing the little fortune I intended for you. Somebody told me I ought to draw out of that company—I forget what I forgot all names; but I thought I might wait a little longer, the interest was so high, and I have begged you. Can you forgive me?" "Forgive you?" cried Mona, sinking on her knees and clasping her arms round her trembling grannie. "What have I to forgive? Rather let me pray your forgiveness for my want of obedience and subservience. Where should I be but for you? I owe you everything. Send away Hooper—I will be your maid, your nurse, your servant—anything that can help or comfort you." "Foolish, hasty child," murmured Mrs. Newburgh, laying her hand tenderly on the young head pressed against her. "I believe you love me a little." And the poor, dear, little face brightened for a moment as the skeptical, world-hardened woman caught a breath of the divine consolation human love alone can give, and which all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them can not replace. "I do love you, dear. I will do whatever you wish; and do not be so cast down—something will be arranged for us. We can go away and live in the country, then we shall not want expensive dresses, and—"

"You little know—your little know," murmured Mrs. Newburgh. "Thank God, I have few debts. I think I have paid every one—intending to go abroad for some months. This has been an expensive year, and there was no time for you to make a good allowance. No time—no time."

While these changes were going on, Mona was profoundly anxious about her grandmother. At times she was keen, eager, fully alive to what was going on; then a cloud would gather over her poor brain, and things seemed to slip from her. She could not get out of her night, and was reluctant to let any other relatives approach her. When urged by Oakley to acquaint her nephew, Lord Sunderline, with the state of her affairs, she asked sharply what good that would do. "He has little enough for himself, and never forgave me for adopting Mona." "But, my dear madam, some steps must be taken to provide for the future." "I wish nothing would provide for me," returned Mrs. Newburgh, with a deep sigh; "I am a helpless incubus now." "I am sure no one else thinks so," said the solicitor, soothingly. "Is there not some balance at your bankers that you might place in—say Sir Robert Everard's hand, just to secure some ready money?" "I will see; I will look into my accounts, but for the present I am too tired to discuss anything further."

Mrs. Newburgh could not, however, complain of any want of interest on the part of her numerous friends and acquaintances; she was overwhelmed with letters of condolence, inquiry, of the most impossible suggestions. They were generally read aloud by her granddaughter, or as much of them as she would listen to. Sometimes she would sit in her room, silent. (To be continued.)

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GROWING BOYS

Need an Occasional Tonic to Maintain Strength and Keep the Skin Clear

On every side one sees young men and growing boys with pale, pasty complexions, their faces covered with pimples and their gait shambling and listless. Such a condition is extremely dangerous. The blood is out of order—a complete breakdown is sure to put matters right; to give that spring to the step; that clearness to the skin and that glow of active health to the face, a tonic is needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are needed as proof of this, Mr. Charles Diefenthal, 12 St. Ursula street, Quebec, says: "Frequently my studies necessitated my remaining up until a late hour. The result was that my system gradually weakened, and in December, 1903, I seemed to collapse. I was completely run down and went under the care of a doctor, but instead of gaining strength, I seemed to grow weaker. I could not take solid food, did not sleep well, and my weakening night sweats gave me further cause for alarm. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice and I began their use. Almost from the outset they seemed to help me, but it was some weeks before there was a marked change for the better. From that time on, however, recovery was rapid, and in a couple of months I was as vigorous as ever I had been, and able to resume my studies."

SOME CHICAGO DON'TS.

As the city police do not provide sufficient protection, residents of Chicago have been compelled to establish private police forces, each of which guards a small neighborhood. As an outgrowth of this need of self-protection the Chicago resident has enforced upon him a list of don'ts which the following is a sample:

- 1. Don't let mail accumulate in vestibule mail boxes. Have the janitor remove it as a notice to flat workers that you are out and the coast is clear.
2. Don't leave directions to your grocer on the back door. This is another tip to the burglar that you are out.
3. Don't open the door to any one after dark without knowing who it is. Call through the tube or ask behind the locked door.
4. Don't trust a stranger because he is well dressed. The immaculate thief is dangerous; the ragged one is generally harmless.
5. Don't trust the locks. Most apartment locks let to a burglar on jimmy them in half a minute without noise. Get special bolts.
6. Don't leave the house without making sure that all windows are fastened. Leave all curtains up, with possible exception of bedroom. This often fools a burglar.
7. Don't be anxious to get a cigar if you find one in the house. Invite him to take it all, and the first chance you get run to a neighbor and call the police.
8. Don't scream in the presence of a burglar or a hold-up man. If he is an amateur he may lose his presence of mind and hurt you.
9. Don't walk close to a building after dark; give an alley a good margin.
10. These are all very well as far as they go, but we can suggest just one which would make all the others unnecessary. It is this: Don't live in Chicago.

ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of baby's health and happiness is constant vigilance on the mother's part. The little child is absolutely free from opiates and harmful drugs. Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Hebron, N. B., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for curing the ills of young children. I always keep the Tablets in the house, and do not know how I could get along without them." Sold by all dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Quality Counts That's what has made



the Standard to-day. This is why you should buy Blue Ribbon Tea. Only one BEST—Blue Ribbon Tea.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

The College was established in 1874. Its objects were twofold: First, to train young men in the science and art of improved husbandry; and second, to conduct experiments and publish the results. In 1875, the President said in his first report: "It is evident to the most cursory observer that Canada depends, and will be obliged for many years to depend, largely, if not exclusively, on her raw produce for her national wealth. And amongst the various forms of raw material, none are so valuable as those included under the head of Agricultural Produce."

Farmers visit the college in June and December to the number of nearly 40,000, and we had last year in attendance at the various College classes 1,004 students. In the beginning students were paid to attend the institution, and there was practically no revenue from the College or farm. In 1905, we turned into the Provincial treasury as revenue from the College and farm \$61,568.20. The work of the different departments is as follows:

- 1. Field Agriculture. Teaching of students and experimenting with field crops is the work of this department. In Mr. Zavitz' report of last year the following paragraph appears under the head of "Barley": "The results show that the Mandseuri gave decidedly the greatest yield per acre of the four varieties for the whole period of five years, and also for the last five years. The Mandseuri gave an average of 9.3 bushels per acre per annum over the common six-rowed barley in the average increase of over five million bushels of barley in Ontario annually. This increase at fifty cents per bushel would amount to about two and a half million dollars. Two and a half million dollars annually would pay the running expenses of about thirty Agricultural Colleges like the one located at Guelph. The Mandseuri barley was imported from Russia by the Ontario Agricultural College in the spring of 1889. Not only has it made a very excellent record at the college, but it has given high results in the co-operative experiments throughout Ontario, and has been grown in general cultivation very successfully during the past few years. In looking up the records of the Bureau of Industry we find that the average yield of barley throughout the Province for the period of ten years from 1895 to 1904, inclusive, is 20.3 bushels per acre; while that for the period of ten years from 1885 to 1894, inclusive, was 24.85 bushels per acre. This shows an annual average increase of about 4.2 bushels per acre, for the latter, as compared with the former period of ten years.
2. Animal Husbandry. Here students are taught the comparative values of about twenty breeds of domestic animals and the crops grown on the farms of Ontario. It is fed to live stock, it will be seen at a glance how important it is to be able to tell a good feeder when one sees it.
3. Dairying. The making of better butter and better cheese and the breeding and feeding of better dairy animals. The average cow in Ontario gives less than 3,000 pounds of milk per year. The College, by careful selection and proper feeding, has built up a grade cow which, in 1904, contained sixteen cows which gave more than 6,000 pounds each.
4. Horticulture. Here we are somewhat handicapped by severe climatic conditions. Being 900 feet above Lake Ontario, we cannot grow the more delicate fruits. Students are given instruction in the growing of all kinds of fruit, vegetables and flowers; and experiments are conducted with the small fruits and with clover crops for the orchard.
5. Bacteriology. Nitrogen is one of the principal needs of a plant. It is worth commercially about 20 cents a pound. The air is 80 per cent nitrogen, and yet plants cannot use it in the form in which it appears in the atmosphere. Certain bacteria, if introduced into the soil, will work results of clover and other leguminous plants, take the nitrogen from the atmosphere and convert it into plant food. Our bacteriologist propagates in his laboratory and supplies in small bottles millions of these nitrogen forming bacteria, which may be spread upon the seed before it is sown, and thus introduce into the soil these nitrate-forming bacteria. A crop of clover will leave in the soil in the roots alone about fifty pounds of nitrogen per acre. Thus the plant food supplied to the soil by a crop of clover is \$10 per acre in one year, and the farmer has the clover crop, tops and leaves to the good. This, if practised on every farm, would mean millions each year to the Province.
6. Chemistry. It was said a few years ago that sugar beets could not be grown profitably in this Province. Our Department of Chemistry conducted experiments in the different parts of Ontario and analyzed the beets at different stages of growth. It is now known that we can grow as good beets as in any part of the world, and men are putting their money into the building of sugar beet factories. Over 22,000,000 lbs. of good beet sugar were made in Western Ontario last year. Chemistry did it.
Our Chemistry Department last year analyzed flour made from four different grades of wheat grown in the Northwest. There was a difference of many cents per bushel in the market value of these wheats, and yet, after analyzing the flour and having bread made from each of the different lots, it was found that the fourth grade made bread just as good, just as palatable, just as much bread per bushel of flour, and just as nutritious as the higher grade, but it was not so bright in color. The result of this analysis will enable poor people, or people in modern circumstances, to get the best bread for their families at very much less than they have been paying.
7. Physics. In this department are taught the principles of soil cultivation and soil drainage.
8. Botany. In this department the subject of weeds and how to destroy them, the question of fungous growth, and when and how to spray to exterminate them, the importance of growing grasses and clovers, and such things are taken up and discussed.
9. Entomology. Again, millions of dollars are lost every year by insect depredation. Only by studying the life history and habits of an insect can it be properly combated.
10. Poultry. Chickens used to sell anywhere on the market from 20 to 30 cents a piece. To-day they bring three times that amount, where they have been properly fed, killed and dressed. We have no trouble in disposing of our poultry here at from 12 to 15 cents the dressed, and our students are taught how to breed and feed so as to obtain these results. We have four different styles of poultry houses, to test the effects of heat, and cold on the egg-laying properties; hence we find that the coldest and therefore the cheapest house, is the best, and that fresh air, not warm air, is essential to good egg production.
11. Macdonald Institute. Three things are taught: Domestic Science, Manual Training, and Nature Study. In Domestic Science there were 360 girls in attendance last year, each one being obliged to learn cooking, sewing, and laundry work. In a Province where one out of every four women do their own household work, what a blessing it would be if they were all properly trained for their daily duties. Manual Training makes boys and girls handy in the use of simple tools, and Nature Study, which is really elementary agriculture, helps in the extent that the teacher can return and give to their pupils an education that will more nearly fit them for the earning of their daily bread.
The college is then doing three things: First, fitting up boys and girls for their life work on the farm; second, by experimenting along different lines it is saving the farmers millions of dollars each year by securing for them exact data reference to the value of different farm crops, farm animals, and so forth; and Third, by the writing and publication of bulletins and reports, the farmer is supplied in his own home with reliable information in reference to his business.

OIL ALWAYS SCENTED.

Kind Used to Lubricate the Dentist's Tools is Perfumed. (New York Sun.)

"No, we don't perfume axle grease, nor do we scent the oil used on the journals of freight cars," said the dealer, "but there is one lubricating oil that we do scent, and that is the fine oil used on dentists' drills. "Such drills, tiny little drills of beautiful workmanship, are made nowadays for use in every possible position. There are drills that project from the shaft at a right angle, this being made possible by the daintiest little bevel gear. Others are set at an obtuse angle and others, again, are set at an acute angle.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh.

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who succeeds the late Lochiel as Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, is of the Clan Chattan, one of the most famous Scottish clans, which has existed for about five hundred years. May Hall, the beautiful Inverness-shire home of the Mackintosh, is a fine place, with a splendid shooting, which the Prince of Wales greatly enjoyed this autumn when he was the guest of this famous Scottish chieftain. The Mackintosh keeps up the customs of his country; he always wears a kilt when in the north, and every morning at Moy Hall the piper marches round the house playing Scottish air, whilst in the evening after dinner the piper stands the table at which Prince Charles dined the night before the battle of Culloden.

About Monuments.

Major McDowell, clerk of the house in Washington, was chatting with some other Pennsylvania men on the proposal to erect a statue to Senator Quay in Harrisburg. "I am opposed," said the major, "to this business of building useless things, and monuments to the memory of other mortals. The greatest mistake of all is for the friends of the man who is to be honored to insist that he should not have a memorial of that kind. When a man is dead the proper thing to do is to place a heavy slab of stone ornamented with a hand, over an inscription. "Gone home." Let the fingers be well turned in every direction, and then let every man make his own inference as to the direction taken by the departed." Many an element is really planned by the girl's parents.

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