

No doubt your Tea may be good, but if you want to try something better, ask your Grocer for Blue Ribbon.

The Rose and Lily Dagger A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

Then why do you treat me so coldly, so cruelly? he responded quickly, passionately. Why do you not at least give me some hope, unless--? He stopped, and his face lost all its fairness and became distorted by the passion which, in a weak man, is always the strongest--jealousy.

Elaine looked at him, not understanding in the least, then moved away from him toward the bridge. With something like the cry of a spoiled child he sprang after her and actually caught her arm. "I am right," he exclaimed hoarsely; "there is some one else."

Elaine's face grew crimson with indignation now, but she did not utter the denial that sprang to her lips; maliciously she said, "Let me see a little, for no man saving her father had ever held her thus. You have no right--!"

"Right! Yes! I have a right to know who it is who has come between us, I must know!" He stopped, out of breath, and Elaine tried to draw her arm from his grasp; but still he held her, his light eyes flashing fiercely, maddly, into hers, and she uttered a cry. It was not altogether one of fear, for she was a soldier's daughter, and the blood of generations of brave men ran in her veins; nor fear altogether, but a commingling of dread and womanly indignation.

Before the echo of the faint, half-articulate cry died away in the distance, rather than saw a third figure on the bridge beside them, and the next instant someone had struck Captain Sherwin away from her and she was free. She drew back against the railing of the bridge and could distinguish nothing for a moment; then she looked up, and saw a tall, stalwart man standing between her and her too passionate lover.

"She could not see his face, but she knew that he was a stranger to her." Captain Sherwin had been kneeling against the railing, but he recovered himself in an instant, and white almost to lividness, glared at the newcomer. "How-how dare you?" he panted furiously, and he raised the whip.

"The stranger caught it as it descended, flung it over the bridge, and then, by a movement which is an easy one for the accomplished wrestler, seized the young man round the waist, and lifting him bodily, held him over the stream. "Go and pick up your whip, my friend," he said, in a moment in her agitated condition, Elaine was conscious of the quiet, self-contained tones of a voice grave and deep beyond the common.

She sprang forward, and laid her hand tremblingly on the shoulder of that held the captain in his iron grip. "Oh, no, no!" she cried, panting. "You--you will kill him!"

at Elaine, but she did not move, and stood with downcast eyes, one hand resting on the rail of the bridge as Captain Sherwin walked slowly away. The words she said, that she wished to be left alone, and later waiting a moment or two until the other man had begun to climb the hill, he raised his hat, and without a word left her.

But before he had gone many yards he saw her looking where it had fallen from her hands, and he picked it up and held it for a moment as if he were asking himself whether he should take it to her; then he turned back and held it out to her. "Your book," he said. "I am afraid it has not been improved by its fall."

Elaine took it with a murmured "Thank you," and she seemed to be going again, and once more he stopped, not stooping regarding her, reluctantly, and almost against his will.

"The gentleman who has just left us mentioned your name, Miss Delaine," he said. "Why I am sure you are related to Major Delaine, of the 160th?" His voice was still grave, but its sternness was tempered by a gentleness which came as a kind of shock to Elaine.

"I am his daughter," she said, in a low voice. "I thought you must be," he said. "I have not the pleasure of Major Delaine's acquaintance, but I have met Lord Delaine, and heard him speak of your father. I very much regret that I should have been the means, in so much annoyance to his daughter, of this meeting."

"It could not but strike Elaine that though he had refused to apologize to the captain he was doing so to her. And she felt that it was not fair. "I--you were not to blame," she said, with all a woman's desire to do justice. "Excepting," he said, "the fact that you were going to say," he said, with a ghost of a smile, "I plead guilty, Miss Elaine; but before you pass sentence in your mind, please recollect the situation. I did see that man--this gentleman's hand on your arm, and you did cry out, did you not?"

"It was foolish of me," said Elaine, the color sweeping over her face, but leaving it pale again. He did not mean to hurt her; there was no cause for alarm; but I was upset and frightened--"

"Positive," he said, his eyes seeming to penetrate hers and read the workings of her mind. "But you have acquitted me. If he only informed you there was sufficient excuse for what I was beginning to think my impertinence. I wish you had let me drop him over your shoulder. I give you my word I think he deserved it, and I'm sure it would have done him good."

"There was a spice of grotesque humor in the remark which he said this that appealed too strongly to Elaine's always acute sense of the ridiculous, and she smiled, but very faintly. The marquis glanced at the hill up which the captain's figure was slowly disappearing, and smiled, too. "I am afraid he is very angry," he said, but without much fear expressing itself in his voice. "I hope it will not cause you further trouble--"

"No, oh, no," said Elaine hurriedly. "If it should I shan't be able to forgive myself. I have an ugly temper, Miss Delaine," he added. "But you don't need any information on that point, I'm afraid. It is a matter of fact. Elaine colored, and looked down. "I thought--I thought you were very cool and self-possessed," she ventured to say.

He laughed, the short, mirthless laugh. "That was pure deception on my part, I'm afraid. I am always in the worst rage when I am the coolest. I'm afraid if my friend had been here our friend would have got something worse than a ducking." "If I had not been here it would not have happened," said Elaine, blushing again, and feeling angry with herself for doing so. "It really is my fault. If I had not been trespassing--"

"He stopped her with a gesture. "Ah, that's almost unkind," he said reproachfully. "You remind me of the words I used to Captain Sherwin. You know that I did not include you in them. Even in my mind, I hope that you will consider the case as grounds, and all that is in them, at your absolute disposal. Miss Elaine, I should regret this business more keenly even than I do now if I thought it was by the cause of your avoiding the park."

His voice had grown still gentler, and was almost apologetic in its earnestness, but Elaine's eyes were silent. The conventional "Thank you" would have been out of place. "Do you come here often?" he said, looking round at the little glade, and seeing that the bank beneath the lily where she had been sitting.

"Yes," she said. "It is so near the cottage--our house--and so quiet." He added, apologetically, "and there is no one--" She stopped with momentary confusion. "There is no one to break the solitude," he said, again finishing her sentence as if he understood her thoroughly. "Yes, I am not often here. More's the pity," he added, glancing round. "It is a beautiful, as you say." He was silent a moment, as if he were realizing the loveliness of the scene for the first time. Then he went on slowly. "But I am a restless man, and have got into the bad habit of soon tiring of a place."

He leaned against the bridge, and looked down with a graver and darker expression on his face. It almost seemed as if he had forgotten her presence, and Elaine had for the first time an opportunity to look at him without meeting his eyes; womanlike she availed herself of it. The marquis was a handsome man, but it was not the beauty of the face that struck Elaine. Some one says that few women fall in love with a man because he has regular features and fine eyes. Beauty is woman's privilege and right divine, and a man possesses, so to speak, on her preserves. But there was something more striking than regularity of features in the face. Elaine looked at it without appearing to look by the way. There was an expression

BEET ROOT SUGAR.

Will its Manufacture be Profitable in Canada?

THE PRICE OF LABOR. To the Editor--Sir,--To the beet growers, intending beet growers and investors of Ontario I address these lines:

Those who grew beets for sugar making last year know quite well how it resulted. To them I cannot tell more than they know, but they know perfectly well that the promise made to them, so far as the amount of money they were to receive from the beet sugar refineries, did not come up to their expectations, for the reason that they were docked at every turn; for a little bit of earth being left on the beet root after being told that the root was not cut off short enough and that it was at the foot; therefore the farmer did not obtain within 25 per cent. of what he expected to obtain and was promised.

There are four beet factories now in operation in Ontario; there are four more projected. Would it not be well for the grower of beet and the investor in beet sugar to consider whether it be wise to put money into this venture? I can only, from the writer's belief, eventuate in one of three things--the Government of the Dominion of Ontario must provide sufficient money from the treasury funds to pay dividends to the stockholder, the business is a failure, it stands on reason that the labor is so scarce and so high-priced as to-day it is in Ontario, and when labor is so cheap in Europe--agricultural labor being in Europe to-day, where beet is grown, 30c per day for a man, 15c per day for a woman, and child labor 10c per day--we are working under a disadvantage. The business is not yet tested, and has to be tested.

One other thing let us recall, the businesses and factories which have been started were started by promoters, and the new ones which are being advocated are also being started by promoters. Their business is naturally to obtain their commission, which amounts to a considerable sum, and to sell the machinery at an extremely high price, 25 per cent. above its worth, to the stockholders.

Would it not be well for those who are thinking of taking stock in the venture, by growing beets or otherwise, to pause and find out what are the results of the balance sheets of the four factories now in the field, and see whether they were really made by any of them this season. The species promises of the promoters might as well be taken with a grain of salt, and I think it behooves the intending beet grower and investor to think twice before he leaps.

Government bounties are very nice things to get, if possible, without cost to the taxpayer, but apart from such the thinking man it is evident that no dividend can be earned, unless by good fortune and luck, upon which few should wish to depend.

One other and a most important matter to be considered is that it is known, without question, that stock of one of the present working sugar factories is being offered at 50 cents on the dollar. This of itself is significant.

One further matter should not be overlooked. The promoters point to the fact that some beet factories in the United States have paid fair dividends. This is entirely attributable to the higher price of sugar in the United States, which is about 1 cent per pound higher than in Canada, caused by the American tariff on foreign sugar imported, but Canadian tariff, thus affording them 5 cent per pound more protection.

If money is not made by the factories, where does the farmer stand who has grown a crop which he cannot dispose of otherwise? An Observer.

Temporary. N. Y. Sun. Madge--How often do you get a seat in a car? Marjorie--Whenever it goes around a curve and I forget to hold on to the strap.

Gentle Reminder. Philadelphia Inquirer. "Pardon me," said the polite man in the cheap restaurant, "but I don't like anything sweet in my coffee." "It ain't been sweetened at all," replied the waitress, as she set down the thick china cup before him. "Ah! I may be wrong, but I thought I saw your thumb in it."

LIES OF HISTORY.

Many Historical Wonders Doubted When Real Truth is Known. Just as, some thirty years back, Sir Florell, says the Boston Herald, uncovered for us the ruses of Pompeii, thereby enabling us to form a very excellent idea of the appearance of a Roman town of the first century of the Christian era, so, during three years past, have the Germans been uncovering ancient Babylon.

The results have been, though scientifically interesting, somewhat disappointing, for the city has proved to be by no means either so magnificent or extensive as popular imagination has always pictured it. Indeed, Dr. Koldwey, who is in charge of the excavations, asserts positively that the famous walls were certainly not more than eight miles in circumference.

Nor is this all. For not only was the city comparatively insignificant as regards size, but even its vaunted splendor and magnificence of architectural detail could, the doctor declares, have had no real existence. Sun dried mud bricks constituted the only building material available, and large or imposing edifices could not possibly have been constructed by their aid alone. In reality the explorers have convinced themselves, by actual measurement, that not even in Nebuchadnezzar's royal palace was there a single private apartment which would be considered, large enough nowadays for a lady's boudoir.

MAKE THEIR OWN GARDENS.

Ants Form a Fungus in Which Their Winter's Food is Grown. The habits of the ant are an interesting study to naturalists at all times. The ingenuity they display in many things almost passes comprehension and places them upon the highest plane of insect intelligence. Recent study of these little creatures has added another to the many facts that show the intelligence these insects possess. This latest discovery is that some species actually plant and raise their own crops.

The big leaf-cutting ant of the tropics is the most proficient species in the agricultural line. These ants visit plants and cut little fragments out of the leaves. Sometimes they will ruin a whole plantation over night, leaving the plants ragged fragments of their foliage. Until recently it was supposed that the leaf cutters ate the pieces of leaf. But now it is known that they carry the fragments to their mounds, where they chew them over and over, moistening them at the same time with acid secretions, until they have made a soft, spongy mass. This fungus is known as the greater part of their food supply. Different species of ants have different species of fungus.

The most highly developed of them all is grown by a Brazilian ant. It is known as the *rezites gongolophora*. This fungus is very rich and full of albumen, which is particularly loved by the ants. To produce most albumen the fungus must not be permitted to seed. Of course, this is a simple matter well known to every florist and agriculturist. But it certainly is wonderful that ants should have learned it.

They attend the pruning of the fungus stem and suckers just as cheerfully as a human planter would. As soon as the fungus begins to grow it sends out fine thread-like stems into the air. If these are allowed to grow they will finally bear spores. But the ants do not permit them to grow.

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KIDNEY TROUBLE and LUMBAGO.

Thirty Years of Backache and Rheumatism--Winter Season I is Especially Severe--Attributes Cure to DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

This season of the year is especially trying on the older people. The pains and aches grow more severe in the cold and changeable weather, the kidneys get out of order, rheumatism and lumbago torment the victims, there are aching backs and limbs, stomach derangements, urinary and bowel disorders and serious, painful and fatal maladies.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are particularly suited to the needs of persons of advanced age. They regulate and invigorate the liver, kidneys, and bowels and prove effectual when ordinary medicines fail. This letter from Mr. Robert Jackson gives some idea of what this treatment is accomplishing every day.

Mr. Robert Jackson, ship carpenter, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was afflicted with kidney trouble and lumbago for about thirty years. The winters were always very severe on me, and I was many times incapacitated with all the serious symptoms of both troubles. I had backache, biliousness, rheumatism,

headache, and constipation, and was wrecked physically. I used all kinds of medicines, and have been treated by the medical profession to no purpose. "In the spring of 1902 I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and from the start received great benefit. I continued the treatment until I fully recovered good health and vigor, my old trouble being a thing of the past. I am seventy-five years old, and if, at my advanced age, I have received such grand results from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills after years of unnecessary suffering, there can be no doubt of their efficiency in the treatment of younger persons. I recommend them to every one. I have tried to think of words to express my gratitude, but it is beyond expression, for they have done more for me than I could have believed."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Table listing church statistics for the Free Churches of England, including membership figures for various denominations like Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, etc., with a total of 1,982,501 members.

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