

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy - Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

And it was not strange, either Florence Richardson and Monica King, each the very counterpart of the other in all save dress, stood side by side, while each girl for the moment seemed to be gazing at her own reflection in a mirror.

Florence was the first to recover herself. "I beg your pardon," she said, with a smile of charming frankness, but, really, this singular encounter almost takes my breath away, and makes me doubt if I be I."

"Oh, then we shall perhaps be companions for some time yet," said Florence, brightly, and wondering how else comprised the "we"; and you are agreeable, we will be glad to talk more about our singular resemblance later, as she remarked the sweet blue eyes looking so earnestly into hers, and linking that it would be lovely to recover a relative, however distant, this bright, genial girl.

"Then I will see you later," Florence responded, "I must hurry to see now, for some one else will visit the room," and, with another look and a friendly nod, she disappeared.

Half an hour later, as soon as she had made her toilet, Florence sought her new acquaintance in the section, where she found her sister conversing with a woman whom she saw at once was a maid, whom she over and sit with me," she said after exchanging a few words with Monica, "and let us compare notes, I have a section all to myself," she interrupted, with a look sitting side by side, and any beholding them would have seen they were twin sisters.

"My name is Florence Richardson," she said, "I am from Boston, and I am engaged to a very nice fellow, but I have not seen him for some time, and I am very lonely. I have a sister who lives in New York city with her guardian, Mr. Robert Seaver, and I have been traveling around ever since last July."

"And I am Monica King," Monica said, when Florence turned upon her with a great start. "I am from London, and I have been traveling around ever since last July."

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My first avowal to the fact was when, as I was beginning to recover from that fever in Dr. Filin's sanitarium, I overheard a conversation between him and the nurse which opened my eyes to the truth."

"And you say your cousin are now in Rome?" "I know that Inez is there, for I met her one day not long ago in a shop; her father I have not seen. I was so frightened after meeting Inez I rarely left the house."

"Uncle Robert," said Florence, turning to him, "do you remember that brilliant looking girl who presided at the Goddess of Night at the masquerade ball?" "Yes, she wore a train about six yards long, which was carried by a couple of valets, and I never before saw so many diamonds on any one in my life."

"Well, that was Miss Inez King," Florence observed. "Zounds!" cried the man, bringing his hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap, "I believe I see through the whole thing now. She believed you to be your cousin Monica, and she planned that assault upon you that night?"

"Uncle, believe you are right?" exclaimed Florence with a shudder at the remembrance of that horrible experience; "and that train of hers was what was used to smother me, I recall now the feeling of velvet and I noticed it, too, afterwards on the arm of the young man who rescued me. Oh, do you suppose my pages were those two awful men?"

"I should not be at all surprised," replied Mr. Seaver, with sternly compressed lips. "Then, of course, Miss Inez King planned the whole scheme, and I am glad we came away from Rome when we did," said Florence, with a sigh of infinite relief.

"And if I had known what I know now, I would rather have remained and fought the battle out with that scheming woman and her rascally father," her guardian vehemently returned. Then, observing Monica's puzzled face, he smilingly added: "Our other ward thinks we are talking enigmas; tell her the story, dear, and I will go to have a smoke."

"The other ward" looked up at him with a quick flush and smile of gratitude at being thus gathered so kindly under the protection of the wholehearted man, who nodded cordially in return as he passed out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIII. Later in the day Florence had a long and confidential talk with her guardian, telling him her plans regarding her cousin, and the man seconded them most heartily, promising also to do his utmost to help the wronged girl to recover her fortune and bring her persecutors to justice.

On their arrival in Paris, Mr. Seaver took an apartment on the Avenue de l'Opera, and after starting Mrs. Seaver's maid safely off on her way to England, Florence and Monica gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the sights and gayeties around them.

Meanwhile Sir Walter Leighton was paying diligent attention to Miss Inez King, to make up for past remissness in this respect. The lady of his love being beyond his reach, for the time being, he endeavored to do his utmost to help the wronged girl to recover her fortune and bring her persecutors to justice.

"Well, well, Merrill," who would have thought that you and I would meet here in Rome? What have you been doing with yourself during the last eight months?" Sir Walter inquired, with some similes of cordiality, as he turned about to walk with the young man.

"Oh, I have been traveling over a good part of Europe, with a most delightful party; and, by the way, Walt, the Seavers and their party were among the number," Merrill returned, thinking he might as well be frank about his movements.

GROWING RHEUBARB IN THE CELLAR IN WINTER.

By H. L. Hunt, Horticulturist.

Most farmers who have a garden at all usually have a good supply of the old fashioned pie plant or rhubarb. This vigorous growing plant provides a wholesome substitute for fruit early in the spring before strawberries come in.

It is not generally known, however, that it can be made to produce its crop in an ordinary cellar during the winter, when it would probably be more appreciated than when grown in the usual way in the garden in the spring.

Preparing the roots for the cellar, they should be dug up late in the fall, just before the ground freezes hard. They should then be left where they will be exposed to severe freezing for three or four weeks.

When the roots are dug up, they should be packed in sawdust or straw, and placed in a cellar where they will be exposed to a temperature of about 32 degrees Fahrenheit.

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THE DANGER OF ANAEMIA.

Its Victims Are Defenceless When Disease Strikes - The Blood Should be Kept Rich and Pure.

Anaemic people - people with watery blood - are without defense when disease strikes. The strongest weapon against disease is plentiful supply of rich, red blood.

A cold lingers with the anaemic one, goes to the chest and the first signs of consumption appear. It is the anaemic one who suffers from headaches and dizziness, who cannot climb a stair without resting, whose heart flutters and palpitates wildly at the least exertion.

Such people can only be saved by a new supply of rich, red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that actually makes rich, red blood with every dose.

Ordinary medicines only throw the symptoms of disease - Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right straight to the root of the trouble and drive it out. That is why these pills have a large sale than any other medicine in the world, and that is why thousands and thousands of people praise them so highly.

Miss Florence G. Marryett, Chester, N. S., writes: "I have been suffering from anaemia in its most severe form. The least exertion would leave me breathless and worn out. I had no appetite and suffered greatly with nervous headaches. I was pale and seemed to be going into a decline. I had medical attendance but it did me no good."

Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a few weeks I found they were helping me. I continued their use for several months, and am again enjoying good health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make every weak and ailing girl strong and healthy."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write to Dr. Williams, Medical Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE TIGER AND THE BICYCLE. Two years ago we were travelling in the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra and Java. When going down the river Banyuwangi, which flows among enormous forests, we landed one evening at the settlement of Neuenhuys. About a dozen Dutch colonists live there, with the entire population of Malays and Chinese in their service.

REMEDY FOR THE BLACK GRAPE ROT. Growers of grapes in the Niagara district have been seriously alarmed this year as a result of the ravages of the grape rot, which has caused thousands of dollars' worth of damage.

The disease which a number of years ago wiped out many of the vineyards in the Essex and Kent districts and forced many growers to give up raising grapes. In its November issue, The Canadian Horticulturist will publish a special report from Prof. Lochhead, of Guelph, who recently visited the vineyards of Ohio to see if the fruit growers of that state had any remedy for the disease.

It is announced by Prof. Lochhead that Ohio fruit growers have been able to control the disease by an application of a special spraying mixture at certain stages of its growth. It is probably true that the application of a similar mixture will save many a vineyard in Ontario.

GOOD OLD TIMES. Facts Which Show How Much Better Off We Are To-day Than Formerly. Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected president in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its timetable: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England some countries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages, he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago, the fastest land travel in the world was at the Great North Road, England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach rode along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted Divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, on February 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When in 1809 Richard Trevithick uttered the following words, there were many who considered him insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on railways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every-day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telephone, the phonograph, the daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now a part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1833, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted, they broke it up and used it for fuel."

Fourteen years later, Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but the warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretences. - Press Success.

Easily Explained. (T.H. Bits.) "How do you account for the fact that 35 out of every 100 criminals in the country are left-handed?" "That's easily accounted for," said the professor, "sixty-eight are right-handed."