

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

## The Unknown Bridegroom.

And it was not strange, either for Florence Richardson and Monica King, each the very counterpart of the other in all save dress, stood back to back, 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."

"It is certainly very wonderful that we, who are utter strangers, should look so much alike," replied Monica, while she studied the countenance of her double with earnest scrutiny.

"And I am sure you must be an American, like myself?" said Florence, inquiringly.

"Yes—at least my parents were both Americans. I was born in Mexico," responded Monica.

"Are you going back to America?" queried Florence, who was now growing more and more interested in her companion.

"I cannot tell at present," said Monica, hesitatingly. "But I am sure on my way to England."

"Shall you go to Paris?" asked Florence.

"Oh, then we shall perhaps be companions for some time yet," said Monica, brightly, and wondering how she composed the "we"; "and you are agreeable, we will be glad to talk more about our singular resemblance to each other."

"Yes, certainly—I shall be glad to do so. It seems as if there must be some reason for it—some tie of blood that can account for it," Monica thoughtfully observed, as she searched the sweet blue eyes looking so earnestly into hers, and thinking that it would be lovely to recover a relative, however distant, this bright, genial girl.

"Then I will see you later," Florence responded, with a hurried kiss now, for some one else will call on the room," and, with another smile 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 lately conversing with a woman whom she saw at once in a mirror.

"Excuse me, but I am a little curious," said Florence, after exchanging a few words with Monica, "and let me come to you, I have a section all to myself, and two minutes later they are sitting side by side, and are beholding them would have known they were twin sisters.

"My name is Florence Richardson," she said, with a smile, "and you are Monica King, is that right?"

"Yes, that is my name," said Monica, smilingly. "I am glad to meet you, and I am sure you will find me very agreeable."

father and mother never forgive her—that is, they told her they would not; and so, when papa moved from place to place, looking to better his condition, she did not let them know her address, and never heard from them. Papa said that she never expressed a regret for having married him contrary to their wishes, although she did sometimes grieve for her sister, whom she had loved most tenderly.

"Yes, and I once heard my mother say that the separation from her sister Helen, the uncertainty regarding her fate," was the one thing in life to which she had never become reconciled," Florence observed, as Monica paused.

"Papa and mamma had a hard time during the first years of their life," the young girl resumed, "and it seemed as if fortune would never favor them. They wandered from place to place in the far West, but finally they came to Mexico, where papa very soon made a lucky find. Then he grew rich very fast; but mamma only lived about five years after that."

"And had you no brothers or sisters?" inquired Florence.

"No; I was the only child; but Monica was suddenly interrupted at this point for Florence sprang to her feet as Mr. and Mrs. Seaver, having just completed their toilet, now appeared upon the scene.

"Oh, my dear niece," she cried, as they reached her seat. "The most wonderful thing that has happened here has found an own cousin! Monica," she continued, slipping easily into cordial familiarity, "is my guardian, Mr. Seaver, and this is his wife. In London and in Paris, Mr. Seaver and his wife introduced Miss Monica King."

The lady and gentleman both looked at the young girl with amazement at the announcement of their ward, as well as at the remarkable resemblance of the two girls.

They greeted the stranger with cordial kindness, however; but there was no time for further explanations, just then, as they were at that moment entering the station at Genoa, where they were to break up and spend a couple of hours before taking north to Paris.

"You must come with us, Monica," Florence observed, as Mr. Seaver began to get up to his traps; "but who is the woman whom I saw in the section with you?"

"She was maid to a lady who has been very kind to me, but who died last week in Rome. She is returning with me to her father in London," Mr. Seaver explained.

"Well, then, we will all make one party," said Mr. Seaver kindly, and when the train stopped they all went together to the nearest hotel for breakfast.

This having been dispatched, Mr. Seaver secured a private parlor or study for the party, and Monica and Florence resumed the history of their past.

Mr. Seaver became very indignant as he listened to Monica's account of her father and wrong she had endured from Carl King and his daughter.

"They are robbers—almost murderers," he said, "and they should be made to suffer to the extent of the law for their crimes and treachery. What a heartless being this man must be—very different from your father, I should judge."

"Indeed he is! all the pill with starting tears, as she recalled how invariably kind and tender her father's manner toward her had always been; he was own cousin to papa, but was always cautious of him, even when they were boys, because even more so as they grew older, for papa loved his books, and was found to have an education, and would not go among the rough associates with whom his cousin mingled. But after he followed papa to Mexico, and began a place in his mine, this cousin of his seemed to have been entirely uneducated, for he worked very hard, and for a little money, and was finally made for a man at the mine, then papa bought him home, and he grew up and was educated with me, and everything moved along very harmoniously until papa died, and Carl prevailed upon me to close him as my guardian."

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

"And you may your cousins 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 her, "do you remember that brilliant looking girl who posed as the Goddess of Night at the masquerade ball?"

"Yes, she wore a train about six yards long, which was carried by a couple of pages, and I never before saw so many diamonds on any one in my life," Mr. Seaver answered.

"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. She believed you to be your cousin Monica, and she planned that assault upon you that night?"

"Uncle, I 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, 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 with her," 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, while I go to have a smoke."

"The 'other ward' looked up at him with a pale 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 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 was content that there could be no harm in his enjoying himself with this brilliant heiress, while it would be far pleasanter to have a congenial companion during the detention of the ward entrusted to himself.

A couple of days after the departure of the Seavers, as he was passing down the Corso, Sir Walter suddenly came upon his old friend, Ted Merrill.

The two cronies greeted each other with an appearance of great cordiality, yet each was conscious of a feeling of unusual constraint, and of the fact that he had been secretly arranging a grudge against his former friend ever since learning that he had presumed to aspire to the hand of Florence, with all the little countenance of his experience, a feeling of guilt for having trespassed upon the rights of Leighton.

"Well, well, Merrill, who would have thought that you and I would meet here in Rome? I have been doing with myself during the last eight months," Sir Walter inquired, with some semblance 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 pretty ward were among the number," Merrill returned, thinking he might as well be frank about his movements.

"Um—so I have understood," said Sir Walter, dryly.

laugh, "especially as I have been sailing pretty close to the weather or since my foot-cave me the cold shoulder. This trip will cost me my last dollar unless I can win a rich wife," he concluded, recklessly.

"Ted, you are getting upon dangerous ground," said Leighton, who was now white with passion; "and, let me tell you, you will never win Florence Richardson."

"You appear to be very confident about the matter?"

"I am; for she will be my wife in reality before the summer is gone," retorted Leighton, between his tightly shut teeth.

Merrill flushed hotly, then said: "Nonsense, I do not believe it—she shall not," he cried, after a moment of silence. Then he continued, more deliberately: "Wait, you and I have been good friends in the past; and, had your marriage with Miss Richardson been consummated as you had planned, our relations might have remained unchanged; but it has been dead earnest about this matter. After having been in her society all these months, I have learned to love her as a man loves but once in his life, and I am determined to win her if I live."

"Then it is to be war between us?" demanded the young baronet, with lowering brow and fiercely blazing eyes.

"Well, perhaps, unless we can be friendly rivals. The strongest weapon against me is your own love."

"Never!" fiercely interposed Leighton—"you traitor. And I warn you to beware. If you dare to interfere with my prior rights in this matter."

"Very well; then war it will have to be," retorted Merrill, as he wheeled suddenly about and left his companion to go his own way and nurse his wrath to his heart's content.

(To be continued.)

### 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 a plentiful supply of rich, red blood. A robust person may catch cold, but quickly throws it off. But 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 blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that actually makes rich, red blood with every dose. Ordinary medicines only touch 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 larger 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 was afflicted with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for several months and I am happy to say they have restored me to health after all other means had failed. I was 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 suggested 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 the bottle. It is only sold by 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 Malaysian islands, Sumatra and Java. When going down the river Banyu-Assu, which flows among enormous forests, we landed one evening at the settlement of Nuenwenhuys. About a dozen Dutch colonists lived there, with the entire population of Malays and Chinese in their service. We met with generous hospitality in the house of Myrher Vander Ouweland, who was then on a holiday.

The following morning, while our host was in the fields, I rose and, having taken a cup of tea went strolling about the dwelling. My attention was attracted by a magnificent bicycle standing in the light of the sun. The machine was seized with a wild desire to try it.

At first I resisted; then I took out the wheel and mounted, determined to confine myself to a short ride. A good road led from the house and into the fields; the bicycle was perfect, and the intoxication of the ride became irresistible. Sure of permission from our amiable host, I was soon speeding across the rice and coffee fields at a rapid pace.

Before long I was at the outskirts of the forest. Bewitched by the marvellous beauty of the spot, I dismounted from the wheel in order to enjoy the imposing scenery to the full.

## GROWING RHUBARB 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.

The rhubarb plant makes its most vigorous growth under natural conditions early in the spring, when its large leaves store up in the thick fleshy roots a large amount of nutriment for the production of seed during the summer, and growth early next season. To get the best roots for winter forcing it is well to allow the plants to make their full growth with little or no cropping of the leaves the previous season, and above all not to allow them to exhaust themselves by throwing up seed stalks. The more liberally the plants are manured and the better they are cultivated, the stronger the roots become and the better the crop they will give when forced in the cellar.

In 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. If placed under cover in an open shed, or where they will not be buried in snow, it will be all the easier to get at them when it is time to take them to the cellar. About Christmas time they may be dug up and should be boxed with earth to keep the roots moist. Care should be taken that

the plants are set right side up, as at that season it is sometimes difficult to tell which side of the ball of earth the crowns are on. In the course of a few days the roots will thaw out, and usually enough moisture is thus accumulated to keep them fresh for some time. They should be watched, however, as they may need watering once or twice during the winter to keep the soil moist. The warmer the cellar, the more quickly the growth will start, but for the best results a rather low temperature, about the same as that in which potatoes are kept, is best. In a partially lighted cellar the leaf blades will expand very little, and all the strength of the roots will go to the development of the stalks. If the cellar is light, it is well to darken the part where the plants are kept. If the roots are strong and vigorous, stalks one and a half to two feet in length and two inches in diameter will be produced with little or no expansion of the leaf blade at the top. When grown thus in the dark, none of the chlorophyll or green coloring matter of the leaf develops, and the stalks are bleached to a pearly white. When cooked and made into sauce or pies, they turn a beautiful pink color and are much finer in appearance and flavor than stalks which are grown in the ordinary way in the garden. Cropping may begin as soon as the stalks are well developed, and may be continued for several weeks, until the roots have exhausted themselves, after which they should be thrown out, as they are of little use for growing again.

We would suggest that our readers try growing two or three roots this winter, and let us know the results next spring.

### 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. This is 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 the November issue The Canadian Horticulturist will publish a special report from Prof. Lochead, of Guelph, who recently visited the vineyards of Ontario to see if the fruit growers of that state had any, and if so, what the disease is announced by Prof. Lochead 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 it into a courtroom first proved its real worth.

In England some centuries 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 on the Great North Road, England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach tore 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 telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now a part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

Easily Explained.

(TIT-BITS.)

"How do you account for the fact," asked the doctor, "as shown by actual investigation, that 22 out of every 100 criminals in the country are left-handed?"

"That's easily accounted for," said the professor. "Twenty-eight are right-handed."

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