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# OSAMA

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# TRIAL FOR LIFE

CHAPTER II

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, musing.

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, an unusual number of good gifts have been showered upon me," he said, "but the favor of the blind goddess—not the least among them—would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world, else sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings. Poor girl, she little dreams that the man who has wooed her, under the name of William Lovel, is really Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom of the high-born Lady Etheridge of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right, or maiden's honor. Here, then, for my life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne, my heart to the lovely cottage girl; only Lady Etheridge must never know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady bride are to spend our honeymoon."

And so saying, Albert Hastings took his hat and strolled out into the street. Walking in an opposite direction to that taken by Colonel Hastings in his drive to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon reached a cross-country road, where he pursued for about two miles. Then, turning to the left, he entered a narrow, shady lane, the led him to a small, secluded cottage, nearly hidden from sight amid climbing vines, clustering shrubs and overhanging trees. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the little green wooden gate, and, passing between the vine-shaded porch, and, applying a small key, opened the cottage door and entered at once upon the only large room the cottage could boast.

This lonely cottage had been rented and furnished by Albert Hastings as a trying place for his love. The whole air of the room was of rose. He called it "The Bower of Roses." It was indeed the bower of one peerless rose. Here he had been accustomed, during his visits to the neighborhood of his affianced bride, to meet the Rose of his secret thoughts. But here, also, let it be clearly understood, he had respected the honor of the humble maiden—not upon any good principle, perhaps, but, loving her with all the power of his selfish heart, and with the hope of making her his own forever, he abstained from any freedom that might alarm her delicacy, and, perhaps, estrange her heart.

Albert Hastings, the only son of Colonel Hastings, of Hastings Hall, Devon, and of Portman Square, London, had been endowed by nature with many other good gifts besides his pre-eminently handsome and princely person. He had a good head, and originally a good heart, but he had been spoiled from his youth up, in being led to believe that the whole world, and all within it, had been created for his own private use—or abuse, if he pleased.

And if this selfish creed were not now fully credited, it was, at least, thoroughly carried out in his practice—a thing that cannot often be said of better creeds, or even better men.

Albert Hastings had always been designed by his father to be the husband of the wealthy young baroness, his ward. The crafty old man had taken care not to bring the young people together in any manner during their childhood, lest they should grow up as brother and sister, without thought of a dearer relationship. He had contented himself with secluding the young baroness from other youthful company. He had fixed her permanent residence in the deep retirement of Swinburne Castle, where

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tuning her clear eyes, beaming with innocent joy, upon his face.

"This is my home, sweet Rose, and yours, when you consent to share it with me," he whispered, with a grave tenderness that was natural to him when speaking to her.

"Mr. Lovel, I am too lowly born, too humble, and too ignorant to be your wife. Would it were otherwise, and I were worthy of the station that you offer me," she murmured, in an almost inaudible voice.

He suddenly dropped her hand and walked to the window. He had not noticed anything like this. Yet the innocent village girl had naturally mistaken his declaration of love for a proposal of marriage.

How to undo her without shocking her, how to explain, without embarrassing her, he could not tell. His perception that the winning of this girl to his purpose must be the work of time and of great patience. He returned to her side, and repossessing himself of her hand,

"Sweet love, I did not mean to hurry and distress you. Since you feel a desire for a wider range of knowledge, though I think you altogether lovely as you are, I myself will become your teacher. It shall be my duty to open to you your mind the treasures of literature and art, and to direct your reading. This lovely spot shall be our study, and you shall meet me here daily, while I remain in the neighborhood. Will you do this, sweet?"

"To educate myself to be more worthy of you? Oh, yes, Mr. Lovel. You almost distress me with kindness. But I have always heard that the noble and good draw their highest happiness from deeds of beneficence. How happy, then, must you be! Yes, Mr. Lovel, I will come," she murmured, in low and gentle tones, blushing at her own temerity in saying so much.

And thus it was arranged. And daily, while he continued in the neighborhood, they met at the cottage in the wood. Rose Elmer proved an apt scholar. She had already the solid foundation of a good common education. Albert Hastings introduced her to the world of poetry, belles lettres, and art. When he left the neighborhood he had left with her a duplicate key of the cottage, that she might admit herself when she pleased, only exacting from her that she should keep her visits to him secret, and keep her meetings, a secret.

Before coming down on his last visit, Mr. Hastings had written her a note, signed as usual, "William Lovel," and appointed a meeting with her at the cottage.

It would be tedious to repeat all the arguments he used to reconcile her to a clandestine marriage. It is enough to say that he was a man of society, gifted with powers of logic and eloquence that might have awayed the councils of a nation, to say nothing of the mind of a young girl. He was, besides, handsome, fascinating, and in love; and she was a simple village girl, loving, esteemed and adored by her whole heart. He found the task easier than he could have hoped. Here was the perfect love which "casteth out fear," that "thinketh no evil." Indeed, she advanced but one objection to the secret marriage—her duty to her father, and her mother's argument he immediately seized, and used on his own side.

Her "duty to her mother," he said, "was to provide for her support in her old age. Her marriage with himself would effectually deprive her of a portion of that support, and she would be left to starve." Then she pleaded her duty to her father, and that if she were to marry secretly, she would not only dishonor him and withdraw his powerful protection from her, but would also turn his potential influence against him. Then Rose ceased to resist, only stipulating that after their marriage she should still remain with her mother, who needed her services, until Mr. Lovel should be ready to acknowledge her as his wife and take both herself and parent to his own home.

This was not all that Mr. Hastings wished, but neither logic nor eloquence could convince or persuade Rose Elmer to desert her father, and, in addition, no other condition than that of being allowed to remain with her would she consent to the secret marriage. And to this condition Mr. Hastings at last agreed, especially as there were very serious difficulties attending the marriage of a young girl to a man of her rank, and a project of sending her to Wales, where he and his lofty but unloved bride were going to spend their honeymoon. And, finally, he obtained a promise from Rose that she would meet him at the cottage that Saturday evening, by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant, disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony. After which, Rose should return to her mother, to remain during the few weeks of his absence in Wales, and he said, important business forced him. This agreed upon, they took leave of each other for a few hours, Mr. Hastings saying in parting:

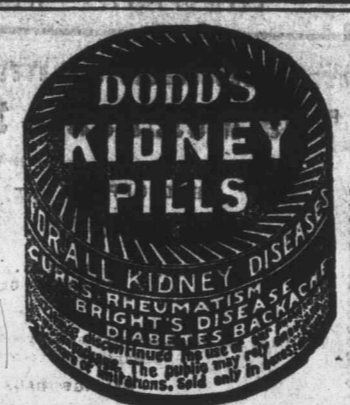
"Farewell for the last time, Rose Elmer; when next we part I shall say, 'Farewell, Rose Lovel, my own sweet wife!'"

They returned to the village by different routes. Mr. Hastings went to his inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence. And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, turned down the street leading to her mother's cottage.

It was a narrow, dusty, unsightly little street. There was no rural freshness or picturesque beauty about it. The little old stone cottages on each side, and the few sickly-looking plants that stood between them, were covered with hard, white dust that every breath of wind and every passing vehicle raised up in clouds.

About half-way down the length of this street stood a row of low, stone cottages, covered, like the rest, with a suffocating dust of pulverized limestone. Nothing could be drier or more depressing than the looks of these cottages. Not a green thing grew near to them, not a foot of ground intervened between them and the dusty street; the doors opened immediately upon the sidewalk and not a bit of passage protected the privacy of the dwellers. Any intruder could step at once from the street into the keeping-rooms of these houses.

It was before one of the most forlorn-looking of these cottages that Rose Elmer paused, lifted the latch, and entered at once upon a large, comfortable-looking room, whose scanty furniture had been already covered with dust in her



absence. A coarse carpet covered the floor—a cheap muslin veiled the only window. A dirt bedstead, with faded curtains, stood in the farthest corner. Opposite this stood a mangle, another corner was filled with a staircase, having a closet under it, and the fourth corner was adorned with a cupboard, through the glass, which was a little store of earthenware above. There was a smouldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old armchair, sat a woman, whom no one would have passed without a second look. She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must have once been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meanness. Her features were nobly chiseled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were shrunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her broad and prominent forehead and heavy, dark eyes, she shone a pair of large, dark-gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fires of fever or of frenzy. Her hair, slightly streaked with silver, was half covered with a red handkerchief, tied beneath her chin, and partly fallen in elf-locks down one side of her face. A rusty black gown and shawl completed her dress.

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly to her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother, dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose, laying off her bonnet and coming to the woman's side.

"Better, where have you been? I have wanted you."

"I have been—taking a walk through the woods, dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you. Will you eat them?" said Rose, offering her little basket.

"No; I want none of them. You care little for me."

"Mother, don't say that. You do not know how much I love you."

"And, girl, you have little care—oh!"

And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her breast, and seemed convulsed by some great agony. Her features worked frightfully; her frame shuddered.

"Mother! mother! What is the matter?" exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms around the woman in great alarm.

"It is—past," gasped the woman, breathing with great difficulty.

"What is it, dear mother?"

"A spasm. It is gone."

"Oh, mother, will it return?"

"Perhaps."

"Let me run for a neighbor or a doctor."

"Nay, you must run somewhere else! To-morrow, Laura—Lady Etheridge, of Swinburne, weds with Albert Hastings, of Hastings Hall. It is so, is it not?"

"Surely, dear mother, the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else. The village children have been employed all day in bearing flowers to decorate the castle church, and to strewn in the path of the bride as she comes—shey love her so well."

"Yes, she is a high and mighty lady; yet sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl; kneel down before me, and I may take your face between my hands!" said the woman, growing more strange in her talk.

Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands, and gazed at her with a critical, murmuring:

"Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure as the inside of a conch-shell, white, and flushed with red; hair like fine yellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands, small and elegant. I have never let poverty spoil your beauty, have I, my child?"

"No, dear mother, you have let kindness more likely spoil me," said Rose, in simple wonder at her words.

"I have not let your person grow coarse with hard work, have I, dear?"

"No, mother; notwithstanding that I ought to have worked with you and for you."

"Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?"

"No, mother; though they ought to have been."

"Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needlework?"

"No, mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame."

"And I have worked hard to save you from work, and to pay for your school-keeping, have I not?"

"Dear mother, you have! You have been the best mother in the world, and only too good to me. But I will try to repay you."

(To be continued.)

### LITTLE LIVES SAVED.

Many a little life is lost because the mother does not have the means at hand to aid her little one at the first signs of illness. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are kept the mother always feels a sense of security. These Tablets cure cold, indigestion, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, teething troubles and other minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. Baby's Own Tablets always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Thousands of mothers keep these Tablets in the house and use no other medicine for their children. Mrs. Wm. Brown, Deer Park, Toronto, says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the greatest help to my little ones and would not be without them." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Blobs—"Yes, when she sings people forget everything," said Snobs—"Geel! Is it as bad as that?"

## Dairy Instruction and Sanitary Inspection of Factories and Creameries.

The Dairy Instruction of the past few years has resulted in a marked improvement in the general equipment and sanitary conditions of factories. Many proprietors and makers have, however, stated to the instructors and members of the Dairywomen's Associations that they were somewhat discouraged after going to the expense and trouble which were found necessary to make the improvements demanded by the dairy instructors. "We have gone to considerable expense in order that the quality of cheese may be of a higher standard, but our neighbor factories have gone on in the same old way manufacturing along steep lines and they, for the most part, secure as high a price for their cheese as the better equipped factories. In many cases the poorly run factories manufacture for a lower rate than a well equipped and improved factory thus making the burden still greater for those who are anxious to do what is essential if the industry is to be placed on a sure and permanent basis."

The sanitary inspectors for the past year, Messrs. J. H. Echlin and T. Dillon, have effected a marked improvement in the sanitary conditions of the factories. They went first to the department clothed with authority to insist upon improvements which were necessary and which had, in many cases, been recommended by instructors, but which had not been made. Many expressions of appreciation were tendered, and these inspectors have been received from all sections and the better class of dairymen throughout the province are strongly of opinion that work of this nature should be followed still more closely during the coming season.

The representatives of the dairy associations and the chief instructors as well as the regular staff of inspectors are of one opinion as to the advisability of clothing the instructors with the power of sanitary inspectors and so arranging the districts that every factory and creamery will be subject to regular systematic sanitary inspection and may have the benefit of instruction as well. In order that the opinions above expressed might be put into tangible form to be placed before the Minister of Agriculture, the Director of Dairy Instruction called a meeting of the chief instructors, sanitary inspectors and representatives of the two dairy associations to meet in Toronto on the 8th inst.

### ACHING KIDNEYS.

Made Sound and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is probably no one in the town of Paris, Ont., who does not know Mr. Samuel G. Robinson and who will not readily accept his word when he says that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of an obstinate case of kidney trouble after other treatment had failed to give him more than temporary relief. To a reporter of the "Paris Transcript" Mr. Robinson freely gave permission to publish a statement of his case in the hope that his experience might benefit some other sufferer. He said: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about three years. Sometimes my back ached so severely that I was unable to walk, and at times it was almost impossible for me to straighten up. I had to urinate very frequently and often had to get up several times during the night. At different times I was under the care of doctors, but I only got relief for a time. I also tried a number of medicines and backache plasters, but none of them helped me and I began to think the trouble could not be cured. One day during a conversation with a friend he asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he had used them and they had done him much good. I decided to try the pills and it was not long before I felt greatly benefited. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and I am glad to say that every vestige of the trouble has disappeared and I am now as well as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a blessing to me and I gladly recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest cure in the world for all the common ailments of men and women—for all weakness and weariness, and backaches and headaches of various kinds; all the heaviest and distressing rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, and all the ill-health that follows any disturbance or irregularity in the blood supply. All these ailments are caused by bad blood and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood. They strike straight at the common root of disease. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around each box. Sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by all druggists, or the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

### To Keep Cut Flowers.

All flower lovers will be interested to learn that as a result of experiments conducted in France it has been conclusively shown that most varieties of flowers keep as well when cut as when left on the plant, provided they have proper attention. The water in which is supplied to the stems and putrid fermentation is prevented. In carrying these experiments a step further it was shown that a large number of mineral and organic substances when added to the water in which cut flowers are kept add very materially to the length of time flowers may be kept fresh.

Among the substances which have proved useful are chloral, sugar, lime water, potash, ether, nitrate of potash, sulphate of potash, phosphate of potash, phosphate of ammonia, calcium chloride, glycerine and alcohol. The mineral substances are added in very minute quantities, concentrations of one part to 10,000 being sufficient. It is understood, of course, that only one substance is used at a time.

Another fact that is worth knowing is that other conditions being equal the preservation of flowers is longest when the distance between the surface of the liquid and the base of the flower is the smallest.—From the Philadelphia Record.

### How the World Thrives.

(Cleveland Leader.)

In the first half of the current year the exports of eight leading commercial nations showed a gain of about \$73,000,000 over the corresponding part of 1905. The rate of increase was more than 11 per cent. The actual growth was in the United States and the United Kingdom, the rate per cent expansion was highest in Japan, Belgium and Australia. This enormous development of the export trade of advanced nations represents in some degree larger exchanges among powers of the first class. They are trading more with one another. But in great measure it stands for the progress of parts of the world which have been backward.

The fellow who takes to drink because a girl refuses him would probably have taken to drink anyhow.

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