

*Coffee is the great drink in the States—but in Canada people prefer Blue Ribbon Tea the standard of quality.*

## The Unknown Bridegroom.

"What a fool I was to tell him they had gone to Paris," Leighton mumbled, as he glared fiercely after his rival; "but just as soon as the carnival is over, I will follow them. Blast the fellow. I never dreamed he would play me such a dabby trick."

He was not so overcome by the interview, however, as to permit it to interfere in the least with his amusement. He proceeded directly to make a call upon Inez King, with whom he spent the afternoon, driving out to the Campagna, and afterward dining with her at a fashionable cafe.

Merrill, on the contrary, and literally, "in dead earnest," as he had said, went straight to his hotel, packed his trunk and took the next express en route for Paris.

He traveled night and day, and arrived at his destination some three days previous to the arrival of the Seaver party, much to his disappointment.

He kept a sharp lookout for them, however, but could get no trace of them until they had been in the city several days, and then he lost all time in calling upon them.

Florence was not very well pleased by his appearance, for she could not forget their last interview, and she had been so attentive to her attentions, she secretly despised him for the threat he had made, hoping thereby to coerce her consent to his proposal.

Still, she was a lady, and felt that she must be courteous to him. She introduced him to Monica, telling him how strangely they had met on their way from Rome, and by always insisting upon his opportunity when he called, she hoped to discourage a renewal of his suit.

But the young man had staked his all upon winning her, and he could not be so easily deterred; and, one afternoon, when they were all out sight-seeing together, he managed to get himself and Florence separated from the others.

"Miss Florence, that all-important question which I asked you the last time I saw you, is still unanswered," he began, as he turned into a narrow, shaded path, for they were in the Garden of the Tuilleries.

"I went to Rome, hoping to meet you there, but not finding you, came directly to Paris, to learn whether I am to be happy or wretched during the remainder of my life. Florence, darling! I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you be my wife?"

Florence turned a glance of undisguised astonishment upon him, a chilling dignity that assured him he had nothing to hope for, "I confess I am amazed that you should renew this subject after my attitude toward you upon previous and similar occasions; but let me say now, once for all, that I shall never marry you."

The young man flushed hotly beneath her icy calmness of manner and the inflexibility of her tones.

"I cannot take that as a final answer," he said. "Oh, let me try to win you."

"It must be final," she replied, without heeding his appeal, and decidedly that he knew his fate was sealed. "And you persist in forcing the subject upon me, I shall feel obliged to request you to discontinue your calls. I would not willingly wound you, Mr. Merrill," she added, more gently, "but this question must never be raised again."

His face was almost ghastly in its pallor, but it was not caused by wounded love.

He was bitterly incensed over the fact that a fine fortune was lost to him, when he had spent his all in the attempt to win it; and now his chagrin went all the more to his nature, for when so long he had tried to conceal, to the surface.

"And that is really your ultimatum, Miss Richardson?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Most assuredly, Mr. Merrill," she laughingly returned.

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got upon the last car—the young man waving his hat to Mr. Seaver, who was looking back for them, to show that they were all right—when it began to pull out of the station.

"Never mind," said Leighton, as he saw Florence's anxious face, "we can change and get in with them at the first stopping place."

He made her as comfortable as possible, and then took his own place beside her.

They chatted in a friendly way upon various topics for a while, although Florence appeared a trifle restless and constrained.

At length, after a short pause, Sir Walter inquired:

"Has Mr. Seaver told you of my plan to have you all visit me at Worthing next month?"

"Yes, and he appears to be anticipating it with a great deal of pleasure. I have heard that your new home is very lovely," Florence replied, but without enthusiasm.

"It is an ideal spot. It overlooks the sea at the south, and a beautiful stretch of country in all other directions. I am not going to weary you with a detailed description, but I shall leave you to judge of its merits for yourself."

"You were certainly very fortunate to fall heir to so handsome a property," Florence said, looking at the title, the fair girl remarked, for the sake of saying something; for another pause had seemed imminent.

"That is true," said her companion, gravely, "but—then—Eden was desolate without its Eve. Florence, when may I claim—my wife?"

CHAPLAIN XXIV.

Florence flushed hotly at this direct and unexpected attack, and for a moment she did not reply. Then, lifting a look of grave surprise to her companion's face, she quietly returned:

"I thought that matter had been settled long ago, Sir Walter."

"Do not say that, Florence," the young man pleaded, earnestly. "I never give you up—I have never given up the hope of winning you. I know you seemed inclined to draw back and regret the step we took last summer. I love you, my darling, as well to-day as I did then, and I have never ceased to hope that you will some day be willing to acknowledge the tie that unites us."

"No tie binds us to each other," Walter, Florence coldly responded. "I know you assume there does not, but I know you are wrong. I have seen your color, but leaving that out of the question, after having plighted your faith to me, and gone to the very altar, surely you can hardly say that I have no claim upon you."

"I know what you say is true," Florence admitted, with a weary sigh; "I did pledge myself to you, but I did so to a clandestine marriage; and since then I have often wondered how I could have been so unwise—so reckless. I have sometimes been half inclined to think that I really did mesmerize me into consenting to this wedding, and foolishly believed that once we were married, my happiness depended upon our union, and then there would come graver moments when I felt that we were both making a fatal mistake. Besides, I had grown up with the idea that I must carry out my father's wishes by marrying the son of his friend."

A peculiar look swept over Sir Walter's face at that last observation.

He dare not press her too far, just at present, for he feared she might refuse to believe his guest, and he fondly believed that once she was his beautiful home and realized the position she would occupy as his wife, the temptation would be more than she could resist.

"Sir Walter bore himself very well during the remainder of the journey; he was perhaps a little more grave than usual, but his manner was free and unconstrained whenever he addressed Florence, and he was just as kindly attentive as ever."

Upon their arrival in London he saw the party pleasantly located in their hotel, then, bidding them a good-night, in view of their promised visit, couple of weeks later, he returned to Worthing Towers.

It was now time that we were inquiring how life had prospered with Mr. Carroll during the long interval. After closing with the offer of the London firm, as has been previously related, he left England to take up his new duties, and as he could do toward turning fortune's revolving the other way for himself.

He was absent three months, during which everything prospered with him most encouragingly, and when he returned to London his firm expressed themselves as more than pleased with the result of his labors.

He had grown taller, and his form had filled out round and full; his face was flushed with the hue of health, his eyes were bright and sparkling with boyish mischief, and his delight in having his kind friend back was unbounded.

They spent a happy month together, and then Mr. Carroll was obliged to go upon another trip.

from one of these visits, as they were turning the corner of a street, they came suddenly upon a woman bearing a large bundle on her arm.

Before Mr. Carroll could avert his eyes he had knocked the package to the ground, and then, with a quickly outstretched hand, barely saved its bearer a fall upon it.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he exclaimed, as courteously as if he had been addressing a grand dame from Upper Grosvenor street; "I did not see you in time to avoid a collision."

He recovered the bundle and was in the act of restoring it to her when, for the first time, he looked her squarely in the face.

A shock of mingled surprise and exultation went thrilling through him, for he instantly recognized her.

"No other than 'Cray Moll,' whom he had seen at the hospital so long ago, and for whom, afterward, he had made such diligent but fruitless search."

"I hope you are not hurt," he added, by way of prolonging the interview, and with the hope of perhaps being able to carry out a long-cherished plan.

"No, sir," briefly replied the woman, as she regarded him with a half-puzzled, half-vacant stare.

"Your name is Mary, isn't it? and you used to live in the Hahnemann hospital, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a gentleman who came to see you there last fall? The woman shook her head doubtfully; yet there was a look on her face which told her questioner that she had a vague remembrance of his visit.

"I don't live there now," she stolidly remarked, while her eyes wandered with a wistful look to a man who was standing quietly beside his friend.

"Where is your home now?" Mr. Carroll inquired.

(To be continued.)

**ACHING KIDNEYS**

Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The kidneys filter every drop of your blood. The purity of the blood depends upon the kidneys. If the kidneys are weak the kidneys have not the strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. If your blood is bad the kidneys get clogged with pain, full, poisonous impurities. That is what causes your headache with new blood, or sharp stabs of sick kidneys. And kidney disease is one of the most deadly and hopeless things that can attack you.

The only hope is to strike with the blood at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heal their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good and at the same time improve the health in every way.

Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., gives strong proof of the truth of the above statements. He says: "My son, now nineteen years old, suffered greatly with kidney trouble. He was constantly troubled with severe pains in the back, and often passed sleepless nights. His appetite failed, he grew weak and could hardly do the usual work that falls to the lot of a boy on a farm. We tried several kidney medicines, but they did not help him any. Then a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He used the pills for a couple of months, and I am thankful to say is now as strong and healthy as any boy of his age."

There is no disease due to bad blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure, simply because they make new, rich red blood that expels disease from every part of the body. That is why they cure the worst cases of anemia, indigestion, neuritis, rheumatism, headache, and backaches, and the special ailments from which women alone suffer. Not only the genuine pills can do this and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

**LIFE ON THE PLANET MARS.**

Geographical Map of Our Celestial Neighbor Very Accurate.

We can draw all the geographical configurations, continents, islands, peninsulas, mouths of rivers, or canals of Mars with accuracy, says Camille Flammarion in Harper's Magazine, and we can anticipate what district will appear in the lens of the telescope, for the intensity of the planet is known to the hundredth part of a second. As the planet turns upon its axis more slowly than ours, the calendar of more consecutive years of 686 days and a half is made of 686 days.

It is not many years since Mars entered into the sphere of our observation. And one can say also that there is but a small number of the inhabitants of this world who have observed it in all its details, and of these the most experienced is Signor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan.

**THE DISSEMINATION OF WEED SEEDS.**

All weeds are disseminated by means of their seeds, while a considerable number also multiply through the medium of underground root stems. Among the latter we have couch grass, Canada thistle, perennial sow-thistle, bindweed, sheep sorrel, and some others. When a new weed is discovered, it is a good plan to examine into its habits of growth and means of reproduction and dissemination. A knowledge of these is more important to the farmer than the mere name of the weed.

Weeds that depend for reproduction upon their seed alone produce them in large numbers. A single plant of false flax will mature from twenty-five to thirty thousand seeds, and although we sometimes have reason to doubt the vitality of the seed of corn or mangels, that we buy, we need have no misgivings as to the vitality of these weed seeds. The seed of these weeds that mature in our grain crops, even though it shells out on the field, is with difficulty induced to germinate at a time when it can be prevented from growing by stirring the surface soil directly after harvest, but most of it will not germinate until its gets ready. Thus nature provides for the perpetuation of the species.

In the seed laboratory at Ottawa, one hundred fresh seeds of wild mustard were planted in good soil in a box, and under the most favorable conditions only thirty-five of them could be induced to grow. The box was then placed in the open air for a week with the thermometer below zero. When again put in the germinator, seventeen more of the seeds produced plants. The soil was then allowed to become thoroughly dry and again put out to freeze, after which twelve more of the hundred seeds germinated. This operation was repeated several times until finally every seed demonstrated that the mother plant had not lived in vain.

As a rule seeds of the more noxious weeds that grow from the seed alone retain their vitality for several years when buried in the soil. It is highly important, then, to prevent the formation of seed. It is quite evident that many fields throughout Canada have now a sufficient stock of seeds to produce luxuriant crops of weeds for several years, but by adopting a suitable rotation it is possible to prevent most of the plants from these seeds coming to maturity.

All will agree that most districts have their full share of weeds. Like the poor they are always with us. How do we get them? Many farmers can doubtless remember when the Canada Thistle was a new weed. Perennial sow-thistle, ribgrass, ragweed, bindweed and some

others are of more recent introduction. There are many more to come, and some of them are even more noxious than those that are now common. For instance, there is the Devil's Paint, or orange hawkweed, that is already well distributed over the eastern townships of Quebec and part of New Brunswick. Where this weed has become well established, land that was worth forty dollars an acre five years ago, could be sold for five dollars an acre to-day.

There is also a number of weeds that have been recently introduced into western Canada, and which have proved to be exceedingly dangerous. Most of them were brought in by immigrants. Among them are "tumble weeds" and field pennycress or stinkweed. A few plants of each of these have been found in different parts of Ontario during the past season, and the east will know more about them later. One thing seems clear and that is that the weed pests are now gaining headway at a much more rapid rate than they did twenty-five years ago. How can we account for this?

The investigations of the seed division have shown that the seedmen are to blame to a considerable extent, but there are many other means by which weeds become disseminated, and which are worthy of consideration. Any farmer who has land that is annually flooded by freshets knows the difficulty of keeping such land free from weeds. Transportation companies, particularly the railway companies, have much to do with the introduction of new weeds. Most of our noxious weeds are introduced from Europe. Their seeds are often brought in with material that is used for packing articles of commerce. This packing material is scattered about on the ground, and the seeds soon germinate. In three or four years the new weed may be found on a large number of farms. That is the way most of our weeds come to us.

The wind and animals of various kinds do much to spread weed seeds in a local way. Seeds of many weeds are provided with special facilities, some like small parachutes as in the Dandelion and Canada thistle, by the aid of which the seeds are carried long distances by the wind. Nature provided seeds of other weeds, such as burs, with means of clinging to the wool of sheep or to other animals, in order to insure their distribution. In some cases, it is the seed that comes first; the weed course follows.

Yours very truly,  
W. A. Clemons,  
Publication Clerk.

**TELEPHONES IN THE FOREST.**

Stations in the Dense Timber Keep Loggers in Close Touch With Home.

Up in the dense timber along the Big Blackfoot, Montana, where the logs are cut that keep the big mills at Bonner in motion, the traveller is often surprised as he journeys through the logging district to see small telephone stations located at intervals in the forest. There are several of these stations, and they enable the loggers to keep in touch with the mills, and when the drive is in progress, with the rivermen as they chase the logs down the stream.

These timber telephones are of the greatest service in the conducting of the business of the country. They save a vast amount of time, and in case of an accident or any other trouble they are of indescribable value. During the last two or three years, such telephone lines have come into use in most of the logging regions.

Throughout the forests, from the St. John to Vancouver, lumber camps belonging to the same interests are connected by telephone, the lines running close to the saw mills or wood pulp works at the frontier towns, from which communication can be had even to the metropolises.

It was formerly the custom of each lumber interest to maintain a force of couriers, and the voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, and these hardy men, with knapsack, would travel twenty-five miles a day through the wilderness, over rough forest paths.

Now the mill calls each camp in turn at stated hours, and receives reports and gives instructions to the foreman, and it is not necessary to dwell on the commercial advantages of maintaining such close touch between headquarters and outposts in any enterprise. Letters are read to men snowed in the forest or one hundred miles away, and answers are dictated by the lumbermen to a stenographer, who transcribes them in the office and then mails them to their homes.

The relative contentment among the men which is established by this frequent communication is highly advantageous to the working force, and therefore to the employers.—Detroit Tribune.

**Life Without Lungs.**

The common snail has lungs, heart and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air breathing creature. This notwithstanding, he can live on indefinitely without inhaling the least atom of air, that which is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs.

Lepper says: "To all organized creatures the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made he did not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized beings," for the experiments made by Professor Spallanzani prove that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed from its case without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

It is a fact well known that the common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather in the fall, and that the opening or mouth of the shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three out of the four elements of life mentioned by Lepper: air, water and nourishment.

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