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

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

Myrtle Cottage stood on the brow of the hill, the garden below it, the valley lower still, and it was perhaps the prettiest little garden in all Barefield. Just now it was rich with the little floral paradise, in which she was, through she knew it not, the most beautiful flower of them all.

She had intended when she came out to do quite a good hour's gardening, but after she had cut a handful of roses for the dinner table she began to feel disinclined for more serious work. The valley beneath her was lying in the evening sun, and she was watching the river, and the soft sigh of the leafy branches, the languorous song of the birds, seemed to cry "Come!" invitingly, and after a moment or two of irresolution, she took up a book and went down the narrow path which wound from the garden down the hillside.

"I daresay I could get some trout," she said to herself, for among her other accomplishments Elaine knew a capital fly, "but I feel too lazy, even for that."

To feel lazy one must be tolerably happy, and notwithstanding the major's chronic state of hard-up-ness, and the butcher and baker, Elaine felt happy this evening. Given youth and perfect health, and a serene temper, it is not difficult to be happy on a June evening, when all nature cries aloud in heavenly music, "I am the summer! Rejoice in me, and be glad!"

Elaine reached the bottom of the hill, and, going to a favorite nook at the foot of the trunk of a huge oak which overhung the stream, she opened her book.

It was a volume of Gabriel Rossetti's poems. They are very beautiful; their music is perfect, their sentiment full of human passion. But you must have loved—and, alas! have suffered—to thoroughly understand and appreciate them, and to feel the full meaning of the exquisite lyrics was as yet a sealed book. Love, love, it was all love! What was this love for which men gladly die, and women—harder still!—gladly lose, and still live?

Elaine's head sank on her lap, and she looked dreamily at the stream. No, it was all a mystery to her, and past comprehension. She had not yet seen the man whose face could cause her heart to thrill, whose voice could send the subtle music within her ears which never should meet him; perhaps she would go all through life without knowing what it all meant.

She looked up with something like faint interest, the pensive expression on her face fled, and gave place to that look of reserve which had so successfully kept her admirers at arm's length.

A man was coming down the narrow path from the cottage, and Elaine saw that it was Captain Sherwin. She sat for a moment or two watching him, with her lips compressed and the dark brows drawn together, as if she was troubled and displeased; then she picked up the book and, springing to her feet, walked quickly along the bank of the stream. She knew that if she had heard of where she was for a few moments longer he would have reached a

THE SECRET OF HEALTH

Is Pure, Rich, Red Blood and Strong Nerves.

You can always tell anemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid—the victims of headaches and backaches, easily tired and always averse to exertion. They can't eat, or they can't digest what they do eat. Their nostrils are stuffed; their vitality vanishes. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. You can promptly banish anaemia by enriching your blood and toning up your nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They bring good appetite, sound sleep, bright spirits and perfect health. They are incomparably the greatest health-giving medicine that science has yet discovered. All over the world, grateful people prove the truth of these statements. Miss A. M. Turkey, Oxford, Ont., says: "I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with headach, dizziness and general prostration. Eventually, I became so weak I could scarcely move about. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began to find great benefit from them, and after taking them for a few weeks all my old strength and health returned."

Don't waste time and money experimenting with other medicines, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely make you well. You can get them from any dealer in medicine, or post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

but did not touch her. "No, please don't. I—I would rather say what I want to say here, where—where we are not likely to be interrupted."

Elaine was silent, and her face lost its color. "Will not my father do?" she said. "No," he said. "Afterward, if—if you will give me hope; Miss Delaine, can you not guess what it is I want to tell you—to say to you?"

Elaine's hand tightened on the book, and she looked straight before her. If it were only over, and he had gone!

"If I think you must have seen," he went on, his lips quivering, his hand plucking at the edge of his coat; "I think any one must have seen that—I love you."

The color flushed in Elaine's cheeks, and she drew back a step. "Do not go on, please," she said coldly but quietly.

"Ah, I must!" he broke in, his hands gripping the whip he carried nervously. "I must speak! You will let me speak! I ought to be allowed to plead my cause! It—it is life or death to me, Elaine!"

Her lips tightened as he used her Christian name, but she said nothing.

"You don't know how I feel, how a man feels who loves a woman as I love you! I have been a changed man since I have known you. I can think of nothing but you day or night. I beg—I implore you to have some mercy on me! I have never seen any one so beautiful, so sweet, so gracious as you, and—I love you. I will love you all my life and soul! Elaine, may I hope? I only ask you to let me hope! I will do anything, I will wait for years, if—if you will promise to try and love me and be my wife."

But he did not plead his case at all badly, and Elaine was moved, as a true, sweet-hearted woman must be moved, when a man tells her that he loves her, though he was as ugly, as the Prince of Darkness, might. "I am very sorry," he was all he could say, in a low and, indeed, a humble voice.

"He winced, and his light eyes sought her face for a moment, then shifted back to her feet. "Don't say that, I implore, I beg of you!" he entreated. "It sounds as if—as if there was no hope for me."

"There is no hope," said Elaine, very, very softly. Was it not better to stop him at once?

"His face flashed, then grew deadly pale. "Why—why do you say that?" he exclaimed, with a sudden passion. "You—you refuse me! Why? Why?"

"Because—ah, you should not ask me that, Captain Sherwin!" said Elaine, almost automatically.

But Elaine, almost automatically, putting his hand to his lips as if to still their trembling, "I—I have a right, my—my love gives me the right to implore your patience. You—you scarcely know me."

Elaine looked up at him with sad gravity. "Might I not say the same to you?" she said gently.

"No! It is different. Quite different, if I had only seen you once I should have loved you as dearly, as madly as I do now. No one could help loving you. There is not a man in the place who does not worship you, and at most times she would have hesitated for a moment; but as she stood and looked wistfully across the bridge she remembered that the marginals had come home, and that she crossed the bridge quickly, and dropped down on a grassy bank behind the lilac bushes, and—smiled with a sense of serene security.

A minute or two afterward she heard a man's footsteps on the bridge, and Captain Sherwin, and at most times she would have hesitated for a moment; but as she stood and looked wistfully across the bridge she remembered that the marginals had come home, and that she crossed the bridge quickly, and dropped down on a grassy bank behind the lilac bushes, and—smiled with a sense of serene security.

Good evening, Miss Delaine," he said in his soft voice; "I am awfully fortunate!" she said, almost coldly.

He smiled still more persistently. "Yes. Your maid told me that you had gone down the hill, and I ventured to follow you; but I thought I had lost you."

"How did you find me?" she asked, almost in a tone of annoyance.

He glanced at her for a second, then his eyes dropped to her feet. "By the grass that you had trodden down along the bank. The footmarks stopped at the bridge, and I guessed you had crossed it. It was a very lucky guess."

Elaine's face did not relax. It seemed to her that he had, so to speak, tracked her down, and she had maliciously resented it. "This is private ground," she said, "and I have no right to be here."

"Oh, all right," he said. "I should think Lord Nairne would feel honored by your presence."

Elaine rose and stood irresolute, wondering how long he meant to stay, and how—how she could get rid of him.

"I don't know Lord Nairne," she said, for the sake of saying something, "but I should think he would feel anything but honored."

"Then he must be even a greater boor than I'm credited with being," came the soft and instant response. "Have you seen my father, Captain Sherwin?" He was expecting you this afternoon, and has gone down to the club to meet you—to play billiards, I think, he said."

"No, I have not seen him; and it is too hot for billiards. How beautiful it is here."

"Yes," said Elaine, opening her book and gazing at it, as if she were only waiting for him to take his departure to resume her reading. "He stood glancing now at her downcast face and now at the stream, his lips—they were rather weak and effeminate—twitching and restless, and his voice was low and hurried, and I—I rode over to the cottage this afternoon in the hope of seeing you."

Elaine looked up, and the color rose to her face. Something in his manner and tone warned her now—what was coming.

"Yes? We will go back," she said. He put out his small white hand,

HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION.

One of the Most Conspicuous Characteristics of the Persian

The Persian's imagination is one of his strongest characteristics, and it has found full play in his religion. When he split with his Turkish brother over who should be successor to Mohammed he did it with the fanatical enthusiasm with which he does everything—except tell the truth. The offering of Fatima was henceforth the sacred embodiment to him, and when the Turks and Arabs with almost equal fervor disposed of the images of various methods of murder held to be polite in those days, the schism was complete. The guilt between Shiite and Sunnite was fixed for all time. It has never narrowed. To this day, in periods of stress between the sects, the Persian accounts his greater virtue to have killed one Sanik than to have killed one Christian, and his conduct at all times, whether in war or business, shows at what value he holds the Christian.

The cultivation of this religious tension, century after century, has wrought upon the Persian temperament like a corrosive acid. To the original formulae he has tacked on horrors and deprivation, hunger and aeration enough to make an ordinary savage turn Iranian tribes, shaken by spiritual grief, cry like infants over the atonement service at the burning of the white dog, and listened to some touching ululations at ceremonials in the uplands of Mexico. Even the colored camp-meeting has its fearful side; but the Persian's doings in memory of what happens to the Imams make these seem like children's trances.

ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

England Makes Better Ribs Than the States.

A Buffalo umbrella maker has confided to the Express that the main cause of rotting of the silk is the perspiration of the hands which, during the process of rolling, combines with the acids used in dyeing the silk. The use of an umbrella should never be rolled. There is another interesting thing about the umbrella business, and that is that no good umbrella ribs are made in the United States. All the best ribs come from England. That is peculiar, too, when you stop to think about how much Americans pride themselves on their industries and how they boast that they spare no expense in equipping their factories and shops with the best machinery. A good rib-making machine costs about \$25,000. There are millions invested in the umbrella business in this country, so \$25,000, the cost of a machine, is not the thing that is keeping American manufacturers from making as good ribs as are made in England. I believe that the trusts find it more profitable for the present at least, to turn out cheap ribs for cheap umbrellas than to produce a really good article.

"These English ribs cost anywhere from 25 to 50 cents each. The price of the ribs according to the material used and the care with which the ribs are enameled. The cheapest English rib is better than most of the high-priced American ribs. They are stronger, they are curved better, and the enameled will outlast the enameled in the American wares. The English ribs can be detected readily by looking at the braces that extend from the middle of the ribs to the circular strip that slides up and down the stick.

"In the American article the end of the brace that fits against the middle of the rib proper is wedge-shaped. It comes to a point almost to the apex of the triangle. In the English rib this end spreads out and a bit of V-shaped metal is inserted that strengthens the tip of the brace to a remarkable degree. American umbrellas are frequently used in this place, while in the English ribs this is the last to give way.

"As to price, they vary like the weather. A good, serviceable umbrella with English ribs will hold for \$1. You can get an umbrella with American ribs for 30 cents in New York, but it will turn inside out at the slightest bit of wind. And that reminds me of another way to test for English ribs. Open an umbrella, and if the braces bend easily and have little elasticity, they are American make. The English braces and ribs are almost firm and always strong."

My Mother's Good Old Times.

I remembered when I wandered over the hills in boyish glee; and the dinner horn's long echo brought no boring thoughts to me; I was young and I was happy, and my stomach never went back On a single proposition that my teeth would dare attack. Never thought of dyspepsia as I charged the jolly cake. And the old corn beef and cabbage that my mother used to make. But the years have brought prosperity. The servants in my hall keep their straining ears a-quiver for the faintest of my calls; I have eaten of the fattest; I have drunk the richest cup— Just to realize at last that these were the things that I can eat. And I'll give my vast possessions to be able to partake Of the old corn beef and cabbage that my mother used to make. All the years I've sought the dollar, struggled upward slow and sure, With my pocket growing wealthy and my stomach growing poor; Every year I find my table more with luxuries replete; Every year I find that fewer are the things that I can eat. Till the pathway back to childhood oftentimes I yearn to take To the old corn beef and cabbage that my mother used to make. And sometimes in blissful moments I will fall asleep and dream Of the ruses that I had learned, and the sorghum syrup's gleam— Dream that once more I am living where Welsh rarebits are unknown. And the noonhour unacquainted with the sad, dyspeptic moan; Then I leer at peasin tablets and forget my stomach ache In the corn beef and cabbage that my mother used to make. —Lowell Otus Reese in Leslies Weekly.

BUTTER FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

How to Prevent Mould.

Reports have been received that a few lots of Canadian butter have been delivered in the United Kingdom somewhat spotted with mould on the butter paper and between the box and the butter. That has occurred on saltless butter. As mould is a tiny plant or fungus, it is important that butter makers and butter dealers should know by what means they can entirely prevent its growth on butter packages, butter paper, or on the butter itself. Mould can only come from pre-existing mould, or from spores, which serve the purpose of seed or fruit for its reproduction. If the spores be destroyed mould cannot begin to grow. The conditions favorable for its growth are a certain degree of dampness and a moderately low temperature—that is to say, a temperature below sixty degrees. Some forms of mould grow at temperatures as low as 32 degrees Fahrenheit, or the freezing point of water. Formalin is an Effective Fungicide, or, in other words, it is a destroyer of fungi and of the spores of fungi. A weak solution of formalin is effective against the spores of mould, but a good course for the butter-maker to follow is to prepare a strong brine of salt, adding one ounce of formalin to one gallon of the brine. The butter paper should be soaked in this solution. The inside of all butter packages should also be rinsed with it. The butter paper, while still wet with the brine containing formalin, should be placed inside the butter box, and the butter immediately packed in it. The brine containing the formalin will destroy all spores of mould on the butter paper and on the inside of the box. A brine can be used for a long period if it be boiled once a week. As the formalin evaporates during the boiling process, it will be necessary to add to every gallon of brine, after it has boiled and cooled, one ounce of formalin.

Proper Cooling.

For the protection of the butter which is to be shipped to the United Kingdom, it is important that the butter be cooled to a temperature under 33 degrees Fahrenheit from the second day after it is made. When butter is allowed to remain at a high temperature changes begin which spoil its delicious flavor and produce rancidity. Each creamery should have a cold storage room at a temperature under 33 degrees Fahrenheit; only refrigerator cars should be used for the carriage of butter, and it should be put in cold storage compartments on the steamship, and be carried at a temperature under 25 degrees. A temperature of 20 degrees Fahrenheit is still better.

ROOTS AND SWINE

During the last two or three years a great deal of interest has been taken in the subject of feeding roots against them on account of an idea that their use was responsible for a considerable portion of the soft bacon produced in the Canadian house at certain seasons of the year. Careful experiment has shown, however, that roots can be fed in moderate quantities, combined with other feed, without any injurious effects on the quality of the pork produced. As heavy root crops can be easily and economically grown in nearly all those portions of Canada where swine raising is carried on extensively, the fact that roots can be profitably fed without injury to the bacon, and with positive benefit as far as the general thrift of the animal is concerned, becomes of considerable importance to our farmers.

Value of Roots.

Eight pounds of mangels or carrots and about the same weight of a little less of sugar beets are equal in value to one pound of grain. This is the consensus of opinion of the Copenhagen, Ottawa and several American experiment stations. At Copenhagen the mangels were fed finely cut and raw, and even when one-fourth of the daily feed was given in the form of roots, no injurious effects were noticed in the quality of the pork. The grain per head in ten days on a ration half grain and half whey or milk was 7.6 pounds, whereas when the proportion of roots to grain was 1 to 10 the increase was found to be 8.3 and 8.6 lbs. When half the grain was replaced by roots in proportion of 1 to 8 the growth of the different lots was practically the same, viz., 8.5 lbs. for the grain fed pigs, and 8.6 lbs. for those fed roots, thus showing a small difference in favor of the latter. In this experiment it must be noted that the pigs had been fed roots previously, and consequently took them readily.

Value of Carrots.

In experiments with nearly 900 pigs on various estates in Denmark it was found that carrots and mangels containing equal quantities of dry matter, had similar value in pig feeding; in other words the amount of dry matter in roots is of importance rather than the total weight or the quantity of sugar contained.

Potatoes.

In a number of Danish experiments four of cooked potatoes gave practically the same gain as one pound of grain. The quality of pork produced from potato feeding is especially good as has been shown by numerous experiments in England, Ireland, Denmark and Canada. In this connection Prof. Grisdale, of the Central Experimental Farm, says: "Potatoes are frequently available for feeding pigs especially small potatoes. All experimental work here with potatoes seems to indicate that fed raw they are of very little value."

Artichokes.

Have a feeding value similar to that of potatoes.

Turnips have not been found as satisfactory as mangels or sugar beets for swine feeding, either in amount of gain produced or in the readiness with which they are eaten by pigs. Indeed, no other roots seem so satisfactory considering the yield per acre, palatability and feeding value, than the large red mangels.

Proportion of Roots to Grain.—The experiments conducted by Prof. Day, Prof. Grisdale and myself, as well as the experience of many of our best farmers indicate that the most economical and satisfactory ration for swine feeding contains equal parts by weight of grain and roots. The addition of about 3 lbs. per day of skim milk or whey will go far to insure thrifty growth and fine quality of pork. E. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner.

All who, turning around in happy confusion to hide his face in his mother's clothes, said: "Mother is precious, we cannot do without her."

Could there be a better definition of what Peter wished to teach us? "Christ is precious; we cannot do without him."—James Stalker.

Look Pleasant.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome, and it's hard for us all to be good. We are sure now and then to be lonely— And we don't always do as we should. To be patient is not always easy, and to be cheerful is much harder still. But at least we can always be pleasant. If we make up our minds that we will. And it pays every time to be kindly. Although you feel worried and blue. If you smile at the world and look cheerful. The world will soon smile back at you. So try to look up and be pleasant. No matter how low you are down, Good humor is always contagious. But you banish your friends when you frown.

Duty.

The longer on this earth we live, And weigh the various qualities of men, The more we feel the high, stern, featured beauty Of plain devotedness to duty. Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise, But finding ample recompense For life's ungrateful expense In work done squarely and unswayed days. —James Russell Lowell.

The Chest Pains of Bronchitis

The dry, tight cough, the soreness aggravated by coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the tendency of every cold to develop into bronchitis, consumption or some form of lung trouble. Bronchitis is most dreaded, because it has a tendency to become chronic and return again and again, until the patient becomes worn out or falls an easy prey to consumption or pneumonia. Only the most robust constitution can throw off bronchitis, and cause health or have weak lungs have every reason to fear this ailment.

If the cough is dry and hard; if there is pain, soreness or tightness in the chest; if breathing is difficult and causes pain in the chest, you have every reason to suppose that you have bronchitis, and should promptly begin the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Cough mixtures that may help an ordinary cold have no effect on bronchitis and asthma, but Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has won its enviable reputation on account of its wonderful success in curing these ailments. It is far more than a mere cough medicine, and acts on the whole system, thoroughly eradicating disease.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., states: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather, I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pains in my chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

It is necessary for you to be careful when buying Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for there are many substitutes and imitations offered. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle of the genuine. 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.