

OUT  
Enemy

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Blue Ribbon Tea Co.

# Violet's Lover

The night was beautiful; the wind was soft and fragrant, the sky calm and clear, the moon shining brightly. He smiled as he asked himself why he should be unhappy. What was there to make him so? Why need he be depressed? Yet the very air around him was filled with whistles—the night was full of sighs. "I am growing fanciful," he said to himself, "and what tangible evil have I to grasp?"

There was nothing but a cloud of fancies, his prospects were bright enough. He said to himself over and over again that no one was so fortunate. Had he not a partnership? He had not a certainty of calling the loveliest girl in the county his wife? What had he to fear? Yet what was the strange chill pain that made his brave young heart fail him? What caused the strange shuddering keen and penetrating, a vague, indefinite feeling of an evil to come? He tried to repress it; he could understand women being nervous, but not men.

For the first time he noticed that night a look of anxiety on his father's face, and he asked what had brought it there. "Shadows—nothing but shadows; fancies—troublesome fancies," was the reply; yet it was strange the son turned away with a feeling almost of despair.

Nor was the mystery lessened when on the day following, Mrs. Lonsdale, going on her daily round of shopping, met the vicar's wife, Mrs. Hunter, who stopped to speak to her. "This is a very sad affair, Mrs. Lonsdale," she said, and Kate, looking at her, asked quietly what affair she meant. She looked so entirely unconscious that the vicar's wife was surprised.

"How you heard no bad news of—of any one?" she asked; and Kate answered: "No." "Then Mrs. Hunter related some trifling little story; and even as she related it, she told herself that she was inventing it, with her honest, straightforward eyes she looked at the vicar's lady.

"You are not telling me what was in your mind when you first spoke to me," she said, "were you thinking of, Mrs. Hunter?" "But Mrs. Hunter, after laughing and prying the remark, hastily said good-morning in a very embarrassed fashion, and walked away.

tended to contest his relative's will on the ground of undue influence. He maintained—and nothing could shake his opinion—that Darcy Lonsdale had taken undue advantage of his position, that he had influenced a weak-minded woman, and had persuaded her to make him the half of her money. It was a clever ruse, advising her to send another lawyer; but it would not help him.

Mr. Lonsdale found that the rumors about him had been growing daily, that his friends and neighbors were all talking of him, while he himself had not the faintest idea of the mischief that was abroad. James Hardman had been in Lifford—that he knew, and the fact had not interested him in any way; but he did not know that James Hardman had been silently destroying his reputation, had called upon his old friends, and had in the most subtle fashion, insinuated that there had been a conspiracy against him, and that he intended to dispose of this bequest in Lifford.

"But," returned Darcy Lonsdale, "Mrs. Hardman meant us to have the money, did she not? That one broad fact no one can dispute." "I believe honestly that she intended you to have it, I know she did. She talked to me some time about the good it would do to you and your children."

"Then what can there be found to dispute?" She intended to give me the money, and she did give it—what is it to any one?" cried Darcy Lonsdale. "The law deals heavily with cases like this, James Hardman will plead that he is heir at law, that he is the rightful heir of the late Elizabeth Hardman, that he has brought up in an expectation of receiving the money, and that you have taken an undue advantage of your position as her legal adviser and friend to induce her to leave it to you."

"But," declared Mr. Lonsdale, "I did no such thing, I never asked, influenced, or said one word to her about it. How dare any man say such a thing of me?" "James Hardman has brought up to believe that he would inherit a very large sum of money, and finding six of it given elsewhere, he is very angry about it, and says some bitter things."

"But how is it possible that any one who knows me could believe that I have acted unfairly? How can my old friends and neighbors believe it? I have lived among them all my life—they ought to know me better. I should not believe such a charge against any one of them; and I would be wounded and wounded if affection stood in his eyes. What are a man's friends worth, Malcolm, if they believe evil of him so easily?" "Perhaps they do not all believe it," said George Malcolm.

"I would not take it unless I thought it were really mine—I would refuse to touch it; but I cannot do that, for I am sure my old friend left it to me for the children. I must be just to them. Great Heaven! I have kept a blameless name all my life—to meet with this fate—to see my old friend point to me as a man who would cheat his client! I wish I had been dead before I had known this! Tell me what Hardman is going to do."

"He has placed the whole matter in the hands of a London firm, and the trial will come on about the end of September. You must prepare your defence and look up your witnesses." "If my whole life does not witness for me," said Darcy Lonsdale, with quiet dignity, "then the words of no man can benefit me."

He dreaded going home—for the first time in his life he disliked passing through the streets of his native town, for the first time he shrank from glances and words of his old comrades.

"Heaven help Kate!" he said to himself. "How can I tell her?" But Kate knew already—such news travels fast. It was no weeping, hysterical wife who clung to him, but a bright, clear-eyed woman, with a sweet, warm, white, and laughing, loving lips kissed him, a brave, bright voice cheered him with the music of home words.

"I have heard all about it, Darcy," said his wife. "Never mind—no one can injure you. You are innocent, honest, and honorable. Never mind what any one says—Heaven knows the truth, and I love you all the more that you bear this blame so well."

Darcy Lonsdale was relieved to find his wife so cheerful, and they sat down to discuss the difficulty. "Give me the money back again," Darcy said his wife. "If I were in your place I would not touch one shilling of it." "As though I feared it!" she said, "I know that I had gained it by wrong means, and remorse comforted me to return it. It seems to me that I am compelled, in justice to my own honor, to keep it—Mrs. Hardman certainly meant me to have it. Then there are the children—I cannot rob them; I must not take from them what is really theirs."

"But," said his wife, "if there should be a trial, and it should go against you?" "Kate, I have had many a hard day, if it please Heaven to send me a reverse I must not complain." "But, for all that, she knew that his heart was sore and heavy, and that he was full of doubts and fears. She soothed and comforted him, and did her best to encourage him; but she could not for a moment forget his trouble and sorrow—it was always in her thoughts.

Presently Felix came in, and one glance at his son's face told Darcy Lonsdale that he had heard the whole story. The handsome young man's face was full of grief, and he went straight up to his father and laid his hand lovingly upon his shoulder. "No, my father, I will not fight against you," he said, "I will help you in your battle, father. I should like to take your name who believes the story, or who affirms to believe it, and thrash him."

"My father," Felix exclaimed, "I should, indeed, and the young, handsome face deepened with a fierce glow for everyone who should harbor a thought of one so beloved. The love between father and son was almost pathetic in its intensity. Presently Mrs. Lonsdale said, musingly: "What will Violet say when she hears it?" "Say?" cried Felix. "She will be indignant. She will agree with me, she ought to be. She will listen to you so strangely at me, made to you look so wonderfully, she said, 'whether this would make any difference to her or to her parents—I mean in respect to her own feelings.' "Difference? No—yet I am wrong. Yes, it will make this one difference, she will love me the better and cling to me the more. I have no doubt about Violet's faith, and I know the one thing needed to quicken her love for me with a new, strange life."

name which he valued above all other blessings, were bespoken, he listened to the cruel words, which fell like molten lead on his heart and home, he could have cried aloud that it was all false. He had lived in Lifford both as boy and man, and all his old friends knew that he was incapable of doing any creature a wrong or an injury.

He called few witnesses. He might have had a far better defence than he did, but that he trusted so entirely to the notion that his own innocence must be patent to all men. The verdict was against him—justly so, some said, for the judge had summed up unfavorably for him—and Darcy Lonsdale went home crushed and heart-broken.

Those were dreary days in Vale House. "I shall never hold up my head again," said Darcy Lonsdale, with a deep sob, "I shall never look my fellow-men in the face." That his old friends should have believed this of him, pained the brave, honest heart. He had a long illness, and he was so weak and feeble that he could never recover.

It was a dreary time. The business fell away; the townspeople said to each other with a grave shake of the head, that they could not trust a word of what such things had been said—that they could not leave their interests, as before, in his hands. One after another the old names disappeared from his books. Men he had known all his simple life came shyly to his door, and in the dreary time he passed on.

Felix worked hard, but it was like rowing against an angry current. There were some gleams of comfort; one of them neither father or son forgot. It was an evening in October, dark and chill. For the first time the invalid had come down stairs, and the weight of anxiety upon him was like a weight of lead. There were days of strict economy in Vale House. There was no tempting fruit for the feeble appetite, no generous wine to give strength to the feeble frame. The best medicine that the invalid had was the cheering kindly words of his wife, the love of his home.

That evening Felix came home late from his office; he was tired, owing to the hard work and ill-fortune of the day. He fought nobly with misfortune, but he fought in vain. His kind face brightened when he saw a letter for him. It must be from Violet, who would write to him except Violet? And despite all his sorrows his heart glowed as he thought of her, his beautiful love. Oh, to escape, if only for one hour, and sun himself in the light of her presence! He saw her so seldom now. He was hard at work during the day, and the nights were too long for walks and rambles. He occasionally went over to The Limes, but the welcome that he received there was not of the warmest, and he could not see Violet alone. He took up the letter with a smile and read it. It was not from Violet, but from her father, Francis Hargrave, saying that the marriage must be deferred for at least a year, under the circumstances. Felix could not hamper himself with a wife.

(To be Continued.)

### MURDER STATISTICS.

#### Homicides in London and Chicago—Efficiency of Police Protection.

In the Metropolitan police district of London, which covers an area of 688 square miles, and contains a population of 6,500,000, there were committed last year just twenty murders. In four cases the murderers committed suicide. In all the others arrests were made by the police. There was no undiscovered crime—to use the British expression—during the year.

The Metropolitan police district is roughly speaking three and a half times as large as the City of Chicago, both in area and in population. Yet, in the City of Chicago during the same period there were 128 homicides reported to the police. Among these, according to the records kept at detective headquarters, there were four in which the killing was done by officers in the performance of their duty, and eight in which the offenders were committed to prison, and were themselves killed at the time of the crime. Among the remaining 106 cases convictions were secured in 34, while in 53 cases arrests were made which either did not result in convictions, or in 19 cases the arrested were made. These last are Chicago's "undiscovered crimes" for 1902.

# About Radium.

The story of the discovery of radium is full of interest, and my readers may pardon me even if it is again told, for it forms the last chapter in a volume of which many have still to be written.

M. Henri Becquerel, prompted by a hint from the celebrated mathematician, M. Poisson, discovered that the compounds of uranium, a somewhat rare metal, as well as the metal itself, were capable of impressing a photographic plate wrapped up in black paper, or otherwise protected from light. It was also found that such salts, placed near a charged electroscope, discharged it, and leaves falling together, an electroscope, it may be explained, is a metal box with glass sides; through a hole in the lid a wire passes, the stopper of which is covered with sulphur, or sealing-wax, or some other material which does not conduct electricity.

From the end of the wire are suspended two pieces of gold leaf, hanging down so as to be visible through the glass sides of the box. If a piece of sealing-wax is rubbed, so as to excite it electrically, and if the electroscope, discharged, is touched with the end of the wire, a small charge of electricity is given to the wire, and through it to the gold leaves, so that they repel each other, and fly apart, making a figure like the letter V (A). If the wire be touched with the finger the electric charge is conducted away through the body, and the leaves swing back to their original position.

This effect of discharging was found to be produced when a salt of mineral containing uranium was placed inside the box. Mme. Curie, a lady, living in Paris, noticed that the rate at which the gold leaves fell together was more rapid with certain uranium minerals (specimens of pitch-blende) than could be accounted for by the uranium oxide in the mineral; she therefore separated the mineral into its groups of constituents—uranium, iron, lead, barium, bismuth, etc. (for the mineral contains all these and many other elements) and tested each group as to its power of discharging. At first she thought she had traced the discharging power to the bismuth group, and attributed it to an element which she called "polonium," after her native country.

This discovery has not been disproved; but it appears that the amount of polonium obtainable is exceedingly small and difficult to separate from bismuth. Subsequently Mme. Curie discovered another element of the uranium group, possessing enormous powers of discharging, and to this element, which occurs in a relatively greater amount, she gave the name "radium."

It is an undoubted element in the sense in which that term is generally used; its salts resemble closely those of barium, and its spectrum has been observed by Mr. Demarcay, by Prof. Runge and by Sir William Crookes. Its atomic weight has been determined by Mme. Curie at 225; the atomic weight of uranium is the highest known—240—and there is some evidence from its spectrum that radium may have even a higher atomic weight—over 250—and that the atomic weight of barium, Curie may not have been quite free from barium, of which the atomic weight is only 137.

These researches were in progress M. Curie and Dr. Schmidt discovered simultaneously that another element, thorium, of which the atomic weight is 232, also possessed the power of discharging an electroscope; and moreover, that air be led over acids of thorium, the air requires and attains for a short time discharging power.

The subject was taken up by Prof. Frederick Soddy, who then worked in his laboratory, and they found that if the "active" air were cooled by passing it through a tube cooled with liquid air, it lost its "activity," the active portion remaining in the cold tube. On warming the tube the active portion was carried forward, and with it the discharging power. They also found that a similar "emanation" or gas, was evolved from salts of radium, possessing a much more permanent discharging power. While the "emanation" from thorium salts "decayed" in a few minutes, that from radium salts lasted a month. It, too, was condensable when cooled; it was luminous, and imparted temporary luminosity in objects which it touched ("excited activity"). The fact that a radium salt is always hotter than its surroundings, discovered by the Curies, implies that radium is continually losing energy. In water some of this energy is expended in decomposing a portion of the water into oxygen and hydrogen gases. Prof. Rutherford and H. T. Clarke have recently shown that "more than two-thirds of the heating effect is not due to the radium at all, but to the radio-active emanation which it produces from itself." In November, 1902, Messrs. Rutherford and Soddy concluded from their experiments on the emanations from radium and thorium that they are "inert gases, analogous to nature, to the members of the argon family," and also they threw out the surmise, "whether the presence of helium in minerals and its invariable association with uranium and thorium may not be connected with the radio-activity."

own weight), so there may be a limit to the atomic weight of an element.

Those elements with high atomic weights such as thorium, uranium and radium, are apparently decomposing into elements with low atomic weight; in doing so they give off heat, they also possess the curious property of radio-activity. What these elements are is unknown, except in one case; one of the products of the decomposition of the ducts of the decomposition of the element. Can the process be reversed? No one knows. But as gold is an element of high atomic weight, it may be confidently stated that if it is changing, it is much more likely that it is being converted into silver and copper than that it is being formed from them. At this stage, however, speculation is futile. It is certain that further experiment will lead to more positive knowledge of the nature of the elements, and of some of them are undergoing—William Ramsay, in London Mail.

### NOXIOUS WEEDS.

#### The Chief Weeds Found in Clover and Timothy.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

The spread of noxious weeds can be attributed to no single cause. They seem to be naturally adapted to rapid spreading, and besides there are various natural and artificial agencies which aid in their dissemination. Not the least important among these agencies is the grain trade. Almost every farmer purchases yearly a quantity of grain or grasses and clovers, with little thought of introducing weed seeds in this way. As a matter of fact, however, he seldom gets seed regularly free from weed seeds of some kind occasionally there are some not particularly injurious, but frequently they are most undesirable, and being introduced unconsciously, gain a strong foothold before their presence is suspected. In this connection some particulars of the analysis of seeds from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa should be of interest, as they show to what extent these conditions prevail.

Of over two hundred samples of timothy analyzed during 1903, only four had no weed seeds in them; in the others over thirty different kinds of weed seeds were represented. Of these weeds, Convolvulus, Peppercorn, Sheep Sorrel, Ribgrass, False Flax, Lamb's Quarters, Canada Thistle and White Cockle were most commonly present, often at the rate of several thousand per pound in Red Clover and Timothy, some of which there were several hundred samples analyzed, there were upwards of forty species of weed seeds, those being commonest whose seeds are approximately the size of a corn seed. Thus in Red Clover, Canada Thistle, White Cockle, and Ribgrass were found over 4000, Canada Thistle, White Cockle, and Ribgrass were found over 4000, Canada Thistle, White Cockle, and Ribgrass were found over 4000.

The primary cause for this prevailing condition is no doubt the sale of weed seed with the crop for seed, and the tendency of farmers to buy improperly cleaned seeds, but cause they are cheaper than, and to a casual examiner, equally as good as dealer grades. It is usually safe to regard cheap seed as of inferior quality, and on this account to avoid buying it.

Dodder was present in twelve samples of red clover at an average rate of 418 seeds per pound; this is considerably more than was the case a year ago, and was no doubt due to more seed being imported from the south, where this parasite thrives much better than here. The analysis of several samples obtained from the same source showed that dodder is a very common impurity in the Canadian country, the sample having upwards of 700 seed per pound, and others somewhat less. There is no probability of Canada ever having to import seed from other countries, as both countries have a common market for their surplus supply, the presence of the impurity in the Canadian seed should afford the Canadian producer a considerable advantage. Were it not for this circumstance the Canadian red clover seed would prove a dangerous competitor, as it is well colored, plump, and of high vitality, and will few other objectionable impurities.

Several samples of exported Canadian alfalfa and red clover were obtained from English seed merchants. All these showed a uniform quality, free from dodder, but a few samples had but apparently been well cleaned, as there was a notable absence of such impurities as light seeds, chaff, or weed seeds either larger or smaller than the bulk of the sample. Small numbers of cockle, black medick, and false flax still remained in the alfalfa, and of foxtail and ribgrass in the red clover. The germination was uniformly over ninety per cent. The average quality was therefore considerably better than that of the seeds retained in our own markets. It should always be remembered, however, by buyers, that, while the average quality of our seeds may be low, the highest grades are always offered for sale, and this quality is in the end the most profitable. W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

#### Another Mean Man Exposed.

"Now," said the lawyer for the cross-petitioner, as he took the fair witness in hand, "I want you to tell the court just when you first began to think your husband was treating you cruelly?" "It was on Christmas, two years ago."

"What was the nature of the trouble?" "I had bought my mother a pocket-book for a present."

"Well, he got mad and talked awfully, because he gave my mother a gold watch."

"Because he gave it, you say?" "Yes, of course I picked it out, but I let them send him the bill and he gave him all the credit for it."

POINT OF VIEW

### THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs, which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooling, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Canada River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well, and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.