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McLAUGHLIN'S
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Confidence in the
wonder before I ask you to
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The Fatal Dower

THE DESTRUCTION OF A PROUD SPIRIT.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Margaret Howard, on the eve of departure to join her secretly married husband, leaves her child with Susan Rivers and is drowned at sea. Susan rears the child, Daisy, as her own, and dies. Her daughter, Margaret, alone knows Daisy's secret.

CHAPTER V.

"A secret?" said Daisy, raising her clear, truthful eyes to Rita's face. "I did not think we had one in our home!"

"It is a secret," continued the older girl, "that the world would never suspect. I, the one concerned, never dreamed of it. Daisy, can you believe that I was not Mrs. Rivers' own child?"

"Not our own mother's child?" said Daisy, incredulously. "It is impossible—it cannot be true!"

"It is a fact," said Rita. "The night before my poor nurse died she sent every one away from the room and told me the story."

"Who are you, then?" cried Daisy. "Why, Rita, I cannot believe it! You must be my own sister—you are dreaming!"

"Now it is no dream," said Rita. "She here are the proofs. Yet I shall always be your sister and love you very much. I shall always do my best for you."

The faint inflection of patronage in the rich, musical tones was not lost upon Daisy. Something like pain flitted over her features and shadowed her tender eyes.

"Tell me all about it, Rita," she said, imploringly. "How can it be? Why, my mother always seemed to love you better than me!"

"No," said Rita, in alarm, "that could not be. It never strikes me how much more anxious she seemed over your education than over mine? There is little to tell; the story is a very simple one. Your mother, when quite a young girl, was my mother's nurse. It seems that my mother's parents were once very rich people, but lost all they had. Her father died, and she herself, after receiving an excellent training, went out as governess. The place where she went was called Huxford Hall, I believe. While there some gentlemen fell in love with her and married her. But, Daisy, the marriage was a secret one. He was brought up by rich, aristocratic relations, who would not hear of such a thing; so he married my mother, Margaret Arle, unknown to every one."

"But who was he?" interrupted Daisy.

"Ah! would that I could tell you!" was the calm reply. "My mother trusted yours, but she never told her that. All she said of my father was that he was an officer in the army. She called him Captain Arthur. Captain Arthur went to India, leaving my mother in England. But he had a serious illness there; he sent, imploring my mother to go out to him. My poor mother, therefore, resolved to leave me behind in her old nurse's care. She took me to Deepdale, our old home, and left me in your mother's charge."

"Low strange!" said Daisy; "it seems like a romance or a fairy tale."

"The strangest part has to come," continued Rita. "My mother went in a ship called the Ocean Queen; it was lost at sea, and from that day she left me until the present time. No word has ever been heard of her from any friend or relation—no one seems to be aware of my existence. My father, has never written—has never claimed me; either he is dead or he does not know where I am. I shall never believe that he has left me here and willfully abandoned me. Your mother told me all this on the night she died; she gave me the locket, the ring, and the letters. How strange it is, Daisy! I do not even know my own name. My mother called herself 'Howard.' I shall call that name. I am 'Margaret Howard'; but I never mean to rest until I have found my father or his relations."

"Then we shall be parted?" said Daisy, sadly.

"That does not follow. When I find noble and wealthy relations I shall not forget you, Daisy."

Daisy returned on the morning following to school. Rita remained at the cottage with old Mrs. Ferne. She had decided upon certain plans, but did not intend to carry them out until Ralph Ashton had left the country.

He was the one dark spot in the bright future, and ready she had thrown off her allegiance to him, in her own mind; she had freed herself from a promise that, with her new prospects, was simply hateful to her. Not one word did she say to Ralph Ashton of the story told by Mrs. Rivers, or of her own version of it. When he returned in three years' time he would hear that she had left Rooks' Nest, and she did not intend or mean him to trace her. She believed he would forget her, or give up all pursuit of her as hopeless. Even should he discover her, she thought the change in her position would awe him and convince him of the impassable barrier between them. That evening he came to say good-bye in the gleaming moon.

"In three years," said Ralph, "Oh, Rita! how shall I live through them? There will be no one money in which I shall not think of you and long for the sound of your voice or one glimpse of your face. In three years I shall find you, when the flowers are blooming just as the bloom now, and no sun will be so bright to me as the smile you welcome me with when I come to claim you."

If Ralph Ashton could have foreseen how and where he would find her he would have died before the blow came. To the last hour of his life he remembered every detail of that scene—the distant chiming of the waves; the musical voice that whispered false words; the magical charms of the girl he loved; the fragrance of the roses, and the mellow evening light.

The gloaming passed, and the gray tints of night grew deeper. "Let me sit with you one hour longer, Rita," pleaded Ralph, and she asked him into the cottage.

"You must give me a keepsake," he said, when Mrs. Ferne plainly intimated that it was growing late; "anything that you have touched and cared for yourself."

"Give him something that will do him good," said the old woman. "He is a young man, and he is going down into the deep seas. It will do him no harm to remember who keeps him safe in the midst of dangers."

Ralph smiled at the words, but she continued, earnestly: "You have two Bibles, Rita. One, there, your poor mother used every day. There is another lying on the shelf, there. Give him that."

Rita silently took the book from the upper shelf, where it had lain for many long years, and placed it in Ralph's hand.

"Read it when you are on the seas," she said, gravely. He took it from her without a word of comment. She was all unconscious that at Deepdale Mrs. Rivers had placed little Daisy's portrait and her mother's last letter there—the letter which spoke of the child's golden curls, and directed again that she should be called Daisy; all unconscious that between the leaves lay the portrait of a fair, graceful child, while underneath it, in her mother's own handwriting, were the two words, "Daisy Howard."

In the strongest armor there is generally one weak point. Rita had made good her story, serenely unconscious of the only piece of evidence that could ever betray her, and that evidence she had placed in the hands of the man she intended to dupe and elude.

Ralph thought little of the gift. He would have preferred the ribbon she wore in her hair, or the flower that she carried in her hands. He took the book home with him and laid it in his sea-chest. He was many miles away from old England when he saw it again, and found what it contained.

Even that vain, ambitious heart was touched with his sorrow when the time came for him to leave her. He clasped her in his arms and kissed the face that lured him on to ruin and death. Tears dimmed the eyes that had seldom wept before. For long hours after he had quitted her lips and brows. She was touched at his sorrow, wondered at the depth of his love, but never dreamed of being true to him. When his tall figure disappeared down the high road she felt released. He had faded from her life, she thought, and would trouble her no more.

Two days afterwards Daisy came home with strange intelligence. One of the pupils at Miss Toffles' academy—the daughter and heiress of John Denham, of Landsmere—was going abroad, and nothing would satisfy her but taking with her, as companion, the fair, gentle girl who every one loved. Mrs. Denham came over to Queen's Lyne, and urgently pressed Daisy to accede to her daughter's wish. Daisy had no objection; her only difficulty was in leaving Rita.

Far from opposing the plan, Rita thought it the best event that could have happened. Daisy at home might have been in her way, but Daisy abroad could not interfere with her arrangements. By all means let her go.

"It would be folly to remain here for my sake," said Rita. "I shall not be here long myself. In a few more weeks I intend to take some active steps for discovering my father's name and whereabouts. If I find him this will be no home for me."

Daisy was happy. The Denhams intended remaining on the Continent for three years, and during that time she was to be the friend and companion of their only child.

The June roses were blooming when Ralph Ashton bade farewell to the girl he loved so dearly and so dearly. She began, then, to arrange her plans, but before the roses had faded fate had taken the threads into her own hand. There was no need for the beautiful, ambitious girl to scheme and arrange; the father whom she intended to seek was seeking her, and the tragedy of her life began.

CHAPTER VI.

The Isles, of Lisle Court, stood foremost in the ranks of English nobility. Far back in the reign of Stephen, one found their name in the annals of history. The doped race of the Royal Stuarts had no truer friends than the Isles, of Lisle Court. The bed-chamber where Bonnie Prince Charlie slept remains untouched when the last Stuart ceased to reign their interest in public life seemed to end. Lord Archibald Lisle, during the reign of George the Second, gave up his seat in Parliament, and devoted himself to the care of his estate. In all England there stands no fairer domain than Lisle Court. It lies in the fertile midland counties—in the quiet green heart of the land.

Lord Ronald Lisle, the last, barren married young. He had three bright, handsome boys, and then his wife died. He loved her memory the well ever to take a second wife. From the time of her death he devoted himself to his children. He was a proud, fastidious man—proud to excess of his name and lineage, honestly believing the Lises second to none. The bare idea of a mesalliance was hateful to him. Poor relations he considered one of the greatest afflictions that could befall any family. When his sister married Lionel Wyverne, his anger knew no bounds. Lionel Wyverne, whose fortune only consisted in a handsome, aristocratic face and two hundred per annum, struggled for a few years, but poverty and a delicate wife. He died then, tired of the world and its coldness. Lord Lisle had no recourse save to fetch his sister and her only child, Arthur, to Lisle Court. He adopted his nephew, treating him in every respect as one of his own children. He educated him with his sons, and when his college career ended, purchased for him a commission in a "crack" regiment. When Captain Arthur Wyverne came to his uncle and told him he had fallen in love with and wanted to marry a pretty penniless governess, Lord Lisle laughed in contemptuous anger.

"Not only," he said, "will I refuse to see you again, and withdraw from you all countenance and support, but your mother, too, must suffer for you. If you persist in this absurd folly, she must leave Lisle Court, and you know what suffering that would inflict upon her. Let me hear no more about it, Arthur; boyish fancies are soon forgotten."

Captain Wyverne paused then. For himself, he could have endured anything; but the thought of his delicate mother, sent adrift from the home she valued so much, where every luxury was at her command, quelled him.

He said no more to Lord Lisle. After some weeks of anxious debate, he compromised the matter by a private marriage, as already detailed.

One brief year, as the reader is aware, and then a dark cloud fell over the happy home. Captain Wyverne's regiment was ordered to India, and neither wife nor child was strong enough to accompany him.

Then came his illness, and his urgent request that his wife would join him in far-off India. How anxiously he awaited her arrival may be well imagined. But, instead, there came to him, on his sick-bed, the fatal tidings; the vessel was lost, and all on board had perished with her.

For many long weeks Captain Wyverne forgot his sorrow in insensibility. When health and reason returned, his first thought was of his child—Margaret's child. What had become of her? The little one had evidently been left behind, for there was no mention of her in the passenger list. With whom had she been left? How should he find her. During the long, weary hours of convalescence the young officer lay pondering these questions. Surely, in England, there must be some clew. Some one there must know the whereabouts of Margaret's child. He wrote to Mrs. Markham, in whose house his wife had lodged, but the letter was never answered.

He could not recover; his mind and heart were both tortured. At length he succeeded in obtaining a few months' leave of absence, and returned home.

His mother, when she gazed upon his face, did not know her son. The white, haggard features and dim, saddened eyes told of more than physical suffering.

Once more in England, he commenced a life-long search for his lost child. How could he best find out to whom Margaret had intrusted her? On the first day of his return, he went to the house where she had lodged. Then he found out that Mrs. Markham had gone to America; but no one could tell him where, or to what part of that vast country. One of the neighbors, who remembered the lady and the child, told him they both left the house a week before Mrs. Markham went away; so that, evidently, the child had not been left with her. By dint of great expense and trouble in advertising, the cabman was found who had driven the lady and the little one to the station. He remembered every detail, but he could not say where she was going, he had not remarked the directions upon the box. It seemed to Captain Wyverne that every trace of little Margaret was lost.

(To Be Continued.)

HEIRLOOM IN THE FAMILY.
The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him on occasions. A wealthy man was once proudly exhibiting to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which he said was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old," said his host. "That is impossible! Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India! What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table!"

Husband—"Well, she had on one of those dresses made of what you call that stuff, of a kind of a mixed shade, and trimmed with what his names. I don't remember now whether it was cut low or not; or whether it had sleeves, but I know it had one or the other. Her hair was done up the style like you see in pictures."

"Don't you know what I mean? Ornamented with pearls, I expect she had. That's all right. I think that I noticed her hair, but you can easily tell from that how she looked."

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Farmers of the Soil.

HOW TO GET WINTER EGGS.

A lazy fowl is an unprofitable one, so by all means discourage laziness in them. Very often strenuous means must be employed to break them of the habit of setting around humped up. The often advised morning mash is to my mind the worst thing that a hen can fall herself upon, for it at once puts her into a condition that will take hours of her valuable time to undo. What she needs is a good waking up, and nothing is better than a vigorous scratch of an hour or so among a pile of leaves, or straw. Of course the grain should be placed there in liberal quantities, for we cannot expect her to shell out the eggs on a wind diet exclusively. Some advise a noon meal, but I think two meals enough for them, writes Mr. F. H. Pats.

During the short winter months the evening meal should be given at an hour early enough to allow them to finish and get onto the roost before dark, and you know dark comes early in winter. I find cut-clover, or clover meal, fed warm at night, is relished, and should be mixed half and half with equal parts bran and shorts. Over this pour boiling water and stir until well mixed. It may then be fed in wooden troughs. Provide at this hour slightly warmed water, seeing that all water vessels are emptied as soon as they have been used, and that the water is annoying than to be obliged to dig the ice out of the water vessels.

ON A COLD MORNING.

Cut bone is an ideal diet for laying hens, and while it requires some labor to produce it, give it as time well spent. At from \$6 to \$10 you can possess a good modern bone cutter and every poultry raiser who keeps even two or three dozen hens will find such a machine nearly paid for at the end of the year in the extra egg crop.

I do not consider it necessary to discuss the breed to keep for winter, for it matters but little in regard to the color. If you possess a flock of chickens that are giving good returns, stick to them till they go back on you, improving them each year by selecting the best layers, and most uniform colored ones, for after all we are apt to favor a flock that looks as much alike as two peas, and take more pride in them. The nests should be nice and roomy, and provide plenty of material that will permit of considerable fixing, for a hen is touchy on the nest question. She likes to build her own. A pile of gravel in easy reach is always acceptable, and the hens will pay a visit to it many times during a day. If your hens are laying nicely, and the supply of eggs begins to increase you will soon be thinking of setting them. Broody hens are scarce these times, so in order to make sure of early chicks we must make other arrangements and procure an incubator.

DAIRYING WITHOUT A SILO.

The farmer with a small dairy will find that he can obtain good results without a silo. Last spring we fed rye and clover one day. At night all the cows would eat clean, says Mr. P. H. Hartwell. The dry weather having set in before our corn was large enough to feed, we fed a grain ration of bean, gluten and oat meal. By this means we kept the cows well up to their work, with but little shrinkage. When the corn was ready we fed it freely until the rains had greened up pastures. When these began to fail, we fed the stalks from a late patch of sweet corn. By the time the corn was gone we had gathered some ten two-horse loads of pumpkins which had grown in the corn. We began by feeding about a peck of chopped pumpkins to each cow twice a day. Later, when it was necessary to give dry feed, we added to the pumpkins a half bushel of cut oats and hay, with two quarts of cob meal and four quarts of beer grains. This mess was made wet and fed morning and night.

When the pumpkins are gone we have beets and turnips to follow, so that we can give succulent food till spring. The cows have shrunk but very little in milk, and as the milk made on this feed in November tested 4.20, I guess it is all right.

We planted our corn with a planter, going over the ground twice, which made the rows 20 inches apart. We used about 250 pounds of good fertilizer to the acre each time. From less than three acres we fed eight cows all the winter, and had several loads left over, which the cows will eat, butts and all. The pumpkins and turnips were grown with the corn, and so cost us nothing.

THE FIG PEN.
We must keep the fattening pigs warm. If they are kept in a cold pen or allowed to run out in cold weather, at least twenty-five per cent more food will be required to give a given gain.

Two hundred pounds is a good market weight, and do not have the pigs too fat.

It does not injure a well nurtured mature sow to give birth to two litters of pigs each year.

The squealing pig with staring coat and humped back, who crows and pushes in the steamy nest for a warm place, is surely losing money for his careless owner.

There is no great secret of success in swine raising. A good, warm, dry well-ventilated hog house and pure water for all seasons. A good pasture for spring, summer and fall, and a variety of food for winter, with thrifty, strong pigs, and success is yours.

It is a good idea, and one the hogs will like, to throw over to them every week or so a few freshly cut sods during the winter, when they

PRELIMINARIES TO THE CORONATION.



WORKING FOR THE CORONATION. PAN'S TRAPPERS PREPARING IN CANADA. HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRAPPERS PREPARING IN CANADA. HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S TRAPPERS PREPARING IN CANADA.

ing except the labor of sowing the seed. We don't think the crop of corn was damaged much, as we gathered close to 800 bushels of ears from an eight-acre field, which is fair crop for this section.

When butter fat sells for 20 cents a pound, surely the farmer gets good pay for the time and labor expended on his cows. In feeding pumpkins, it is important to remove the seeds.

LITTER FOR BEDDING.

Such forms of vegetable production as weeds, vines, stalks, etc., gathered and burned return but little value to the farm. If allowed to remain on the ground they hinder plowing. Weeds will grow, and they are productions of our lands and have removed from the soil a portion of its fertility. How to return this to the soil in the most convenient form and get other benefits from this refuse should be considered by every farmer.

Near large cities straw has become almost too expensive an article for bedding. Shavings and sawdust are not entirely satisfactory. Upon the farm we have that which can take the place of these for stable litter. By a little extra labor and care weeds and rubbish can be gathered and secured for bedding. Although not as soft as straw, they are clean, absorb much of the liquid manure, and soon decay in the manure pile. When the seeds of weeds have matured they had best be burned, but rather than have the seeds scattered on the ground, we would chance them in the compost heap, where a large portion of them will be destroyed. The leaves from trees can be easily gathered and stored for stock bedding. These may be considered by-products of the farm that have been going to waste. Utilize them by returning them to the soil, and let them carry in their tissues some fertility from the stable.

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can find little opportunity for resting about. The fresh earth is good for them and they will not fail to show their appreciation of the treat.

Do not keep over two or three brood sows in the same pen. Give them a dry, comfortable nest so they will not crowd and pile up; they should also be kept reasonably warm to avoid the result. When brood sows do not have a proper nest, or when they fight and race each other about the pen, there is great danger of their getting injured.

CARE OF DAIRY UTENSILS.

It is often difficult to keep dairy utensils in the best possible condition in winter, because of lack of sunshine. On most farms vessels are washed and scalded and then put in the sunshine until wanted. Many winter days have no sunshine. Utensils should therefore be boiled thoroughly and subjected to live steam if this is obtainable. At any rate, give them a good scalding in boiling water and place them where they are exposed to outside air. Sunshine is the best possible disinfectant. Keep your dairy utensils in the sunshine as much as possible.

FEED THEM.

A Few Little Things Which You Cannot Do.

A man cannot rise from a chair without being forward, or putting his feet under it, because of lack of strength. Many a man will back himself to give another a start of fifty yards in a race of one hundred, provided the man having the start hops all the way. But no runner, however swift, can give that amount to an ordinary man. For the first five yards they start practically the same pace.

Therefore the runner, to go ninety-five yards while the "hopper" goes forty-five, would have to run more than twice as fast, and it would be a weak man who could not hop forty-five yards at a pace equal to twenty yards for one hundred yards, and would mean that the runner, in order to win, would have to beat all previous records.

If a man boasts that his penicils is particularly sharp, ask him to opt with one stroke of the blade one of those yellow ribbons, mostly of silk, which are sold in bundles of cigars. In 999 cases out of 1,000 the knife is not sharp enough to do this. It will cut through all the ribbon except the last strand, and that will pull out long, and the more he tries to cut it the longer it will pull out.

No one except a blind man can stand with his support of any kind for five minutes at a stretch, if he is thoroughly blindfolded, without moving his feet. If he does not move his feet he is pretty sure to topple over in about a minute.

AT LAST.

"I see that Wagson is going to get married."

"I'm glad he has found a way to support himself."

Distress of Sleepless Nights

Is Too Well Known to Hosts of Nerve-Exhausted Men and Women--The Fatal Error of Using Opium.

Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To live awake night after night, the brain on fire with nervous excitement and thoughts flashing before the mind in never-ending variety, is the common experience of persons whose nerves are weak and exhausted. During such nights nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate. Instead of being restored and reinvigorated for another day's wear and tear the body is further weakened and exhausted and the mind is unrefreshed by this terrible waste of energy which the lamp of life is rapidly burning out.

It is in this despairing condition that many men and women attempt to drug and ladden the nerves by the use of opiates. This is a fatal step which hastens nerve decay.

Surely it is wiser to build up and completely restore the nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, a treatment which gets right down to the foundation of the difficulty and effects permanent results by revivifying the wasted nerve cells.

Sleeplessness is only one of the many distressing symptoms which entirely disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a positive cure for weakness of nerves and body, and is specific for woman's ill-effects which almost invariably arise from exhausted nerves. 50 cts. a box, 4 boxes for \$2.00, all dealers or Edmunds, Bates & Co., Toronto.