

armed at the An-Czar's Spies. 10.-Alarm again over the presence of a large number of spies in the general's house. A Russian general is recognized at any while pretending to be a spy. The spy is arrested and taken to the North on a charge of espionage. He is found guilty and sentenced to a term of years in the capacity of a spy. The spy's house was disarmed. The spy is distrustful of the Czar's Government.

GREAT ARMY.

ry Scheme in history.

MILITIA CORPS.

despatch from Evening News to believe from a trust- the most im- theme known in forehadowed by Brodick in his of Commons on yesterday, when

be possible that he be made by of the Em- able in case of a whole Empire An opportunity will occur at

says that from Great Britain and equip of which, rep- would be pre- in defence of the would leave men for home

to arrange for the army corps. South to army corps anywhere, and Zealand and marked to fur- wholly avail- According to the scheme

TOMMY.

to Get One Clear.

SERVE ALSO.

in introducing 150,000,000 to-day. War Office, which work well, had never such a scale could be ex- 300,000 in South M- complaints of the need of the army admin- ists, etc., as and clerks stituted in the officers.

ing, Mr. Brod- had been tion in the could be ex- the Indian gar- The coun- the experi- garrisons to

giving a filip and the allow- with nine and with the every man a after two and four he would be daily. Mr. would result

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MONDIKE.

able to be able to the pres- of 50- of all offi- presented

MONSOON

It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to MONSOON CEYLON TEA, or Longfellow was not thinking of MONSOON TEA when he wrote these lines, but they describe this delicious beverage very accurately.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

As almost comes to hate Gillian, as Gillian truly enough divine, for being concerned in that miserable disappointment, and would be glad to be rid of her presence, only that she cannot very well dismiss her as she had done Anne, knowing, too, that Gillian has really just at present nowhere to go; indeed, the poor child herself sometimes vaguely wonders why she was born at all. She does not seem to have any place in the world of human ties and affections; she is not in the least necessary to any one's happiness or well-being, nay, in truth she feels herself a sort of supernumerary — an unnecessary unit in the two households into which she has entered.

Lady Damer does not want her, nor care for her; her father and his brilliant young wife have not the slightest need of her; into the newly-wedded happiness of Anne Lacy and her husband she dare not mount Osory is a lonely, loveless, joyless home for her now; the tender memories of her mother are swept out of the house in South Kensington, and the dwelling itself is in the hands of decorators and upholsterers, whilst its master and new mistress are in Paris. So Gillian has, literally, "nowhere to go."

Sometimes in those dreary weeks after her arrival, Gillian ventures timidly to seek Sir Harry in his solitude, and ask him if she shall read to him or play cribbage with him. Once or twice he languidly assents, but at other times he entirely refuses, and stares in moody silence into the burning coals for hours without speaking.

Still Gillian perseveres, though Lady Damer has even sneered at her with her cold smile for "enacting the part of a sister of mercy" on two occasions on which she found the girl reading a chapter in the New Testament to the poor invalid.

Once poor Harry Damer had voluntarily requested her to read to him some message of comfort to his trembling soul.

"I don't want to see Paterson, nor his curates either," he says, gruffly, "but I want to hear the story of the 'Frog and the Son.'"

And then he cries like a child as Gillian reads the matchless relation of infinite love; and the girl goes away with a gently whispered prayer.

So, in spite of Lady Damer's sneers and delicately-barbed little taunts, Gillian meekly but determinedly tries to do what she can for the unhappy man who is bereft of every earthly solace; and with deep pity, and timid affection growing with her filial attentions, she glides into his room whenever she can avoid Lady Damer's notice.

For his own sake she compassionates him, for his son's sake she loves him.

But there comes at last one evening — blustery April evening, with gusts of fierce southwest wind and rain drifting against the window-panes — when Gillian hurries down to the library with a feeling of freedom that actually makes her quite light-hearted. Lady Damer has gone to Ballyford, to dine at the palace this evening, and gone early to spend some time with the bishop's wife, who is an old acquaintance of hers; and she has ordered the carriage to meet her at the Ossory station at eleven to-night.

It is now only half-past three, so there are nearly eight hours of liberty of action, delivered from the oppression of her imperious presence in the house, to be counted on.

Gillian's first resolute determination has been to dress herself quickly and hurry off as fast as she can walk to Ballyford Castle, to spend two or three hours with Anne — to enter once again into the dear old rooms, to well remember — to go back in memory to the bitter sweet of the past.

But when she comes into the library, ready dressed for her walk, her heart smites her at the sight of the desolate figure, with his chin sunk dejectedly on his breast, his wasted hands propped on his knees, staring vacantly into the fire, alone in his misery.

"Uncle Harry," she says gently, for he has exhibited a curious aversion to his new title, "have you seen the Illustrated London News? There are some interesting..."

"No, no, no," he says, irritably; "I don't care a farthing for it. Where are you going?"

"Out for a walk," Gillian says, rather reluctantly. "It's raining, isn't it?" he says, with a shiver — "a miserable, cold, wet day. Ah, once upon a time I didn't mind the rain, or the cold, or the wet."

in vain for a sight of moon or stars, I fancies for a moment that she sees a figure come to the shrubbery from the direction of the iris gate leading into the wood, and the next moment deems it the merest illusion of the waving trees in the murky gloom.

CHAPTER XLIII. Gillian listens to the slow, stealthy footsteps, holding her breath in a sudden, nervous alarm at the unusual sound. For the narrow path beneath the library window simply runs around the west side of the house to the tennis-lawn, and the servants or gardeners never use it. No one or gardener uses the path on an errand of business there, and no one walks there for pleasure most assuredly on a night like this.

A sense of something strange and inexplicable seems to press on her forehead, and she trembles as she goes back to the fire and sits down quietly once more, lest the invalid perchance in his unconsciousness.

Still she listens intently in pauses of the storm, and creeps inside the curtains more than once to try if she can discern anything beside the black tree-shapes outside in the wet night.

But she hears nor sees anything more of the mysterious night sounds, and as the time passes on she gradually tries to persuade herself that both figure and footsteps were things of her fancy.

"Gillian!" Sir Harry says, suddenly, "do you think your father would come over to see me if I asked him?"

"Yes, certainly," Gillian says, rather amazed at the question, for he has never starting into the fire with his blank, work-outward gaze for a long time in utter silence. "Father and my stepmother are in Paris at present, but when he returns to town I am sure he will come over as soon as you ask him, Uncle Harry."

"But I want him now! Now!" he returns with feeble impatience. "I can't wait till he comes back from Paris! I haven't time. My sands are running very low, very low! I want any time to spare, and I want to see him as soon as I can, and tell the whole truth before I die."

His lined face puckers deeply in suppressed emotion, his grey head shakes in a mournful meaning, he looks an old, worn-out man as he sits trembling in the firelight, and Gillian's tender heart aches with compassion.

"Uncle Harry," she says earnestly, drawing close to him, "I will write to him this very night, and tell him you wish to see him. I am sure he will come from Paris specially, if you need his presence so much."

"I want to see him, I want to see him," he reiterates feebly. "He's my cousin Carrie's husband, and he's an honest man, and a man of the world, and he'll be able to relieve my mind, and help me to put things right. Yes, so he will, Uncle Harry."

Gillian says, soothingly, "and I'll write to him at once. And is there any one else you'd like to be sent for?"

"No, nobody else," he says, wearily, in a dull, slow way. "Nobody?" Gillian repeats, trying to keep her voice from shaking and her limbs quivering in excitement.

"You are sure there is no one you want to see, Uncle Harry?"

"No, no, no," he says, closing his eyes, with a deep sigh. "Not even George Archer, Uncle Harry."

He starts suddenly upright in his chair, his fingers clenching at the arms, his sunken blue eyes glittering fiercely.

"What do you talk to me about George Archer for?" he demands, huskily. "What about George Archer?"

George Archer went away without so much as 'good-bye' to me after six-and-twenty years — not so much as 'good-bye,' Lord help me! I wouldn't speak to him if I saw him. He wouldn't come back to save my life; he'll never see me see his face again. Oh, my handsome lad — my handsome, brave lad!"

Bitter tears fill the sunken blue eyes, and wet the furrowed cheeks, and he beats his wasted hands on each other in an ecstasy of piteous despair.

"Uncle Harry," Gillian says, trembling more and more, whilst the red flush burns hotly in each pale cheek. "If I wrote to George Archer and asked him to come home again, would you not see him?"

"He wouldn't come for us either," he retorts, angrily and excitedly. "You treated him badly, and I'll never forgive you for it!"

OUR FARMERS' SUPPLY OF FOREIGN-GROWN SEEDS.

(By G. H. Clark, B. S. A., Chief of Seed Division, Department of Agriculture.)

If the farmers of Canada were acquainted with the sources of supply of their root crop seeds, and the avenues through which they pass before reaching them, they would be a great deal more particular when making their purchases.

Practically all the seed for our root crops is grown in foreign countries. However important it may be that the seed for such crops be grown in the country where it is wanted for sowing, the cheap labor in those European countries, which have become the seed gardens of the world, has made the seed growing industry unprofitable to Canadian farmers or seed specialists.

Our supply of foreign grown seeds is bought and imported principally by our larger seed firms. They may make their purchases either by paying an exorbitant price for reliable European seed growers, men who grow seed from selected pedigreed stock, or they may buy seed at a much lower price — seed that is grown by men whose chief aim has been to produce a large quantity, independent of the quality of the crop it will produce. In the former case, the seed is grown from selected plants — from roots which have an ideal size and form and are known to be true to name.

For instance, an ideal turnip is one having a small neck, and top growth. Such a root when planted will produce a comparatively small growth amount of seed, but the seed from such a root is apt to produce a crop like the mother root which was planted. On the other hand a small turnip having several root prongs, and an excessive growth of top growth, will transmit its like through the seed to the next crop. Seed can be grown from such roots much more cheaply than from selected roots, because, in the first place, the mother roots are earlier, and are not as valuable for feeding, and secondly, they will produce a much larger quantity of seed.

During the last ten or fifteen years the seed trade has to a great extent been passing from the hands of seedmen who devote all their time to a study of seeds and the seed trade, into the hands of local dealers. Unfortunately, fair competition in the seed trade, is practically impossible, since the appearance of most commercial seeds is but a slight indication of their real value. The competition has been, and is too largely confined to prices alone.

It is well to mention, however, that through the progressive spirit of some trade of the best stocks of root crop seeds sold in Canada are retailed to the farmer at a price quite as low as our Canadian seed houses have to pay reputed European seed growers for the best seed from selected pedigreed stock.

Official interference in the seed trade may have objectionable features. Perhaps the most striking example of where legislation has been applied to improve the conditions under which commercial seeds are sold, is in the State of Maine, where all seeds sold must be accompanied with a statement, showing the percentage of pure and vital seeds. They have extended to their seed trade in connection with the seed which is used in Canada to regulate the quality of commercial fertilizers, and the results have clearly demonstrated that, whatever evils may accompany an enforced guarantee system in connection with the seed trade, it is an effective way to improve the quality of commercial seeds, especially of clover and grasses, of which a great deal is sold in some districts in Canada, that contain large quantities of noxious weed seeds, and a decided injury, not only to the farmer who buys it, but to the locality where it is grown.

Small Smiles. Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella? Madam—I want to make you look around so that I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.

Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Torbins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry." "I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

Second-Fat Lady—My husband told me to tell you that your piano disturbs him all day long. Third-Fat Lady—Well, tell him I can't sleep at night for his organ. Second-Fat Lady—Organ? Why, you have no organ. Third-Fat Lady—Yes, your husband's nasal organ. Tell him to try a clothes-pin when he snores.

Jilted Lover—You are cruel, Mabel; did I not do everything for you, did I not spend my last penny to give you pleasure, and now you want to discard me like that! Miss Girdle—That's just it; how can I marry such a spendthrift?—Filegunde Blaetter.

Mary, did that tramp beat the carpet after you gave him that piece of rhubarb pie? He was so mad because it wasn't strawberry that he beat hard for two hours. Professor—You know that in our country a man can marry only one wife. What is the special term for this? Well, speak up, sir! Monogamy. Student—Monotony!—Filegunde Blaetter.

She—Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot that poor little bird, did you? He—Why, yes, dear! I thought you'd like it to trim a hat. "Oh, how good of you! It's perfectly lovely!" "I could face starvation itself for your sake," he exclaimed as he dropped on his knees. "You mean that you wish to marry me?" "Ah, yes." "My dear count, I wish you would kindly explain how you think starvation can get close enough to a family with as much money as ours to give you a chance to face it."

Mabel—Harry compared me with speaking wine last night. Clara—Because you have improved with age, I presume. Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married Man—Yes, He has to.

Exceptional Opportunities. To visit all points of the Great West for pleasure, education or business. The Union Pacific has authorized the following excursion rates: Twenty-five dollars from Missouri River points to California, Oregon and Washington points every day during March and April. Phenomenally low rates to the Pacific Coast and intermediate points. Single trip Colonists' tickets open to all during the coming spring and summer. Special round trip excursion rates will be sold to the Pacific Coast at less than one cent per mile. Choice of routes returning. People identified with local interests at various points of route will show you every attention. It will be to your advantage to make inquiry in regard to these low rates to the Pacific Coast before deciding on the trip. Call or address postal card to G. G. Herrington, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

In Beauty's Name. There is one cosmetic never laid down in books of beauty. It is happiness. There is nothing which so beautifies the face as a happy expression — the outward signs of the condition of the mind. Happiness is something which may be cultivated. It comes less from circumstances than from the will to see and make the best of things. It is a help to health, too. Make yourself happy. Think always of beautiful things. Shine out in your life and eyes. The great Rachel says in her memoirs that she gained her beauty by looking hour after hour at statues and thinking much of them.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

OF BETTER DAYS. Into the second-hand shops of the metropolis is continually pouring a stream of finely made and little worn garments of good material that tell a sad story of decline from better days by those who part with the clothing. Stylish dresses of finest cloth, of silk and satin trimmed with lace, no longer proper after financial reverses, go into these shops, and bring that under changed conditions, seem so much more than did the large sums paid for them. And into these shops go purchasers who desire goods better than those they can afford to buy in the first-hand stores, and so, from those who are going down to those who are struggling up, go the finery and substantial garments that are fitted to serve two masters. Into one of these shops, near Herald Square, last Friday night there came a timid looking woman, and when I saw her I stepped into a corner darkened by a profusion of hanging garments, for I thought she had entered because she believed the woman in attendance to be there alone. She asked to see some street dresses, and a number were shown to her. The bargaining was protracted. The saleswoman insisted that her prices were low and that she was really asking no profits on her goods, yet the other insisted, while dress after dress was laid before her. Finally a grey street dress was spread before the customer. "That is a great bargain," said the shopkeeper; "you can have it for \$9."

The woman raised it from the counter, and instantly dropping it buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. "What is the matter?" asked the other. "That was my dress," she answered, sobbing. "Just a year ago, when misfortune overtook me, I sold it for an old clothes man for \$2. I won't buy a dress to-night."

With an effort she restrained her tears, wiped her reddened eyes, and walked from the shop.—N. Y. Herald.

When Politeness Doesn't Pay. Mamma—If Mrs. Smith gives you a piece of cake be sure and say "Thank you." Freddie—What good is that? She never gives you any more.—Town and Country.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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